

SHOW OPEN

After the amazing video package put out by the lovely new video department, the camera pans all around a very PACKED and very RABID Wells Fargo Center packed with thousands of DEFIANCE Faithful hungry to see the first night of two nights full of wrestling action! The extra-large ACTS of DEFIANCE DEFIATron shines brightly! The pyro explodes from every direction as the camera then cuts to signage...

BFTA IS A DUMPSTER FIRE
MALAK ES LOCO
CRAP OUT, SEVENS
I STAND WITH UAW
OSCAR BURNS IS A BITCH
PHONE HOME, REZIN
ANYONE > ERIC DANE JR
KILL NED, BRONSON
SCOTT HUNTER IS A WET, WEIGHTED, MOLDY BLANKET
GEMS STILL SHINE
MY M4NTRA IS THIS: TOM MORROW SUUUUUUUUCKS
URIEL CORTEZ = FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMP
BUTCHER VICTORIOUS = FAVOURED SAINTS CHUMP
WHATCHA HAVIN'?
MY STEAK IS TASTELESS AND ABSENT I DEMAND A REFUND
ONE IN A (MIL)LION!

THEN TO THE COMMENTATION STATION!

DDK:

Welcome, one and all! Acts of DEFIANCE 2023 is on the airwaves now! I'm your play-by-play commentator "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me as always, adding some color to our commentary... Lance Warner!

Lance:

And WHAT a show we have tonight! Six matches, including two MAJOR title matches bookending our shows! Our main event promises to be GRUESOME! The longest-reigning Southern Heritage Champion, FOUR-HUNDRED FORTY-EIGHT DAYS AND COUNTING... will go one-on-one against a true ghost from his past, CORVO ALPHA!

DDK:

And that's not all! One of the most beloved stars on the roster, Conor Fuse, looks to take on one of our most hated in Arthur Pleasant! Which team among Better Future Talent Agency will be Tom Morrow's chosen team? Will it be the former two-time Unified Tag Team Champions and Main Event Monsters called The Lucky Sevens? Or will the collective young talent of two of BRAZEN's former top-tier standouts, Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander aka M4NTRA shine?!

Lance:

Titaness and Dan Leo James fight on behalf of Uriel Cortez, who can't be here tonight, to take on the men that attacked Cortez's mother and got him suspended, The Devil's Circus?! Who will win out in the battle of former two-time Unified Tag Team Champion Search Party Cyrus and the crafty veteran, David Fox? Will that walkie-talkie get fixed?

DDK:

But we kick off tonight's show with a rematch from DEFCON 2022, with the roles now reversed and with the highly-coveted Unified Tag Team Championships on the line! Flex Appeal look to finally put their one-time teammates and friends, The Pop Culture Phenoms, in the rearview mirror! Can the team of Flex and Klein hold on to the gold or will the Pop Culture Phenoms reign supreme in the division once again?



DEFIANCE Wrestling: Acts of DEFIANCE 2023 Night 1

Wells Fargo Center, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

4 Oct 2023

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: FLEX APPEAL (C) vs. PCP

DDK:

Faithful, WELCOME, TO ACTS OF DEFIANCE! Our opening contest is for the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship!

A match graphic appears over the DEFiatron, and the Faithful Pop. It's animated for a moment and then freeze frame, before clips of previous described moments.

Lance:

That's right. Three months ago, Flex in a Box were able to best both the current BRAZEN tag team champions, Weighted Grade, as well as the landmark last match in Brock Newbludd's story career. We all thought that Flex and Klein would appeal to the goodness in their own hearts, but it seems Flex's only appeal so far has been grandiose merchandising.

DDK:

Kyle Shields, that annoying little gnat of a relation to Mark Shields. WHO! Mind you, is absolutely the worst referee ever, no question, hands down, no argument.

Lance:

I hope he's listening so he knows and might feel bad about it.

DDK:

Whatever reason, Kyle has somehow charmed Flex Kruger and has influence over the Lord Perfection of Pectoral Punishment. Like a Devil on one shoulder, Kyle Shields demands Flex exploit not only his brand, but his friendship with his friends for further personal and financial glory.

Lance:

And, on the other shoulder, is that sometimes awkward, always good natured, Angel in a Box, who's been kind of pushed to the side by both Flex and Kyle since winning the tag team titles.

DDK:

I can't imagine Klein appreciates having a spotlight only to be pushed to the edge of it.

Lance:

Meanwhile, the D and Elise had one hell of a banger with the Lucky Sevens to earn this shot. The D and Elise see Kyle Shields for the parasite he is, and I think they have every intent of extracting Shields from their lives.

DDK:

They might not be able to focus too much on Kyle, Lance. Even though it's their friends, D and Elise, they want to become 3 time tag team champs.

Lance:

Thankfully, they won't become 70 time champs by Christmas... but that's only for Flex's obstinance. Let's head to ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

This next match, is scheduled for one fall, and a thirty minute time limit. It is for the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team championships!

The Faithful pop... but it doesn't last long as "FLEX APPEAL" appears on the DEFiatron.

This video, however, has a lot more Kyle Shields, and in fact, plays more like an infomercial than a tron video.

Kyle Shields:

Have you or someone you know ever been too weak to pick up a car?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Kyle Shields:

I know you have. This is Kyle Shields here on behalf of FLEX Branding, LLC and you don't have to be weak, pathetic, mouth-breathing, basement-dwelling parasites who don't shower before coming to live events. Instead you can be something more. Why reek when instead you can FLEX?

The instrumental for "Flexicution" begins to play over a montage of Flex Kruger working out on various FLEX branded pieces of equipment Pumping FLEX iron. Wearing FLEX apparel. Chugging down a FLEX shake.

Kyle Shields:

Why live your life trapped in a box of loserdom...

The scene cuts to Klein attempting to involve himself in the commercial before getting frustrated and throwing down his free weights.

Kyle Shields:

When you can FLEX your way out?

Shields comes up from behind Klein and steals the box off of his head, sending the Man In The Box into a frustrated scream, chasing Shields across the "set" which appears to be a free gym at a local hotel. Again in the darkness the FLEX APPEAL logo appears on the DEFIAtron before the music kicks in again.

♪ "Flexicution" by Logic ♪

The Philly Faithful do what they do best here in Philadelphia and that's boo the paint off the walls as Kyle Shield leads the way out to the ring under a sea of red lights and white strobes. Behind him Flex Kruger's pecs dance to the music behind a pair of FLEX branded shades while holding a FLEX shake. Then, behind him, Klein steps out into the arena as a walking FLEX billboard. Headband. Shirt. Wrist bands. Tearaway pants. Socks. Shoes. Shake weights. No box in sight. Klein doesn't make eye contact with the camera and snarls as Kyle Shields celebrates his new advertisement.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... hailing from FLEXington, USA. Weighing in at a combined weight of 538 pounds. They are the DEFIANCE Unified. Tag. Team. Champions. "Lord Paramount of Pectoral Perfection" FLEX Kruger. Joshua "Never Skips Leg Day" Klein. FLEX AAAAAAAAAAPEAL!

DDK:

Did he just say "Joshua Klein"?

Lance:

That's what I thought I heard. You have to admit the man that we see walking down to the ring right now only barely resembles the man we've got to know as Klein over the years. His trademark box is gone. Seemingly exiled, and what is left is a walking infomercial that looks ready to kill.

DDK:

The fans are a bit confused Lance. They really wanted to cheer for Klein, considering he's from Philadelphia!

Lance:

But if he's been corrupted by the promises of a conman, I don't think there's a way these Faithful could cheer.

DDK:

You know, now that I look closer, with these lights Lance, it's hard to see if Klein is raging with intensity or frustration. Either way it appears that Kyle Shields has finally succeeded in molding Joshua Klein into his image of what he should be. A monster who can destroy anyone who walks into the ring... and can sell lots of merch.

Lance:

Let's be honest, he cares mostly about the merch.

Inside the ring now Flex Kruger poses into the hard cam with the tag team title draped over his bulging bicep. Beside him Kyle Shields unfortunately has a microphone while Klein paces in the background. Before Kyle Shields can talk.

"WE - WANT - KLEIN!"

Kyle Shields looks around, and pats Klein on the back, and then points to him. The Faithful pop.

Kyle Shields:

SEE?! THEY LOVE FLEX APPEAL!

Boos. Kyle looks confused. So does Flex, who just has his pecs dance.

Kyle Shields:

PHILLY, boy, thanks to FLEX KRUGER, I tell you, do I have a FANTASTIC deal for yo-

♪ *"Live For The Night" by Krewella* ♪

DDK:

Thank God!

The arena lights cut as two spotlights start wildly searching around the Philadelphia arena for the Pop Culture Phenoms. Eventually, they fall upon the entrance stage, and each member stands on opposite sides, lit up by their own spotlight. Elise looks up with her trademark LED glasses saying "BUY OUR MERCH INSTEAD", while the D stands with his back to the ring, one fist raised high, held just like the DEFIANCE Fist logo.

The two meet at the top of the ramp, and the arena lights come up. The music dims as Elise proceeds to pull a microphone from hammerspace.

Elise Ares:

Hey bby, we're gonna need you to take several seats. Mmmmkay? The adults are talking.

The D:

Darren, go ahead and take the night off, your services are not needed. But you! KYLE SHIELDS! You stole my best friend, you stole MORE than enough TV time hawking your hackneyed hairbrained idiotic schemes on the Faithful who, honestly, are way too smart to fall for your shit.

Elise Ares:

The world ain't made of Scotty Flashes Kyle!

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style pauses in deep contemplation at her last comment.

Elise Ares:

Well... I mean...

The D:

So no, you won't get to hawk your new Shake weight... what did you call it?

Kyle looks down, slightly disappointed.

Kyle Shields:

But bro. It's Come Flex.

The D:

No! No sexual related puns. That's MY bag. Elise?

Elise Ares:

Yes D.

The D:

What are we going to do tonight?

Elise Ares:

Well, bby, I've heard there is a silent disco going on tonight that sounds really fun. Except it's awfully peopley and that's big ick. But if everything goes right, maybe we'll just get white girl wasted and make out with the Rocky statue?

There's a bit of laughter from the Philly faithful.

The D:

I meant before that.

Elise Ares:

Oh. We're TOTES going to become your UNO DOS TRES TIME Unified Tag Team Champions! OBVS!

The D:

AND NOBODY MAKES DICK BASED PUNS EXCEPT ME! NOW! GIMME BACK MY BEST FRIEND!

The D throws the microphone down onto the ramp as Elise and The D sprint toward ringside to a roar from the Faithful. They slide into the ring, and Flex catches Elise just as she gets up with a clothesline that sends her tumbling back outside. The D reaches out and pokes Flex's eyes, and goes for an Irish whip. Meanwhile, Joshua Klein steps out onto the apron and grabs a tag rope. Flex reverses, and then yells at Klein as he begins taking off the merch he's covered in, "What are you doing!? Leave that on!" before hitting a picturesque backdrop on the D. The D clutches his back in exaggerated pain as Flex doesn't let up. Carla tries to get in between them to check them for weapons, but Flex won't stop stomping the D in the corner.

Carla throws up her hands and rushes to a neutral corner, signaling the timekeeper for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

Flex Kruger asserted himself early here before the bell even rang, Lance. Stomping away... and now choking him by placing his boot across his neck on the bottom turnbuckle.

Lance:

The Lord Paramount of Pec- whatever, is using that massive frame of his to shield Carla from what's going on in the corner.

Finally Carla gets a good vantage point of the illegal choke and begins to count all the way until five when Kruger finally lets up. On the other side Elise has made her way back to the apron, finally just getting the opportunity to take off her jacket and toss her LED sunglasses into the crowd. Flex slaps Joshua on the chest and tags in his partner. Joshua Klein steps between the ropes and into the ring, laying a huge overhand chop on the exposed chest of The D being held in the corner by Kruger. Kyle Shields hands Flex a FLEX shake and begins massaging his calves from the outside as Joshua Klein rams his shoulder into the midsection of The D repeatedly in the corner. He lifts The D up onto his shoulder and Netflix's Most Wanted slips off the back end. Joshua Klein turns around to be met with a dropkick that he swats away.

DDK:

There are quite possibly no two wrestlers here in DEFIANCE who know each other better than The D, Derek Edwards,

and Joshua Klein.

Lance:

Literal decades of working together between promotions and wrestling schools, Darren. I can't imagine there is anything one of them can pull out of their hat that the other hasn't already seen before.

The Man Who Never Skips Leg Day grabs the D as he's getting up from the missed dropkick and shoots him off the ropes. Joshua Klein ducks his head early and the D flips over Klein again, landing on his feet. Joshua immediately spins with a discus lariat, which D low bridges under. The former Box Man uses the position of the right arm clothesline to land back first onto the D's bridge with an elbow, but the D rolls out of the way and Joshua Klein eats the canvas. D goes for a quick leg drop but Joshua sits up to avoid the blow, and then turns and smashes a D with a quick elbow shot into a pin.

One.

Elise charges in and kicks Klein in the back of the head. Flex and Kyle Shields protest, as Klein reaches down and locks the D into a rear chinlock, knee digging into his back.

DDK:

And this is where Joshua... it's so weird saying. I think I'm just going to say Klein from now on.

Lance:

Old habits die hard Darren.

DDK:

Whatever you call them, Flex in a Box, Joshua, Flex Appeal need to slow the pace, wear out their opponents, and wait for them to make a mistake.

Lance:

And where able, use their power to make sure the resilient Phenoms don't turn this into a marathon. Because that would be bad for these brutes.

The D wildly throws his arms around, and so Joshua Klein releases the chin and grabs both arms, turning the maneuver into a surfboard. Flex claps from the apron as Elise yells at Kyle on the outside.

Lance:

You'll notice, as the D was struggling, he was able to slip his feet out as Joshua Klein adjusted the surfboard, giving him a bit of leverage.

Indeed, D is able to use this to stand, turning the surfboard into a standing dual arm lock. D cries out in pain as Joshua Klein uses his size advantage to twerk the hold, but this causes him to lurch forward and then flip, catching Joshua under the jaw with a kick. The D then rolls again and dives, tagging in Elise. Who immediately jumps up onto the top rope and soars across the ring and nails Joshua right between the eyes with Amethystation!

RAAAAAAAAAAAH!

After landing the move Ares kips up and slaps Flex Kruger across the face. The official mascot of FLEX Apparel tries to push his way into the ring only to be stopped by Carla Ferrari and Elise flips him off before turning around to catch Joshua Klein just getting up to his feet with...

Lance:

Can I do it?

DDK:

D— sure, fine.

Lance:

DA DA DA DA DA DICK PUNCHAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Kyle Shields joins Flex Kruger up on the apron throwing an absolute tantrum as Elise then pushes the emasculated Joshua Klein shoulder-first into his own corner where he strikes the steel post between the second and third turnbuckles. Flex Kruger reaches out past Carla to tag himself in and it's seen as he goes to step into the ring, but doesn't seen because Ferrari is in his way Ares running over towards Joshua Klein, jumping up onto his back and then soccer kicking Kruger right in the face sending him falling backwards onto the concrete floor outside of the ring.

DDK:

Flex tags himself in!

Lance:

And now he's out!

Kyle Shields runs over at Ares while he's still on the apron and she's still on Joshua's back. He takes a swipe at her feet and FACE of DEFIANCE leaps over the swipe and lands on the top rope in a balancing act with cat-like agility. Pissed off, Shields charges her again but Ares again jumps over his attempt and this time lands on the top rope in a seated position before flipping backwards into the ring and hitting Shields with a backflip kick on her way sending him to the outside as well. Directly into Flex Kruger's arms who just got back up to his feet.

DDK:

The agility of Elise Ares never ceases to amaze me!

Lance:

Or the Faithful! Listen to them, Darren!

The Philly Faithful are in a frenzy as the fanatical flyer flashes a photogenic hair flip before frantically running fast across Philadelphia. Flex Kruger places Kyle Shields back onto the floor and looks up just in time to watch the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE fly like a cruise missile between the ropes and knock everyone down in a thunderous crash into the steel barricade. Ares, running on adrenaline (okay and a spiked monster energy drink... and attention) alone hops up to her feet first and hypes up the crowd.

DDK:

Elise Ares is ON FIRE!

Lance:

She has certainly taken control of this match in a hurry. Now she just needs to capitalize and seal the deal.

Elise slings Flex back in under the bottom rope, and turns to see Kyle Shields creeping up behind her. She threatens to punch him, and Shields rushes away. She climbs onto the apron and waits for Kruger to get to his feet. She springs to the top as he does, and dives for a hurraconrada, only for Flex to plant her in the center of the ring with a powerbomb.

He holds on, lifts her up again, and then drops her.

A third time, held aloft, Flex then, squats and throws Elise from her armpits almost clear across the ring. She falls stiffly flat on her back in a jackknife as the Faithful ooh at seeing Elise fly.

DDK:

Holy!

Lance:

What power from the Paramount of Pectoral! I've never seen him do something like that before.

DDK:

To be fair, Elise is a buck fifty.

Lance:

You try shot putting her from a dead start.

Flex, once finally able to regain control, reaches out and tags Josh... back in. He yells at Klein to attack Elise, and then climbs out of the ring. From the apron, he leans down and Kyle Shields hands him a large cylinder. In the background, Joshua Klein locks the disorientated Elise Ares in a rear chinlock. In the foreground, Kyle Shields pulls out a lighter and lights a previously unseen wick, and after a moment, fireworks go off above them that spell out "FLEX."

Or would have, if it worked as intended. Instead, it just looks like "AX" over the ring.

DDK:

Uh...

Flex doesn't look happy and looks back down at Kyle.

Kyle Shields:

What?! We -uh, we have a partnership! With Ax body spray!

Flex nods in approval. He's a fan.

DDK:

Well, back to the action, Joshua Klein continues to cut the oxygen off of Elise. She had a brilliant spurt of athletics Lance, but once she's been grounded, she is at the mercy of her opponent.

Lance:

Never known as the best technical athlete, but do remember, she spent a good amount of time training with Oscar Burns, so she's no slouch... as much as it pains me to say that.

The D starts slapping his hand against the turnbuckle pad, picking up the Faithfuls claps and stomps to rally Elise. Kyle Shields on the outside wildly tells the Faithful to stop, which only spurs them on further. Elise raises a hand, rallying and pushes herself to a vertical basis. Once there, elbow, elbow, and a third finally releases the hold. Elise rushes off the ropes, the D makes a blind tag, and Joshua Klein runs Elise over with a stiff shoulder tackle. He looks up and sees the D flying at him.

DDK:

Springboard "With Everything"!

Lance:

That flying crescent kick, nobody does it better than that D.

The blow takes Joshua Klein off his feet. The D gives him no quarter, and climbs up to the nearest rope.

DDK:

B-Movie! That extended frogsplash from the top! Cover!

One.

Two.

Kickout from Joshua Klein. The D quickly stands up and kicks both of Joshua Klein's shoulders so his arms rest at his side. He rushes off the far side ropes, moonwalks, and then hits a moonsault onto Joshua Klein.

One.

Two.

Joshua stands up, with the D cradled in his arms in a fallaway slam. He takes a few steps around the ring, and Flex reaches out, tagging himself in. Joshua Klein tosses the D over his back, as Flex enters the ring. Kyle Shields hops onto the apron and Flex grabs what looks to be one end of a scroll. They unravel it for the crowd, and it's the patented Flex Appeal Logo... complete with three items and their prices in large ridiculous font. Klein turns to Flex and spins Flex around, shoving him in the chest and pointing at the D. He points at his own head and exits.

DDK:

Looks like Klein is trying to tell Flex to keep his mind on the match.

Lance:

Flex Appeal may have the advantage, but PCP have fought back from worse odds before. It's never over until the fat lady sings!

Flex grabs the D and lifts him up and then powerbombs him in the center of the ring. He repeats this again, just like he did against Elise. And for the final one, Flex rushes toward his own corner and tosses the D toward it, but not onto the buckles. He lands like a land dart at Klein's exhausted feet.

DDK:

Again, what strength!

Lance:

No one doubts that Flex Kruger and... Joshua Klein... are two of the strongest athletes DEFIANCE has ever seen. We just don't know why they're aligned with... with... a Shields!

Flex grabs the D and hits a snap suplex. He holds on, and then hits a brain buster. He holds on. And then lifts and holds the D up in a vertical suplex, before planting him into a piledriver.

One!

Two!

Th-NO! Kickout at the last second.

DDK:

I thought that was it Lance. The way the D's head bounced off the mat there? I can't believe it.

Flex Kruger picks the D up and just starts gorilla pressing him above his head. He gets a good three reps in, before Flex just dumps the D over the top rope.

Kyle Shields is there to toss him back in. Flex repeats this, gets another four reps this time, before tossing D over the OTHER top rope to the outside.

Flex Kruger:

Pick him up Joshua!

Kyle Shields shouts and agrees with him from across the ring as Klein reluctantly hops off. He grabs the D and the D looks up at him, just tugging on his Flex Appeal shirt. There's a moment as the two best friends look at one another, and Philly crowd begins to swell.

Before Joshua just rolls him in under the bottom rope.

The Faithful are deflated, as Joshua Klein hops back onto the apron.

Lance:

End of the day, this crowd wants to see Klein as he IS, not how Kyle Shields has molded him.

DDK:

That being said, Kyle Shields has helped mold them into CHAMPIONS.

Lance:

Did he? I swore they won it without that barnacle.

Flex doesn't let up, locking the D by his shoulder in a nerve hold. He puts extra pressure by grabbing his own wrist. Every now and then, he digs in a bit harder and the D winces in response. He's in perfect position to taunt Elise with each squeeze. Carla's there to the side to check on the D who refuses to submit.

DDK:

What in the sam...

Lance:

Why is there a spotlight on the Side Interview stage?

Indeed, there's a bit of commotion as the Philly Faithful notice a spotlight fall upon the Side Interview stage. Standing front and center is "Sweet" Delilah Sanders, who is running on a Flex Appeal treadmill. A few other BRAZEN's to be demo various items of workout equipment. It all looks like something you'd see in any gym you'd pay monthly fees for, except it has the branded "Flex Appeal" logo attached. You can tell it's attached because it almost appears to be a magnet, but is probably more adhesive and more sticker like. Delilah is doing her best impression of an 80's workout starlet. She has one of those headsets on and her voice booms through the pa system.

Delilah Sanders:

It's Flex Appeal! It appeals to EVERYONE!

Lance:

Doubtful.

Delilah Sanders:

C'mon now, and FLEX!

In the ring, Flex takes the moment to release his wrist and use his free right hand to flex for the camera. The D takes this moment to shift his weight and, from laying on his back, pele kicks Flex in the head. Flex stumbles backward, shakes the blow off, and immediately tags Joshua Klein back in.

Klein stares bug eyed at Flex as Flex just seems fed up with it and exits the ring. Joshua Klein enters and mows the D down with a running clothesline. The D back to his feet, and Joshua Klein lifts him for an atomic drop. The D hops, clutching his D, before Joshua takes him off his feet with a discus clothesline, into a smooth hooked leg cover.

One.

Two.

Kickout by the D. Joshua Klein slams his hand to the mat in a bit of frustration, but even he knows this isn't enough to put down his best friend. He reaches up and realizes he's still wearing quite a bit of Flex Appeal branded material, and tosses away a large hair band. Flex protests on the outside, as Joshua Klein lifts the D. He holds him for a vertical suplex.

And holds him.

And holds him.

And then starts to walk around the ring.

And then stops, balancing the D ever so carefully. He releases his left hand and holds the D up only with his right. A moment, and another, before tipping and toppling in a ring shaking vertical suplex.

Kyle Shields on the outside shouts.

Kyle Shields:

FLEX APPEAL CAN MAKE YOU DO THAT! ALL THANKS TO FLEX KRUGER!

He starts climbing onto the apron, very excited, only to be cut off by Carla.

Meanwhile, Flex bridges a flex weight onto his boot and flicks it toward Joshua Klein. Klein looks a bit stunned, as Flex urges him to pick up the weight nonverbally. Klein lifts the weight but it's a heavier burden than he initially expected. The weight hangs low as Klein looks at the weight, to his best friend, and back to Kruger.

DDK:

Oh Klein! Don't do it!

Lance:

The temptation of glory and gold may be too much for even the strongest of wills Darren.

DDK:

He's your best friend!

Kyle Shields is still trying to climb up on the apron, but notices Elise rushing around the ring and disengages from Carla. Ref Ferarri turns around and sees Klein holding the shake weight in his hand. She asks the D if Klein struck him with it, and Klein just tosses the weight into a neutral corner. The D shakes his head no, clutching the back of his neck. Carla signals for them to restart the contest.

DDK:

You know, we haven't even had a traditional collar and elbow tie up, that is until now!

Klein and D meet in the center of the ring, and Klein locks in a basic arm wringer. The D rolls forward, nips up, and then catches Klein into his own arm wringer into a hammerlock. Klein spins and locks the D in a $\frac{3}{4}$ neckbreaker, but just uses it as a chinlock. The D wriggles free, into a rear waist lock. Klein charges toward the ropes and hooks them, and the D rolls through. Netflix's Most Wanted charges and Klein tosses him up in a flapjack, but the D twists into a dropkick, which Klein swats away. Klein latches D from the mat in a rear waist lock and deadlifts him from a face planted position into an overhead german suplex that sent the D in a 360 rotation so he landed completely on his face. Klein stands up and looks over to Flex.

Flex Kruger:

Good! FLEX BABY!

Joshua Klein is taken aback, but takes a moment to flex his bicep. He grabs the D by the head and reaches out to tag Flex, but Flex has since turned and is currently using Kyle Shield's cell phone to film a tik tok. Flex reaches out and grabs Joshua, bringing him into frame.

Flex Kruger:

Yo, me and my bros, we got you covered. Swole in forty, or your money...

He looks at Kyle Shields, who's shaking his head no.

Flex Kruger:

... wasn't enough. You gotta want it too!

Klein releases from Flex and shoves him, as the Tik Tok official video ends. Klein points at the D, who's little more than a ragdoll after that German suplex, trying to crawl toward Elise. Flex is definitely wondering why his bro just pushed him, and pleads his case. Klein extends his hand, and Flex reluctantly tags himself in. Flex shouts.

Flex Kruger:

Like the STAR I am, I'LL HANDLE IT!

Once again, Kyle Shields climbs onto the apron. The D wobbles to his feet, eyes about to roll into the back of his head. Flex walks over to a neutral corner and picks up the discarded Shake Weight, as the Faithful jeer.

DDK:

Oh, not like this!

The D pulls himself up using the ropes, barely able to stand. He looks over his shoulder, and realizes he's in his opponent's corner. Klein is behind him, and there's a moment. Klein looks up shocked and shakes his head no at Flex, allowing the D to narrowly avoid a charging Flex Kruger. Instead, Klein eats the shake weight, and tumbles off the apron into the barricade below. Flex is shocked, Kyle Shields is shocked. Shields hops off the apron to tend just as the D rolls Flex up in a school boy.

One.

Two.

NO!

DDK:

Oh, we almost had new tag team champions!

Lance:

Flex Kruger just knocked out his own walking billboard!

DDK:

Flex grabs the D, but the D hooks the arm, Flex is stunned! NETFLIX MONEY!

Lance:

This could be it! Can you believe it!

One.

Kyle quickly reaches into the ring and helps place Flex's boot on the bottom rope.

Two!

NO!

DDK:

Carla saw the foot on the ropes! Placed there by Kyle Shields!

Lance:

But she didn't see Kyle place it there, so she had to go with what she saw and her best judgment Darren.

DDK:

Refereeing is hard. I still think Mark Shields sucks though.

Lance:

Everyone does. Let it go.

The D runs his hands through his hair so he pulls at his eyelids and his eyes bulge. He breathes heavy, he's broken, and battered. The D slaps his hands three times at Carla but she raises two fingers. Exhausted, he turns and takes two steps toward Elise and the PCP corner before falling to his knees. He starts crawling on toward Elise, and then just falls to the mat. Slowly, he begins to roll himself over. Just as Flex Kruger gets to his feet, he's close enough for Elise to make the tag.

Flex charges, and Elise springboards in with double knees to the face. She rolls through, and climbs up onto the top rope. The South Beach Starlet flies with a moonsault onto Flex.

One.

Two.

No! Flex is somehow able to get a shoulder up. Elise grabs Flex and struggles to lift the dead weight to it's feet. She does, and painfully irish whips him into PCP's corner. The D has just recovered, and he's in no condition, but Elise smiles and starts kicking Flex's gut.

She then tags the D, and the D enters. The two double stomp Flex for three seconds until Elise exits. And then the D tags Elise back in and the two hit more double stomps until The D gets a four count. This rinse and repeats.

DDK:

The Blacklist! Flex Kruger has joined it and he's none too happy to!

Lance:

Although, I hate to say it, but the kicks of the D may not be the most effective with how much punishment's he already taken.

This repeats two more rotations before we're left with the D kicking Flex. The D is about to tag out to continue the trend, but Flex grabs his boot, and springs to lift. He pushes the D back so he hops on one foot. The D tries for an enzeguri, but Flex ducks. D lands on his feet, and goes the other way with a spinning wheel kick that catches Kruger flush. The D takes this moment to leap over Flex and reach out, stretching to tag Elise. Flex hooks him on his shoulders, and while Elise and the D are inches from contact, Flex just steps forward once again deflating the crowd before hitting a ring shaking spinebuster.

Kruger takes a moment to pull sunglasses out from his back pocket. He places them on his face, and then places a single knee across the chest of the D.

One.

Two.

Shoulder up. Klein yells at him for his bravado from the apron. Kyle Shields holds up a large sign that says "FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES ONLY, ALL FLEX APPEAL MATERIAL 20% OFF!" Flex blows Klein off, in firm control as he lifts the D to his feet. The D tries to rush away from Kruger to his corner, but Flex is quick to hook him in a rear waist lock.

And then transitions.

DDK:

FLEXICUTION! FLEXICUTION! CENTER OF THE RING! The D is TRAPPED Lance!

Lance:

But Elise is entering!

As Elise charges, Flex lifts the D and uses the D's foot to kick Elise square in the face. Thrashing, the D attempts to wrest free from the full nelson, as Klein just watches from the apron. The D screams in pain as Flex wrenches the hold in further.

Kyle Shields slaps Joshua Klein and tells him to enter, just as Elise gets back to her feet. Flex notices Elise and begins to back up with the Flexicution held. Elise charges, looking for an Amethystation, but Joshua Klein cuts her off with a simple shove that sends her flying like Adam Cole with Keith Lee.

However, Flex backing into the corner allows the D to use that momentum to push Kruger into his own corner, breaking the full nelson submission. But the damage has been done. Flex barks at Klein to exit the ring, and then tags him in.

Joshua Klein looks down at his best friend, and helps him to his feet. But the D isn't all there, and just kind of leans his shoulder against Joshua Klein's to remain upright. He doesn't know what to do, a bit awkward. So Klein wraps his arms in a bear hug.

DDK:

There it is! Forgiveness!

Lance:

OHP! NOPE! That's a Belly to belly!

The D is tossed like a rag doll. Joshua Klein drops down and hooks the leg.

One.

Two.

Elise kicks Joshua in the back of the head to break the pin. Carla escorts her out. Joshua Klein picks up the D, and then lifts him in a delayed belly to back suplex. Joshua Klein then bends down, hooking the D who's on his back, and lifts him onto his shoulders. From there, he shuffles the Director of DEFIANCE onto his shoulders.

DDK:

And there the D goes spinning! Think Outside!

Lance:

Spin and spin and spin!

Indeed, Joshua hits the airplane spin on the D, spin and spin. He gets two rotations before Elise reaches out, grabs the D's boot and pulls him off. The D stumbles out but into a neutral corner. Joshua Klein charges in and hits him with a charging european uppercut. The D is then lifted, seated on the top turnbuckle. Joshua Klein points to Elise and motions Carla to keep her away, as he climbs up to meet the D. The D fires back a few weak shots, but Joshua batters him with three forearms to stop the assault. Joshua Klein climbs all the way to the top, and then pulls the D with him. Once there, he lifts the D for a Superplex.

But instead of dropping him immediately, Joshua Klein holds the D up there.

And he holds him for a few brief moments, long enough for your heart to skip a beat.

Before the two topple off the top rope and land with a bounce in the center of the ring in a huge delayed superplex.

Joshua Klein shakes the cobwebs from his own head, and rolls over, draping a hand on the D.

One.

Two.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The D barely gets a shoulder up. Joshua can't believe it. Flex can't believe it. Even Elise is a little shocked, enough not to even come in to break the pin.

DDK:

What does Klein have to do to keep down The D?!

Lance:

Everytime you think you've put The D away he pops back up again! It's unbelievable!

There's a moment of awkward silence.

Lance:

I heard it after I said it.

Joshua Klein looks back up at Carla Ferrari exhausted in disbelief as The Faithful begin to rally back behind the Pop Culture Phenoms. Elise Ares pounds the turnbuckle in the corner as Joshua pulls The D's corpse up off the mat and whips him hard into the corner. The D immediately falls flat on his face after impact, unable to even brace himself. Joshua picks up his former best friend and places him in the corner. Then lifts him up onto the top rope.

Lance:

I think the D might be going for another ride Darren!

Then begins to climb the top rope when...

DDK:

Wait Lance! Flex just tagged himself in!

Joshua Klein looks back at his tag team partner exhausted and confused as The Lord Pectoral of Perfection Paramount inserts himself into the match and immediately pushes himself into Klein's position and begins climbing the turnbuckle.

Flex Kruger:

WATCH AND LEARN!

Flex lifts up The D. and HE holds him up in a delayed Superplex, for one moment, two moment... eventually LONGER than Klein did! The Faithful gasp as the two men crash onto the canvas with a massive superplex. Klein still hasn't left the ring as Kruger slowly recovers. Waiting for the D to get up, Klein fumes as he watches his tag team partner signal for the FLEX Suplex in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

After EVERYTHING! Flex Kruger, EVEN STILL, had to upstage Klein!

Lance:

I mean, I've never seen a delayed superplex, yet alone two!

Carla Ferrari is still trying to get Klein to leave the ring as Flex Kruger locks in the submission on a mostly lifeless D. He's unable to defend himself and the match would probably be called if Carla wasn't still trying to force Klein out of the ring, causing Kyle Shields to jump up onto the apron.

Kyle Shields:

Don't pay attention to Klein you buttaface, this isn't about Klein this is about FLEX! TURN AROUND! HE'S ALREADY WON THE MATCH! TURN AROUND YOU STUPID BI-

A hard right hand from Klein knocks Kyle Shields flat on his ass on the apron and the Philly Faithful erupt as Flex Kruger finally breaks the submission in the middle of the ring from not getting a response just in time to watch it unfold. Kruger marches right over to his tag team partner and begins screaming at him, drowned out from the cheers of the Faithful and Carla's continuous instructions.

The two are nose to nose, before Flex slaps Klein. The Faithful gasp and ooh, as Klein looks up, and simply turns the other cheek. The Faithful murmur, the cheers fading into a bit of disappointed. Even Flex is stunned, and so Flex does what only Flex would.

He slaps Klein across the other cheek.

Flex Kruger:

I AM THE STAR! I've ALWAYS been the star!

Klein takes this slap and doesn't even move his face. Staring down Flex, Klein reaches up and tears off his Flex Appeal shirt. Underneath is a large painted Philadelphia Eagles logo, and the Philadelphia Faithful pop large. Klein tosses the shirt into Flex's face.

Blinded, Klein hooks Flex up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry and starts to spin. The Faithful swell in cheers as Klein spins, and spins, and spins. The Faithful count alongside him. Kyle Shields tries to jump onto the apron, and Klein maneuvers his way over and smacks Shields with Flex's legs.

After about ten rotations, Klein wobbles and steadies himself in the center of the ring, and then TOSSES Flex into a $\frac{3}{4}$ neckbreaker.

DDK:

THINK OUTSIDE!

Lance:

I think it's back to just Klein now Darren! He's thinking outside the box of Flex Appeal!

The Faithful are ramped, cheering wildly as the camera zooms out to reveal the D, slowly pulling his dazed self to his feet. He reaches a vertical base, sees Klein standing over the fallen Flex, and holds his neck. Klein turns to the D, and there's a moment.

Before Klein rushes in and latches the D into a friendly bearhug.

They quickly break, Klein almost dragging the D over and dropping him on top of Flex. The D has enough instinct to hook the legs. Carla dives into position.

One.

Two.

THREE!

DING DING DING

The Philly Faithful roar in approval and Elise Ares, like Gollum, has already grabbed the precioues from ringside and quickly slides into the ring with the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships in hand.

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

DDK:

THEY DID IT! We have new Unified Tag Team Champions!

Lance:

And of course, they keep the tradition of winning the Tag Team Championships by pinning another member of the Pop Culture Phenoms for a THIRD TIME!

DDK:

But this one means something different Lance. This is a reunion, and this was earned, Lance. Flex Kruger and Kyle Shields did everything they could to make Flex the star... but there's two men in a tag team Lance. Kruger would have been wise to remember that!

As Flex Kruger rolls out of the ring defeated and embarrassed, tending to his business investor Kyle Shields, inside the ring Klein watches Elise Ares and The D celebrate together with championships that used to be his.

Klein hesitates. So Elise and the D outstretch their arms, tag team championships in their arms closest to Klein. The D waves him in, and Klein falls in for a big group hug.

From here, it doesn't take long for Elise and The D to rope their always loyal third member into the celebration by jumping into his massive arms.

DDK:

The Man in the Box holds aloft his two best friends, who hold up their new Tag Team Championships.

Lance:

In the end, Klein lost the Tag Team Championships and Flex Kruger... but he regained his family.

The Trio take one last look up the ramp, as Flex Kruger helps a clearly "milking it" Kyle Shields up the ramp. Flex takes one last look back at the Pop Culture Phenoms, who are still celebrating. He spits toward the ring, and follows Kyle backstage.

Klein lowers the D and Elise as PCP begin to disperse from ringside. While they may not have been able to pass the tag team championships back and forth forty times... and while Klein may not have been able to be the champion he wished to be... he can finally walk forward, with no regrets.

CYRUS BATES vs. DAVID FOX

DDK:

Up next we have a grudge match between David Fox and Cyrus Bates!

Lance:

That's right, Darren. Further to their feud, Bates has, ummmm to put it kindly, "requested" that if he defeats Fox here tonight, that his commander MUST fix his broken walkie talkie so he can phone home. A real ET story unfolding in front of our very eyes.

Suddenly...

Thump... clap

Thumpthump... clap

Thump... clap

Thumpthump-zooooooooom

♪ "Same Ol" by The Heavy ♪

As those triumphant strings fill the arena, the entranceway bathed in light, a shadowy figure emerges.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, this bout is scheduled for a twenty minute time limit! Making his way to the ring, from Blackwood, New Jersey! Weighing in at one hundred ninety pounds, Daaaaaaavid FOX!

Fox loosens up in the ring as a full squadron of military troops rush out on stage.

♪ "Savage" by Megan Thee Stallion ♪

Cyrus Bates marches out to the beat of his theme song.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing his opponent, weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds, from Fort Worth, Texas, CYRUS BATES!

Bates clutches the radio in his hands all the way until he finds a safe spot for it on the ring apron, securely under a turnbuckle. Bates turns and salutes his fellow comrades before entering the ring.

DDK:

I'll point out that Bates can coordinate an entire unit of soldiers to come out on stage, yet he cannot contact Malak because of his broken radio?

Lance:

Maybe these other soldiers communicate over morse code and not ham radio?

DING! DING!

The commentators debate as Bates and Fox go at it. David goes for an immediate take down but Bates counters with a quick jumping piledriver! Fox rolls over to his side, grabs his neck on his way to his feet and nails Bates with a vertical suplex!

Lance:

Both men coming out hitting HEAVY!

Bates rolls to his feet and misses with a big boot as Fox darts off the ropes. David comes running in with a slashing forearm shot, sending Bates stumbling backwards.

DDK:

BIG move by Fox puts Bates on his heels!

Cyrus glances back at his walkie talkie, looking for inspiration. He headbutts Fox to gain a little separation before nailing a huge sidewalk slam! Fox shifts away, avoiding an early pin attempt. David stands up on the apron with the ropes between him and his opponent before vaulting into the ring with a jumping clothesline!

Lance:

Back and forth we go!

Bates climbs to his feet first and plucks Fox up into a fall away slam! The Bellicose Brawler tries to go for a pin but Fox is still fresh enough not to get hooked.

DDK:

Chop to the throat by Fox! These two are constantly jockeying for position!

Bates absorbs the shot and tries to keep coming but it gives just enough time for David to get to his feet.

DDK:

TORNADO FANG by David Fox!

The Slayer of Giants nails a discus throat chop on Bates. The spinning momentum from Fox sends Cyrus into the corner. Fox follows up quickly with some body jabs and then an overhead belly-to-belly suplex!

Lance:

WOW! BATES WENT FLYING!

DDK:

It's worthy to note the size difference here but David Fox is a highly trained professional wrestler! He knows exactly how to use his body weight to his advantage which he showed right there!

Fox jumps on top of Bates for the quick cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Cyrus powers out with his shoulder as Fox wrangles in a seated side headlock. Cyrus pushes out of it so Fox rebounds with a kick, then jumps off the ropes and delivers a shotgun dropkick! Bates' back smacks the canvas hard.

Lance:

David Fox is firing on all cylinders!

DDK:

Even though he's told reporters that he's a bit banged up, dealing with injuries suffered at the hands of Cyrus Bates' brutal sledgehammer attack, he persists in this match.

Fox mounts Bates and begins hammering away until The Bellicose Brawler deposits a few forearm shots into Fox's exposed ribcage.

DDK:

David Fox rolls over in pain!

Noticing his opponent's ribs are still quite tender, Bates drives a knee into them and then proceeds to pick up Fox and put him through a back breaker!

Lance:

I think the Search Party has FOUND a weakness to exploit!

Bates covers.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

David Fox kicks out with as much authority as he can muster. Bates wants to stay on the attack and more specifically, hone in on the ribs of his foe.

DDK:

Gutwrench powerbomb by Bates! Wow, what an impact!

Lance:

Fox took all that on his ribs too!

Bates front mounts Fox and tries to shove his elbows into Fox's eyes but is met with strong resistance.

DDK:

I think Cyrus Bates is taking this whole walkie talkie thing a little TOO personal. I mean, he's trying to flatten Fox's face with his elbows for crying out loud!

Fox gets away but quickly finds himself in Bates' clutches once more.

Lance:

Uranage! NO! Fox escapes!

David goes for a chop block counter but Bates moves his leg away just in time. Cyrus grabs his opponent for a uranage once more but doesn't get nearly as far into the move as he did last time before Fox breaks free. Both men posture each other up, chest first before a shoving match breaks out.

DDK:

Bates shoves Fox! Fox shoves Bates! This is getting heated, real fast here folks!

Bates takes his palm, puts in on Fox's face and shoves him back as hard as he can. Fox's back touches the ropes but he doesn't bounce off them. Instead, Fox approaches Bates, he puts his palm on Cyrus' head and pushes back as hard as he can. Bates only takes one step back before shoving his knee into Fox's hurt ribs once more. Doubled over, Fox gets taken for a ride!

DDK:

URANAGE!

Bates slides over for a pin once the move is complete.

ONE!

TWO!

TWO POINT NINE NINE!

The crowd comes alive as Bates cannot believe it. Fox is feeling the adrenaline as every shot Bates throws at him is absorbed until both men are staring each other down.

DDK:

Bates swings and misses! He swings once more! Fox blocks it!

Fox mounts a huge comeback with a jumping knee strike to the face, followed up with a couple sharp knife edge chops!

Lance:

Fox has Bates reeling!

The Bellicose Brawler is forced down to a knee right by where his walkie talkie resides. He looks at it. Longingly. All he wants is for the damn thing to work and David Fox has been resilient to it the entire time. Bates rises to his feet. The two men eye each other down. Then, within an instant, they each shoot off adjacent facing ropes.

DDK:

COLLISION INCOMING!

They both put boots up.

ROUGH DIVIDE! & KEYBOARD KICK!

Lance:

Both men hit their finishers on each other!

DDK:

What a smack of boot leather meeting flesh! What a couple of axe kicks!

Fox is down. Bates is down. The fans are up as they look for who will stir first.

Lance:

I didn't realize until just now that both men consider the axe kick their finishing move! I'm not sure either will be able to capitalize on it!

Bates tries to move but can't and same with Fox. The two competitors crushed each other's skulls so hard that it is taking longer than usual to get up to the point where the referee begins their count.

DDK:

The referee is already at six! These two might be looking at a draw. I wonder how Cyrus would receive that then. I'm sure Fox wouldn't fix his walkie talkie if that's the outcome!

Fox is the first one moving. He crawls slowly over to the limp body of Bates and drapes an arm across his chest.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The fans jolt in their seats as Cyrus Bates kicks out at the last moment. Fox, flustered, pushes himself up off the canvas.

DDK:

Both men avoided the double count out and all that time bought Bates enough of a reprieve to kick out!

Fox catches his breath as Bates latches onto his ribs from below. Fox yelps in pain as Bates rises, holding his foe in a torture rack!

Lance:

This doesn't look good for Fox!

Bates parades him around the ring until he tosses him up in the air and delivers another axe kick, this time to the ribs!

DDK:

Another Keyboard Kick! Looks like Bates isn't done, either!

Bates corrals Fox and nails him with a running powerslam. Lastly and finally, he pulls Fox up for one more dreaded uranage!

Lance:

Uranage connects! It's just been a furious rush assault of power moves by Bates.

Completely spent, Bates falls on top of Fox.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

♪ "Savage" by Megan Thee Stallion ♪

Bates barely has enough energy left to roll off his opponent. Fox's chest is gasping for air. The fans are left stunned.

Lance:

Bates did it! It took a whopping ton of offense to get it done but he somehow put David Fox down for the count!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner, CYRUS BATES!

The Solitary Soldier prone crawls slowly over to his beloved radio. He clutches it before rising to his knees. He gazes over at David Fox who is quite slow himself but eventually the two meet in the middle of the ring. Bates extends his hand outwards, holding the device towards Fox.

Cyrus Bates:

You fix it. Now. Cyrus Bates call home.

DDK:

Both men look so spent, Lance.

Bates clutches his ribs and so does Fox with his own. Reluctantly, David Fox grabs the walkie talkie from Bates' hands, to the surprising ovation from the fans.

DDK:

I think the fans actually want to see David fix the damn thing. Either to be done with it or out of pure, genuine curiosity

but regardless, it looks like there's going to be a resolution to this story right now.

David Fox looks the device over. At first, he's passive but he soon gets intrigued. He opens up a compartment and holds it close to Bates' face.

David Fox:

Hate to break it to you, Cyrus but ummmm, your walkie talkie isn't broken. It's out of batteries.

Bates bites his lower lip, contemplating the devastating and time-costly error of his ways. If only he took the time to look at the damn thing, this whole grudge could have been averted. Hands on his hips, Bates paces around the inside the ring, somewhat angry with himself.

Cyrus Bates:

BATTERIES? ALL IT NEEDED WAS BATTERIES!? THAT IS DRIVING ME INSANE!

He begins huffing and puffing heavily as Fox stands there with the device in his grasp. Suddenly, Bates swats Fox across the face!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

The Faithful voice their displeasure as Fox rolls towards the apron. Bates follows as the walkie talkie lays prone in the ring. Bates rolls to the outside where he looks like he's losing his mind. His actions align with this notion as he tears apart the floor mats, exposing concrete below. He climbs onto the apron and grabs Fox once more.

DDK:

Oh no! No! DON'T DO THIS, CYRUS! IT ISN'T DAVID'S FAULT YOU DIDN'T CHECK FOR BATTERIES!

The pleading falls on deaf ears in part because the commentary team is out of earshot. Either way, Bates looks out to the crowd before throwing Fox down to the concrete off the apron with his most lethal uranage yet! Fox's body lands with a sickening thud!

OHHHHHHHHH!

The Faithful are left shell shocked as Bates looks down at his victim. DEFmed rushes the scene before Cyrus collects his walkie talkie and arrogantly walks up the ramp.

Lance:

What an uncalled for attack by Cyrus Bates! He won the match and technically David Fox tried to fix his device for him by identifying it was out of batteries and what did he get for it? A uranage off the apron to the concrete below! Horrifying actions by Cyrus Bates.

DDK:

At least he can call Home Nest now.

The scene fades as David Fox is being placed in a neck brace and then a stretcher. Bates can't be bothered.

TITANES FAMILIA vs. THE DEVIL'S CIRCUS

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got a tag team grudge match on deck between Tom Morrow and Better Future Talent Agency when his clients and personal enforcers, The Devil's Circus, take on Titanes Familia members Titaness and Dan Leo James!

Lance:

The issues between Tom Morrow and his ex-client, Uriel Cortez and family go back years, but this latest issue escalated when Morrow was upset about Titanes Familia defeating M4NTRA at Maximum DEFIANCE. Morrow declared it his personal mission to break down Titanes Familia both mentally and physically... and they did just that when Jestal attacked Carolina Cortez, Uriel's mom back at DEFtv 191.

DDK:

That attack sent Uriel into a rage like we've never seen. He lashed out and **ATTACKED** official Brian Slater, who took a few shows off due to injury. Uriel was suspended for thirty days -- originally sixty -- until he appealed the return and suddenly won the Favoured Saints Championship from Butcher Victorious last week on our Uncut Special!

Lance:

It should be noted that tonight, Cortez had to miss tonight's show due to travel issues which is why he isn't at ringside tonight. We have received word he will be here tomorrow night to address both the title win and his recent actions, but for now, Titaness and Dan Leo James represent the Familia tonight!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is sequenced for one fall...Introducing fi...

Tom Morrow:

Shut your mouth Darren! How many times do we have go through this rigamarole?!

DDK:

Oh joy... it's Tom Morrow talking AGAIN!

Lance:

Its enough to make you want to puke is it not? For a guy that **ALSO** has to try and corral his other clients later, M4NTRA and The Lucky Sevens, he has a lot to talk about.

Tom Morrow:

What a great start to my night tonight! No Uriel Cortez! No Memaw Cortez! This family craps ends tonight when I put Titanes Familia in the rearview when my clients come out here and **BUZZSAW** through the wife their da-doop-dee-doop "son." Ugh. Ladies and gentlemen...

He points to the audience.

Tom Morrow:

Weighing in at a combined weight of 585 pounds! They are the team of "THE JESTER OF JESTERS" JESTAL... "THE SUAVE SAVAGE" BIG KAHUNA ALI'I... **KIDS, HIDE YOUR MOMS, CAUSE IT'S TIME TO PLAY WITH THE DEVIL'S CIRCUS!**

No music is played, but his boys head to the ring in their usually ring attire, parka coats and their ring attire, which appears to be red for Ali'i and Lime green for Jestal. The two reach the barricade and hop over it and enter the ring and await their opponents.

The lights drop out to complete black. The first guitar riffs fires off as a spotlight appears on the left side of the ramp with Titaness flexing. The second guitar riff fires off and Dan Leo James has the chokeslamming hand in the air, ready to fight! One more and the house lights return to normal when the two come marching to ringside to cheers from the crowd!

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

The Faithful roar their approval as golden lights flood the arena! There are no handshakes and baby-kissing tonight from the family-oriented fan favorites as they go marching towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... at a combined weight of 463 pounds... they are the team of “The Mother of Muscles” Titaness... “The Young Titan” Dan Leo James... they are... **TITANES FAMILIA!**

Titaness is wearing a sleeveless blue and gold Titanes Familia top and blue leather gear. Dan Leo James in his blue and gold wrestling singlet! He shouts to the masses and then they both climb into the ring as The Devil’s Circus watch on.

DDK:

Titaness and Dan Leo James were able to pick up the victory over M4NTRA. Titaness herself is a former Unified Tag Team Champion, but tonight, they don’t have Uriel Cortez in their corner while The Devil’s Circus will have Tom Morrow.

Lance: [dryly]

What? You think Tom Morrow would get involved? Nooooo....

Jestal stares across the ring at Dan and points at Titaness across the ring as the music quietly fades out.

Jestal:

I want the Daft Cow right there.

DLJ points at Titaness who already is agitated. James looks out into the crowd who also want Titaness in the match. Dan shrugs his shoulders at Jestal and tags in Titaness. The Faithful are pleased as she gets in the ring. Jestal slaps both his shoulders with a smirk. The two start to circle

DDK:

This isn’t the first clown that Titaness has schooled in recent weeks. Remember, for weeks, Angus Skaaland teased a possible return of the original DEFIANCE founder, Eric Dane, only to get his son, Eric Dane Jr.

Lance:

Yep. He talked a lot of trash and he got humbled by Titaness in rather quick fashion. The Show of Force has been in no mood to goof around since Jestal attacked her mother-in-law.

They lock up and Titaness quickly bull dozes Jestal with a shoulder block! The jester quickly hops to his feet and Titaness lifts him up into a death valley driver. Jestal quickly counts and escapes from her shoulders. He shoves her into the ropes again. Jestal drives his forearm into her chest as she returns.

DDK:

We know Jestal likes to play around, but this pitbull mentality of his has served him well. He used to often be a punching bag in his days as The ToyBox, but those days are long gone.

Lance:

Indeed!

Titaness is unphased as she looks down at where Jestal hit her in the chest. The jester backs off as she glances up from her chest to him. Jestal is stopped by the ropes. Titaness charges and Jestal tries to pull the top rope. The Show of Force doesn’t tumble to the floor though and manages to land on the apron. Jestal points at his head thinking he just outsmarted her. Morrow points behind him. Jestal turns around and Titaness KICKS him in the face with a boot

through the ropes!

DDK:

Titaness caught him SQUARE with that boot! Now she goes up top... diving shoulder tackle to Jestal!

Lance:

Great counter there on display and Titanes Familia controlling the early going!

DLJ is excited on the apron, also hyping the crowd. Jestal quickly rolls out of the ring, as Morrow and BKA converse. They are unaware Dan Leo James has the tag! Titaness then GRABS DLJ in a firewoman's carry..

DDK:

WHAT THE...

Then she runs and is launched from the ring onto The Devil's Circus to a HUGE chorus of cheers!

Lance:

OH, MY GOD! THAT WAS IMPRESSIVE STRENGTH BY TITANESS TO PICK UP JAMES AND USE **HIM** AS A PROJECTILE!

James hops to his feet over the train wreck outside and slides in the ring and is full of energy. Titaness is not as hyper as James. She is more focused on her opponents. As TDC recover. BKA wants to get in but Morrow stops him. Jestal shakes the cobwebs out and slides in the ring. The ref orders James out of the ring. Jestal is not so happy now. It actually brings a smirk to The Show of Force's face. Jestal backs into his corner and tags the muscle in of TDC.

DDK:

And here is the first look that we're gonna get for Big Kahuna Ali'i. A former two-time BRAZEN Tag Team Champion. He's well-suited for this style of match!

Lance:

Remember a couple of weeks ago, he and Dan Leo James fought to a double countout, but what a PHYSICAL match that was!

Titaness's smirk goes away as Ali'i walks up to her and the two stare eye to eye. Ali'i looks away for a second then drives a forearm to the chest of Titaness it makes The Show of Force take a step back she returns the favor, but Ali'i doesn't budge!

DDK:

It might be in Titaness' best interest to tag out to Danny!

Lance:

The Young Titan looks ready, but she wants to try her luck first.

Ali'i laughs as he gives Titaness a free shot, putting his hands behind his back. She throws a NASTY double handed chop that seems to do more damage to her own hands, than to Ali'i. The Best-Dressed Beast doesn't budge again and dares her to run off the ropes.

She tries once...

BKA barely gets knocked down.

He starts laughing.

Big Kahuna Ali'i:

You get one more, girl.

DDK:

Big Kahuna Ali'i just playing around with her! He's very confident, but if I were 6'5" and 325 pounds with his athleticism and ferocity, I might be, too.

The Show of Force nods and then starts to run... but then turns around and STOMPS on one of his bare feet! The Faithful cheer on her quick thinking as Ali'i growls in pain! She makes the tag over to Dan Leo James...

DDK:

Quick thinking by Titaness against the much larger Big Kahuna Ali'i!

Lance:

Solid gameplan!

Finally Ali'i spins around to face the Faithful from Titaness latest blow. James tags her shoulder. Ali'i from the other camera view has a look of absolute rage he turns around and sees Dan Leo James flying in the air after being slingshotted from the apron by Titaness right into a shoulder block knocking him down BKA!

DDK:

More great teamwork on display by Titanes Familia! We tout their bond quite often and it shows in their teamwork!

The momentum takes him out of the ring and Morrow and Jestal check on him. Ali'i shoves them away from him and grabs the ropes and pulls himself to the apron, only to be met with a fist fight from DLJ from inside the ring. Ali'i gets rocked again this time by James. He quickly grabs Ali'i and suplexes him from the apron into the ring. Big Kahuna grits his teeth as he sits up. Dan quickly pushes him down and goes for a cover...

ONE!

TWO... NO

The Suave Savage sits up quickly after not even getting the full two-count!

DDK:

And I think Titanes Familia just made Ali'i angry.

James quickly pushes Ali'i from the ropes who gets a blind tag from Jestal. James hits a very quick and impactful powerslam. However he is unaware of Jestal being the legal man in the match now. The Ringmaster of DEFIANCE slingshots himself from the apron into a rolling senton ontop of James! Jestal quickly recovers and gives a shot to Titaness knocking her off the apron while Kahuna has managed to lock in grounded bear hug.

DDK:**Lance:**

The ref tries to restore order but Jestal continues to distract him from what is happening between James and Ali'i. The Jester of Jesters continues to now throw insult after insult toward Titaness which just makes her want to shove a lighting bolt up his ass if she could produce lightning. She gets up and the two start brawling her from the apron and Jestal from inside the ring. While this is going on still Ali'i has James in a vice grip bear hug now with a vertical base and he is swinging James around like he weighs 20 pounds!

DDK:

The Young Titan is being thrown around like a child! It's not often you see anyone able to violently shake around James like a rag doll!

Lance:

And that is a STRONG man. We've said before that despite Tom Morrow's lack of morals, as a manager, the man KNOWS talent.

The ref finally gets in-between Jestal and Titaness, Morrow quickly signals Ali'i. Without any wasted motion BKA throws Dan back with a Bearhug Suplex! Ali'i slides out of the ring, while the ref finally restores a sense of order. Jestal turns around and quickly locks in a side version of a bow and arrow combo with a reverse chin lock on Dan!

DDK:

And now Jestal going to work on Dan! He's added a lot more power to his stout frame, but one thing he never lost was his submission prowess!

Lance:

100%. That's exactly why The Devil's Circus can't be underestimated by any means.

Jestal continue to torque back really stretching the ribs and lower back. DLJ continues to struggle to find a way to counter the move, the jester has him dead to rights in the center of the ring. The Faithful try to urge DLJ on, it just makes Jestal torque back further.

Tom Morrow:

Break his damn back, Jestal! Take out that overfed Opie look-alike!

DLJ continues to struggle but he keeps using more and more energy as he does. Titaness is stomping on the apron trying to encourage Dan to get out of this. Jestal with a huge smile on his face just continues to pull back. James's back is almost bent into a 180 degree angle now.

Jestal:

Tap, you wanker!

DLJ eyes look to be glazed over until finally it looks like he may be out. The ref begins to raise his arm.

DDK:

This might be it for Dan! He doesn't want to tap! He wants nothing more than to make Uriel Cortez, his mentor, proud. Even if he can't be here tonight!

One - Jestal's grits his teeth. Applying even more pressure.

Two - Jestal and Morrow are now laughing.

Thre - Titaness gets in the ring and drops a double axe handle just in time as The ref tries to remove her from the match. She was able to get Jestal to break the hold though. Dan is barely conscious and the big man tries to get to the former Unified Tag Team Champion in their corner.

DDK:

Titaness made the save! I don't know if Dan was going to make that!

Lance:

We may never know, but at least now he has a chance...

Jestal flips Dan to his stomach he blows a kiss to Titaness and hits a huge DDT while he's down!

Lance:

I spoke too soon! Jestal, also a former Tag Team Champion, knows how this game is play!

The Young Titan ends up right in enemy territory. Jestal tags Ali'i in, he lays in a few kicks in the corner on James before leaving. Ali'i with his foot chokes James in the corner across the bottom rope, to almost a five count. He then stomps on James for good measure he picks him up drags him to the center and lifts him up with relative ease right into a Inverted Samoan Drop!

DDK:

Ooh! Ali'i flattens James with the inverted samoan drop!

He peels James off the mat and throws him with a velocity unlike no other right into the corner tags Jestal in who charges in with a body splash while Ali'i runs the apron and finish it off with a clothesline. TDC gets admonished specifically by Ali'i but it falls on deaf ears. Jestal hits a snap suplex, followed by a Boston Crab once again focusing on the lower back and midsection of James.

DDK:

And more attention to the back! These men just aren't brutes, they know WHERE to hurt you, too!

Lance:

And meanwhile, The Mother of Muscles trying to rally The Faithful here!

Titaness tries to get the Faithful to encourage James to fight out of this. James tries to push himself up and just as he does it Ali'i gets in the ring and drops a leg drop on the back of James head!

DDK:

OOH! James never saw that coming!

This gets the referee quickly to order Ali'i out of the ring. The brief attention taker allows Titaness to get in the ring and nail a Yakuza kick to Jestal forcing him to break the hold. It however isn't long before the referee sees she is now in the ring and orders her to leave.

DDK:

I hate giving Morrow or his clients anything resembling compliments, but they've done an exemplary job cutting off James from Titaness.

Jestal and James try to crawl to their respective corners, unfortunately for James he is further than Jestal as the jester tags in the Suave Savage. BKA quickly knocks Titaness off the apron, then grabs James off the mat he fights back at first the punches do not have that much of a effect, but the more he throws the more they seem to start having an effect!

Lance:

And there goes James! Nasty chops, courtesy of Papa Tez!

He manages to keep throwing chop after chop to Big Kahuna Ali'i... then rears back...

THWACK!

DDK:

Fastball Chop by Danny! He's got Ali'i doubled over!

With that, his back is sore, but he tries to shut out the pain! He yells out and the crowd does, too!

Dan Leo James:

YEET!

He manages to TOSS Big Kahuna Ali'i overhead with a release back body drop! Both men are down!

DDK:

Listen to The Faithful! Titaness has once again gotten back on the apron and has a chance to make the tag!

James crawls toward her yet again, just as he is inches away she falls off the apron courtesy of Jestal pulling her off the apron. The referee yells at Jestal. He is too busy gets the shit kicked out of him to listen. James looks to the outside at Titaness and Jestal fighting. BKA comes from behind and goes for a release German Suplex. Dan manages to spin himself mid move... then he quickly grabs Ali'i from behind and gives the Suave Savage and gives him a taste of his own medicine with a release German Suplex of his own!

Lance:

Jestal cuts off the tag, but Big Kahuna Ali'i suplexed out of his boots... er, feet tape!

BKA quickly hops to his feet and stumbles into the corner. The Young Titan hypes up the Faithful and charges into the corner with a big corner splash! He climbs to the second rope holding his fist up for The Faithful he begins to rain shots down on Kahuna!

As The Faithful count, the referee has finally separated Titaness and Jestal and sent them to their respective corners. The crowd is up to eight then suddenly Big Kahuna Ali'i grabs a hold of James and throws him out of the corner in a nasty looking spinebuster (Ron Simmons style)!

DDK:

No! More damage to the back! I thought for sure James was gonna make it to Titaness, but he didn't!

Lance:

That might have been his last chance! The Devil's Circus back in control once again!

The Young Titan's back recoils as his back has been a major issue for him tonight. Ali'i tags Jestal back in, Jestal pulls James into the corner sitting him there, he runs to a empty turnbuckle and speeds off toward James with a hip attack...

NO! DAN MOVES!

Lance:

No way! Ali'i almost crushed Dan with that hip attack in the corner, but he came up empty!

DDK:

And he finally has a chance to make the tag!

Dan crawls over just as Big Kahuna Ali'i limps to his corner... Jestal gets the tag...

AND SO DOES TITANESS!

DDK:

Here we go! The Mama Bear of Titanes Familia is done playing around!

Titaness has had enough already and gets in the ring, and is met by Jestal while Ali'i is reigning down clubbing blows in the corner on James. Titaness and Jestal are fighting in the center of the ring. Everything seems to have finally broken down here. Order is nothing more than a memory, as Titaness clothesline's Jestal over the top rope!

Lance:

The Familia are fighting back now! Titaness gets rid of Jestal and now it's two-on-one against Big Kahuna Ali'i!

The Show of Force and The Suvae Savage meet and she peppers him with forearms, but he tries to push her away in the corner! He has her rocked he takes a few steps back and charges at her like a bull, only to get CLIPPED with a jumping knee strike from Titaness!

DDK:

Titan-knee-um!

The Suave Savage is stunned when Dan Leo James charges off one set of ropes, then the other, then BOWLS right into him with the Dash and Bash, sending Big Kahuna Ali'i tumbling out of the ring!

DDK:

Titanes Familia teaming up again to take Big Kahuna Ali'i out of the ring! Dan somewhat recovered while all this happened and wants Titaness to set him up for something. Titaness gets set and James runs he steps on her hands cupped down by her knees as she throws them up as if she was hitting a volleyball Dan leaps over the top rope into a flying crossbody onto Ali'i and Jestal!

DDK:

DAN WITH ANOTHER ASSISTED MOVE TO TAKE OUT BOTH MEMBERS OF THE DEVIL'S CIRCUS! TOM MORROW CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

Lance:

Neither can I! They might have this one!

Dan looks up to the sky as he is the first one up.

Dan Leo James:

This match is for YOU, Giant Dad! And Giant Bonus Dad! We miss you, Deacon!

Both members of Titanes Familia throw Jestal back inside the ring and they get ready to finish things off!

Lance:

I think we're about to see the end here!

Dan goes to whip Jestal off the ropes for the Mother/Son Special on Jestal - the same move used to defeat M4NTRA back at Maximum DEFIANCE, but before they can, Morrow gets on the apron, and Titaness cold clocks him off the apron. While this is happening, Big Kahuna Ali'i slips a weapon to Jestal...

DDK:

Oh, no, not this again!

The Young Titan turns... only to cold-cock him with Clucky!

Lance:

That stupid loaded... rubber chicken... are these real words coming out of my mouth right now?

In the madness, Big Kahuna Ali'i has enough time to recover he catches Titaness off guard and she heads right into The Kahuna Kick!

DDK:

Oh, no! Big Kahuna Kick! That savate kick is dangerous and he just dropped Titaness with it!

Lance:

And James is out, too!

Jestal staggers about on his feet before he Flair flops on the mat. Ali'i has his hands on his knees as Titaness seems to be out of it but they are not covering her for some odd reason. Morrow is barking orders and Jestal staggers back to his feet shaking his head for a second. Titaness is starting to come around and Ali'i is shouting at Jestal across the ring! Jestal nods, and Titaness has gotten to a knee, but she is quickly taken to a vertical base by Jestal right into a

release German Suplex, and she is caught mid air into a Urinage by BKA!

DDK:

AROUND UNTIL MORROW!

Ali'i covers Titaness and snarls as The Faithful JEER the Suave Savage!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Welcome to the Circus" by Five Finger Death Punch ♪

With the quickness, Tom Morrow gets in the ring and raises the hands of both of his boys!

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of the match... **THE DEVIL'S CIRCUS!**

DDK:

That was a bad call! Titanes Familia were about to win this one, but just one small distraction from Tom Morrow allowed these monsters to take over and score a huge win in the tag team division here tonight!

Lance:

Titaness and Dan Leo James have nothing to be ashamed of. Tom Morrow and his clients stole this win tonight and we know we aren't going to hear the end of it. This would have been a different story, had Uriel Cortez been here.

DDK:

The facts are the facts, though... he wasn't and The Devil's Circus took advantage. They walk away with the win and they show that in the new Better Future Talent Agency, they are winners.

They march up the ramp now. Jestal plants a light kiss on Clucky as Big Kahuna Ali'i looks a little perturbed, but shakes it off to enjoy the win. Tom Morrow raises their hands in triumph as Dan goes over to check on Titaness after the valiant effort they've displayed.

DDK:

We'll see Tom Morrow a little later tonight when he has to watch a fight between his other clients, The Lucky Sevens versus M4NTRA. We still have our main event to come! Falls Count Anywhere! The constant New Record-Breaking Southern Heritage Champion Henry Keyes puts his gold on the line against the HUNGRY Corvo Alpha!

Lance:

But up next... one of DEFIANCE's most beloved stars, Conor Fuse, goes one-on-one against one of DEFIANCE's most reviled in Arthur Pleasant!

CONOR FUSE vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT

The match graphic appears and the Philadelphia crowd gives a cheer upon seeing Conor Fuse across the screen.

DDK:

For the first time ever it'll be Conor Fuse against Arthur Pleasant. After a long, drawn out silent period from Arthur, we now know he's after Conor Fuse to reach the top of the DEFIANCE ladder!

Lance:

Pleasant wants to destroy one of The Faithful's favorites. Unfortunately, it makes a lot of sense...

DDK:

We'll see if Pleasant can make it a reality. He sure does have a big mouth but he hasn't accomplished what Conor has in his career, either.

Lance:

And yet, correct me if I'm wrong, but Arthur has a DEFIANCE singles title to his name, he won the Favored Saints Championship last year. Conor, on the other hand, has NOT won a singles belt.

DDK:

This is robbery, yes. My comments were more along the lines of Conor accomplishing more across his entire career. He has been HOW World Champion three times. In fact, I believe he is their CURRENT World Champion.

Lance:

Minor leagues, Keebs. Minor leagues.

DDK:

You're going to get us in trouble again, aren't you?

Lance:

I'm just having a little fun. Messing around. Take it easy. Fun, that's all I'm doing.

The scene goes to ringside.

Lance:

Or am I?

Keebler doesn't bother to answer as Darren Quimbey enters the ring and pulls the mic to his mouth.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL!

RRRRRAAAHHHHHH!! The fans always love knowing this information.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Utqavik, Alaska... weighing two-hundred-twenty-five pounds... ARTHUR PLEASANT!

♪ "Immigrant Song" by Voodoo Prophet ♪

Most of the crowd is on their feet, jeering, as Arthur Pleasant strolls out with a smirk on his face.

Lance:

Let's get this entrance over with. I can't stand this man.

Pleasant, however, certainly takes his time walking down the entrance ramp. He scans the crowd and stops on the odd fan, either shaking his head or laughing at them.

Lance:

Look at this prick, picking out Faithful who are wearing Conor Fuse t-shirts. He's even trying to belittle the odd kid in the crowd.

DDK:

You said ignore him. It's good advice to follow.

Pleasant reaches the bottom of the ramp when-

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

His theme song is replaced by Conor Fuse's.

Pleasant's smile immediately drops. He doesn't look happy while the massive LCD screen above the ACTS of DEFIANCE entrance rolls through various Conor Fuse wrestling clips. Soon after The Ultimate Gamer pops out from behind the ACTS logo, sporting his OG lime green outfit complete with his bandana and shooting sleeve. Fuse starts popping down the rampway but ensures he goes out of his way to either give a high five or thumbs up to the same fans Pleasant was recently trying to disparage. Meanwhile, Arthur has rolled himself into the ring, quietly fuming.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Conor makes it to the bottom of the rampway. He notices Pleasant has been watching him the entire time. At first, Fuse looks tentative but he does leap onto the apron as green pyro EXPLODES behind him at the top of the ramp. Fuse then leaps into the ring and lands perfectly on his feet when-

DDK:

HEY!

Pleasant tackles Fuse to the canvas and starts unloading on him!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

The referee is Brian Slater and he is typically not someone to be messed with. He jumps into the picture and wraps his massive tree trunk arms around Pleasant to pull Arthur off. Fuse rolls to his side and is seething, as he tries to gather himself on a knee-

Pleasant breaks free from Slater's hold and leaps onto Conor with more forearms to the side of Fuse's face!

The crowd cheers for Fuse and soon enough, The Power-Up King rolls over and mounts Pleasant, following with clubbing blows of his own. Slater pushes Conor away as the crowd boos but the referee informs the gamer he's only trying to do his job.

Pleasant is on both knees. He rubs the back of his hand across his mouth and notices there's a trickle of blood.

Arthur finds his smile. He looks up at Slater and tells the ref to ring the bell. Conor, on the other side of the referee, agrees.

DING DING
DDK:

As you now know, our ref is Brian Slater and we are off!

Pleasant and Fuse are on their feet. They run at each other again but this time Fuse leaps over Pleasant. Before the Alaskan can spin around, Fuse jumps onto his back and connects with a backstabber!

Arthur flies in the air and then crashes down to the mat. Fuse slides across the canvas floor and unloads on Pleasant again.

Slater isn't going to let a bunch of close fists fly. He tries to interject again but right as he does Fuse moves off his opponent. Conor hits the ropes as Pleasant finds his knees-

WHAM!

Dropkick to the face!

Fuse kips to his feet. He fires up the crowd as he shakes his hands in balls of fists and bounces off the next set of ropes. Arthur looks for a clothesline but Conor perfectly lands on Pleasant's arm and swings around it, working the man into a tilt-a-whirl DDT!

The top of Pleasant's head sticks to the canvas, he's completely up-side-down before slowly crashing to the mat, like a large oak tree being chopped down.

Fuse kips up again. He fires his hands together and gets the crowd roaring. Conor hits Pleasant with a leaping knee under his jaw. He collects Arthur and walks to the center of the ring... landing a lightning fast snap suplex!

Fuse holds on, lifts Pleasant and hits a falcon arrow suplex into a hook of a leg and a pin!

ONE!

TW- KICKOUT!

The Ultimate Gamer isn't phased. He props Pleasant upright and Irish whips him into a corner. Conor races in but Pleasant gets his knees up in time!

Or did he!?

Fuse has Pleasant's legs. He spins Arthur out of the corner and into the center of the ring, connecting with a modified pop-up powerbomb!

DDK:

There's a move you don't see Conor perform too often!

Lance:

His brother gets all the credit for having pound-for-pound, deceptive strength, but Conor can get it done too when he needs to. We've seen Fuse change his wrestling style before. Chain wrestling with Oscar, a technical match with Lindsay Troy... even "cheating" against the Flying Frenchie! If it's power he needs to display tonight, I have no doubt Fuse will do it!

DDK:

Weapon Getting does go beyond a finishing move.

Conor nods to himself as the crowd continues to stay fired up. The gamer drives a number of flash kicks into Pleasant's chest before bouncing off the ropes... and again Arthur tries for a clothesline when Conor ducks, bounces off the next set of ropes and comes across with a flying crossbody block.

Pleasant catches Fuse!

But Conor slides around Arthur's body and hits another high impact DDT! This time, Pleasant's head sticks DEAD into the mat, there's no head-over-heels flip. The Provocateur remains in a bent position with only his head and feet on the mat, bent like an A. Conor hits the ropes again, slides underneath Pleasant and snatches him up as if it was easy. In

one fluent motion, Conor performs a running release German suplex!

Pleasant doesn't move!

Lance:

If it wasn't for the ropes, Arthur would've fallen out of the ring!

Fuse with a rolling thunder splash, followed by dragging Pleasant to the center of the canvas and finding a picture perfect lionsault!

DDK:

We have a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Fuse hurls Pleasant into the ropes again and meets him there with a running knee... and then works the Alaskan into a tarantula submission!

Pleasant screams on the ropes as Brian Slater lets Fuse know this is an unofficial submission, since both of them are TIED into the ropes. Slater starts a five count but Conor drops it at three...

Fuse lands on the floor outside the ring while Arthur is still tied up in the ropes. Fuse takes numerous steps back and then, with a running head start before jumping onto the apron, he snatches Pleasant's head and lands a wicked looking cutter on the apron!

DDK:

This has been ALL Conor Fuse!

Lance:

As it should be. Conor is showing Pleasant what kind of level he's on.

Fuse rolls Pleasant into the ring. Conor slingshots himself over the top rope and performs a corkscrew leg drop across Pleasant's neck. Conor rolls to the center of the ring, reaches down to collect Arthur by his boots- but receives a kick to the face.

Conor is stunned and now Arthur has an opening... at least for a moment. Pleasant hits a leg sweep to Fuse, knocking the gamer down to the mat. It's clear Arthur is hurting but has a lot of fight left in him. He dives on the mat, towards Conor Fuse and digs his right elbow into the back of Conor's neck. Pleasant rises... and drops an elbow to the exact same spot for a second time.

Then again.

Again.

Again. Again. Again.

Suddenly, like a pitbull, Arthur is seeing red as he drags Conor onto his feet and delivers a hard-as-shit headbutt to Fuse's skull. Conor stumbles back. Fuse attempts to throw a superkick to keep Pleasant at bay but AP ducks it. Pleasant reels Fuse in and looks for a pump-handle piledriver...

NO!

It's reversed and rolled into a small package by Fuse!

ONE!

TWO!

LAST SECOND KICKOUT!

DDK:

Conor almost had him-

Before Keebler can finish his sentence, Pleasant connects with a buzzsaw kick, followed by numerous muay-thai punches and mid-kicks, working Conor into a corner. Pleasant takes a moment to peer into the crowd and they boo in response. Arthur takes hold of Conor's shoulder and arm in the process, attempting to whip Conor into the buckle across the way...

But it's reversed! Pleasant goes in chest-first, stumbles out and walks himself into a spinning heel kick!

DDK:

Pleasant got too cute there. He wanted to bask in The Faithful's disenjoyment. He should've been focusing on his opponent instead!

Lance:

Of course he should have!

Fuse uses the ropes to get to his feet but, to his surprise, Pleasant is already standing in the middle of the ring, staring at the gamer.

Fuse races towards Pleasant but it's the fan favorite who's caught as Pleasant hits a leaping knee strike! AP pulls back his head, lets out a wicked cackle and then...

DDK:

IS ARTHUR BITING CONOR!?

Lance:

He IS biting Conor! In the neck!

Slater starts to drag Pleasant away but nothing can be done at first, until finally the ref and Conor himself are able to be removed from "the situation".

Blood starts to trickle down Conor's chest. Meanwhile, Pleasant is now in a corner of the ring. He smirks, sucks back saliva and then spits the leftover blood into the center of the ring.

Lance:

Arthur was bleeding inside his mouth at the start of the match. I guess this is blow-for-blow?

DDK:

Disgusting.

The fans boo as Fuse runs a hand across his neck to clean up the blood.

Conor Fuse: [mumbling to himself]

I expected this from Count Novi-

But Fuse can't finish the sentence as Pleasant comes ROARING in... Fuse redirects AP into the corner, leaps onto his

back and connects with another implant DDT. This time, Pleasant's entire body lands on the mat after his face meets the canvas first.

DDK:

The Resolution DDTs coming in fast and furious for Conor.

Fuse sees Pleasant stirring. For a second there, Conor's face suggests he's rather surprised. Nevertheless, Fuse jumps into the ropes and finds a springboard dropkick once Arthur is on his feet-

No! Pleasant snatches both of Conor's legs in the process! Now he works Fuse into a Boston crab!

Conor screams! He reaches out for the ropes but he isn't quite there. He tries to make a move towards the ropes while the crowd cheers him on...

And then in a hurry... Conor moves across the canvas and takes the bottom rope! The submission has to be broken!

But it isn't!

DDK:

Arthur, play by the rules, dammit!

Pleasant drops the hold at the DQ count of FOUR, while Conor tries to climb the ropes to get on his feet.

Lance:

It was a wonderful counter by Pleasant. Working the back is a solid play, too. Anything to keep Conor off his feet.

Pleasant runs towards Fuse but Fuse drops the ropes on him so Arthur falls out of the ring. AP is still on the apron, though, so Conor flips over the ropes to meet Pleasant there when he delivers a swift kick to the side of Pleasant's head and knocks The Provocateur into the guardrail. Pleasant grins, as if he's going to unleash a world of pain onto Conor. Arthur rams himself forward and attempts to tackle Conor to the ground below when the gamer avoids Arthur's grasp and jumps down beside him. Fuse latches onto Pleasant and delivers a release suplex! Pleasant's head goes into the bottom of the steel steps but...

Arthur pops back up!

The crowd is stunned and Fuse has a rather worrisome look on his face for a brief moment. Nevertheless, Conor brushes it off and makes his way over to Pleasant.

DDK:

Fuse is cautious here. It's a good call. No need to use your speed. You could accidentally run yourself into the steel steps if you're not careful.

Pleasant tries to rifle off a few left hands but Conor blocks them. Fuse chops Pleasant across the chest and then steers his opponent into the apron, in the hopes of working AP into the ring when Pleasant hits a low blow with a back leg kick.

Lance:

Slater didn't see it! It's impossible to see anything below the belt from an inside-the-ring angle!

Pleasant is the one who steers Fuse into the ring now, underneath the bottom rope. Arthur takes a moment to flip off the loud Faithful in the front row, and of course the Philly crowd does NOT take kindly to this, shouting obscene comments in response.

Arthur looks like he enjoys it but he knows he needs to make good on the low blow, so he climbs onto the apron and launches himself through the top and middle rope. He sprints towards Fuse, who's just getting up himself when-

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

Holy shit! Conor with a HEAD STOMP!

Fuse, indeed, leaps into the air out of nowhere and drives his heels into Pleasant's skull, crashing them both to the canvas! The crowd is white hot as Conor rolls on top of Arthur with his back towards him, facing the rafters and hooks a leg in the process...

ONE!

TWO!

BARELY A KICKOUT!

The Faithful are stunned! Conor Fuse is also beside himself! His jaw is on the floor!

DDK:

Has anyone kicked out of The Head Stomp!?

Lance:

Off the top of my head, I don't think so!

The Ultimate Gamer isn't going to let Pleasant gain momentum back, however. Despite being surprised for a brief second, Fuse pulls to his feet and starts pump kicking Pleasant in the chest over and over while Arthur merely sits on his knees.

Fuse hits the ropes, looks for a superkick when Pleasant shoots himself off the canvas and connects with an inside-out clothesline to Fuse! Conor spins in the air at least twice before crashing down to the mat!

The Faithful boo as Pleasant tries to show he's not in pain but he can also barely get his hands up in the process. So, instead, Pleasant leans down and collects the fan favorite, hurling him into a corner. Pleasant roars in with an elbow smash and spit flies out of Conor's mouth. Pleasant Irish whips Conor to the corner across the way and Fuse flips upon impact, his back meeting the buckle as he sits on top of the padding and then flips down the way he came in... even stumbling backwards towards the center of the canvas.

Pleasant meets Conor there with an attempted shining wizard when Fuse catches Pleasant and connects with a backdrop!

DDK:

Both men are down!

The crowd rallies their feet for their hero as Conor is the first one upright! Fuse knocks some sight into his head with his left arm. He leans down and pulls Pleasant up. Conor tries for a tilt-a-whirl DDT but Pleasant pushes Conor off. Fuse stumbles into the ropes and this is where Pleasant lands a knee strike! Fuse falls in-between the top and middle rope, resting on the apron.

Pleasant bursts forward with a shining wizard when Conor moves his head at the last second. Fuse leaps onto the top rope-

CRASH!

He's pushed off!

DDK:

Oh my! Conor was pushed off the top rope and landed across the guardrail below!

Lance:

I don't know if Fuse cracked his head off the rail or it took out his upper body. He could have broken ribs or a concussion!

Replays show BOTH Conor's head and ribs knock into the guardrail. Conor lands on the right side of his ribs but then his body seemingly wraps around the guardrail and his head bounces off the side of it, too.

The Power-Up King struggles mightily to remove himself from the rail, so much so that Pleasant exits the squared circle and does it for him.

But not before steering Fuse into the steel steps!

CRASH!

Or throwing the gamer head-first into the ring post!

THUMP!

And THEN back into the ring.

Pleasant dusts his hands off, although he's looking frustrated. The Provocateur enters the ring when Fuse kips up in surprise and lands a second Head Stomp!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

The gamer is running off fumes! In honesty, he's BARELY able to stand on his two feet. Being on rollerskates would be a compliment to Conor's disposition.

Nevertheless, the younger Fuse Bro. fumbles into a corner of the ring and collapses against the buckle. He taps the top padding and squeaks out...

Conor Fuse:

Power up.

Using the ropes as his walking guide, he struggles making it to the second corner. He taps the padding a little harder.

Conor Fuse:

Power up!

He's off to the next corner. He hammers the pad a little harder as the crowd builds momentum as well.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UP.

Finally, Fuse is working his way to the fourth corner. Once he gets there, he DRILLS the padding, tilts his head to the direction of the rafters and levels up into manic mode!!

Conor Fuse:

POWER UPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!

Fuse spins around and walks himself right into a fireman's carry by Arthur Pleasant!

DDK:

NO!!! Pleasant could be looking for Calamity Pain!

The Provocateur is seething as he tosses Fuse's body into the air and hits the GTS into a double kneesmash facebreaker.

WHAM!

DDK:

Pleasant did it!

The air is sucked out of the arena as Arthur hooks a leg in the center of the ring.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE-VERY LAST SECOND SHOULDER UP!!!!

LET'S GO CONOR!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

LET'S GO CONOR!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

LET'S GO CONOR!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

The Philly Faithful create a bedlam as Pleasant snarls at referee Brian Slater. The disgruntled wrestler rises on his feet and pulls Conor along with him...

Into a pump-handle piledriver!

DDK:

Pleasant went for Insomnia unsuccessfully early in the match but this time he hits it!

Pleasant covers.

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP AGAIN!

The fans roar and Pleasant slams the mat in anger. Drool spills down Arthur's face as he snatches Conor and props him onto his knees. Pleasant hits the ropes and delivers the Friends Till The End, the shining wizard.

DDK:

WHAT THE!?

Pleasant isn't done. He peels Conor off the mat and puts him in the same position. Arthur finds the ropes-

BOOM!

A second one!

He hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

SOLID KICKOUT!

The arena is going wild!

DDK:

CONOR KICKED OUT! MY GOD, THE KID HAS LIFE BAR LEFT!

A fan in the front row bellows "HOW MANY ENERGY TANKS!?" Clearly, a Mega Man reference. Needless to say the building is on fire and Pleasant is on fire for other reasons. Arthur hammers the mat in frustration. He grabs Brian Slater by the collar and then throws the ref into a corner. Pleasant scoops Fuse off the mat and delivers Calamity Pain again!

The crowd is trying to keep Fuse's hopes alive... but Pleasant lifts the gamer off the mat and delivers another Calamity Pain.

And then ANOTHER!!

A fourth!!!!

DDK:

Dear god, Arthur. ENOUGH!

A fifth!

Fuse is DOA. Brian Slater pushes Arthur Pleasant back to check on Conor but Pleasant is having none of it! He shoves Slater out of the way... drags Conor into a fireman's carry for the SIXTH TIME...

WHAM!

DDK:

It's over.

Lance:

Pin him already!

Pleasant stops to hear the air has completely left the arena. Likely, it left the arena on Calamity Pain number three.

Pleasant drops to his knees, collapses onto Fuse and even hooks a leg.

Slater counts.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Wow....

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... Arthur Pleasant.

Slater tells Pleasant to stand to the side so he can check on Conor Fuse who hasn't moved a muscle since the second Calamity Pain.

Arthur crawls across the canvas, resting in the corner of the ring while Slater checks on Fuse and a couple EMTs come racing down.

Lance:

I saw Conor blink, I'm pretty sure he blinked. That's a good sign, right!?

DDK:

This became a hell of a contest at the end but there was absolutely no need for SIX Calamity Pains. I understand you're pissed, Arthur. I understand seeing someone frustrated when they don't get the three after hitting a couple of big moves, but Fuse is only human. He's not going to kickout forever. Those extra Calamity Pains were completely uncalled for.

Pleasant's smile is back as he watches from the corner. After a while, Conor does start to move his right arm, leaving Pleasant to exit the ring.

...Until he re-enters.

DDK:

GET OUT OF THERE!

Pleasant pushes aside the referee and the EMTs are far too scared to do anything else. Pleasant snatches Conor Fuse off the mat and places him into another fireman's carry.

WHAM!

Calamity Pain.

Brian Slater is losing his proverbial shit on Pleasant. He tells Arthur if he doesn't leave, he has the power to reverse the decision. The Provocateur looks like he thinks about it... thinks about it...

And finally exits the ring, walking to the back with a chorus of boos following.

DDK:

Folks, we are going to roll to a break while everyone checks on Conor Fuse. Hopefully, he's going to be okay.

Lance:

Disgusting act by Arthur Pleasant...

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. M4NTRA

DDK:

What a unique tag team match that we have yet, Lance. What makes it so unique? Well, the fact that members of Better Future Talent Agency have almost never fought with one another but an unavoidable issue between some of Morrow's top clients the Lucky Sevens and who many consider to be future top stars, M4NTRA!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens have been Morrow's top tag team for three years now. Two runs as the Unified Tag Team champions. Multiple main events with those titles including at DEFCON itself, the biggest show we have! M4NTRA - the team of BFTA member Nathan Eye and his friend, Declan Alexander who is not a member of BFTA, but has been courted by Morrow in the past - think they have what it takes to be that top tag team.

DDK:

There have been a number of issues between these two teams. Twice, the self-help guru Nathan Eye and that metal-plated autobiography of his have cost Mason and Max Luck key matches, including their undefeated streak over a top team of Pop Culture Phenoms. That was the last straw and Mason Luck himself threatened Tom Morrow to allow this match to happen.

Lance:

I saw what M4NTRA did on Uncut! They showed how strong their bond is. While the Lucks have their championship success as one of the biggest tag teams in DEFIANCE Wrestling history, M4NTRA have what it takes. They are both former BRAZEN Champions and two of the biggest success stories in BRAZEN history. Now they have to win on the big time! Which team will walk out tonight as Tom Morrow's best?

The jeering is at a fever pitch the second that Tom Morrow walks out and places his headset in his ear.

Tom Morrow:

Tony Luke's is garbage. I said it!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Tom Morrow:

Now let me tell you people something that the Eagles need somebody like me in charge! Every tag team wants me at their side! Team HOSS! Made them champions! Sky High Titans! Made them champions! Lucky Sevens! My greatest success story! And M4NTRA want the same! I cannot blame them! I work magic with everyone I touch! My singles wrestlers become DEFCON main eventers! My tag teams become DEFCON main eventers!

Morrow faces the curtain behind him.

Tom Morrow:

Allow you to introduce the team fighting for the right to be the best! They weighed this morning at a combined fighting weight of six-hundred twenty-five pounds! Separately, one of them weighs more than both of those chumps in the ring! They stand at a combined height of FOURTEEN feet tall! They have dominated the competition with me at their side and they will continue to do the same for many more years to come!

Tom Morrow:

"THE BIG MONEY MONSTER" MASON LUCK!!! "THE BEAST OF THE BRIGHT LIGHTS" MAX LUCK! THE! LUCKYYYYYYYYYYY!!! SEVVVEEEENNNSSSS!!!

DING!!!

DING!!!

DING!!!

7 7 7

The stage lights up and flashes "JACKPOT!!!" all across the screen ...

WINNERS!!!

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

Now in their ring gear of the tattered jeans and boots, the twin terrors called the Lucky Sevens are out in full force. Pyro explodes from every which direction on the ramp in red and green! The pinwheel pyro continues to spin! The twin seven foot giants stand on either side of Tom Morrow. Max screams at a booing crowd and heads to the ring. Mason Luck gives Tom Morrow a look to suggest that he and Tom Morrow may not be on the same page after Mason Luck threatened him a few weeks ago to make the match happen.

Lance:

Look at that body language! Tom Morrow was dead set against this match happening, but Mason threatened him and all parties agreed to it.

DDK:

Mason Luck got some revenge in a singles match on Nathan Eye two weeks ago on DEF TV but tonight it's the tag teams in action.

After their brief stare down, Mason and Max Luck continue their walk to the ring. Once they reach the ring, they point to one another and then climb on the apron in sync. They both climb over the ropes and then head into the ring at the same time. They both bang their arms together then yell out ...

BANG!!! BANG!!! BANG!!! BANG!!! BANG!!!

Red and green pyro also explode from each of the four turnbuckles and then the Sevens prepare for what is to come. All this time, Tom Morrow has remained on the ramp so he can introduce the second team to come out.

Tom Morrow:

And just to show you that managerial skills bring all the tag teams to the yard cause mine is better than yours ... introducing another team that is making waves! A team of two of the finest, purest prospects that DEFIANCE Wrestling has ever produced! Both former BRAZEN champions! Both two of the top talents this company has found! The first man weighs in at two-hundred and fifty-one pounds of pure perseverance! The other is one of the most popular streamers going today and he weighs in ... also at two-hundred and fifty-one pounds of pure perseverance because they are on the same page! Eyes on the Prize and you can do anything you want like my clients ...

Tom Morrow gestures at the entrance behind him.

Tom Morrow:

"The Golden State Guru" Nathan Eye! "DEC4L" Declan Alexander! They are ... **MAAAAANNNTTTRRRRAAAA!!!**

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

The word darkens the arena bulbs and golden lights flicker to the pulsating intro from Bring Me The Horizon, now with gold and white lasers firing from the stage! As the scream kicks in the guitar riffs, Nathaniel Eye comes walking out into the Wells Fargo Center with his metal-plated book, 251 Pages of Pure Perseverance raised high above his head. Following him out is "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, wearing matching "third eye" sunglasses and white with gold ring gear. The exciting pair share a fist bump with one another when Nathan Eye has the microphone.

Nathan Eye:

Philadelphia ... Rocky is a completely fantastic piece of cinema. DEC4L and I just had a whole montage filmed and

inspired by that movie! I rocked out to some BTS, he got me some more followers and I gained a healthy respect for my partner's own brand of entertainment. Perhaps there are uses to streaming! The reach of social media is incredible and with that, my Eye-luminati gained ten thousand extra followers in the span of a day!

They once again bump their fists together in order to show how well they have gelled as a pairing together. Mason and Max both just want to get with the fighting tonight.

Nathan Eye:

We formed a bond that unlike the one that Mason and Max have with Tom Morrow, it's a bond that is stronger than ever. I'm not about violence! I believe that the first step to solving any problem that you have is to accept that you need help within. Mason and Max, the two of you are indeed Main Event Monsters and nobody can tell us different. You've destroyed lives, you have the highest of highs, but right now the two of you have been hitting the lowest of lows. That's okay ... cause as you all know, I was there at rock bottom for fourteen grueling months ...

Loud groaning follows from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! He holds up the 251 Pages of Pure Perseverance for everyone to see.

Nathan Eye:

It's not too late for you to put this petty grudge behind us and change your ways, Lucky Sevens. There can still be a Better Future for everybody in this match! Just like the people of Philadelphia will wake up one day and realize how stupid it is that their biggest monument to greatness - the Rocky statue - is all made up ...

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Nathan and Declan hit the ring. Nathan continues holding his autobiography up.

Nathan Eye:

You'll realize this grudge was silly and made up, too! With my help, Eyes on the Prize and you can do ...

Nathan is shut up quickly with a throat thrust from Mason Luck!

Declan jumps for his partner but he gets blindsided by an angry Max Luck with a big clothesline! Tom Morrow is shocked at the start as the official decides to get the match underway!

DING DING DING!!!

The bell rings! Mason grabs the book that fell out of Nathan Eye's hand. He looks up at it, holds it out... then he blows his nose into the book! That shockingly gets a little bit of a cheer out of the crowd.

Lance:

Well that is a first. The Lucky Sevens getting cheered for anything.

Mason hands the book and asks Max if he wants it. He pretends to wipe his posterior with the book and then drops the book out of the ring. That gets a little laughter out of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful when Mason sees Nathan Luck trying to stand up. He runs and then a big clothesline takes Nathan out of the ring and sends him over the ropes to the floor.

DDK:

We are starting off this action fast with this one. M4NTRA versus the Lucky Sevens! What team is Morrow's top team?

Mason Luck makes a quick tag to Max Luck and the Beast of the Bright Lights uses it to go right to the floor for the action. He starts to quickly gain speed as he rounds a corner where Declan is trying to help Nathan Eye back to his feet after he got knocked out of the ring. It is at that moment they both turn their heads and see a seven foot monster come flying at them across ring side ...

FLYING CROSS BODY!!!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens have blamed some recent losses on the Lucky Sevens. Nathan Eye's interference cost Mason Luck a match to Declan Alexander. Another failed interference cost Lucky Sevens the number one contender spot that was occupied by the Pop Culture Phenoms!

DDK:

Those titles meant everything to the Sevens who once called them their own personal FIST of DEFIANCE! Now they are trying to protect their spot from one of the most talented and hungriest teams in DEFIANCE today!

Max stands and takes Nathan Eye with him. He throws him into the ring and then he jumps in after him. Max drives a forearm club on top of Nathan's back and then makes the tag to Mason Luck. Mason climbs inside the ring and Max throws Nathan Eye into a rising knee lift from Mason. Mason spins him around and then throws Nathan into a big nasty clubbing clothesline! The brothers shout out their familiar slogan for what they have been all about in DEFIANCE ...

Mason and Max Luck:

KA-CHING!!!

Lance:

Their money is everything along with the titles. It was those brutal wars with SNS that got them fired, then brought back only to win the titles and then strongarm DEFIANCE into making them the highest-paid wrestlers in the company.

There are no pin attempts so far made by either twin. They want to make the team eat their words by trying to take their spot. Mason Luck grabs Nathan again and he fights back with a right hand to the chest. Nathan tries to punch his way to freedom from Big Money Mase, but eats a knee lift instead. Nathan is dropped up against the middle rope where Max Luck holds him in place for his big brother to fly off the ropes and then land a huge leapfrog body guillotine to the back of Eye!

DDK:

All Lucky Sevens so far! Declan Alexander is only now getting up and he's back in his corner.

Lance:

Mason and Max don't share the same enthusiasm for self-help that Nathan Eye does, that's for sure. They prefer a more physical approach.

Mason is strangling Nathan Eye with a knee pressed into his back. He tags Max as he holds him there and then grabs the hand of Max before he starts to climb the ropes. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful take pictures and applaud the agility on display by Max Luck by walking the ropes! Nathan Eye is too weak to fight back at the moment when Max stops in the middle of the ropes and jumps ...

BAM!!!

And then he scores with the rope walking into the big forearm club! The Golden State Guru is checking his jaw now on the mat. The crowd is not sure who to root for in the particular moment, but Mason and Max are only interested in punishing opponents and not pleasing an audience.

Lance:

Walking the Strip by Max Luck! I'd like to say I'm shocked that the Lucky Sevens have come out of the gate swinging, but when Nathan Eye constantly belittles your intelligence in the ring, something has to give!

DDK:

And what is being given is a beating to Natty Eye!

Max pushes Nathan Eye to the canvas for the first pin attempt of the match.

One ...

Two ...

No!

Nathan gets a shoulder up but the beatings will continue if the Lucks have anything to say about it.

DDK:

Max Luck with a whip to the ropes ... but Nathan quickly hangs on to the ropes.

Max charges, but Nathan gets his foot up and he strikes the Beast of the Bright Lights in the chest. Finally Declan Alexander is able to get a quick blind tag behind Max's back. Nathan moves as Max Luck charges again only to get struck with a shoulder by Declan between the ropes. He leaps in and rolls across the back of the Luck twin and lands on his feet. With Nathan and Declan both in the ring, they wait on Max Luck to turn around!

DDK:

M4NTRA takes over with a double drop kick!

Max Luck goes down! Both members of M4NTRA hit the mat and then they nip up to their feet just in time for Mason Luck to climb back into the ring. M4NTRA move out of the way of Mason's attempt to clothesline them both and they come back with a double flying forearm that also knocks Mason off of his feet! Once again both members of M4NTRA are laying on the mat ... then the double nip-up! DEC4L and Natty Eyce both tap the middle of their foreheads!

Nathan Eye and DEC4L:

EYES ON THE PRIZE!!!

Lance:

And just like that with a few quick moves, M4NTRA takes over!

DDK:

Incredible cohesion by Alexander and Eye right now! They had an impressive win streak going before they battled Titanes Familia at Maximum DEFIANCE a few months ago, but I think that day out in Philadelphia might have helped them bond as a team!

Tom Morrow is purposely not standing in either team's corner and watches the match from a neutral position at ringside but it is clear the teamwork on display by M4NTRA has his attention!

Lance:

I notice that Tom Morrow is trying so hard not to pick a side tonight, but that last flurry of offense has his attention.

With Morrow watching, Nathan has to go back to his corner with the Intrepid Influencer being forced to work against the taller Max Luck. He delivers a side kick to his knee, then hits a second to his midsection and then strikes Luck with a few chops. He continues to throw the chops against the ropes, but the Beast of the Bright Lights recovers and then hits a big chop of his own. Max grabs him and he sends Alexander for the ride. A clothesline from Max misses off of one side. He tries to connect with an elbow off the other, but Declan ducks that as well. Max tries a big boot for the third go-round but it is not a charm when Declan slides between his legs and gets to his feet behind Max to nail him with a rolling elbow smash.

DDK:

Great footwork by Declan Alexander there to keep Max Luck off his toes!

The blow from Declan Alexander sends the Beast of the Bright Lights staggering in the corner. DEC4L charges and nails him with a leaping forearm to the face in the corner and then tags Nathan Eye. Declan tries to hold Max in place when Nathan Eye gets into the ring. He gets inside the ring and taunts Mason Luck by tapping his forehead again! Mason misses with a punch and then Nathan speeds to the corner as DEC4L moves and lets Nathan hit a corkscrew corner splash. He grabs the arm of Max and with all his strength, he whips him into the Red Line kick by Declan!

DDK:

That was a great sequence of moves ending in that Red Line enziguri to the face! Max is down and Nathan tries to pin the giant!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Lance:

There was some extra oomph on that kick out from Max Luck! Nice work so far by M4NTRA in cutting off the more experience Luck brothers.

While Max Luck is still down, Declan makes the tag to Nathan Eye and then both men put boots to the chest of the Beast of the Bright Lights. Nathan stands behind Declan and then picks up his own partner for a back suplex and turns it into an assisted standing moonsault on Max Luck!

DDK:

That move is called the Trust Fall Exercise!

Nathan then stands over Max Luck and hits a big standing moonsault of his own! He rolls away.

Lance:

These two know they have to throw whatever they can! These tandem moves are going to be how they beat these giants!

After the Trust Fall Exercise and Nathan's moves, he moves for Declan to go for the pin!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Another kick out from Max Luck. Mason Luck watches the action unfold with another tag to Nathan.. They both get up and then they each take an arm of the big man to get him to the ropes. They both duck down perhaps a little too early for a double back body drop. Max strikes Declan with a kick and knocks the influencer off his feet. Nathan Eye gets up and sees Mason Luck back inside the ring. He charges and runs right through Natty Eyce with a running clothesline out of nowhere!

DDK:

Mason has had enough sitting on the side lines! The official is going to have to restore order quick with all four men in the ring!

Both Luck members grab Nathan and Declan each over the shoulder and then meet in the middle of the ring, ramming M4NTRA back-first into the other!

DDK:

A new move there by the Lucky Sevens! They call that move the Drawing Dead!

Lance:

That's what has always made them so dangerous as a team. They've been doing this as a team for a great deal longer than M4NTRA. Just when you think that you have control, they can turn the tide by sheer force just like that.

Mason Luck looks out to Tom Morrow who is watching and approving the overall action at the moment. He looks down at Nathan and after that, the Lucky Sevens are in control once again. The reaction is mostly mixed at the moment, not so much for either team but for the action that is laying in front of them.

DDK:

In particular, Nathan Eye has been getting under Mason Luck's skin. I thought that singles win that Mason picked up over Nathan might have cooled his temper a little bit, but I don't think so.

Mason Luck props Nathan up in the corner and then puts all his body weight into a big running splash in the corner! Mason makes the tag over to Max Luck and then he quickly throws Nathan Eye onto the mat. The Big Money Monster charges off of the ropes and then he connects with a falling splash to the chest of Nathan.

Lance:

Based on that series of big splashes, I don't think so!

Mason moves to allow his brother to hit the ropes ...

DDK:

Box Cars elbow drop! Max Luck is usually the flashier twin of the two and he gets real air with his moves!

Eye might be hacking up a lung after that. Max Luck smiles and points at Tom Morrow outside the ring.

Max Luck:

We're gonna keep making money, Tom! Remember! We got the big contract!

Morrow nods and smiles at the enthusiasm of Max as he holds his elbow on the chest of Nathan Eye for a cover.

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Lance:

Natty Eyce is able to kick out from the big collection of moves, but things are not looking good at the moment for M4NTRA!

DDK:

M4NTRA chose this fight after weeks of Nathan Eye trying to entice Declan to join Better Future Talent Agency along with him. They wanted this fight and now it's up to them to finish it. Always much easier said than done when the Lucky Sevens are involved.

Max Luck grabs Nathan Eye, but Natty Eyce catches him off guard by hitting a kneeling jaw breaker. Max grabs his jaw with the Golden State Guru doing what he can to get away from the killer twins, but the Beast of the Bright Lights doesn't let it go on too long when he tags Mason Luck. Mason climbs over the ropes, but Nathan is almost to his corner with Declan Alexander reaching a hand out. The DEC4LLION want to see their boy get the tag but before he is able to do so ...

SMACK!!!

Mason Luck charges past a crawling Nathan Eye and slugs DEC4L with a running ax handle and knocks him off the apron first!

DDK:

So close, but there go the Lucky Sevens cutting off M4NTRA from making the tag!

Lance:

That's the experience edge the twins have. They have battled against every major team in the history of DEFIANCE Wrestling and won. Saturday Night Specials, Pop Culture Phenoms, Titanes Familia, the Lucky Sevens, the Dangerous Mix, Team HOSS. The list goes on, but you don't fight against teams of that caliber and not get better.

Mason jumps up and stomps Nathan Eye square in the back and then pushes him back to the corner again. He picks up Natty Eyce off of the mat. The tag comes in and then he scoop slams Nathan with some extra forced. Max gets a tag and then he enters the ring. He gets a turn and grabs Nathan off the mat and hits a stiff scoop slam! The impact from the seven foot body slam sends shivers up the spine of the Golden State Guru!

DDK:

Here come the Lucky Sevens! Working over the back of Nathan Eye now! Great strategy.

Lance:

They have brute force and then some, but they know how and where to apply pressure as well.

Nathan tries to fight against the bigger Max Luck, but a big knee strike stops him in his tracks. The tag is made to Mason Luck who gets in and then picks him up for another big scoop slam!

DDK:

They are systematically taking Nathan Eye apart here!

Lance:

And Declan is back up in his corner after that attack from Mason Luck earlier, but he has to watch his partner get picked apart.

Nathan tries to stand up but the crowd is shocked when Natty Eyce gets kicked to the mat with a standing drop kick by Mason Luck!

DDK:

What the heck?!

Mason sits up and gets in Nathan Eye's ear.

Mason Luck:

You and Declan want our spots, huh? You want our spots? Try and take it, you three-eyed dick head!

That comment gets a few laughs out of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful, but the Sevens aren't in a laughing mood right now. Another tag is made to Max Luck and then both twins each grab a side of Nathan Eye's neck. They pick him up ... then hit him with their signature double release vertical suplex.

DDK:

There's the Coin Toss!

Lance:

And there is a cover by Max Luck! All that weight down on the shoulders!

One ...

Two ...

The count is broken in the nick of time by Declan hitting a basement drop kick to the temple of Max Luck!

Lance:

DEC4L saves Natty Eyce in the nick of time! And Max Luck just got stunned off of that kick!

DEC4L tries to rally his friend and gets some members of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful to lend any vocal support possible for Nathan Eye. Tom Morrow doesn't look pleased with Declan playing to the people like he is. Some start to cheer on M4NTRA mainly because DEC4L is so likable compared to everyone else in the match. Nathan tries to get to the corner now.

DDK:

Can Eye make it to Declan?

The Beast of the Bright Lights tries to get up and stop him. He snatches Nathan by the arm and then tries to pull 251 Pounds of Pure Perseverance up for a short arm clothesline ... RISE AND GRIND!!! Nathan crouches and when Max turns, he gets picked up and dropped with the pop up spine buster!

DDK:

Rise and Grind! The Golden State Guru just powered up a three-hundred pound monster and dropped him with that pop up spine buster!

Max has been brought down and Tom Morrow looks happy with the show on display. Some of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer Nathan on when he reaches to the corner. Max is able to tag Mason and he starts to walk over the ropes ...

Lance:

DECLAN GETS THE TAG!

The very first move that Declan makes when getting into the ring is a springboard drop kick that knocks Mason Luck backwards to the ropes! Declan gets up and he fires himself at Max Luck trying to get up in the corner and lands another drop kick to the knee that takes the Beast of the Bright Lights off of the apron completely.

DDK:

What a comeback by M4NTRA! Mason knocked back and Max taken off the apron completely!

Declan gets up and sees Mason charging at him. He flies at Mason with a flying elbow smash and it stuns the giant but he does not go down right way. Take two for DEC4L as the POGChamp hits the ropes for the second time and another big forearm hits him in the side of the head. A standing drop kick knocks Mason backwards into the ropes. The Big Money Monster is stunned only for a moment and then charges back to Alexander. He ducks under his next attack and then takes him down ...

DDK:

C-C-Combo Breaker! Not a stutter. That's what he calls the move! He lands that big lungblower on Mason Luck!

Declan then hits the middle rope and then jumps off with a middle rope springboard moonsault on top of Mason Luck!

DDK:

Springboard moonsault! Expertly done!

DEC4L FTW with a pin fall attempt! Morrow is still watching what's happening!

One ...

Two ...

No!

Lance:

You see that kick out, Darren? Mason Luck was almost in trouble but he kicks out!

DDK:

Remember it was a couple months ago when Declan Alexander upset Mason Luck in a singles match after Maximum DEFIANCE! He's proven he can pin the monster! He's pinned Oscar Burns! Declan Alexander has all the tools and this partnership with Nathan Eye may have brought out the best in him.

Tom Morrow continues to watch with a mostly cheering crowd egging on Declan. The Intrepid Influencer waits and starts to call his shot when Mason Luck tries to kneel upwards. When The Big Money Monster is back to his feet, Declan jumps for Play of the Game ... but Mason is still too strong!

Lance:

Mason counters the Play of the Game with raw power!

Mason grabs Declan and then tries to land a big belly-to-back suplex but Alexander moves like a cat and backflips his way out of the move to land on his feet. The Big Money Monster spins around and Declan is there to catch him with a stalling half-hurricanrana code breaker! Morrow has to give it up for Alexander's persistence and then claps for the young wrestling prodigy!

DDK:

Declan lands the OK Boomer! Are we going to see M4NTRA pull off the upset?

Declan makes another cover! Max Luck tries to climb back into the ring, but Nathan is there to try and stop him!

One ...

Two ...

But Max breaks it up by shoving Nathan Eye into Declan!

DDK:

That massive reach advantage just saved them! That was one of the most powerful ways I've ever seen a cover get broken up!

Lance:

I have to think Declan Alexander might have been able to pin Max Luck there! So close! Being the top part of Better Future Talent Agency means a lot to both teams.

DDK:

For the Lucky Sevens, getting back on the winning track to continue their run. For M4NTRA, a real chance for two of the brightest young talent to really step up.

Alexander and Eye try and regroup to pick themselves up when Mason Luck is able to roll over! Max Luck gets the tag and now he's extra fired up when he gets moving inside the ring. He speed at Declan Alexander and then drops him with a clothesline. When Nathan Eye tries to make the save once again, he gets a knee lift for his troubles and then Max charges off the ropes to hit a big boot to his temple as he's bent over, then heads to the top rope. The Beast of the Bright Lights is starting to get cheers from the crowd when he picks up Declan and then throws him over the top rope and lands on his own partner! M4NTRA is hurt outside of the ring and lumped together. Max points over to Tom Morrow and makes a "making money" motion with his hands.

DDK:

Uh-oh ... where is Max Luck about to go?

Lance:

I think only Max can answer this question!

Max Luck takes flight with one run off of the ropes and when he gets to the other side, he clears the top rope like a gold medal-winning pole vaulter...

THEN WIPES OUT M4NTRA WITH A RUNNING VAULTING PLANCHA TO THE OUTSIDE!

DDK:

CHECK-RAISE!!! HE HITS THE CHECK-RAISE AND WIPES OUT M4NTRA!

Lance:

LISTEN TO THIS PLACE DARREN!

Max leaps to his feet and he shouts at the top of his lungs! That seems to get a positive response from the Faithful! He picks up Declan and then hurls the Intrepid Influencer inside the ring. Tom Morrow is still watching how the match and the action unfold before his very eyes. As he is scouting, Max takes Declan and tags Mason back in.

DDK:

I think the Lucky Sevens are about to shut this party down!

Mason Luck picks up Declan by the side and holds him up for a side walk slam with Mason Luck running off the closest set of ropes! He comes back and the giants nail a big combination of a side walk slam and Max Luck's Box Car elbow drop!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens just took a page out of their trainers, the House! That was their old finishing maneuver, Dead Money!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens are digging deep into their playbook tonight to put M4NTRA away! It tells you how serious they take this match!

Mason makes the pin on Declan!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... EYE'S UP HERE FROM NATHAN EYE!!!

DDK:

WHAT A WAY TO BREAK UP THE COVER ON HIS PARTNER!!! THAT SPRINGBOARD ELBOW DROP CAUGHT MASON LUCK RIGHT IN THE BACK!

"RRRRAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

Max Luck tries to get Nathan Eye out of the ring with a charge, but Nathan ducks and takes the top rope with him. Max can't stop himself and he takes himself out of the game!

Lance:

Listen to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! They might only like one guy in this entire match, but they do like great

wrestling and they're getting it here!

DDK:

Tom Morrow clearly sees dollar signs tonight. Some people have questioned the fire of the Lucky Sevens after they dropped the Unified Tag titles at DEFCON, but they've had their working boots on. M4NTRA have stepped up huge!

Mason is down near the ropes after being hit with Eye's Up Here. Nathan Eye is limping and pointing at his elbow to get the referee's attention. That is when Tom Morrow looks over and makes a move away from the neutral space outside the ring.

Lance:

What's happening here?

Morrow sees Mason Luck ...

THEN SMACKS HIM IN THE FACE USING THE METAL PLATED BOOK OF NATHAN EYE!!!

DDK:

OH MY GOD! TOM MORROW HIT MASON LUCK WITH NATHAN EYE'S BOOK! THAT SAME BOOK HAS COST THEM MATCHES BEFORE!

Lance:

TOM MORROW JUST CHOSE HIS SIDE ... AND IT'S NOT WITH THE LUCKY SEVENS!!!

Mason is stunned when Nathan Eye sees what Tom Morrow just did.

Tom Morrow:

FINISH IT! FINISH IT NOW, BOYS! VICTORY IS YOURS!

Nathan goes to help Declan to his feet! Mason has been hurt after the Eye's Up Here and now the book! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are losing their minds! Nathan Eye uses his power to pick up Mason on the shoulders! Declan jumps ...

DDK:

M4NTRA CODE! THEY JUST HIT THE M4NTRA CODE ON MASON LUCK!!!

Mason is flat on his back after M4NTRA hit the assisted fireman carry into Declan's Play of the Game! A shocked Max Luck gets caught off guard by Nathan Eye who leaps over the ropes with a tope con giro and completely takes him out of the equation! Morrow is laughing his ass off when Declan pins the giant!

DDK:

MORROW JUST STABBED HIS BIGGEST MEAL TICKETS IN THE BACK!!! WHY?!

ONE ...

TWO ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Declan Alexander has just notched his first big win on a pay-per-view! Nathan Eye goes into the ring to run over and hug his friend! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are still stunned by what they have just witnessed.

Quimbey:

Here are your winners

Tom Morrow takes the microphone!

Tom Morrow:

And DEFIANCE's NEWWWWWWWW TOP TEAM ... M4NTTTRRRRRRAAAAA!!!!

Nathan Eye is there and he gives Tom Morrow a massive hug! Declan Alexander looks at his partner with Tom Morrow hugging one another.

Lance:

Does Declan even know about the book shot? His back was turned?

DDK:

Declan, don't do this ...

Tom Morrow and Nathan Eye are hugging... THEN DECLAN JOINS IN!!! THE BIG HUGFEST CONTINUES IN THE RING!!!

DDK:

Declan Alexander came so close to big wins over the likes of Oscar Burns and Kerry Kuroyama, but came up short. He was about to reconsider his place in wrestling until Nathan Eye and Tom Morrow came along. The partnership was rocky at first, but M4NTRA have not only found their groove... but they found it with Better Future Talent Agency.

Lance:

But ... I still don't get it. Tom Morrow is all about money and power. He had both with the Lucky Sevens! He wasn't happy after Mason Luck threatened him into making this match happen, but ... remember, he strongarmed new main event money contracts for them. He just threw away three years with the Lucky Sevens! For M4NTRA!

DDK:

Those are questions only Tom Morrow can answer, but right now M4NTRA are tonight's big winners by scoring the biggest win they've ever had as a team against one of the most dangerous in DEFIANCE Wrestling.

Max Luck is looking after his brother and they have been left all alone with Tom Morrow strutting up the ramp with his new prized team! They all share a big group hug one more time. The Brains of BFTA, the Golden State Guru and DEC4L are now a fully united front!

SOHER, FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. CORVO ALPHA

DDK:

For over a year, the smothering tentacles of “The Kraken” Henry Keyes have had a stranglehold on the Southern Heritage Championship, and by extension, DEFIANCE itself. Incessantly reminding anyone who will listen and many who won’t that his is the longest, most dominant reign with that storied and revered championship title, since dethroning Scrow for the belt way back at MAXDEF 2022, Keyes has the entire wrestling world wondering... will it ever end?

Lance:

Keyes’ reign with the SOHER actually has roots in the rematch we are about to see up next in our main event. It was at DEFCON 2022 when Keyes took the Favoured Saints Championship away from his challenger tonight, Corvo Alpha. It was that run by the Kraken which culminated in 4 successful defenses and that win over Scrow that you referred to, Keebs. This is a story LONG in the making. Don’t forget; it was Corvo that arguably spawned the Kraken when he broke him even BEFORE DEFCON 2022. Tonight, Corvo Alpha looks to finish what he started, right his wrongs, and rewrite his story.

DDK:

To do that, he’ll have to do what the likes of Matt LaCroix, The D, Pat Cassidy, “The Escape Artist” Rezin, and so many more, have been so painfully unable to do. He will have to best Henry Keyes at his very peak, at the very apex of his game.

Lance: [sighing]

Nobody said it would be easy.

The house lights go slowly down as the tension rises. A buzz sweeps the arena like the spotlights slowly arcing and swooping across the 20,000+ strong Philadelphia fandom. Someone somewhere starts rhythmically clapping and it catches, small and gradually at first and then rapidly building... until suddenly it’s clear that every standing fan is clapping in time, together. Unsure why but knowing why all at once. Anticipation is the word and excitement is the emotion.

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

DDK:

I... feel like we should be clapping, too?

Lance:

I’ll politely remind you that we are professionals.

We cut to a shot several tiers up the Wells Fargo Center, where a heaving silhouette blocks out the concourse behind it – the fans in the immediate vicinity going ape shit.

DDK:

There he is!

Corvo Alpha pauses atop the steps, surrounded by a heaving throng of hype wrestling fans, members of DEFsec valiantly working to keep a path down to the ring open. A fresh coat of thick yellow paint drips down his face like a budget mask, snarled in his gnarled beard. With his right hand, he swaths a patch of clumpy red clay-like paint across his chest. Eyes wide & wild, the monster seems to feed off of the Faithful, their rhythmic clapping intensifying as he stomps down the steps.

DDK:

No light show! No music! No pyro! Just a monster and the fans that have seemingly taken him in as one of their own! He’s a little broken! He’s... a little rough around the edges! He’s, simultaneously, the most improbable but most credible challenger that Henry Keyes has faced in his 400+ days as a champion! And these fans are bought in on Corvo Alpha here at ACTS of DEFIANCE, Lance!

Half way down the steps towards the ring, Alpha climbs up on a fan's chair and BARKS at the Faithful, who BARK back. Clapping away. An ugly, crooked smile forms on the savage's lips before dropping off the chair and resuming his trip to the ring. His wet, black mullet bops to the beat of the fan's clapping as he goes.

Lance:

If he is to defeat one of the pillars of Vae Victis tonight, he's going to need more than the support of this crowd.

DDK:

...buzzkill...

Alpha leaps the guard rail, several fans clapping him across the back and shoulders as he rounds the ring before sliding inside. Taking the capacity crowd in for a moment, Alpha finds a seat atop a corner turnbuckle, his head hung, elbows on his knees.

The lights cut out and the clapping ceases, replaced by a cacophony of deafening boos.

♪ "Now We Are Free" by Hans Zimmer, Klaus Badelt, Lisa Gerrard, Gavin Greenway, and The Lyndhurst Orchestra
♪

Beacons flash throughout the arena in a distinct order of colors representing Vae Victis and the pancake-loving maniac that's laid claim to the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship: RED, WHITE, PINK, BLUE, RED, WHITE, PINK, BLUE.

And then, the wagons.

A series of wagons, in fact. Each pulled by a pair of Plague Doctors across the stage as other Dancer Plague Doctors cavort and cajole around them with bright pink and blue sequins on their robes. Upon each wagon sits a billboard-sized piece of artwork designed to educate the masses about Consul Keyes' conquered territory.

The average Faithful is largely ignorant of the outside world, you see. They must be taught what it is they are Triumphant for.

The first billboard wagon displays gorgeous oil-painted artwork of a pillaged carriage, a glorious white tiger, and a smear of red paint. Corvo Alpha, the man Keyes defeated for the Favoured Saints Championship.

The second billboard wagon displays a child's cartoon, showing a blond kid with green pants and a black eye crying his eyes out. Conor Fuse, the first Favoured Saints defense.

The third billboard wagon displays an enormous black smudge, though we can see hints of top hats and studded belts and...love? Rezin, the second Favoured Saints defense.

The fourth billboard wagon is a comic book page, a pixelated and highly stylized Western showing a White Hatted hero felled by a dark man in a pink hat. Leyenda de Ocho, the third Favoured Saints defense.

The fifth billboard wagon is literally on fire, and a half-clad Plague Doctor (the mask and the underpants, to be clear) sprints from the back and sprays it down with a fire extinguisher, leaving smoky ash to roll across the rest of the stage. Alvaro de Vargas, the fourth Favoured Saints defense.

The lights cease to pulse between four colors, and now intensely flood the arena in hot pink.

The sixth billboard wagon displays art-within-art, a series of syringes labeled "serum" hanging in an apparent art gallery as a faceless woman looks on (in despair?). Scrow, the man Keyes defeated for the Southern Heritage Championship.

The seventh billboard wagon displays a pale moon split in half by some horror, rising over a barren landscape,

desolate, complete with a Fleur de Lis made of many small bones. Matt LaCroix, the first SOHER defense.

The eighth billboard wagon is a Greek-style monument to beer complete with grassy hoppy fields and marble columns and two naked Cupid statues holding pitchers...one of whom's head has been removed, its torso smattered in globs of pink paint. Pat Cassidy, the second SOHER defense.

The ninth billboard wagon is a cacophony of colors so unpredictable that Jackson Pollock calls bollocks, surrounded by a horrifying mess of mangled steel that vaguely resembles a cage. One side of the cage seems bleaker than the other, somehow. The FIST & SOHER Elimination Match, the third (through seventh? Nah, let's not legislate it this hard, we're having fun) SOHER defense.

The tenth billboard wagon is just a blown up photo of Nomar Garciaparra in his full baseball uniform, crying his eyes out. Reaper Red Sox (aka Butcher Victorious Bein' a Goof), the fourth SOHER defense.

The eleventh billboard wagon is very pop art - in an array of colored panels in the style of Andy Warhol, we see a human knee crashing into a capital D causing it to explode over and over and over and over and over and over. The D, the fifth SOHER defense.

The twelfth wagon has swapped the billboard out entirely, replacing it with stacks and stacks and stacks and stacks and stacks of pancakes. There have to be many stacks, you see, due to the prerequisite size of each stack. The Faithful clamor for snacks from the Plague Doctors that are being playfully denied. The Short Stack Battlepalooza Sponsored by IHOP, the sixth SOHER defense.

The thirteenth billboard wagon returns to a classical oil-painted style, ladders strewn about the brown and gray reaches as one triumphant golden ladder pierces through the heap - and a Valkyrie falling to her doom as a tiny pink octopus sits idly on top. Elise Ares, the seventh SOHER defense.

The fourteenth billboard wagon will get people fired if it's described properly, but you know who to talk to for the real answers. Justin Sane, the eighth SOHER defense.

The fifteenth billboard wagon is a stunningly realistic rendition of 1922's Nosferatu with big pink X's over his eyes. Count Novick, the ninth SOHER defense.

The sixteenth wagon is empty, save for an Ugly Bearded Plague Doctor wearing a **the** black studded Punk Rawk belt across his shoulder and chest like he's some sort of Victorian Chewbacca. He's throwing up the double deuce to everyone with eyes. Boos elevate at the lack of art, given who they know this represents and the message being sent. Rezin, the tenth SOHER defense.

The seventeenth wagon is several very large torsos, most vertical, but one crumpled in a heap in the corner. Dan Leo James, the eleventh SOHER defense.

WHEW, that's a lot of wagons.

Talk about your wheel budgets. One imagines the DEFIANCE prop team is thankful that their wheel logistics worked out so well.

Especially because, believe it or not, this charade of a professional wrestling entrance is still going on.

We finally get a positive pop from the crowd, because as with any Triumph, exotic animals are a must. And two brave Plague Doctors are doing an admirable job corralling Helen the Tiger across the stage as spotlights adorn Her Majesty.

Next, believe it or not...is Sonny Silver. He holds aloft the grand treasures, the spoils of war, that this Imperator has claimed on behalf of his empire - with its distinctive pink leather strap and rigorously-shined fine metal plates, Silver holds the SOHER aloft, bright lights shining upon it, reflecting the belt as if it were the Great Lighthouse of Alexandria.

And finally.

...

♪ “Stranger Fruit” by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows

We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose

And the familiar words...

V A E V I C T I S

Followed by worse familiar words...

448 DAYS
#NEWRECORD

There's no way to sugarcoat it, friends.

It's a pink chariot.

Henry Keyes is on top of it.

Over his Vae Victis-branded wrestling gear, he's wearing a pink Triumphal Toga.

...and bright blue laurel leaves on his head. A bastardized Julius Caesar.

DDK:

How often do you think about the Roman Empire?

Lance:

Almost constantly. It's interfering in all of my personal and professional relationships.

Keyes steps down from the chariot, arms held wide at the masses that are throwing garbage at him at this point. Helper Plague Doctors approach him and retrieve his laurel leaves and his toga as Keyes keeps his arms outstretched. That work completed, Sonny leads Keyes towards the ring, keeping the SOHER held aloft.

DDK:

Lance, you know me - while I am a detractor of everything Vae Victis and Henry Keyes stand for, I always try to call it like it is: in my estimation, this is the most dominant competitor in professional wrestling today.

Lance:

The Kraken is the closest I've come to seeing the Terminator in real life, ok? Henry Keyes is relentless, and he can squeeze so much motivation from even the smallest slight against him. Corvo Alpha has been the bane of Henry Keyes' existence, and you can be sure that Keyes will spend every moment he can sending his message of dominance.

Keyes stretches in the ring, grinning the Classic-Dickbag-Kraken-shit-eating grin. Silver stands just behind him, beaming with pride. Across the ring, Alpha is unmoving, still seated atop the turnbuckle. As Darren Quimbey takes his place center-ring, a portion of the crowd politely quiets for our house announcer.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, it is now time... for our MAIN EVENT!

Camera's pan the cheering crowd before returning to Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE fall and is for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage Championship!

Doyle holds the glinting eighteen pounds of gold overhead.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!

Darren Quimbey:

In this contest... FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE!

A tight shot on Alpha's downcast face, a smear of canary angst. We cut across the ring where Keyes smirks, jawing at a fan in the front row before returning his attention to his opponent. Flashbulbs do their thing.

Darren Quimbey:

Our referee for this contest: Senior Official Benny Doyle.

Doyle, the consummate professional, steps forward and offers the cheering crowd a curt head nod.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger...

The crowd erupts as Alpha lifts his head to finally regard Keyes, something smoldering through the mask of yellow lacquer.

Darren Quimbey:

He hails from Parts Untold and weighs in tonight at two-hundred and seventy pounds. Call him SAVAGE... Call him ANIMAL... Call him... **CORVO! ALPHAAAAA!!!**

Alpha drops off the turnbuckle and steps forward, glowering at the Kraken. Tight balls for fists, Corvo takes a deep breath as the crowd embraces him; the feeling still new.

Lance:

Corvo Alpha looks as ready as he has ever been! Laser focused!

Quimbey lets the moment swell before raising the microphone back to his lips.

Darren Quimbey:

And -

Sonny Silver:

Aaaaaaaand you're DONE, QUIMBEY, because there's not a man on EARTH, not even ME, who can do this champion the justice he deserves, but by the grace of Vae Victis he bestows upon me the HONOR! EVERY DAY this man lives and breathes, he sets NEW RECORDS! HE HAILS from about as far away you can get from this shithole of a town before you hit ocean, SAN FRANCISCOOOOOO CALIFORNIAAAAA...and he is THE KRAKEN THAT WILL DROWWWWWWWN CORVO ALPHA! HENRYYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Keyes gives Silver a hearty pat on the shoulder before whispering something in his ear - expert lip readers may catch Keyes saying "Go work on your strategy for Oscar, I got this". As Silver steps out through the ropes and up the rant,

Keyes is resplendent in the moment, marinating in the hate. Making it his.

As Quimbey ducks out of the ring, Benny Doyle steps forward between the two combatants, the SOHER held proudly above his head for all to absorb just what's at stake. Keyes jabs an index finger at the belt, screaming wildly, reminding Alpha, and us all, that it belongs to him. That it is his. His forever. His always. The AlwaysChamp. ForeverChamp.

Alpha doesn't sell it. Or maybe he doesn't hear it. Perhaps he just doesn't care. He stares a hole into Keyes, muscles coiled and tense.

DING DING

And like that – like a blur – Alpha is across the ring! Forearms flying, he forces Keyes backwards into the corner. The Kraken covers, ducking and dodging strikes as best he can before laying in a knee to Alpha's considerable breadbasket and taking the wind out of the beast's sails as quickly as they'd filled. Keyes lays in a Propellor Edge CHOP that elicits an audible GASP from the Faithful. Alpha stumbles backwards into the ropes... before LAUNCHING out of them!

DDK:

Keyes ducks a WILD clothesline from the Wild Man of DEFIANCE! HANGMAN'S NECKBREAKER by Keyes!

Quickly scampering for a cover, Keyes arrogantly presses his elbow across Alpha's jaw, getting a nice coating of paint on his arm for his trouble as Doyle drops into place.

ONE!

KICK OUT!

Keyes stays on the attack, pulling Corvo up just to lay in ANOTHER chop that takes the fans' collective breath away. And then another. That one sent a spray of red paint across the ring, a ruby droplet landing conspicuously on the lens of the floor camera. One more. That seems to jolt Corvo, who bolts straight up!

DDK:

CORVO WITH A CHOP OF HIS OWN! AND ANOTHER!

Keyes staggers into the ropes... then OUT of them.

Lance:

CHOP from Keyes! CORVO with one! KEYES again! Just trading blows!

...until Keyes finds his rhythm. He forces Alpha into the corner. A series of hellacious chops ensue, until it's hard to see where Alpha's chest-paint starts and where his raised chest-welts begin. Keyes pours on the pressure, finally whipping Alpha across the ring to the far turnbuckle–

DDK:

OH MY GOD! ALPHA JUST SPILLED UP AND OVER THE ROPES! Down to the floor!

Lance:

He hit that ringside floor HARD, Keebs!

Without hesitation, Keyes sprints up the turnbuckle, pausing just long enough for Alpha to struggle to his feet.

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

The once friendly airship pirate flies through the air, landing a STIFF Corkscrew Elbow across the back of the beast's

head.

Raining boots down on Alpha's head and shoulders, Keyes finally stomps off to momentarily argue with a taunting fan. When he comes back to resume his assault, Alpha is ready for him, firing a fiery elbow into the Kraken's gut. He goes to SMASH Keyes' face into the ringside guardrail – but Henry puts on the brakes, bracing himself with both arms on the rail. He lays in an elbow of his own before grabbing a handful of Corvo's black hair and SLAMMING the bridge of his nose across the guardrail with abandon!

Another face-smash on the rail before Keyes chooses to showcase his considerable power, lifting and pressing the nearly three hundred pound barrel of a monster over his head – before DROPPING HIM face-first across the railing once more!!!!

Lance:

For all the talk about Henry Keyes' 448 days with the SOHER... the fact is that Henry Keyes hasn't lost a title match in 530 days. Not since he captured the Favoured Saints Championship. Not since he DEFEATED that man, Corvo Alpha, back at DEFCON 2022. It's impossible to ignore!

DDK:

Only DEF Hall of Famer, Eugene Dewey, can boast a greater feat!

Lance:

I'd say it's unlikely anyone else can.

Keyes savagely sends the Savage into the ringsteps with a CLANG. Corvo claws at the apron to find a footing, but Keyes is on him. In a whirl, Alpha is sent careening into the ring steps once more with a CLANG!

Keyes grandstands, basking in the "adulation" of the ringside Faithful as Corvo is seen crawling away in the background, seemingly looking for a respite from the onslaught. He stumbles up to his feet, angling up the aisle towards the rampway just as Keyes returns his focus to him.

Keyes charges at the monster, and the monster must feel it because he turns just in time to face him!!

CLANG!!!

DDK:

POP-UP POWERBOMB! POP-UP POWERBOMB AT THE BOTTOM OF THAT RAMP! Corvo Alpha took Keyes' momentum and turned it against him! What an IMPACT!

Alpha flops over, draping an arm across Keyes' chest!

ONE!

TWO!!

KICK OUT!!!!

Alpha uses the leather eye-patch/head-piece to pull Keyes to his feet, leading him by the strap across the back of his head like a horses' bridle up the rampway to the top of the stage, clubbing Keyes with his free arm along the way. Alpha locks on a side headlock and CHARGES forward!!

Lance:

BATTERING RAM INTO THAT LED SCREEN ON THE STAGE!

The "F" in "DEFIANCE" flickers ponderously for a moment... until Alpha grabs the leather of Keyes' mask once more and HURLS Keyes back into the twinkling letter with an electric ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ and arc of sparks, the sign giving

way slightly.

Keyes lays slumped, half in, half out of the sign.

DDK:

...oh my god.

Alpha forcefully uses Keyes' leg to YANK him out of the now-broken "DE_IANCE" sign/screen. Using the eye-patch to again wrestle Keyes upright – but Keyes SHOCKS Corvo with a brutal low-blow that INSTANTLY drops the monster!

Lance:

The ultimate equalizer.... Will it buy Keyes enough time to collect himself and retake control of this match?!

As if to answer, Keyes stands, clutching the side of his head in pain. Enraged, he grabs a side headlock on Corvo and RUNS!

DDK:

NO!

Lance:

RUNNING BULLDOG OFF OF THE STAGE!

In a callback with a touch of role reversal, Keyes launches Corvo off the stage. For a tick, the two seem to hang in the air, framed somewhat cinematically with "ACTS" lit up behind them.. Then, mercilessly, that tick of the clock passes.

They come CRASHING DOWN near a cluster of sound equipment, but mostly landing with a SPLAT on the floor! The instant replay shows Corvo's face and chest come down on an open folding chair. Keyes, on a coil of thick black cable. In the immediate aftermath, it's clear that Keyes was shaken by the fall nearly as much as his opponent.

DDK:

I can't believe what we just saw! Alpha is unmoving at this point! And Keyes... crawling over! Slowly!

Keyes drapes an exhausted arm across Corvo's chest. Doyle in position!

ONE!

TWO!

THR–

NOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

Somehow, Corvo Alpha mustered the wherewithal to shoot that shoulder up! This falls count anywhere contest is living up to its billing!

His face flushed and twisted in a coalition of acute frustration and acute pain, Henry Keyes uses the bent, mangled folding chair that Alpha came down on to help himself up, straining. Wiping a sliver of saliva from his bottom lip with the back of a yellow-smeared hand, The Kraken rises.

When Corvo lifts his head off the concrete, we see the blood pooling under it. Busted open above his right eye, what remains of his flaking yellow face paint is quickly overtaken. Struggling to lift his torso off the ground, he isn't given much of a chance once Keyes starts laying in boots to the back of his head.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The jeers from the Faithful seizes the Kraken's attention, his one maniacal eye scowling as it sweeps the crowd. Laughing, he clutches Alpha by his hair and viciously pulls him first up to his knees, then his feet. Fans scatter as a bludgeoning forearm from Keyes sends Corvo reeling and lurching backwards into a section of seats. Just as Corvo has recovered, Keyes BLISTERS him with a European Uppercut that lays Alpha out, awkwardly laying across several seats – fans continuing to excitedly disperse.

DDK:

Henry Keyes is taking this fight into the heart of the crowd!

Lance:

Some of the most passionate wrestling fans in the world can be found here in the City of Brotherly Love and, yes, Henry Keyes is taking this fight into the beating heart of the beast!

A floor camera struggles to follow Keyes through the fans as he batters and pummels the Animal through the throngs of screaming fans. Keyes wheels around towards the camera, a handful of Alpha's hair in his left hand.

Henry Keyes:

DO YOU PEOPLE UNDERSTAND -

Keyes clubs Corvo across the back of his neck.

Henry Keyes:

- THAT THE BEATINGS WILL CONTINUE -

Keyes clubs Corvo again.

Henry Keyes:

- FOREVER??

Keyes clubs Corvo AGAIN, dropping him to a knee.

Henry Keyes:

NEW RECORD!

Keyes points his elbow and drops it 12 to 6 into Corvo's spine, which elicits a pained howl.

Henry Keyes:

NEWWWWWWWWWWWW RECORRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRD!!!!

Wiping some blood off of Alpha's cut head, Keyes makes a show of holding up his right hand, presenting it to the crowd.... before he arrogantly smears it across his own sweaty chest, mocking the monster. Another monument to his reign. He cackles as the crowd lets him know how they feel.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Keyes cups a hand to one ear, feigning like he can't hear the metric fuckton of decibels the Faithful have voiced with unfiltered hatred.

Henry Keyes:

IF YOU MORONS REALLY MADE THE SECOND BEST MASKED VIOLATOR BELIEVE THAT HE WAS GOING TO DETHRONE THE FOREVER CHAMP, YOU BETTER UNDERSTAND RIGHT NOW THAT HIS BLOOD IS ON YOUR HANDS EVEN MORE THAN MIIIIIIIIIIINE, ASSHOOOOOOOOOOOOLES!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Swaggering and brash, Keyes turns back to finish what he started with Alpha-

DDK:

ALPHA! THROWS A STEEL CHAIR RIGHT IN KEYES' FACE!

Lance:

He LAUNCHED it like a missile! Direct hit!

Delirious but driven, Alpha lumbers up to his feet and KICKS Keyes in the stomach.

DDK:

Alpha has Keyes! Oh my GOD!

Lance:

JUMPING PILEDRIVER ON THE CONCRETE FLOOR!!!! Corvo Alpha just SPIKED Keyes!

An instant replay shows the impact, little give in Keyes head & neck. Bodies crumbling to the concrete.

DDK:

The Faithful are urging Alpha to his feet... but he is slow to rise! Keyes, on the other hand, is clearly in pain!

Clutching at his skull with both hands, Keyes' eyes are clenched shut. Alpha finds one knee, then collapses, falling across Keyes' chest. Benny Doyle is there.

DDK:

This could be it!!!

ONE!!

TWO!!!!

THREE?!?

NOOO!!! KICKED OUT!!!!!!

Lance:

That was so close!

DDK:

Doesn't get much closer!

Snarling and sputtering, Alpha finds a new reserve and pushes himself back up to his feet, towing Keyes up by the hair along with him. Alpha clubs Keyes across the back before hurling him into and over the last row of floor seats with a CRASH! Swatting chairs out of his path, Corvo stalks Keyes. Left hand gripping his hair, right hand the back of his trunks, Alpha unceremoniously tosses Keyes onto a wooden table near the back wall. He clubs him again, this time twice across the chest before slowly craning his head skyward.

DDK:

What is he thinking?!

A strategy takes shape in Corvo's head.... Before he suddenly darts off up a stairwell, disappearing up the steps! Still

half-lying on the table, Keyes shakes the cobwebs from his head.

Lance:

I'm not sure where Alpha's going... he's left Henry Keyes on that table! Giving the Kraken ample time, perhaps, to collect himself, recover and-

DDK:

WAIT! LOOK UP!!!!

The camera follows its order, turning up above the table... to spy Alpha perched atop the balcony railing one tier up!!!

Lance:

Oh GOODNESS!!

Have you ever seen a car crash that's about to happen in mere moments, right in your line of sight, and with a full sense of powerlessness? Knowing that no matter what you might do - yell out, honk your horn, throw up a prayer - nothing, NOTHING, is going to stop this crash from happening?

Time slows down, or at least it does for some people in those moments. For some, it really feels like four or five scenarios play out in the mind in the fraction of a moment the real scene takes.

It feels that way for Lance and Keebs, and likely for every Faithful with a pulse.

An image destined to live forever.

...

WHOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

Corvo heaves himself forward, somersaulting down more than ten feet...

...

...

and CRASHES INTO AND THROUGH the table – the table which, at the last possible moment, Keyes slumps off.

CRASHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

The Faithful SCREAM.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!

DDK:

KEYES AVOIDED DISASTER! But Corvo just hit HARD!!!

Lance:

Both competitors are just broken! Keyes is stirring, but just barely! I have to believe that if he can just turn over... if he can just COVER Corvo Alpha, after the impact we just saw, that MISSED somersault off the next tier balcony THROUGH a table... if he can follow-up on this opportunity, this match could be over!

DDK:

We might have a new #NewRecord on our hands!

Keyes crawls, arduously, through the rubble of shattered wood. He finally falls on Alpha's chest, exhaustedly wrapping

his fingertips around the far leg in a valiant attempt at hooking it.

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR- NOOO!!!!

DDK:

Keyes took too long! It may just be an ember, but there's still fire in the belly of the beast!

Lance:

But how much?! How much more can he TAKE?!

DDK:

That's gotta be what Henry Keyes is asking himself at this very moment.

Tightening in on a shot of an exasperated, incredulous, and increasingly furious Kraken, we see him power up first to a knee and then, using the wall for support, his feet. He drops indignant boots to Corvo before reaching down to try to pull the animal to his feet in the general direction of the ring. He is uncooperative.

Keyes abandons that effort momentarily, turning back to face the fans, crowding in on the spectacle.

Henry Keyes:

"VAE VICTIS" MEANS ONE THING, DEFIANCE - I'M GOING TO CONQUER THIS MAN IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT RING, IN FRONT OF GOD AND HELEN, AND YOU PHILADELPHIA HEART CRIMINALS WILL WITNESS THIS MAN'S WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOE!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Pivoting back to face Alpha - ALPHA IS READY FOR HIM!

DDK:

ALPHA WITH A DAGGER KICK!! SENDING KEYES TUMBLING DOWN THE CONCRETE STEPS!!

Keyes rezins, ass over teakettle, down a series of hard steps before his head SMACKS the stairs center rail, bringing him to a lurching, violent halt. Fatigued and beaten, Corvo Alpha appears atop the steps and slowly makes his way down them, cheered on by the Faithful.

DDK:

Has the monster turned the tide?!

Lance:

This is his chance to finish Keyes!

Stalking Keyes, Alpha meets him on the steps just as Keyes struggles to pull himself upright.

SMACK~~~~~

DDK:

BELL CLAP! Bell Clap by CORVO ALPHA!!!!

Lance:

The move that Keyes used to defeat Alpha 17 months ago!!!

DDK:

A little primitive “weapon get” from the savage! He’s going for a cover! On the steps!

Lance:

Falls count “ANYWHERE”, Keebs!

Doyle struggles to get in position, but finally does so.

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THR- SHOULDER UP!!!

DDK:

Both men are spent!!

It’s true. Alpha is the first up, using the stairwell’s center railing for support, panting. Keyes, on the other hand, crawls down the steps – looking for some separation from his tormentor.

Alpha is politely walloped on the back by the surrounding Faithful on the steps, each encouraging jolt a reminder of his mission. His misshapen face a mess of dried blood and yellow flecks of dryer paint, Corvo ploddingly gives chase.

By now, Keyes is beelining down the last of the steps and towards the ring. Glancing over his shoulder, he turns just in time to eat a FIERCE clothesline OVER the guardrail and into the ringside area!

Lance:

Keyes nearly got garroted out of his boots!

Alpha leaps over the rail and smothers Keyes, finally catching him from behind and cinching in—

DDK:

ALPHA CLUTCH!! ALPHA CLUTCH ON KEYES!!!!

Lance:

That modified katahajime choke applied! Locked in! Corvo Alpha is choking the LIFE out of the Kraken!

One-eye bulging out of his skull, Keyes flails his arms madly. Grasping and reaching for any way out, for one more breath. Panic sets in.

Lance:

The Kraken is in TROUBLE!!

Keyes drops to one knee for a moment, then bolts back upwards. Alpha’s face is strained, broken teeth bared. Suddenly, Keyes backpedals with all of his considerable might – BASHING the back of Alpha’s head into the ringpost!!

CLANG!!!

Alpha releases the hold and Keyes gasps for air, one hand clawing at the ring apron for support, the other clawing at his throat. Crawling into the ring, Keyes struggles to his feet. Shaken up, Alpha is able to pursue his prize into the ring.

DDK:

The awareness and poise of Henry Keyes on full display! He found a way out of one of the most dangerous holds in DEFIANCE, using the environment to his advantage!

Lance:

And now he has the match back where he wants it, IN the ring! The place he WON his prized Southern Heritage Championship! The place he has DEFENDED it for over four hundred and forty days!

BICYCLE KICK by Keyes! Alpha falls to his knees!

DDK:

OH NO!

Keyes angrily snatches both of Corvo's wrists in a lock. He rears back—

DDK:

COIN!!!

Lance:

That Kamigoye knee strike DELIVERED!!!

Keyes spits out a sickening gob of blood & mucus onto the canvas before reaching back once more!

DDK:

AND ANOTHER!! MY GOD!!!

Lance:

That's IT!

Henry Keyes:

I'VE DONE IT AGAIN, YOU STUPID ASSHOLES!!

Benny Doyle gracefully slides into position just as Keyes mounts the cover!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!!!!

Henry Keyes:

NEWWWWWWW RECOORRRRRRRRRR

THREE!?!

NO!!!!!!! A KICK OUT?!?!

DDK:

...my god...

DING DING DING**DDK:**

HE'S DONE IT!!!

RAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Doyle, having called for the bell, steps in to try to pull Corvo off of Keyes!!

Lance:

Our long national nightmare is OVER!!!

Corvo finally relents, washed and worn out as Doyle is handed the Southern Heritage belt by the time keeper.

Darren Quimbey:The winner of this bout.... **AAAAAAAAAND NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEWWW DEFIANCE**
Wrestling Southern Heritage Champion!!

Still splayed on his back on the mat, Alpha's arm is raised by Doyle, holding the SOHER high above his head.

Darren Quimbey:CALL HIM... **COOOOOORRRRVOOO!!! AALLLLLLPPPHHAAAAAAA!!!!!!**

DEFMed has slipped into the ring, checking on Keyes, as Alpha scoots back into a near corner. Doyle places the belt on the savage's heaving chest. After a few haggard breaths, Alpha opens his eyes, regarding the championship belt he has been handed as if for the first time.

DDK:

The Kraken has been DETHRONED! The empire is OVER! Long live the MONSTER!

♪ "Children of the Grave" by Black Sabbath ♪

Using the top rope to stand, Alpha stares at the belt held in both hands before looking to the Faithful, as if hearing their loud reaction for the first time. Perhaps propelled by that reaction and the hard-rock gallop of the music, Alpha is infused with a renewed adrenaline, springing to the middle turnbuckle. He slowly raises the pink strap overhead to a deafening ovation!

DDK:

Corvo Alpha has DONE IT!

A deranged, elated smile on his swollen face, Corvo Alpha stands tall, soaking in the moment.

Lance:

What a night of action! And somehow, someway, we get to do it all over again tomorrow night!

DDK:

The Kraken came up short tonight... An era ended! Will Vae Victis right the proverbial airship tomorrow night when Oscar Burns, DEFIANCE Himself, challenges the Biggest FIST, Dex Joy? I can't wait to find out!

Lance:

It's going to be incredible!

DDK:

For my colleague, Lance Warner, and for everyone here at the Wells Fargo Center in Philadelphia, we thank you for joining us! I am "Downtown" Darren Keebler! We will catch you tomorrow night! For now? It's time to party like an ANIMAL!

The broadcasts final image is that of Corvo Alpha holding the strap in his mouth, driving his teeth into the pink belt, both arms triumphantly held over head to raucous acclaim.