

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

MILWAUKEE welcomes DEFIANCE as the UW Milwaukee Panther Arena is hyped for DEFtv 182! 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 and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

**OSCAR BURNS NEEDS TO FIRE BRIAN
I GOT A SECRET GUYS... I THINK THE LUCKY LOTTERY MIGHT BE RIGGED
CORVO ALPHA SCARES ME
DEFIANCE!
THIS! IS! MY SIGN!
GO AWAY MALAK
S-N-S IS THE B-E-S... T
I HAVE TO RETHINK THE LAST SIGN
LT VS ADV! I'M SEEING DOUBLE... FOUR BAD GUYS
WHAT IF I WANT MY GEMS CUT THO
WHO IS MAKING SURE SGT. SAFETY IS SAFE?
I SKIPPED MY AA MEETING TO COME WATCH SNS
WHERE'S MY BRAZEN HOODIE
I CAME TO SEE WALTER LEVY**

To ringside and the announce team!

THE LUCKY SEVENS LUCKY GAUNTLET

The show kicks off right to Tom Morrow on the top of the ramp.

DDK:

We have a big-time match for the Unified Tag Team Champions and this could be a huge career-making moment for one lucky team if they can pull off the unthinkable and defeat the Lucky Sevens in this special matchup!

Lance:

And here comes Tom Morrow to explain the rules ... joy ...

The brains behind Better Future Talent Agency saunters around the stage.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Tom Morrow:

Hey hey hey!!! We are doing Milwaukee a *favor* by holding a career-making match like the Lucky Sevens Lucky Lottery in this city that reeks of cheese and regret!

Morrow is looking at the back.

Tom Morrow:

The Lucky Sevens have practically *owned* every team in that locker room that wants them some and nobody has been able to take them down. So tonight we are giving not just one team ... but *four* new teams the Lucky Sevens have never faced! Introducing ...

The same cheesy graphic that appeared on the DEFIA-Tron two weeks ago when it was first announced appears again.

Tom Morrow:

The Lucky Sevens Lucky Gauntlet! Instead of the usual Lottery you people have been blessed enough to see, you are going to see four different teams try and make history. If any one team in this gauntlet has horseshoes and four-leaf clovers shoved up their asses and has the luck to beat my guys, they will earn a Unified Tag Team Title match at DEFCON!!!

That announcement is cheered.

Tom Morrow:

But *when* the Lucky Sevens sweep this gauntlet easier than Better Future Talent Agency pulled off a three-match clean sweep in Madison Square Garden, Mason and Max will earn the right to handpick any opponent they want for DEFIANCE Wrestling's show of shows! Without further delay we save the best ... for first!

Morrow's finger is pointed at the entrance.

Tom Morrow:

They weigh a combined fighting weight of six-hundred and twenty-two pounds! They stand at a combined fighting height of *fourteen feet tall*! They are "The Big Money Monster" Mason Luck! "The Beast of the Bright Lights" Max Luck! They are the two time and forever Unified Tag Team champions!

Big wide grin!!!

Tom Morrow:

THE!!! LUCKY! SEEEEVVVVVEEEENNNNNSSS!!!

The Milwaukee Panther arena now goes pitch black like they forgot to pay the electric bill this month. A new version of the Lucky Sevens Slot Machine logo starts to appear on the DEFIA-Tron illuminating in the darkness. Three numbers

appear in gold as an old western theme starts to play. Three bells ring in tune with the numbers stopping on the digital slot machine.

7 7 7

WINNERS!!!

♪ "Ecstasy of Gold (Bandini Remix)" by Ennio Morricone ♪

Stepping out onto the DEF TV stage, Mason and Max Luck appear with all five belts between them ... but with brand new ring attire built more for fighting than for wrestling. Both men wear dark tattered jeans with thick leather belts and cowboy boots. Mason's belt and boots are clad with red designs, Max's identical, but in green. Wearing black gauntlets on their arms, the twin seven foot monsters both bang their gauntlets together and scream in unison with the entire arena showering them with jeers. They raise the titles up ...

And pyro shoots everywhere from the stage! Pyro from up above the DEFIA-Tron, pyro across the stage, and obnoxiously long-lasting pinwheel pyro on either side of the stage, firing off in red and green colors!

DDK:

Ugh ... this again?

Lance:

Yep ... this. Again.

Max and Mason walk to the ring and the boos are deafening. When they arrive at the ring, they both step onto the apron on opposite sides in tandem and then step over the ropes. They are both in the ring and they pose with the titles when pyro explodes from the four buckles: two red and two green!

DDK:

I hate that this pyro is taking up DEFIANCE Wrestling's yearly budget.

Lance:

It's part of that trumped-up contract Morrow renegotiated for them when they were hired back by DEFIANCE Wrestling.

The belts are neatly folded and handed off to the referee.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing team number one ...

♪ "Welcome To The Machine" by Shadows Fall ♪

Getting a few cheers, but mostly groans from the crowd, Charlie Galt makes his way down. Wearing yellow trunks, knee pads and white boots, Galt speeds down to the ring and points to the crowd, waving hands for a bigger reaction that they are happy to give! Behind him, is Jeff Ness!

Darren Quimbey:

Making their tag team debut... CHARLIE GALT AND JEFF NESSSSSS!!!

Jeff Ness, a young wrestler obsessed with the Earthbound series, is dressed like Ness complete with hat and backpack. Meanwhile, former school teacher Charlie Galt enters the ring. The Lucks can't help but hide smirks on their faces.

Lance:

What did I say? What did I say, Darren? Yet another fix by Tom Morrow and the Lucky Sevens!

DDK:

With respect to the fine members of BRAZEN, our training for tomorrow's Best and Brightest ... this is a joke.

They get into the ring and Jeff Ness starts first. He psyches himself up with help from Charlie Galt on the apron, who tells him to go low and pick a leg. Ness nods.

The bell rings.

DING DING**Jeff Ness:**

PK FIRE!!!

He runs like a bat out of hell at Mason Luck ...

Right into the Winning Hand!

He clutches him around and starts thrashing him around! Ness gets picked up and slammed right into the canvas with a huge Winning Hand Slam! Mason keeps the iron claw-influenced hold locked on as the official counts him down!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

The bell rings for the first team already being gone!

Darren Quimbey:

The team of Jeff Ness and Charlie Galt have been eliminated!

DDK:

We didn't even have time to call that first one cause this whole thing is going to be a damn joke. I can't stand this!

Mason yanks Jeff Ness off the mat and throws him over the top rope like yesterday's trash. When Charlie Galt tries to protest he didn't even get a tag, Mason cuts him off by kicking the former teacher in the face with a big boot and he goes sailing right off the apron into the barrier!

Lance:

Good God! What was the meaning of THAT?!

DDK:

I don't know, but we're about to find out who team number two is going to be!

Mason switches places with Max Luck and returns to the apron so he can allow his twin brother to start. The Beast of the Bright Lights rolls his shoulders and starts to stretch out when they wait for opponent number two.

♪ "Heart of a Champion (instrumental)" by Nelly ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing team number two ... at a combined weight of 413 pounds... accompanied by Mr. Gustavo Salazar, they are HUGO GONZALEZ AND COREY NUNEZ... THE BARRIO BOYSSSS!!!

The theme plays and Mr. Salazar brings out the athletic young guns, Hugo Gonzalez and Corey Nunez both getting a nice reaction from the crowd. Both men head down to the ring and then climb inside quickly for the second match.

DDK:

Another team from BRAZEN. They are true that they have never faced the Lucky Sevens before ... but come on, are they planning on taking on any teams from our main roster?

Lance:

This is a farce!

DING DING DING

Max Luck swings at Hugo Gonzalez, but he dodges an oncoming clothesline and tags Corey Nunez! Hugo hits Max with a drop kick! The giant does not fall so Hugo gives it the old college try! He drop kicks him a second time! Mason Luck can't believe their (bad pun incoming) luck when Max Luck is sent packing to the ropes.

DDK:

The Barrio Boys clearly made a plan after they saw what happened to Ness and Galt! They are taking the fight to the Lucky Sevens!

Lance:

The one thing that Tom Morrow was not lying about: this would be a career-changing victory for any of the four teams in tonight's gauntlet!

Max Luck staggers back into a double drop kick that finally takes him off his feet! Corey Nunez gets on top of Max and tries for dear life to pin him!

On ...

Not even a full one-count from the drop kick barrage!

DDK:

This is bad for the Barrio Boys! I think Corey might have made Max mad!

The Beast of the Bright Lights gets up just as Corey Nunez gets to the second rope. He makes the leap of faith with a drop kick from the second rope but Max is quick to swat him away! Corey hits the mat! Making the tag, Hugo Gonzalez makes a tag for himself and then tries his luck. He jumps for a springboard cross body ...

But the only problem is that he gets caught! Hugo gets held up by Max who throws him by using a fall away slam right into his own partner!

Lance:

Max having his way with the Barrio Boys right now!

Max grabs the hand of Hugo and then goes to the top rope. He walks a little and then brings the hammer down with an overhand right, Walking the Strip!

DDK:

And Max Luck just walked that top rope with ease! He calls that Walking the Strip!

Max tags Mason and they both grab Hugo. Corey tries to make a save, but Mason applies the Winning Hand and then claws him! Max does the same to Hugo and they both hit stereo Winning Hand Slams! Mason goes over to the get the legal fall on Hugo.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

The bell rings for the second time. Mr. Salazar is at ringside and he looks majorly disappointed. Tom Morrow laughs at

him and tells him to hit the bricks.

Darren Quimbey:

The Barrio Boys have been eliminated!

DDK:

That is team number two knocked right out of contention in this match! Two to go.

Lance:

This is ridiculous. Who the heck do they have planned up next?

The answer to Lance's question might surprise you.

The house lights go out.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

A crack of thunder!

♪ "Everyday is Halloween" by Ministry ♪

That music gets a big pop from the crowd! A blue mist begins to bellow out from around the ramp. In that mist, two figures shrouded in shadow: one smaller, sleeker, and wearing a billowing cape. The other is larger, hulking, a seeming MONSTER of a man.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing team number three ... from Parts Unknown... The Monster and Count Novick... they are the MONSTER MASH!!!

With that, a spotlight shines onto the duo and we see them clearly: Count Novick, his usual vampiric self, hiding behind his cape before sweeping it behind him dramatically. And his BRAZEN partner: a seven foot tall mountain of a man in a leather jacket and wearing make-up that makes him look like Frankenstein's monster. Complete with bolts and forehead scar. Whereas Novick is animated and over the top cartoonish, The Monster is stoic and walks with purpose and expressionless eyes. Mason and Max cannot help but fight laughter.

Lance:

Open mouth. Insert foot.

DDK:

We may knock them, but Monster Mash have been victorious before! They've racked up many wins in BRAZEN and defeated Heavy Artillery on Uncut! I might be crazy ... and I really think they better not take the Count and The Monster lightly!

The Monster steps over the top rope. Novick leaps up to the top and again dramatically sweeps his cape around before jumping into the center of the ring. Novick points and shoots a fangy smile at the Unified Tag Team champions while The Monster stands by his side, arms folded. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful appear to be into this possibility of a title match! Count Novick is starting off with Max Luck.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Here we go with Count Novick against Max Luck and I do not like the Count's chances!

The Count marches right up to Big Money Max. Max looks at Mason and he laughs at the sight before him.

Max Luck:

Mason ... this dude is too hilarious. I can't hit him.

Count Novick:

Silence! You will not dare disrespect The Count! I want your titles!

He raises both of his hands and tries to enthrall Max Luck to listen to him as the two circle around him.

Count Novick:

You *will* give those titles to Monster Mash! BLAHHH!!!

Max is still laughing.

Max Luck:

Bro ... this guy. Tom can we keep him?

Tom Morrow:

No! Smash him!

Max looks at Count.

Max Luck:

Sorry you heard the boss.

Count Novick:

It is / who is your boss! You will ... stand there while the Monster hits you!

Max doesn't know what he's talking about until he realizes that he has been distracted! He gets clocked with an axe handle from behind The Monster. Mason Luck starts to climb into the ring but Count Novick drop kicks the knee he doesn't have over the top rope! Mason gets knocked back and DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful love it when the Count does the kip-up with his arms folded across his chest!

DDK:

Monster Mash just tricked Max Luck into letting his guard down!

Lance:

The Monster is on top of Max Luck!

Tom Morrow is starting to grow worry lines on his forehead. The Monster attacks the Beast of the Bright Lights with punishing punches to the chest and then picks him up for side walk slam! The Monster moves out of the way and The Count goes up top?

Lance:

There is no way ... there is no way!!!

He jumps and hits the Graveyard Smash!

DDK:

There *is* a way! Graveyard Smash by Count Novick on Max Luck! They might be going to DEFCON!!

The Count is laying across Max Luck for what they hope will be their ticket being punched to DEFCON!

One ...

Two ...

The party in Milwaukee gets spoiled by Max Luck when he pushes him off forcefully! The Count goes flying and almost falls through the ropes!

DDK:

I don't think Max Luck is in a laughing mood any more!

The Count takes to Max with kicks to his leg and tags The Monster! The Monster steps over the ropes and throws all the punches he can at Max Luck! The Count joins in with kicks while they pin him to the corner!

DDK:

They are double teaming Max Luck!

The Monster grabs Max by the neck and wants a choke slam ... but Max hits a head butt first! Count Novick makes a tag but walks right into a spinning side slam from Max! The party is all but over now. Max tags Mason! The twins get in, but The Monster stays loyal to Count Novick and tries to protect his master!

Lance:

The Monster is fighting them back!

The Monsters throws more big punches at Mason and Max. He yells out with a Frankenstein-like roar then charges at both twins for a double clothesline but Mason counters with a knee strike and then whips him into a big clothesline!

Mason and Max Luck:

KA-CHING!!!

DDK:

The Monsters is out and I think Count Novick is, too!

Max grabs Novick for the power bomb and Mason grabs the Winning Hand ... and they hit SEVEN STARS!!!

Lance:

Winning Hand power bomb combination! The Seven Stars hits from the Masters of the Five-Star Beatdown!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

Monster Mash have been eliminated!

The Lucky Sevens notch three wins!

Lance:

That last one gave them a little trouble due to not taking Monster Mash seriously, but the twins rebound in short order of what I'm gonna go ahead and call a farce of a fourth pick.

Mason and Max look irritated by the fact the Monster Mash tried to pull some nonsense on them but the fourth and final pick is there.

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are hoping for a miracle ...

♪ "We Will Rock You" by Mariachi Apocalipsis ♪

One last time, another grown from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful fills the arena and they go quiet. The two identically dressed luchadors come out onto the stage with a burst of energy. Clapping their hands and stamping their feet to the all-too-familiar rhythm of the classic Queen song, the two youngsters do their damndest to rile the capacity crowd that are not happy with being had yet again.

Lance:

At least this is the last match. This is ridiculous that we have stars of the future waiting in the wings for an opportunity like this and it's being wasted here by these greedy bullies.

The team of heavyweight luchas climb up the ring steps, look like they're going to attempt to vault over the top and into the ring... and then think better of it, instead entering the usual way. Both El Grande Diablo and El Chupacabro jump out to the top, flailing their arms wildly as The Sevens look out in pure amusement.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing team number four! Hailing from Hueso de Puerco, Mexico ... El Grande Diablo ... El Chupacabro ... this is MUUUCHHAAA LUUUCCHHAAAASSS!!!

DDK:

These two have had some good wins in BRAZEN and an upset win over Gentlemen's Agreement on a recent episode of Uncut ... but we know what this is. Like you said, at least this is the last match.

Lance:

And it looks like we'll have to deal with the Lucky Sevens getting to pick some other tomato can tag team for DEFCON so they can pad more of their bank accounts with an easy DEFCON payday. This is ludicrous.

Mason and Max Luck look ready to be done with things so they can pick their own opponents for DEFCON. The Mucha Luchas member named El Chupacabro comes face to face with Mason Luck who now isn't in any sort of playing mood.

DING DING DING

Mason Luck starts off with a powerful shove to El Chupacabro! The big luchador is pushed back like a small child. Big Money Mason lets the people of Milwaukee get out their jeers.

Mason Luck:

MAIN EVENT MONSTERS MAKING MAIN EVENT MONEY!!!

Tom Morrow claps like a proud papa watching his kid make the game-winning touchdown! Max Luck points at his brother and gives him a golf clap!

DDK:

Mason Luck is about ready to end this one!

Mason turns to face El Chupacabro and runs at the corner. El Grande Diablo helps his partner by pulling him out of the way! Mason's chest hits the corner and Diablo makes the tag!

Lance:

There's some fight in Mucha Luchas!

Big Money Mason angrily turns around ... and gets *dropped* with a Reverse STO into the canvas by Chupacabro! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cannot believe it!

DDK:

WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?!?!?

El Grande Diablo then grabs the arm of Mason Luck and shifts the big man right over into a la majistral cradle! Max Luck attempts to make a save for his brother but Chupacabro strikes him with a knee to the chest!

Lance:

MUCHA LUCHAS HAVE THE COVER!!!

Tom Morrow yells for someone to stop it!

One...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Mason finally escapes the pin attempt just after the bell but El Grande Diablo is already outside! El Chupacabro does the same! Big Money Mason has been stunned speechless!

Lance:

What is going on?!?! I ... Mucha Lucha are going to DEFCON!!! They're going to DEFCON!!!

El Grande Diablo and El Chupacabro leave the ring, and leap over the barricade to be among the fans as quickly as they can, who are cheering for someone pulling the unlikeliest of wins over on the Lucky Sevens in their own sham of a match!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners ... MUUUUCHA LLLLLUUUUUUUCCCHHHHAAASS!!!

DDK:

Mason and Max spent this entire gauntlet not taking the competition seriously by fighting a bunch of unknowns ... but one of those unknowns just surprised the hell out of them and us!

Max and Mason scream over one another. Mucha Lucha stand in the center of the first row of fans who have stepped back to make room for the unlikely number one contenders! The Luchas raise their arms, drawing everyone's attention to themselves... then they reach for their masks and slowly and dramatically peel them away...

DDK:

OHHHHHHHH!!!! LANCE!!! LANCE!!!! IT'S ...

Pat Cassidy and Milwaukee's native son ... Brock Newbludd!!!

Tom Morrow throws his glasses down and yells every obscenity under the sun at the Saturday Night Specials! Cassidy twirls his luchador mask around like a lasso while Brock throws his to the people and beats his chest as he roars alongside his hometown fans!

Lance:

IT'S THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS!!! THEY JUST STOLE THE WIN FROM THE LUCKY SEVENS!!! FOR MONTHS, WE'VE LISTENED TO THE LUCKY SEVENS TALK ABOUT HOW THEY RUINED THEIR LIVES!!! THEY JUST GOT PAYBACK!!!

DDK:

I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF TALK! THIS IS THE SHOW'S OPENER AND IT'S AS LOUD AS I'VE EVER HEARD IT!!!

The twins become irate!

Mason Luck:

YOU MOTHER FU ...

Max Luck:

YOU TWO ARE DEAD! DEEEAAADDDD!!!

Mason and Max charge of the ring to go after them, but SNS are already high up in the rafters, alternating between partying with the fans and taunting the angry giants. Security is earning their paychecks by trying to keep the Unified Tag Team champs at bay and SNS revel in the moment!

DDK:

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN, LANCE?!?! THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS ... THEY WON THIS MATCH, BUT ... IT'S IN THE LUCKY SEVENS' CONTRACT?! THE SNS ARE BARRED FROM TITLE SHOTS AS LONG AS THEY HAVE THE BELTS!!!

Lance:

I DON'T KNOW, BUT THERE'S NO WAY THEY TAKE THIS LAYING DOWN! THE SPECIALS JUST EMBARRASSED THEM!

At the top of the ramp near the stairs, Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd raise their arms to elicit another roar from the crowd. Both men are handed a pair of hearty Milwaukee brews and they eagerly begin to chug as the suds fly!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



HELP UNO

DDK:

We had a development happen shortly after Uncut went off the air. We were able to catch what exactly went down.

Lance:

To the tron.

Prerecorded: Backstage

Scrow is standing in front of a coffee machine grabbing himself a cup of Colombian brew. Adding his sugars and creams to the cup of caffeine a scream in the distance of his name softly echos then gets louder seconds later. Scrow takes a sip of his coffee and is quickly forced into a juggling act to keep the hot beverage in his cup.

Ravanna appears with a hysterical demeanor. Scrow grabs a napkin and dries the little bit of his coffee that spilled on the table up.

Ravanna:

Scrow I found you finally. Please you have got to help me!

Scrow pays no mind to the assistant of Crimson Lord and takes another sip of his hot beverage.

Ravanna:

I know I am crazy to ask you this but I need your protection.

Scrow's eyes look to the right for a second staring at her. Then return back to staring at the coffee maker.

Ravanna:

He has lost it, and he wants my head.

Scrow turns from her and begins to walk down the hallway still paying no mind to her.

Ravanna:

PLEASE! I will pay you!

Scrow stops suddenly, he turns around and looks a few feet toward her.

Ravanna:

Whatever you want.

Scrow walks up to her looking face to face.

Ravanna looks down and realizes in her abrupt escape she left her purse in Lord's skybox.

Ravanna:

Look I can get the money it just is going to take time.

Scrow takes a sip of his coffee once more.

Scrow:

You don't need money.

Ravanna looks relieved.

Scrow:

You need a priest.

Ravanna looks horrified once more.

Scrow:

Do you honestly think Scrow would help YOU? After what you did to Hive, and all the things you have tried to do to him for almost a year now. What did you think Scrow was the grinch and his heart was going to grow ten times just by seeing a damsel in distress? You can figure out your little problem by yourself.

Scrow turns around and walks away from Ravanna.

Ravanna:

I thought you wanted to play the hero. That is the reason you left the House of the Harvest wasn't it?

Scrow:

Scrow is no hero, he never claimed to be.

Scrow walks off leaving Ravanna stunned.

SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO BECAUSE IT IS IMPORTANT TO HAVE SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO

The DEFiatron lights up with a shot of Malak Garland who is standing at the Gorilla position. He is sporting a new variation of his EAT. SLEEP. FRET. REPEAT. shirt. This one specifically says he's FRETTING IN MILWAUKEE. He has a troubling look on his face as he stares a hole through the camera pointed his way.

Malak Garland:

Faithful, if I could steal a moment of your time, please. That would be rather delectable.

They boo in response.

Malak Garland:

Thank you, thank you. Before I come out there and spill my guts for you, I first need to ask for consent to do so. You see, it's important for me to gain authorization through authentic means. Therefore, if everyone could please respond by letting me know if I'm welcome or not to come down to the ring now please and thank you.

The crowd pisses boos down at the request. Malak graciously smiles.

Malak Garland:

That's awesome, thank you for giving me agency. I appreciate the noise you're all making because you see, if you were silent, that would indicate everyone declining to give me consent but seeing as everyone is so riled up, making noises, that indicates you are giving me consent to come talk to everyone. Hit my music.

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Malak wastes no time marching down to the ring, much to the chagrin of the fans.

DDK:

It comes as no surprise there are shenanigans attached but that was a new one pulled by Malak tonight, Lance. He asked for permission to come out and speak, as if he ever needed it before?

Malak struts his stuff down to the ring and he isn't alone long. Siobhan Cassidy comes sprinting down to meet her man about halfway down the ramp. Embracing each other, Malak swoons his girlfriend before planting a big wet one directly on the lips.

DDK:

Just like last week, Malak and Siobhan are making out on the rampway. Yuck. Get a room.

It takes a few moments but they do eventually come up for air and continue their path to the ring. Malak is all silly-dilly smiles as he's linked arms with Siobhan. They end up nestling in the ring as Malak has a microphone in hand.

Malak Garland:

Simmer down all you drunk Milkwaukans. I just barely managed to escape another alcoholic induced town last week in the form of Boston. I don't need another bout of that but maybe everyone here could benefit from attending a freaking AA meeting for crying out loud.

Insert obligatory boos here.

Malak Garland:

Anyways, down to business. I can rag on the people who populate this inbred state later. As I said last week, I am putting the past behind me. I am moving on and quite luckily, I am moving on with the hottest woman in the world. I'm not even going to acknowledge the outcome of my match last week. To quote cOnOr, that's not going to be part of my canon. In my eyes, it never happened.

He smirks like the schmuck he is.

Malak Garland:

So, what's next then? Well, I don't know about you but I for one need something to look forward to because having something to look forward to is super important. Let's call a spade a spade. Having something to look forward to gives us all a reason to live. So, if I could get everyone to look at the DEFiatron please.

Malak points to the large video board portion of the set.

Malak Garland:

Introducing to you, the Snowflake Flutter Countdown Clock!

Suddenly, some CGI snowing effects play on the video screen until a timer appears in the center. Some snowflakes flutter down in the background and past the numbers counting down, while others accumulate on the edges of the screen and numbers. Seeing his idea come to fruition gives the Snowflake Superstar the biggest amount of joy ever.

Lance:

What the heck is this?

The crowd unsurely reacts to what they're witnessing.

Malak Garland:

Isn't it beautiful!? This is my invention. It is indeed sOmEtHiNg tO lOOk fOrWaRd tO because once this countdown reaches zero, I promise that snow will begin to fall and it will not stop until everything fWo related is buried in a cold wintry death once and for all.

Malak exudes a maniacal, most sinister laugh after the completion of his latest though.

DDK:

A snowfall? Malak is threatening us with a snowfall?

Lance:

Well it's still winter time in most of the country. I mean, it's pretty darn cold outside right now in Milwaukee!

Malak Garland:

I know most of you never passed elementary school level math so let me make it simple for you. This timer is set to expire at the next DEFtv in equally dumpy St. Louis. I picked the next DEFtv because any longer is too long for my tender heart to wait.

DDK:

You would think some sort of wrestling countdown clock would expire during something special, like a pay-per-view or something but no, not with Malak. Of course not. He must introduce something and have it dealt with immediately. No long term plans with Garland, that's for sure.

Malak spins the microphone in hand a few times for dramatic effect. He's certainly basking in his glory, thinking about how coy he is.

Malak Garland:

Oh and one more thing. The countdown shall remain in the lower corner of the DEFiatron for the remainder of the show and next week until it expires.

As if on command, the numbers counting down shrinks down into one of the corners of the video screen.

Malak Garland:

There. Now I will be a constant reminder in all your empty heads. Don't FRET though. I promise the snowfall will be

MOMENTOUS! Chef's kiss! HAHA!

Garland tosses the mic down to the canvas as he smiles at his lovely girlfriend. Siobhan smiles back as she closes in for another peck or two or fifteen. The scene fades as the two tender lovers embrace each other, leaving everyone to wonder how this snowfall is going to work.

CORVO ALPHA vs. SGT. SAFETY

DDK:

Fans, our next match... looks to be the mismatch of the night.

Lance:

Without a doubt.

Darren & Lance offer their “serious faces” to the camera as it pulls in tight on the pair.

DDK:

After devastating Dex Joy in back to back contests in recent months, Corvo Alpha was ultimately defeated by the Biggest Boy in their THIRD encounter at DEFIANCE Road!

Lance:

It's been a year of highs and lows for Corvo Alpha and his handler, Lord Nigel Trickelbush--

DDK:

Mostly lows for the latter.

Lance:

--and two weeks ago, we saw a match made for DEFCON: The careers of Lord Nigel & MV1 both up for grabs and hanging in the balance, hinging on who can come out victorious when MV1 and Corvo Alpha meet in the ring for just the second time at the biggest show of the year. MV1 has slowly shown himself to be an incredibly gifted technical wrestler in these last 12 months and Alpha, of course, is one of the more dangerous competitors having set foot in a DEFIANCE ring.

DDK:

And Alpha's opponent *tonight*, on the other hand, is the SAFEST competitor in DEFIANCE history.

♪ “Safety Dance” by Men Without Hats ♪

The Faithful hit their feet, all smiles, to see the Sultan of Safe walk onto the stage with clipboard in hand. The fans bounce to the song, cheering, but Safety likely can't hear them, orange safety ear plugs in his ears. Glancing up at the DEFIAtron, showcasing a live decibel meter, the Sarge nods in approval as he records the reading on his clipboard.

Darren Quimbey:

Our next contest is scheduled for one fall... Introducing first, now making his way to the ring...

Safety carefully and meticulously high fives a few fans, cautioning them as he does so to “take it easy”, making his well-scouted way down the aisle. Using a hand to hold his bright yellow hardhat on his head as he enters the ring, Sgt. Safety waves to the crowd with a confident smile - notating the decibel level once more with a scribble.

Darren Quimbey:

He hails from Chicago, Illinois and weighs in at 231 pounds... He PROTECTS as he INSPECTS... He is **SGT... SAFETY!**

Pleased with the noise level, Sarge waits a moment before moving to remove his ear plugs...

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

...when the boos rain down, he thinks better of it, pushing them both tightly into his ear canals.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

Red lights pulse throughout the building while a tall, thin, elderly gentleman shuffles a wheelchair onto the stage. Slumped in the seat, a heap of blankets covering his legs, is a warped and weary Lord Nigel Trickelbush. His unkempt, thinning white hair screams “bed head” and dried saliva stains dot his crusty, dark suit jacket. The aged Mr. Barnaby smiles dumbly at the packed arena, slowly becoming aware of where he is.

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by his handler, Lord Nigel Trickelbush... and HIS handler, Mr. Barnaby... from Parts Untold and weighing in tonight at 270 pounds...

Alpha marches onto the stage, shirtless and dripping wet. A blood-red wound of clumpy paint on his hirsute chest marks where his heart might be, both hands weep red paint in drips and drops. Snorting and snapping, Corvo ignores Lord Nigel & Barnaby both, stomping towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

CALL HIM... **CORVO... ALPHA!**

In one motion, Alpha leaps up to the apron and steps through the ropes to a cascade of disquiet from the Milwaukee fans. In the background, we see Barnaby carefully wheeling Lord Nigel down the ramp. As the house lights slowly return to normal, the camera catches Sgt. Safety double checking that a corner’s turnbuckles and their padded covers are all attached properly.

DDK:

Uh, look alive, Sarge!

Seemingly critical of how the ring crew had affixed the top turnbuckle pad in place, Safety scribbles another quick note on his clipboard before his attention is finally stolen by the Faithful gesticulating all around him. Placing the clipboard on the top turnbuckle, Sgt. Safety works to remove the orange ear plugs from his ears, squinting with confusion. *What’s with these people?* He turns around just a moment too late.

DDK:

DAGGER-LIKE SUPERKICK BY CORVO ALPHA!

Sgt. Safety’s bright yellow hardhat sails over the top rope and loudly rattles to the ringside floor. Sent careening into the corner, Safety’s flailing arm sends his clipboard airborne across the ring. The two tiny ear plugs roll across the canvas.

Dropping to his knees, Referee Benny Doyle checks on Safety... but DEFIANCE’s Chief Inspector is somehow quick to try to pull himself up the ropes and to his feet.

Lance:

I think Safety turned his head at the last moment! That hard hat of his absorbed some of that crushing superkick!

An inset instant replay shows that Lance’s analysis is spot-on as usual. Across the ring, Alpha lies in wait. Looking equal parts impatient and focused, the monster shoots a look at Lord Nigel who holds up a pale, bony hand at his charge. Corvo seethes, fit to burst.

Having coached and consulted Safety back to his feet, Doyle asks once more if the Prince of Proper Procedure is ready. To which Safety offers a curt nod of his head, blinking repeatedly.

DING DING

Nigel drops his hand to his lap, visibly relieved, and Alpha pounces.

DDK:

Sgt. Safety just WALKS into a stiff forearm from Alpha! And, oh no, Lance... this one might be over before it’s truly

begun!

Alpha mounts Safety in the corner, laying in thunderous forearms and elbows. The Faithful hate it and Doyle works to push Corvo off of Safety. But instead of relenting, Alpha instead shifts gears and jerks Safety upright and OVER his head in a release suplex. Crawling after his quarry, Alpha quickly pulls the Sarge back upright before hurling him into the corner.

Lance:

Smothering. Unrefined. Savage. The *ferocity* of Corvo Alpha is on full display. This is how he has survived. This style of bloodthirsty, unrelenting guerilla combat is how he has THRIVED. I think we saw it with Dex Joy these past months... if you aren't 100% healthy, 100% focused, 100% at your best, 100% of the time, you are a target in Corvo Alpha's world. And if you're a target of this man...

Shot briefly cuts to Lord Nigel in his chair, head resting on his hands dramatically. He lifts his head, eyes alight as Alpha bludgeons Safety in the corner.

Lance:

Or *this* man...

Cutting back to the ring, Alpha leans into a forearm across the jaw of Safety. Doyle offers a warning and Alpha takes a step back.

Lance:

You're almost certainly in grave, grave danger.

Alpha spits on the canvas, measures Safety, then charges at him in the corner.

At the very last possible moment, Sgt. Safety slumps down, pulling the top turnbuckle pad down on the way, exposing the hard steel beneath it!

DDK:

ALPHA HIT THAT CORNER! Was that turnbuckle exposed?! Did Sgt. Safety do that?!

Lance:

I can't imagine he meant to do that but... he DID notice it was loose before the match started!

The Faithful are unglued by now, screaming encouragement to a still-dazed Safety Inspector. The camera follows him as he crawls across the canvas... finally stumbling across the clipboard lying on the mat, pencil hanging from an attached string. A stupified Sgt. Safety scrawls crudely on the clipboard, muttering under his breath.

Sgt. Safety:

...someones gotta fix that turnbuckle...

Mr. Barnaby, following the baying of Lord Nigel, wheels his master around the ring, better to shout orders to Corvo, half unconscious in the corner.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha is DOWN!

Benny Doyle is quick to tie the turnbuckle pad back in place as the temperature rises in the arena.

DDK:

And if Sgt. Safety has a chance... ANY chance... he has to make the most of this moment!

SGT. SAFETY! CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP!

SGT. SAFETY! CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP!

SGT. SAFETY! CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP!

Lance:

What a win this would be?! Absolutely HISTORIC! Can Sgt. Safety pull this off?!

The floor camera captures a small trickle of blood streaming down the forehead of Alpha as he slowly rises to his knees. Just a few feet away, simmering in his wheelchair, Tricklebush balls his gawky hands into scrawny fists. He screams unintelligibly at his ward, eyes and veins bulging.

On the other side of the ring, Sgt. Safety rises from one knee to both feet. He takes more than a moment to inspect his person, ensuring that none of his known appendages has suffered a grievous injury. Generally content with the results of his self-assessment, Sgt. Safety takes another solemn moment to salute the midwest fans. Showered with love, the good Sargeant finishes the salute motion with practiced crispness before sprinting towards Alpha in the opposite corner.

DDK:

RUNNING CRASH PAD!! NO!!

Lance:

Alpha CATCHES Safety!

Alpha snarls as he steps forward, flashing eyes meeting Nigel's; wheelside at ringside. Gritting his broken yellow teeth, Corvo NAILS an assertive fallaway slam!

Lance:

A powerful statement SILENCING the soul of the Wisconsin Faithful!

Nigel squawks over his shoulder at Mr. Barnaby who, with the grace and poise of a dying slug, eventually moves to ferry his master towards the rampway.

Alpha wrenches Sgt. Safety first to his knees, another jerk bringing him to his feet. In one action, he lays a knee into Safety's gut, then spins him around. And just like that, it's over.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha locking in the Alpha Clutch! Grapevines Safety and brings him to the mat!

Almost immediately, Sgt. Safety taps.

DING DING DING

Doyle calls for the bell.... And when Alpha ignores it, he starts barking at the beast.

DDK:

Get off of him!

Frighteningly quick, Safety is no longer resisting or responsive and in due time, Alpha has lost interest. He releases his victim and slithers out of the ring, not allowing Doyle to raise his arm.

Lance:

Let this be a warning to Masked Violator #1: Corvo Alpha is as determined and as deadly as ever.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this bout... by way of submission... CALL HIM... **CORVO! ALPHA!**

Barnaby has wheeled Lord Nigel to the top of the entryway and it's there that Corvo meets them. Rancorous and murmuring to himself, Lord Nigel jabs a skinny arm towards the backstage.

Pausing for a moment to slowly and deliberately eye the Faithful, nonplussed, Corvo Alpha finally heeds his governor and follows Trickelbush & Co. backstage.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2023

CARD AS IT STANDS...

FIST of DEFIANCE

Lindsay Troy (C) vs. Alvaro de Vargas

#1 CONDER MATCH FOR THE FIST of DEFIANCE:

Dex Joy vs. Conor Fuse

SPECIAL ATTRACTION

Dr. Ned Reform vs. Elon Musk?

MV1 vs. Corvo Alpha

****if MV1 loses, he leaves DEF. If Corvo Alpha loses, Lord Nigel leaves DEF***

HELP DOS

DDK:

After Scrow turned down Ravanna's pleas for protection, this happened.

Lance:

To the tron once more.

Prerecorded: Backstage

Ravanna is trying to open doors in the hallway and they are all locked. She starts to think to herself she is in her own horror movie right now. She frantically tries to find some way to escape the arena. Only to be stopped cold when she hears her name called in a way that sends chills down her spine.

Crimson Lord:

Ravanna.

Losing her train of thought and where she is, she turns around and a huge black figure blocks the light. She backs away step by step begging for her life.

Ravanna:

Please just give me another chance!

Her constant pleas seem to echo in the abyss of the air. Backing up step by step she comes smack dab against a wall. The screen turns black and white as all you see is the figure enveloping the camera and Ravanna's screams.

THIS SEGMENT HAS NO CURSE WORDS

It's DEFtv 183.

It's the DEFIANCE backstage interview area.

It's Jamie Sawyers present to ask the hard-hitting questions!

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm Jamie Sawyers and these last few shows before we get to DEFCON are often nothing short of memorable. And the person I have with me at this time hopes to claim his very first championship in DEFIANCE... THE championship in DEFIANCE. Introducing at this time... the #1 Contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE, Alvaro de Vargas and his manager, BFTA's owner, Tom Morrow!

Morrow walks onto the set first in a sleek dark blue Brooks Brothers suit. Behind him, Alvaro de Vargas is in ring gear for his match with Scrow later in the evening.

Jamie Sawyers:

Tom, Alvaro...

ADV swipes the microphone right from Sawyers' hands! He inches closer to the interviewer and snarls.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Get the fuck out of my sight.

Tom Morrow:

You heard the next champ, Talking DEF Head #65. Occupy your time elsewhere.

Sawyers departs quickly.

Tom Morrow:

Walk with us, Camera Guy. Let me tell you a story.

The two walk down the halls.

Tom Morrow:

It wasn't maybe more than a couple years ago when Alvaro de Vargas wasn't welcome in these halls. He was trying to fight for a spot on this roster with some big dumbass who doesn't even work here anymore. DEFIANCE decided to keep Alvaro in BRAZEN. The talent was there. They knew it... but they didn't like his attitude. Said he was too volatile. Too dangerous. I knew right from the jump when I met him that when I started Better Future Talent Agency, this man was going to be our crown jewel!

ADV walks not far behind his manager.

Tom Morrow:

Unlike anyone else around here, I MAKE diamonds. I did it with Team HOSS and they're still riding off the years I put in with them today. I made The Lucky Sevens main event attractions and two-time Unified Tag Team Champions! The reason that Main Event Monsters Make Main Event Money! Nathan Eye's career has been restarted under me and he's undefeated since coming back!

Morrow points a thumb at his client.

Tom Morrow:

And the biggest of those stars is the monster you see before you. He literally came up from nothing to something. Unlike our current FIST Lindsay Troy, ADV has far more time ahead of him than behind him and in two years, I put him right where he belongs... the main event of DEFCON.

Supernova Cubana grins.

Tom Morrow:

Lindsay Troy might not have taken a loss in quite some time. She's surrounded herself with some of the most powerful and dangerous people here to keep her afloat... but the one thing she fails to realize in her time as champion is the fact that the future is coming a lot sooner than she thinks. She can try and delay it. She can try and deny it with an eye roll or a dated joke, but I know the truth. This isn't the same Lindsay Troy that was a pain in my ass seven years ago...

Morrow stops in his tracks to turn to Alvaro.

Tom Morrow:

She's desperate. That Lindsay Troy took on the world by herself... THIS Lindsay Troy? It took five of Vae Victis to help her keep that title at DEFIANCE ROAD.

The BFTA figurehead looks up.

Tom Morrow:

I hope she makes it past JJ Dixon tonight because Alvaro here? He wants that distinction. He wants to be the one to take that title from her smarmy-ass hands and knock that stupid snarky smile off of her face for good when she loses everything she plotted to hold onto for so long. Vae Victis think they run things now...-

"Wow."

Tom Morrow stops his monologue as the FIST of DEFIANCE and the Silver Lining walk up to him and Alvaro. Lindsay Troy has the biggest belt in DEF around her waist while Sonny wears a condescending smirk.

Lindsay Troy:

So this is what it's like to be both loud and wrong.

She looks at Sonny.

Lindsay Troy:

Have you ever experienced such a thing?

Sonny Silver:

The former? All the time. The latter... eh. I'm almost, always eventually right.

Sonny marches towards Morrow. ADV gets ready to throw down.

Sonny Silver:

Nah, firebug, my fight's with THIS fucking asshole. You paint quite a portrait, Tommy Boy. But the part in YOUR story that you left out is that while the rest of this roster is playing checkers... Vae Victis kicks the fucking board over because DEFIANCE is OURS. Not yours. And this is not a game. That title. The Southern Heritage Title. Favoured Saints Championship. That belongs to us. Because spineless little gamers, geeks, thugs, needs, cowards and brutes have no business leading this company.

Morrow can't help but laugh... and that irks Sonny a little.

Sonny Silver:

What, you got a comeback? Jerk store ran out of me?

The smile is a little bigger.

Tom Morrow:

For now, they do, Sonshine. But I'm absolutely right. You have the gold, but I meant exactly what I said. You have the

titles. You say you are all here to lead DEFIANCE, but the only thing you're doing is proving you're no better than me. At least me and Alvaro can admit we're complete assholes who will do whatever it takes to win.

Alvaro de Vargas turns to Lindsay.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Es verdad, pendeja. I don't give a shit about trying to "better" DEFIANCE. I care about taking what's YOURS and making it MINE. Taking out legends is pretty fun and it might be nice to start a collection.

Lindsay Troy:

Take a swing then, big guy. I could use a warm-up before my sure-to-be Five Star Tillinghast Classic against JJ Dixon.

She sneers at Morrow.

Lindsay Troy:

Or is your babysitter not gonna let you cross the street again?

ADV is strongly considering it again... but Morrow, true to form, keeps him back.

Tom Morrow:

No... tonight, your fight is with that stupid bird-brain, Scrow. That's what DEFCON is for! Trust me, you're gonna take that title from her but this ain't happening tonight.

Alvaro growls at her, but he knows his manager is right.

Lindsay Troy:

Just like I thought. A whole lotta bluster from a blow-hard and a never-was. You might be good at managing tag champs, Junior...y'know, when they can be bothered to actually fight instead of going through sham "Lotteries" and "Gauntlets..." but when it comes to helping your charges get singles gold, you've always come up just a little....

She motions at the height discrepancy between herself and Morrow.

Lindsay Troy:

...short.

The comment makes ADV jump again, but once more, Morrow has to do his best to keep him contained. He stands in front of de Vargas and snags his arm.

Tom Morrow:

Alvaro, NO! Don't let them bait you! That's EXACTLY what they want!

Supernova Cubana growls and goes eye to eye with the champ one more time. Sonny looks ready to fight if need be, but Alvaro snarls at the Queen and storms off down the hall with Morrow following behind, more focused on his match with Scrow for the time.

NATHAN EYE vs. NICKY SYNZ

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Good F***ing Music" by Solange (covered by Synyster Sledge) ♪

Nicky Synz, your favorite rock star and mine, emerge through the curtain to a nice positive reaction using a new theme song! Synz's long blond hair ripples in the wind as he headbangs along with his new theme song. On his way to the ring, he continues to headbang and slap the outstretched hands of some of the younger fans in attendance.

Darren Quimbey:

...From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 216 pounds... he is NICKY SYNZ!

Synz is on the apron, playing a little air guitar and rocking out, before he enters the ring. He jumps up the top rope and plays a little more guitar to the people as his theme fades out.

Up next, out comes *very loud* jeers for BFTA's Brainchild, Tom Morrow! He is on the stage ready to introduce Nicky Synz's opponent just moments after a backstage confrontation with Lindsay Troy.

Tom Morrow:

Nicky Synz! Tonight, Mister Rockstar, you aren't going to be The Frontman of anything. Tonight, I'm going to make sure that old hag, Teri Melton and her meal ticket JJ Dixon, see exactly what we do to people who disrespect me and my clients like DEFIANCE Wrestling's Most Inspirational Story, Nathan Eye!

Nicky invites Morrow to talk that trash to his face but he keeps a safe distance on the ramp.

Tom Morrow:

I don't fight, but my client will! He's going to come down there, ball up his two fists, and produce more hits than Synyster Sledge's last crappy album! He doesn't produce hits ... he produces *inspiration!* Hailing from the healthiest city in the US. San Francisco. California! Weighing in at 251 Pounds of Pure Perseverance! Undefeated since coming back to competition in DEFIANCE Wrestling ... NATHANNNNNN EEEEEEEEEEE!!!

Rapid clapping starts along with deep bass beats as the lights flicker in shades of sky blue. Three words appear on the DEFIA-Tron in neon red:

CONCEPTUALIZE
ACTUALIZE
REALIZE

♪ "All Eyes On Me" by Jean Deaux ♪

Wearing a new white coat, white pants with the three words emblazoned all over in different colors, white wrestling shoes and most importantly, a pair of Prince-inspired silver-tinted "third eye" sunglasses! Out comes the brand new Nathan Eye!

Nathan Eye ignores the response from the people because he has Eyes on the Prize. That prize in question appears to be another victory after scoring a big one against Minute of Titanes Familia. Nathan Eye gets to the ring and takes off his own coat and sunglasses. He poses on the ring ropes from the jeers of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! Morrow takes his stuff and the music quiets down. Nathan holds out a hand to Nicky Synz, who does the smart thing and decides not to take it. Eye steps back and the bell rings.

DING DING

Nathan and Nicky lock up quickly to start things off but Eye makes quick use of his superior height and weight to take down Synz with a huge hip toss. He goes down and Nathan looks at Nicky.

Nathan Eye:

Keep on trying, bud! You got this!

Nicky gets back up and they lock up again ... but Nathan catches him quickly and drops him on the mat with a scoop slam. The Frontman is looking up at the lights while Nathan looks around like this is easy. He kneels down to Nicky's level.

Nathan Eye:

Oooh ... so close! You can do this! Eyes on the Prize!

After spewing his nauseating mantra, he goes to pick up Nicky ... but Nicky drops down and surprises Nathan with a jawbreaker. Nathan is stunned and that frees up The Frontman to tackle him right into a corner! After being shown up twice by The Inspirational Machine, he goes low and throws some shoulders into Nathan's chest and then pops him with a big haymaker in the corner.

DDK:

Nathan Eye's attempts to work the nerves of Nicky Synz might have come back to bite him!

Nicky gets ahead of himself by whipping the bigger Eye early, but Eye pumps the brakes and reverses the whip so Synz gets put in a corner. Eye charges but gets two pairs of boots into his chest. He throws a back kick to double over Nathan Eye and then jumps to the closest middle rope to fly off backwards with a spring board back elbow! Eye goes down and Nicky nip-ups to his feet and lets the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful show him some appreciation!

Lance:

Nicky Synz has shown both on DEF TV and Uncut that he has the talent to go far but he needs a signature win under his belt to get more opportunities.

DDK:

And what better way than to stop a highly successful Nathan Eye! Looking for his fourth win in a row since coming back from that fourteen-month layoff.

Tom Morrow is telling Nathan to get away from Nicky by heading into the corner. Nicky charges and goes to follow up the earlier back elbow, but Nathan throws him in the air out of the corner. Nicky lands feet-first on the apron right behind Eye and when he spins around to greet him, Synz greets him back with another swift haymaker! Eye gets his jaw rocked again by the rocker who then goes to the top rope and takes flight with a cross body block off the top!

One ...

Two ...

Natty Eyce kicks out!

DDK:

Nicky Synz gets a two count off that top rope cross body but he is doing everything he need to potentially win! Keep moving, keep striking!

Lance:

He's got Nathan Eye on the ropes! Quite literally!

Nathan Eye gets up and he hangs off the ropes. But when Nicky Synz charges for what might be the start of the Double Platinum attack in the corner, Eye has the move scouted for himself and gets a knee up to catch Synz in the face! He gets stunned from the knee and then Nathan throws him into the corner. After that, Nathan speeds to the opposite end of the ring and points a finger at his own eyes before charging in with what can only be described as a spinning stinger splash! He runs and spins with his leap before crushing Nicky. When he comes out of the corner he is taken down with a jumping enziguri!

DDK:

Wow! Fancy footwork by Nathan Eye! He can still do all the flying that he used to do before his layoff and we've talked about it, but this workout regimen where he combines it with power has made him impossible to deal with!

Lance:

It's a shame that he's cast his lot with Better Future Talent Agency. He doesn't need a leech like Morrow.

Nicky Synz is on the mat and Nathan Eye is kneeling over him again and showing off for the crowd instead of trying to pin Nicky. Nicky is rattled from the earlier kick and the match gets worse when Nathan puts him on his shoulders and runs forward to drop him with a belly-to-back suplex.

DDK:

That was a great move! A running belly-to-back suplex ... and he follows it up with that Eye Popping Standing Moonsault!

The 251-pound Nathan makes the crowd cheer when he hits the standing moonsault on Nicky. Instead of going for a pin, he's doing push-ups off of Nicky's body.

Lance:

Yes, yes. You can do push-ups, but maybe try and win the match instead, Nathan!

Nicky is hurt. Tom Morrow tells Nathan to go ahead and wrap the match up so they can go home. He nods and then goes to pick up Nicky for a stalling suplex ...

DDK:

He should have gone for a pin! Nicky is free and flips over the suplex!

Nicky lands behind Nathan in the corner. Eye spins and tries to go for another splash but this time Nicky sees it coming! Eye doesn't hit anything but the corner itself! He turns around and gets a running back elbow from Nicky, followed by Nicky running out of the corner to hit a big running shoulder tackle to his gut!

DDK:

Nicky scores with Double Platinum! Now a jumping face buster out of the corner! Can Nicky Synz get the upset?

One ...

Two ...

Nathan kicks out!

Lance:

That earlier showboating he was doing by touting his new physique almost bit him here!

DDK:

And Nicky knows it, too! He's going to the apron and he might be trying to hit The Flying V!

He gets to the ring apron as Keebler pointed out on commentary. He jumps up ... but Nathan moves!

Lance:

Oh, no! He misses .. but Nicky rolls through it!

Nicky rolls after the landing and gets back to his feet. He turns to go after Nathan Eye, but Eye is already on him by hitting a drop down. Nathan gets right up as Nicky hits the ropes off the other side ... then he annihilates Nicky Synz quickly with a pounce shoulder tackle! Synz gets turned into a human GIF with how fast Nathan popped the move off and he goes flying smack dab into the ropes!

Lance:

Good God, Darren! Did you see that?

DDK:

I did! I'm told that Nathan Eye calls that the Side-Eye and he just Nicky Synz some Side-Eye there! The move is supposed to be a tribute to his best friend, Dex Joy and the Dexy's Midnight Runner!

Nicky is unaware of his surroundings and is fumbled up in the second rope after being checked by the speed and power of Nathan Eye. Nathan stands and points at the crowd. Then he strikes by swinging his tall legs through the ropes to hit Nicky in the face with a big tiger feint kick and then slides to the apron!

DDK:

You see how graceful that was! He hits a power move like The Side-Eye and then follows that with the tiger feint kick!

Lance:

He rocked Minute with that same combo two weeks ago and I think he is about to do it again!

Nathan makes it to the top rope and then jumps right off with some big hang time in the diving elbow drop! It lands right in the heart of Nicky Synz and the DEFIANCE Faithful jeer Nathan as he poses for the camera with the cover.

DDK:

Eye's Up Here! Catchy name, I'll give him that!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "All Eyes On Me" by Jean Deaux ♪

The music plays to signal a relatively easy victory for the latest client of Better Future Talent Agency!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner ... NATHAN EEYYYYYEEEE!!!

Lance:

And that makes four wins in a row! Aaron King! Sho Nakazawa! Minute! Now, Nicky Synz!

Tom Morrow gets into the ring and he gives Nathan Eye a microphone. Eye makes a motion with his hand to cut his music.

Nathan Eye:

Music guys ... thank you. Thanks for cutting that music. I know how hard it is to do that after hearing those banging beats, but I have words and I'm gonna say them to a couple of people.

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful jeer over Nathan Eye, but he speaks over the masses.

Nathan Eye:

First off ... J.J. Dixon! Good luck in your quest to take the FIST of DEFIANCE from Lindsay Troy tonight! You are gonna need it, bud!

DDK:

He's saying that after he point-blank told Dixon on Uncut that he was coming right for his spot. Which is it, Nathan?

Nathan Eye looks up.

Nathan Eye:

And the second thing ... CONOR FUSE!!!

The name gets one of the biggest cheers of the night so far! Tom Morrow looks disgusted with Nathan Eye saying the name given the history they had long ago with BFTA once trying to recruit Conor!

Nathan Eye:

You might be fooling these people with this good guy act, bud, but you're gonna have to wake up preeeeetttty early to pull a fast one on Natty Eyce! You think that I don't see what you're doing with my best friend, Dex Joy?! He's fighting for a title shot at DEFCON just like you! The Comments Section are already trying to get the jump on him so you can have an easy ride to DEFCON! Well ...

He points at himself.

Nathan Eye:

Since *your* friends are facing Dex Joy on DEF TV 184, bud, then why don't you face Dex Joy's best friend ... me! In this ring!

DDK:

WHOA!!! First time match! Nathan Eye wants to stick up for Dex Joy ... but what is their relationship even like since Nathan rejoined DEFIANCE Wrestling and sided with Tom Morrow?

Nathan Eye points into the camera.

Nathan Eye:

Conor, if you got the mushrooms to take the Inspirational Machine of DEFIANCE Wrestling, then I will see you in this ring, bud! I overcame *two shoulder surgeries!* I overcame a *life-threatening staph infection!* I will show you where you !RANK! Second best to Dex Joy ... and second best to *ME!!!*

Eye's music resumes! He and Morrow talk some more business and then they head out of the ring to celebrate another win!

Lance:

The challenge has been laid down by Nathan Eye! He wants Conor Fuse in this ring on 184, but will he get him?

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

HELP TRES

DDK:

In the final recorded sessions, it appears Crimson Lord has now dismantled his own house.

Lance:

Lord has never been one to play nice in groups. Especially groups of people he felt were inferior to him. To the tron for one last time.

Prerecorded: Parking Lot.

Scrow is now in his street clothes and has his luggage. Heading for the exit to the arena. He walks by Dan Leo James. He gives him a one over, without much emotion offers a fist bump which DLJ returns. Scrow nods at him and continues on his way. He exits the arena and walks over to his rent a car. Putting his luggage in the trunk and then grabbed his keys and opened the door. He shuts the door and turns the car on the moment he turns the lights on he sees a dumpster and someone left for dead.

Scrow quickly turns the car off and stops moving to have a flashback of months ago when Hive was left at the dumpster for dead. He quickly exits the car and rushes over, to find Ravanna ravaged and left for dead at a dumpster. On top of her is an envelope with Scrow's name written on it. Scrow checks on Ravanna, and she is just barely breathing. He pulls out his cell phone and calls Iris Davine. Luckily she has not left the building yet and tells him she is on her way.

As the medical team arrives, Scrow informs them how he found her and they quickly go to work. Scrow stares at the envelope and then opens it.

Inside...

A photo of Reaper the Grey lying in a bloody heap and the words :YOUR FAULT: written in permanent marker at the bottom.

A photo of Sun-Twist Skylar lying over a broken down door, and the words :YOUR FAULT: written in permanent marker at the bottom.

A photo of Ravanna left at a dumpster how he first found her and the words :YOUR FAULT: written in permanent marker at the bottom.

The final item in the envelope Scrow pulls out a lock of green hair wrapped in a yellow finger-length piece of tape.

Scrow is lost in a whirlwind of emotions so much so he has completely ignored Iris trying to get some sort of explanation from him. She finally gives up and calls for the ambulance. Scrow finally looks down at Ravanna now regretting his decision.

FLEX IN A BOX vs. DANGEROUS MIX

DDK:

Coming up next is the friendly contest requested by Flex in a Box. But you've got to admit that they might be distracted after what happened earlier tonight.

Lance:

Again, yes, we currently do not have an update on the status of the D, but once one is available, we will share it with you either live on this broadcast or on DEFIANCEwrestling.com.

DDK:

Dangerous Mix and PCP are no strangers. They both attempted to dethrone the Lucky Sevens, the reigning DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions, with Mix actually pinning the D! As Mix thought they had won the titles, they had the rug pulled out from under them by Morrow, and the Sevens escaped again.

Lance:

If there was ever a man who represented the transition of old DEFIANCE to New, it's the incredibly strong Mushi. David Fox, himself, had transcended into one of the most complete wrestlers inside that ring.

DDK:

And on the other side, Klein and Flex had a stellar showing against PCP at last year's DEFCon. As this years rolls around, they're looking to, in Klein's words, dethrone the rightful tag team champions.

Lance:

Everyone has their opinion Darren! While I agree in sentiment, the rules and lineage disagree.

DDK:

Let's take it to ringside.

♪ "Man in a Box" by Alice in Chains ♪

With little pageantry, besides the flexing of Flex, Klein and Kruger emerge from the backstage area. Klein removes his box at the top of the stage and bows to the Faithful, as the two storm to the ring.

DDK:

Both men are former BRAZEN champions, and they've been part of PCP's historical Tag Team Title reign. While Dangerous Mix may have had the more known version of PCP beat at DEFRoad, they've got their work cut out for them tonight!

Klein and Flex climb opposite turnbuckles on the hard camera side. Flex flexes, and Klein throws both his hands in the air to cheers.

♪ "Run Rabbit Junk" by Hideyuki Takahashi ♪

Fox leads the way tagging the fans hands. Mushi follows, keeping a firm focus on the ring and the two brutes before him. The two quickly make their way to ringside.

DDK:

Dangerous Mix just came off their greatest showing in years. A lot of people say they should now be the Unified Tag Team Champions.

Lance:

This could be the start of a classic match here. Both sides have a lot to prove.

DING DING

The matchup begins with Fox and Kruger in the center of the ring. The so-called Slayer of Giants extends a hand to Kruger, who accepts with a shake before they get in their fight stances and circle each other.

Kruger lunges in with a tie-up, but Fox rolls behind him and gets a rear waistlock in, before tripping Kruger to the mat and wrapping around with a front headlock. Kruger tries to power out of it, but Fox switches to a Muay Thai clinch and starts to knee Flex under the chin. With one knee, Kruger catches it, and then lifts and tosses Fox high in the air five feet away from him. Fox lands on his feet, and charges, catching Kruger with a stiff dual palm thrust to the chest. Flex tries to catch his breath as the former Jersey Devil catches Flex with a stiff uppercut that's smack resonates throughout the arena.

Flex backs up a few paces, clutching his jaw, and reaches out to tag in Klein. Fox, undeterred, begs Klein to come at him. Klein however, points to the corner.

DDK:

Klein wants Mushi!

Lance:

Listen, Mushi and Klein have had a long standing relationship. Remember those weight lifting contests they were running that were interrupted by Jesta? At DEFCon 2021, Klein and Mushi teamed up even! So there's a lot of history there.

Fox relents, tagging in Mushi to an "OSU" chant. The two brutes circle and lock up, but they just spin and struggle until they both wind up in the ropes. They're separated quickly. Mushi slaps his chest. Klein smiles, and rushes off the far side. Shoulderblock, doesn't take the Osu off his feet. Mushi nods, and rushes off himself. A shoulder tackle from Mushi sends Klein stumbling back a step, but the box man remains upright.

DDK:

The Unstoppable ManBeast meets the irresistible force of Box!

Lance:

We might be here all night if these two just keep trying to ram into each other!

Klein bounces off the far side and hits another shoulder block, stumbling Mushi back into the ropes. Mushi comes back with his own, and his diving shoulder block takes Klein off his feet. Both men back up, and Mushi lifts Klein up in a gorilla press.

DDK:

What a feat of strength!

Lance:

Gotta get your reps in I guess!

After a few pumps, Mushi tosses Klein onto his back. He takes a moment to shout OSU! Which the Faithful return in kind.

OSU!!!

The Faithful are LOVING the display of strength, a fact that the Kaiju relishes with a grin, as he grabs Klein and pulls him back up to his feet before wrapping his meaty arms around him for the Uranage, but Klein manages to break free, and finally knock Mushi down with a clothesline! Klein follows up with an elbowdrop which he holds for the pin, but Mushi kicks out before the referee can lean in to count!

DDK:

Mushi with an authoritative kickout.

Lance:

You're not going to be able to put him down that easily.

The Kaiju rises to his feet and nods in respect, before reaching in for a tie-up. Klein manages to leverage his way into the upper hand, and slowly pushes Mushigihara toward the Dangerous Mix's corner, step by step, before Mushi ends up with his back on the turnbuckle. The referee orders a break, and Klein complies, lifting his arms up and away from Mushi. Mushigihara is about to come back out and get back to the fight...

tap

...when David Fox reaches out and tags him on the shoulder before hopping over the ropes and onto the canvas!

DDK:

Looks like Fox wants in!

Mushi looks at his partner with surprise, before eventually acquiescing and going back to their corner. Fox immediately goes on a warpath, making a run toward Klein, who simply responds by hip tossing Fox to the mat! Fox gets back to his feet, and rushes in with a roundhouse kick to the ribs, which lands smack on target, doubling the muscle man over! Fox follows up with a salvo of kicks to the legs, followed by a spin kick to the face that lands flush, sending Klein down and scrambling for the corner!

Lance:

Stiff kicks from Fox. Klein doesn't powder easily but he's looking for the tag out.

Fox considers going on the offensive and assaulting both members of FiaB in their corner, but he relents in favor of the sportsmanlike option, and lets Kruger get tagged in. Kruger steps in and flexes his pecs, as Fox takes that as a cue to roundhouse kick him to the chest. Kruger takes it and turns to the crowd who cheer. Kruger begs Fox for another, and Fox provides. A third, but it's caught by Kruger. Flex's hand wraps around Fox's throat and chokeslams him down, while keeping the leg hooked. He flips Fox over into a single leg crab.

Lance:

You can see how Kruger sets his entire weight down on the lower back of Fox.

DDK:

Fox better free himself or this match is going to end quickly!

Fox wriggles, turns, and rolls over onto his back. Flex won't let go of his foot, so Fox hops up to a vertical base with one leg, before enziguri'ing the Nightmare Kruger. Kruger falls to his knees, and Fox grabs his arm for a mahestral cradle.

One.

Two.

Flex kicks out, as Fox breaks the pin, Kruger hooks him in a school boy.

One.

Two.

David just barely flips out of the pin. Flex lifts Fox, irish whip, but Fox reverses. Leap frog, but Flex catches him! Fox slips down Flex's back into a sunset flip. Kruger tries to aloha out of the pin, but Fox's leg strength pulls Flex into the pin.

One.

Two.

Three!

DING DING DING

Flex barely pushes Fox off but it's a hair too late! Klein didn't expect it, but was rushing in to break the pin too late. Fox rolls out of the ring and throws his hand up in the air. Mushi falls off and greets his partner.

DDK:

That's the thing about this sport! Out of nowhere, you can lose a big one just because you're out of position. Fox takes advantage and the Dangerous Mix take the victory!

Lance:

Klein and Flex might have just underestimated their opponents tonight, even though they showed them quite a deal of respect in their challenge.

DDK:

With this victory, I'm sure that puts the Mix one step closer to a rematch for the straps! After this commercial break, it's going to be the number one contender taking on the former SoHer, when ADV takes on Scrow!

COMMERCIAL: CLASH

CLASH of the BRAZEN - LIVE on DEFonDEMAND!!

ADV vs. SCROW

DDK:

The next match we have is going to be nothing short of violent. Alvaro de Vargas demanded competition tonight after hearing that our FIST of DEFIANCE, Lindsay Troy, will be defending the FIST against JJ Dixon! And it was the former Southern Heritage Champion, Scrow, who wanted to take that challenge!

Lance:

These two have a little bit of history! When Scrow held the SoHer, he and Hive once paid Alvaro de Vargas and Tom Morrow money to take the Favoured Saints Title from then-champ Henry Keyes to keep him away from the title... but things are so much different now.

DDK:

Indeed... Alvaro de Vargas has descended into new depths of viciousness and is the #1 Contender for the FIST of DEFIANCE at DEFCON! Scrow has been dealing with The House of the Harvest, but a win right here over ADV... despite the danger, that is an incredible opportunity that is too good for anyone to pass up.

Lance:

The #1 Contender, ADV, takes on former SoHer, Scrow! Up next!

And to Darren Quimbey for the intros.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

.... Making his way to the ring at this time, from the Fields of Torment, weighing in at 198 pounds....."The Raven's Eye"
SCROW!!!!

Scrow makes his way to the ring, while the Faithful cheer him on. The focus on Scrow has him paying no mind to the people and instead, is focused solely on the massive task ahead of him.

DDK:

Part of me wonders if Scrow feels any type of remorse for what happened to Ravanna. Crimson Lord wants Scrow gone for what he feels is turning his back on the very people who made him who he became.

Lance:

And listen to this crowd! They are all for Scrow!

Once in the ring, Scrow stares out from behind his monocle and then leaps to ground level on the canvas. He sheds his entrance gear and gets himself mentally prepared for a fight...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Tom Morrow makes his way on stage, being serenaded by the sounds of many Milwaukeeans. And after what transpired earlier in the evening, he's PISSED.

Tom Morrow:

Milwaukee... and I mean this from the bottom of my cold, black heart... eat a collective dick! You support CRIMINALS

and CHEATERS cause that's all you beer-making Portland hipster knock-offs know how to do at the end of the day!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Scrow doesn't care about any of Morrow's other business, remaining focused only on ADV about ready to come out.

Tom Morrow:

Scrow, Scrow, Scrow... you dumb son of a bitch. You used to be somebody special! You had it all! Titles! Money! Women! Fame! Some laboratory, I think! But you've fallen on hard times. You got no friends on this roster. Nobody likes you. You screwed over a HELL of a lot of people. You hurt a HELL of a lot more people. Hell... I haven't forgotten. You tried to use ME to keep Keyes away from your Southern Heritage Title...

Morrow presses on through the loud booing.

Tom Morrow:

But while you've fallen from grace with all of your former allies turning enemies, a NEW star was born! One that's CRIPPLED AND BURNED everyone in this path to grow into the bright, shining, EXPLOSIVE star I knew he could be and the STAR this promotion deserves at DEFCON! He's going to come down to that ring, take on one of the most dangerous men on two feet in this promotion and make sure you regret EVER thinking that you were going to walk away without harm, bird-brain!

He points to the screen.

Tom Morrow:

He stands at 6'8"! He weighs in at 280 pounds! And he is going to OBLITERATE you... HE IS YOUR **NEXT FIST OF DEFIANCE**... He is... **"SUPERNOVA CUBANA"... ALVARO! DE! VARGAS!**

The DEFIAtron shows a burning yellow star in space. The flames continue to rise. The heat continues to burn brighter... The colors then become blue... and white...

And with a thunderous explosion...

♪ "Empire of Ashes" by Like A Storm ♪

The thundering guitar riffs and intro lead to the towering menace storming through the curtains...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Bright blue-white pyro explodes from the stage as Alvaro de Vargas has traded his old attire for pristine white with light blue flames running up one leg. The arena is covered in alternating flashes of blue and white. Hiding his eyes behind a pair of now blue-tinted sunglasses, his gait to the ring is fast after the verbal altercation he got into with Lindsay Troy. He takes his time as the jeers get LOUD! Scrow doesn't show any fear or intimidation despite almost giving up a hundred pounds, but has recently had plenty of practice taking on larger opponents under the employ of Crimson Lord. Once ADV steps up to the ring apron, he steps through the ropes.

The shades get ditched. The jacket comes next. ADV looks ready to hurt someone and Scrow is ready to knock The Cocky Cuban down a peg.

DING DING

ADV lunges right away at Scrow, however, the former SoHer title holder goes behind! He tries to go for the waist of de Vargas off the bat, but Supernova Cubana simply THROWS the much lighter Scrow off of him! Not being deterred to fight back, Scrow rises again and comes right at the #1 Contender to the FIST with a huge forearm! He stuns ADV for a second, but ADV blocks a second shot and simply chucks him face-down on the canvas! The crowd jeer loudly for Alvaro as he takes his time around the ring, yelling at Scrow to get up and fight back.

DDK:

Scrow has had a recent history of uphill battle fighting against larger opposition like Sun Twist Skylar and Reaper The Grey. But with respect to those men, capable in their own right... this is new level of danger Scrow is in right now.

Lance:

Scrow holds victories over people like Oscar Burns and Lindsay Troy at different points of his DEFIANCE career. He can beat Alvaro de Vargas, too, if he finds the opening he needs!

The Raven's Eye rushes at him again and The Faithful cheer him as he throws a few more forearms that manage to stun Alvaro de Vargas! A pair of shoot kicks to the legs follow!

DDK:

That's gonna be the key to victory for Scrow! Kick him down to size!

The Faithful get behind Scrow, but he pays them no mind as he ducks a right hand and fires back with a kick. Another swing from ADV misses, but another kick from Scrow doesn't! He has Supernova Cubana stunned when he hits the ropes... but ADV charges forward and SMACKS him down with a running back elbow! Scrow is groggy when Alvaro wraps both hands around his throat and muscles him right up. He pulls Scrow up into the air... then ROCKS him with a huge headbutt that sends him back to the mat!

Lance:

We've seen these recent matches of Alvaro de Vargas! He's willing to take several shots from opponents to throw a targeted one and he just did it there!

DDK:

Indeed. Now he's got Scrow up... RUNS him into the top turnbuckle!

Scrow finds himself in a rare position of being helpless against ADV muscling him to the top rope before Alvaro SMACKS him across the chest with an extra-stiff clubbing shot. Alvaro climbs the middle buckle and drives a violent foot down on his neck with a turnbuckle assisted bow and arrow across the top buckle!

DDK:

Oh, my GOD! Where did he learn THAT from?! He can only hold it for five seconds, but that looks gruesome!

Hector Navarro has to back him off and counts to five, but Alvaro breaks it off a four! Still, Scrow has been bent in directions the body is not meant to be and he's feeling it as Alvaro absorbs the loud jeers from The Faithful. Morrow shouts at Alvaro to stay on Scrow and he does with a big knee lift to the chest. He hurls Scrow between the ropes and he lands with a dull thud on the floor with Alvaro going after him.

DDK:

And ADV has even more bad ideas!

Scrow gets picked up and then gets CHUCKED right into the barricade! He hits a huge thud and lands on the canvas, but Supernova Cubana continues his punishment. He grabs the back of Scrow's head and goes back the other way and TOSSES Scrow by the back into the other barricade! ADV stands with a foot on the barricade...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Whether you like him or hate him, I've never seen Alvaro de Vargas in his entire DEFIANCE career as locked in as he's been. The FIST is the sole focus of everything that drives him and he feels like he's ready to take that title from Lindsay Troy.

Lance:

That may be true, but to me, he should be trying to defeat Scrow and not look too far ahead!

Alvaro once again has Scrow by the neck and chucks him between the bottle and middle ropes! Alvaro gets back inside and then charges forward, FLOORING ADV with a huge running dropkick! Scrow goes down in heap and Alvaro goes for the win on the former SoHer!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Lance:

Scrow kicks out, but he's gotta come up with something big. Alvaro has mostly dominated this match from the beginning.

DDK:

He has made perfect use of that size and strength advantage! And that running dropkick took a lot out of Scrow!

Alvaro decides he's about to wrap things up. He grabs Scrow by the neck and then sets him up. The Faithful jeer Supernova Cubana as he milks the opportunity to spike Scrow's head into the canvas. He hoists him up... but Scrow goes up and snatches ADV by the head to PLANT him with a huge falling DDT! Morrow nearly crawls out of his skin on the outside, not believing what he's saying.

RRRRRRRAAAHHHHH!

DDK:

Great counter by Scrow to Ardiendo! ADV tried for it too early and he paid for it! Cover by Scrow!

ONE...

TWO... KICKOUT!

ADV violently shoves Scrow off of his chest and sits up, but he's holding his head in pain. Scrow is still reeling from the punishment he's taken since the onset of the match, but The Faithful are supporting him in his bid to kick ADV's head off his shoulders!

Lance:

Alvaro up first, but he's looking a little dazed and confused right now! Scrow has to come back with something big here!

Scrow is up shortly after ADV who swings, but the MMA aficionado gets his hands up to block the wild shot first. He clips the knee of Alvaro with a stiff shoot kick then a big forearm! He lands another kick to Supernova Cubana's left leg that really knots it up, then CRACKS him with a big chest kick! Another Scrow fires another huge kick, the former SoHer finally starts to see gains with his strategy and then rocks ADV with a huge running penalty kick off the ropes! Morrow starts to sweat for Supernova Cubana as he gets chopped down! Scrow runs at him and hits a headscissors... into the Scrow pose!

DDK:

There we go! Chop the leg down and break him down! He's got that standing octopus stretch right on ADV!

Lance:

And he's trying to sink it in, but ADV is trying to fight him off!

He has the submission locked on tightly with Morrow pleading for ADV to fight to the ropes! His arm and neck are being cranked at until ADV hobbles forward to the corner! Scrow releases the hold and is seated on the turnbuckle, but when ADV turns around, he gets a big palm strike from Scrow on the middle buckle. ADV hobbles back when Scrow carefully rises to the top rope. He goes for the diving meteora.... But ADV catches him!

Lance:

ADV with the counter! He tries a powerbomb... but no! Scrow floats over and lands on his feet!

But when he does, ADV lands a stiff swinging back elbow! Scrow shockingly doesn't go down, but he's clearly stunned when ADV runs the ropes. He comes back, only to get stopped by a jumping knee strike from Scrow! The Unhinged goes for the ropes now... but ADV catches him on the shoulder and then HURLS the former SoHer right into the buckle with the Cuban Missile!

DDK:

Cuban Missile by ADV! And he follows it up!

He grabs Scrow and hoists him up... torture rack neckbreaker! ADV grits his teeth as he hooks both legs of The Raven's Eye!

Lance:

That's it!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Faithful show some love as Scrow kicks out!

DDK:

Listen to this crowd getting behind Scrow! From a man who made no friends, didn't want them or need them... and I think at points, he has even been taken aback by this!

Lance:

Tom Morrow is certainly taken aback! He thought that was a three!

The BFTA Brainchild shouts at Hector Navarro, but it's only a two-count! ADV strikes the mat in frustration, but then starts to get up. Morrow points down at Scrow and runs a hand across his throat, signaling to end it. Alvaro grabs the neck of Scrow and pulls the former SoHer up to his knees. He strikes him in the chest with some nasty shots, then applies a tight necklock, trying to take the air out of the MMA striker for good! He hoists him up and shakes him around violently!

DDK:

ADV trying to choke the life out of Scrow here... but he still has of some fight left in him!

Alvaro de Vargas:

Buenas noches, pendejo!

But despite the big man latched to his neck, The Raven's Eye continues to fight! He swipes and kicks frantically, trying to get away from ADV! But when Supernova Cubana keeps on the hold, Scrow dives his upper body in between the ropes, making Alvaro's neck hit the top ring ropes!

DDK:

What a unique counter to the sleeper choke! Alvaro's neck catches on the ropes!

Lance:

And Scrow has him! Thrust kick to the stomach!

He doubles over Supernova Cubana and then CRACKS him upside the head with a huge roundhouse kick! Alvaro's

legs almost give out under him when Scrow gets behind him... then DUMPS him with a huge release German suplex, FINALLY getting Alvaro de Vargas off his feet!

DDK:

Scrow has Alvaro down! The #1 Contender to the FIST is down and he might be done if he keeps this up!

The Unhinged finally has a chance to land the proverbial killing blow! He goes up top with Alvaro clutching the back of his head...

DDK:

Scrow lands the Meteora off the top rope! That's it! That's it!

After the double knees connect, he hooks BOTH legs on tightly with The Milwaukee Faithful counting along!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

The count is so close, Scrow darts up at Hector to find out that it was a three-count, but Hector disappoints both him and The Faithful that it was more like two and nine-tenths!

DDK:

I thought for sure that was it! Scrow nailed those kicks and that Meteora flush, but ADV barely kicked out!

Lance:

But Scrow has him on the back foot! And he knows it!

Scrow heads back to the corner and his attention is fixed on Alvaro de Vargas as he's been kicked into a state of confusion. He hobbles slowly up to his feet and then runs at hi, nailing Alvaro with a running chest kick that sends him back into the corner! Supernova Cubana is doubled over when es back and then tries a knee lift...

DDK:

FreeFall... NO! De Vargas shoves him away!

The former SoHer stumbles slightly after the shove, but when he comes back...

THWACK!

ADV SMACKS him with the HUGE discus lariat!

DDK:

Scrow gets turned inside out with the Scorcher! The running discus lariat connects!

Lance:

And I think this might be the end!

Alvaro grabs the head and neck of Scrow before setting him up in the standing headscissors. He doesn't waste time by taking him upside down...

DDK:

THAT'S IT! ARDIENDO! ARDIENDO ON SCROW!

He BOUNCES off the mat and slumps over to the side before Alvaro goes to hook both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Empire of Ashes" by Like A Storm ♪

Jeering fills the arena as Alvaro de Vargas rolls away from Scrow and stands to his feet. Tom Morrow joins him in the ring and then raises his hand.

Darren Quimbey:

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

DDK:

Brutal match! And all it took was one miscalculation that Alvaro capitalized on to win this match!

Lance:

Scrow was just one big move away from closing this out, but this is the level that the tandem of Tom Morrow and Alvaro de Vargas have been firing on since ADV demolished Deacon and Magdalena at DEFIANCE Road!

Alvaro looks to the camera as he and Morrow leave.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Mira o no mires, Reina! De cualquier manera ... tu título será MI título en DEFCON!

Morrow and ADV leave while Scrow is left in the ring, albeit with a nice ovation from The Faithful for his efforts tonight!

DDK:

Great effort by Scrow tonight! He gave it his all and he's earning respect by the week!

SO SHE RESIDES HERE

DDK:

Vargas continues his domination in his quest to become the FIST.

Before Lance can respond, the tron lights up. Scrow is just getting to his feet and notices the tron.

A pair of black dress shoes and grey slacks are only shown and the sounds of wet grass being pressed down on with each step. The sounds of shovels digging in the background are heard. The steps stop and you hear a match light. The camera pans up and its Crimson Lord in a gray sports coat with a button-down strip grey and blue pin-stripe dress shirt. He is smoking his typical cigar.

Crimson Lord:

I haven't gotten my hands this dirty in a long time. I forgot how invigorating it was. Oh, you are probably wondering where I am. I would have thought the tuff of hair I gave you was your hint. I guess you are not as smart as you thought you were.

Scrow raises an eyebrow as he and everyone else has all of Lord's attention. Moments later the camera pans to a dug-up grave plot and catches the tombstone.

HERE LIES

BASLE GINGER KROWE

Loving wife

Born February 16, 2000 - Died August 21, 2019

Scrow's eyes widen.

DDK:

Oh my God, that is Scrow's dearly departed WIFE!

Lance:

If Crimson is going to become what he once was again, my God Scrow may have opened pandora's box. Nothing will be off the table to him, not even disturbing the dead.

Crimson Lord:

Lift it up boys, I have plans for the bag of bones and dust.

Crimson takes a puff of the cigar and looks at Scrow in the ring.

Crimson Lord:

I suppose you can call this one your fault as well.

Crimson laughs before the camera abruptly cuts off.

Scrow charges out of the ring, the adrenaline allowing him try and at at least stand on his own after the brutal battle with Alvaro.

DDK:

This...this is too far.

Lance:

I am afraid Darren if he has indeed gone back to his roots, this is only the beginning. This man is a sick and sadistic man. Not to mention a cunning man as well. I am starting to think maybe Scrow should have never left The Kabal because his life is going from a simple bad dream to a living nightmare now.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE FACTS

1 MORE TRY

A dimly lit backstage dressing space; somewhere/sometime. The camera rolls past rows of blue lockers, some doors ajar, low oak benches between each row. Seated at the end of one bench is a darkened figure. Shoulders slumped. As he unspools athletic tape from around a wrist, images are projected at a jarring angle onto the lockers behind him.

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

MV1: *[voice-over]*

When I came back to DEFIANCE, I didn't see it going this way...

The quick-cut footage is nearly two years old, dated April 21, 2022. DEFCON '22 Night 2.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

I didn't expect it to be easy.

Flashes of Henry Keyes & Corvo Alpha in fevered battle splay aggressively behind him.

Corvo eats a coin – a burst of color. Another coin and another burst of color. Keyes' arm is raised. Post-match, a plague doctor enters the ring, unmasking to reveal another mask - this one bright red. He is Masked Violator #1 and he is offering a bright yellow mask to a battered, beaten and exhausted Corvo Alpha.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

But I didn't think this is where we would be a year later.

The film lighting up the room skips. Now to later summer. A superkick to MV1, a yellow mask burning in a barrel. Another frame-skip shudders the locker room; MAXDEF 2022. Alpha is destroying MV1, methodically. 1 refuses to fight back, nobly. Foolishly. Lord Nigel grins, dripping malice.

The figure on the bench takes off a red wrestling boot, a seated silhouette against the images playing behind and around him.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

Yet here we are. A year later. But I'm not the same man.

As the chorus thrums, different clips pulse along to the beat. MV1 rolling up Butcher Victorious. Forcing Alvaro de Vargas to slowly pass out from the Alpha Clutch. Trading vicious chops with JJ Dixon.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

Unlike who you saw at MAXDEF last year... the man you get at DEFCON 2023 is going to fight back. He's going to show you who he really is. See, back at MAXDEF, I don't think I was sure myself.

Brutal images of Alpha viciously tearing at MV1's mask, shredding it and stretching an eyehole.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

Being back in DEFIANCE has reminded me why I became a professional wrestler to begin with. And yeah, I know who I am now. I know why I'm here.

Corvo choking the life out of MV1, flickering behind the sitting frame.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

I came back to save you, Number Two. I came back to make you whole. Guess I didn't think it was possible that you didn't WANT to break free, that you'd want to stay under that evil little man's thumb.

The darkened figure glances over his shoulder as a sneering image of Lord Nigel Tricklebush suddenly fills the queue

of lockers.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

I suppose there's a part of me that still can't believe it. Won't believe it. Well... at DEFCON, I'm not giving you a choice, buddy. I'm taking him off the table. I'm taking him out of DEF like he tried to take ME out. I'm banking that if there's no Nigel... There's no Corvo.

A wheelchair bound Lord Nigel glares at MV1, eyes wide and crazed – translucent against the metal “screen”.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

Meanwhile, Nigel's banking that if there's no me, there's no problem. Hmm. I came back to make you whole, Number Two... but to do it, I may have to tear you apart.

The seated figure on the bench removes a wrestling mask from his head, still obscured in shadow. He runs a hand through curly hair before quickly putting on a different, likely cleaner & drier mask.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

In the meantime, I'm told that in two weeks at DEFtv 184, I've got a match with Arthur Pleasant; one of the most sadistic and dangerous fighters in the world. He's riding high after last night I bet and that's good. I want him at his very best.

The projector stutters again as we shift to clips from Pleasant's recent return to DEF. Clips of him standing tall over Rezin. Fangs glittering under the flashbulbs as he twists his face into a dark smirk.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

He claims to be DEFIANCE's premier pure wrestler and I'm looking forward to seeing if he can live up to that claim.

On the bench, our wrestler shrugs into a form fitting t-shirt, muscular arms briefly in the light as he sat upright. His legs find a pair of jeans. Behind him, a graphic for “**LIVE in St. Louis: DEFtv 184 featuring MV1 vs Arthur Pleasant**” holds still against the blue lockers.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

To do that... he has to live up to me. He's got to find out who I am.

The figure stands up, full height, into the projected image. His bright red mask trimmed with reds and yellows, MV1 offers a slight adjustment to it before stepping out of frame and out of the locker room.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

After I slay the plaguebeast... I'm coming for Frankenstein's Monster.

The camera zooms in on the projection - the grim, determined eyes of MV1 under his mask.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

And then you're *all* gonna know who I am.

LIKE A BLISTER IN THE SUN

♪ “In the Air Tonight” by Phil Collins ♪

The lights go out in the arena and on the DEFiatron appear YOUR UNCUT GEMS to the crowd’s cheers. They begin their march forward. JJ Dixon is wearing a floor-length robe with the sequined jewels in the same shade as the old-school Milwaukee Brewers uniform, with “JJ” in interlocking golds of Brewers yellow.

JJ Dixon:

Allright allright allright! Six months ago, nobody knew who I was. Six months ago, I was on my way out the door! Six months ago, I was just a guy. But now? Now I am THAT! DUDE! This ain’t local placating. I’m Giannis in rasslin’ boots... except with a jump shot.

JJ pantomimes a jump shot.

JJ Dixon:

There’s nothing I can’t do. There are only things I haven’t done yet. Tonight’s the biggest chance of my life. Nobody’s giving me a chance. But you know what? People like us, we like that feeling. Because there’s no better feeling than TAKING what you want when nobody’s giving you anything. And tonight, even with a banged up shoulder? Well, as Mill-ee-waul-kaay’s hometown heroes Laverne and Shirley sang -- We’re gonna make our dreams come true... Doing it our way! Your baby boy’s about to win the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Teri looks resplendent with even more, err, defiant confidence than ever. Her hair is freshly dyed silver, complete with silver flecks of jewels, a light shade of silver in her eye shadow, dangling silver earrings, a silver necklace with a blue and a yellow jewel at the bottom to match JJ, and a silver Gucci dress tailored to exemplify her “va-va-va-voom” Joanie from Mad Men curves, along with a long flowing black shawl.

Teri Metlon:

“LT”... For some reason, you think I care about you being my brother’s eighth wife for six weeks 20 years ago. The only thing I remember about you is how we had to burn the crab lice from the sheets after your romp with him in my family’s Nantucket getaway. The reason why I even think about you for more than five seconds of my day is because you have something I want.

Teri coolly blows on her nails and then smirks as she balls her hand into a fist.

Teri Metlon:

I have a habit and a history of taking things I want -- be it Tom Morrow’s expired AAA membership card or a wedding ring from a French viscount who wrote his kids out of the will at my request. Now, I still don’t know exactly why you and Sonny Boy Silver acted like a bunch of weirdos and hung out in my Rolls Royce for several hours. If you think we’re some Sgt. Safety walkover so you can flex your muscles and act big time, well, you’ve got that all wrong. You’ve never been in the ring with an athlete the caliber of The Special Attraction and you’ve never dealt with a scoundrel such as myself. Or you think you’re going to cut us down to size and take the wind out of our sails? Well, that’s not going to happen. I just strutted downtown today and the Fonzie statue came to life just to pass out when I batted my eyes at him. Your Uncut Gems are the hottest act this company has seen in years.

JJ fans himself off.

Uncut Gems!

Uncut Gems!

Uncut Gems!

Teri Metlon:

Now, Sonny Boy Silver, I have a receipt from you for sullyng my Rolls Royce with your bottom-shelf, TJ Maxx-brand cologne. I think it’s time you lowered your tone and cut the word count in your introductions so it matches your place in this industry. You’re a second-rate trainer and a first-class parasite. I’m going to teach you a lesson in Managerial Excellence 101. I’d suggest you take notes. JJ? He’s got it taken care of in the ring. Me? Counting the cards and

rigging the dice is what I do best. Tonight, I'm not taking the casino chips. I'm taking the whole damn casino. We're walking home with the one shade of jewel every woman wants to wear most... and the shade The Silver Vixen looks best in... and that's gold.

JJ makes the "I've got the belt" gesture.

Teri Metlon:

The name of this promotion is DEFIANCE. But after tonight, everyone in the world is going to call it something else.

Teri then pauses and turns to the side, placing her hand on her right hip as she does, and her dress creeps up more than just a bit. JJ does a double finger gun over her head when she says it.

Teri Metlon:

MINE!

There's a buzz in the crowd. Everyone knows what's coming next.

Teri Metlon:

You don't know the hell that awaits you two tonight. And everyone assembled here tonight in Milwaukee knows what I say is true. Because -

The DEFiatron fades off and the spotlight comes on at ringside and the crowd shouts it with Teri as Your Uncut Gems appear live and in person.

Teri Melton: *[and the entire arena]*

TERI MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

Teri stands on the apron with her hands held dramatically high. The spotlight shines off of her hair and dress and necklace to create a visual aura around her, and one she naturally carries. JJ winces as he holds the middle rope with his left arm but points to the crowd as he sings a song from Milwaukee's favorite hometown band The Violent Femmes.

JJ Dixon:

Let me go on... like a blister in the sun... Let me go on... Because Uncut Gems I know you're the ones!

JJ lets out a woop as he hops over the top rope but still holds his left shoulder in pain. He slides off his elegant robe and there's heavy bandaging on his left shoulder.

FIST of DEFIANCE: LINDSAY TROY (C) vs. JJ DIXON

DDK:

JJ Dixon and Teri Melton have made their way to the ring and we're just about set to begin our main event of the evening.

Lance:

JJ has looked good in his last few matches but he's coming into this contest with an injured shoulder, and when you're facing an athlete the caliber of Lindsay Troy, that's as good as waving a red flag in front of a bull. Let's kick it over to DQ for the intros.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, this match is for the FIST of DEFIANCE, as to be supervised by Referee Mark Shields! First introducing the challenger... representing Your Uncut Gems and accompanied by his manager, Teri Melton... now residing in Hollywood, California... this is "The Special Attraction" J! J! DIXON!!!

The crowd cheers.

UNCUT GEMS!

UNCUT GEMS!

UNCUT GEMS!

DDK:

Not a lot of people are giving JJ Dixon a chance this evening, even with his rapid improvement over these past few months. And while we don't know for certain why Lindsay Troy apparently hand-selected him for a title defense tonight, we do know she is offering title chances against people she no doubt deems, well, easy competition.

Lance:

At the last DEFtv in Boston, we saw the Queen of the Ring not even flinch when Teri Melton got in her face and didn't wipe away her smirk when Your Uncut Gems called her bluff. There's no doubt they understand JJ's a superb athlete. But you also can't help but think they aren't too worried about him tonight.

DDK:

Was it a bluff, though? Seems to me like the Gems walked right into Vae Victis' trap, no matter what kind of spin Teri Melton's putting on it.

Lance:

I guess we'll find out soon enough, partner.

The lights in the arena cut out and a white spotlight shines down on the stage. Sonny Silver, in his sharp black suit, stands in the glow. He lifts his left hand into the air and his OLD SKOOL MIC~! is lowered into it.

Sonny Silver:

Since you used up all our airtime on your shitty intro, I'll keep mine short and sweet. You're an old whore, Teri. JJ Dixon is talented but he's dumber than a sack of bricks for hitching his ride to an old nag who hogs his spotlight and is two steps away from the glue factory.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Sonny Silver:

You boo, but you cheese-curd sucking trash lords are too fucking stupid to see it. But that's fine. Vae Victis is here to show you the way. Introducing, the reigning, defending, INDOMITABLE FIST of DEFIANCE! Gracing you with her presence despite you not doing a damn thing to deserve it. She is Your Lady of the Hour! Your High Queen DEFIANT! YOUR Queen of the Ring and most importantly, YOUR FIST of DEFIANCE! **LINDSAY! TROY!**

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Two words occupy the super-sized DEFIATron:

V A E V I C T I S

*♪ Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose... ♪*

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

LT, ever the picture of confidence, walks slowly and deliberately out from the back. She meets Sonny on the stage and the two exchange a fist bump before making their way down the aisle.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing Vae Victis, and accompanied by Sonny Silver... from Tampa, Florida...weighing in at 195 pounds...she is the Queen of the Ring and your High Queen DEFIANT....LINDSAY TROY!

The Ace and The Silver Lining slip in between the ropes and Troy shrugs out of her coat, which has amassed quite the collection of ghoulish visages since she started down this golden path over a year and a half ago. She removes the title from her waist and hands it over to the timekeeper, bypassing Mark Shields completely.

Lindsay confers with Sonny one last time before the Vae Victis advocate takes a position on the outside of the ring. JJ remains in his corner. Teri stands on the apron with a concerned look on her face. JJ is trying to stretch out his shoulder but he's shaking his head, and even has tears in his eyes. Teri's face is almost despondent. She looks at Mark and makes the "timeout" gesture, as JJ remains in the corner facing her, now grimacing in pain. Mark Shields directs Lindsay to go back to her corner.

DDK:

Oh, this looks like an absolute shame. JJ's shoulder has been hurting him for weeks now, especially after that dramatic 60 minute Ironman match at DEFIANCE Road. He has been so excited for this opportunity these past two weeks!

Mark Shields goes over to the Vae Victus corner as Lindsay is now getting impatient. Sonny is on the apron with him, too. He's explaining to them that JJ has a hurt shoulder.

Lindsay Troy:

Tell him to either rub some dirt on it and fight me or throw in the towel and forfeit. Let's go.

Mark now walks over to Your Uncut Gems, and he's explaining to Teri and JJ what the Champ just told him. JJ nods his head in acceptance. Teri looks incredibly angry.

Teri Melton:

Well, Mark, I want to tell YOU something!

She jabs her finger in Mark's chest. And then looks across the ring at Vae Victis before letting out a gigantic starlet's smile and back into Mark's eyes.

Teri Melton:

Last night... as I laid in your arms... was the best sex of my entire life!

DDK:

Wait, WHAT???

Teri Melton:

And after we win tonight... I can't wait to have even more!

Teri then wraps her hands around Mark's neck and rams her tongue down his throat hard, as the crowd sees this and starts gasping. Teri whips her head free from his lips and now wickedly smiles at Vae Victis, as Mark returns a wicked glare at them, too! JJ still has the shoulder bandage on, but it's clear that it's in shape.

The Queen's expression quickly turns dark as Sonny Silver's eyes bulge. The boom mic starts to pick up him saying, "Are you fucking kidding me?" but before the whole sentence is uttered, Teri - not Mark - points to the timekeeper.

DING DING

DDK:

JJ sprints across the ring -- big boot across the champ's jaw as Troy stands in the corner! Now JJ bounces off the middle rope -- discus leg drop! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

As soon as Lindsay kicks out, she quickly rolls out of the ring with an angry snarl on her face. Teri is pointing at them chuckling like mad.

Lance:

I don't think I've quite seen anything like this before. But it is looking like this is absolutely not going to be the cakewalk Vae Victis expected... because they have just walked into a trap set by Teri Melton!

DDK:

I normally would not endorse someone using their feminine wares to seduce a referee before a match, but we've seen Vae Victus throw their weight around and tilt the odds in their favor time and time again. They did not expect nor prepare for this.

UNCUT GEMS!

UNCUT GEMS!

UNCUT GEMS!

Lindsay Troy looks like she's about to rip Mark Shields' spine from his body when Sonny whispers something to her.

Sonny Silver:

Burns'y'll figure this out later. Let's get out of here.

Lindsay snatches the title and they begin walking up the ring ramp to boos. But Teri walks over to Darren Quimbey with a note in her hand.

Darren Quimbey:

According to a pre-match agreement made between Teri Melton and Mark Shields... and along with the powerful signature of a public notary located at the nearest UPS store location... Lindsay Troy will relinquish the title to JJ Dixon if she loses via intentional countout!

DDK:

Is that...is that legal?

Lance:

Well, it's certainly a first. I don't think the notoriously corrupt Mark Shields cares about any ramifications from Oscar Burns. He has a powerful position in the National Referee's Union, which has allowed him to act unethically for years!

DDK:

Or maybe he's sleeping with someone there.

Lance:

If tonight is any indication, he's definitely getting some from Teri Melton!

Lindsay and Sonny freeze. Then they both slowly turn around with absolute scowls on their face. Red faced, angry scowls. Teri marches over to ringside as JJ holds the ropes open to them. And Shields begins the count with the crowd eagerly counting along.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Lindsay realizes that she only has a few seconds to get in the ring and storms back to the ring.

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

She and Sonny march past Teri; Lindsay flips her the bird while Sonny takes a second to say something angrily to The Silver Vixen, who responds with a sarcastic "Ohhhhh, I'm so scared" hand gesture.

EIGHT!

DDK:

Lindsay's not looking too happy as she slides back into the ring. JJ of course was waiting for her and is quickly stomping away with his boots to her back. He now hoists her up -- he pops the hips with a beautiful overhead toss. Lindsay props herself up in the corner, JJ charges - running shoulder block!

Lance:

On top of Teri Melton's well-laid trap, Lindsay also has to deal with JJ Dixon himself! And she absolutely has gone into this underestimating him.

The crowd ooohs as from that position, JJ somehow gets Lindsay Troy up --

DDK:

BLUE THUNDER BOMB! Cover —

ONE!

Lindsay kicks out emphatically at one, and does so hard with a growl and a snarl. She gets up in the blink of an eye and cracks JJ with an overhead chop. And another. And then a half dozen more that send JJ to the mat.

DDK:

And that is why she is the best in the world!

Lance:

You can hear those chops all the way across Lake Michigan!

DDK:

Lindsay now has JJ up on his feet — Roaring elbow! And another! And a third! And now with a cobra clutch -- leg sweep!

Lindsay takes a few deep breaths and then stomps away at JJ. Sonny looks like he has a sense of relief.

Lance:

It looks like things have returned to normal with Lindsay Troy taking control.

DDK:

The Queen now with a series of elbows to JJ's jaw and neck. Now she pops up with her incredible core strength -- reverse DDT! Lindsay quickly wraps her legs around JJ's neck, and locks her hands -- The Divine Right Koji Clutch!

Teri pounds the mat frantically but JJ is already using his long legs to reach the bottom rope.

Lance:

Just a few weeks ago, JJ would have tried to fight out of a move like that. But Teri Melton has retrained his instincts to get out of holds like that as quickly as possible, which is why her charge has started to call her Professional Wrestling's Beautiful Mind!

DDK:

Lindsay now quickly picks JJ up and has both hands in a double underhook--

Lindsay's smirk is there and she just mouths "bye bye" as he hits the Final Judgement underhook face plant.

DDK:

Cover with Lindsay pressing her forearm over JJ's face while glaring at Teri!

ONE!

TWO!

THREENOOOOOO!

Lance:

And now it's JJ's turn to kick out with authority! And Lindsay and Sonny are NOT happy with that three count! Troy uncharacteristically didn't hook JJ's leg to secure the pin, yet they still think it was a three count!

Lindsay is holding up three fingers and shoving it in Mark Shields's face. Sonny pops up on the apron screaming about it being a slow count!

Sonny Silver:

You counted ONE..... TWO..... THREE..

He over-exaggerates the slow count.

Sonny Silver:

Make it ONE! TWO! THREE!

He does an extremely quick count with his hand and a threatening glare. Mark says "You got it!"

DDK:

Lindsay now grabs JJ - no, he turns it into an inside cradle!

Mark Shields does Sonny's preferred very quick pace. Teri starts hopping up and down as she sees what's happening.

ONE!

TWO!

THR--!

Lance:

JJ just came an inch away from dethroning the Queen and it was almost all because of Sonny Silver's attempts to intimidate referee Mark Shields! Talk about something almost backfiring!

It is clear Sonny Silver has a giant migraine.

DDK:

Troy now has a JJ up with leg hooked in fisherman's suplex position -- no! JJ uses that with a knee to Lindsay! And another to break free. And now he reverses it into a quick snap suplex! JJ with no hesitation scoops Lindsay up and whips her into the ropes, leapfrog! A reverse leapfrog! She puts on the brakes --

Lindsay is expecting JJ to go for a dropkick as he has used this sequence in recent weeks and places her hands and forearms over her head to block. But JJ does not leap. Instead he pauses with a chuckle and does a double stomp right onto Lindsay's left foot! Teri looks at Sonny and says "Gotcha!" as she sits on the ring apron.

DDK:

Lindsay is hopping up and down on her right foot. Now JJ with that explosive dropkick right to Lindsay's head, and Lindsay flips over backwards to the floor!

Sonny runs over to her side and is pointing at Mark as Teri sneaks under the top rope and into the ring as the fans are giving a standing ovation.

JJ and Teri are lined up at the same level and she just gives a quick look around the arena to her adoring public. They start to prepare for their most recent taunt.

STRUT BABY STRUT!

STRUT BABY STRUT!

STRUT BABY STRUT!

Teri and JJ do The Fargo Strut in order and hold up their DiamondHands! An incredible amount of people in the arena also do their own version of The Fargo Strut in place and yell out "UNCUT GEMS!" in unison with them.

DDK:

Folks, I suggest you call your friends at home who may not be watching tonight thinking that Lindsay Troy was going to win this in a walk to tune in. Because, quite frankly, Teri Melton - The Gangster in a Gucci Dress - has absolutely stolen Sonny Silver's lunch money. She's blueprinted an almost perfect strategy, and one that started but certainly has not ended with making out with the referee before the match!

Lance:

If I were Sonny, I'd check my bank account when I got home, too, because Teri might have looted that as well. So far,

Your Uncut Gems haven't actually cheated. It has just been one giant head game and Lindsay and Sonny have stumbled into every single mousetrap.

Sonny takes a chair and whips into the floor in anger as Lindsay could not be more aggravated at the world. You can almost see the smoke coming out of her ears as she flexes her foot, but is likely more upset at the indignity of someone stomping her foot.

Sonny Silver:

This is horseshit! STRUTTING ISN'T WRESTLING.

DDK:

Lindsay back in the ring and her and JJ lockup. Lindsay with a knee to JJ's stomach, and now pushes him into the corner.

She hits him with a blistering chop. And another. And now a bunch more. But then JJ meets her with another. And another. And another. Lindsay has a face that, on top of the pain, makes her wonder exactly where JJ's powerful chops are coming from.

DDK:

The Queen backs up - and she lures JJ into a dropdown planting his face into the mat! Now she bounces off ropes - Front-flip leg drop! And now she quickly gets and spins -now a standing front-flip leg drop! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! SHOULDER UP!

Lindsay now quickly climbs to the top rope with a 360 Hurricanrana!

DDK:

All Hail the Queen! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

The Queen pops up quickly and wraps one arm around JJ's neck and the other around his shoulder -- TIGER SUPLEX '85!!!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! ANOTHER KICKOUT!

Lindsay shoots a look of absolute fury at Mark Shields.

Lance:

You have to think that Lindsay has Mark's pre-match romantic interlude with Teri Melton lingering in the back of her head anytime Mark makes a pinfall attempt. But earlier, Sonny's attempted bullying of Mark about this unique situation almost trapped her in an inadvertent quick roll-up.

But Lindsay immediately scissors her legs around JJ's chest and her arms around his neck in what is widely known as a Pentagon Choke.

DDK:

Sacer Esto! She's trying to strangle the life out of the upstart, insurgent JJ Dixon!

Lindsay is screaming as she's wrenching in the hold. But she's also wobbling a bit on her upper back to do so.

Lance:

You can see Lindsay is not quite using all of her upper back, possibly because she's worried about a quick count from Mark Shields!

JJ has his hand positioned like he might tap, but instead, he uses Lindsay's momentum to flip forward and onto his knees as she keeps the hold.

DDK:

JJ drops back and sends Lindsay crashing onto the mat. AND JJ ROLLS OVER FOR A COVER!

ONE!

Lance:

Lindsay makes sure she only gets out at one, again because she has to be worried about Shields and a possible quick count. That has to be so mentally taxing, as well as physically draining. It's like you're fighting two opponents at once!

DDK:

Now both are to their feet - JJ with a forearm to the FIST of DEFIANCE and whips her hard into the corner -- BACK HANDSPRING ELBOW!

JJ turns around and forces Lindsay to the top rope.

Lance:

This is dangerous because while Lindsay is great at all aspects of wrestling, she's especially dangerous from the top, as we saw with All Hail The Queen earlier in this match!

DDK:

JJ with a chop with Lindsay on the top rope! And another! He has her --

JJ holds her while moonsaulting backwards!

DDK:

Moonsault bodypress!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

JJ's explosiveness and athleticism are through the roof. That has been a focus of Teri's training methods - how to be able to tap into that when matches get into their later phases!

DDK:

But the Queen has been here before! She rolls back and gets to her feet -- Rolling koppu kick! No, JJ dodges!

JJ spins around and grabs Lindsay by the waist.

DDK:

It looks like JJ may be going for a German Suplex, and Lindsay is fighting it! NO! JJ with an Atomic Drop of all moves! It propels Lindsay into the ropes and back -- JJ has her on his shoulders!

JJ then uses one of his signature combos as he turns that into a Death Valley Driver with a cartwheel followed by a superkick!

DDK:

That superkick delivered square on the jaw! Lindsay rolls out of the floor to regroup -- AND WHAT???

Teri Melton comes from UNDER the ring apron, having apparently crawled under the ring at some point! She has a circular object of some kind in her hand and appears ready to strike Lindsay with it. But Lindsay turns and sees her and flashes a death glare at her former sister-in-law/prey.

Lance:

Teri may have gotten WAY ahead of herself there!

Lindsay starts to make her way to a panicked Teri, who is backpedaling before reversing around the corner. But then Teri smirks and reveals the item in her hand --

It's the same red Staples-like red "NO" button that Sonny Silver used in their promo from DEFtv. And she hits the button --

DDK:

JJ Dixon runs and hurdles the entire corner with a senton right onto Lindsay! Oh my god! HE IS! THAT! DUDE!

UNCUT GEMS!

UNCUT GEMS!

UNCUT GEMS!

JJ then whips Lindsay into the guardrail and then rolls her into the ring.

DDK:

JJ on the ring apron waiting for Lindsay to get up! He springboards! THE WIREHANGER CLOTHESLINE! THIS COULD BE IT!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE—

Sonny Silver grabs Lindsay's leg and drapes it onto the bottom rope.

But at the same time -- Teri ran over to that side of the ring while screaming Mark's name! She saw what Sonny was up to and Mark caught him right in the act!

DDK:

Sonny Silver is trying to deny things, but he got caught red-handed! Teri Melton once again sprung a trap on the manager of Vae Victis! She knew what he was going to do and made sure her apparent beau Mark Shields knew it, too!

Darren Quimbey:

According to a pre-match agreement made between Teri Melton and Mark Shields... and along with the powerful signature of a public notary located at the nearest UPS store location... Due to his intentional interference in a pinfall attempt... Lindsay Troy will relinquish the title to JJ Dixon... unless Sonny Silver does The Fargo Strut!

Sonny's face could not be more livid.

DDK:

Sonny looks like he's about to blow a gasket.

Lance:

I mean, would that be a bad thing?

Darren Quimbey:

And, as the note reads... he'd better do it like he means it!

The crowd gleefully mocks the joyless Vae Victis manager.

STRUT SONNY STRUT!

STRUT SONNY STRUT!

STRUT SONNY STRUT!

Sonny looks like he's about to vomit... and then just as he begins, Teri runs from behind as she shoves him into the ringpost, forcing him to tumble over the steps!

Lance:

It was a set-up! And some payback for the Rolls Royce!

DDK:

Lindsay up with a lariat to JJ -- NO! He rolls her up in the same way he did to beat Oscar Burns several weeks ago!

The electric crowd counts the pinfall!

ONE!

TWOOO!

THRENNNOOO!

Lance:

Troy JUST beat the count right there!

DDK:

JJ now behind Lindsay, Full Nelson! Sunset Boulevard -- NOOOO!

Lindsay shoves the two of them back first into Mark Shields and then into the corner, which causes him to slump down fully laid out.

DDK:

BUT JJ HOLDS ON! SUNSET BOULEVARD! HE JUST DROPPED LINDSAY TROY RIGHT ONTO THE MAT! HE COVERS BUT THERE IS NO REF!

Carla Ferrari rushes down to the ring as Teri is on the apron holding the ropes open for her to make it faster, telling her to "go go go!" as the crowd screams the pinfall attempt the whole time!

ONE!

TWOOOO!

THREENNOOOOO!

DDK:

Oh my god! We just came one inch away from seeing the jewel heist of the century!

JJ's on his hands and knees, pounding the mat, knowing he just almost became The FIST of DEFIANCE, and knowing Your Uncut Gems have finally reached the end. Lindsay knows it too as she quickly pops up with murder in her eyes!

DDK:

The champ kips up quickly -- picture perfect spinning roundhouse kick to JJ's jaw! And she hoists him up -- THY! KINGDOM! COME!

Carla Ferrari makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Lindsay Troy rolls out of the ring and snatches the title, and helps Sonny up to his feet. They have to walk past Teri Melton to get to the ramp, though. Teri's wearing her own shitty little smile and making the "one inch away" gesture.

DDK:

Dear god... if we saw JJ Dixon have a coming out party in his Ironman match against MV1... tonight was a gala ballroom event for Teri Melton, who designed an almost perfect scheme with all the tricks she could stuff into her Birkin bag!

Lance:

But like you said, Darren: almost perfect, but not enough to overcome the FIST of DEFIANCE and get JJ the belt. Both sides played their head games and I think it's safe to say it's going to be a long time before anyone waits in Teri's Rolls Royce again.

DDK:

I wonder who she swindled that from, by the way.

JJ is back up on his feet, holding his neck and shoulder, as the crowd gives a standing ovation. Teri stands on the ring apron facing (of course) the hard camera as she looks at her adoring public and they scream it with her.

Teri Melton:

TERI MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSE—

She does not get to finish her signature tag line because next to her JJ Dixon gets speared right out of his boots and attacked!

DDK:

What ... who? Wait ... that's Nathan Eye! What is the meaning of this?!

Lance:

This has to go back to Uncut last week! Nathan Eye and Tom Morrow confronted Melton and Dixon! Nathan Eye did

not mince words when he said he felt the attention Dixon has been getting should be his if he wasn't out with injury!

But Nathan Eye is here now and fist after fist strikes JJ Dixon in the face. Teri tries to get The Inspirational Machine off of Dixon but he pushes her down! He gets booed wildly by the crowd. He snatches Dixon by his arms and then he throws the Special Attraction by the shoulder into the corner post!

DDK:

Nathan is attacking JJ's shoulder! It may have healed up before tonight's match but not anymore!

Nathan forces Dixon out of the corner and then throws him into the corner post so hard that he crashes into it and slips through the ropes. Dixon ends up on the apron after the ugly spill and Nathan Eye is taking notice of the DEFIANCE Faithful's reaction.

NATHAN SUCKS!!! NATHAN SUCKS!!! NATHAN SUCKS!!! NATHAN SUCKS!!!

Lance:

All this because he's jealous of the attention that Dixon has garnered?! I'm sorry for Nathan Eye's luck in his career ... but Dixon had nothing to do with any of that!

Nathan still isn't done with the attack on Dixon. JJ is holding his left shoulder screaming in pain.

Nathan Eye:

Come on, JJ! Rise and overcome like I did! They want it! The people want it! Give it to them! If you're really more inspirational than me, give it to them!

When Dixon doesn't get back up right away Nathan is forced to pull him up by the arm and then delivers a pop-up spinebuster called Rise and Grind! Dixon is out and Nathan goes to the top rope. He reaches his destination and takes the leap! He hits Eye's Up Here, targeting the shoulder with the top rope elbow drop!

DDK:

We thought Nathan Eye was just insufferable since he's come back with this new mantra of his ... but he legit believes his own hype!

Tom Morrow is in the ring at Nathan Eye's side and the show starts to come to a close! Teri crawls and lays over JJ's body to prevent any more damage.

Nathan Eye:

Eyes on the Prize, JJ! I can do *anything* I want ... to you!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.