

OPEN

♪ "Enemies" by The Score ♪

As the cameras come to life we see the inside of the Crypto.com Arena in Los Angeles, California. Masses of DEFIANCE Faithful packed the stands. Hot dogs, popcorn, and soda in hand, they stand ready for night two of the biggest show of the year. The camera pans over the crowd, as they all stand, scream, and clap, capturing all of the signage...

**IF MALAK WINS, WE RIOT
NIGHT TWO SIGN
AI GENERATTED SIGNN
I TRUST BING WITH MY LIFE
WELCOME TO LA
WE WREX LIKE DEX
THE HOUSE DEX BUILT
DEX 4:17
JUMP FOR JOY
WEST COAST 4 LIFE
I HATE IT WHEN FAMILIA FIGHTS
CORVO IS THE REAL ALPHA
PROUD MEMBER OF THE BUTCH VIC CLIQUE
SHUT UP AND WRESTLE
I AM ENLIGHTENED, TOO
NAMASTE WITH MAKAYLA
A VOTE FOR LUCKY SEVENS IS A VOTE FOR TOM MORROW BEING
ON FIRE
HOME OF THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS
PCPWINSLOL
BALLYHOO LIGAN SECTION
BALLYHOO PARTIES > MURDER PARTIES**

IF MALAK WINS, I'M GONNA DO WHAT HE DOES AND TWEET ABOUT IT PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVELY

That's right Keebs! Just when you think the show is over we've got an entire another show ready for your wrestling appetites! In fact we've got a great match for all of you to sta....

Tonight we've got 7 enormous matches for everyone in attendance plus all of our faithful watching at home on streaming. DEFIANCE is on the world stage and only getting bigger, only getting better, and only topping everything

we've ever done!

DDK:

Well he's right about that one, so I'll give him the benefit of the doubt on the first one!

Lance:

Keeps!

Mikey Unlikely:

I've been in the back and I can tell you all that the wrestlers are buzzing, we realize that this is our chance, OUR MOMENT, every man and woman back there has an opportunity to change their lives, to bring their careers to new heights, achieve something greater, and be seen by more sets of eyes than any other time of the year. So as you watch these wrestlers tonight I want you to realize that this is the biggest moment some will ever see. This is the day they will be telling their grandchildren about. So when you scream for your favorites, give it all you got, when you clap for The Biggest Boy...

DEX! DEX! DEX!

Mikey Unlikely:

Do it until your hands hurt! This is it Faithful... this is the one we wait all year for, whether you're here to see The Hollywood Bruvs ...beat the ever loving hell out of The French Connection.

The fans cheer loudly at the thought of it.

Mikey Unlikely:

Or if you're here to see two titans clash between Oscar Burns and Butcher Victorious, a match that is sure to bring some brutality to the ring! I'm excited to see who comes out on top of that one.

The fans are in complete agreement.

Mikey Unlikely:

You could be all geared up for the chaos that will be the giant team match between The Lucky Sevens & the Rain City Ronin going up against The Better Future Talent Agency! My goodness the DEFIANCE tag team division is absolutely dripping with talent right now, YOU LOVE TO SEE IT CHRISTIE!

DDK:

Christie isn't even out here!

Lance:

I'm sure she appreciates the shout out!

Mikey Unlikely:

We couldn't possibly forget about Edward White, a man who has fine taste like yours truly, going up against the wild Punch Drunk Purcell, in a clash of styles that's sure to be a sight to see. One of these men, who've been at each other's throats for weeks is going to finally come out victorious.

A mix of boos for White, and cheers for Purcell emanate around the Crypto.com arena.

Mikey Unlikely:

It's a special night for the Fuse Brothers as Tyler Fuse defends his Ace of Defiance Title against his own flesh and blood, Conor Fuse! It's brother vs brother! The biggest question is, who is the family cheering for!?

Lance:

I don't think that's as big a question as Mikey thinks...

Mikey Unlikely:

Earlier I mentioned how hot the tag team division is, well it just got hotter because Vae Victis is taking on the Saturday Night Specials! One of these legendary tag teams will make DEFCON history!

SNS! SNS! SNS!

Mikey Unlikely:

And of course there's our MAAAAAAAAAIN EVENT....

The fans get excited. They start to rumble.

Mikey Unlikely:

THE FIST OF DEFIANCE IS ON THE LINE!

They get a little bit louder.

Mikey Unlikely:

The challenger... MALAK GARLAND...

BOOO!

Mikey Unlikely:

Will take on our champion, nay, YOUR champion, DEX JOY!

The fans explode. The arena is thunderous with excitement.

DDK:

You can feel the entire Crypto.com arena shaking beneath our feet! These people are insatiable!

Lance:

That's exactly how we like em Keeps!

Mikey Unlikely:

SO GET READY LOS ANGELES! Tonight is not just any night, it's a night where legends are made, dreams come true, heroes rise, and only the best end up with their arms in the air. THIS IS DEFCON. THIS IS DEFIANCE!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Mikey tosses the mic aside and leaves the ring to much applause.

Lance:

Let's get this night started!

DDK:

Hold onto your seats folks, it's about to be a wild ride here at DEFCON!

OSCAR BURNS vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

DDK:

DEFCON is LIVE! And right now, we kick things off with a match that is almost two years in the making! DEFIANCE Himself... Oscar Burns! Two-time FIST of DEFIANCE, one-time Favoured Saints Champion... takes on the very man he mentored, used and abused for the past two years... Butcher Victorious!

Lance:

It was August of 2022 that Butcher Victorious became Oscar's protege by helping him win a fatal-four way to earn a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE. Since then, Butcher took so many bullets, so much punishment, all in the name of appeasing Oscar, who he looked up to like an idol. For months, he wanted into Vae Victis, but it was no easy task.

DDK:

Butcher would eventually get his wish a year later in August 2023... pulling off a major upset in a fatal four-way for the Favoured Saints Championship, Butcher followed in Oscar's footsteps as a champion and was promoted to full-time member... that would only last a short time. Butcher was on the verge of making a fourth defense against Uriel Cortez, only to be stopped by the giant! After the fact, Butcher would lose his full-time status!

Lance:

From there, Butcher did EVERYTHING asked of him. He helped Oscar defeat Mil Vueltras at DEFIANCE Road. He underwent a series of matches against other members of Vae Victis with the carrot dangling in front of him that he'd be welcomed back into the group if he proved himself... but Oscar completely backtracked and welcomed Dan Leo James instead! It was then on DEFtv 200 that we heard The Headbutt Heard Round The World! Butcher pleaded, but when those pleas fell on deaf ears, he LASHED OUT and attacked Oscar, declaring he was done being used!

DDK:

And that leads us to right now.... Butcher challenged Oscar to a singles match to settle the score, which was accepted on his behalf by Sonny Silver. In return, Butcher was suddenly thrust into a match on DEFtv 201 against Dan Leo James, only for Burns to cost him the win and then deliver a nasty Hard Out Headbutt of his own.

Lance:

But despite the losses... Butcher seems more motivated than ever to finally be taken seriously as his own man. Tonight, the man nicknamed Butch Vic looks to do the unthinkable and pull off one of the biggest upsets in DEFCON history. He has displayed improved technical skill and heart despite coming up short in his past matches with Vae Victis, but tonight, he's going to need everything if he wants to overcome one of the best to lace them up.

DDK:

With all that having been said... let's take it to Darren Quimbey in the ring for our opening contest of DEFCON 2024: Night Two!

The opening bell rings and gets the attention of a VERY rabid Los Angeles Faithful tonight! In the ring, the ever-dapper Darren Quimbey is ready to make the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is your opening contest of Night Two of DEFCON!

The lights in the arena go dark.

The DEFIAtron comes to life.

The camera is fixed on a familiar mohawked and tattooed figure that gets LOUD cheers from The Faithful, but his back is turned to the camera. He is walking in hand with what looks to be an old Vae Victis shirt...

He holds it up...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

He sighs.

He keeps walking through the backstage area until he finally stops at the area just before the Guerilla Position leading to the ring. He looks at the Vae Victis t-shirt one more time...

Then chucks it in the nearby trash can!

RRRRRRRAAAHHHHHH!

He then reaches over to a nearby table... then has a new shirt. He holds the purple and blue t-shirt wadded up and then reaches over and puts on what looks like a brand new sparkling purple and blue sequined vest! He then goes a little further... and holds a NEW purple microphone designed to look like a purple retro microphone! He gets ready... he sighs...

Then gets ready to enter through the Guerilla Position and walks his way through the curtains...

With a new theme...

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

The music gets a BIG ovation from over twenty-thousand strong! He holds out the new microphone in hand and then raises it to the sky! Dressed in new sparkling purple tights, along with silver and purple boots and kickpads, Butch Vic is rabid and ready to fight tonight!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... From Austin, Texas, weighing in at 216 pounds... **BUTCHERRRRRRR VICTORIOUS!**

Butch Vic holds out his new shirt...

A neon blue and purple shirt marked "BUTCH VIC CLIQUE!"

DDK:

HIS FIRST-EVER SHIRT IN DEFIANCE! JUST RELEASED DAYS AGO AND ALREADY, A QUICK SELLER!

Butcher Victorious hurls the new shirt as far as he can into the audience where a few rabid fans fight for it until it settles into a young fan's hands! The new theme pauses so Butcher can address The Faithful...

Butcher Victorious: *[with the crowd repeating him]*

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STI... wait... no, no, no, hold on...

He pauses and looks at his new purple retro-style microphone!

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE **NEW** STICK!

He points to his skull.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK!

Then he points out to the ring.

Butcher Victorious:

AND TONIGHT, I'M GONNA SHOW THE WORLD THAT BUTCH VIC... HAS **IT!**

Fueled by fire, Butcher continues.

Butcher Victorious:

For TOO LONG, I listened to the wrong people. For TOO LONG, I listened to the wrong voices. I listened to the wrong advice. People tried to tell me Oscar was bad news. People tried to tell me I wasn't gonna get what I wanted... and them people... the ones I should have been listening to... is you... The Faithful.

Rowdy applause sounds.

Butcher Victorious:

That's why tonight, I'm gonna show that high-hat ass-hat, Oscar Burns, that I will NOT be pushed around! **WE AREN'T GONNA BE PUSHED AROUND! YOU ARE NOW ALL PART OF THE BUTCH! VIC! CLIQUE! AND TONIGHT... WE'RE GONNA MAKE DAMN SURE THAT TONIGHT... I SHOW OSCAR BURNS THAT THREE SECONDS IS ALL I DAMN NEED! BURNS... LET'S GOOOOOOO!**

He throws down The Stick, then sheds his new vest! All fired up, Butcher gets ready for his biggest trial by fire ever.

DDK:

Butcher seems ready! And the Faithf... sorry, The Butch Vic Clique are now behind him!

Lance:

He's got the people on his side, but tonight, against one of the best big-match wrestlers DEFIANCE has ever seen... will that be enough?

It takes a few solid moments, then familiar music kicks in...

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredriech Habetler ♪

The music kicks in and standing by with The Platinum Shovel held over his head, Oscar Burns poses on a rotating platform... but as the familiar crescendo builds, the opening montage plays some of Burns' greatest hits over the opening intro to the theme... Burns with his two previous FIST and WrestleUTA World Title wins. Burns with his DEFy wins. Burns with his record fiftieth win! His SIXTIETH win in DEFIANCE! His recent SEVENTIETH win over Mil Vuelas (with help from Butcher Victorious edited out).

And most recently...

DDK:

Oh, good grief...

Clips of Butcher Victorious tapping out to Scott Hunter in the first of his matches in the Vae Victis Gauntlet...

Clips of Butcher Victorious being wiped out by the Coin from Henry Keyes in match two of the VVG...

Then clips of Butcher tapping out to Lindsay Troy in match three to a wicked knee bar...

Finally, a clip of DLJ (Dan Leo James) hitting his top rope splash called... the DLJ (Deadly Leaping Jump).

Lance:

Oscar Burns trying to make Butcher relive these recent losses...

Butcher Victorious watches each and every one of them and balls up his fists. On the ramp... on one side, Sonny Silver. On the other... Dan Leo James...

Finally...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

VAE VICTIS

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

A spotlight reveals Oscar Burns in full form, wearing a burgundy-colored robe. He hands over the Platinum Shover to Dan Leo James, then sheds his robe and hands it to Sonny Silver. Burnsie gestures for both to head to the back.

DDK:

Burns looks like he wants to take this solo tonight. He's sending Sonny Silver and Dan Leo James to the back!

Lance:

That's a first for him lately.

The two depart with the rest of his gear, leaving DEFIANCE Himself to head to the ring.

DDK:

One of the best to ever do it in DEFIANCE today. There have been several who claim they are DEFIANCE, but maybe none more so than this man. Like him or hate him. More wins than anyone in DEFIANCE. Multiple top title reigns. He's stood against and defeated some of the best DEFIANCE has ever seen. And tonight, he looks to keep that going against the man he once called his protege... but treated more like a lackey.

Oscar ignores the jeers and calmly walks up the steps. He approaches the middle of the apron, then wipes his boots on them before stepping into the ring. Wearing his black signature longbois with the DEFIANCE logo on one side and the Favoured Saints logo on the other, Burnsie stands across from Butcher. Butcher is itching to get started while Oscar remains calm and stoic in his corner.

DDK:

Does his former student have what it takes to beat his former teacher tonight? Or will Oscar Burns make Butcher go 0-5 against Vae Victis?

With the entrances over for the biggest show of the year, referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING

The DEFIAtron graphics show Oscar Burns vs. Butcher Victorious on screen. Oscar stares down Butcher. He's unmoved by the bright lights, the noise and anything else. Meanwhile, Butch Vic looks out to his new Clique...

BUTCH VIC! CLAPCLAP

BUTCH VIC! CLAPCLAP

BUTCH VIC! CLAPCLAP

Fueled by the people. Butcher inches closer to Oscar.

Butcher Victorious:

YOU NEVER BELIEVED IN ME! YOU NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE HERE! BUT HERE I AM!

Oscar says nothing... but instead, he QUICKLY circles around Butcher and picks him up with a lightning-quick rear waistlock before taking him to the mat! Butcher is left stunned while Oscar stands up.

Oscar Burns:

You're ONLY here because I accepted your challenge.

Butcher springs back to his feet, but Oscar grabs him by the head a second time! He hits a snapmare on Butcher... but instead of doing anything to The Microphone Fiend... he taps him on the head like a child.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Oscar knows what this opportunity means to Butcher Victorious. He knows that he's never been at this high a level and Burns is doing everything he can to throw Butcher off his game.

Lance:

What can Butcher bring to the table against Oscar tonight? Surely, he has to have thought of some kind of a gameplan?

Trying not to take the bait, Butcher fights back to his feet again and then tries to shoot Oscar down with a single leg! Oscar tries to block it and then goes low with a front facelock to keep Butcher at bay. He cranks on the neck and continues to twist. He goes for the left arm of Butch Vic and then SLAMS the arm on the mat! Butcher flinches while Burns stands up, then drops a knee into the arm! Butcher winces in pain as Oscar looks completely composed for the moment.

DDK:

Burns exhibiting early control. Butcher learned a lot of technical skills against Oscar that he displayed in his Vae Victis Gauntlet matches. He caught some of the best in DEFIANCE off-guard at various times, but remember... OSCAR was the one who taught him these things!

Lance:

You're right! Butcher better have something else up his sleeve!

Restrained in a tight arm lock, Butcher is at the mercy of Oscar, who isn't feeling merciful at the moment. He arrogantly holds the arm up and then starts making Butcher suffer more by pulling at the fingers of Butcher! Butch Vic shouts out in pain as Oscar pulls back each finger, but keeping things with Benny Doyle free and easy showing he's not breaking any rules.

Lance:

Look at this... Oscar wants to humiliate Butcher tonight. He wants to show him that sitting under his learning tree doesn't mean he can beat him.

After having each of his fingers stretched, DEFIANCE Himself takes Butcher and then cranks the arm in a different direction. He tries one again to grab Butcher into a top wristlock, but the pained Butch Vic is being taken to task. He gets to a knee and tries to force a break by grabbing the nearby ropes, but Oscar rolls away and keeps him from the ropes.

DDK:

Great move by Oscar! Keeping Butcher at bay!

The Faithful cheer on Butcher as he tries to stand up to his feet once again... but quickly, the New Zealander WHIPS him to the mat with a lightning-fast armbar takedown right into a secured top wristlock! The arm is fastened securely with Oscar grinding away slowly by dropping another elbow! He continues to catch another elbow!

Lance:

I think Butcher's going to have to approach this match from a different angle tonight!

DDK:

That he does... wait!

Oscar stands to his full height and has him on a knee, until Butch Vic scores with a kick! He then grabs the arm of

Oscar and REVERSES the hold! He has the arm! Burns angrily throws a back elbow, but Butcher ducks that and then applies a headlock! Burns is trapped now as Butcher grinds down on the headlock, then twirls around behind Oscar to TRIP him up with a quick drop-toe hold on the mat! The fans look elated!

DDK:

HE DID IT! I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE PICKED THAT UP, BUT HE PULLED THAT TWIST INTO THE DROP TOE HOLD!

The Butch Vic Clique applauds as he has the headlock in tightly! Butcher keeps WRENCHING tightly on the hold until Oscar starts to get back to his feet. He angrily snatches Butcher up and then tries to lift him up... but Butch Vic starts to shift! His body weight allows him to flip Oscar over into another headlock takeover!

DDK:

Has Butcher been practicing with the headlock? One of wrestling's most classic moves and he's pulling these off well!

Infuriated by Butcher not letting go of the hold, Burnsie gets back to his feet and then tries to escape the hold by pushing Butcher off the ropes, but like a pitbull with steak in its mouth, Butch Vic won't quit! He takes a knee and continues to wrench the neck lock!

Butcher Victorious:

LOOK AT ME! I'M GRABBING A HOLD, BROTHER!

That gets some laughs from the Butch Vic Clique while Burns is slapping the canvas, frustrated with his rotten luck! He starts to get back to his feet and then finally shoves Butcher into the corner... but quickly, Butcher runs up the ropes and then once again takes Burnsie down with a quick headlock takeover that sends him across the ring! He tries to scramble to his feet, but Butcher charges off the ropes and SMACKS Burns upside the jaw with a flying european uppercut, sending him tumbling through the ropes and landing out to the floor!

Lance:

Butcher's done it! He's using those headlocks to throw Oscar off HIS game! And he busted out a few variations here!

Butcher hears the people and then points out to the floor where Oscar is checking his jaw in pain. Butch Vic then flips his fingers and tells the Faithful/Butch Vic Clique he's going for a big dive!

DDK:

This is part of that strategy we said he should do! Throw Oscar off his game!

With applause filling the Crypto.com Arena, Butcher hits the ropes quickly! He flies right through just as Oscar stands up...

AND RIGHT INTO A HEADLOCK!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

Landing next to Oscar out of the dive, he TRAPS Oscar in the headlock once again!

DDK:

Did... did we JUST see a suicide dive into... A HEADLOCK?!

Lance:

We did! We did! And listen to the people! What a way to kick off DEFCON Night Two!

Butcher growls and laughs at Oscar's misery right now as Butch Vic continues to

Butcher Victorious:

Been training! Every damn day since I broke away from you! Ever since I challenged you at DEFCON!

He continues cranking the headlock!

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... WON'T QUIT!

That's enough to make Burns SCREAM out loud! He growls... then HOISTS Butcher up...

BACK SUPLEX ON THE RING APRON!

Not only does he release the headlock, but now he audibly gasps after the loud thud of body on apron! Oscar slowly checks his neck and tries to give it a good pop while The Microphone Fiend is suffering on the apron.

DDK:

No! Too much crowing there by Butcher Victorious! Trying to get under Burnsie's skin worked only for so long!

When he's had enough, Oscar grabs Butcher by the neck and then pulls him off the ring apron. He hooks him by the body...

OVERHEAD BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX ON THE FLOOR!

Another loud thud gets collective groans from The Faithful! Butcher cries out after the move as Oscar goes back into the ring and shouts at Benny Doyle to begin counting out Victorious.

Lance:

After those brutal suplexes on the floor, Butch Vic better reconsider his stance on quitting!

DDK:

He very well should. Oscar seems like he's done with this match. It's not like him to take a countout like this, but at this point, he's had it up to here with Butcher and his headlocks!

Oscar shouts and then Doyle continues the count.

Benny Doyle:

One! Two! Three! Four!

After a few moments, Victorious finally moves. The Man with IT tries to get up!

DDK:

Butch Vic is true to his word! He isn't quitting!

Benny Doyle:

Five! Six!

Butcher pushes up off the ground with his fists... then grabs the ring apron! Burnsie points at Doyle and demands that he count faster.

Benny Doyle:

Seven! Eight!

Lance:

He's gotta get back in!

The Butch Vic Clique rally behind him!

Benny Doyle:

NINE!

...at the last second, Butcher slides in... ONLY TO EAT A SLIDING KNEE STRIKE TO THE CHEST FROM OSCAR!

DDK:

And just like that, Oscar shuts the salvo down!

Lance:

Oscar back in control here!

Burnsie grabs Butcher and then goes to the side in order to lock in a gutwrench. He HOISTS Butcher up once and then snaps him down to the mat! Butch Vic grunts in pain, but Oscar doesn't stop there. He goes for a second one by rolling Butcher up with him flawlessly, only to score with a second consecutive gutwrench suplex!

DDK:

There's two gutwrench suplexes! Oscar likes to hit these in threes!

He picks up Butcher by the side and then scores with a third gutwrench suplex, then flows right into the first pinfall attempt of the match!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Butch Vic with the kick... out!

Lance:

Butch Vic kicks out, but how much does he have left in the tank tonight? He's been through battles consistently these past couple of months. Oscar... has been pretty much taking it easy. He's fresh as a daisy.

DDK:

And it shows. Oscar continues to remain in control. Other than that brief flurry of headlocks from Butcher, this one has been mostly Oscar tonight.

Lance:

And he better think of something else fast!

Oscar leads Butcher by his feet, but showing some defiance to DEFIANCE, Butcher SLUGS him with a big chop! The fans let out a loud whoo as Butcher stands up! Another chop! Another chop! Another chop! Burns winces in pain and hunches over! Butcher then tries to secure another headlock, but Oscar is on to his tricks now and slips free before grabbing his arm. He slams a big uppercut to the jaw and then WHIPS Butcher as hard as he can across the ring into the turnbuckle! He takes the full impact to the chest and collapses to the mat!

Lance:

That was brutal! Butcher just tried to fight back, but Oscar Burns is not giving him any room to breathe tonight.

Burns then gestures out to the crowd as Butcher is trying to get up in the corner, only to charge forward and nail him with another knee to the back! Butcher scrambles into the corner. With Butch Vic down for the moment, Oscar gets ready in the corner and lets The Faithful know what's next...

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

Stomp-stomp-stomp-stomp-stomp!

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

Stomp-stomp-stomp-stomp-stomp!

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

Stomp-stomp-stomp-stomp-stomp!

After Benny Doyle warns him against a disqualification, Oscar leaves the corner and takes in the hatred of the Oscar Burns Faithful.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar Burns:

-URNS! I'M HERE ALL WEEK, GCs!

Lance:

Not this again!

DDK:

Much as we don't like his methods or tactics sometimes... this ring, this place is home to Oscar Burns. When he's on top of his game, there are few better that can do it!

When he's done playing with the crowd, Burns goes back to the corner as Butcher is trying to pick himself up. He grabs the left leg of Butcher, but out of nowhere, Butcher KICKS him with a right! The Butch Vic Clique is up when Oscar is stunned! He snaps out of it and charged back to Butch Vic, but he lands another kick! Oscar stumbles back a second time and tries to shake out the cobwebs! He charges for an uppercut... but Butcher scores with one first! Oscar stumbles in the ropes as Butcher slips through...

THEN LOCKS IN A ROPE-ASSISTED HEADLOCK WITH BURNSIE BETWEEN THE ROPES!

DDK:

HE'S GOT HIM! A VARIATION OF THE HEADLOCK! HE'S USING THE ROPES TO PULL OSCAR'S NECK OVER THE ROPES!

Lance:

But he can only hold the submission in the ropes for five seconds!

Butcher CRANKS on the hold while in the ropes until he hears Benny making the five-count! He lets go as Burnsie falls back between the ropes and into the ring! Butcher sees a chance to go for broke as he starts to slowly climb the top rope! He goes up top!

Lance:

Here comes Butcher!

Then he takes flight with a missile dropkick...

ONLY FOR OSCAR TO NAIL AN UPPERCUT FIRST!

DDK:

OOOH! THAT COUNTER WAS UGLY!

Butcher gets cracked with the move and when he does, Oscar waits patiently for the Texan to try and stand. When he doesn't do it as fast as he'd like, he pulls him up to a seated position, runs the ropes and nails Butcher with another running knee strike!

Lance:

Big running knee by Oscar! And right into a cover!

Oscar stacks the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

Butcher flops backwards out of the cover and onto his stomach, which causes the blood pressure in DEFIANCE to rise! He pulls Butcher over and then goes for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAHHH!

DDK:

And look at Oscar right now! He's seething!

Lance:

Butcher said it best! Tonight, Butch Vic won't quit! Tonight, Butcher Victorious has a chance to get back at the man that has treated him like garbage for almost two years!

Slinking back against the nearby ropes, Burnsie is waiting for another chance to strike and yells at Butcher to get up. Slowly, but surely, Butcher does just that! He drunkenly stumbles to his feet when he sees Oscar coming off the ropes. He tries another running high knee, but Butch Vic gives him the slip! He keeps running into the ropes and when he comes back, Butcher grabs him by the side and CRANKS Oscar's neck with a Cobra Twist!

DDK:

BUTCHER'S GOT HIM! COBRA TWIST! USING OSCAR'S OWN MOVE AGAINST HIM!

The Faithful are rabid now! He continues to struggle and tries to fight to the ropes! Butcher screams and continues to hold onto the Twist...

Lance:

Does Butcher have him? Does Butcher have him tonight?

Burns continues to fight...

BUT BUTCHER PULLS HIM BACK INTO A COBRA TWIST ROLL-UP!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

DDK:

NO! I THOUGHT HE GOT HIM! I THOUGHT HE GOT HIM!

But when Butcher gets back to his feet, Oscar cuts him off at the pass with a STIFF elbow strike to the jaw! The blow staggers Butcher around, allowing Oscar to DRAG him down violently to the mat with a grounded sleeper hold with body scissors to keep Butcher trapped!

Lance:

No! Oscar takes control once again! Just when it looked like things were going Butcher's way, Burns takes back control again!

DDK:

And he's got that sleeper locked in! Body scissors, too, to keep Butcher from going anywhere!

Fighting frantically to try and get Oscar to loosen his grip, Butcher pulls at his arms! When that doesn't work, Butcher grabs a leg and starts throwing elbows into the knee joint of Oscar to try and fight his way out!

DDK:

Is there a way out here?! Is there a way out for Butcher or is Oscar Burns going to shut out his DEFCON dreams here tonight with this sleeper hold?

The efforts of Butch Vic do not go in vain after he elbows the leg of Oscar to try and relieve pressure off the body scissors, allowing Butcher to fight up! He gets to his knees despite Burns having the slight height and weight advantage. He goes to pull up, but Oscar switches things up and then elbows him on top of the head! DEFIANCE Himself holds his leg with both men now to their feet. He flips Butcher around... only to catch a STIFF jumping enzuigiri from Butcher that rocks him!

DDK:

He did it! Butcher fights out of the sleeper and catches Oscar with that enzuigiri! Can he follow up?!

The Faithful watch as Oscar has fallen to his knees following the kick from Butcher while his former protege is now leaned against the corner thinking about his next move! He points at Oscar, then charges as fast as he can, only for Oscar to twist (and turn) around him to catch him with a sleeper hold again!

Lance:

Sleeper hold!

DDK:

He's got it! He's got... NO! NO! SAITO SUPLEX! BUTCHER COUNTERS WITH THE SAITO SUPLEX!

The Faithful go crazy when he DRIVES Oscar down to the canvas with the same move he used on Lindsay Troy just weeks before! DEFIANCE Himself holds the back of his head in tremendous pain right now while Butcher tries to find a way to fight back. Benny Doyle is checking on both men when Butcher crawls over. He inches closer to Oscar hooks the new leg.

DDK:

But Butcher Victorious is too hurt to follow up with a cover! That Saito Suplex bought him some time, but what can he do next?

Lance:

He better think of something!

Butcher hears the noise from all around the arena and then leans back opposite the corner that Burns is pulling himself

up into. He grits his teeth and then pulls on the ropes before he SPEEDS forward and then hits a running European uppercut to Oscar in the corner! After that, he slaps on another headlock!

DDK:

He's back to the headlock... running headlock bulldog out of the corner! Oscar gets faceplanted!

Lance:

Listen, Darren! Listen to this ovation by The Faithful! They want to see it! They want to see the upset tonight!

After the big move, Butcher rises to his feet and then has the Butch Vic Clique in the palm of his hand right now as he gets back up! He starts to pick Oscar up again... BAM! Oscar DRILLS him in the side of the head with big elbow smash! Butcher gets his jaw rocked when Oscar leand back. He pulls Butcher up by the arm, then swings for a European uppercut...

DDK:

OSCAR MOVES... NO! NO! BUTCHER COUNTERS THE UPPERCUT! HEADLOCK TAKEOVER!

With the quickness, Butcher slides over and then adjusts ANOTHER headlock... INTO THE BULLDOG CHOKE! Butcher leans up in a bridging position while Oscar has his head cranked back now! Burnsie's eyes grow wide as he scratches and claws at the mat doing everything he can to try and break free!

DDK:

THE HEADLOCK BULLDOG CHOKE! THE DEADLIEST VARIATION OF A CHOKEHOLD YET! WILL BUTCHER VICTORIOUS DO THE UNTHINKABLE AND MAKE OSCAR BURNS TAP OUT?!

Screaming at the top of his lungs now, Butch Vic has the hold clinched in tightly and continues to ring the neck of Oscar, doing his best to gain the submission! Not a fan is seated as he continues to hold the neck!

Lance:

OSCAR NEVER THOUGHT HE'D BE IN THIS POSITION TONIGHT, BUT HE IS!

DEFIANCE Himself tries to alleviate the pressure by cranking a knee back, then leaning upwards to get Butcher to loosen his grip! Oscar continues to fight and squirm, then finally gets to a knee! Butcher still has the headlock locked in, but Oscar goes to try and hit a suplex... until Butcher fights back with frantic elbows to the back of the head! Butcher then tries a sleeper hold of his own!

DDK:

Oscar fights his way out, but no! No! Butcher falls back into the sleeper... OSCAR REVERSES!

Oscar rolls through up and over Butcher on the ground, then tries to roll over... but Butcher turns around and elbows his way out! Oscar gets stunned only momentarily, only to charge forward and then tries to swing with a running elbow smash! Burns ducks, then comes back and then locks in another headlock! He transitions behind Oscar with the headlock intact... THEN HAS HIM UP AND DROPS HIM WITH AN AIR RAID CRASH!

DDK:

HEADLOCK INTO THE AIR RAID CRASH! OSCAR IS DOWN! OSCAR IS DOWN!

Butcher hooks BOTH legs and kicks his own frantically!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... KICKOUT!

Oscar's shoulder goes up at two and seven-eighths! Butcher can't believe it, either as he pleads with Benny Doyle for what is only a two-count!

DDK:

Butcher wasn't kidding on DEF Radio! Those headlocks must have been a secret weapon tonight! The bulldog choke! The headlock air raid crash! But I think that might have been his best shot, Lance!

Lance:

It just might have been, Darren! What does Butcher have left here tonight? He's going up against one of the best big-match wrestlers we've ever had in DEFIANCE!

Oscar holds the back of his neck in pain while Butcher runs both hands over his face, looking like he's not quite sure what to do next. He looks up at the turnbuckle near him and then nods. He stands up slowly and then puts the boots to Oscar! After several boots, he starts to head to the corner and then starts to make the slow climb up to the top turnbuckle.

Lance:

What's he going for? Moonsault, maybe?

DDK:

I don't know!

Butcher goes up top. He looks out to the Butch Vic Clique...

DIVING MOONSAULT...

...OSCAR MOVES!

DDK:

BUTCHER LANDS ON HIS FEET AFTER THE MOONSAU... OHHHH!

THUNK!

But as Butcher turns, he gets CLOCKED by Oscar, courtesy of the Hard Out Headbutt!

DDK:

HARD OUT HEADBUTT BY OSCAR! HARD OUT HEADBUTT! HE TAUGHT BUTCHER THAT HEADBUTT! IT WAS HIS RESIGNATION FROM VAE VICTIS, BUT THAT MIGHT BE BUTCHER'S UNDOING!

Seething and red-faced, Oscar Burns is holding his own head in pain but stands over Butcher now.

Lance:

I don't think Oscar Burns counted on this much resistance from Butcher. We've heard all the talk, Keebs. We've heard Butcher say this was his one chance and that he was not going to quit, but Oscar IS going to hurt him!

The camera goes over to Butcher and the headbutt appears to have opened a wound in his forehead, causing blood to start dripping!

DDK:

Oh no! I think the Hard Out Headbutt did that!

Oscar stands over Butcher now and drags his boot across the face of his former protege and gets massive jeers. Oscar looks out, then pulls Butcher up... only for Butch Vic to slump over. He's not moving. Benny Doyle goes to check

on Butcher Victorious to see if the gutsy underdog can continue the match.

Lance:

Doyle might have to make a call and end this one right now. Butcher is down and bleeding. Oscar is standing on his own two feet and this might be done.

Butcher is still slumped over on the canvas while Doyle is asking if he wants to stop.

Benny Doyle:

Do you want to... HEY!

But Oscar isn't waiting! He pushes past Benny Doyle and picks Butcher up before SLAMMING him down with a big exploder suplex! Butcher bounces off the canvas while Oscar sits up, sneering out to The Faithful!

DDK:

He's gotta stop this! Come on, Doyle, stop it!

DEFIANCE's head referee doesn't get a chance to even inspect Butcher because Oscar picks up Butcher a second time before planting him again with a second exploder suplex!

Lance:

He's turning this into a massacre! He's gotta stop!

Once again, Burns hobbles back to his feet and now he's standing over Butcher. Butcher STILL tries to move and hangs on to Oscar's trunks, forcing Oscar to pull away and then hook him again! A THIRD exploder suplex plants Butcher on the mat!

DDK:

This is done. This one is done. Burns could keep this up and it looks like Butcher has nothing left to give!

Lance:

He tried his best! He kept Oscar on his toes using offense to try and get under his skin and make mistakes, but he went too far and now Burns is out to punish him.

Oscar laughs once again and points down at Butcher. Knowing that now is the time to wrap things up, he pulls Butcher up by his mohawk. Face bleeding, he looks up at Oscar and EATS a big slap!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Smirking as evilly as he can, he pulls Butcher up again. He starts to set him up for the Head-Drop-O-Matic, the wrist-clutch exploder variant...

THUNK!

Lance:

NO! NO! NO! HARD OUT HEADBUTT FROM BUTCHER!

Burns gets ROCKED with the very same headbutt that he taught Butcher! Butcher leaps up and takes him down with a headlock takeover and then hooks the leg into a TIGHT CRADLE PIN!

DDK:

HEADLOCK CRADLE! HEADLOCK CRADLE! BUTCHER COUNTERS OUT OF NOWHERE AFTER THE HARD OUT HEADBUTT!

Butcher has his arms locked, each snagging a head and leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

RRRRRRRRRAAAHHHHHH!

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

BUTCHER ROLLS OUT OF THE RING RIGHT AFTER THE THREE-COUNT AND HEADS TO THE FLOOR!

Darren Quimbey:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Lance:

NO WAY! NO WAY! OH, MY GOD! BUTCHER VICTORIOUS DID IT! BUTCHER VICTORIOUS DID IT!

Burns is stunned silent and sits up with lips trembling as Butcher starts to stand, bloody forehead and laughing that his very last-second gambit paid off!

DDK:

THAT'S A MAJOR UPSET! BUTCHER VICTORIOUS HAS JUST PINNED OSCAR BURNS! I REPEAT... BUTCHER VICTORIOUS HAS JUST **PINNED** OSCAR BURNS HERE TONIGHT AT DEFCON!

Barely having the strength to keep himself upright at ringside, Butcher leans up and is GREETED by a rowdy number of front row fans! One of them in the front row has a "BUTCH VIC CLIQUE" sign and flashes it proudly as Butcher, still sore and beat up, laughs!

Lance:

For weeks, he fought and did everything in his power to regain his spot as a member of Vae Victis until he realized it was never going to happen. Oscar Burns wanted to keep Butcher Victorious under his thumb. He wanted him to remain his whipping boy until Butcher finally realized what kind of person Oscar Burns really is! And tonight, he finally did it!

DDK:

That Headbutt! The Headbutt Heard Round The World that Oscar taught him... ended up being his undoing!

Burns FINALLY sits up and LOSES it on Benny Doyle! He GRABS him by the collar and screams in his face!

Oscar Burns:

YOU SON OF A BITCH! I KICKED OUT! I KICKED OUT! YOU REVERSE THIS DECISION! I AM DEFIANCE AND I **DEMAND** YOU REVERSE THE DECISION **NOW!**

When Doyle tells him that the decision is final and he got a three-count... Burns SHOVES him to the ground! The booing is thunderous on him as he rolls out of the ring and storms off up the ramp!

DDK:

THAT'S GONNA BE A FINE RIGHT THERE! OSCAR BURNS IS LOSING IT! HE'S HE THOUGHT TONIGHT WAS

GONNA BE A CAKEWALK... ONLY TO GET **BEAT** BY THE MAN HE HUMILIATED FOR TWO YEARS!

Oscar STORMS off into the crowd that are jeering him. Meanwhile, Butcher Victorious is partying HARD! Running on adrenaline and (non-Makayla Namaste) good vibes, Butcher throws up both hands and takes a bow to The Faithful for supporting him tonight.... Then has to stand up quickly due to a head rush and the realization he should get checked out.

Butcher Victorious:

HEADLOCKS AND HEADBUTTS! PROFIT, BABY!

He babbles, but continues to celebrate with the fans as we cut away to the next match!

THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS vs. THE UNCUT GEMS

♪ *"Lo Boob Oscillator" by Stereolab* ♪

The 90s indie anthem, with the soothing vocals of Laetitia Staller, starts as the crowd boos. The DEFiatron shows French imagery -- the tri-colored flag, the Eiffel Tower, Jacques Chirac, Audrey Tautou in Amelie, croissants, Versaille, etc.

The French Connection, with Madame Melton, appear from the back. Melton, shaking off the events of the night before, still looks resplendent in her Silver Vixen hair and attire (albeit with French flag dangling earrings). Raiden is to her right, mullet/"Cause of Concussions" tank top, leg-length French-flag themed trunks with the words "French Connection" written in white cursive on the rear. "The New Flying Frenchman " Jean-Pierre Reeves flanks The Iron Lady on the other side, wearing his beret and sparkling French flag themed gaudy jacket (with red tails) and trunks matching his partners.

DDK:

And here comes The French Connection, Madame Melton's tag team specialists!

Lance:

As part of Madame Melton's March, she had the newly dubbed French Connection pick a fight with Mikey Unlikely! Then the sides were evened with the reappearance of Jesse Fredericks Kendrix in a dramatic reunion of The Hollywood Bruvs! But even with that, The French Connection have only escalated things!

The music still plays as The Gems pace to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Now making their way to ringside, led by DEFIANCE's 2023 Manager of the Year, The Iron Lady, The Grande Dame of The Ring, Madame Melton... and representing Her Gems -- Her Most Precious Gems... originally hailing from Claymont, Delaware and having recently defected to their new residence of Cannes, France...

They make it to ringside. Madame Melton has a smile on her face and points to each side of her cheek. Her charges peck each side with a kiss, before scaling the apron and into the ring, with Reeves sliding off his jacket.

Darren Quimbey:

They describe themselves as The Criterion Collection of Tag Team Wrestling... they are Raiden... "The New Flying Frenchman" Jean-Pierre Reeves... THE! FRENCH! CONNECTION!

♪ *"F*cking in the Bushes remix" by Oasis/Kerstall* ♪

The lights in the arena turn to gold and focus on the curtain. As the beat picks up the crowd gets loud recognizing the arrival of one of their favorite tag teams!

DDK:

Here they come, two men who have forged a career here in DEFIANCE, set to take on a hot new upstart tag team over the last year. This match is one I've circled, as I can't wait to see what happens.

Through the curtain comes the Hollywood star followed by the big man from the Square Mile. Mikey moves to one side of the stage, Jesse the other. The motion to the crowd and start to seemingly be pulled toward one another. They both try to resist but it seems they almost slide toward one another before finally their fists meet in the middle of the stage. The Bruvs yell it out, and the crowd right along with them.

Everyone (except the French Connection):

GLUEFIIIIIIIIST!

They smile and begin to head down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

...And their opponents... Hailing from Hollywood, California and London, England respectively, Mikey Unlikely.... Jesse Fredricks Kendrix.... They are THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS!

The Bruvs start pointing and jaw jacking the French Connection. Quickly the Bruvs move into a run as if they're going to slide into the ring.

DDK:

But The French Connection isn't waiting!

Both members come out of ringside, throwing fists. The Bruvs' music dies down.

Lance:

But The Bruvs were expecting this right away!

Mikey catches Reeves with punches first, while Kendrix and Raiden are going blow for blow right next to them. The crowd roars as the four men brawl. Referee Brian Slater is leaning between the ropes, demanding both teams to stop.

DDK:

Reeves catches Mikey down low with a boot! Raiden rakes Kendrix in the eyes! And Melton is holding up a chair!

The New Flying Frenchman whips Mikey towards the chair, but the podcaster extraordinaire reverses and Reeves hits the chair held by his own manager headfirst! Raiden charges the Brit -- backdrop by Kendrix! Both Reeves and Raiden get up quickly and charge the veterans, each with a wild clothesline ducked by each --

DDK:

Stereo atomic drops from The Bruvs! And Reeves and Raiden collide their heads against each other!

Lance:

And the former FIST and tag team champions have taken the fort first!

Mikey and Kendrix slide into the ring and point to the crowd. Each of them makes a fist, and their chemistry is so tight they don't even need to look at each other. They crowd yells it out as they make --

GLUEFIST!

Rooooooooaaaaarrrrr!

DDK:

And it appears that the struggles of Madame Melton and Her Most Precious Gems at DEFCON have only continued!

Melton throws the chair down in disgust, stomping her foot in madness while yelling God-Knows-What to Slater. She then closes her eyes and takes some deep breaths while Reeves and Raiden each slowly get to their feet, with Reeves in particular claiming The Bruvs cheated. Madame snaps her fingers to get their attention.

Madame Melton:

They're just men! They're just men! Remember! They're just men!

Kendrix:

MANLY MEN!

Melton sees the camera and screams at the cameraman

Madame Melton:

This is proprietary information! Get out of here!

Raiden shoves the camera with his right hand as The Gems now huddle up, with Melton going over the strategy. Slater leans between the ropes telling them to end the discussion and start the match.

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

We're not ready yet!

Ding! Ding!

Melton's threatening litigation immediately as Raiden stares menacingly at Slater, who does not care. Reeves kicks the ring steps in anger, frothing at the mouth about "his rights" at a jeering fan at ringside. Kendrix in the corner, with Mikey on the apron. They're looking on with curiosity at the events unfolding on the outside.

Finally, Raiden is on the apron in the corner. Reeves finally gets in the ring.

DDK:

And it looks like The New Flying Frenchman and the great JFK are going to start things off!

They circle for a lockup. But right when they're about to, Jean-Pierre drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring to the side of Madame Melton, making the "time out" gesture. Slater goes over to warn him as Kendrix continues to roll his eyes.

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

I told you that I wasn't ready!

Melton starts adjusting his back muscles as Raiden sneers and heads to the floor to join his ranks.

Madame Melton:

Slow it down! We have them right where we want them! Slow it down!

Boooooooooo!!!!

DDK:

Reeves and Raiden are both young, athletic and gifted — on top of lethal! This is not what I was expecting from them tonight!

Lance:

We have gotten so used to The Gems' "Everything Everywhere All At Once" style — non-stop swarming, constantly looking to break the rules for an advantage, Melton's "set plays" when things are set up right as she planned them. I can't help but think they're running counter to this tonight to try and unnerve The Hollywood Bruvs!

Raiden stands back in the corner as Reeves slithers back in. However, he starts pointing at Mikey, indicating he wants a chance at the longest reigning FIST champion in history. Mikey asks the audience if he should go in, as Reeves is beckoning him in. With the crowd's approval, Mikey tags in!

Rasaaaaaaaaa!!!

But just as the lockup begins —

DDK:

Reeves once again rolls out of the ring to Madame Melton!

Reeves is on the floor, a smirk on his face, as he starts doing jumping jacks. Kendrix comes storming around the corner, only to pause when Raiden hops down to greet him as the two exchange words. Mikey turns his head to the Kendrix/Raiden stand-off. At Melton's command, The New Flying Frenchman goes to pounce, only for Mikey to see it coming and hip tosses Reeves into The Bruvs corner.

Lance:

There is very little Mikey and Kendrix have not seen in their careers. Good luck trying to throw them off their game.

Reeves pops up and turns around, only to stare right at Kendrix who goes to punch him. But Reeves ducks and scampers on his knees back to his own corner, where he cradles his partner's legs in a tight hug and a panicked look on his face.

DDK:

There now appear to be some fractures within The French Connection!

Reeves is on the floor, screaming mad about "the strategy" at Madame. Radien pops down onto the floor to moderate, standing next to The Iron Lady as he clearly takes his side.

Madame Melton (still with steely confidence):

We have them right where we want them! Slow it down! Keep calm! Deep breathing! Think of France!

Reeves nods, closes his eyes and takes some deep breaths.

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

Escargot... Formula One...: Acclaimed French Literature...

Slater again is between the ropes admonishing them to get into the ring, with Mikey Unlikely behind him talking smack. He then turns his head to Kendrix, and Reeves sees the moment to strike, only for it to be another trap set by The Bruvs!

DDK:

Mikey with a roll-up!

One!

Two!

Thr—

Reeves again backs up to his corner. The crowd starts to boo as now Melton stomps up to the apron. She scolds Slater, complaining of a fast count —

Madame Melton:

Too fast, Slater! Like this!

She pantomimes her preferred count, and it is extremely slow.

Onnnnnnnnnnnneeeee!!!

(Huge, long, awkward pause.)

Twwwwwwwoooooo!!!

(Huge, long awkward pause.)

Thhhhhhrreeeeeeeeeeee!!!

Slater nods as Reeves again prepares for battle. Mikey charges, and Reeves sidesteps! Mikey charges hard chest-first into the corner. Reeves rolls him up, and even puts his feet on the ropes, with Madame holding onto his boots for leverage, a face of victorious anticipation on her face.

But Slater follows Madame's instructions to the tee, even with her dangling on The Frenchman's feet!

Onnnnnnnnnnnnnneeeee!

(Very long, very awkward pause.)

Twwwwwwwoooooo!!!

(Very long, very awkward pause.)

No!

Melton and Reeves are now furious. She gets back on the apron, and along with The New Flying Frenchman explain to Slater the count he should have used, with each hand pound the equivalent of a cocaine heartbeat.

Onetwothree!

He nods, just as Mikey now rolls up Reeves! And does this count just as demanded, as Melton is about to rip her silver curls out.

Onetwothrr —

DDK:

That very nearly almost cost The French Connection this match!

Lance:

Which would have been a very entertaining way to see The Gems lose!

Reeves just got out in time. He's steaming mad, but sees Mikey going to punch him, and he ducks between the middle and top rope and calls for a timeout! Mikey, now showing exasperation, has to be pushed back by Slater.

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

I'm not ready!

Madame Melton:

Slow it down! Stick to the plan! We've got them right where we want them!

Mikey and Kendrix are both pointing over to Raiden, talking smack to him as he points back.

Lance:

How much more can The Gems slow things down by? This is ridiculous!

Reeves ducks back into the ring and looks at the crowd. He holds the top rope and begins to stomp to get them to rally behind him, joined by Madame pounding on the mat. No one is joining in.

DDK:

Despite all of their terrible actions the past few months, The Most Precious Gems are delusional enough to believe they should be beloved by The Faithful! Who clearly disagree.

They chant to the cadence Reeves set:

Melton Sucks!

Melton Sucks!

Melton Sucks!

Reeves is beside himself in ringside at the fans. Melton is screaming holy terror. Raiden pops down and holds his hands over her ears so she does not hear the disrespect. Meanwhile, in the other corner, Kendrix on the apron turns to the crowd and starts stomping on the mat, along with Mikey. The crowd does rally behind The Bruvs.

Let's Go Bruvs!

Let's Go Bruvs!

Let's Go Bruvs!

DDK:

I don't think I will ever get used to hearing the fans get behind Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix!

Reeves, truly angered, charged Mikey who catches him with a back body drop, followed by his trademark fist drop! He then goes to the second rope as Kendrix tags in, and does a fist drop from the middle rope. His partner smoothly gets in the ring and drops one elbow, followed by a second and does the "wanker" gesture to the delight of the fans — only to turn as he sees Radien sprint into the ring almost undetected, but detected enough for The Brit to elbow Raiden in the head.

DDK:

Slater now has his handful with all four men in the ring!

Reeves catches Mikey with a thumb to the eye followed by a boot to the stomach. Raiden catches Kendrix with a kick to the side. They have each Bruv in opposite corners and whip Mikey and Kendrix toward each other —

Lance:

Do-Si-Do!

The Bruvs catch each Gem with stereo dropkicks that send Reeves and Raiden to opposite corners. Mikey stands on the second corner over Reeves while Kendrix goes to Raiden. They pause for a second as they look to the crowd and start to punch —

One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!

Six!

Seven!

Eight!

Nine! Annndddddd

Ten!

DDK:

The Bruvs are firmly in control of this one now!

Mikey and Kendrix whip Raiden and Reeves toward each other, only for them to do-so-do —

Lance:

Their sudden reversal doesn't work as Raiden and Reeves are once again met with stereo dropkicks from The Bruvs!

Reeves goes to crawl out of the ring again, but Kendrix, with a look on his face that says "not this time," measures him up for a bulldog!

DDK:

The veteran presence of The Hollywood Bruvs is clear tonight!

Lance:

They've been patient despite all of the antics, especially those of the Delaware-born so-called French citizen Jean-Pierre Reeves, and it is paying off!

Kendrix goes to rebound off the ropes, only to find that Raiden is on the floor and grabs his boot. Kendrix quickly steps between both ropes to get at Raiden, who is beckoning him to the floor. This allows Melton to pull the edge of the ring curtain out from Kendrix's feet, leading him to fall trapped against the side of the ring.

DDK:

What an awkward landing with Kendrix now trapped between the ring curtain and the ring.

Reeves then charges and blasts Mikey, who falls off the corner and hits the ring railing hard. Then The New Flying Frenchman runs and hits a sliding dropkick to the defenseless Kendrix. This is immediately followed by Raiden hitting a running Yakuza kick right to Kendrix's jaw! Kendrix's eyes roll into the back of his head.

Lance:

Raiden's one of the best young strikers the sport has seen in years, and he caught Kendrix with that one.

DDK:

And this is what we were expecting from Raiden, Reeves and Melton tonight! Their non-stop swarming style, double teams and chicanery. They thrive in chaos!

Lance:

They were waiting for the right moment to strike — they threw The Bruvs off with their incessant stalling, sat back as Mikey and Kendrix felt they had things under control, and then struck the second The Bruvs let their guard down with what looks like one of Melton's plays she draws up like wrestling's Bill Belichick!

DDK:

These tactics are why she won the 2023 Manager of The Year Award — and may be the odds on favorite to win it again this year, despite her and JJ Dixon's dramatic comeuppance last night!

Madame Melton turns to the crowd with a wide knowing smile on her face.

Madame Melton:

Stick to the plan... We have them right where we want them!

Booooooooo!!!

Raiden uses the opportunity for a few more kicks before rolling Kendrix into the ring. Reeves covers!

One!

Two!

No!

Raiden quickly tags in, he picks up JFK and slams him back down to the mat with a body slam. Off the ropes, Raiden drops a pointed elbow right into the chest of his opponent. As Kendrix writhes on the ground, gripping his chest with his hands, he reaches out to Mikey but is quickly cut off with stomps from the mad striker.

Lance:

Kendrix wants to make the tag but Raiden isn't going to let him reach his partner. They've finally got the Bruvs exactly where they want them.

Lifting him up by his hair, Raiden hooks the arm, and tucks JFK's head. He lifts the taller Bruv high into the sky and slams him down to the mat with a suplex. He rolls over and tries to cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

DDK:

Multiple pin attempts by The French Connection here, they want to seize every opportunity, because you can believe that both members plus Madame Melton know how big this win would be for them. Beating two former FISTs could send them skyrocketing up the tag team rankings here in DEFIANCE!

Kendrix is slow to get up, and doesn't really seem to recognize where he is. When he finally reaches his feet he turns just in time to see Raiden come springboarding off the top rope and delivers a missile dropkick that sends JFK across the ring.

Lance:

What impact!

Raiden smirks as he gets back to his feet. He looks over to Melton who cheers her men on with approval. He focuses back on Kendrix who is just sitting up, once again Raiden moves in quickly and dropkicks him once more, this time to the back of the head in a seated position. Kendrix crumbles once more. Mikey Unlikely meanwhile bounces back and forth on his feet in anticipation and anxiousness. He reaches for the tag but it seems he's miles away. Once more Raiden goes for the cover. This time Mikey doesn't risk it and steps through the ropes and boots Raiden in the back of the head.

DDK:

Unlikely breaking that one up! But look... it's costing them!

Mikey is admonished by the official, and pushed back to his corner. While the pin is broken up, the referee is distracted trying to get Mikey out, so Reeves charges in the ring, and drags Kendrix back to his corner. He steps back outside the ropes, and when the official turns around he's none the wiser. Raiden takes the opportunity to tag out, and Reeves comes in to work on JFK and keep him in the wrong corner.

Lance:

Smart frequent tags here from The French Connection, not allowing either man to get tired!

DDK:

Kendrix HAS GOT TO make the tag if the Bruvs have any chance to win this.

Reeves lays some boots down on JFK's midsection before picking him up. Reeves motions that the match is over. Mikey yells for JFK in support. Reeves takes the opportunity to run across the ring and deliver a back elbow to the Hollywood actor. Mikey falls off the apron, surprised by the attack. Reeves moves back to Kendrix.

DDK:

Reeves moves into position behind JFK and hooks both his arms! He could be looking for his signature Tiger Suplex here! This could be it!

Reeves pulls both arms and Suplexes the big man over his head but to his surprise, and everyone else in the building, JFK breaks free and lands on his feet doing a backflip along the way.

Lance:

WOAH!

An unphased Reeves gets right back up and runs at JFK who delivers a knee strike to the face of the New Flying Frenchman. Both men hit the mat hard with a thud. JFK absolutely exhausted, and JP Reeves shaking his head, trying to clear up the cobwebs from the strike.

Mikey stomps in his corner and the crowd comes to life. They start chanting for the Bruvs, On the outside Madame Melton does everything in her power to get them to shut it down. He screams at Reeves to get up!

JFK slowly raises his head and locks eyes with Mikey Unlikely. He throws one arm in front of him and slowly begins to crawl to his corner. Madame Melton is so excited now she can't contain herself, she's losing her mind. The fans get louder.

Kendrix pulls himself one more arm length. The fans get louder.

Another one... the fans get louder.

Lance:

COME ON KENDRIX!

He's halfway across the ring and the fans are at a fever pitch. Mikey jumps up and down on the bottom rope stretching his hand out over the top cheering on his longtime tag team partner. With all his energy Mikey urges JFK to push through the pain.

Mikey Unlikely:

CMON BRUV! CMON JESSE! YOU GOT THIS! I'M RIGHT HERE!

On the opposite side of the ring, Raiden finally shakes out of his "paralysis by analysis" and enters the ring at the beckoning of the former Teri Melton. The official goes to cut him off but can't get there fast enough. Raiden grabs both of the legs of Kendrix and flips him onto his back. He goes to pull him back to their corner, but JFK scrunches up his legs and then pushes back off sending Raiden flying....right into JP Reeves!

Lance:

Both members of the French Connection go down! Kendrix flips back over! He's going for the tag!

Kendrix, a little faster now, crawls to the corner for the tag.

Melton:

NOOOOOOOOOOOO! GET UP YOU FOOLS! YOU FOOOOLS!!

JP Reeves is the first one up, he dives for Kendrix's legs. Raiden is right behind him.... BUT THE TAG IS MADE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

HE MAKES THE TAG!

Mikey Unlikely comes in like a ball of fire. He drills the standing Raiden with a flying forearm strike that sends him through the ropes to the outside. He stands right back up, and sees Reeves running towards him. Unlikely pulls the top rope down and Reeves goes flying right over the top and lands next to Raiden. Unlikely moves to the corner turnbuckle and climbs it from the outside. He looks out to the fans who are going nuts. Mikey does the cross across his own chest, shrugs, and flings his body awkwardly at the duo who were just getting up. Mikey knocks them back down to the ground, gets up, looks out to the fans and lets out a guttural primal scream. The fans respond in kind.

Lance:

And the longest reigning FIST is a house on fire!

Mikey remembers Reeves is the legal man and rolls him into the ring. He looks to the crowd and winds up the arm.

DDK:

What is Melton up to now?

Madame has a steel chair and smacks it on the ring steps. Referee Slater heads over to scold her as she hops on the apron, holding her hands over his shoulders, so he misses --

DDK:

ROLL CREDITS!

Raaaaaahhh!

Mikey levels The New Flying Frenchman with his wicked lariat/backbreaker combination. He makes the pin! Finally, Slater breaks free from her grasp.

ONE!

TWO!

THREEENNOOOO!

Raiden at the very last second put his partner's foot on the rope from the floor.

Lance:

Melton's fortuitous distraction just saved the match for The French Connection!

Raiden now hops on the apron, screaming at Mikey. Slater goes to cut him off --

DDK:

REEVES WITH A LOW BLOW TO MIKEY UNLIKELY!

Mikey makes the "OOHHHHHH NOOOOO" face as he falls chest first over the second rope. Reeves smirks as he runs for his finisher, Gone With The Pinned! (21-Plex springboard/rebounded German Suplex.)

One!

Two!

Three---

Kendrix makes the save by leaping into Reeves to break up the pin!

Lance:

JFK shook off the hurt he took earlier this match to save the match after Reeves's awesome suplex!

DDK:

And just look at how clever The Bruvs are!

Kendrix drags Mikey back into his own corner, and then tags in. He heads to Reeves, shaking out the cobwebs. Reeves meets Kendrix with a quick eye rake. Raiden hops on the apron and tags his partner's back before falling back down to the apron.

DDK:

I don't think Kendrix saw the tag!

Rahhhhhhh!

Los Angeles erupts as Kendrix hits The Bell End (Double Knee Face Breaker.) He sits on Reeves and hooks the leg, expecting the cover. But Raiden slithers in and cracks Kendrix in the temple with his Suddenly Last Slumber spinning backfist, as he falls face down to the mat.

Lance:

Kendrix's eyes are glazed over from that one!

Raiden yells something to Reeves, who quickly tags back in. Raiden quickly hoists The Brit over his shoulder as Jean-Pierre positions himself underneath for the Assisted German Suplex!

DDK:

A BRIDGE TOO FAR!

ONE!
TWO!
THREENNOOOO!

Mikey charges into the ring and breaks up the pin from The French Connection's double-team finisher! Kendrix, now dealing with the head shot from The Cause of Concussions, slinks down in the corner.

Lance:

Slater has to keep tabs on the legal men! It's Reeves and Kendrix!

Melton again hops onto the apron right next to the turnbuckle and gets Slater's attention. Raiden and Reeves have 2-on-1 control of Mikey in the other corner, with Mikey trying to fight out to no avail. Reeves slides into position as Raiden whips him to his partner.

DDK:

EXPLODER SUPLEX RIGHT INTO THE CORNER!

Lance:

But also catching Brian Slater in the process!

Melton smirks and hops down to the apron, right next to her Birkin Bag of Tricks. She reaches into the bag and holds up a roll of coins for the crowd to see and tosses it to Raiden, who puts it in his right boot and stomps to load it up!

DDK:

This is yet another one of Melton's schemes!

Lance:

Remember, she took a part-time job as a cleaning woman for several weeks to go undercover at Seattle's Climate Change Arena just to plant a roll of coins in Mikey Unlikey's boot so JJ Dixon could gain one of his cheap successful title defenses!

Reeves grabs Mikey up in a full-nelson, and talks trash (in bad French) in his ear as Raiden goes for the superkick!

DDK:

MIKEY DODGES!

Raiden blasts Reeves with the superkick with his loaded boot. He has a look of shock at what he just did to his partner/cousin, allowing Mikey to clothesline him over the top rope to the floor, right at the despondent Melton's feet.

Mikey gets in proper position as Kendrix springs to life for the Dominator/Ace Crusher combination they also call Sunset Boulevard! Slater comes to right then as Kendix makes the count -- along with the crowd!

ONEEEEEEE!
TWOOOOOO!
THREEEEEEEE!!!

Ding! Ding! Ding!

"F*cking in the Bushes remix" by Oasis/Kerstall plays loudly as The Hollywood Bruvs both embrace in the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner's of the match... THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS!

Raaaaaaaaaaa!

The camera shows Raiden on the ground, with Reeves rolling off the apron right next to him. Madame Melton is now crying, as she sits down behind them before she lays on her back, screaming mad! Like a toddler, she kicks her feet and pounds her feet into the floor screaming --

Madame Melton:

IT'S NOT FAIR! IT'S NOT FAIR! LIFE'S NOT FAIR!

DDK:

And the nightmare of the past two days just continues for Madame Melton, who thought for sure she would end DEFCON with both the Southern Heritage and Favoured Saints title in her grasp, along with The French Connection triumphant over the iconic Hollywood Bruvs!

Lance:

Instead, she and Her Most Precious Gems are leaving empty handed!

In the ring, Mikey points to Kendrix, who points back. They then point to the crowd as they get ready to say it with them.

Mikey/Kendrix/Los Angeles:

GLUEFIST!

OLD TIMES

In just moments, the Twin Terrors of DEFIANCE will have their shot at revenge against the manager that betrayed them.

Those twins are walking through the halls and get a big reception from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful - something that nobody would have ever guessed one year ago.

Mason and Max are wearing what has become their respective trademark look of green and red plaid suits and sunglasses.

Max Luck:

How do I look?

Mason Luck:

Like you're ready to go to Tom Morrow's funeral.

Mason tugs at his suit.

Mason Luck:

Me?

Max Luck:

Like you're ready for the wake after the funeral.

Mason Luck:

Good. Let's get that cocky little prick. This ends tonight. Plan B ready in case of a runner?

Max Luck:

All good.

Mason and Max bump their arms together and they walk towards the path to the entrance to the arena. They keep walking ...

Then something gets their attention.

Two men they are not only familiar with - but two men they main evented DEFCON with last year for the Unified Tag Team titles!

The Saturday Night Specials!

There is a cheer of recognition from the Faithful as the two teams - long, storied, and often violent rivals - come face to face. Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd are dressed for their match later, and the two pairs of teams come face to face. All four men look guarded if not outright angry. Finally, it's clear someone has to break the tension...

Pat Cassidy:

'Sup, dickbags.

The Sevens ready themselves for a response - maybe a violent one?

Max Luck:

Brock. Pat. Weird seeing you guys standing upright around us.

Cassidy throws up his hands.

Pat Cassidy:

Hey hey hey. Listen. The four of us spent the bettah paht of three years beating the crap out of each other. You broke my arm, I stole the heart of your managah...

Brock Newbludd:

You burnt down our livelihood...

Max Luck:

...that was never proven.

Mason Luck:

What he said. Allegedly.

Brock Newbludd:

...and then we set your bus on fire. Allegedly. You took our belts, we took 'em back. Hell, it was just last year we tore the fuckin' house down in the main event. Point is... we ain't friends. And we're damn sure going to knuckle up again someday. But...

Mason nods along with that.

Mason Luck:

Yeah, probably.

Pat Cassidy:

I dunno... I've been in a lot of brawls, and even when there's bad blood, it's hard not to gain just a little bit of respect for a good scrap. And you're going to get yawh hands on Morrow, who literally nobody respects, so I guess what we want to say is...

Cassidy and Newbludd extend their hands.

Brock Newbludd:

Good luck. Get in a few shots for us. And fellas...take your time with Morrow. For how long that shitbag has been makin' everyone's lives miserable around here he should suffer a little before he's put down.

Brock gives Mason a somewhat friendly slap on the shoulder.

Brock Newbludd:

Make it fuckin' show. It's DEFCON, boys.

Mason and Max take a long look at two men they have batted tooth and nail for three years and changed the game for tag team wrestling in DEFIANCE.

They extend hands back to a big pop that can even be heard where they're at!

Mason Luck:

Trust us ... there ain't gonna be anything alleged about what we do to Tom Morrow tonight. You're looking at Public Enemy Number One ... and his twin, 1A.

Max Luck:

Yeah. Whoop some Vae Victis ass while you're at it. They don't get to come into our division saying they're the best team ever when they ain't been putting in the work like us. Also ...

Max looks around.

Max Luck:

If you need someone to take care of that stupid Cup in a big blaze of glory ... We know people.

The Saturday Night Specials nod and then walk away. The twins walk past their old rivals in order to square up with their current ones!

THE LUCKY SEVENS & RAIN CITY RONIN vs. BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY

DDK:

Revenge has been on the mind of the Lucky Sevens for the past six months. Since the fateful night of October 4th, 2023 when Tom Morrow betrayed the Lucky Sevens in favor of M4NTRA as his top tag team, the Sevens have been driven by revenge.

Lance:

And while that was going on, M4NTRA made enemies of the Rain City Ronin by cheating them out of the victory at DEFIANCE Road. That same night, the Lucky Sevens defeated Morrow's hitmen, the Devil's Circus but Alvaro de Vargas returned. He threw a fireball in the face of Mason Luck while the Circus attacked Max's knee.

DDK:

And tonight all the actions committed by M4NTRA, ADV and Tom Morrow against both the Sevens and Rain City Ronin might come home to roost if they have their way. It was Leo Burnett who overcame a one-sided match against DEC4L to earn any type of match they wanted against M4NTRA in a DEF Road rematch; shockingly, they chose an eight-man tag team match with the Sevens as their partners against M4NTRA, ADV and Tom Morrow!

Lance:

Will Tom Morrow have something up his sleeve tonight? You can never count BFTA out! It's time for this blockbuster eight-man tag team match!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The second that the boo birds come out, a wild Tom Morrow appears on stage... and he's dressed in extra-bulky custom riot gear with the silver BFTA logo embroidered across the chest. He flicks on the BFTA-branded headset in his ear and taps into the speakers so everyone can hear him.

Tom Morrow:

Oh you idiots! You simple, simple idiots! Of course, to the untrained eye, you may think that me being FORCED into this match UNJUSTLY that my back is against the wall? Well, WRONG! See... I'M GOING TO GET MY PAYBACK TONIGHT! THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE FORCE IN DEFIANCE TODAY! THE FUTURE OF THE TOM MORROW DIVISION! UNITED, WE WILL SMITE OUR ENEMIES! AND LET ME INTRODUCE THE GROUP WHO WILL BRING ABOUT THEIR DESTRUCTION!

Behind him, he points at the stage.

Tom Morrow:

STANDING AT SIX-FOOT EIGHT! WEIGHING 290 POUNDS! THE MAN THAT BURNED MASON LUCK'S FACE TO ASH, ALONG WITH MANY OTHERS! HE IS "SUPERNOVA CUBANA"... ALVARO! DE! VARGAS!

The DEFIatron now shows a burning yellow star in space. The flames continue to rise. The heat continues to burn brighter... The colors then become blue... and white... And with a thunderous explosion...

♪ "Empire of Ashes" by Like A Storm ♪

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Bright blue-white pyro explodes from the stage as Alvaro de Vargas has traded his old attire for pristine white with light blue flames running up one leg and now has a completely bald head, but a neatly-trimmed beard. The arena is covered in alternating flashes of blue and white. Hiding his eyes behind a pair of now blue-tinted sunglasses, his walk is more deliberate than before.

DDK:

Alvaro de Vargas! So many people on his list of Burn Victims from Hall of Famers to former FISTS of DEFIANCE. Those fireballs are deadly. Mason Luck knows this first-hand! He's the man who ended the DEFIANCE career of former FIST Deacon!

Lance:

Indeed. ADV may be the deadliest weapon in the arsenal of Better Future Talent Agency.

As ADV stands by Tom Morrow, the music stops.

Tom Morrow:

And he's not all! I represent the FUTURE of the Tom Morrow Division! They beat The Lucky Sevens! They beat The Rain City Ronin and tonight, they're gonna beat 'em BOTH at the same time tonight! They are athletic specimens! They are generational talent the likes of which DEFIANCE has never seen and that includes mind, body, spirit... and VIBES!

He points at the stage

Tom Morrow:

Weighing in at 501 Pounds of Pure Perseverance AND enlightenment! Accompanied by a woman who represents Only Good Vibes, Makalya Namaste... they are NATHAN EYE! DECLAN ALEXANDER! THEY... ARE... **M4NTRA!**

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

The jeers hold as Makalya Namaste leads the way from behind a pair of mirrored "third-eye" sunglasses and a white crop top. With her arms spread out as if she is saying "Are you not entertained?", DEC4L and Nathaniel Eye follow her wearing matching white, black, and gold tights. Nate wears a long, flowing white vest and Declan an unbuttoned collared white tee while proudly holding copies of their books high into the air. Tom Morrow moves his arm to the side as if ushering them into the arena as the duo begin to do the M4NTRA Ray behind Makayla, who continues to lead the charge.

DDK:

M4NTRA have become one of the hottest tag teams in recent memory! They are superb athletes, but being associated with Tom Morrow?

Lance:

He knows his tag teams! You can't deny that!

Once the BFTA Dream Team has been fully assembled on stage, Tom Morrow starts to walk... then stops, forcing all of them to do the same.

Tom Morrow:

No, wait... we forgot one more thing. For this BFTA Dream Team to be truly and FULLY assembled tonight...

He walks backstage in his BFTA-branded riot gear. M4NTRA, Makalya Namaste and Alvaro de Vargas all watch back, puzzled...

The lights fade to total darkness...

POW! POW! POW! POW! POW!

♪ "Wow." by Post Malone ♪

DDK:

Oh, brother...

The tackiest silver pyro money can buy goes off on the ramp and then Tom Morrow comes out again with the lights popping back on!

Tom Morrow:

ME! THE MAN WHO ASSEMBLES TALENT LIKE NO OTHER! TALENT WHO ARE THE FUTURE OF THIS PROMOTION! ME! **BRIGHTER! TOM! MORROW!**

The Faithful jeer as he takes his time walking down to the ring with Eye, Alexander and Namaste all laughing and clapping for Tom Morrow. ADV rolls his eyes and simply just wants to hurt somebody as they head towards the ring.

DDK:

This is awful.

Lance:

Really and truly awful. I hope Tom Morrow gets exactly what's coming to him tonight.

One by one, the members of BFTA hit the ring and once they assemble inside, they get themselves ready for the people about to come out.

With the rundown of the match completed, the attention is now on the stage. The main event may be a battle featuring lightning bolts and snowflakes ... but to kick things off ...

The voices of the Luck brothers can be heard.

Max Luck:

Tonight ... with the help of our good friends for tonight, the Rain City Ronin ... this next match is your MAIM EVENT OF THE EVENING!

Mason Luck:

And it's gonna be ...

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!!!

Huge pillars of red and green-colored pyro erupt on stage!

Mason and Max Luck:

... FIRE!!!

2x Unified Tag Team champion
2x DEFIANTS of the Year
DEFIANCE's Hottest Tag Team (Allegedly)

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Walking in perfect tandem alongside one another, two of the four men who were the first team to main event DEFCON walk onto stage. The Twin Terrors of DEFIANCE are in their custom green and red plaid suits and colored shades. They smile as fire kicks up all around them!

The camera reveals an overhead view around the brothers in a grid pattern on stage that reveal "L7" in flames!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens! Two-time DEFIANTS of the Year! Two-time Unified Tag Team Champions! The only tag team along with the Saturday Night Specials to main event DEFCON are here tonight to exact revenge on the man that

turned his back last October!

Mason Luck is the picture of seriousness while his brother holds a hand to his ear and encourages more cheers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful as they make the long walk down the ramp and to the ring. Once they reach it, the coats come off and the glasses go next! In fact the glasses go to fans in attendance! Finally they reach the ring and the pants go off ...

DDK:

Oh my! More art by the Lucky Sevens!

Both twins are wearing matching paintbrushed black tights ... and on the legs, there is paintbrush artwork of the twins throwing Tom Morrow into a dumpster on Max's tights. On Mason's a tombstone with Tom Morrow's name on a hill!

DDK:

What a message to Tom Morrow tonight! And if the Sevens get a hold of him once, this match could be as good as over!

Lance:

Will the hashtag finally happen? Is there #NoTomorrowForTomMorrow?

Their music stops as they wait on their tag team partners for the evening.

STATIC.

NOISE.

INTERFERENCE.

A shrill wail of white noise pierces the Crypto.com Arena as the video and PA systems suffer a complete and total breakdown in communication.

Then, after a moment... the arena goes dark. Completely silent.

Until a voice resonates...

"DEFCON..."

RRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

"THIS..."

"IS..."

"A..."

"MESSAGE..."

RRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

♪ "Nobody Speak" by DJ Shadow feat. Run the Jewels ♪

The arpeggiated guitar intro is accompanied by the appearance of four sets of glowing EYES that cut through the darkness covering the stage.

Green... Cyan... Magenta... and... what is that, is that light green? No... it's CHARTREUSE!

An array of ultraviolet stagelights pop on, illuminating THE REAPERS beneath a purplish glow, backed up by two dozen neutral Reapers in cloaks of electric yellow, neon green, and outrageous orange. The back-up Reapers are bumping in time to the music while the infamous Spectrum of Death stand at the front of the stage, sword-dancing with their color-coordinated weapons of choice.

Greenie is rocking the traditional glowing kendo stick. Cyan has one of those Darth Maul double-bladed dealy-os that he flails around with the grace of a modern-day Ghyslain Raza. Magenta favors a set of radiating nunchakus, that he timidly windmills around away from his face. Chartreuse has a neon-lined foam hand, because he's a pacifist, and we're all cool with that.

After a few verses, the mob of Reapers converge near the center of the stage. Rising up through a trapdoor set in the stage and appearing in the epicenter of the crowd, two in RED and BLUE masks suddenly appear through a pillar of erupting smoke.

The crowd of Reapers part. The house lights instantly come on the moment Red and Blue simultaneously tear off their masks, revealing their identities as "SKYFIRE" ZACK DAYMON and "THE ICEMAN" LEO BURNETT to a thunderous ovation!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... hailing from Seattle, Washington, weighing in at a combined weight of four-hundred and fifty pounds... the RAAAAIN... CIIIIITYYYYY... ROOOONIIIIINN!!

Their shirts say all that needs to be said: Zack's reads the traditional "SHUT UP AND WRESTLE", while Leo sports the newly minted "EMBRACE THE SILENCE AND BASK IN THE VIOLENCE" variant. They stand on the stage for a moment, stoically soaking up the reaction. Indulging in what is arguably the biggest stage in their burgeoning careers.

Reapers Green, Cyan, Magenta, and Chartreuse form into ranks at the head of the ramp, forming a saber arch with their voluminous weaponry that the Rain City Ronin pass beneath on their way to the ring. They stride down the ramp, side by side, perfectly lockstep. Swaggering with an air of confidence and tenacity. Nary a word could possibly be said that could equate to the unmistakable conviction in their matching gazes.

DDK:

Revenge has been a long time coming for the Rain City Ronin, as M4NTRA have been a constant thorn in their sides for months now!

Lance:

Zack and Leo look absolutely ready to rumble tonight. They've come along way, from battling the Kabal within the guardians, to being BRAZEN's longest reigning Tag Team Champions, and now to finally finding their foothold within the DEFIANCE tag division as a force to be reckoned with.

Daymon and Burnett reach the bottom of the ramp and join the Lucks at ringside. All four men get ready for the action and then they head towards the ring to kick the action off!

DING DING

All four men charge at the ring! The Rain City Ronin slide into the ring first and exchange blows with M4NTRA! Eye pairs off with Burnette and Daymon goes toe-to-toe with Declan Alexander exchanging shots! ADV and Mason collide in the ring and the two giants trade punches! That leaves Max Luck all alone with Tom Morrow.

Lance:

They are all alone! Max and Morrow!

Max has Morrow cornered! He's got his hands on him, but Alvaro stops him by jabbing a thumb into the eye of Mason and then going after Max in the corner! Morrow runs as fast as he can outside the ring and then disappears among the crowd!

DDK:

We've got a wild start to this match! The Ronin want M4NTRA! The Lucky Sevens want Tom Morrow, but Alvaro de Vargas just saved him!

Morrow limps away in his riot gear and he hides underneath the ring while Alvaro goes at Max in the corner and jabs him in the throat. Nathan Eye tackles Burnett in the corner and hits him with shoulder attacks to the stomach. Declan Alexander is chopping Zack Daymon and Daymon is fighting back with shots of his own. Alvaro hits a big clothesline on Max in the corner and then he goes for another one, but Mason Luck is back and he hits ADV upside the head with an elbow of his own!

Lance:

Mason and Max are back in the saddle! They sent Alvaro into the ropes ... and there's double running shoulder blocks!

DDK:

Alvaro goes down!

Burnett ducks out of the way of a clothesline by Nathan and then catches him with a belly to belly suplex that tosses him over the ropes and takes him outside the ring!

Lance:

I wonder if Nathan's third eye saw that suplex coming!

Declan goes for a clothelins in the ring on Zack Daymon, but Daymon counters with a shove and then a pele kick to the head! Declan flips over the ropes in exaggerated fashion and he hits the floor! That completes the set and leaves the Rain City Ronin and the Lucky Sevens trading chest bumps and high fives with each other in a sign of camaraderie between teams. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are enjoying the action right now.

DDK:

What a hot start to this tag team match! Tom Morrow's supposed BFTA dream team is having a nightmare right now with everything falling apart!

Makayla Namaste goes over to where M4NTRA and Alvaro are outside the ring! She holds out a bottle of Kombucha tea for both Nathan and Declan to take quick drinks of for refreshment, but she lets out a shriek when she sees what is coming in the way of BFTA ...

OVER THE TOP ROPE PLANCHA BY MAX LUCK ONTO BFTA!!!

Lance:

That was incredible! He picks up the three-for-one attack on the outside with the plancha! Max doesn't call himself The Beast of the Bright Lights for nothing!

DDK:

And with moves like that under the bright lights of DEFCON, who will argue that point?

Replays-a-plenty for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful as the dive is shown from multiple angles!

DDK:

That dive was amazing ... and it looks like Nathan Eye is getting picked out of the line-up!

Max shakes down Nathan and throws the bigger half of M4NTRA inside the ring. Max climbs inside the ring after him. Max picks Nathan up, but Nathan hits a chop! He hits chops and forearms on Max Luck to keep the big monster stunned. Natty Eye points at the third eye on his forehead and then he goes for the ropes ... only he gets picked up and spun around multiple times. He then gets dropped with a big slam in the middle of the ring!

Lance:

That didn't work out for Natty Eyce, did it?

DDK:

It did not! There is a tag to Mason with Max coming off the ropes ... Box Cars elbow drop in the heart!

Nathan Eye is in pain when Mason Luck comes off the opposite side that his brother did and hits a huge running jumping leg drop! That is followed with a cover!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The shoulder of Nathan Eye is up, but that does not mean that his night is over! Some other people want a turn with punishing Nathan Eye! Mason tags Leo Burnett first. He points at Burnett and hits a knee to the gut and, and then sends Eye into Burnett's grip with a big fall away slam!

DDK:

Look at this! Some team work making the dream work by working over the dream team!

Lance:

Good one! But things aren't looking good for Natty Eyce right now!

Burnett with the cover in a stacked-up pin!

One ...

Two ...

No!

DDK:

There is another kick out by Eye! The Rain City Ronin and the Sevens have been doing a great job applying the pressure ever since the general abandoned his troops!

Nathan kicks out again, but with the cheers of the crowd supporting the efforts of both teams who have been wronged by M4NTRA ... and no Tom Morrow to be found ... Nathan is hurt from the constant double-teams from both teams! The Iceman tags in his partner. Zack Daymon wants a piece of the action. They try and get Nathan in the corner when Makayla jumps on the apron to try and offer up Kombucha to either man. They don't want any part of her, but Nathan has the chance to tag in Declan!

DDK:

Here comes DEC4L to the aid of his partner!

DEC4L tries to get the drop on the Rain City Ronin members, but they both see him coming and they hit a high-angle double arm drag!

Lance:

And they take DEC4L out with that move!

The Intrepid Influencer tries to stand on his own two feet only to get knocked off his own two feet with a high angle running drop kick from Daymon! Daymon goes for the cover on DEC4L!

One ...

Two ...

ADV is in the ring now and he throws a big knee drop into the back to break the cover up!

DDK:

All this action and no Morrow still? Where did he even run off to? Anyone backstage have eyes on him? He's supposed to be in this match!

Lance:

We're gonna see if we can get a visual on him! He ran into the crowd after that opening assault from the Rain City Ronin and the Lucky Sevens!

Zack Daymon is hurt from the knee drop and that gives DEC4L the break that he needs to get to his corner where Alvaro waits. Alvaro gets into the ring and he waits on Zack to get to his feet. A big boot is coming his way, but Daymon rolls out of the way of the kick and catches his foot on the top rope. That leaves his leg wide open for a kick to from Daymon!

DDK:

Nice counter work there! Alvaro misses the big boot and then Zack Daymon makes him pay for it!

Daymon makes a tag back to Leo Burnett and they both charge at Alvaro. He grabs both men by the throat and intends to double chokeslam Skyfire and the Iceman, but they fight back against Alvaro and break his grip on both their throats. They get the idea to hit the ropes and charge together. They duck under his attempt at double clotheslining them and counter with a double back suplex on Supernova Cubana in the middle of the ring!

Lance:

They got Alvaro! He's off his feet! The Lucky Sevens and the Rain City Ronin have wrestled a perfect match trying to keep BFTA from getting any advantage.

DDK:

That they have! And Burnett makes the tag to Max Luck!

With Alvaro still down, Max is on the other side of the ring and goes to the other side of the ring. He gets the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful standing for what's about to happen next when he grabs Alvaro's arm and then goes up top. He slowly walks across the ring ropes in amazing fashion, and then dive-bombs Alvaro!

DDK:

Walking The Strip from Max Luck! He's got Alvaro where he wants him now!

Alvaro is down and Max points to the sky one more time. He's on the apron and then the Beast of the Bright Lights is looking for one more big move to put the match away on Alvaro de Vargas, the man that burned his twin brother! Mason Luck watches when they both see a familiar face return to ringside ...

TOM MORROW!!!

DDK:

I thought he abandoned ship like the rat that he is!

Lance:

I thought he did, too! Max sees him ... NO! WAIT!

Morrow's distraction is all that Alvaro de Vargas needs to get back to his feet and hit Max with the big Scorcher Kick! That blow knocks him off the turnbuckle and causes one-half of the Twin Terrors of DEFIANCE to take a nasty spill!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

DDK:

I didn't even see where Morrow came from, but he wasn't the legal man so he was never counted out!

Lance:

Me neither! But Morrow has had Mason and Max seeing red since October of last year! He waited until he had an opening and now BFTA might have a chance at a firm advantage here!

Max is down on the floor and Tom Morrow returns to the corner alongside the rest of his clientele. He shouts at the official and as this is happening, Nathan Eye waits on Max to get up. Nathan Eye shows off his book to the refer, but behind their back, Tom Morrow reaches into his pocket and pulls out a retractable baton ...

And hits Max Luck in his left knee with it!

DDK:

Morrow gets that cheap shot in! That's the same knee that was attacked back at DEFIANCE Road that made him miss over eight weeks of action!

Lance:

Now Nathan's done chatting up the referee about enlightenment. How convenient.

Morrow tucks the baton back into his riot gear and he's back on the apron. Mason Luck reads the referee the riot act while Daymon and Burnett watch. With Max trying to overcome a limp to get on the outside, Nathan Eye runs and then takes to the skies with an amazing tope con hilo clear over the ropes for a six-four and two-hundred fifty-one pound man! He wipes out Max Luck on the floor with a dive of his own! DEC4L, Makayla and Tom Morrow all cheer on Nathan when he stands up after the dive.

Nathan Eye:

Eyes on the Prize and you can fly as high as you want!

DDK:

That was payback for that dive that Max Luck landed on BFTA earlier on! Now M4NTRA have the chance to do what they do best.

Lance:

Confuse us with Gen Z dialogue?

DDK:

I was gonna say "double-team Max Luck" but I think that's probably gonna happen, too!

Nathan Eye rolls into the ring as quick as can be. He makes the tag to Declan for he and his partner to get Max Luck back inside the ring. They pick up Max and he tries fighting both members of M4NTRA, but Nathan goes low and kicks the bad knee! Max gets hit and then he and DEC4L get him back inside. Nathan Eye looks out to the ring apron and then leaps over by using a slingshot senton by the big man. Declan follows in with a slingshot senton of his own right after!

Lance:

One after the other ... and there is the Trust Fall!

Nathan takes Declan and lifts up his own partner into an aided standing moonsault! Declan tries for the pin on Max Luck!

One ...

Two ...

No!

Max Luck fights his way out from the cover. Declan sits up to a knee and when the ref tells him it was two, M4NTRA let him have it.

DEC4L:

This ain't it chief!

Makayla Namaste:

Take several seats and check them bad vibes at the door!

Nathan Eye:

I bet you haven't firewalked a day in your life!

The referee has no idea what they are even talking about.

DDK:

Max Luck tries to get up but Delcan hits the low drop kick to the side of the head!

The Beast of the Bright Lights has been grounded by the likes of M4NTRA. Declan tags Nathan again and they fight with Max to get the big monster to his feet. He tries to fight them off with fists, but Alvaro de Vargas gets in a cheap shot! Declan and Nathan both take the official's attention. And that allows Tom Morrow to get the retractable baton out for a second time and then strikes at Max's leg a second time!

Lance:

Another shot with that baton! And Morrow ditches it again! If this match didn't start the way it did, the referee would have checked Morrow!

DDK:

You can feel this momentum change now! The Sevens and Rain City Ronin had control, but now BFTA have the four-on-one advantage over Max Luck!

Nathan grabs the leg of Max and ties it up into the ropes. Alvaro tags himself in as Nathan is doing the work and then throws a big boot into the tied-up knee! The heaviest hitter in BFTA's vast arsenal attacks Max's leg and pulls it against the rope. Max is trying to fight him off but Alvaro retaliates with many shots to the exposed knee. Another big knee knocks the wind right out of his chest. Once Alvaro has winded him, he runs back to taunt Mason Luck.

Alvaro de Vargas:

You can't save your brother, pendejo!

Alvaro hits a running lariat into the corner at Max Luck and he has knocked the wind out of Max Luck. A second running lariat in the corner stuns Max Luck. When he falls to his knees in the corner, he hits a big rising knee strike that collides with the jaw of Max!

DDK:

That's the Abajo Vas knee strike! Alvaro de Vargas has made many people feel that knee strike!

Max is on the canvas face down when Alvaro turns him over but he stops when he sees that Tom Morrow wants a tag.

Lance:

Oh now he wants in! How brave Tom is!

Alvaro doesn't look like he wants to tag in that moment, but when Tom demands it, he gets it. He tells Alvaro to hold him and then he does as Tom goes up top. He jumps off the top rope with lots of air but very little grace and he hits a top rope splash on top of Max Luck! Mason Luck screams from his corner and he wants in with both Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett grabbing his arm and trying to keep him from going in the ring.

DDK:

Morrow just hit a top rope splash on Max! No way will the Sevens live this down if Morrow's team wins!

Morrow counts and lays on top of Max!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Max kicks out!

DDK:

What an embarrassing loss that might have been for the Sevens and Ronin! Max kicks out!

Tom Morrow stands up and he gets into the referee's face. He tells him that he had a three-count, plain and simple. He jabs points into his chest. M4NTRA join in and they all start to scream at the ref.

Nathan Eye:

Tommy! Behind you!

DEC4L:

Look out fam!

Morrow turns around and gets locked into the Winning Hand by Max Luck! A huge reaction bursts out from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! Morrow is screaming with his head being crushed by the giant palm of the Beast of the Bright Lights ... but then Makalay Namaste grabs hold of Max's foot. Max turns around and throws Tom away. He reaches through the ropes and tries the Winning Hand ... but DEC4L has tagged in and he picks the knee of Max Luck! That gets lots of booing from the Faithful!

DDK:

That could have ended so, so badly for Makayla Namaste! Declan has been smitten with Makayla and just came to her rescue ... he follows with the Red Line kick! He gets another cover!

One ...

Two ...

Leo Burnett comes to the save for his team and jumps Declan!

DDK:

That was a close one! That was so close!

Lance:

I think they realize they have a window to end this! Nathan wants the tag!

DEC4L tags Nathan and the two get ready to end things here once and for all on DEFIANCE's biggest stage! The hungry tag team wait on Max Luck for him to get to his feet. Nathan then gets Max on his shoulders!

DDK:

This aided fireman carry cutter ... they call this the M4NTRA Code! It's how they defeated the Lucky Sevens when Tom Morrow turned on them!

But Max begins to fight! He slips behind Nathan Eye and pushes him into Declan, making the partners collide! Max's knee gives him trouble and he falls to his other knee in pain.

Lance:

Max Luck has a chance to make a tag! Mason is ready! The Ronin are ready!

Max makes the tag to Leo Burnett and the place comes unglued for the arrival of Rain City Ronin!

DDK:

Here comes Burnett! Of all people in this match, the Iceman is on fire!

Leo Burnett climbs through those ropes and hears the people come to life when he flies at Nathan Eye and takes him down with a running shoulder block. Declan gets up and he tries to cut off Burnett, but he moves past him and comes back off the ropes with a running shoulder block.

Lance:

He's running through M4NTRA like Exlax!

DDK:

And here comes Nathan Eye!

Eye tries kicking off Burnett's head with a big boot, but Leo moves. Eye comes back off the ropes into a spine buster! He doesn't get to do the tag due to Declan sneaking up on him with a cheap shot against the back! Declan spins him around and throws chops against Leo. Declan tries a Play of the Game ...

DDK:

Play of the Game ... no! Leo pushes him away. He comes back and hits a big tilt-a-whirl backbreaker to get rid of Declan!

Lance:

Nathan is the legal man! Tag made to Zack Daymon! They've got Nathan!

The Rain City Ronin come together ...

DDK:

RAIN CITY REVENGE!!!

Leo Burnett's double chickenwing face buster combined with Zack Daymon's Sick Burn, Bro! Daymon pushes Nathan Eye over and the fans count for the cover!

One ...

Two ...

But at the last second, Alvaro de Vargas comes in and breaks up the cover with a stomp!

DDK:

That was crazy! The Faithful can't believe it!

Lance:

But here comes Mason Luck!

Leo Burnett goes after Alvaro with a kick and then tries to german suplex Alvaro, but ADV drops him with a Scorcher Kick!

Lance:

There's a Scorcher Kick ... but Mason Luck tags in!

He tags Zack Daymon, then The Maim Event Monster steps inside and the two monsters start trading punches back and forth getting the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful on their feet!

DDK:

I feel bad for the official having to try and get any sort of order right now! He's lost all control!

Alvaro scores a headbutt on Mason Luck and then tries to hit his famed Ardiendo pile driver. He tries to lift the seven foot Mason up first but he gets picked up and dropped with a back body drop first! Alvaro is picked up and then locked in the Winning Hand! He holds onto the Winning Hand then charges forward to push Alvaro over the ropes and get rid of him in the ring!

Lance:

Mason ditches Alvaro!

DDK:

But Declan tags in! Declan tags in!

Declan steals the tag from his partner and Makalya hands him the book! He charges in with the referee distracted by Tom Morrow on the outside and hits him in the back with the book!

Lance:

No! Mason gets struck with Nathan Eye's metal-plated book! Play of the Game!

DDK:

DECLAN BRINGS DOWN MASON LUCK WITH THE BOOK AND PLAY OF THE GAME! THAT'S HOW THEY DEFEATED THE LUCKY SEVENS!

Declan has a chance to make the cover, but Tom Morrow wants the tag. Declan looks unsure of himself but when Tom reassures him, he makes the tag!

DDK:

TOM MORROW WANTS THE GLORY! HE WANTS TO PIN ONE OF THE LUCKY SEVENS AT DEFCON AFTER THE REST OF BFTA HAVE DONE ALL THE WORK!

Lance:

AND I THINK HE'S ABOUT TO!

Tom Morrow jumps into the ring and he leaps on top of Mason!

DDK:

COVER ON MASON!

One ...

Two ...

THR – NO!!!

Mason Luck emphatically kicks out with so much force that Tom Morrow flies back across the ring with a comically loud shriek!

Lance:

TOM MORROW MADE A MISTAKE! I THINK DECLAN COULD HAVE WON RIGHT THERE TOM MORROW WASN'T TRYING TO BE A GLORY HOUND!

Tom Morrow looks up and he sees Mason Luck looking directly at him!

DDK:

TOM MORROW IS LEGAL! SO IS MASON LUCK!

Alvaro is trying to stand after getting thrown out of the ring earlier, then goes after Daymon. He charges at Skyfire, but he ducks he comes back around using a spinning roundhouse kick! Alvaro gets knocked backwards, then Skyfire points at Max Luck on the floor!

RUNNING CROSSBODY BY MAX LUCK THROUGH THE BARRICADE!!!

"HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

THERE'S SOME TEAMWORK BY DAYMON AND MAX LUCK! ALVARO MIGHT BE OUT OF THIS ONE!

The Beast of the Bright Lights is the last man standing the wreckage of where the barricade section near the announce table used to be and shouts into the sky!

Lance:

And Tom Morrow is trying to fight his way out! LOOK!

Mason Luck is up and Morrow is backed in a corner! Declan spins Mason around! He tries for a second Play of the Game to get him down for good, but this time Mason is ready! He sees Leo Burnett and nods in his directly before showing him into Leo, who kicks him and then drops Declan with a Gotch-style piledriver!

DDK:

OOH!!!! PILEDRIVER FROM LEO BURNETT!!! DECLAN JUST GOT BOUNCED!!!

Lance:

AND LOOK ... LOOK!!! TOM MORROW IS ALL THAT IS LEFT!!!

After Declan has been moved out of the ring by Leo Burnett, Daymon and Max Luck return to the ring and Morrow is surrounded! Makayla is trying to help Nathan Eye back up outside the ring!

DDK:

Morrow is all alone! Morrow is all alone!

Morrow swings with the baton towards Leo Burnett, but Burnett blocks it and twists Morrow's arm making him drop the baton and throws him to the mat! Nathan Eye re-enters the ring with the metal plated book in hand that Declan used earlier ... but Mason grabs him with a Winning Hand and Max wraps a hand around his throat!

SEVEN STARS!!!

DDK:

NATHAN IS DONE ... BUT MORROW!!! MORROW IS ESCAPING!!!

While dealing with Nathan Eye, Morrow bails on his team with Makalya Namaste wondering where he is going! He heads up the ramp ...

But a familiar face is standing on the stage right behind Morrow! Wearing a gray suit and sunglasses identical to those worn by the Sevens, the fans cheer!

DDK:

IT'S LONNIE STONE! LONNIE STONE, WHO MORROW RECENTLY OUTED AS LONNIE LUCK!!! THEIR COUSIN IS HERE!!!

He grabs Morrow by the coat of his riot gear and rips it off! He has Morrow in a head lock now and brings him back to the ring! Mason helps his cousin and throws Morrow back in the ring!

Lance:

IT LOOKS LIKE HE IS THEIR BACKUP PLAN IN THE EVENT OF A RUNNER LIKE THEY MENTIONED BEFORE THIS MATCH!!!

Morrow is surrounded by all four men. He spins around and there's trouble in every direction! He finally picks a target and tries taking aim at Leo Burnett, but he grabs Morrow's arm and spins him around into a big lift! Daymon gets ready ...

DDK:

RAIN CITY REVENGE ON TOM MORROW!!!

Burnett and Daymon allow the Sevens the honors of finishing the job! Lonnie plays lookout on the outside for his cousins! Mason Luck is still the legal man. Max and Mason pick up Tom Morrow with a Winning Hand and chokeslam by the throat ...

"AAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

DDK:

SEVEN STARS!!! SEVEN STARS FOR TOM MORROW!!! HOW SWEET IT IS!!!

Mason kneels over and puts his hands on Morrow's limp body. Max puts down a foot next to him and the Ronin join in with a foot each as the referee makes the cover!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Mason, Max, Zack and Leo celebrate the big win here tonight! They all stand over Tom Morrow's broken body!

Quimbey:

Your winners ... THE LUUUKKKCCCYYY SEVVVEEENNS AND THE RAIN CITY ROOOOONIIINN!!!

DDK:

THE LUCKY SEVENS AND THE RAIN CITY RONIN TAKE CARE OF BUSINESS TONIGHT HERE AT DEFCON!!!

Lance:

TOM MORROW AND M4NTRA WRONGED BOTH TEAMS IN THE PAST SIX MONTHS! THEY ENLISTED ALVARO DE VARGAS TO TRY AND STOP THE LUCKY SEVENS FROM COMING AFTER HIM, BUT TONIGHT, THEY CAME TOGETHER AND TOOK CARE OF BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY!!!

Lonnie Luck goes under the ring following the end of the match and then pulls out a table! The appearance of the wrestling-based furniture has the people on their feet! Lonnie sets it up and then gives his cousins the all-clear! Mason Luck points at the table outside the ring. Daymon and Burnett give their approval and watch what's about to happen!

DDK:

Ohhhhhh no!!! Tom Morrow's about to take a dive!

Makayla Namaste is checking on M4NTRA outside the ring and Alvaro is still unconscious against the barrier he had been put through!

Lance:

There's no help coming for Tom! None at all!

Tom Morrow is barely conscious when he comes to and sees Mason and Max standing over him! They both pick him up for another Seven Stars ... but pick him up over the top rope ...

CRRRAAAASSSSSSHHHHHH!!!

SEVEN STARS OUTSIDE THE RING THROUGH THE TABLE!!!

"HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

TOM MORROW JUST GOT **DESTROYED** BY THE LUCKY SEVENS!!! HE SCREWED THEM OVER!!! HE DUCKED THEM FOR MONTHS, BUT TONIGHT, PAYBACK IS SWEET!!!

Lance:

THAT'LL TEACH TOM MORROW TO SCREW OVER PEOPLE ... UNLESS WE FIND OURSELVES BACK HERE NEXT YEAR!!!

Tom Morrow lays unconscious and broken in the middle of the table propped outside the ring!!!!

Standing in the ring, Lonnie Stone Luck joins his cousins! They along with the Rain City Ronin, celebrate together in the ring!

DDK:

WHAT AN ENDING TO THIS MATCH!!! SIX MONTHS OF TOM MORROW MAKING ENEMIES AND HE JUST GOT WHAT'S COMING TO HIM!!!

The Luck Family throw up the Winning Hand taunt and the Rain City Ronin throw up their fists to celebrate the big victory earned tonight! They leave the ring together and then they head to the back and walk past the prone body of Tom Morrow laying unconscious in a wreck.

EDWARD WHITE vs. PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL

DDK:

It's been a heck of a night so far! We're just about halfway through Night Two of DEFCON and we've got the age-old story in professional wrestling: the rich man versus the blue collar man. The first man to hold the FIST of DEFIANCE, "The Socialite" Edward White, takes on the BRAZEN rookie that's been making waves, Punch Drunk Purcell!

Lance:

This all started on DEFtv 198. Ed White had come up short in his bid to become the FIST of DEFIANCE and declared an open challenge, riffing on the Era of Everyone Open Challenges laid out by Dex Joy. Unexpectedly, out came BRAZEN's then-Onslaught Champion Punch Drunk Purcell... and to the shock of the world, it was Purcell who PINNED White after White tried to buy him off as an enforcer!

DDK:

Since then, things have gotten personal between the two. It sticks in White's craw that he got embarrassed and pinned by the BRAZEN rookie! He set up an Onslaught Title match on 200, only for Purcell to get jumped in a three-on-one assault. Purcell would retaliate on DEFtv 201 by driving a bulldozer into some of Ed White's property on the future golf course that used to be the playground Dex donated money to!

Lance:

And it doesn't stop there, believe it or not! Just days ago at a live BRAZEN event at DEFCONCON, the new BRAZEN Champion... and newest member of Ed White & Associates, Felton Bigsby... would cost Purcell his title to "The Problem Solver" Adrian Brody. After all this, I'd expect that unlike the Burns/Victorious match that kicked off the show, we won't be seeing any headlocks!

DDK:

I bet not! And now that you know the story, we take the action to the ring with Darren Quimbey for the next match!

The camera goes to ringside with Darren Quimbey dressed in his Night Two best!

Darren Quimbey:

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

Three ringing bells echo throughout the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex...

**PUNCH.
PIN.
PAY WINDOW.**

♪ "Let's Get it On" by Infinite ♪

Stepping out onto the stage, the fridge-like figure of the former boxer appears, wearing his rainbow-colored camouflage boxing shorts, red wrestling shoes and black MMA gloves! He puts his mouthpiece into his mouth, then gets a fist ready...

One big air punch...

Followed by a HUGE explosion of sparkling pyro from the stage! He heads to the ring ready to fight!

DDK:

We've seen VERY few BRAZEN rookies get a chance at this level! Only a few have made it to pay-per-view before a proper call-up, let alone getting to work at the biggest show of the year!

Lance:

He's knocked out some of DEFIANCE's biggest mouths and he'll look for one mor... HEY! SERIOUSLY?! Already?

Before Purcell can even reach halfway down the ramp he's CLOBBERED from behind by Ed White's enforcers the big seven foot former mob enforcer Nicky Corozzo and the current holder of the BRAZEN Star Cup and as of last Saturday the brand new BRAZEN Champion "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby. The two enormous men are through the curtain and on Punchy before he even registers their presence. A neck popping lariat to the back of the head from Bigsby sends Purcell rolling down the rest of the rampway.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Oh come on!

DDK:

The bell hasn't even rung yet, for Pete's sake!

As a very satisfied looking Bigsby and Corozzo stalk after Punchy the crowd pops as three mystery men in BRAZEN branded athletic gear leap over the rampway barricades and intercept Nicky and Felton before they can lay any more hands on their boy.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance:

Purcell brought some backup, Darren!

Punch Drunk Purcell's BRAZEN running buddies "Mellow Yellow" George Othello, Antonio Prince and Punchy's usual sparring partner Wild Logan Barry collectively peel the two brutalizers off from their attack on PDP. The three young men more than hold their own, they slowly but surely push the two Ed White aligned villains back up the ramp... all five men vanishing behind the curtain!

Purcell struggles to his feet and staggers towards the ring. He looks over his shoulder slightly with a little coy smile, tapping the side of his head as he rolls under the bottom rope. Stopping to kneel at the ropes and catch his breath.

DDK:

Punchy just outsmarted Ed's Associates right out of the gate!

Seemingly ready to go, Punch Drunk gets to his feet and slaps the nearest available turnbuckle pad and roars towards ramp-side "LETS GO" to a huge raucous reaction from the gathered Faithful.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Purcell looks around confused.

Lance:

Don't count those chickens just yet, incoming Punchy!

Having slunk into the ring from the opposite side unbenounced to Purcell, Ed's right hand, the submission siren Jane Katze, absolutely buries her forearm into his groin from behind. The second Purcell's knees hit the mat...

♪ "Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" by Michael Nyman ♪

... the music strikes up only amplifying the already omnipresent chorus of boos from the gathered Faithful. Jane kicks off her heels and shucks her jacket, tossing both to ringside before dropping several sharp knees across the side of the head of Purcell.

DDK:

Go on Quimb, you might as well.

The little ring announcer gets to his feet, clears his throat and takes a deep breath.

Darren Quimbey:

And making HIS way to the ring...

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Deafening. Quimbey powers through.

Darren Quimbey:

Originally from Louisville, Kentucky; now residing at his palatial plantation estate in the birthplace of DEFIANCE New Orleans, Louisiana... weighing in tonight at a ripped and ready 240 pounds... he is The Last True Sophisticate, he is The Financial BACKBONE of DEFIANCE Wrestling... "THE SOCIALITE" EDWARD WHITE!

FUCK YOU ED-WARD! *clap clap clapclapclap*

FUCK YOU ED-WARD! *clap clap clapclapclap*

FUCK YOU ED-WARD! *clap clap clapclapclap*

Edward takes his time down the ramp, waving and flashing his toothy plastered on smile to the hordes of angry DEFIANCE fans lining the guardrails. As this continues Jane having sufficiently softened Purcell up drops down and locks on her contrived Golden Gate Guillotine submission maneuver around Punchy's neck. Finally at ringside, Ed scales the ringsteps... stopping for a little light stretching against the ringpost.

Lance:

Is he for real with this?!

Purcell struggles in vain against Jane's ripped, toned thighs and their vice-like grip.

Referee Rex Knox to his credit is trying his best, but what is DEF's littlest referee to do? He waves his arms and chastizes Katze at the top of his little lungs but he might as well be the size of a flea the mind the submission siren is giving him. Edward FINALLY steps through the ropes only to commence with a little shadowboxing.

Lance:

This is absurd!

DDK:

Typical Edward White. He knows throwing out an advertised match on pay per view is bad form, so he's taking advantage of the situation referee Knox is in. Enforce the rule of law... or disappoint thousands of paying members of the Faithful.

Ed finally nods confidently to Jane and she immediately releases the hold and rolls to ringside where she pops back on her high heels and takes her usual position in Edward's corner. Purcell crawls breathlessly towards the ropes only to be met with several sharp boots from Edward White.

Ref Knox sees this as good a time as any and points over towards ringside.

DING DING!

Lance:

It seems ridiculous to say this match is "just starting" but here we are...

The first stretch of action, spoilers, is all Edward White. The Socialite continues the assault Jane started on Punchy's head with more sharp heels across the side of the gourd. Purcell crawls desperately up the ropes as Ed switches to forearms and straight punches... and still Punchy powers through, until he's standing once again. Frustrated at Purcell's resilience Ed doinks the former boxer in the eyes with two fingers causing Punchy immediate discomfort.

Lance:

What is this a Three Stooges movie?

As PDP staggers back against the ropes Jane reaches in and grabs a boot tripping Punchy slightly and he falls forward directly into...

DDK:

Laissez-faire Headbutt from Edward White!

The audible clonk of the two men's heads colliding is cringeworthy. Purcell surprisingly seems less affected by the maneuver than Ed himself.

Lance:

Is Punchy Samoan?

DDK:

Nope, he just has a boxer's noggin, partner!

The Socialite takes a few steps back holding his head, shocked that his opponent is still standing. Now with both men on relatively equal footing for the first time tonight, they start trading blows. In a fair fight it becomes clear to anyone watching Punch Drunk Purcell would get the better of the much older Ed White nine times out of ten... but sadly, this isn't a fair fight.

Jane Katze hops on the apron, immediately getting the attention of referee Knox. This distraction allows Ed to reach in his pocket and produce a handful of white powder that he tosses directly into the face of his opponent.

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Edward White:

YOU THINK I GIVE ONE SINGLE DAMN WHAT YOU PEOPLE THINK?

Ed gives the Faithful the ol' double bird before turning his attention back to Purcell who is desperately trying to clear his blurred vision, his face still covered in white powder. As Jane hops down off the apron, referee Knox turns and immediately admonishes Ed. The look plastered on the littlest DEFIANCE ref's face speaks volumes about how frustrated he is with Ed White and Associates already in this matchup.

DDK:

Ed White in complete control now after that underhanded tactic!

Lance:

Like the man says, by any funds necessary... and I don't figure a handful of baby powder is much of an expense. At least I hope it's baby powder.

Ed kicks Purcell around and works him over with a little ground and pound once he has him back on the mat. Purcell shows just how deep his well is as he takes everything Ed throws at him, never once showing any signs of giving up, never once retreating. After each and every vicious assault from the former FIST of DEFIANCE, Punchy gets back up... or at least tries to.

Lance:

Come on Punchy!

One particularly notable rally during this stretch comes when a still very near blinded Punch Drunk Purcell gets Ed cornered against the turnbuckle and assaults The Socialite with a series of lightning quick hooks, jabs and bodyshots that leave Ed White reeling. Purcell tries desperately to capitalize on the opening.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The positive energy is short-lived.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Jane Katze again makes her presence felt as he's back up on the apron yet again arguing with referee Knox. On the backstep, trying to escape any further physical abuse Ed backs right up into the back of ref Knox... still not seeing quite clearly Punchy rears back and lets loose a wild right hook.

Ed ducks out of the way... ref Knox miraculously ducks too... but Jane? Jane does not.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The pop as Punch Drunk Purcell's fist makes unintentional direct contact with the chin of Jane Katze is absolutely deafening. The submission siren collapses down onto the apron and then down to ringside where she lays clearly more than a little dazed.

Lance:

Hot damn!

Edward White's eyes go wide as he watches his girl Friday go down for the count. Purcell has been handed a bottle of water by some kind ringside stagehand in the interim, dumping its contents in his face clearing away any remnants of Ed's power spot from earlier. Punch looks at Ed with violent intent, cracking his knuckles... White tries to beg off but to no avail as he's assaulted by a wall of flesh with the punching power of an avalanche.

DDK:

Purcell just won't relent, partner!

Lance:

What toughness! He knows this is the biggest opportunity he's ever had in wrestling, he's not going to fumble the ball, Darren! Not here, not at DEFCON!

Punch Drunk levels Ed with a Bald Bull headbutt bringing the multi-millionaire to a knee.

Lance:

Little receipt from earlier!

DDK:

And far more effective! Bet Ed's ears are ringing after that one!

As Edward wobbly gets to his feet he's met with a brutal charging clothesline... showing a level of resilience we weren't sure he had anymore, Ed immediately wobbles again to his feet only to be met with ANOTHER charging clothesline. And yet again a near comatose Ed White gets back to his feet. Punchy switches things up and just LAUNCHES himself towards Ed...

DDK:

KING HIPPO! Punchy with the wild running body attack!

The Socialite flies backward, falling through the ropes to ringside.

Lance:

Here we go, Darren! Punchy's on a ro... OH FOR THE LOVE OF PETE!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

From out of the crowd directly behind Edward emerges a slightly bloodied and bruised Nicky Corozzo and Felton Bigsby. The Judge bleeding from a gash on the side of his head, Houston Strong with a trickle of blood from his nose. Neither look at all pleased.

DDK:

This spells disaster for poor Punchy! Lets, yes indeed, lets cut backstage to...

We get a shaky camera shot as the backstage crew approaches the three broken bloodied bodies of "Mellow Yellow" George Othello, Antonio Prince and PDP's sparring partner Wild Logan Barry. All three looking worse for ware... Logan Barry especially, having been clearly HUCKED through the nearby window of one of the arena's offices!

Lance:

Good lord, someone get those poor boys some medical attention, STAT!

We cut back to the action out in the arena. Nicky has rushed to Jane's side as she's just started to clear the cobwebs from Punchy's unintentional right hook to her perfect jawline. Edward slides back into the ring and grabs referee Knox by the collar and goes about yammering about anything and everything. Pointing down at "poor Jane" screaming about the "injustice of it all"... at the same time Ed goes about this pantomime of outrage the new BRAZEN Champion Felton Bigsby slides into the ring and WAFFLES Punch Drunk Purcell with a lariat...

Felton Bigsby:

TOUGH LUCK ABOUT YO' ONSLAUGHT TITLE, BITCH!

As Felton laughs and leans back in the nearest available corner, Punchy roars at the insult and charges the BRAZEN Champ getting caught by a lightning quick, back shattering One-Armed Side Slam from Bigsby.

DDK:

A trademark move of Bronson Box, partner! He was trained by the Wargod during the onset of Bigsby's career, that training... and bad attitude... clearly shining through here!

Punchy is quick back to his feet, the two huge beefy men clash in the center of the ring and begin trading heavy overhand shots. Ref Knox finally loosed from Ed's grasp on his shirt collar in the corner turns and immediately gets in the middle of the two men and into the face of Felton Bigsby, ordering him to vacate the ring.

Lance:

I get not wanting to throw out a match people paid money for, but JEEZUM CROW! This level of interference is ridiculous, Keeps!

DDK:

I have to agree with you partner, if this was say Mark Shields officiating this match I'd call shenanigans...

Lance:

You don't think Rex Knox is on the take, do you?

DDK:

I sure hope not, one Mark Shields is more than enough... but with Edward's financial resources and connections within the front office? Anything is possible, partner.

Lance:

Especially in DEFIANCE during DEFCON weekend! The stakes are just so high!

With Knox and Purcell both focused for the moment on getting Felton to vacate the ring both miss Edward slinking up behind Punchy... as the former boxer turns around he's greeted with one of Edward White's signature "maneuvers" one Darren Keebler just loves calling.

DDK:

COCKPUNCH FROM ED WHITE! Damnit!

Purcell goes cross eyed from the pain and drops to his knees as his poor, tender groin is assaulted for the second time tonight by Edward White & Associates.

Lance:

HOW IS THAT MOVE LEGAL?!

Edward quickly hoists his opponent back to his feet, tucks the head, grabs Punchy by the back of the trunks and PLANTS HIM.

DDK:

MARKET FAILURE SPIKE PILEDRIVER!

The Socialite goes for the first pinfall of the match!

We can hear pockets of the crowd counting along as the rest boo as loud as they can.

ONE...

TWO...

THR-NO!

DDK:

KICKOUT BY PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL! WOWEE!

Lance:

You said it, Keebs!

On one side of the ring we see Felton Bigsby... on the other, finally on her feet, we see Jane Katze side by side with her tag team partner and long time friend and protector Nicky Corozzo. All three of Edward's Associates have the ring effectively surrounded. Clearly bolstered by the situation, Edward turns to Purcell as the boxer is getting to his knees and waylays him with some wild forearms for good measure.

Edward White:

NO PAY WINDOW FOR YOU TONIGHT, SON! NO SIR! THAT GOT-DAMN PAY WINDOW? IT BELONGS TO ME, YOU FAT IDIOT! YOU HEAR ME YOU CURTAIN JERKIN' FOOL? HUH?!

More forearms and boots from White...

Punchy absorbs each and every one as though he was being clobbered by an eight year old... inch by inch Purcell rises to his full height. Not once do Punchy's wild, wide eyes leave his adversary. Edward White is at a loss as nothing he's dishing out seems to have any effect on the former BRAZEN Onslaught champion.

DDK:

The resilience of this young man is staggering, Lance!

The Socialite looks to ringside and The Judge, Nicky Corozzo clambors onto the apron. But before he can accurate any sort of interference...

DDK:

RIGHT CROSS TO NICKY COROZZO!

The huge seven foot plus tall former mob enforcer tumbles back to ringside in a heap. Jane is next back up onto the apron. She goads Purcell, taunting him to "HIT ME AGAIN, I DARE YOU"... to which Punchy hesitates for a moment. But ultimately just shrugs and strikes her down, this time quite intentionally!

Lance:

DOWN GOES JANE... AGAIN!

LETS GO PUNCHY! *clap clap clapclapclap*

LETS GO PUNCHY! *clap clap clapclapclap*

LETS GO PUNCHY! *clap clap clapclapclap*

DDK:

These people want to see Purcell go 2-0 over The Socialite and they just might get it!

White charges at Purcell, only to have a shot blocked and then a clubbing forearm to the side of the head! Then another! Then another! He throws the clubbing Vader-style hammers en masse until White ends in the corner!

Lance:

HE'S FIGHTING BACK! HE'S FINALLY GOT AN OPENING!

Purcell charges forward and then NAILS Ed White with a huge running back splash in the corner and when he staggers out, The Round Mound of Ground and Pound staggers out and he gets picked up...

DDK:

Punchy scores with the big olympic slam! He calls this the Rope-A-Dope!

After the huge slam, the BRAZEN rookie goes for the cover on White and hooks a leg!

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

DDK:

NO! Kickout by White... but Punchy has a chance!

He gets a fist ready and has one with his name on it when he swings... but White pulls the official in front of him! Purcell just BARELY stops himself! The Faithful are BOOING as White pulls Rex Knox in close...

Lance:

Come on! Purcell was one shot away from turning out White's lights for a second time... and LOOK!

As White still draws Knox's attention and chastises him about being careful, Purcell gets caught with a MASSIVE ring shaking Spinebuster from Felton Bigsby, who rolls quickly and causally to ringside with a sinister smile after the maneuver, allowing his boss room to work. Having taken a little breather in the corner as his Associates do their thing Ed picks his spot and deftly rolls through, hoisting PDP onto his shoulders in one fluid motion and quickly cracking off...

DDK:

STOCK MARKET DROP DVD FROM WHITE!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

In an impressive feat of strength from the Socialite, Ed holds on and rolls back to his feet with PDP still perched on his shoulders and levels the boxer with yet another ring shaking Stock Market Drop much to the dismay of the Faithful.

Ed rolls atop his opponent, hooking the leg.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" by Michael Nyman ♪

White breathes a sigh of relief all his own and knows that he's been in a dogfight... but he slowly rises up. He scowls at Knox to hold his hand up.

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner! **THE SOCIALITE! EDWARD WHITE!**

Lance:

This might technically be a loss for Purcell, but this was essentially a dang four on one mob beatdown. If it weren't for Katze, Corozzo and the new BRAZEN champion Bigsby this match would have played out a little differently in my humble opinion.

DDK:

In a fair one on one contest Punchy would have snagged himself a win over Ed White, no doubt in my mind, partner. All that for a BRAZEN rookie that has not only shown work ethic, but toughness to BOOT!

White climbs out of the ring and Felton starts to help Jane Katze to her feet. The boos are loud as Nicky Corozzo comes around, holding his jaw in pain. The foursome of Ed White and Associates leave the ringside area and head to the back.

Lance:

Ed White and company are on this kick about who they feel "belongs" here in DEFIANCE... if that young man right there isn't clearly a part of the future of this company I'll be a monkey's uncle. Punch Drunk Purcell proved himself definitely as a fully fledged DEFIANCE superstar tonight, as far as I'm concerned.

As White leaves with a big grin on his face for this win, he and his entourage disappear behind the curtains. Rex Knox goes to check on Purcell inside the ring with EMTs standing by, but Purcell brushes them away briskly. His neck is jarred, but it's clear he wants to walk out under his own power, albeit slowly. He spits his mouthguard out and then heads to the back garnering cheers from the crowd.

DDK:

One has to wonder what's next for Purcell, but for now, we've got to turn our attention towards the remaining matches of the night, including one of the biggest of our entire weekend... Tyler Fuse vs. Conor Fuse to determine the next ACE of DEFIANCE!

100% COMPLETION

We go backstage to the DEFCON interview backdrop where Jamie Sawyers stands beside Tyler Fuse. Tyler is to Jamie's right wearing plain black trunks, black boots and black wristbands. His hair is a little longer than normal and it is slicked back, while his beard has grown substantially since four weeks ago.

Jamie Sawyers:

Tyler, in just a few moments, for the first time ever, one of the most anticipated matches will take place on this very show. Tyler Fuse vs. Conor Fuse, brother vs. brother, for the ACE of DEFIANCE. Do you have any final thoughts?

Tyler leans forward as the typically stoic elder Fuse looks like he's going to speak.

Until Conor walks into the picture. The Faithful cheer as he stops on the opposite side of Jamie. Wearing his usual lime green attire, this specific DEFCON outfit is glossy. Glossy lime green tights with a white line running down the left side of his leg. Lime green sneakers, a shooting sleeve across his left arm and his trademark lime green "C" bandana.

Conor has a wide smile across his face. It's clear the energy inside of him is bouncing around and ready to blow. He adverts Jamie's attention and speaks into the mic.

Conor Fuse:

That's right! One-on-one for the first, and maybe last?, time ever!

Conor looks his brother up and down.

Conor Fuse:

Bro. It's been a ride. From our first DEFCON match... being on the fWo developmental roster right before it closed... from our battles with Gulf Coast Connection, The ToyBox and Stevens Dynasty [Conor gives a grossed out shiver at that last name]... Comments Section and Malak Garland specifically... then off we go in our own directions, our own campaigns. Finally coming to a climax, as we both fight tooth and nail to see who can reach the top of the mount-

Tyler places his hand over the microphone and steers Jamie's hand back towards himself.

Tyler Fuse:

Nice pep talk, you're quite the little hype machine.

Conor nods and says a "thank you", perhaps not catching the subtle tone suggesting Tyler's not going to end with something good to say.

Tyler Fuse:

You have been successful, so very successful. I'm also talking about DEFIANCE beyond. Three time High Octane World Champion. I'll let their current ticket sales speak for themselves but when you were an active member of the roster it was a competitive organization.

This time it's Tyler who looks his sibling over from head to toe.

Tyler Fuse:

My brother, the annoying loudmouth gaming manchild, was a three time WORLD Champion. And in DEFIANCE, you've held your own, too. Defeated the legendary Deacon in your first significant singles match. That high strung, never-shut-the-hell-up, reply-to-your-own-discord-post attitude shot you up the... !ranks.

Tyler grins.

Tyler Fuse:

Suddenly you became one of The Faithful's... date I say, elite. A true hero. A guy each and every person wanted to get behind.

He stops.

Shakes his head.

Tyler Fuse:

[Hey, wha' happened?](#)

Another pause.

Tyler Fuse:

Favored Saints Championship? No. SOHER victory? Nadda. FIST of DEFIANCE to your name? Definitely not.

Tyler pats Conor on the chest.

Tyler Fuse:

Titles don't make wrestlers, so don't think I'm coming full blown shallow at you. But when the next step **is** on the line, you've come up a little short each and every time.

Tyler stops, as if inadvertently asking Conor to correct him if he's wrong. Conor doesn't.

Tyler Fuse:

Will you get there? Yeah, you will. You're too good to be kept down for so long. I have no doubt that one day you will become the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Conor raises his eyebrows as if to say "thanks man"!

Tyler Fuse:

But here's the kicker. It ain't going to happen right now.

Those same eyebrows drop in a hurry.

Tyler Fuse:

Now? Well, bro, for the past couple of years I've been wandering around in the no man zone. A David Fox here, a Kabal there [his own shiver at the thought]... then I found Jack Harmen. I **murdered** Jack Harmen. Do you see your hero on television anymore? I ended his career. I ended Flying Frenchie's career.

Tyler reveals he's been holding onto the bloody beret. He places it on his head with an evil grin and wink.

Tyler Fuse:

So now I will end my long winded speech.

Tyler stares directly into Conor's eyes.

Tyler Fuse:

After Conor Fuse's four solid years of fandom, capturing everyone's attention and becoming the NEXT BIG THING... I wonder what's going to happen when "the forgotten brother", the one from way down the card... deep within the pits of The Kabal...

He pats Conor on the chest.

Tyler Fuse:

Catches up, overtakes you, and ultimately achieves everything you were supposed to accomplish first.

Tyler walks off.

Tyler Fuse: *[off-camera]*

Think about it, bro. Oh, and goodluck tonight.

Conor stands with his hands on his hips, staring directly at the spot where his brother made the initial remarks.

The Power-Up King slowly looks over to Jamie Sawyers. At first, Conor seems sad... maybe even a little angry.

But then he smiles and lightheartedly tussles Jamie's hair.

Conor Fuse:

Maybe my brother can go fuck himself.

Conor winks at Jamie and walks off.

Conor Fuse: *[off-camera]*

I'm kidding, Jamie, I'm kidding. I love him! What a bro. Let's. Fucking. Goooooooooooo!

ACE of DEFIANCE: TYLER FUSE vs. CONOR FUSE

The match graphic appears. The crowd cheers. The scene goes to ringside, where the ACE of DEFIANCE chip sits on a stand at the bottom right hand side of the rampway.

DDK:

Believe it or not, this is not the first time both brothers are competing for the ACE of DEFIANCE in the same match. May 25, 2022, almost two years ago in a multi-man ladder match.

Lance:

I remember that match well. I believe Tyler and Conor had a moment in the ring but neither of them were able to connect with an offensive move.

Darren Quimbey is in the middle of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL!

RAH. RAH. RAAAAHHHHHH!

Darren Quimbey:

And it is for the ACE of DEFIANCE!

DDK:

The rules are simple. The ACE can be used for a FIST of DEFIANCE title shot anywhere within the calendar year - from the first DEFTv back to technically next year's DEFCON. It has to be a called shot, though. This can't be used as a cash-in, sneak attack.

Lance:

Noted.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing in at two-hundred-eight pounds... he is The OG Player... TYLER FUUUUSSSSSEEEEE!!

Smoke fills the top of the rampway as an orchestra is revealed to the right hand side of the stage. Violins in hand, they play Tyler out.

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

More smoke fills the front of the entranceway, as Fuse emerges and stands directly in the center. Eyes locked on the middle of the ring, he begins his descent down the rampway.

DDK:

Biggest match of Tyler Fuse's career. He's right, he's caught fire after his brutal war with Jack Harmen. Undefeated in singles action for two years, a win will get him one step away to our biggest prize possible.

Tyler walks up the steel steps and slips into the ring as he finds the center of the canvas and starts to look around. His theme song comes to a close. There are some lingering boos and cheers... but then they change to anticipation.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... also from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred pounds... he is The Power-Up King... he is The Ultimate Gamer... CONOR FUUUUUUUUUSSSSSEEEEE!

The lights dim.

♪ “Bloody Tears (Epic Version)” from Castlevania ♪

The lights switch to a lime green tint as the theme song begins. The FIST logo in the center of the stage opens, as Conor Fuse is revealed upon a lift from underneath it. He stands, head down, arms crossed, covered in a Castlevania-inspired robe. The scene switches to Tyler Fuse for a moment, as he paces back and forth within the squared circle.

Conor takes a step forward as lime green pyro explodes from behind. He pushes his arms forward as the robe falls to the ground. With an intense look on his face as well, Conor doesn't bop up and down the rampway as usual. Instead, he merely locks on his target and elder brother as his theme continues to play him out.

DDK:

Not to be outdone, this might be Conor's biggest match in DEFIANCE!

Lance:

At least on par with the Dex Joy battle at last year's DEFCON.

DDK:

Up for the challenge? His typical theatrics are switched off. Conor looks ready to go.

Fuse arrives at the end of the ramp. He quickly glances over to the ACE of DEFIANCE and gives it a weak thumbs up. He leaps onto the apron. He grabs the top rope with both hands and then hops over the ropes, landing perfectly in the center of the ring as he shoots through the air.

DDK:

Our referee... is... ugh, it's Mark Shields.

Lance:

How does he get these big time matches!?

DDK:

I don't know.

Conor retreats to a corner of the ring, while Tyler waits in the one across the way. The gamer's theme song dies down.

And the two stare at one another.

Mark Shields, for all his typical uselessness, happens to be on point at least for now. He calls for the bell!

DING DING

RRRRRAAAHHHHHH!!

A roar of support flows throughout the arena, as Tyler and Conor remain in their respective corners.

DDK:

You can hear these people! Let's get it on!

Conor takes a moment to bask in the cheers, while Tyler merely takes a step forward. Stone faced, he hasn't shifted his focus. It looks like he doesn't give AF.

LET'S GO CONOR! Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

LET'S GO CONOR! Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

LET'S GO CONOR! Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

But these chants are slowly drowned out with a surprising one...

WE WANT TYLER! Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

WE WANT TYLER! Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

WE WANT TYLER! Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Conor digs it. He claps on for whatever The Faithful say. Yeah, Tyler's pretty cool! I mean not as cool as him but it's okay!

Meanwhile Tyler simply takes a second step forward.

Then Conor shoots into the middle of the canvas. He runs right there and shouts at his brother to meet him.

So Tyler walks a little faster.

Face-to-face, nose-to-nose, the crowd is white hot and yet they haven't even touched.

SAVE THE DAY!

SAVE THE DAY!

SAVE THE DAY!

The Faithful start chanting the original Fuse Bros. battle cry. Conor takes in the atmosphere around them. Tyler shrugs.

And then Conor takes a couple of steps back. He walks to his corner and starts stretching while the fans get even louder!

DDK:

Let's get it on, boys! Let's do this!

Conor RACES forward with a clothesline attempt but Tyler displays impressive aerial abilities himself by clearing Conor with an incredible leap! Tyler spins around...

Conor charges Tyler but Tyler ducks a superkick attempt by hitting the canvas and rolling forward. Tyler jumps to his feet and looks for an exploder suplex but Conor lands on his feet! The Ultimate Gamer bounces off the ropes, leaping in the air but Tyler catches his younger brother and attempts a powerslam... Conor escapes! Tyler's off the ropes... he lunges forward and gets caught in a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker... the only problem is before Conor connects his knee with Tyler's back, the elder Fuse slips out of the hold. Tyler tries for a jab to the eyes but Conor blocks it. Conor goes for a sweep of the legs but Tyler jumps it. Tyler looks for a clothesline... no can do. Conor catches Tyler's left arm instead and slides around his brother's back. A back slide puts both men on the mat but Tyler rolls through and is on his feet first. He pops up and delivers a hard knee to the side of Conor's face... except it meets nothing but air when Conor leans backwards. Conor grabs Tyler's leg with the intention of twisting his older brother to the ground but Tyler shows the ability for further acrobatics. He flips in mid-air, twists and lands perfectly on his feet. Tyler grabs Conor's head, runs up the turnbuckle pads for CQC... but is pushed off and sent to the center of the canvas floor, although landing on his feet.

Both men stand across the mat from one another, the crowd explodes in cheers!!!

DDK:

I think I've seen this somewhere before!

Lance:

Neither of them have landed a move! UNBELIEVABLE!

LET'S GO FUSES, LET'S GO!

LET'S GO FUSES, LET'S GO!

LET'S GO FUSES, LET'S GO!

The arena is a bedlam, even Tyler can't help but smile at the thought of not being able to make contact.

The elder Fuse walks to the center of the ring. Conor meets him there.

WHAP!!!

Tyler smacks Conor across the face to a MASSIVE ovation!

DDK:

There's our first, official shot!

Conor stumbles backwards but then **CONNECTS** with that clothesline, flipping Tyler around as he does! Fuse kips to his feet and unloads the **HAPPY STOMPS** of **DOOM!**

The building is ruckus as Conor hammers his boots down, working Tyler into a corner. He peels his elder brother off the mat and Irish whips him to the corner across the way. Tyler hits and sticks, as Conor comes racing in with a leaping knee strike.

WHAM!

He hits it but at the same time Tyler ends up wrapping his arms around Conor and walking him into the center of the ring.

Sitdown powerbomb!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Conor rolls over, hops up and lets a missile dropkick fly into Tyler's face.

DDK:

Conor is so much faster than Tyler and that's not to say Tyler is slow. Conor works at a lightning speed. I'm not sure anyone would've been able to kick out, roll onto their feet and hit a dropkick in that quick of a time!

Conor races around the ring. He slams his hands against the one of the top buckles and then charges at Tyler with a spinning corkscrew uppercut. It catches Tyler and moves him into the ropes but Tyler comes bouncing right back off...

STANDING SPANISH FLY BY CONOR!

The crowd gives another cheer as the younger Fuse kips up again. Hands in balls of fists and shaking them profusely, Fuse walks over to Fuse [follow along here, have to change up the proper nouns :)] and Conor starts unloading kicks into Tyler's chest.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

The fans chant with every kick until Conor takes three steps back and looks for a **SUPERkick**.

SWOOSH!

Tyler ducks, rolls underneath Conor's leg and hits the ropes. Tyler clobbers his brother with a spear as he pulls himself

up as fast as he can...

And unloads the ANGRY STOMPS of DOOM!

Some of the crowd boo, but most are still entertained as Tyler works Conor into a corner, with a fury on his face like only the Intensity Personified Player can present. Tyler pulls Conor upright and drapes him across the corner.

He chops him hard in the chest!

Tyler sends a second chop across Conor's chest and then hurls him with ALL of his might into the buckle across the way.

Conor hits, flips and sits on the top padding. Then he falls down the exact way he landed in the seated position. He backtracks to the center of the ring, holding the side of his head.

When Tyler runs over, leaps in the air and lands a bulldog DDT!

Conor doesn't flinch.

Tyler rolls him onto his back and hooks a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER BARELY UP!

Tyler drags Conor onto his feet. He lands an atomic drop and then works his little brother into a pendulum backbreaker. Tossing Conor's body off his knee like a ragdoll, Tyler slides into position and starts hammering his left knee straight into Conor's back over and over.

He hoists Conor in the air again and lands a backdrop, followed by an elbow to the side of the head. He hooks a leg again.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Tyler applies a sleeper.

DDK:

I don't think that last pinfall attempt was to score the victory. Rather, I think Tyler is looking to wind this match down to his speed and tire his brother out.

Lance:

That's a tall task, Keebs. We've seen it for years now. Conor has endless energy... and we're seeing it right this second as he tries to get out of the sleeper hold!

The younger Fuse raises his arms in the air, trying to rally the fans. Conor is on a knee... then a foot... then both feet. He rifles a few elbows into Tyler's chest and breaks free! Conor hits the ropes-

OOF!

And eats another knee to the chest!

Conor doubles over. Tyler marches towards him, plucks Conor off the canvas with a gutwrench powerbomb changed at the last second to a running release powerbomb!

Conor lands flat in the center of the ring with his legs in the air. Tyler slides over, hooks his left arm around Conor's legs and tries for a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Tyler immediately wraps both arms around Conor's legs and works him into a modified Texas cloverleaf!

DDK:

I don't want to jinx things, but Mark Shields has been on his game tonight.

Lance:

You've jinxed things.

DDK:

Either way, Tyler keeps the pressure applied to his brother. He's done a good job so far. These two might be wrestling for the first time ever but they know each other in and out. Regarding a game plan for Tyler, you have to stay on top of Conor at all costs. You can't let Conor breathe!

Lance:

The one issue with this, though... is Conor's positioning. Tyler applied the cloverleaf so quickly, he didn't drag Conor to the middle of the ring. He's close enough to those ropes!

And Conor does indeed reach out, shift on the mat just a little...

And grab the bottom rope!

Mark Shields is off in dreamland until Conor starts shouting in his direction.

Lance:

You were saying?

Mark Shields:

Oh shit, right man. ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Tyler breaks the hold at four. He reaches out for Conor's legs to drag him away from the ropes but Fuse kicks and kicks and kicks. Tyler backtracks, then lunges forward again but with use of the ropes Conor springboards upright and nails Tyler with a clothesline. Conor runs into the ropes, leaps into the air again and wraps his legs around Tyler's neck, hitting a tilt-a-whirl DDT but with Conor's feet.

The Ultimate Gamer kips up. He clutches his left knee for a quick second before shooting into a corner. He finds the second buckle, leaps off and crunches Tyler under the jaw with a flying uppercut. Then he races to the ropes, bounces off and lands a spinning heel kick. Tyler tries to get on his feet, but this time Conor flips off the second rope and delivers a spinning back elbow strike!

Conor fires up the crowd as he runs around the ring. Tyler, who's now on his feet, attempts to strike with a left handed shot but Conor is too quick.

Conor finds the second buckle. It's almost like he jumps on it sideways and then springs out towards his brother, landing a second spinning back elbow strike.

The Power-Up King smacks his arms together and tackles Tyler to the ground. He kips up once more, runs into the ropes and performs a very high angle lionsault.

DDK:

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Conor nods at the referee, understanding a lot more work needs to be done. He fires up on his feet again, he's racing around the ring. He charges at Tyler when-

WHAM!

OOOHHHHHH!!

The crowd GASPS as Tyler meets Conor in the middle of the air. Except Tyler SPEARS Conor but instead of connecting with Conor's chest, he slams into Conor's left knee. The younger Fuse goes tumbling in the air, head-over-heels before he crashes to the mat in a heap and immediately grabs his left knee.

Pain fills Conor's face as the camera reveals Tyler's back towards him. The elder Fuse is on his knees, but he hears the shouting. Then he slowly cocks his head around.

And grins.

Tyler slides over to Conor, snatching The Character Formerly Known as the Second Player's leg. The former FS Champion throws his entire left elbow into it, as Conor screams in agony so Tyler does it again. Again. Again. AGAIN!

This time he doesn't just put his elbow into Conor's knee, he rams his entire body seemingly through it.

DDK:

I don't like to see this but it's a brilliant move. Tyler NEEDS to ground Conor. We saw it before the spear - Conor was doing whatever he wanted.

Lance:

Not only does it take away Conor's agility and quickness but it takes away the impact of the moves. Those spinning elbows Conor was delivering, no way they hurt that much if he's not launching himself off something else.

Tyler drags Conor to the ropes. He places Conor's left leg across the bottom rope while he holds onto the top one.

WHAM!

Tyler crashes his entire body into the knee of Conor, knocking Conor's leg off the bottom rope.

So Tyler places his brother's leg on there again.

WHAM!

Same thing.

Conor screams in pain as Tyler's stoic, emotionless expression takes over. Merely robotic now, Fuse places Fuse's leg on the bottom rope once more.

WHAM!

Conor rolls around the canvas in pain as he holds onto his knee. Tyler casually strolls over to his brother, lifts him up, and hooks Conor's good leg into his body. Tyler hoists his brother in the air and then throws Conor down so that the gamer lands all of his weight on his bad leg and, ultimately, his bad knee.

Conor screams but Tyler doesn't let go. He throws Conor into the air again and forces the former world champion from elseworlds to land on his knee.

Conor falls over, continuing to shout. Tyler snatches both legs and tries for the modified cloverleaf submission.

DDK:

Tyler has him!

Dead to rights in the middle of the ring, Conor looks like he might tap right here, right now!

But the crowd is trying to cheer him on!

Tyler leans back. He has the move locked in. It's textbook!

DDK:

We might be witnessing the true rise of Tyler Fuse after all!

Tyler grits his teeth. He's seething as he holds his brother's legs across his body. Meanwhile, on the mat, Conor rakes his face with his left hand and tries to reach for the ropes with his right.

He's not even close.

Conor places both hands under his shoulders, in an attempt to push up and off the canvas.

He moves ever-so-slightly.

Conor tries again.

He moves ever-so-slightly.

The Ultimate Gamer reaches out but he's ----- away.

Conor places his hands under him again. He hears the chants from the bleachers. He pushes up and off.

----- away.

DDK:

I don't know if Conor can handle any more of it.

Lance:

He might have dislocated his knee!

Conor pushes up and off the mat.

---- away.

DDK:

Too far. He's just too far!

Tyler can see the ACE of DEFIANCE. He's literally looking straight at it as he has the hold locked in. Conor screams at the top of his lungs. He places his arms under him...

--- away.

One more time. He's almost there. Conor goes for another big push.

-- away-

NO!

----- away!

The crowd gasps! Tyler knew the momentum was open, he felt Conor push off the mat so he knew **he'd** be able to move Conor, too.

As a result, Tyler dragged them both to the center of the ring!

Better yet... he moves himself RIGHT BESIDE the ropes and ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE RING!

Lance:

Tyler is RIGHT beside the ropes now and Conor is nowhere close. If Conor wants to move... he's got more than half of the canvas!

Conor bites his right arm and raises his left. He opens the palm. It looks like he's going to strike the mat...

But somehow, somehow, the slippery Fuse twists and wiggles on the canvas instead. He's worked himself onto his right shoulder...

And then he slides across the mat, bringing Tyler with him.

Conor finds the ropes Tyler was initially standing in front of. He grabs the bottom one!

Lance:

The plan backfired! Only Conor would be able to Houdini himself!

Mark Shields starts the count but Tyler drops the hold anyway. He leans down to collect Conor-

When Conor rolls him into a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Tyler rolls onto his knees, his eyes wide and his jaw on the floor. He slowly looks over to Mark Shields...

But Shields holds up two fingers!

Relief crosses Tyler's face as he looks down at Conor. His brother hasn't gotten to his feet yet... because he's been grounded. Heavy damage to his left knee.

DDK:

A desperate move almost paid off!

Lance:

It was SO close, Keebs. I'd like to see the replay!

As the replay shows, real time sees Tyler gain a vertical base and drags Conor up, too. The younger Fuse is hopping on his good foot, trying to keep the weight off his bad left knee. Tyler latches onto Conor's waist...

And tossing him halfway across the ring with an exploder suplex!

The replay shows that, YES, Mark Shields made the right call! There's a first for everything. Tyler kicked out and got that right shoulder up in the nick of time!

The broadcast closes the replay and we're back to full picture. Tyler takes hold of Conor and hits another exploder suplex. The OG Player pulls Conor to his feet...

Conor hops up and down, winching in pain. He tries to kick Tyler, but Tyler catches his foot.

BAM!

Enziguri!

Tyler collapses to the mat and Conor does the same.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

The LA Faithful cheer for Conor. He kips up but ONLY lands on his right leg perfectly.

DDK:

How is Conor doing this? This balance is incredible!

On literally one leg, Fuse leans down and pulls at his older brother's hair. The former Indy World Champion reels Tyler in and STILL ON ONE LEG Conor hits a snap falcon arrow suplex into a pinning attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Conor hops towards the ropes and then launches himself towards Tyler with a crossbody block.

Tyler catches him.

Fallaway slam!

NO! Conor's body hits the ropes, springboards off and delivers a tilt-a-whirl Resolution DDT, planting Tyler DIRECTLY on the top of his head. Tyler practically stands on his head for a moment before falling back down to the mat. Conor crawls over and with pain still widely spread across his face... he hooks a leg as the crowd counts along!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The Faithful sigh as Conor looks over to Mark Shields. However, Fuse starts nodding and saying "okay, okay", as if he's convincing himself the match HAS TO continue!

DDK:

Conor is hurt. He's significantly hurt.

Lance:

Give Tyler credit, he didn't let up on his brother. And he's hanging in the match because Conor isn't at one-hundred percent!

Conor rolls to the ropes, using them to get up so he only has to put weight on the good leg. Fuse places both fists against his left knee and starts hammering it as hard as possible, hoping to get the blood flow back, or, perhaps, knock the pain out.

He catches Tyler racing towards him.

Low bridge. Tyler falls out of the ring but lands on the apron. Conor snatches Tyler's head and hangs him up on the ropes, as the disgruntled Fuse falls off the apron and to the ground below.

Conor closes his eyes and prays. He slingshots himself up and out of the ring, with a flying crossbody on Tyler.

Tyler catches him again!

SMASH!

Fallaway slam!

This time, there's nothing for Conor to "rebound off".

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

With no regards for his brother, Tyler **THROWS** Conor into the guardrail behind him!

Replays show Conor absolutely eats the guardrail and breaks a part of its structure. Tyler shakes the cobwebs out of his head as he remains on both knees, then he robotically turns around and marches towards Conor.

The younger Fuse looks up at him.

Conor Fuse:

Dude...

Puppy dog eyes appear upon his face.

Until they suddenly vanish. Conor's demeanor is replaced with something more sinister, perhaps resembling his initial singles run versus The Deacon.

Conor Fuse:

IS THAT ALL YOU GOT!?

OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH!

Without blinking an eye, Tyler grabs Conor and tosses him straight into the ring post!

BING!

Conor's head hits the post and he flips inside-out before smacking the ground. Tyler marches over, scoops Conor up and Irish whips him with **BOTH ARMS** into the steel steps across the way.

SLAM!

Conor doesn't move. He lays right beside the steel steps as Tyler walks over-

WHAM!

Drop toe hold by Conor, Tyler's forehead goes into the top of the steps!

Conor rolls around on the mat, still clutching his leg. He looks over at Tyler who reveals he's been slightly busted open.

Conor gets to a knee.

Conor Fuse:

L.

Conor stands on his good foot.

Conor Fuse:

F.

Conor places both feet under him and screams into the rafters.

Conor Fuse:

GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

He charges Tyler but Tyler catches him and delivers a sidewalk slam, distributing his brother's back across the steel steps.

WHAM!

Lance:

I could hear that from here!

Tyler runs a hand across his forehead to check for blood before he grabs Conor and rolls him into the ring. Tyler follows.

The elder Fuse slowly stalks Conor crawling on the canvas. Tyler cracks his head to the right, cracks his head to the left...

Rolls his head around his neck.

He pulls Conor onto both feet, forcing The Ultimate Gamer to stand on that bad leg.

Tyler Fuse:

Sorry, bro.

Tyler cranks his arms back-

But Conor smacks him across the shoulders.

It was a really light slap, though.

Too light.

Tyler raises an eyebrow.

Conor Fuse: *[grinning through excruciating pain]*

WEAPON GET.

Before Tyler can even think, Conor leaps up, grabs the OG Player by the head and runs up the turnbuckle padding. He pushes off with his right leg, flips in mid-air...

And lands CQC, Tyler's finishing move!

DDK:

THAT'S IT! IT'S OVER!

The Faithful stand as Mark Shields slides into position and makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

HARD, ALBEIT LAST SECOND KICKOUT!

Tyler suddenly has Conor in a crossface!

Lance:

Tyler's second wind!

It's clear, however, Tyler is struggling. He doesn't have the crossface perfectly locked in, although Conor isn't that close to the ropes, either. The Power-Up King slides across the canvas, trying to drag Tyler with him.

DDK:

This move does not work the legs, obviously. But it's what Tyler had available to him at the time.

Lance:

Look at Conor moving across the canvas! He can't do it well. Once his left knee gave out, it affected so much. He's only pushing off his RIGHT leg!

DDK:

That's a terrific observation, partner.

Conor slowly moves across the canvas, nowhere near the speed at which he'd like. Finally, only a foot or two away... he pushes off the mat...

And snatches the bottom rope!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Tyler drops the hold at TWO while his head and hands fall to the mat. Both men need a moment to recover as the crowd cheers them on.

DDK:

We knew it was going to be a battle, I thought it was going to be a war. We're seeing this unfold before our eyes!

Conor rolls to his right and Tyler rolls to his left. Both brothers seemingly mirroring one another's movements without even knowing. Both arrive on a knee at the same time, then a foot, then completely upright...

Tyler with a hard left hand to Conor.

Conor replies with a left hand of his own.

Thus, the two brothers go shot for shot.

And shot.

Shot. Shot. Shot.

Working the arena into a frenzy!

Finally, it looks like Tyler is getting the better of the two. Tyler ducks a left hand, rolls across Conor's back and delivers an implant DDT. Tyler stands, throws his hair back and peers into the bleachers.

Boos return. He no-sells.

DDK:

What in the hell is Tyler doing?

Lance:

Ummm... going to the top rope?

A typical no man's land for the former FS Champion, Tyler waits for Conor to roll onto a knee.

A smirk crosses Tyler's face as he squeaks out...

Tyler Fuse:

Weapon... Get.

Conor raises an inquisitive eyebrow.

Conor Fuse: [mumbling to himself]

Bro, you can't say that. You have to smack me on the shoulders and-

Tyler leaps off the buckle when Conor gets on his feet.

HEAD STOMP!

The crowd GASPS. Tyler hooks a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

I was so impressed with Tyler's vertical. That's NOT something you see him do every day! He's grounded, he's a technician.

DDK:

Well he ALMOST beat his brother.

Tyler looks over to Mark Shields and smiles. But it's a sarcastic smile. A smile suggesting, perhaps, he shouldn't have played by Conor's rules.

He should just stick to his own.

Tyler peels Conor off the mat and then hurls his younger brother towards the ropes but before the gamer can even bounce off them, Tyler follows in hot pursuit. He chop blocks Conor in that bad left knee.

Back to the OG gameplan.

Conor goes down like he's shot. The crowd boos heavily as the view of Conor falling and Tyler standing behind him, dead-eyed locked on his brother's left leg, weighs heavily amongst The Faithful.

Tyler unloads. More ANGRY STOMPS of DOOM. He's ruthlessly working the knee, despite Conor's cries of pain.

Tyler drops to the mat, grabs the knee and then drags Conor towards the ring posts.

DDK:

He's not going to... there's no way...

The crowd knows what's coming.

Lance:

He put Kerry Kuroyama on the shelf for a full calendar year with this! TWICE!

Tyler shouts at Mark Shields to mind his own business and, unfortunately, the referee's incompetence comes into play when Mark decides he better scope out the good looking singles in the front few rows.

Tyler wraps Conor's left knee around the ring post. He slithers under the ropes and to the floor below. He wraps Conor's other leg around the post. Then he starts to position his own...

He lets go.

He hangs.

The figure four off the ring post!

Tyler tugs at Conor's right leg while applying much needed pressure on the left.

DDK:

Tyler's going to dislocate Conor's knee if he keeps this up!

Lance:

Brotherly love is out the window in competition, Keebs. Conor is learning this lesson. Hell, Tyler is learning it!

Mercilessly, Tyler pulls and pulls. He's seething as he hangs off Conor's feet, not even touching his back to the floor. Mark Shields asks some lady if she's single, she proceeds to give him the middle finger and hugs her likely boyfriend. Mark asks if threes are considered company over overkill and where they'd like to meet when the show is done.

Conor tries to sit up. He's got both hands across his face, ripping at his hair and mouth. The Power-Up King places his palms against the bottom buckle and pushes back as hard as he possibly can.

DDK:

The time is ticking. If Conor can't get out of this soon enough, it's going to be over!

Conor screams into the rafters as he pushes off... but barely moves away from the ring post.

...

...

And finally Mark Shields clues in. He starts a five count!

DDK:

Mercy!

The count reaches FOUR when Tyler drops the hold, rolls into the ring-

And shoves Mark Shields.

Mark Shields:

Bro!

Tyler shakes his head. Hands on his hips, he scoffs at the referee.

Tyler Fuse:

Christ, Mark. I told you to do something else!

Mark Shields:

Bro. Bro, yeah man, I know. But I have to call the match, too!

Tyler can't f'n believe it.

Meanwhile, Conor holds his left knee as a couple of tears run down his face.

DDK:

I think he's done, Lance. I think Conor's lost this one. I don't like the look of his knee.

The crowd is trying to will Conor Fuse to his feet, while his elder and pissed off brother continues to see red, fuming at the referee.

Conor slams the mat with his left fist. He pulls his head up and wipes away the tears of pain. He shoots to his feet, well, his one GOOD foot, as he hops around and tries to move forward.

Conor Fuse:

HEY! HEY, TYLER!

Conor demands his brother's attention.

Conor Fuse:

I said lets...

He tries to suck back the pain as best as he possibly can.

Conor Fuse:

FUCKING...

As he hops up and down, he hammers his chest and screams in Tyler's direction.

Conor Fuse:

GO!!!!!!!!!!

Conor upgraded LFG to actual words now.

Tyler snarls and charges at Conor but Conor leaps up and lands on his only leg, avoiding the tackle. Conor cries loudly as he places his left leg down, too, and readies for Tyler to charge once more.

BOOM!

Double knee facebuster (codebreaker) by Conor!

RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

Tyler shoots into the air and lands perfectly on his back in the very middle of the ring!

Lance:

Oh my god!

DDK:

Conor used his knees, BOTH of them, as an offensive weapon!

But Conor won't cover. He shakes his head no. He starts hammering his bad knee again. A few more tears roll down his face. He is significantly hurt.

But ALSOOOO...

He will not quit!

DDK:

Conor's as tough as they come. He's showing it. The guy had his arm dislocated mid-match during a World Title contest in HOW. We all know what Arthur Pleasant did to him last year and yet Fuse came back and ran Pleasant out

of town! There's no putting this kid down, even when you think he's DOA...

Lance:

I hear you, Keebs. I believe!

Hopping up and down, the younger Fuse looks over to the top rope.

DDK:

Still, with everything I just said... there's no way Conor does this!

Lance:

Oh yes there is!

DDK:

He's in no condition! But he's going to do it anyway, isn't he?

Lance:

Yep!

In a torment of pain, Conor hops towards a corner. Clearly he can no longer jump directly onto the top buckle. Instead, he has to climb. Something so foreign to the guy.

DDK:

This is taking longer than normal!

Lance:

No kidding. Conor's usually up there in a second and that's not an exaggeration!

The "good" Fuse slowly maneuvers himself around the buckle to face his brother. Still on 1.5 legs, he looks into the rafters and says a serious prayer, unsure if he's going to pull it off.

DDK:

JUMP! DO IT! HURRY!

Conor goes for it.

DARK.

PHOENIX.

SPLASH.

10/10 landing.

The arena is unglued! Conor rolls his head back and breathes a sigh of relief as he hooks a leg.

DDK:

NEW ACE OF DEFIANCE!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The gamer's eyes bug out of his head as he looks up at the referee, wondering what the hell just took place. He can't believe his elder brother survived! Nobody can, not even Mark Shields!

Mark Shields:

Holy fuck, dude. Maybe you're not meant to win this!

Conor slams the mat. He probably didn't hear Mark, he didn't really need to, anyway. The Ultimate Gamer continues to grapple in agony as he rolls into a corner of the ring. He looks at the top buckle and he slams the padding.

Conor Fuse:

Power up.

Conor hobbles (significantly hobbles) over to a second corner. He whacks the top of that buckle.

Conor Fuse:

Power up!

The former Tag Team Champion uses the ropes to guide him towards the third buckle. Of course, he slaps the top of it.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UP.

And then the gamer makes his way to the fourth and final buckle. He hammers it as hard as he can. He hammers it over and over and over and battle cries into the rafters.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UP!!!!!!

Conor sees Tyler getting to his feet...

But then Tyler falls back down.

Conor watches Tyler trying to get back up again.

But falls back down.

Conor can't help but stay in the corner for another moment or two as he processes the information. The Second Player looks concerned.

Tyler tries to stand up. This time, however, he's barely on his knees. He looks glossy eyed and DOA.

Conor looks conflicted. He takes a moment and then sprints forward, leaping into the air and directing the heels of his sneakers into Tyler's skull.

HEAD STOMP.

Thump.

But Conor doesn't land on anything.

Just the mat.

Tyler creeps up from behind him. All of a sudden, he doesn't look as hurt or DOA as originally intended.

Tyler rolls Conor up into a textbook small package!

Mark Shields counts.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

The crowd is shocked as Conor kicks out, one millisecond too late.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Is it over!?

The air is sucked out of the arena but no theme song plays. Referee Mark Shields exits the squared circle and finds Darren Quimbey. The two converse, as Darren nods and then raises the mic to his face. Meanwhile, inside the ring Tyler stoically rests in a corner while Conor sits, rocking slightly back and forth in the center of the canvas.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... and the NEW ACE of DEFIANCE... TYLER FUSE!

The crowd boos. Tyler doesn't express any emotion. Conor, on the other hand, is devastated.

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

Mark Shields takes the ACE of DEFIANCE chip and slides into the ring. Tyler pulls himself upright with the use of the ropes, snatches the chip from Mark's hand and then walks to the center of the ring, looking directly down at his brother.

Tyler's theme music shuts off.

The announcers stay on radio silence as Tyler merely stares down at his brother, and Conor looks up at him while holding his bad knee.

Surprisingly, Tyler offers his hand.

Conor looks at it. Then he looks down at his knee. Back up at Tyler. Knee again. Tyler. Knee. Tyler. This could take a while.

Conor closes his eyes, grabs Tyler's hand and is helped to his 1.5 legs.

Some of the crowd cheers as Conor leans forward and whispers something to his brother. Tyler nods in return and exits the ring as he walks up the rampway while his theme song resurfaces.

Conor claps for the elder Fuse but stops to point down at his knee, trying to make the best of it with a lighthearted "you're a dick" comment. Tyler looks to say something along the lines of "I know" before reaching the top of the rampway and exiting completely.

Tyler's theme song closes.

And a round of applause for Conor Fuse begins.

DDK:

He tried. He's come so very close a number of times. It has to be heartbreaking for the guy.

Lance:

Oh absolutely. You can see it on his face!

Conor claps to the fans, thanking them for their support.

Conor Fuse: [mumbling to The Faithful]

One day. One day I'll finish the stor- complete the campaign.

Fuse slowly limps towards the ropes, as Mark Shields tries to help him out-

Just then, SCOTT HUNTER comes racing out from the back dressed in street clothes, with a ridiculously gaudy

sequin jacket on over a Twisted Sister tour t-shirt. Conor stops where he is by the ropes with Mark Shields holding him steady, a frown coming across his face.

Lance:

What the hell is this goofball doing???

DDK:

Well... he's been interacting with Conor Fuse the last couple of shows for no reason that I can imagine. I really don't know...

Scott reaches the ring apron right under where Conor is standing and surveys the situation. He looks up at Conor, then to Conor's knee, then up at Conor, then to Conor's knee. It feels like we just did this. Then, an idea flashes across Scott's face. We can tell it's an idea because there is also smoke coming from his ears.

Scott reaches into his jacket pocket, wipes some glitter away and pulls out what appears to be a band-aid.

DDK:

Oh God, what is this? What is this?

There is some murmured laughter as Scott takes the band-aid, peels off the backing, and then applies it to Conor's injured knee.

Lance:

That better be non-stick or that's gonna hurt like hell when Conor pulls it off!

Conor is not amused, and somehow Scott gets the message, holding his hands up, begging off.

DDK:

This was silly.

Scott holds up a finger, smiles, and points to the top of the ramp.

THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

Silence.

Silence.

In succession, words appear in giant block letters on the DEFIATron.

MURDER

DADDY'S

HOME

DDK:

What the - - - ?

Lance:

Oh no...

DDK:

What??

Lance:

No way...

DDK:

WHAT??

Before Lance can answer, strobe lights start in an uneven pattern, mimicking lightning, and the music starts...

As the light flashes all over the stage, we suddenly see the outline of a figure standing there, and in certain flashes, we see a lean person, with medium-length black hair hanging down in front of their face. Then a particularly bright flash shows a smiling...

CECILIA RYAN.

DDK:

I don't believe this!! That's!

Lance:

You know what this means!

DDK:

No way! There's no way! I thought... Do you know who that is??? That's...

Before he finishes his thought, another bright flash shows Cecilia Ryan again, but now, there's a much larger figure behind her.

The crowd goes absolutely batshit crazy.

DAN RYAN.

The lights come up as the music keeps playing. Cecilia flips her hair back and smiles a deep smile toward the ring. Behind her, Dan Ryan stands in all his glory with all the flashing lights reflecting off his dark sunglasses. He stares up at Conor in the ring.

Conor's mouth drops open slightly, and he blinks, not really believing what he's seeing.

DDK:

I'm absolutely speechless, Lance! I truly do not know what to say right now!

Lance:

That's... I can't believe this either! It's the THREE-TIME FIST OF DEFIANCE... DAN RYAN!

DDK:

And his daughter Cecilia, who is apparently pretty dangerous in her own right!

Lance:

Her mother is the sister of Lindsay Troy... this girl is as much a blue-blood as we've ever seen in this sport!!

In the ring, Conor's shoulders have slumped, and the expression on his face goes from angry to hurt and back again.

Cecilia looks out into the crowd, who are still going nuts, and smiles. After another brief glance at Conor, she looks up, closes her eyes, and the lights go out again.

After a couple of seconds, they come back up, and they're both gone.

DDK:

I'm just absolutely stunned here. I did not have the return of Dan Ryan on my bingo card for tonight, Lance.

Lance:

No no, I didn't either. I do know things just got a lot more interesting around here. You have to wonder, after the controversy of his leaving several years ago and now with this sudden return... what will the dynamics be in the family? What will the dynamics be with Vae Victis??

In the ring, Conor shakes his head, still in disbelief, and lets Mark Shields help him climb through the ropes.

DDK:

All questions for another day, I suppose... Whew... gotta catch my breath here...

Lance:

Don't blame ya one bit.

DDK:

Speaking of Vae Victis, they will be out here next!

DEFCON AGAIN

Christie Zane stands in front of a DEFCON banner, mic in hand. Dressed for the occasion, she smiles into the camera. On either side of her stands Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy - The Saturday Night Specials. They're dressed for their upcoming match and eager for battle. Noticeably, Cassidy sports the remnants of a shiner on the same eye that Henry Keyes targeted several weeks ago.

Christie Zane:

Brock, Pat - we are moments away from your showdown against Henry Keyes and Lindsay Troy of Vae Victis. At DEFtv 201, we saw the pair launch what can only be described as a brutal attack against you both, with noticeable viciousness toward you, Pat.

Cassidy waves dismissively.

Pat Cassidy:

Please, Zane. You think that was a big deal? When I was thirteen, I snuck into O'Malleys on Archdale and got my ass beat by the forty-year old O'Malley brothers. When I was nineteen, I took out six [BLEEP]in' [BLEEP]bags at a Umass Frat party before the other fifty-four took turns slamming my head into the pavement. Hell, two years ago The Lucky Sevens showed my [BLEEP]ing arm in a car door and gave me this wonderful steel plate.

Cassidy holds up his left forearm.

Pat Cassidy:

Point is Christie - getting my ass kicked ain't no thing. At this point it's like breathing the air. What Keyes did to me was like a 6.8 on the Pat Cassidy scale, and I'm pretty sure my Aunt Molly kicks harder. The only thing these fools never learn is if you're gonna put me down, you'd better make sure I stay there. All they've done is piss me off... and they're about to find that out.

Nodding his head in agreement, Newbludd puts a fist up and Cassidy bumps it. Christie looks up at him for her next question.

Christie Zane:

Brock, it's been almost a year since you've competed in the ring after having major surgery on your lower back. Tonight, SNS reunites on the biggest show of the year, in a match where anything goes and anything can happen. I can imagine there's a lot of pressure on you right now. Where's your head at in these final moments?

Brock Newbludd:

Still attached to my neck, Christie. Which is something you might not be able to say about Troy and Keyes once your boys are done with them tonight. And as far as pressure goes, you're damn right I'm feeling it. This moment is one that I've been working towards since the first day of rehab and nothing was going to stop me from being here.

Newbludd points a finger at the camera and smiles.

Brock Newbludd:

It's time my Ballyhooligans! It's time to let Vae Victis know who their up against tonight! Lemme hear ya!

Milwaukee's Beast takes an exaggerated breath and cups his hands around his mouth.

Brock Newbludd:

BALLY!

The Faithful inside the arena answer the call.

HOOOOOOOOO!

Brock Newbludd:

One more time! BALLY!

HOooooooooooooo!

Brock Newbludd:

The goddam Saturday Night Specials, that's who! Back and better than ever, baby! C'mon Cass, let's go get some!

Slamming a fist into his hand with a resounding smack, the amped up Newbludd storms off. Cassidy watches him go, then turns to look off camera. He smiles as Ophelia Sykes steps into frame for a big pop! She kisses Cassidy on the cheek.

Ophelia Sykes:

Good luck.

Cassidy walks off screen, and she gives his tushy a little pat as he does

VV vs. SNS

The air in the arena formerly known as the Staples Center is electric in anticipation as Darren Quimbey makes his way up the ring steps and through the ropes. Walking to the center of the ring, he raises his microphone to address The Faithful. As he does, the lights in the arena dim and a spotlight shines down on him, causing a cheer to erupt from The Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen! The following contest is a NO DISQUALIFICATION tag team tornado match!

The Faithful let out another cheer as the lights go out and the DEFtron comes to life above the stage. As all eyes turn to the giant screen, the picture transitions from inside the arena to the screen itself.

A few seconds pass and white writing slowly fades in.

DATE: Thursday, April 11th, 2024

TIME: 6:30am

LOCATION: Boston, MA.

The writing quickly disappears and the picture fades into documentary-style footage of what appears to be the back of a full-size motorhome. The camera bobs slightly as the person holding it moves closer and zooms in on the massive RV's model decal located near the bumper.

Winnebago: Ballyhoo Edition

The crowd watching inside of the arena lets out a cheer in response as the camera moves around to the passenger's side of the vehicle. Keeping the camera trained on the side of the jet-black motorhome, the picture stops again and focuses on a neon logo resembling a bar sign. The buzzing inside of the arena intensifies as the cameraman backs up a few steps to capture the entirety of the bright logo.

SNS Express: DEFCON Tour 24'

The picture then swivels towards the front of the bus and its large double-folding door where two men stand. "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd and "Black Out" Pat Cassidy, The Saturday Night Specials.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Newbludd smiles and points a sideways thumb towards the bus.

Brock Newbludd:

Here we go, baby! The SNS Express is rollin' out!

Cassidy points a finger at the camera and flashes a grin at the camera.

Pat Cassidy:

Final stahp is DEFCON. So let's get this show on the road and get this party stahted!

The door to the bus suddenly opens as the two best friends bump fists and climb aboard. A couple of seconds later their chariot is put into gear and drives away while the picture fades out again.

♪ **Saturday Night's Alright (For Fightin')** by Elton John ♪

Elton John's timeless classic kicks into gear as a clip of the SNS Express merging onto westbound Interstate 90 in Boston is shown. Intercut among shots of the bus traveling the interstate are clips of the origins of The Saturday Night

Specials: Pat Cassidy coming to the aid of Brock Newbludd in the middle of a Better Future Talent Agency beatdown. Cassidy and Newbludd throw Morrow's money into the crowd. The big opening of Ballyhoo Brew. The Saturday Night Specials becoming an official tag team at the DEFy awards 2020. Another shot: this time of Cassidy and Brock emerging through the fans to attack the Stevens Dynasty in the ring. Brock and Pat brawling with The Stevens Dynasty in the middle of an empty Ballyhoo Brew: Brock smashing a pickle jar over George Stevens, Cassidy dueling with pool sticks with Bo Stevens, and finally in the arena: a Keg Stand delivered to Bo gives SNS their first big win.

"It's getting late, have you seen my mates?
Ma, tell me when the boys get here
It's seven o'clock and I wanna rock
Wanna get a belly full of beer"

Shot of modern day SNS on the Ballyhoo Tour: Buffalo, New York, in the middle of an ice rink holding mics, opening up a charity hockey game. (Flashback) Pat Cassidy leading the SNS charge against The Fuse Bros on St. Patrick's Day 2021. (Modern) Brock sitting at the hockey game with a beer in hand and several young ladies around him. (Flashback) The Saturday Night Specials coming out on stage to "I Need A Hero" to help Dex Joy battle the Kabal. (Modern) Pat and Brock handing over a giant check at the hockey game.

"My old man's drunker than a barrel full of monkeys
And my old lady, she don't care
My sister looks cute in her braces and boots
A handful of grease in her hair"

(Modern) Pat Cassidy on stage leading a Karaoke session in Cleveland, Ohio. (Flashback) Davey LaRue blowing a whistle as Brock and Pat train carrying kegs in the alley behind Ballyhoo. (Modern) Brock and Pat behind a bar in Cleveland, swinging drinks. (Flashback) Brock getting a win over Cyrus Bates and SNS standing tall over The Comments Section. (Modern) Brock and Pat leading a conga line in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame parking lot in Cleveland. (Flashback) Pat Cassidy appears from the crowd to attack Malak Garland. (Flashback) A Keg Stand to Malak and The Saturday Night Specials win their first tag team championship!

"Oh, don't give us none of your aggravation
We had it with your discipline
Oh, Saturday night's alright for fighting
Get a little action in"

(Modern) In Milwaukee, Brock Newbludd wins an arm-wrestling contest in a bar as Cassidy cheers him on. (Flashback) A Keg Stand to Mikey Unlikely and The Saturday Night Specials defeat the Hollywood Bruvs. (Modern) SNS leading a huge tailgate party in the parking lot of Miller Park. (Flashback) Ophelia Sykes walking to the ring to plant a kiss on Pat Cassidy while Brock looks on in shock and surprise. (Modern) Brock Newbludd throwing out the first pitch at Miller Park.

"Get about as oiled as a diesel train
Gonna set this dance alight
'Cause Saturday night's the night I like
Saturday night's alright, alright, alright, ooh!"

(Flashback) Brock Newbludd leaping off a ladder to land on Uriel Cortez. (Modern) Cassidy and Newbludd on the sidelines of a Bulls Game. The big screen focuses on them and they lead the entire arena in a big "cheers."
(Flashback) A big three-way brawl between SNS, The Pop Culture Phenoms, and Los Tres Titanes. (Modern) In Chicago, Pat and Brock lead a mini-parade of Ballyhooligans down the street.

"Well, they're packed pretty tight in here tonight
I'm looking for a dolly who'll see me right
I may use a little muscle to get what I need
I may sink a little drink and shout out, "She's with me!"

(Flashback) Brock sliding across the hood and then hopping inside a 1969 Pontiac GTO. Pat Cassidy is in the driver seat, and they speed out of the DEFarena. (Modern) In Omaha, Brock Newbludd (playing in a charity softball game and wearing a custom SNS jersey) hits a big bomb into right field. (Flashback) Cassidy and Newbludd kipping up to their feet at the exact same time. (Modern) Back at Charles Schwab field in Omaha, Cassidy stands in the outfield sipping out of a red solo cup. His eyes go wide as he realizes a ball is coming right at him and he tosses the cup and just barely makes the catch. (Flashback) At DEFCON 2022 in the Safe Space Match, Brock Newbludd drops Malak Garland with a big Exploder Suplex. (Flashback) Pat Cassidy catches Max Luck off guard with his bionic forearm.

“A couple of the sounds that I really like
Are the sounds of a switchblade and a motorbike
I'm a juvenile product of the working class
Whose best friend floats in the bottom of a glass”

(Modern) Denver! The Saturday Night Specials partying the night away at Red Rocks. (Flashback) Brock and Pat looking directly into the camera and begging DEFIANCE brass to allow the Lucky Sevens to wrestle at Max DEF 2022. (Modern) Pat and Brock posing (beers in hand) with the Denver Police! (Flashback) SNS taking their turn to beat the crap out of Tom Morrow at DEFCON 2021!

“Oh, don't give us none of your aggravation
We had it with your discipline
Saturday night's alright for fighting
Get a little action in”

(Flashback) Ophelia Sykes running to help the boys against The Lucky Sevens, officially choosing her allegiance. (Modern) SNS looking over their shoulder and grinning as they piss on the “Garland Farms” sign in Cheyenne, Wyoming. (Flashback) Mason Luck eats a vicious double spinebuster from SNS. (Modern) Brock planting a kiss on Malak's mom's cheek. (Flashback) Brock driving Mason Luck through the DEFtv announce table.

“Get about as oiled as a diesel train
Gonna set this dance alight
'Cause Saturday night's the night I like
Saturday night's alright, alright, alright, ooh”

(Modern) Various rapid-fire clips of SNS just tearing it up all over Las Vegas: Cassidy at the roulette table, Brock throwing some dice, both of them just dancing around with a bunch of fans in front of the Bellagio. (Flashback) Deb W helping Brock escape the clutches of Davey LaRue. (Modern) SNS looking at a sign advertising PRIME Wrestling and giving a big thumbs down. (Flashback) Brock Newbludd returning to help Pat defeat the Honor Society and retain ownership of Ballyhoo Brew!

“Oh, don't give us none of your aggravation
We had it with your discipline
'Cause Saturday night's alright for fighting
Get a little action in”

(Modern) In San Diego, a flip-flop wearing SNS stand on the beach holding up some beers with a pig roast in the background. The Ballyhooligans mimic their motion. (Flashback) The luchadore tag team Mucha Lucha win a tag team battle royal only to unmask themselves as SNS! The Lucky Sevens are pissed! (Modern) Cassidy makes faces at some of the monkeys at the San Diego zoo. (Flashback) A bloody Saturday Night Specials hit the final big Keg Stand on Max Luck to finally regain their tag titles at DEFCON 2023!!

“Get about as oiled as a diesel train
Gonna set this dance alight
'Cause Saturday night's the night I like
Saturday night's alright, alright, alright, ooh”

(Flashback) Brock Newbludd returns to save Cassidy against Vae Victis at DEF Road 2024! (Flashback) Newbludd and Cassidy drop Weighted Grade!

"Saturday! Saturday! Saturday!
Saturday! Saturday! Saturday!
Saturday! Saturday! Saturday night's alright!"

(Modern) The Ballyhoo Tour coming to an end - the SNS Express pulls into the parking garage of the Crypto.com arena!

"Saturday! Saturday! Saturday!
Saturday! Saturday! Saturday!
Saturday! Saturday! Saturday night's alright!"

As the music fades out we return to the Crypto.com arena. With the lights still out, the capacity crowd buzzes in anticipation in the darkness.

DDK:

I can't see a thing!

Lance:

I hear ya, partner. Still, I don't need to see The Faithful to know that this place is about to explode. The air is electric right now!

A couple of more seconds pass. Suddenly, a section of the crowd is illuminated by a pair of bright lights that appear to be coming from behind the DEFCON stage. The Faithful's buzzing slowly turns into a roar as the lights become brighter with each passing second and the sound of an engine is heard.

DDK:

Folks, there's some commotion down on the floor and I'm not sure what...

Before DDK can finish, the lights suddenly disappear and the distinctive bellow of a air horn booms throughout the arena.

HOOOOOOOOONK!
HOOOOOOOOONK!!

A trio of spotlights suddenly kick on and shine down to the floor next to the stage. The Faithful let loose with a ear-splitting roar!

DDK:

It's the SNS Express! I don't believe it!

Lance:

The Saturday Night Specials have arrived to DEFCON in style!

The three spotlights slowly begin to move down the length of the bus, converging on the large door on the Winnebago's passenger side. Anticipation builds and a familiar chant rises from The Faithful...

SNS! SNS! SNS! SNS! SNS! SNS! SNS!

All of a sudden the DEFtron comes alive and the distinct sound of a industrial power switch being flipped on reverberates through the arena's speakers. A second later, the bright neon SNS barsign appears on the screen, basking everything with the same warm glow that one would find in their favorite tavern or dive bar.

♪ Drink by Alestorm ♪

A sequence of bright pyro suddenly fires off from the top of the SNS Express as the door suddenly opens and Brock Newbludd steps out to a tremendous ovation. The continuous roar continues as Pat Cassidy appears right after him. Fired up, The Saturday Night Specials both raise their fists high in the air and soak the moment in.

DDK:

And here they are! Listen to this ovation!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... the challengers! At a combined weight of four hundred and eighty-seven pounds... "Milwaukee's Beast" Brock Newbludd! "Black Out" Pat Cassidy! THE! SATURDAY! NIGHT! SPECIALS!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Lance:

It's been nearly a year since the longest reigning tag team champions in DEFIANCE history have stepped into the squared circle together and they have been missed by The Faithful!

The two adrenaline fueled partners bump fists and begin to weave their way through the rabid crowd. It's a hectic scene as they move through the sea of Ballyhooligans. One female fan manages to get ahold of Cassidy and plants a kiss on his cheek. Behind him, Newbludd has somehow procured two full glasses of beer and he raises both of them up high in the air as he trails his partner. Reaching the ringside barricade, Cassidy climbs on top of it and turns to face the crowd. Brock hands him one of the glasses and quickly joins him. Raising the glasses high to salute the people, the best friends knock their drinks together and down them like true professionals.

DDK:

SNS giving the crowd a final toast before the match. Not sure if that's a sound strategy but the people sure like it!

Tossing the cups over their shoulders, Brock and Pat hop off the barricade and slide under the bottom rope to enter the ring. Making their way to opposite corners, they climb up and raise fists to the crowd one final time. They both drop down to the mat and referee Navarro directs them to a neutral corner as their music cuts from the arena's speakers.

Lance:

The Saturday Night Specials still know how to get these fans fired up, no doubt about it. The question is, do they still have the same chemistry in the ring after so many months.

DDK:

In just a few minutes, we're all going to find out.

Standing shoulder to shoulder, The Specials turn their eyes to the stage. Both look confident and ready to fight.

Doom piano chords. Uh oh.

dunnn dunnn dunnn. dunnn dunnn dunnn. dunnn dunnn dunnn. dunnn dunnn dunnn.

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

Boos shake the arena with their volume - it's a full-on vibration of angry noise from the Faithful as we hear the familiar strands...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

And the familiar text on the DEFIAtr-wait a minute. They changed it.

They changed it?

**THE BESTIES IN THE WORLD
INVITE YOU TO
THE BESTIES MURDER PARTY**

It's not Wednesday, but that's not stopping the pink and blue beacons from FLOODING the arena. Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes step out, and boy are their ... party outfits? ... **EXTRA**.

They are wearing a matching set of long pink ... robes? ... with white and blue sparkly tiger stripes and trains that extend far behind them to the curtain's entrance. On their right shoulders is a large blue fabric detail; at first glance, it looks like an ornate flower, but upon closer look it's actually a pile of fluffy pancakes. On their eyes? Gigantic pink, black, and gold shades that glitter under the lights.

This is a look more apropos for the Met Gala. The fabric choices are angular. The pancake poofs are inconvenient for maneuvering. But god damn is it **FASHION, SWEETIES**.

Sonny Silver is behind them in a deep pink suit that we wouldn't call "tasteful," but it's certainly less garish than the outfits Keyes and Troy are donning.

Sonny Silver:

Don't even bother opening your mouth, Quimbey, you already know the drill. We have no time to waste, ladies and gentlemen, because this is DEFCON!! The Besties in the World, the Co-Consuls of Vae Victis themselves, "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy and "The Kraken" Henry Keyes would like to welcome you all to...the BESTIIIIIIIES MURDER PARTYYYYYYYYYY!"

As they make it to the ring, Keyes and Troy exchange a glance and share knowing smiles that turn sinister in a hurry. As if they were warm-up pants at a basketball game, both Keyes and Troy grab their outlandish...overcoats?...at the chest and pull, which removes them in an instant to reveal their actual fighting gear - crown imagery for the GOAT, gears and tentacles for the Pancake Man, all in pink and blue and white.

Sonny Silver decides that this is a party best viewed from backstage and he makes his exit. Troy saunters in the direction of Brock Newbludd, eyes narrowing at the prospect of One Of Two Planned Murders At This Party. Keyes and Cassidy sprint at each other!

DING! DING!

RAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

And there's the bell! Listen to this crowd, Lance!

Lance:

You want to talk about a big fight feel? This is it, partner.

Before the last ring of the bell finishes echoing things explode in the ring as Cassidy and Keyes charge at each other. Realizing he's caught between the stampeding rivals, Referee Navarro dives to safety at the last second. Keyes and Cassidy collide and immediately start trading punches with one another.

Lance:

Cassidy and Keyes are wasting no time! They're both throwing absolute bombs at each other!

Meanwhile, Brock Newbludd and Lindsay Troy lock eyes as they approach each other with raised hands. Troy flashes Newbludd her signature smirk and Brock mocks her with a smirk of his own while also giving her a cheer-inducing pair

of middle fingers. Slapping a shoulder, Brock beckons her in and she obliges, leading to a stiff collar and elbow tie-up.

DDK:

Newbludd and Troy jockey for position in the center of the ring while across from their partners continue to hammer on each other with neither man taking their foot off the gas.

As Brock uses his strength advantage to drive The Queen into the nearest corner, The Kraken cracks Cassidy with a resounding chop that sends Cassidy stumbling back into the ropes.

Lance:

Thunderous chop from Keyes and Black Out is dazed! Now, The Kraken's winding up...

Taking a quick step back, Keyes winds up and unleashes a high-velocity spinning back elbow aimed at the side of Cassidy's head. The Scrapper from Southie's street fighting instincts kick in and he ducks underneath the elbow, retaliating with a solid knee to Keyes' midsection. Doubling him over, Cassidy follows up with a well-placed elbow to Henry's neck.

DDK:

Precision elbow by Pat Cassidy. He drove it squarely into the back of Keyes' neck.

Lance:

That it was, partner, the back of the neck is a tender spot on any competitor, even one as tough as The Kraken.

While Cassidy follows up with a flurry of smacking forearms to Keyes' back, Lindsay Troy slips free from the corner with a quick go behind on Brock. Pushing Newbludd forward so that he bounces chest first into the turnbuckles, The Murder Buzzsaw winds up and nails him squarely in the lower back with a STIFF kick.

Lance:

It didn't take the cagey Queen of the Ring to target Newbludd's surgically repaired back, which was a huge question mark coming into DEFCON. It's been almost a year since Milwaukee's Beast has been inside the squared circle taking shots like that.

The blow causes Brock to grit his teeth in pain and grab the top rope to steady himself. Smelling blood in the water, Troy doubles down on her efforts and nails him with a second kick, this time bringing Newbludd down to a knee.

DDK:

Back-to-back kicks drop Newbludd down to a knee. Lindsay Troy's educated feet hit his spine with pinpoint accuracy, partner.

Lance:

That they did, DDK. Across the ring, Pat Cassidy seems to be faring better, holding his own against the mighty Kraken.

After finishing off his barrage of right hands by dropping to his knees and cracking his keeled-over opponent with an uppercut to the jaw, Cassidy pops back up to his feet and reaches for the stumbling Keyes. In a sudden burst of adrenaline, The Kraken charges forward and catches Cassidy with a surprise lariat. Pumping his legs, Keyes keeps pushing forward and both men flip over the top rope courtesy of a cactus clothesline!

DDK:

Keyes and Cassidy are up and over and...wait...they both landed on their feet!

Now down on the floor, Keyes's eyes go wide in surprise at Cassidy still being upright and he immediately lashes out with another lariat and hits nothing but air after a last-second duck by Cassidy. Popping up behind his rival, Cassidy grabs Keyes by the back of the head with both hands and promptly smashes his face into the ring apron.

Lance:

The Kraken's been stunned and Cassidy follows it up with a side Russian leg sweep, driving the back of Henry Keyes's head into the floor!

At the same time, inside of the ring, Lindsay Troy grins as she takes a few steps back and watches as Newbludd pulls himself up with his back turned in the corner. Resembling a cat ready to pounce on unsuspecting prey, The Queen of the Ring waits for the perfect moment to strike and charges in.

DDK:

Here comes Troy with a full head of steam!

Racing in, The Murder Buzzsaw leaps in the air with a knee aimed at Newbludd's lower back.

Lance:

Queen's Gambit! No! Newbludd got out of the way!

Spinning out of harm's way at the last second, Newbludd regains his bearings and watches as Troy hurtles towards the turnbuckles. Not wanting to smash her knee into the middle turnbuckle, the athletic ACE deftly avoids disaster by shifting her weight and springboarding out of the corner...right into the waiting arms of Milwaukee's Beast!

DDK:

Newbludd caught her!

Using Troy's own momentum against her, Brock pops his hips and sends her soaring across the ring with a powerful Overhead Belly to Belly! The Faithful explode in cheers as Lindsay crashes into the mat!

Lance:

Big time suplex from The Innovator sends Troy for the ride inside of the ring and he's looking to follow up!

Popping up to his feet, Newbludd races across the ring and grabs Troy just as she staggers upright. Coming in low, Brock wraps his arms around her waist and tosses her across the ring a second time with a release Northern Lights Suplex!

DDK:

No signs of ring rust from Brock with those back to back suplexes! Back down on the floor, Cassidy is taking it to The Kraken!

Lance:

SNS is feeling it, partner and The Faithful are loving it!

Rising up to his feet after driving his foe to the floor, Cassidy looms over Keyes as the stunned Kraken rolls over onto his stomach and begins to push himself up. Cassidy raises his hands high over his head and hammers his opponent back down to the ground with a couple of smacking double axe handles. Raising a fist to the rabid crowd, Cassidy latches onto an arm and yanks Henry back up to his feet.

DDK:

Cassidy with the Irish whip, sending Keyes into the barricade!

With Keyes slumped against the barricade, Black Out charges ahead with a lariat but The Kraken counters with a European uppercut. Cassidy stumbles back from the blow and Keyes follows up a sharp Propellor Edge Chop that cuts through the crowd's roar. Lunging forward, The Kraken delivers a boot into his wobbly opponent's stomach and latches on to Cassidy with a front facelock. Stomping his feet, Keyes powers Cassidy up.

Lance:

Keyes has turned the tide and he's got Cassidy elevated!

Spinning around, Keyes begins to fall backwards in the direction of the ring...

DDK:

The Kraken's looking to suplex Pat Cassidy right into the hard edge of the ring apron!

Lance:

Not if Newbludd can help it!

Racing across the ring, Brock reaches over the top rope with both hands and latches onto both of Cassidy's ankles. Letting out an audible grunt, Milwaukee's Beast prevents Keyes from following through with the suplex and pushes with everything he has. The sudden shift in momentum forces Keyes to bring Cassidy down to the floor. The second his feet touch the ground, Black Out hits a snap suplex that sends Keyes crashing into the barricade!

DDK:

Cassidy made the most of his partner's assist with that crisp suplex! Henry Keyes hit the barricade hard after his plan backfired!

Lance:

Brock may have saved Cassidy's skin but he turned his back on The Queen and she's back up on her feet. She does NOT look happy!

Turning his attention away from the outside, Brock spins around and is immediately clocked in the side of the head by Troy.

DDK:

Roaring elbow from Lindsay Troy!

The stiff strike nearly sends Brock flipping over the ropes and a second roaring elbow finishes the job, sending him over the ropes and down on the floor.

Lance:

And another finishes the job!

DDK:

Troy caught Newbludd clean with both those shots!

Crashing to the floor, Milwaukee's Beast manages to pull himself up with the ring apron and staggers drunkenly as he tries to shake the cobwebs out. Troy's eyes light up at the sight and she immediately sprints towards the opposite set of ropes. Bolting across the ring with a full head of steam, The Murder Buzzsaw baseball slides underneath the bottom rope and latches her legs around the stunned Newbludd's head. Violently twisting her body in the air, Troy sends Newbludd flying face-first into the barricade!

Lance:

Beautiful sliding head scissors by Troy! Newbludd ATE the barricade!

Pushing herself up with a grin, Troy moves in towards the laid-out Newbludd only to be blindsided with a forearm to the head by Cassidy. The blow causes her knees to buckle and Black Out quickly follows up by lifting Troy off her feet.

DDK:

Cassidy saves Brock from further punishment by cracking her with that steel-plated forearm of his and now he's got her sky high for an atomic drop!

Suddenly Cassidy turns towards the barricade and steps towards it, dropping Troy as he does.

Lance:

Uh oh.

Unable to react quickly enough, Troy is helpless as she lands split-legged on top of the barricade!

OOOOoooooOOOOOOoooo...

With Troy straddling the guardrail, Cassidy pumps a fist to the crowd as he steps back and lines up with her. Before he can follow through with taking her head off, Cassidy is grabbed from behind by Keyes. Rear waist lock applied, The Kraken sends Cassidy flying with a release German suplex!

Troy's shaking the cobwebs out from that steel plate-assisted forearm shot as she gingerly slides off the barricade back down to her feet. With Cassidy down for the moment, she calls Keyes over to help her deal with Newbludd.

Lance:

Whatever Lindsay is thinking here, it's not going to be good.

Brock had been slumped against the barricade himself, and as Henry stomps over the Besties in the World each grab one of the Innovator's arms. With a mighty heave, they yank him off his feet and send him careening into the ring steps!

CRASH!!!

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The steps dislodge from the ring as Brock hits them shoulder-first. Neither Troy nor Keyes are done though, as Henry picks up the top step and throws it down across Brock's back while Lindsay taunts and kicks him for good measure.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

It wasn't enough what these two did to Pat and Brock three weeks ago; now they're trying to end their careers!

Keyes and Troy scrape Brock off the ground and Lindsay slams his face against the ring apron before rolling him into the ring. Following him in, Troy flips Newbludd onto his stomach and drags him closer to the center of the ring. Meanwhile, Keyes climbs onto the ring apron and scales up the closest set of turnbuckles.

Lance:

Keyes is looking to hit something big here.

With his target in position, The Kraken leaps off the top and soars through the air, crashing down onto Newbludd's back with a diving knee drop!

DDK:

Devastating knee drop from Keyes, targeting Brock's back! Newbludd is in some serious pain right now.

Keyes rolls through the landing and pops up to his feet with a satisfied grin on his face as Troy flips Brock over and hooks the leg. Navarro dives to the mat for the count...

ONE!

TWO!!

Newbludd gets a shoulder up!

The Faithful cheer in approval at the failed pin, causing Troy to smirk arrogantly as she drags Brock off the mat. Keyes beckons for his partner to feed him and she obliges by irish whipping Newbludd his way. Catching him, The Kraken delivers his signature tilt-a-whirl backbreaker, leaving Brock writhing in pain on the mat.

Lance:

Nobody delivers a backbreaker with as much impact as Henry Keyes. Newbludd just learned that the hard way.

On the outside of the ring, Cassidy begins to stir after being rocked with The Kraken's German suplex as Vae Victis circles around Brock like a pair of hungry wolves. Keyes moves in and roughly grabs Brock by the back of the head to begin to bring him up to his feet. As he does, he points to a corner and Troy smiles maliciously as she makes her way over to it. The Queen of the Ring quickly unties the middle turnbuckle pad and tosses it down to the floor.

DDK:

Lindsay Troy just removed the turnbuckle pad to expose the steel underneath it. This isn't looking good for Newbludd.

Troy quickly exits the corner and the second she does, Keyes puts all of his considerable strength behind an irish whip that sends Brock careening towards the corner. Milwaukee's Beast SLAMS into the turnbuckles and immediately cries out in pain as his lower back collides with the exposed steel!

Lance:

Vae Victis is relishing every second of this.

Keyes wastes no time in following up as he races in and drives his shoulder into Brock's gut, causing his back to smash against the turnbuckle for a second time. Roughly yanking Newbludd out of the corner, Keyes spins Brock around while Troy sprints along the ring apron and begins to climb up. Squatting low, The Kraken powers Brock up in the electric chair position and immediately falls backwards towards the middle of the ring. At the same moment, Troy leaps off the top...

DDK:

Electric chair drop by Keyes and...look at this! Lindsay Troy scores with a beautiful frog splash!

Impacting with tremendous force, Troy literally bounces off of Newbludd and rolls away. As she does, Keyes dives on top of Brock and hooks a leg!

ONE!

TWO!!

Pat Cassidy flashes across the ring and breaks the pin with a diving double axehandle!

Lance:

Pat's not done!

Cassidy springs back up and HOISTS Keyes off of Newbludd! Keyes tumbles to the corner!

DDK:

How often do we see anyone manhandle the Kraken??

Troy is upright, and then she very quickly isn't as Cassidy throws a snap headbutt that lands squarely between the Queen of the Ring's eyes! Seeing her crumple, Cassidy turns his attention to the bane of his recent existence, the man who Coined him so many times that you'd swear he won big at the slot machine, Henry Keyes.

It's time to fucking get even.

...except Lindsay Troy gets back up.

...and she's met with a **SECOND HEADBUTT!** Cassidy beats his chest and screams out! Keyes is stirring the cobwebs out, but before he can get to his feet, Cassidy dives on top and starts raining down stiff elbow shots! Keyes is forced to cover up as the crowd goes bonkers!

Newbludd has recovered a bit from his earlier predicament and makes his way over to Troy, shoving her beneath the bottom rope and plopping to the floor. He follows her out and starts throwing rights of his own!

Cassidy finally gives Keyes some space - and the Kraken looks completely dazed as Cassidy beckons him up. Keyes sees red through his unpatched eye and throws a wild haymaker of a lariat - Cassidy ducks! He swings Keyes around - **GREEN MONSTAH BOMB!** Without wasting a beat, Black Out grabs Keyes's legs, measures, and **LAUNCHES** him into the exposed middle turnbuckle with a catapult! Keyes clutches his forehead immediately, and before long we see the trickling beginnings of the crimson mask!

Seeing that he's now bleeding his own blood, Keyes staggers, using the corner ropes just to halfway attempt a broken half-vertical semi-alive posture-

SPLASH OF JAMESON! Keyes wasn't even completely upright - once again he crashes face first into the exposed turnbuckle! The trickle begins to turn into a babbling brook of blood! Cassidy steps up to the middle rope and looks out into the crowd, all of whom are on their feet as they know what comes next...

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! OHHHHHHH

Cassidy looks over at his partner on the outside - Brock catches his eye, nods, and cracks Lindsay Troy with a stiff superkick! Cassidy dramatically raises his fist as high as he can reach, until -

Pat Cassidy & Brock Newbludd:

CHEERS!

HHHHHHHH...TEN!!! RAHHHHHHHHHHHH

Keyes is out on his feet! Cassidy soaks in the adulation of the crowd and pumps them up further before grabbing Keyes by the scruff and tossing him to the outside, on the opposite side of Newbludd and Troy. Cassidy rolls under the bottom rope and now The Saturday Night Specials are in control!

DDK:

They've got a twinkle in their eye!

Brock throws back the ring apron - and pulls out a folding wooden table to a big pop!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

The Saturday Night Specials work to set up the table before grabbing the Kraken. They hook the Vae Victis powerhouse for what appears to be a double suplex. It's an extremely impressive feat of strength as they get him up and over...

...but the fans **BOOOOO** as Lindsay Troy moves the table out of the way! Keyes hits the floor and it hurts like hell, sure... but it could have been a lot worse. LT stuns Cassidy with a side kick as he's getting back to his feet. Brock charges and he and Troy begin to brawl. Newbludd gets the better of the exchange, but Troy stops his momentum with a sudden and unexpected drop toehold that sends him into the barricade! With Brock stunned, she turns her attention to Pat - tossing him into the ring.

DDK:

Astute students of the game will note that Pat and Lindsay were tag team partners once upon a team in another promotion...

That time appears to be long gone, as Cassidy is taken down by a reverse hurricanrana. Troy stands over the fallen Boston native, smirking and drawing the ire of the crowd. This doesn't phase her as she backs up and slides under the bottom rope before standing on the apron. Leaping off the top rope, Troy lands on Cassidy with Cartwheel suicide corkscrew senton!!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy reminding us why she's one of the smoothest to ever do it! And here's a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

No! Cassidy gets the shoulder up. Troy doesn't let this bother her, however. Instead, she rolls under the bottom rope and grabs a folding chair! She folds it up with a clank before rolling back into the ring.

Lance:

Troy clearly has some bad intentions here!

She does. She doesn't even let Cassidy get all the way back to his feet before she brings the chair down across his back with a **WHACK!** Cassidy falls to his stomach and cries out in pain. Troy stands directly over him, drawing the chair back and getting ready to bring it down onto the Boston native's skull....

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Wait... look!

The camera cuts from the ring to the ramp - where Ophelia Sykes, dressed in her wrestling attire, is sprinting down the aisle! The Queen of the Ring sees her and breaks out into a laugh, turning her attention, chair in hand, to the little firecracker rushing the ring.

Lance:

Don't forget, at DEFIANCE Road, our last Pay Per View event, it was Troy and Keyes who brutally took Ophelia out! We haven't seen her since!

In the ring, Troy grips her chair tight... but from the mat, Cassidy grabs her leg! Angrily, she kicks him off, but in doing so she takes her eyes off Sykes... and when Troy turns back around to find the Ballycat, Sykes flies OUTTANOWHERE off the top rope and drops Troy with a hurricanrana!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Atta girl!

Troy gets back up, but this time eats a dropkick from the smaller woman. Sykes hits the ropes and goes for a clothesline, but she runs into a Lindsay Troy roaring elbow that nearly takes her head off! Troy sneers at her, but then she turns a sudden and unexpected IRISH GOODBYE!! Cassidy covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Keyes breaks up the pin in the most painful way possible - by rocking Cassidy with a chairshot across the back! He hits once - twice - three more times for good measure. Keyes is about to go for a fourth... but a Brock Newbludd superkick rocks his jaw! Keyes stumbles and attempts a weak swing at the oncoming Newbludd only to have Milwaukee's Beast yank it away from him midswing!

DDK:

Newbludd turns the tables, or should I say chairs, on Henry Keyes! Look at Milwaukee's Beast eyes, he's fired up!

Brock suddenly charges and raises the chair over his head only to drop it at the last second, burying its edge into The Kraken's stomach. Keyes doubles over from the blow and Newbludd throws the chair down to the mat next to him. Lunging ahead, Brock wraps his arms around Keyes and looks down at the chair.

Lance:

Brock's looking to hit something big here but can his back hold out!?

The Faithful erupts as Brock stomps his feet and begins to lift Keyes. Letting out a pained roar, Milwaukee's Beast gets all the way up into the launch position and violently throws him down...driving The Kraken into the chair with a massive GUTWRENCH POWERBOMB!

DDK:

I don't believe it! Massive powerbomb from Milwaukee's Beast! Where did that come from!?

Down on one knee and grimacing in pain, Brock puts a hand on his back and slowly rises to find himself the only competitor still upright. He looks down at the laid-out Keyes and then at The Faithful. Then he looks at the closest corner and points, causing another roar from the crowd.

Lance:

Brock should've gone for the cover! What's he doing!?

Newbludd moves gingerly to the corner and steps out onto the apron. Climbing as fast as his aching back will allow, he makes it to the top and steadies himself.

DDK:

He's choosing to give the crowd what they want!

Brock rises and cups both hands around his mouth.

Brock Newbludd:

BAAAAAALLLYYYY!!!

He leaps off just as The Ballyhooligans answer him.

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Milwaukee's Beast plummets down and PLANTS his elbow into the chest of Henry Keyes!

Lance:

Ballyhoo Elbow! Newbludd hit it and he's got the cover!

Referee Navarro moves in for the count but instead hits the mat face first courtesy of a Lindsay Troy trip!

DDK:

The Queen of the Ring stuck her leg out at the last second and prevented the count! And there's not a damn thing anyone can do about it!

Lance:

He may have hit the big elbow but doing so gave Troy just enough time to get her wits about her and make the save.

Brock gets to his feet but eats a Lindsay Troy spin kick! He stumbles back into the ropes. Troy charges, but Brock manages to pull down the top and sends her spilling to the outside. Brock grabs the top rope and leaps over, looking to come down on Troy... but the Queen of the Ring rolls to the side and Brock meets ringside floor!

Meanwhile, back in the ring, Keyes and Cassidy have gotten back to their feet and meet in the middle of the ring with a flurry of right hands! Cassidy eventually gets in more shots, slowly taking control. He hits the ropes and charges back but runs with into an overhead body press by Keyes that sends him to the canvas. Keyes grabs Cassidy by the scruff and in an extremely impressive physical feat, he biels Cassidy OVER the top rope!

DDK:

Wait... Brock is on the apron...

Cassidy crashes into his tag team partner and they BOTH fall off the apron... and through the table that had been set up earlier!!

Lance:

Both Saturday Night Specials just ate table!!

HO - LEE - SHIT!

HO - LEE - SHIT!

HO - LEE - SHIT!

On the outside, Lindsay Troy is up and smiling down at the mass of broken humanity in front of her. Keyes exits the ring and joins her as they survey the destruction. Neither Cassidy nor Brock moves. Troy breaks out into a smile, taps Keyes on the shoulder, and then whispers in his ear. Keyes gets an equally evil smile and nods in response to whatever she said. Troy grabs Cassidy by the arms and pulls him out of the broken table. Keyes does the same with Brock, but he actually throws him over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

DDK:

I don't like where this is going... literally...

Both members of Vae Victis drag/carry The Saturday Night Specials up the ramp! At the top of the ramp, next to the Malak Garland-themed screen, Keyes dumps Brock. Troy lifts Cassidy up by the hair... and turns and looks off the stage, to the floor, where several tables have been set up!

Lance:

Oh no! Lindsay Troy is looking to end it!

The fans boo as Troy blows Cassidy a kiss. Still holding him by the hair, she looks to throw him off the stage and through the tables...

...but Ophelia Sykes moves in the way!!!

DDK:

Where did SHE come from!?

Troy stops, mostly out of surprise more than anything. She releases Cassidy, grabs Sykes by the throat, and tosses her with one hand behind her. Sykes hits the screen and grabs her back in pain. Troy turns back to Cassidy...

...but he surprises her with a headbutt!!

...and then Cassidy THROWS TROY OFF THE STAGE AND THROUGH THE TABLE!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Keyes is all over Cassidy in a second, dropping him with a European uppercut. Cassidy goes down, but the firecracker Sykes is back! She leaps on Keyes' back and digs her claws into his eye!! In fact, she moves the eyepatch and digs a nail into his "bad" eye too!! Keyes cries out in pain, but manages to charge backwards and squish Sykes's relatively small body into the unforgiving steel mesh! She falls off his back and curls up. He looks down at her with bad intentions...

WHACK!

But Brock Newbludd hits him in the back with a chair!! Keyes sells it by yelling out and slowly turning... right into a DOUBLE SPINEBUSTER by The Saturday Night Specials!!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

This is their chance! Do it SNS!!

Cassidy looks toward Ophelia, but she makes the "forget about me... just win this" motion. Cassidy looks at Brock. They don't speak, but they seem to use that mental telepathy that only tag team partners have...

And they both grab Keyes! They drag him off the side of the stage and toward the parked SNS Express!

Lance:

Are they... are they taking Henry Keyes for a ride?

DDK:

I don't think so, Lance.

Brock stays with Keyes on the floor as... and the crowd reacts to this... Cassidy begins to climb up the bus!!

DDK:

Uh-oh!

When Cassidy reaches the top... well, he has a well documented fear of heights, so he doesn't look as comfortable as one might think, but the pure adrenaline quickly allows him to get over it. He gingerly steps close to the edge of the bus. On the floor, Brock picks Henry up... not for a piledriver... but for his Wisconsin Death Trap! (In another universe, this move is known as the Stiener Screwdriver). Once again showing off his raw strength and how much of a beast he is, Brock holds Henry Keyes in place for an impressive amount of time. On the bus, Cassidy does a quick cross of himself before taking a deep breath and leaping off...

DDK:

NO!!!

...and THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS CONNECT!!!

Lance:

What would you call that? A super Keg Stand??

DDK:

To say the least!

Needless to say, Keyes ain't moving. Brock falls on top of him and Cassidy points at Hector Navarro.

DDK:

...is this falls count anywhere?

Lance:

Uh... if it wasn't before, I think it is now!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!!

The fans explode!

DDK:

They did it!! The Saturday Night Specials have not only returned to PPV, but they got their revenge!

Lance:

All THREE of them, Keebs!

Indeed. Sykes, still in pain but upright, joins the boys on the floor. Cassidy and Brock hug each other before pulling her in for a three way hug. Brock ducks into the bus, leaving the two lovebirds alone for a second, before coming back out with three beers in hand. He hands one to both Pat and Ophelia. They open them and send suds everywhere before banging them together and chugging to the approval of The Faithful!

DDK:

We thought we'd never see these guys together again... but The Saturday Night Specials are back for at least one more DEFCON memory!

As their theme begins to play throughout the arena, all three SNS members get back on the bus. The Faithful cheer as it begins to back up out of the arena and they head off to celebrate God knows how or where.

It takes a little bit, but with some assistance Lindsay Troy manages to extricate herself from the shattered wood and paraphernalia she took a swan dive through. She waves off any further help and gingerly makes her way over to check on her Bestie, as does DEFmedical and a returning Sonny Silver. The Queen glares angrily at the departing bus, her mouth twisting into a snarl as "Drink" loops around for a second time.

Lance:

Couldn't happen to nicer people, Darren.

DDK:

Indeed. And while that was a wild ride... we're not finished, Lance. Up next we decide the FIST of DEFIANCE! Don't go anywhere!

FIST of DEFIANCE: DEX JOY (C) vs. MALAK GARLAND

Even after all that, there's still that classic DEFIANCE DEFCON buzz in the arena as everyone knows there's only one last conflict requiring resolution. It also happens to be the biggest one remaining. You know, for all the marbles. The mist in the upper sections of the arena is thickening, signaling an epic night has been had up until this point but the moment everyone has truly been waiting for has finally arrived.

DDK:

In mere moments we're going to see a clash of titans! Dex Joy defends his FIST of DEFIANCE against Malak Garland right here in Los Angeles!

The spotlight hones in on the ring and a smiling Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, this is your DEFCON main event!

All the lights in the arena soften except for the lights and screens on the left side of the entranceway. The CGI footage of snow falling on the video boards that's been playing all night gains vigor, indicating who is about to arrive. Suddenly, a women's basketball team storm the stage. They're all bouncing orange basketballs, blowing their whistles and wearing special "RUIN THE STORY" Malak DEFCON shirts. Then, a woman who closely resembles none other than Fergie from the Black Eyed Peas takes center stage.

DDK:

What's going on here? Is that actually Fergie!?

♪ "Malak-Licious" by Fergie Ferg ♪

The beat drums up as everyone is stunned.

FOUR
TRES
TWO
UNO!

"LISTEN UP Y'ALL
CUZ THIS IS IT
THE BEAT THAT I'M BANGIN' IS
MAL-ICIOUS"

Fergie:

Malak-licious definition make the fanboys loco. They want my paper treasure so they get their pleasure from my photos. You could see me, you can't pin me. I ain't easy, I ain't sleazy. I got my reasons why I tease 'em. Fanboys come and go like seasons. MALAK-LICIOUS!

"SO DELICIOUS"
(and delectable)

Fergie:

But I ain't promiscuous. And if you were suspicious, all that shit is fictitious. The lord is my witness. That puts them fanboys on rock, rock. And they be lining down ringside to see what I got.

"IT'S DELICIOUS"

BOOM!

Pyro bombs explode in the background as Malak Garland, slowly and gracefully, walks out on stage. His gear is hidden under a sparkling blue robe adorned with feathers and the finest fake jewels available. The women pick up their intensity in terms of basketball dribbling as Fergie belts out the classic lines to MALAK-LICIOUS (so delicious). Garland soaks in his grandest entrance of all time, looking out towards the sea of unamused people. There's an undertone of groans throughout the arena as Malak makes his purposeful march, step by step down the ramp as the basketball girls shake their booties for all they're worth. The back of his robe says 'RUIN THE STORY' in beautiful handwriting.

Lance:

Well now I've seen it all, Darren.

Malak stands at the bottom of the ringside stairs. He calls over to Mark Shields who is already in the ring. Garland demands Mark hold the ropes open for him and everyone watches as the zebra pries a big opening between the ropes. Fergie is relentless with busting moves as Malak climbs into the ring. He does a little warm up lap before reaching his arms out to the sky, imagining everyone chanting his name. In reality, he's unpacking so much heat there's no need for a microwave within a one hundred foot radius of the arena.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing at this time, the challenger, hailing from Cheyenne, Wyoming, MALAK GARLAND!

The Social Media Savant gives Mark Shields a huge hug as Shields follows things up by disrobing the challenger. Malak is wearing special sparkly blue gear for the occasion. Deep blue sequins sewn into his trunks, elbow pads, knee pads and boots shimmer under the bright lights. His eggshell white chakra energy bracelets firmly wrap around his wrists and he's even got the term 'RUIN THE STORY' inscribed on his derriere just in case you forgot about his robe's intentions.

Fergie finally wraps up her song before blowing a kiss towards the ring and walking off. Malak is meticulous with checking the ropes for flexibility and staying limber.

DDK:

Now, we just await the presence of the champion!

After the spectacle of Malak Garland and his ahem ... concert ... the lights start to darken little by little all across the arena as the power begins to shut down.

DDK:

What's going on, Lance?

Lance:

Your guess is as good as mine!

The lights continue to flicker until the entire arena is left in darkness! That includes the OLED panels on the stage!

Grinding is heard.

Lights start to flicker up ...

Lightning in colors of blue and gold begin to flicker among the darkness on the giant DEFIatron with light coming from nowhere else as fog begins to swirl around the ramp and the entrance floor.

The lights continue to spell out words on the screen:

ENERGY

Another lightning bolt!

BIG

Another lightning bolt with a word that brings the fans to their feet!

DEX

People have their phones ready to take pictures and video for their memories, their friends and probably some illegal streams. The lights flicker on and the words form to create an oldie but a goodie for the people of his hometown of Los Angeles ...

*BIG
DEX
ENERGY*

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

♪ Game time, Set it off

Lace em up

Let em know

Tell them doubters in the stands imma rise

We undefeated

We hold the light

Legends never die

I will never quit

Never back down

Yeah the game gon flip

We bring it straight your body swinging that right hook

Tyson with a left

They been biting since I could write hooks

But I'm way up

And legends never die when their days up

Yeah yeah ♪

Gold and blue lights all form around the top of the ramp and walking out with the FIST of DEFIANCE on Behalf of Everyone ...

Dex Joy stands proudly as the defending champion in his hometown!

DDK:

LISTEN TO THE RESPONSE! THERE'S NOT A PERSON THAT IS SITTING IN THEIR SEAT RIGHT NOW! IT'S DARE I SAY ... DEF-ENING!

Lance:

IT'S LOUD IN HERE!!! I THINK THIS SOUND WOULD REGISTER ON THE RICHTER SCALE!!!

Dex Joy runs a finger across the nameplate that is currently resting on the championship ...

"Everyone."

He heads down to the ramp and The EveryChamp marches in the direction of the ring where Malak Garland awaits his chance to go for the biggest prize in DEFIANCE today. The Biggest Boy walks all away around the ring to give out high fives for anyone who wants one and like the person he defends the title for ... it's Everyone who wants the high fives!

DDK:

Dex Joy has been champion for a number of days and he has taken on the biggest and best names in DEFIANCE during his historic run - Max Luck of the Lucky Sevens! Mil Vueltas in Mexico! Oscar Burns! Scott Hunter! Klein! Felton Bigsby! Ned Reform! Edward White! Elise Ares! He was the only person in two years to defeat Lindsay Troy to win that thing.

Lance:

The last time he was in Los Angeles in front of his hometown, he had one of the best matches of his career by his own admission over a former Vae Victis member, Kerry Kuroyama! Dex Joy's last loss on a pay-per-view goes back almost three years to Arthur Pleasant! Right now, I don't think there is a better big-match performer in DEFIANCE better than Dex Joy! That is what Malak Garland has to contend with tonight!

Finally when the high five parade is over, Dex Joy walks up the steps and then enters the ring. He climbs into the ring and once he is inside, Dex comes face to face and nose to nose with the biggest snowflake in DEFIANCE Wrestling today. The Biggest Boy backs up and he hands the title to Mark Shields.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing ... from *right here* in Los Angeles ...

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful let out big applause and cheers for their native son!

Darren Quimbey:

He weighed in this morning and three-hundred and ten pounds! He is the FIST of DEFIANCE on Behalf of Everybody ... DEEEEEEEEXXXXXX ... JOOOOOOYYYYYYYYYYY!!!

The title gets shown high in the sky! After all the lights and all the music finally goes away, Dex Joy gets ready. He eyes Mark Shields and is likely telepathically telling him that if he even tries to screw him over once he is getting popped.

Lance:

First time ever match Darren! Dex Joy, one of the most dominating champions in the recent history of this promotion, fighting on behalf of everyone saying they are all a major part of his world title journey! Malak Garland, one of the most selfish, entitled and spoiled brats that have ever challenged for the title! They are about to battle it out!

Mark Shields calls for the bell as both men stand in opposite corners.

DING! DING!

HOLY SHIT!
 HOLY SHIT!
 HOLY SHIT!
 HOLY SHIT!
 HOLY SHIT!
 HOLY SHIT!
 HOLY SHIT!
 HOLY SHIT!
 HOLY SHIT!
 HOLY SHIT!
 HOLY SHIT!

They both barely move and already, the fans are at full throat.

DDK:

Here we go!

Lance:

As the cool kids say, I think things are about to get turnt. Or is it crunk? I have no idea.

Faithful are chanting hard as Malak stares down Dex but Dex is equally as menacing with his stare down back at Malak.

DDK:

I obviously say this in jest but so far, Mark Shields has called things right down the middle.

Lance:

Just wait. There's plenty of time for him to make a mistake.

Joy is the first to move towards the center of the ring. He extends his hands outwards, looking for a grapple but instead, Malak is interested in posing to the crowd. They boo with massive disregard for the pitiful show of arrogance so Dex retaliates with a flex pose of his own. The crowd GOES WILD! Needless to say, Malak is perturbed.

DDK:

I hope Malak remembers where we are. This here is Dex country, after all. Ain't no way he's going to show up the FIST in his own hometown.

Malak tries his hand at posing again and gets even more heat for his efforts. Dex doesn't even have to move this time to get a pop when the tron shows him. Infuriated, Malak thinks now is the best time to make friends. He walks over and extends a hand forward, curiously. At first, Dex is apprehensive and probably that's obvious. It's not until Malak BEGS for a show of good sportsmanship in the form of a handshake does the champion even remotely budge.

DDK:

He probably shouldn't do it.

The fans shout 'NO' as loud as they can as even Mark Shields looks at the hand with disdain.

Malak Garland:

Shake my hand please. No cap. Unpack with me. Assure me this will be an epic match. I can't believe we're both here, on this stage at this time and space in destiny.

Garland holds his hand out.

Dex looks around.

DDK:

Please don't.

Joy cups his hand and looks down as if he's thinking about it.

NO!

NO!

NO!

Everyone is shouting as loud as they can. Obviously, Dex can hear it but seeing the GOOD in him, he does eventually reach forward. Malak immediately withdraws his hand and spits on Dex's palm before throwing a wicked headbutt that connects with Joy's chin!

WHACK!

BOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

I knew it! Malak cheap shots Dex!

The champion stumbles backwards into the corner, holding his jaw but a fire has been ignited. Malak thinks he's got the upperhand, when instead, Dex PLUNGES out of the corner with a huge shoulder block, sending Malak more than halfway across the ring!

Lance:

That garbage won't work this time! Look at how strong Dex Joy is!

Already cut and bleeding from his chin, Dex wipes the redness and swelling away before pounding Malak into oblivion!

DDK:

Joy gorilla press slams Malak down! I think Malak is in for it now!

Garland gets thrown around like a rag doll! Belly to belly connects from Joy and even then, the champ soundly follows things up with a release German suplex! The fans are left in awe of the display of dominance and determination!

Lance:

The FIST of DEFIANCE is no fool! That headbutt has ignited Joy!

Dex cinches in a headlock and nails a jackhammer suplex on Garland before hooking a leg for a fall attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Malak kicks out as he finds himself still in deep trouble. Joy tosses the challenger off the ropes and downs him with a sidewalk slam! The Keyboard King tries to escape but gets planted with a piledriver for his troubles!

DDK:

DEX JOY IS WRECKING MALAK GARLAND IN FRONT OF EVERYONE AND DOING IT *FOR EVERYONE*!

Joy doesn't relent, either. He barely gives Malak a chance to breathe before transitioning to his next move.

DDK:

Backbreaker!

Lance:

Transitions into a reverse DDT! Dex Joy is A HOUSE ON FIRE!

Garland is reeling, no doubt as the arena explodes when Dex waves his arms to the masses. Mark Shields seizes the opportunity and checks on Malak who miraculously doesn't want to quit just yet.

DDK:

After that opening headbutt, it's been ALL Dex Joy. Punishing offense by the champion!

Garland pulls himself up in the corner with help from the ropes, only to get BODY SPLASHED by an incoming Dex Joy!

Lance:

DEATH VALLEY DRIVER! Malak landed hard!

Joy looks down, taking in the devastation he's dealing.

DDK:

Maybe, maybe Malak is overcome by the moment? Maybe he thought winning the FIST was as simple as SHOWING UP with Mark Shields as the referee but I've got news for him. Mark Shields can't do anything if Dex is wrestling a strong, clean match. Malak can't win if he's OVERPOWERED by the champion.

Joy plots his next move carefully and ascends to the top rope. Yes, that's right. Joy gazes at the crowd who rises to their feet alongside him.

DDK:

What's he going to do!?

Dex jumps off the turnbuckle and splashes down with a stunning headbutt of his own!

Lance:

HEADBUTT CONNECTS! Malak uses that as the Snowfall but Dex shows his range here and exactly why he is the champion! That's the Jump for Joy!

Joy hooks a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Malak somehow pushes out of the pin at the last moment, struggling to breathe. Joy rises and begins calling for the end.

DDK:

Dex Joy is looking to put away Malak Garland in the main event of DEFCON in RECORD fashion! This one could be over RIGHT NOW, folks!

Lance:

This would be a huge blowout if he does it!

With Malak up and wobbly, Dex propels himself off the ropes and goes for a spear but the Snowflake Superstar throws up a desperation knee at the last possible second!

THWACK!

DDK:

DOWN GOES DEX! WOW!

Malak has no choice but to stumble backwards as he notices exactly where he managed to catch the champ; on the head. Stunned, Mark Shields runs his hands through his hair. Most of the people in the arena didn't see the counter coming either. Malak rives in pain as this moment of reprieve gives him a chance to recover.

Lance:

Dex is face down on the mat! Malak caught him at just the right angle!

Joy begins to stir but is met with a thunderous curb stomp by Garland before the champ can even get to all fours.

DDK:

Malak is not only buying some time but he's slowly getting back into this thing with those moves!

Garland drops some elbows on Joy's head and neck area before locking in a front chancery guillotine.

Malak Garland:

I'M GOING AFTER HIS NECK ALL NIGHT LONG! MARKY MARK! ASK HIM IF HE SUBMITS!

Shields does his job and slides into position. He shakes his arm as he speaks to the champ, asking for a possible submission but the champion isn't ready to pack things up just yet.

DDK:

It looks like Malak BARELY has the guillotine choke locked onto Dex! But if Malak has *any* chance to take this title away from Dex, it's going to be by targeting that neck.

Lance:

It was that series of grueling matches with Kerry Kuroyama coming out of the Acts of DEFIANCE title tournament where Dex's neck was compromised and followed by that three-match series with Corvo Alpha that worked Dex's neck. He's overcome some scares, but it has always plagued him!

The champion nearly begins vibrating along with the crowd clapping energy towards the ring. Finally, Dex throws Malak off before rubbing the back of his neck.

BOOM!

Lance:

Malak pops in with a frontal chop block! I know he said he's going to focus his assault on Dex's neck but making him partially immobile will definitely help his cause!

Garland wrings his hands eagerly before twirling Dex around, into a killswitch drop!

DDK:

Down goes Joy!

The Source of Envy quickly gathers the champion in a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Joy kicks out and shoots his right arm to the sky. Garland grabs it and throws it backwards before landing a standing senton splash! Dex hooks in a sleeper to counter!

DDK:

These two are battling back and forth!

Lance:

The upper hand has truly been hard to find save for Dex's immediate adrenaline rush out of the gate but since then, things have evened out.

Malak breaks free of Dex's clutches before delivering his knee to Dex's head a few times!

DDK:

There goes Malak back on the attack of Dex's head and neck area!

Garland finally thinks it's wise to dispose of Joy through the ropes and onto the floor below. With his foe recovering on the outside, held up by the apron, Malak jumps off the opposite set of ropes and baseball slides into Dex! The champ careens into the barricade, back first!

DDK:

Garland doing his best to agitate Joy at every spot!

Malak walks over to the ropes and exits to the apron where he plants Joy with a jumping double axe handle smash!

Lance:

That's some vintage wrestling action as we speak, Darren! Now what is Malak going to do?

Garland whips Joy into the barricade once for good measure before whipping him OVER it and into the crowd!

DDK:

Fight through the crowd!?

Malak jumps over the barricade and receives a nice swat to his mouth from Joy for his troubles.

Lance:

Fight through the crowd!

It's on as Joy and Garland exchange glancing blows through the aisles of Faithful. Everyone is losing their minds as Garland and Joy pummel each other for their entertainment. Joy finally plunges a knee to Garland's gut before whipping him into the hip-high wall separating the floor seats from the lower bowl sections.

DDK:

Garland hits the boards hard!

The Biggest Boy stalks his prey. The challenger moves quickly once pulled up though and delivers a vertical suplex to Joy, sending the champion into the first row of the lower bowl! More offense follows as Malak executes a swinging neckbreaker on Joy, with the top of the wall taking the brunt of impact!

DDK:

Garland may have just broken Joy's neck on the flat top of those boards that line the arena!

The buzz of concern over the hometown hero refuses to die as Malak smashes Dex's chin into the top of the wall repeatedly. Eventually, both men begin moving up the closest staircase. The arena spotlight and everyone with phones recording the action follow them along. Malak snatches a beer from a nearby fan and proceeds to smash it over Joy's head!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Malak looks at the people with disgust on his face. He doesn't care that he just wasted some dude's beer. The fan

stands there with his palms to the sky. Mark Shields just thinks it was tough luck. Covered in brew, Dex shoves Malak aside and asks the fan's girlfriend, who is clutching her beer closely at this point, if he may take it.

DDK:

Malak is not only disrespecting Dex but he's disrespecting the people of Los Angeles too by taking that guys beer!

Lance:

But look! Dex Joy is looking to make it right!

The girlfriend graciously hands over her cup of suds and everyone watches as Joy slams it on top of Malak's head!

DDK:

Everyone rejoice!

Lance:

But that's still two people with two fewer beers.

Suddenly, a concession worker walks out with a tray of FOUR beers, filled to the top. Dex takes the tray from the worker and kindly hands it to the couple who had given up their beers to begin with. The fans lose their minds as the couple are all smiles. Malak, on the other hand, is soaked and quite unhappy so he goes for a low blow but Dex closes his legs in time.

DDK:

Gotcha!

There's an awkward moment with Malak and his arm trapped between the muscular quads of Dex Joy, inches from achieving glory, yet far, far away. Joy wags a finger before taking Malak on a wild ride of punishment around the people.

DDK:

Chops!

Lance:

Uppercuts!

DDK:

Elbows! Malak is feeling them all as Dex Joy tours the inside of the crypto dot com arena with Malak Garland in tow!

Mark Shields begins badgering Joy to get the action back in the ring and that he's been more than lenient with the countout rules. Dex listens but heads back to the ring his way; by throttling Malak in the jugular a couple times with vicious forearms.

DDK:

A very limp, beaten up Malak Garland folds over the barricade and looks to gain some refuge back inside the ring.

Lance:

He can crawl back in there but I think he fails to realize that's exactly where Dex Joy can finish him off and win this thing!

Looking to hurt his opponent more, Dex pulls Malak up into a fireman's carry. He walks over to the closest ringpost and delivers a DEX-5 into it!

SMACK!

Garland screams in pain as his body nearly wraps itself around the post. Joy pumps up the crowd once more. Malak

slowly crawls into the ring and grabs at Mark Shield's pant legs.

Malak Garland:

Mark! Mark, you gotta help me. This is why I got you here.

Mark Shields:

I'm kind of sorry, man. I should really stay out of this. I'm the referee and all and this is the biggest match ever. I know you requested me as the ref but like, I should let the result stand for itself. It's okay if you gotta give up. You'll just confirm everyone's thoughts that you're a little crybaby prick but hey, we need those in wrestling too, right?

While Shields consoles Garland, Joy runs into the ring and he completely *smacks* Malak Garland with a dizzying running lariat!

DDK:

Malak is SCREAMING in pain! This is the undoing of the Snowflake Superstar right here, live tonight, and it is truly magnificent. This is a night I will never forget!

Joy looks like he's in complete control and he pulls Malak up with a gutwrench and finishes things off with a powerbomb that simply shakes the ring!

Lance:

Joy lands into a seated pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Malak somehow finds the grit and energy to kick out. Even Mark Shields looks surprised. Malak grabs at his back.

Malak Garland:

Aaaaargh. I'm going to break your neck, Dex! Mark my words!

Joy ignores Garland's empty threat as he continues to work away on his opponent.

DDK:

Boston crab! Malak isn't going anywhere now!

The Keyboard King tries his best to crawl to the ropes but it's taking an immense effort. Mark watches closely as Malak's hand misses the bottom rope numerous times before clinging to the apron.

Lance:

Somehow Malak manages to escape out of the hold and out of the ring.

His face tells the entire story. Malak is hurting but also plotting. With haste, he grabs a steel chair from under the ring and then slides back in to confront Dex. Once more, Mark Shields inserts himself.

DDK:

Malak has a chair!

Mark Shields:

Dude, man. I don't think it's wise to use that. I already let you two fight throughout the crowd without counting either of you out and as much as I like violence, I think I would have to end the match in a disqualification if either of you used that there chair.

Lance:

I can't believe I'm saying this but it looks like Mark Shields is doing an adequate job!?

Dex calls Malak's bluff. He shouts for Malak to use the chair on him to the point where he's almost begging for it. Malak grips the steel tightly, trying to siphon out the crowd noise and make an informed decision. He most certainly doesn't want to get disqualified because then his title shot would go poof. So instead, he stops.

DDK:

What, what is Malak doing?

Garland nods as if his senses have come back to him. He hands the chair to Mark Shields.

Malak Garland:

You're, you're right, Mark. Here, take this.

Mark holds the chair as Malak grabs Jox by the wrist and whips him RIGHT AT MARK!

THUD!

OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The crowd is left in shock as Dex Joy goes HEAD FIRST into the chair Mark Shields is holding. Now in fairness, Mark didn't swing the chair. He simply raised it out of fear when he saw the big body of Dex Joy barreling towards him and there was no way for him to make any meaningful attempt to get out of the way. Everyone is pissed. The color red stains the canvas where Dex's head lays. His neck looks like it took a nasty ninety degree turn from his shoulders. Fans are livid. Malak smiles. Mark trembles but only because he doesn't want to get cut, LA style.

DDK:

Oh no. This is bad. Very bad.

Lance:

Dex Joy isn't moving, folks.

DDK:

And that clown, Malak Garland is laughing up a storm!

Sore himself, Malak's shiny, sweaty body chuckles in the corner as Mark looks down, noticing what just hit the chair **he** is holding.

Malak Garland:

Haha, okay Mark! You said it! Neither of us used the chair so I guess we're good now. Feel free to toss it out of the ring.

It's quite clear Mark wasn't expecting all that to happen as he walks over to the edge of the ring and throws the chair down and out with a stone cold look on his face.

Mark Shields:

Like, that wasn't cool, dude.

The ringside physician approaches the apron but Malak plays his best form of defense, kicking at the ropes and

denying the champion any medical protections.

Malak Garland:

NO! STAY AWAY! NO ONE CAN SAVE DEX JOY NOW! HIS NECK IS MINE! I WILL HAVE IT!

Lance:

To be honest, it already looks like Dex's neck is messed up.

Garland marches around the ring, parading like the pompous prick he is. He's so happy. Overjoyed, in fact and it just makes the rabid crowd that much more feral. The hostility in the air rises as Malak parades and pounces, intermittently stomping on Dex's neck each time he walks by.

Malak Garland:

IN ORDER TO CUT OFF THE HEAD.

STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!

Malak Garland:

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO!

STOMP! STOMP!

Malak Garland:

IS SEVER THE NECK FROM THE BEAST!

STOMP!

Malak keeps the foot of his heel Dex' neck after his final stomp, rubbing it in as best he can. Dex TRIES to lift his head but it's tough. Real tough. Joy looks upward at the challenger.

Dex Joy:

You won't keep me down.

Somehow Joy shoots up, sending Malak stumbling backwards.

Dex Joy:

PALLY!

WHACK!

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The arena damn near explodes as a bloodied Dex Joy RISES to his feet and lands some heavy haymakers across Malak's crybaby soft chin. Blood POURS down Dex's face but it does not deter him from laying a whooping on his overly sensitive opponent!

DDK:

PUNCH HIM OUT, DEX!!!

Malak is reeling and Dex keeps on trucking. Left, right, left, right! Dex winds up!

SMACK!

DDK:

Malak halts all of Dex's momentum with a karate chop to the neck! Wow!

Dex falls to a knee.

BUT.

He gets back up.

WHACK!

Lance:

Another karate chop!

This time, Dex falls to both his knees. Exhaustion is settling into both men.

DDK:

Look out!

Garland nails a shotgun dropkick with full force off the ropes! Joy's body tumbles and twirls. Malak is quick to the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

DEX IS UP!

Not only does Dex get up but he does so with Malak in his clutches!

Lance:

DEX DRIVEEEEEEEEEEE!

SLAM!

The Faithful watches on as Dex smashes Malak's back into the canvas but he can't make the cover right away. He clutches his neck in immense pain. The fans try to will him on but the crawl to a cover is daunting at best.

DDK:

He's almost there!

Lance:

Just a little further!

Dex throws his arm across Malak's beating chest. Mark Shields counts.

ONE!

TWO!

TWO POINT NINE NINE NINE!!!!!!!!!!

DDK:

HE ALMOST HAD IT!

Lance:

The amount of time it took Dex to crawl over and pin Malak gave the challenger JUST enough time to recover. Another microsecond and this match would have been over.

Things seem to hit another gear as both men, tired as dogs continue to push each other. Malak slaps Dex. Dex retaliates with a package piledriver!

DDK:

THY KINGDOM COME! That's Lindsay Troy's finisher! That's who Dex Joy BEAT to become champion!

Somehow, Malak springs up in almost BETTER condition than before the piledriver!

Lance:

What in the world is going on here!?

Malak, with all his might, whips Dex Joy into a crucifix powerbomb! Everyone is stunned at the feat of sheer strength and determination!

DDK:

ALTER CALL! That's Deacon's finishing move! The same man who defeated Malak to retain the FIST when Garland last challenged for the belt at MAXDEF 2022!

Now it's Dex who gets right back up and nails Malak with a high impact DDT!

Lance:

EVENFLOW! STALKER'S MOVE! They are one-by-one going through the previous FIST of DEFIANCE champions finishers!

The odd ode to champions of the past continues as Malak pulls his broken skeleton to his feet. He screams before lunging at Dex and crushing the champ's skull with a running double knee shot.

TO.

THE.

NECK!

DDK:

GAELIC STORM!!!

Lance:

UNBELIEVABLE!

Joy looks out cold. Malak waits. Mark watches. So does everyone else.

DDK:

Is this over!?

JOY!

JOY!

JOY!

JOY!

The hometown crowd GETS BEHIND the fallen CHAMPION and gosh do those chants work their magic. Somehow, some way, Dex Joy pushes his body off the canvas. Infuriated, Malak runs towards Dex once more.

DDK:

Incoming!

With each step Malak takes, a fond memory shoots through his mind. He remembers stepping foot in a DEFIANCE ring for the first time. He was green. He was new. He was the most fickle crybaby known to man. Him and Cyrus took on Thugs 4 Hire in his very first match at DEFCON 2020. Now, four years later he finds himself charging towards the FIST of DEFIANCE, Dex Joy, in the title match to decide all title matches.

WHACK!

DDK:

I TRIGGER!

Pin.

ONE!

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

A ONE COUNT!

The arena nearly comes UNGLUED! Blood, both running and crusty, stains Dex's face. The champion surges. Malak covers up. Dex grabs Malak and swings him into the corner. Now it's the champ who is running towards the challenger! With each step Joy takes, moments of Dex's early career shoots through his mind. It might have seemed like nothing at the time, but on a late November night in 2019, Dex Joy secured his first ever victory in DEFIANCE on UNCUT, and just like what he is doing now, he downed his opponent, Cristiano Caballero with-

DDK:

DEX'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!

The thunderous body splash in the corner echoes throughout the arena, if not, the entire land. A mellow Malak Garland falls to the canvas like jelly.

Lance:

This battle has been incredible!

Dex hooks a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Malak counters with a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The crowd is ood and awed as both men rise to their feet. They smash into each other, shoulders first like a pair of stubborn rams. No budge. Then they clothesline each other like a couple of angry apes. Neither falls. Then they shoot off the ropes and both hit crossbody blocks, knocking the wind out of each other! They clutch their respective ribs as they rise up, looking to go at it once more.

DDK:

RELENTLESS PACE! THESE TWO ARE LEAVING IT ALL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING AND EVERYONE HERE IS LOVING IT!

Dex swings wildly and Malak ducks it, comes up and grabs the champion in a full nelson from behind.

Lance:

Malak deposits Dex to the mat, head first YET AGAIN!

An elbow drop gets followed up with a senton splash and then Malak locks in his FOMO camel clutch!

DDK:

THIS IS HOW HE BEAT FLYING FRENCHIE!

Lance:

But one of his goons isn't here to make Dex Joy tap out.

Mark Shields slides into a critical position, asking if Joy gives up. There is no quit in The Biggest Boy. Joy's arms are trembling as he tries to power himself out of the latest predicament he finds himself in.

DDK:

DEX LOOKS LIKE HE'S IN A BAD, BAD WAY!

He tries to claw at Malak's grip with his fingers but it's of no use. The fans refuse to give up though.

Lance:

HE'S CRAWLING!

Carrying the weight of a snowflake on his back, Dex makes it to the ropes where he collapses on the middle rung. Mark Shields ensures a clean break occurs. Malak finds himself on his rear, legs bent, arms hugging them and wondering just what will it take to put Dex Joy out of his misery. If that's even possible at this point.

Dex gazes back at Malak from over his shoulder. He's lost a lot of blood and fought with more valor than most. He watches intently as Malak wipes the gloss from his face. The challenger's moppy hair is all over the place.

DDK:

I TRIGGER! Malak just skewered Dex's face with his knee once more!

It's not enough. Malak grabs Dex by the arms and pulls him up for more.

I Trigger. Again.

I Trigger. The third in a row.

Malak shouts to the stars.

Malak Garland:

I'M [EXPLETIVE] GOING TO END YOU! RUIN THE STORY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I TRIGGER!

THE FOURTH AND FINAL TIME!

The last time Malak plunges his knee into Dex's neck, he lets his leg linger there until the champion's body peels itself from his kneecap. It's almost dead quiet now. An abundance of devastation, worry and concern consumes the crowd like an AVALANCHE. Malak smirks. He stumbles backwards and points at Dex Joy. He then looks at Mark Shields and winks as if he's 'got this.'

DDK:

This isn't looking good!

Lance:

I-I don't think Dex can defend himself anymore but it looks like he STILL wants to fight!

Garland rushes in with another I Trigger.

BLOCKED!

DDK:

WHAT!?

He tries again.

Blocked AGAIN!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

HERE COMES DEX JOY!

HE ROCKS THE CHALLENGER WITH A LARIAT OUT OF DESPERATION!!!

DDK:

LARIAT! LARIAT! DEX JOY HITS THE LARIAT! HOW THE HECK IS HE STILL GOING?!

Lance:

I THOUGHT WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO A NEW CHAMPION, BUT THINK OF WHERE WE'RE AT! THINK OF WHO HE'S FIGHTING FOR! EVERYONE!

Malak stays down and that means Dex goes up! He goes slowly. His neck feels like sand has been poured into his joints and like it's on searing- hot fire!

DDK:

THE JOY BUZZER!!! THIS WON HIM THE SOHER! THE FIST OF DEFIANCE! IT PUT TROY OUT FOR THREE MONTHS! HE DEFEATED ED WHITE! NED REFORM! AND I THINK WE'RE ABOUT TO SEE MALAK GARLAND ADDED TO THE LIST!!!

The Biggest Boy makes the biggest leap ...

JUMP FOR JOY!!!

He misses.

THUD!

Lance:

MALAK ROLLED OUT OF THE WAY!

DEX CRASHES TO THE CANVAS!

DDK:

NO WAY! MALAK HAD ENOUGH TIME TO MOVE! AND HE'S BACK UP!

Malak sees his chance and seizes it.

I TRIGGER!

The Snowflake Superstar collapses to his knees, but it's clear that Dex Joy is somewhere between dream street and the land of nod! He doesn't even know where he is when he gets up but that gives Malak one last chance to finish things!!! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful can't believe it!

I TRIGGER TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

The most vicious, unprotected shot delivered yet!

Lance:

ANOTHER I TRIGGER! ANOTHER I TRIGGER TO THE BACK OF THAT NECK FOR GOOD MEASURE! WHEN WILL THIS STOP!? MALAK HAS GONE MAD!

ALL DEX CAN SEE IS BLACK!

MALAK HAS TO ROLL HIM ONTO HIS BACK!

AND THE PEOPLE ARE WATCHING IN HUSHED AWE!

MARK SHIELDS SLIDES IN FOR THE COUNT, SMASHING HIS HAND DOWN ON THE CANVAS IN DRAMATIC FASHION!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING! DING! DING!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Stunned.

Silence.

Mark Shields calls for the bell. It all happens so quickly. A moment you look forward to for so long and it happens so fast. Within three seconds, to be exact. Dex Joy lays there, out cold. The unthinkable has just happened.

DDK:

UN-UNREAL!

HELL HAS FROZEN OVER

The match is over.

Energy slowly dissipates from the arena.

The unthinkable has indeed happened.

Malak sits up, still glistening in sweat. His breathing is heavy as Dex Joy remains downed and off to the side.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, the winner of this match and **NEEEEEEEEEEEW** FIST of DEFIANCE, Malak Garland!

Quimbey's voice echoes through a hollow arena of Faithful. Garland can't help but smile. He chuckles to himself for a few moments in disbelief that he just accomplished the greatest goal of his career before noticing Mark Shields walk over to the edge of the ropes to retrieve the championship belt. To retrieve HIS championship belt. His eyes watch intently as his newly won prize is brought to him like a butler serving the most delectable cut of steak on a platter to a VIP.

Mark Shields:

Here you go, Malak. It's yours. I am so damn proud of you. Can I go home now?

DDK:

Well, I never thought we'd see the day. He did it. Malak wins. We lose. It took MANY I Triggers to put Dex Joy away and let the record show that Dex was DEFIANT to the end, putting up an INCREDIBLE fight!

Lance:

That was an insane match, Darren but now that Malak is champion, you and I should think about putting in our two weeks notice tomorrow.

Mark Shields gladly extends the belt outwards at Malak who simply shrugs it off. Malak gets up and brushes the belt out of the confused referee's hand all in one fell swoop, much to the surprise and then the resentment of the remaining crowd who didn't make an immediate beeline for the exits. Many of the fans are trying to file out of the arena as quickly, quietly and somberly as possible due to the level of embarrassment they just suffered. A few small children wearing Dex Joy apparel are crying as their parents are trying to pick up the pieces of a shattered night. A desecrated night. A RUINED story. Yet most are able to make a free run to the exits. Meanwhile, in the ring, Malak walks AWAY from the richest prize in wrestling, in favor of his phone which is sitting innocently for him on the apron.

Lance:

That's not disrespectful at all or anything. Especially considering the three types of hell both men had to endure to get to an outcome tonight.

Malak needs to satisfy his desire to doom scroll as he is given the ring to himself after a masterful performance. The belt waits for him on the canvas as if it has become a piece of meaningless luggage instantaneously. Instead, the Snowflake Superstar is enamored with his electronic device. He's on HIS time now, after all. Malak stares blankly at his phone as he oddly doesn't have any interest in celebrating.

DDK:

This might just be the saddest, darkest day in the history of DEFIANCE. What just happened, Lance? This is crazy.

Everyone left in attendance are on their feet. Many with hands on their hips and disappointment on their faces, trying to figure it all out. It's as if they've all been collectively punched in the gut. Some attempt to shout obscenities until they notice Malak is completely oblivious to them, within the safety of his phone bubble. This was not the ending anyone ever expected or dreamed of. The dream, the reign, the era of everyone has now become a RUINED nightmare.

Lance:

I am truly speechless, Darren.

The broadcast shot cuts to an exterior blimp view of the arena. At first, a few slow pyrotechnics go off from the roof followed by rapid fire, celebratory explosions of JOY that light up the night sky. Walking pedestrians can be seen filing out of the arena when each firecracker explodes in open air. Meanwhile, a double feature shot eventually cuts in, showing Malak Garland unmoved from his doom scrolling position. Expensive fireworks continue to fill the air as this awkward moment carries on. Malak just continually swipes at his phone as the show is over and the last few people leave the arena with sadness in their hearts and fear on their faces. Garland neglects touching the belt at all. The crescendo of fireworks comes to a head as big, loud, booming rockets set off in the air.

DDK:

Sadly, we're out of time. We'll see you all next time, if there is a next time.

The DEFIANCE signature chyron flashes as calm chaos has injected itself in the very lifeblood of DEFIANCE. What will come of this new championship reign? Do we even want to know? The only thing we know for sure is that Malak Garland is the NEW FIST of DEFIANCE.

Shit, guy.

Shit.

THIS.

WAS.

DEFIANCE.