

SHOW OPEN

["The Defiant" by Skillet](#)

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania welcomes DEFIANCE as the Petersen Events Center is hyped for DEFtv 214!

Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from. and a steel cage hanging above the ring!

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

***I WONDER IF NEW FEUDS WILL START TONIGHT
THE GREAT SIGN MALAISE OF 2025 HAS BEGUN
MY HEAD CANON IS THAT MARK LUCK IS THE ORIGINAL AARDMARK
MY TV IS A STRICTLY DEFIANCE APPLIANCE
ALPHA IS #1
MP1 IS #2
LORD NIGEL GIVES THE ICK
I SETUP A GOFUNDME FOR OSCAR BURNS FACIAL RECONSTRUCTION SURGERY. DONATE @HAHA-OSCAR-BURNS
URIEL CORTEZ IS NOT MY DAD, BUT I'D LET TITANESS BE MY MOM
WHEN IT RAIN CITY RONINS, THEY SHOULD WIN THE TAG TITLES
THIS SIGN IS THE BEST YOU'RE GONNA GET OKAY
I JUST HOPE BOTH LADS ARE OKAY
I FLEW HALFWAY ACROSS THE WORLD JUST TO WATCH MALAK WIN AND NOW I WILL VOICE MY DISPLEASURE VIA SIGN
ELISE ARES DOING THE LORD/LADY'S WORK
KERRY KOALAYAMA DOESN'T EXIST... HE CAN'T HURT YOU
I JOINED THE FAMILIA AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS PLAIN WHITE T-SHIRT
SHIT, I JOINED THE HONOR SOCIETY AND ALL I GOT WAS SOBER***

We go to the announce table with Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Welcome everyone, it's good to be back at the broadcast both and not at ringside!

Lance:

I developed some PTSD after DEFIANCE Road and the RUMINATION CHAMBER.

DDK:

You did not.

Lance:

You're right, I did not. Still trying to work on that evil persona everyone online wants me to develop.

DDK:

Never listen to anyone online, particularly Twitter.

Lance:

Noted.

DDK:

We have a great lineup for you tonight and I believe we're going to get started with a match. Wait, wait a second...

LOAD MANAGEMENT

Right off Keebler and Warner's greetings, the DEFtv song ends and is replaced, almost rather instantly.

[*♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero -♪*](#)

Loud boos from the Pittsburgh Faithful but it doesn't take long for Tyler Fuse to appear from behind the FIST logo.

Lance:

Wow. We're not going to wait.

Fuse stands in black jeans and a faded white t-shirt, surveying the angry crowd.

DDK:

This is a surprise! I don't have Tyler on my schedule, but it is very much like him to get behind his actions. He was never going to hide. However, I didn't see him coming out... here. Tyler's not one to talk so openly.

Lance:

When you cost Dan Ryan the FIST of DEFIANCE at DEFIANCE Road, I'd say this is serious. I couldn't believe my eyes!

DDK:

What *I* couldn't believe was the second guessing. Tyler takes Ryan out, then decides it's best for Ryan to win the match anyway... only for him to switch his mind back to the original plan at the end, placing Malak's hand over the legend and securing Malak Garland's reign of terror even further!

Fuse continues to stand on the top of the rampway, looking through the ten-thousand fans. Eventually, he marches down to ringside.

Lance:

Well I, for one, echo Conor Fuse's sentiments that hell is coming for Tyler. Dan Ryan is NOT someone you screw over like that.

Tyler remains stone faced and focused on the ring in front of him. Upon arrival, he rolls under the bottom rope and asks for a mic.

DDK:

Listen, we've known Tyler Fuse for a long time. He's not going to back down from anyone. He's reached this high status after standing up to guys like Jack Harmen, and defeating him at Jack's own game, but this is a new world for Tyler. I don't know if he wants to play in it.

Lance:

Game. World. Play. A lot of video game references there.

DDK:

We are far, far past those times. Particularly with Tyler. They were simply just expressions.

Tyler's theme comes to a close as he stands there, dead center of the ring, continuing to hear the boos. There are a number of additional chants thrown his way as well. Chants for Dan Ryan, Conor Fuse and even some well orchestrated Tyler-Malak cahoots chants.

Needless to say, The OG Player's facial expression hasn't changed. He looks around, mic to his face. He takes a couple of steps forward, towards the hard camera. He opens his mouth.

Tyler Fuse:

I-

[*♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music -♪*](#)

Immediately after the introductory thunder to the legend's theme bellows throughout the PA system, Tyler's attention is diverted to the entrance and heavy tension builds within the bleachers.

Hell to pay.

But Tyler doesn't back down, he's shown zero emotion or concern since he appeared. His eyes watch the entranceway...

Dan Ryan slowly walks out.

He also shows no emotion, and he doesn't give even the slightest hint of a glance at anything other than Tyler Fuse standing in the ring.

Lance:

And a chill goes through the arena, or maybe it's just me.

Dan ignores the hands reaching out from the Faithful and finally reaches the apron. Keeping his eyes on Tyler, he grabs the ropes in front of him and leaps up onto the apron.

DDK:

Tyler Fuse is showing some real courage holding his ground in the ring right now...

Sure enough, Tyler is glued to his spot in the ring, a serious look on his face as he watches Dan Ryan climb through the ropes. Dan reaches down without turning his head, and a member of the ringside crew hands a microphone up to him. Dan takes it, letting it dangle at one side as he finally smirks just slightly, before bringing it up to his lips.

Dan Ryan:

You know what you did.

There's a hush over the crowd. Tyler doesn't respond.

Dan Ryan:

I almost did it, right? I almost became the first ever four-time FIST of DEFIANCE, after already BEING the only three-time FIST of DEFIANCE... but almost isn't quite enough is it? Thanks to you.

Now, a full-on smile from Dan Ryan... for a moment... and then, it's GONE.

Dan Ryan:

An interesting plan you've got there, Tyler. It's all well and good enough, the game you're playing with Malak. But it looks like in the process, you're starting another game with me. Doesn't seem particularly wise, but then again, I'm a reasonable man. Maybe you've got a good reason. Maybe you don't.

Dan slowly walks toward Tyler, who still holds his ground. Dan continues until he's inches from Tyler's face, so close that Dan has to hold the microphone slightly to the side so as not to bump Tyler with it.

Dan Ryan:

So here's your chance. Just what... THE FUCK... do you think you're doing?

Dan cocks his head to one side, and the crowd ripples with a mix of stunned silence, oohs and ahhs.

For a moment, it looks like Tyler Fuse is about to respond, when...

[*♪ "Big Dawgs" by Humankind -♪*](#)

The Pittsburgh Faithful get on their feet not to boo profusely as the FIST of DEFIANCE himself cockily saunters out on stage, dry humping the air as he does.

DDK:

Someone is confident.

Lance:

Unfortunately, that someone beat seven others in a chamber match...

DDK:

"Beat". Use that term loosely.

Percy Collins lags behind with the belt in tow. The champion is sporting a purple and blue tracksuit. Quite spiffy, if you saw anyone walking down the street in such a garb.

Malak Fuse:

Ceasefire on the tunes, production truck goons!

The heavy beats to the bass eventually subside.

Malak Fuse:

Whoa, whoa, whoa. What do we have here? A mangy squirrel and a pack rat nipping at each other's heels. I'll let you, the people, decide who is who but listen to this FACT CHECK. This is all great grandstanding about my FIST of DEFIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP. Yeah you heard me, I called it a CHAMPIONSHIP, but like, I hate to burst your bubbles but this right here ain't going anywhere anytime soon.

Malak walks over to Percy and taps on the centerplate of the massive title ASMR style.

Malak Fuse:

Dan, you say you want to become the first four time champ but like, bro, do you even know I am the FIRST AND ONLY REAL FIST OF DEFIANCE CHAMPION!? Tyler, you're cute. Even though I OWN YOU, you think you can come out here unaccompanied to do what? Pander to the crowd? Say something witty? Bro, you can't provide 'tainment with your mouth like I can. I AM THE KING OF 'TAINMENT!

Malak marches around like a child throwing a fit.

Malak Fuse:

In fact, I have some news for all the contenders vying for my title and not just you two inclusive. It isn't going to be defended anytime soon because I just overcame the trauma and dangers of the Rumination Chamber! I need to allow the appropriate amount of time and space for my energy chakras to catch up with my emotions because of that match. Hence why I am officially declaring myself on LOAD MANAGEMENT. Stash me on your fantasy lineup IR spots now!

DDK:

Load management? What does he think this is? The NBA?

Lance:

Ever since becoming Malak "Fuse", the champion has been playing a *game* on another level, Keebs.

Malak Fuse:

I'm not going to defend the title at DEFCON so both of you can keep your piss and vinegar to yourselves.

There are EXTREMELY loud boos now.

DDK:

He's not going to DEFCON!?!?

Malak Fuse:

That's right, I'm going to take the show off. It's about time, too, since I've beaten so many guys already. It's time the belt gets a break from being the focal point of DEFCON. Who knows, Percy and I might take a relaxing trip to Turks and Caicos or maybe we'll cancel it at the last minute and go on a Viking Norwegian Cruise!? WHO KNOWS! THE WORLD IS OUR OYSTER! I AM JUST LOAD MANAGING IN IT!

Malak spews his dribble before dropping the mic and pointing for Percy to proceed backstage. The segment comes to a halt as Tyler and Dan Ryan watch the spastic champion leave the inner arena from within the confines of the ring.

♪ "Big Dawgs" by Humankind ♪

Ryan and Fuse speak to each other off-mic, with things looking a little heated. Tyler eventually backtracks, knowing he needs to look after himself. Never taking his eyes off Ryan, the two mouth off to each other further as Tyler slips smoothly out of the ring, back-first through the bottom and middle rope. He walks up the rampway as Malak's theme continues to blare, Tyler and Ryan still battling it out with their comments.

DEFtv goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2025

FIX IT OR FORGET IT

We transition to our two-man announce team, Keebler and Warner, who acknowledge the camera with practiced professionalism.

DDK:

What we just witnessed speaks for itself—the fallout from DEF Road’s Night 2 main event is sending shockwaves through DEFIANCE. But another story woven into that main event is the ongoing, *long-going* conflict between MP1 and his former Masked Violators partner, Corvo Alpha.

Lance:

Both men were part of that match. Both made their presence felt. But in the end, neither walked away with the FIST after that grueling 8-man Ruminations Chamber.

DDK:

And worse yet, nothing between them was settled. If anything, their animosity only intensified through that torturous battle!

Lance nods at Keebler before turning back to the camera.

Lance:

The tension rose between Alpha and MP1... and, you'll learn, between MP1 and Lord Nigel Tricklebush. What you're about to see is exclusive footage captured just moments after MP1's elimination at the hands of TA Black—footage from the instant he stepped backstage, only to be met by Lord Nigel himself. Take a look.

We cut to pre-recorded footage. The words “**DEFIANCE ROAD 2025 - NIGHT 2 - Jan 30, 2025**” appear in bright yellow in the bottom left corner.

The black curtain ripples violently from MP1's frustrated exit. Sweat-drenched and flushed, he frowns under his gray, black, and white mask. He yanks his right arm free from his singlet, pulling the strap down as he clutches his ribs.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush glides into frame. MP1 sees him and instantly turns his back, still catching his breath. Nigel doffs his battered fedora with a dramatic flourish, tucking it under his arm. Wringing his hands anxiously, he steps forward.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

You comported yourself with great temerity and indomitability.

The roar of the crowd echoes from the arena - the fans reacting to action ongoing in the chamber - causing MP1 to cast a bitter glance at the curtain before lowering his head.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

The odds were against you, my boy.

Nigel gestures toward the ring beyond the curtain with theatrical fire.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

No one else in that infernal structure took the punishment you did!

Turning that same pointed finger toward MP1 now, his tone softens.

Lord Nigel Tricklebush:

This weight is not yours to bear.

His gray, lifeless eyes flicker with feigned emotion as he presses his brown fedora to his chest.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I put you in this match. *This* is *my* loss, not yours.

MP1 wheels around, lip curling into a half-snarl.

MP1:

You put me in a match with *him*. After weeks—months—of promising you'd *fix* everything.

The grim shade grips at his mask, pulling at it in frustration before erupting.

MP1:

How am I supposed to—how can I even function with *him* in there?! With this *thing* hanging over us?!

He doesn't give the old man a chance to respond.

MP1:

You said you'd fix this, Nigel.

Nigel glances at the floor, a flicker of anxiety in his eyes.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I did. But your old friend is... not the easiest man to reach—

Now it's MP1 jabbing a finger into Nigel's bony chest.

MP1:

You told me *you could do it*.

Nigel nods, avoiding MP1's glare.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Yes, well... perhaps you've forgotten the damage *you* did when you rejected his help at MAXDEF last summer.

MP1 bristles, turning his back as though restraining himself from a more violent reaction.

MP1:

"The damage *I* did."

Realizing his misstep, Nigel exhales, rolling his eyes at himself.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

We all have our roles in this—

MP1 whirls back around, yanking the remaining singlet strap off his shoulder with a frustrated grunt.

MP1:

Didn't you *just* say this wasn't my burden? That this was *your* loss? Not mine? Wasn't that you?

Nigel nods.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I did.

MP1:

Yeah, Nigel. He's a hard man to "reach." But you should know that. *You made him*. Didn't you?

Nigel clenches his jaw, meeting MP1's eyes with his own defiance.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I did.

MP1:

Then own it. Fix it. Or get the hell out of my way.

MP1 storms off, wincing as he instinctively clutches his ribs. But mid-step, he halts. Looking over his shoulder, his breathing heavy, he delivers a final warning.

MP1:

If you can't fix this, then our agreement is off. You hear me? If you can't deliver, you have no place with me. No place with the Gems. And no place in DEFIANCE.

As MP1 disappears down the corridor, Nigel remains frozen in place, the weight of MP1's words settling over him. The moment lingers.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I see.

No one is there to hear him. Fade out.

THE WORK BEGINS

Cut to: Scott Douglas sitting on a steel chair in a dimly lit locker room. His hands wrapped tight and ready for action, a towel draped around his neck and his hair already wet and dripping ... because: wrestling.

The camera frame is tight on DEFIANCE's Favorite Son; no music, no spectacle... just Scott Douglas.

Scott Douglas:

Three years.

He shakes his head slightly, exhaling through his nose.

Scott Douglas:

Three years I had to sit with that loss... You don't move past it. You carry it—every day. Three years knowing I didn't belong anywhere else.

Scott leans forward, resting his elbows resting on his knees, clasping his hands together.

Scott Douglas:

Mikey Unlikely gave me something I didn't think I'd ever get—a second chance. A chance to come home. I came back. I fought side by side with the Bruvs. I fought my way back into this locker room. And I thought... maybe ... maybe I could fight my way back to the top, too.

Scott exhales slowly, nodding to himself. His voice remains steady, but the intensity in his tone sharpens.

Scott Douglas:

My misstep was thinking I could shortcut the process. I foolishly believed that beating Cyrus Bates would put me right back in line ... right back where I left off.

Scott takes a beat.

Scott Douglas:

But ... that was never meant to be and I should have known it. I know now that there are no shortcuts. No fast track. No golden ticket. If I want back everything I lost, I'm gonna have to claw for it. Scratch. Bleed. Fight... just like the first time.

Scott sits back, rolling his shoulders, letting the weight of the words settle in.

Scott Douglas:

One match at a time. One fight at a time.

Scott wipes the sweat from his brow with the towel.

Scott Douglas:

No promises. No expectations. Just the work.

Scott pushes up from the chair, adjusting his wrist tape. He takes one last look at the camera before walking off-screen. The shot lingers on the empty chair before cutting to elsewhere.

TITANES FAMILIA vs. GULF COAST CONNECTION

the camera catches quick glimpse above the ring with the steel cage present!

DDK:

Partner... did we receive any notice of a steel cage match tonight?

Lance:

I was curious about that myself. I tried to put out some feelers out to our interviewers and they're trying to make heads of tails of that. But we didn't have one scheduled that I'm aware of.

DDK:

Fair enough. Switching gears to tonight's first match... our opening match tonight was made as a result of what went down during the main event of UNCUT last week. After Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell were both taken out by Uriel Cortez and Killjoy of Titanes Familia at DEFIANCE Road, it was one of Dex Joy's students in BRAZEN, "Young Bull" Tate Newell that demanded a match with Killjoy to stand up for them.

Stills from last week's match play as Darren and Lance run things down.

Lance:

Tate Newell gave it a valiant effort, but Killjoy walked away with the win. However, the aftermath was much worse. Just like what happened to Punch Drunk Purcell, Killjoy smashed the hand of Tate Newell into the steel steps. Doctors are saying he's been pulled from all BRAZEN shows for the foreseeable future.

DDK:

DEFSec and several wrestlers, including The Gulf Coast Connection came out to help Newell. We found out earlier this week the Connection wanted a match with any combination of Titanes Familia and they got it. They'll be taking on Titaness, Brooklynn Rivera and Killjoy.

Lance:

No easy task for anyone, but tonight we'll see if the GCC can put the partying aside for one night. Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the next match.

Darren Quimbey stands by in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a six-person tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo w/KB and Trip Lee ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from The Crescent City... weighing in at a combined weight of 700 pounds... "Wingman" Titus Campbell... Theodore Cain... Crescent City Kid... **THE GULF! COAST! CONNECTION!**

One by one, the Gulf Coast Connection come out and they have their game faces on. Wingman Titus Campbell leads the trio with Theodore Cain and the masked Crescent City Kid right behind them. No mock Mardi Gras beads or masks being handed out for free tonight. Instead, the trio head into the ring to get ready for action! They get cheers from The Faithful and get ready in a corner before the bell rings.

♪ Father, father, unforgivable, This is my house, you made it personal
It's always trouble when they go too far! Nobody mess with my familia ♪

♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

Three gold spotlights shine on stage, left to right. On the left stands Titaness. Gold-tinted sunglasses, a golden hood, black top and pants with the "Familia" logo written down the leg. In the right spotlight, Brooklynn Rivera with a black

mouthguard in her mouth. Wearing black tights with a gold line up the sides, a black and gold top with a Puerto Rican flag patch in the corner her hair tied in two long braids. In the center spotlight, the MONSTROUS form of a masked monster, black long hair, crow and tree tattoos wearing torn jeans all across his arms, a sleeveless button-up shirt and a gold "Familia" belt buckle. Behind them in a black vest, shirt, black jeans and gold-tinted sunglasses, Uriel Cortez stands behind his Familia.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, accompanied by "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez... introducing The Mother of Suplexes... Breaker of Backs... Bringer of Big Boots... Baroness of Bombs... She is "THE PRETTY POWERFUL"... TITANESS! "LA ANGELITA" BROOKLYNN RIVERA! AND "THE GOOD SON" KILLJOY... They are to be referred to as the only DEFy Award-Winning Familia in DEFIANCE History... **TITANES FAMILIA!**

The Gulf Coast Connection watch the haunting entrance of the fearsome foursome heading down the ramp. Once they make it to ringside, Killjoy pulls himself up using the ropes, then steps over them with ease. Titaness and Rivera pose behind Killer with Titaness flexing and Brooklynn Rivera smiling a sinister smile with a fist up! They head into the ring with Rivera starting things off with CCK.

DING DING**DDK:**

The Gulf Coast Connection will give their all each outing, but they may be in an uphill battle tonight.

The 5'11" Rivera has the height advantage over the 5'8" Kid, but that doesn't stop him from going right at Rivera with a forearm! He tries taking the fight to the black belt judoka with a few more, but one big kick catches him on the button! CCK stumbles around quickly and Brooklynn follows up with an ipponzei (judo arm throw) that snaps him down to the mat with ease! Cortez watches from ringside arms folded, looking pleased.

Lance:

Brooklynn Rivera has been very instrumental in a lot of the recent success of the Familia. It was her last-minute attack towards the end of that Tornado Tag Team match that helped Titanes Familia turn the tide over The Lads.

DDK:

And undefeated so far in her brief time as well!

Rivera grabs the hand of CCK and snaps him down violently to the mat with an arm wringer! CCK holds his left arm in pain before Rivera reaches over to tag in Titaness. The former BRAZEN Tag Team Champions go right to work on CCK while Cain and Campbell are both forced to watch their partner get picked apart.

They whip him to the ropes and when he comes back, Titaness lands a knee to double CCK over followed by a stiff axe kick by Rivera! Titaness follows that up with a leg drop, then Rivera follows THAT up with a big knee to the head! The Kid clutches at his throat in pain while the "mother/daughter" tandem of the Familia both pose and flex over his body!

Lance:

That's impressive synergy! Remember, Titaness and Brooklynn Rivera were participants in Tag Party V and went on to become BRAZEN Tag Team Champions for a time last year!

Titaness stands up and now it's her turn to bully The Kid. Instead of going for a cover, Titaness whips him into the corner of The Familia and follows up with a running pump kick to the side of the head! The Kid goes down in the corner, but instead of going for a cover, she grabs him and PRESSES him over her head! The Pittsburgh Faithful can't believe it as she holds him high overhead before throwing him into the corner with snake eyes!

DDK:

What a throw into that corner! This one may be over before we know it!

Instead of a cover, Titaness peeks her head through the ropes to steal a quick kiss with her husband, Uriel Cortez, to LOUD booing!

Lance:

Maybe they ought to be trying to win instead of displaying PDA!

Titus Campbell and Theodore Cain can't do anything but watch as Titaness makes the tag to Killjoy for the first time. The Good Son climbs into the ring and puts ALL his body weight on top of The Kid, specifically GRINDING his boot into the arm of CCK! The young masked man cries out in pain while Titaness taps Rivera. The ladyfolk of the Familia pose on the floor with smiles while Uriel takes out his cell phone and takes a picture of them making CCK suffer!

DDK:

Come on now! This... they haven't let Crescent City Kid anywhere near his corner, but it's obvious they're not taking this that seriously.

The ladies of Titanes Familia return to the apron while Hector Navarro warns Killjoy to stop his attack on the arm while in the ropes. Killjoy grabs CCK up off the mat and over his shoulder before tagging Titaness. She falls to a knee, allowing Killjoy to slam him right across her knee with a tandem backbreaker!

DDK:

Assisted backbreaker from Killjoy and Titaness! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Lance:

No! Theodore Cain makes the save!

Cain rushes in and pushes Titaness off his tag partner before returning to the corner. Uriel continues to watch while Titaness yells at Navarro to get him back.

DDK:

That might have bought Crescent City Kid some time, but can he even make it to his partners? The Familia have cut that ring in half and he hasn't gotten anything going!

Titaness grabs the young NOLA native by his side and easily hoists him into a gutwrench suplex set up. She goes to pick him up for a powerbomb... but he counters into the CCT! Titaness gets dropped on her head!

DDK:

Oooh! CCK had just a little left in the tank! He counters what looked like a gutwrench powerbomb into his version of a tornado DDT!

Angrily, Uriel gets annoyed. CCK crawls towards his corner while Brooklynn reaches in and tags Titaness. She runs in and tries to get at the corner... but Theodore Cain gets the tag first to cheers from The Faithful!

Lance:

No! Here comes the Smash Surfer!

Theodore Cain enters the ring and he runs right into Brooklynn Rivera, running her over with a shoulder tackle! He comes off the opposite ropes just as she tries to get to her feet, only to take her down with a second one! He gets up and then feeds off the energy from the Pittsburgh Faithful when he goes to pick her up and drop her down with a release back suplex in the center of the ring. He throws up the shakas and then hits the ropes and scores with a big leg drop!

DDK:

Theodore Cain is on fire right now!

Lance:

This would have to be a tremendous upset if the GCC can pull off this win!

Rivera holds her neck while Theodore Cain goes in for the proverbial end. He hooks Rivera up on his shoulders for the High Tide. Before he can score with the fireman's carry jawbreaker, she manages to surprise him by snatching his left arm first and then applying a kimura arm lock with leg scissors around his body! Cain is shouting in pain while Rivera has the submission locked in!

DDK:

No way! Cain's still upright, but Rivera had High Tide well-scouted by countering into the Kimura!

Cain tries to fight while Rivera has the submission locked in! Cain stumbles to his corner and gets the tag to Titus Campbell! The Wingman heads into the ring and saves his partner by getting Rivera off him and then picking her up into his grip! Uriel looks angered when Cain spins her around into the Turbulence airplane spin!

DDK:

Rivera runs into some Turbulence! Campbell has this crowd going!

Campbell drops Rivera with the front slam just after Turbulence while Uriel looks annoyed outside the ring! Campbell feeds off the crowd, but doesn't see Titaness make the blind tag!

Lance:

No! Titaness tagged Rivera, but I don't think Campbell saw it!

Campbell points towards Rivera and tries to double underhook the arms to go for The Hook-up... but out of nowhere, Titaness jumps in and connects with the Titan-knee-am!

Lance:

Titaness with the jumping knee to Cain! Where did she even come from?!

Campbell stumbles into the ropes and comes back when Titaness picks him up and BODY SLAMS the 270-pounder! The Faithful are in total shock as she stands over Cain and starts talking trash!

DDK:

NO WAY! Titaness slamming anyone of that size should not be a shock in all the other times we've seen it, but she wows us with that strength!

The First Lady tags in a groggy and PISSED Rivera while Titaness directs traffic for Killjoy. The masked monster nods and then runs towards the outside. He sees Cain trying to come in to cut off the action, but Killjoy grabs him by the throat and THROWS Cain down into the FreeFall powerbomb!

DDK:

There's the FreeFall by Killjoy! Cain is done! And Campbell is all that's left!

Campbell tries to get up with Rivera and Titaness on opposite sides of him. Both of the Familia ladies rush forward and SMACK Campbell with a combination of Titaness' Titan-knee-am jumping knee to the back and Rivera hits a running gamengiri from the front!

DDK:

OOH! I was told earlier the Familia were working on a new finishing move! They call that Familia Ties and I think this one's over!

Campbell is out cold and Rivera hooks the legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **TITANES FAMILIA!**

Rivera stands up and lets Hector Navarro raise the arms of her and Titaness while Killjoy stands guard. Crescent City Kid limps back into the ring to check on his friend. Rivera goes to shove him, but he shoves back!

Lance:

No! That might not be wise, Kid!

And right away, Titaness and Rivera jump all over the Crescent City Kid as the music stops!

DDK:

The Familia aren't done! Gulf Coast Connection tried to fight them, but they're just too overwhelming!

As the destruction continues, Cortez casually strolls over to Darren Quimbey and demands his microphone. Quimbey quickly hands it over, lest he wibe a part of the massacre.

Uriel Cortez:

All right, they've had their fifteen minutes... Killer, let's make another example. Get the little one.

Killjoy nods. Titaness and Rivera both step back, then The Future of the Familia goes right for Crescent City Kid!

DDK:

No! Don't do this! You already won and proved your point! Time to move on!

Campbell tries to get up again, but Titaness and Rivera attack him with another double knee strike! Cain is still out cold from the FreeFall powerbomb from Killjoy earlier, leaving nobody to help as Killjoy grabs Kid's hand and starts to trap it between the ring apron and the steel steps!

Lance:

No, no, no, no! Stop!

The booing gets LOUD as Killjoy loads his boot up! DEFSec are on their way out to swarm ringside...

BUT IT'S TOO LATE!

KILLJOY KICKS THE STEPS INTO HIS ARM!

DDK:

NO! COME ON!

CCK is left howling in pure agony while the Familia are showered with jeers! Killjoy angrily swipes at DEFSec, keeping them away from what he's just done to The Kid while Uriel Cortez has a microphone.

Uriel Cortez:

NO, NO, NO! DON'T BOO US! THESE IDIOTS WANTED THIS MATCH! THAT IDIOT RIGHT THERE PUT HIS HANDS ON LA ANGELITA! YOU PUT YOUR HANDS ON ANY MEMBER OF MI FAMILIA AND KILLER'S GONNA MAKE SURE YOU DON'T HAVE WORKING HANDS! ASK PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL! ASK TATE NEWELL! SHUT UP, YOU'RE MAKING ME RAISE MY VOICE WHEN I DON'T WANT TO!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Cortez continues screaming over the jeers.

Uriel Cortez:

SINCE DEX JOY GOT A HANGNAIL AFTER OUR MATCH AND HE'S TOO CHICKEN-SHIT TO SHOW UP TO WORK TO KEEP HIS TOP SPOT, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M DOING NOW! THE BIGGEST BOY? NAH, THAT SHIT'S FOR KIDS! YOU'RE LOOKING AT **THE BADDEST DAD!** EACH AND EVERY WEEK... THE MORE PEOPLE DON'T LISTEN, THE MORE THIS IS GONNA KEEP HAPPENING UNTIL MI FAMILIA AND I GET THE SUCCESS AND THE GOOD THINGS IN LIFE WE DESERVE!

The Titan points towards the fallen CCK, now being attended to by both medical and DEFSec.

Uriel Cortez:

I'M GONNA HANDLE ONE MORE PIECE OF BUSINESS TONIGHT PERSONALLY, THEN YOU, THAT LOCKER ROOM, MANAGEMENT, EVERYONE IS GONNA REALIZE...

Cortez looks out to all sides of the arena jeering around him.

Uriel Cortez:

DEFIANCE... I'M YOUR FATHER NOW!

He grabs the microphone and throws it down at the feet of Darren Quimbey, making him jump as it bounces across the floor. Uriel waves at the rest of the Familia and one by one, they exit the ring and free up room for DEFSec to check on CCK and the rest of the Gulf Coast Connection.

DDK:

Uriel Cortez and Titanes Familia have lost their minds! I can't believe any of this!

Lance:

And what do you think he meant by "one more piece of business"?

DDK:

I don't even want to know. I really don't.

Uriel and Titaness walk up the ramp arm in arm together. Brooklynn Rivera follows right behind with Killjoy watching the destruction caused before heading to a break.

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

"SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. TA COLE

Cut back from commercials.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall ...

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... From Seattle, Washington! Weighing in at two-hundred and twenty-six pounds! He is DEFIANCE's Favorite Son! He is "SUB POP"... SCOTT... DOUGLAS!!!

The Faithful pop as the distorted whine of Green River's anthem bleeds through the PA speakers. When the beat kicks in, Scott Douglas marches through the curtain, eyes locked on the ring, his jaw tight. He rolls his shoulders, flexing his taped-up fists, and heads to the ring. The Faithful reach out, and Douglas tags hands as he moves, but his eyes stay fixed on the ring in front of him. Sliding under the bottom rope, Douglas pushes to a knee, hands planted against the mat, head bowed for a beat. He exhales, as he rises to his feet, shaking out his arms. He paces toward the ropes, gripping the top rope, pulling and stretching.

Lance:

Scott Douglas made his message clear, earlier tonight... Now, it's time to fight!

Darren Quimbey:

...and his opponent!

♪ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♪

The house lights shift to a deep purple, swirling over the DEFIANCE Faithful. TA Cole steps onto the stage, head down, rolling his wrists. He doesn't acknowledge the negative reaction filling the arena. His eyes stay locked on the ring ... on Scott Douglas ... on the fight ahead.

Darren Quimbey:

From Omaha, Nebraska... he is the Favored Saints Champion... T! A! COLE!

Each step is deliberate, as he marches down the ramp, his broad frame cutting an imposing figure beneath the tinted lights. At ringside, Cole hops onto the apron in one swift motion, but his expression never sells how impressive it is. He wipes his boots on the ring apron before stepping through the ropes.

DING DING

What a difference five or six years will make ... as the two former allies step toward the center of the ring. Scott Douglas, his fists clenched, nods once, acknowledging a man he has teamed with in the past. TA Cole, however, is expressionless, his hands resting on his knees as he bounces slightly in place, loosening up.

DDK:

This one has a bit of DEFIANCE history behind it!

Lance:

Indeed, Douglas and Cole have been in the trenches together before! Most recently *Tag Party II* but also as far back as DEFtv87!

DDK:

Well, the man Scott's looking at now ... That isn't the Levi Cole he used to know.

Lance:

Not at all, Darren. Since falling in line behind Ned Reform, Cole has turned his back on who he used to be. He's meaner, nastier, and under Reform's guidance, he's stopped worrying about what's right or wrong. One has to wonder, is he not looking to score some points with Reform here tonight, defeating Scott Douglas?

DDK:

There certainly has been some palpable tension in the ranks of the Honor Society - Cole is used to being Reform's right hand man, but as we saw at DEFIANCE Road, that is a spot that is quickly being filled by TA Black!

They lock up and right off the bat, Cole's size and strength advantage immediately become apparent as he muscled Douglas back into the corner. Benny Doyle calls for the break, and Cole raises his hands surprisingly quickly... only to shove Douglas' face with a disrespectful palm.

Douglas takes a deep breath and just nods in acknowledgment of how this is going to go.

DDK:

That right there tells you everything, Lance. Cole's not looking at Douglas like an old friend or partner, he's looking at him like a stepping stone to score some points with Reform!

They circle again, another tie-up but this time, Douglas ducks under, slipping behind into a waistlock. Cole tries to shake him off, but Douglas counters with a quick drop-toe hold, floating over into a front facelock.

Lance Warner:

I don't know if this is the right strategy for Douglas, he's giving up a lot of weight to Cole, and getting down on the mat with an NCAA wrestling champion, is never advisable!

Cole powers up to his feet, hoists Douglas into the air, and drives him backward into the corner, crushing him against the turnbuckles!

DDK:

That's 265 pounds of power right there! You can't coach that kind of strength, Lance!

Cole steps back and smirks. Douglas, still in the corner, shakes it off.

"Sub Pop" steps forward, circling Cole with a measured intent. The pair go in for another tie-up, again Douglas ducks under, slipping behind and grabbing a side headlock.

Cole instinctively goes to lift Douglas for a back suplex, but Douglas quickly transitions, using the momentum to flip over Cole's shoulder and land on his feet. Before Cole can react, Douglas spins the larger man around and lays in a forearm before nailing Cole in the knee with a sharp dropkick but Cole doesn't go down.

DDK:

It's going to take a little bit more than that, Lance.

Cole stumbles backward into the corner, shaking out his leg. Douglas doesn't let up, charging in and leaping with a high knee to the jaw. Douglas recoils off of Cole and takes a few steps back.

Lance:

But that ought to be closer to it!

Cole staggers forward out the corner and Scott hooks him for a quick snap DDT!

DDK:

Cover!

ONE!

KICK OUT!

Cole kicks out emphatically, shoving Douglas off him with enough force that Scott lands on his feet.

Lance:

TA Cole with an impressive kick out!

Cole sits up, rubbing his jaw before getting up to one knee, as he stares daggers at Douglas. Scott motions for the big man to "*come on*" but Cole instead rolls to the outside, taking a moment to regroup.

DDK:

Cole might be stronger, Lance ... but he can't take Scott Douglas for granted.

Cole slaps the apron in frustration, shaking his head before stepping back onto the apron, and cautiously re-entering the ring.

Lance:

I can't help but wonder; is TA Cole putting too much pressure on himself -- psyching himself out in his pursuit to impress Dr.. Ned Reform?

DDK:

This is the first of three matches featuring the Honor Society, Lance... we'll also see Weighted Grade against the Lucky Sevens and TA Black squaring off with Douglas' fellow Seattle native Kerry Kuroyama. I think they're all looking to make an impression tonight!

Cole, ready to return to the ring, motions for Benny Doyle to back Douglas up as he rolls back into the ring.

The pair circle again but as Douglas steps in for another lock-up, Cole explodes forward with a massive shoulder block, sending Douglas tumbling across the ring!

DDK:

That is the sheer power of TA Cole on display!

Douglas rolls to a knee, rubbing his shoulder briefly, before pushing his self back to his feet but ... Cole is already on him. The former NCAA champion shoots in for a double leg takedown, lifting Douglas clean off the mat before planting him hard with an emphatic slam!

Lance:

OH! The brute force!

Cole wastes no time, sprawling over Douglas and locking in a tight front facelock, pressing all of his weight down onto his opponent's upper body. Scott Douglas struggles, trying to slip free, but Cole seamlessly transitions to a waist lock, yanking Douglas up off the mat and driving him back down with a deadlift gutwrench suplex!

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son crashes hard, arching his back in pain, as Cole smirks, rolling onto one knee and tapping his temple rapidly.

DDK:

This is exactly where TA Cole wants this match; his size, his power and his amateur wrestling skills all working together!

Douglas tries to push himself up, but Cole is already on his feet. He snatches Douglas up from that mat and sends him 'for the ride,' subsequently crashing into the turnbuckle, chest first, with a guttural thud.

Douglas stumbles backward and Cole meets him with a short-arm clothesline to the back of the head.

DDK:

Oh lord! Scott Douglas might be out cold!

Cole doesn't go for a cover. Instead, he grabs Douglas by the hair and yanks his former Tag Party II partner back up ... before again, turning him inside out with another short-arm clothesline!

Lance:

Cole is absolutely manhandling Douglas right now!

Cole drops to a knee and places his forearm across Douglas' face as he hooks the leg. The official, Benny Doyle, is in position.

*ONE!**TWO!**KICKOUT!*

TA Cole argues with Benny Doyle as "Sub Pop" Scott rolls out onto the apron. He pulls himself up by the ropes, an albeit dazed, he sees Cole coming in time to drop down with a handful of the top rope.

Lance:

Low bridge!

DDK:

And TA Cole is over the top!

TA flips out of the ring but lands on his feet. The Faithful scream in his face as he braces himself on the guard rail but as he turns back toward the action; he is met with a flying Scott Douglas.

DDK:

Asai Moonsalt from Scott Douglas!

Lance:

Holy ...

The shock and awe are short-lived as Scott Douglas comes crashing down on TA Cole's shoulder ... he finds himself caught, rather than causing damage. Cole doesn't waste a second and dives toward the ring; slamming Scott backfirst into the "hardest part of the ring."

TEN!

Douglas crumbles to the floor below as Cole shrugs off the cumulative effect of the dive and apron slam. Cole takes a deep breath, shaking out his shoulder as he looks down at the former SoHer, who is writhing on the floor in pain. He doesn't even give Scott Douglas a second before grabbing him by the waistband and the back of his shirt, yanking up from the padded floor.

DDK:

TA Cole is showing his power once again ... no wasted motion, no hesitation.

NINE!

Cole effortlessly hoists Douglas onto his shoulder and turns back toward the ring ... If it works, it works ... and again he drives Scott spine-first into the edge of the ring apron. The hardest part of the hardest part of the ring.

Douglas screams out in pain on impact, his back arched into a C of discomfort as he finds himself again on the floor.

Lance:

This is just brutal! I feel like it's now obvious that TA Cole doesn't just want to win... he is trying to send a message.

EIGHT

Benny Doyle continues his count from inside the ring, urging both men to return. Cole grabs Douglas by the hair and lifts him before shoving him back under the bottom rope. TA, of the Cole variety, follows and reenters the ring.

With Douglas now lying face down, near the center of the ring, Cole drops down and places a knee firmly in the small of his back, wrenching back with a tight rear chin lock.

DDK:

And now, TA Cole is going to slow this match down, take away Douglas' speed, and grind him into the mat.

Douglas grits his teeth, prying at Cole's hands, trying to break free. The Faithful begin clapping and stomping, screaming and yelling getting behind "Sub Pop." Douglas struggles and barley fights up to a knee, before firing an elbow into Cole's ribs!

A second!

A third—

Cole grabs a handful of hair and yanks Douglas back down to the mat, slamming his head against the canvas!

Lance:

Oh, come on! That was unnecessary!

Benny Doyle immediately warns Cole for the hair-pulling, but the former NCAA standout just smirks, lifting his hands in mock innocence before going right back on the attack.

Cole drags Scott Douglas back up, off the mat, syncing the former SoHer around the waist before launching him with a devastating belly-to-belly overhead release suplex! Douglas skids across the canvas, clutching his ribs as Cole stalks after him.

DDK:

This isn't looking good for Scott Douglas or his fresh start scenerio!

Cole presses a boot against Douglas' chest and raises a hand in the air - mocking the DEFIANCE veteran as the Faithful boo loudly. Then, with little effort, he snatches Douglas up again, muscles him onto his shoulder, and charges forward—planting him with a massive Oklahoma Stampede!

Cole covers!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Douglas barely gets a shoulder up, and Cole shakes his head before dragging him to his feet once more. He cinches in a deep waistlock, lifts Douglas off his feet, and drives him down with a German suplex—but keeps his hands locked.

Cole rolls his hips, pulls Douglas up, and hits a second German suplex.

Douglas slumps to the mat, his body limp, as Cole maintains the grip, pulling him up for a third!

But Douglas suddenly fires back an elbow!

Another!

A third!

Douglas breaks free and stumbles forward!

Lance:

Scott Douglas is still in this fight! SOMEHOW!

Douglas turns around just as TA Cole swings wild for a clothesline but Scott ducks!

“Sub Pop” spins around before Cole can react and kicks the All-American Teaching Assistant in the back of the knee.

With Cole down on one knee and surprised to be there; Douglas knees his former tag partner in the back before locking in the Cobra Clutch. TA Cole panics and attempts to muscle himself up with Douglas’ weight as well but that just aids in momentum for the patented ...

DDK:

COBRA CLUTCH BULLDOG!

The Faithful erupt!

Lance:

Eat your heart out, Reform!

Douglas rolls Cole onto his back, drapes an arm over him!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

NO!

Lance:

COLE KICKED OUT!

The Faithful groan in disbelief as Douglas rolls to his knees, exhausted...

But determined.

Cole stirs, shaking out the cobwebs.

Douglas forces himself up, eyes locked on Cole.

Cole pushes to all fours ...

Douglas graps him by the head, pulls him in ... hooks the leg ...

DDK:

SUB POP SUPLEX!

Douglas used the momentum from the impact to float over and make the pin

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Annnnd your winner ... by way of pinfall ... "SUB POP" ... "SCOTTTTTT DOUUUUUGGGGLASSSSS!!!"

DDK:

Scott Douglas walks away tonight with a hard-fought victory against TA Cole!

Douglas rolls off, clutching his ribs, breathing heavily as Benny Doyle raises his hand in victory.

DDK:

This was a statement win for Scott Douglas and his new path back to the top, but TA Cole showed tonight that he is not someone to take lightly.

Lance:

No doubt about it, Darren... Douglas is proving he's ready to put in the work, but let's not overlook TA Cole. Reform may not be happy with the result, but Cole looked dangerous tonight.

Douglas pulls himself up in the corner, soaking in the cheers from the Faithful. He looks out at Cole, walking up the ramp, still shaking his head.

Cut to elsewhere.

OF FLAKES AND FATES

The scene comes to life as Malak, flanked by his trusty sports psychologist Percy Collins and security muscle Cyrus Bates walk the halls of the arena like they're an edgy clique of high school bullies.

Malak Fuse:

Text check, Cyrus.

The Bellicose Brawler glances down at one of many phones he's juggling.

Cyrus Bates:

Nil response as of yet.

Malak looks discouraged.

Malak Fuse:

Where is that big giant B hiding? I need to tell her about the wonders of load management and my new nickname I ripped off of her.

Finally, they turn a corner and conveniently "bump" into none other than the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style, Elise Ares. The crowd can be heard erupting in the background.

Malak Fuse:

Oh wow, okay! There you are, you little crumpet! I've been trying to get ahold of you. You're a hard tainer to find. I bet you're probably wondering why I wanted to find you...?

Elise Ares:

Actually, I think it's totes obvs why you're looking for me BBY. You have something that I want and I haven't exactly been shy about it. I mean with DEFCON coming up soon and everything, it seems like the perfect time to give the people what they've been asking for.

Malak Fuse:

Exactly. Percy?

Percy Collins steps forward holding the FIST of DEFIANCE. You can see a smile begin to creep across the face of the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style as he hands the championship over to Malak Fuse grabs it. The FIST looks down at the title in his hands and Ares takes a step forward.

Malak Fuse:

I've had my eye on you Elise and you've been doing some delectable things. So much so that I have anointed myself the King of Tainment Style. Oh yeah and if that's not enough, I have a proposition for you.

Elise is going to pretend she didn't hear that. Or maybe she really didn't, because all she can see is her own reflection in the belt before suddenly it's yanked away from in front of her and replaced by a couple of dollars that Percy just rummaged from his pockets. Canadian.

Malak Fuse:

The throne that comes out of the ground. I must have it. I require it because I am a King.

Elise Ares:

Excuse me?

The Leading Lady's eyes narrow and she cocks her head to the side.

Elise Ares:

THAT is why you asked me to come? Are you KIDDING me?

Malak Fuse:

A snowflake NEVER jokes around. I'm always serious. I've been keeping an eye on how you move and I want that lifestyle for myself. You see, I don't know if you heard what I told Tyler Fuse and Dan Ryan earlier but I'm now doing something I invented called "load management" and seeing that I need to be catered to, I am going to need your lifestyle and therefore, your throne.

The look of frustration on Ares' face washes into brilliance. You can almost see a lightbulb flicker above her head.

Elise Ares:

Malak, BBY, listen. The throne is mine... but it can be had at a cost. As you know I've had my eye on something of yours as well. I'll make a deal with you. You can have the throne for exactly one week of my choosing in exchange for a shot at your FIST of DEFIANCE at DEFCON... plus taxes and hospitality fees depending on the location of the exchange. Deal?

Malak has a conference with Percy & Cyrus.

Malak Fuse:

Nope. Can't do it, My load management is empty and it shall remain that way. However, what I can do is give you some advice in exchange for the throne.

Elise Ares:

Full offense, but I don't really think I need any adv-

Malak Fuse:

In order to be able to earn the FIST of DEFIANCE you're going to need to stack together some big wins. Maybe go find some former champions down on their luck or even some Hall of Famers and really make a name for yourself. Turn some heads and gather up some momentum and once your name reaches my ears, I'll put some thought into it. How's that sound, BeeBee?

Elise forces a plastic smile onto her face but beneath her lips, her multiple thousand dollar teeth are grinding together.

Elise Ares:

Sooo, were you just too busy at DEFIANCE Road to see me use that stupid chamber thing to stomp Oscar Burns' face into paste orrrrrrr?

Malak Fuse:

Honestly, yes. I only pay attention to myself.

This is a stance Ares can't argue against. It's served her well.

Elise Ares:

Or I can just take it.

The Queen of Sports ENTERTainment Style quickly darts towards Percy Collins and the FIST of DEFIANCE who panics. Her fingertips just barely reach the strap when Cyrus Bates wraps his giant arms around her and drags her away from the FIST kicking and screaming. Elise bites down on the arm of Cyrus and almost frees herself before she is apprehended again.

Malak Fuse:

Fangs of a feline. Sheesh and I thought Teresa left a love mark. This load management thing is all sorts of spicy!

Now out of frame, you can hear the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE screaming obscenities and writhing desperately to get free to no avail until the sound becomes but a whisper in the background.

Malak Fuse:

Ugh, she never told me where to find that throne. I'll need to get my own. Cyrus, your next job is to find me a QUALITY throne and make it snappy!

Off in the distance, Cyrus is still wrestling Elise Ares somewhere and Malak's once response is silence. Then "I'LL FREAKIN KILL HIM!" can be heard muffled in the distance. With a sigh he motions for Percy Collins to follow him in the complete opposite direction that Cyrus just dragged away his would-be-challenger.

Obvs.

HENRY YAMAKAZI vs. NO FUN DEAN

♪ "Requiem" by The Back Horn ♪

An unfamiliar song fills the air of the PPG Paints Arena, the crowd abuzz as a large figure appears by the arena entrance.

It takes a while for the Faithful to recognize who is coming out, but with one roar, all doubt immediately vanishes.

"OSU!"

The God-Beast has returned.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Making his way to the ring, from Pearl City, Hawaii and weighing in at two hundred ninety-four pounds... "THE BURNING HEART!" HENRY!
YaaaaaamaaaaaZAKI!

The name may be different, but the face and the energy haven't changed a bit. The mammoth formerly known as Mushigihara lumbers down the aisle, tagging hands along the way as "Requiem" keeps pounding.

DDK:

A surprise return to DEFIANCE for the former Mushigihara! He looks like he hasn't aged a day, but it remains to be seen if he's gotten any ring rust to shake off!

Lance:

For years, this man inspired fear in the hearts of many a DEFIANT, and now he has a chance to bring that magic back!

The former sumo wrestler climbs onto the apron and steps between the ropes, before rushing to the nearest corner and standing on the second turnbuckle, before throwing his hands up and delivering another...

"OSU!"

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, already in the ring, from Morrisburg, Ontario, Canada, weighing in at 250 pounds... NO FUN DEAN!

The resident Dean of Submissions raises his hands in acknowledgement, as referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING

Yamazaki comes out of the corner, taking his time, and No Fun Dean follows suit, before they tie up. Dean manages to cinch in a headlock, and even get a little torque on it, before Henry manages to shift his center of gravity enough to lift No Fun Dean off his feet...

WHAM!

...and drop him to the mat with a harsh backdrop suplex! No Fun Dean flops around the mat as Henry Yamazaki rises to his feet, and peels him up to his own feet, before locking in an iron claw!

DDK:

Yamazaki has a tight grip on the face of No Fun Dean!

Lance:

Once upon a time this was one of Mushigihara's many finishing maneuvers, but will it have the same effect now?

Henry Yamazaki does not wait. He pushes his claw hand out, shoving Dean into the ropes, before spinning on his feet and flattening him with a nasty discus lariat!

DDK:

WAFFLED him with what I'm being told is called the TETSU-1, and this could be it!

Henry goes for the quick cover, as Benny Doyle makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Requiem" by The Back Horn ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... "THE BURNING HEART"

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD 2025 REPLAY

Catch the replay NOW!

[NIGHT 1](#)

[NIGHT 2](#)

HANG EM' FROM THE RAFTERS

The Faithful erupt into a cacophony of jeers as Makayla Namaste stands in the ring. Behind her is a double brass ring, looper like a Venn diagram, hanging by a wire from the rafters. A smirk crosses her pink, glossy, non-animal tested lips as she puts a microphone before them.

Makayla Namaste:

Ladies and gentlemen... it is my privilege, no, my HONOR to introduce to you the greatest manager in the history of DEFIANCE, Thomas Yosemite Marrow and his champions: M4NTRA.

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Even bigger jeers erupt from the Faithful as Mr. Thomas Yosemite Morrow himself leads the way dressed in an all-white three piece suit with gold plated "Third-Eye" mirrored sunglasses. Behind him, in their typical white and gold attire, with third-eye sunglasses and books in hand, Nathaniel Eye and "DEC4L" Declan Alexander hold up the Tom Morrow Memorial Championships high in the air above their heads. Not only do they hold them up, they keep them up during their entire march towards the ring.

DDK:

Just when you think M4NTRA can't dig any deeper into the cockles of shenanigans and cowardice, they pull the stunt they did at DEFIANCE Road. With Makayla and the BRAZEN Future Talent Agency banned from ringside, it was a returning Tom Morrow who interfered in the match on their behalf to get them the win.

Lance:

Just when you think they've sunk the lowest they can sink to hold onto the tag team championships, M4NTRA continue to break the barrier.

DDK:

An almost impressive display of skirting around the rules. You almost want to hand it to them.

Lance:

Yeah, that's a step too far I think.

Now inside the ring, M4NTRA stand in opposite corners with the Tom Morrow Memorial Championships high above their heads in one hand and what appears to be a new titanium book in the other. On their waste as they descend are holstered bottles of BETA BLOCKERS, ready to defend themselves from the thousands of betas in attendance. The quad join together in the ring as Makayla hands Nathaniel Eye the microphone. He needs to shout his words to get them over the boos of the Faithful.

Nathaniel Eye:

When I took young Declan under my wing I had told him and all of you that I could mold him into something special... and I did. When we first started teaming I told you all that I had a plan for "Shared Success," and we did. I told you all that we would win these championships in honor of our beloved manager and great friend Tom Morrow, and we did. I told you all that NO ONE in DEFIANCE is capable of taking these championships away from us, and they are NOT.

The Faithful boo even louder as DEC4L smirks.

DEC4L:

Listen fam, how lucky all of you are that you were alive at the point in time in which you got to see the glow up of the GOATS. From my humble beginnings walking on coals to the salty-ass locker room constantly doubting us, just for all of them to come up short, you have all been privileged to bear witness to the main character that is M4NTRA.

The mic is passed to InstaFamous, Makayla Namaste as the boos continue to serenade the tag team champions.

Makayla Namaste:

To be a page in the epic that is M4NTRA will be something that you will be able to tell your children about someday... wait, that's inconsiderate. Most of you won't end up having children. You're wrestling fans.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Nathan Eye:

It's true, brothers and sisters. That's not character assassination, that's just simple math.

Tom Morrow:

That is why it is time, with my triumphant return only making M4NTRA even stronger, that we do the right thing for DEFIANCE and even more importantly all of you... the little people, by retiring the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships. Boys, I will bless your titles one last time before we place them inside of these interlocking, unreachable brass rings and raise them up into the rafters for the world to remember the greatness they were so lucky to be close to.

DDK:

I'm sorry ... they're ... they're gonna *what?!*

DEC4L and Natty Eyce give their championship belts one last kiss before hooking them onto the brass rings. Tom Morrow wipes a fake tear from his eye.

Nathaniel Eye:

From this day forward Pittsburgh will no longer be known as Philly's little brother. Finally Pittsburgh will be known as the city of champions. The city in which M4NTRA left their titles high in the rafters as a sign of their glory. Forever. It's bittersweet ... but my friends, that frees up DEC4L and I go straight for the top titles in DEFIANCE Wrestling! Enjoy this!

He looks at his title.

Nathaniel Eye:

It's been a ride!

A banner unfurls in the rafters tha reads "THE CHAMPIONS OF TOM MORROW: M4NTRA" in black and yellow. Slowly the championships begin to raise and the PogChamp salutes before...

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

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

The telltale arpeggiated walkdown of a guitar lick prompts an explosion from the Faithful. To the chagrin of those standing in the ring, the tandem of ZACK DAYMON and LEO BURNETT stride through the curtain.

DDK:

Oh my, it's the RAIN CITY RONIN!

Zack and Leo walk to opposite ends of the stage and stand for a moment, basking in the ovation while standing firm with matching faces of stone-like intensity. They're dressed casually for the event, Daymon wearing jeans and Burnett wearing camo pants, and both sporting matching shirts hot off the presses.

LESS PRATTLIN'**MORE BATTLIN'**

After a beat, Daymon and Burnett look at one another... nod... then focus on the entourage in the ring.

Lance:

Here they come... even if you can't *hear* them coming.

DDK:

Nyuk-nyuk, Lance! In any case, something tells me that what they're hearing from the reigning Tag Team Champions doesn't sit too well with the team of Daymon and Burnett.

Lance:

No words necessary, as the masters of the "Shut Up and Wrestle" mantra would prefer. The murderous looks on their faces says it all.

The Rain City Ronin make their way down the aisle. Even out of action, they move with an assertive, almost intimidating level of conviction. Lions, stalking their prey. In the ring, Nathan, Declan, and Makayla do their best to recompose themselves in light of this interruption.

DDK:

It bears saying that these teams had quite a competitive history with one another, prior to M4NTRA succeeding the tag titles!

Lance:

That's right, Keebs. And while Alexander and Eye have enjoyed success as champions, a case can be made that the Rain City Ronin have proven their worth with big victories over some of DEFIANCE's most seasoned veterans, such as the Besties and the Bruvs!

Zack and Leo slide right into the ring without invitation or provocation. On their feet, they step close to Eye and Alexander. Like, *uncomfortably* close. Almost chest to chest. Nathan and DEC4L make every effort to avoid eye contact while the Pittsburgh Faithful roar all around them.

DDK:

Well... that's *one* way to get their attention!

Tom Morrow gets in between them quickly!

Tom Morrow:

Hey hey hey hey ... no, no, no! Nobody said anything about Pokemon coming out here and interrupting our time because Mr. Mime and Mr. Mime over here aren't getting a crack at these belts! They're ...

♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

The looks turn to the stage. Tom Morrow in particular, looks a tad bit nervous knowing the immense history he has with those associated with that theme... "The Pretty Powerful" Titaness comes out first, still dressed in her ring gear from earlier. Right behind her, "La Angelita" Brooklynn Rivera sneers towards the ring.

DDK:

Haven't Titanes Familia done enough tonight? We saw them victorious earlier tonight against Gulf Coast Connection before Killjoy injured Crescent City Kid.

Lance:

No updates as of yet, but the early prognosis may be a broken wrist.

Brooklynn motions for the music to cut and it dies down. Titaness has a microphone.

Titaness:

Look, everyone... it's Tom Morrow back just in time to get killed again for the DEFCON season!

Tom Morrow:

It's been... not long enough, Titaness. How about you and baby girl turn around and walk aw....

Brooklynn Rivera:

How 'bout you eat a dick?!

Morrow shuts up instantly. Some of The Faithful cheer, but Titaness isn't having that.

Titaness:

No, shut the hell up. You don't get to boo us when we handled Familia Business earlier, then cheer us now. We aren't here to give some crusty-socked dorks some "Line of the Night." We heard what Tom Morrow had to say and you aren't even THINKING of retiring those belts when M4NTRA haven't had the balls to step to ANYONE in Mi Familia.

Brooklynn Rivera:

Preach, Mother T!

Titaness:

Brooklynn and I held the BRAZEN Tag Titles AND I was a Unified Tag Team Champion. I'm one of the very few people to have had both titles, but if everyone's favorite Award-Winning Familia and Faction of the Year 2024...

Brooklynn Rivera:

Let 'em know.

Titaness:

...Got to make history by being the first team to hold both the BRAZEN Tag Team AND Unified Tag Team Titles? That'd be a great year. Sorry, Wrestlemutes, but Titanes Familia is claiming the next shot at...

"GREETINGS, PUNY MORTALS!!!"

♪ "Atomic Punk" by Van Halen ♪

Tom Morrow visibly swallows hard as the siren song of Dr. Ayumi Sato blares throughout Pittsburgh, to say nothing of the hard rock anthem that heralds her irradiated monster duo! In classic Punk fashion, Fission and Gigaton emerge from a glowing cloud of mist, as their Mad Science Queen bolts out in front of them, eyes afire with a serious, killer expression etched on her face.

DDK:

The Atomic Punks probably have the most legitimate claim to another shot at those titles, after what happened at DEFIANCE Road!

Almost as if Dr. Sato was reading Keebs' mind, she makes angry eyes at Tom Morrow and goes on a tirade as the trio slowly stalks their way to the ring.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Let's get this out of the way first, because if it wasn't for that gutless worm parading in that ring with the *luckiest sons of bitches* to ever descend from the first thing to crawl out of the primordial slime billions of years ago, none of you, AND I MEAN NONE OF YOU are having this little tiff in that ring, because those belts would be RIGHT HERE after DEFIANCE Road!

She points two purple-gloved fingers towards Fission and Gigaton, who nod solemnly, teeth bared like fangs ready to dig into fresh meat. The Faithful buzz in agreement, but Dr. Sato continues on, unfazed.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

The Atomic Punks had you and those belts *dead to rights*. It took something completely unexpected and out of nowhere for you to come back to America with those belts when the Punks should be champions; you know it, we know it, everyone in that ring KNOWS IT, even if they don't want to admit it.

That gets the attention of everyone for sure; the Ronin look on, nonplussed. Titaness gives Dr. Sato the stink eye, and Brooklynn Rivera starts jaw-jacking, while Tom Morrow and Makayla Namaste try to calm their team down. Dr. Sato courageously climbs up the apron and steps between the ropes herself, flanked on either side by Fission and Gigaton.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

And if we were champions, I can assure you that we would be defending against each and every one of you. But for now?

The scientist grits her teeth and points straight at M4NTRA and company.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

Rematch. We had our fun, cutting your WiFi and ruining your vacations, but now? We play for KEEPS.

The arena comes abuzz once more, and Tom Morrow is visibly getting more and more nervous, until...

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

"RRRRRRRAHHHHHHH!!!"

If Tom Morrow was afraid of the Familia and the Punks, he runs away and hides directly under the ring for the next team coming out.

DDK:

Oh my God!!! As if things couldn't get any more explosive out here ... it's DEFIANCE's Hottest Tag Team!

Lance:

Allegedly!

The former two time Unified Tag Team champs and the former two time DEFIANTS of the Year enter the fray! The seven foot Twin Terrors of DEFIANCE along with their victorious cousin Lonnie stand between them rocking the red and green snake-skin vests and black tights ready for action! Max points out to the ring. Mason starts smelling the air.

Mason Luck:

Guys ... you smell that?

Lonnie smells the air too.

Lonnie Luck:

I ... I think I do.

Mason Luck:

I could smell bull-shit coming from a mile away ... I knew you were back, Tom.

M4NTRA watch Tom hide under the ring! Tom peers out from under the ring, then goes back under!

Mason Luck:

I know you're under that ring. We're the reason you were gone from DEFIANCE for almost a year and if we wanted to, we could make you disappear for a whole lot longer. Max and I are scheduled for a match up next with Weighted Grade, but if *any of you* wanna play with fire, this is the one time that Max and I will plead guilty cause all your asses

will get burned.

Max looks over at the Familia girls.

Max Luck:

You can ask Titaness and her hubby personally. We're equal opportunity fighters!

Max Luck:

RCR, we know first hand how tough they are considering we teamed with them at DEFCON to kick M4NTRA's ass last year and we've love to throw down and do it one more time!

RCR look back and they seem to be happy with those terms ... before ...

Tom Morrow:

WAIT WAIT WAIT WAIT WAIT!!! I didn't come back from the brink of death just to get put back there! All you teams want to fight? All you teams want a shot at this gold?! Let me talk to my clients! Cause if we're gonna do this ... we're gonna make some *money!!!*

Morrow finally peeks out from under the ring and rejoins the M4NTRA boys! They have a conference to themselves off the microphone. When they have concluded their business, Tom Morrow points to the titles.

Tom Morrow:

We are willing to put this ceremony on hold temporarily but if my clients are going to do that, then me and my clients ... your *champions* are gonna get paid for it!

Nathan Eye and DEC4L both make the "making money" symbol with their hands.

Nathan Eye:

That's right, enlightenment isn't cheap!

Tom Morrow:

No it isn't, and neither is what's going to happen! I'm throwing this out to all four of these teams and I'll make it happen with the brass! If you want a shot at this gold ... the four of you battle it out in two weeks on DEFtv! The winning team will earn a shot at *our* Unified Tag Team titles ... AT DEFCON!!!

All four teams look to one another and one by one, the Familia, the Sevens, the Punks and RCR each give their approval. Morrow takes the title belts down and hands them back to M4NTRA.

Tom Morrow:

Pleasure doing business. Let's uh ... let's walk through the crowd.

Nathan, Makayla and DEC4L all take their leave and then head into the crowd instead of dealing with the barrage of hungry challengers. The Punks and Dr. Sato, RCR, and the Familia all head back up the ramp tensely while Max, Mason and Lonnie head to the ring.

DDK:

Leave it to Tom Morrow to find ways to negotiate himself out of a deadly situation. He's dangled the carrot in front of all these hungry teams, but on the next DEFtv who will step up and earn their shot at greatness by going to DEFCON?!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens hope it will be them. We'll see them in action up next against Weighted Grade in a tag team super heavyweight showdown!

LUCKY SEVENS vs. WEIGHTED GRADE

After a very brief break, "World on Fire" is playing up for The Faithful once again as Mason and Max Luck stand ready to fight! On the outside, Lonnie Luck is there to cheer on his cousins.

DDK:

What a carrot that just got dangled by Tom Morrow in front of four teams! Rain City Ronin, Atomic Punks, Titanes Familia and the Lucky Sevens in a four corners tag team match in two weeks! The winner will earn a shot at M4NTRA at the biggest show of the year ... DEFCON!

Lance:

But Max and Mason Luck are out here right now about to be in action against TA Horrigan and TA Roosevelt of the Honor Society! And what a statement this would make for Weighted Grade if they can pull off this win! If they win, they could make an argument about being included in that match or earning a future title shot!

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is for one fall! Introducing team number one accompanied by Lonnie Luck! ... Weighing in at a combined weight of six-hundred twenty-three pounds! Standing at a combined height of *fourteen feet tall*! Max and Mason Luck ... the LLUUUUUCCCKKKKYYYYY SEEVVVVVEEEENNNSSSS!!!

Dashing Max and Pretty Face Mase throw up the Winning Hand along with Lonnie Luck from the ring apron! The music goes away.

♪ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♪

When the feed returns to the arena, Bobby Horrigan and Roosevelt Owens are in the ring, pacing impatiently.

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing team number two! At a combined weight of nearly eight-hundred pounds... representing the Honor Society, please welcome TA HORRIGAN and TA ROOSEVELT... WEIGHTED GRADE!!!

The massive beasts belonging to one Ned Reform walk down the aisle and stare up at the Lucky Sevens. They make their way to the ring and then head inside slowly.

DDK:

It's not often the Lucky Sevens meet a team that meets or even exceeds their own weight! TA Horrigan and TA Roosevelt are both former BRAZEN Tag Team champions, but Lucky Sevens are looking for a win tonight to parlay into next week where they could go for lucky number three with some wins!

Horrigan and Mason Luck square up in the ring. Horrigan looks up at Mason and gets ready for the bell.

DING DING

Horrigan looks up to him and then puts a hand right to the face of Mason. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are shocked by Horrigan's actions as he goes right for Mason with a big set of punches.

Lance:

TA Horrigan is showing some venom and vigor right out of the gate! Imagine if they could defeat the Lucky Sevens tonight!

Horrigan has Mason in a corner and the three-hundred and forty pound brawler looks happy with himself. He turns around but then gets the Winning Hand locked on! Horrigan is spun into the corner fighting for his life! Lonnie roots for his cousin being trapped in the corner until Horrigan reaches up and then has to jab a finger in his eye.

DDK:

And how's that for men of academia? Taking short cuts.

Lance:

They sure have learned from Ned Reform, haven't they?

The Maim Event Monster checks his eye but Horrigan goes low with fists to the gut and then he smacks Mason square in the chest with an open palm! Horrigan gets cocky and he poses with the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful booing him. He turns ...

Mason has him by the wind pipe with both hands! He is put in the corner and then he doesn't get just one: he gets *four* huge open hands to the chest in succession!

DDK:

Four of a Kind by Mason Luck! Horrigan shouldn't have gotten cocky!

Mason pulls Horrigan to the corner. Max gets the tag. The twin terrors of DEFIANCE work TA Horrigan over when Mason throws him into a knee to the gut from his twin. Max twirls him around and throws him into a big boot from Mason that knocks him flat on his ass! Mason and Max yell out for an old favorite ...

Max and Mason:

KA-CHING!!!

DDK:

I remember a time when these two beasts were only obsessed with money and that move was so hated. It's weird how time changes things.

Lance:

It really is.

Max continues the assault on TA Horrigan by laying in some stomps and then hitting the ropes following a seven foot low drop kick that pops the Pittsburgh Faithful!

DDK:

The Ka-ching combo gets followed right up with the big drop kick from this seven foot monster!

Max attempts the pin on Horrigan.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Horrigan kicked out of those moves, but Max Luck is still on the attack!

The Beast of the Bright Lights sits up and he hits the ropes. He jumps up when TA Roosevelt hits a knee to his back. The glancing blow only briefly stuns Max who turns around and smacks him upside the head!

Lance:

TA Roosevelt tries to get the jump on Max, but this isn't their first time in tag team action!

Max has him down, but TA Horrigan finds an opening and attacks the back of Max's leg. Max falls to his knee and then TA Horrigan follows up the attack by going back to the ropes and hitting a lariat to the back of Luck's head! Mason and Lonnie are shocked by Weighted Grade pulling off the sneak attack as Horrigan now tags the much larger

TA Roosevelt.

DDK:

Here comes the tag by TA Roosevelt. Horrigan is a monster, but this man is six foot six and over four-hundred fifty pounds!

Lance:

It's not often the Lucky Sevens meet someone who's their match in size!

TA Roosevelt shakes off the last punch from Max Luck and an Irish whip sends him to the corner. TA Roosevelt charges and then crushes Max with all his body weight with a big time splash!

DDK:

You could feel the air leaving Max Luck's lungs up here partner!

TA Roosevelt isn't through either when he picks up Max Luck on his shoulders and with ease he takes him down using a samoan drop! The ring shakes and TA Roosevelt rolls over slowly to pin Max.

Lance:

We could be in the midst of a big upset tonight!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The Pittsburgh Faithful cheer the Lucky Sevens member for kicking out. He attempts to sit up, but TA Roosevelt smothers him with a head lock and brings Max to the corner.

Lance:

Tag made to TA Horrigan.

The henchmen of Ned Reform both headbutt Max against the corner. Horrigan follows with a running hip attack and Max is brought down gasping for air in the corner! Horrigan hits a second hip attack! Then makes another cover on Max!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Lance:

Another kick-out by Max, but how much more does he have left?

Now Horrigan stands over him with a knee to his neck to choke the life out of the Beast of the Bright Lights.

DDK:

Weighted Grade are making a good showing tonight for themselves. Seeing how successful Ned Reform has been against all odds is perhaps inspiring them tonight!

Lance:

I don't know if the Lucky Sevens were looking past Weighted Grade in any way with this big match coming up in two weeks, but Weighted Grade are making the most of this opportunity.

The official tells Horrigan to stop the choke and gives him a five count. He stops and then rolls Max out of the corner. Horrigan goes to the middle rope and he is looking for a big splash, but climbs one step higher so he is on the top rope. He leaps ... but Max sits up and Horrigan misses!

DDK:

Oh no! Horrigan should not have left his feet! Major miscalculation on his part!

Max guts it out and looks to his twin. Lonnie Luck cheers on the outside for his big cousin. TA Horrigan's belly flop does him no favors but TA Roosevelt calls to him. He has the tag, but when he gets in the ring the hot tag is made to Mason Luck to the delight of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

Lance:

Mason Luck gets the tag! Listen to this crowd all around us!

Mason is in! He runs right into TA Roosevelt and hits a running axe handle! But it's one of the few times Mason hits one and his opponent doesn't fall down! Mason goes to the ropes again and smacks TA Roosevelt a second time. Roosevelt is wobbly but still on both feet. Mason goes for a third one, but the biggest teacher's aid in existence hits an upper cut that stops Mason cold.

Lance:

TA Roosevelt is holding his own against Mason Luck!

TA Roosevelt hits a second uppercut. He tries to do what he did to Max earlier and looks for another samoan drop, but Mason elbows the side of the TA's head and lands behind him on his feet. He grabs TA Roosevelt and hits a running face buster into the turnbuckle. Mason goes to the second rope which he does not do often and hits a flying back elbow that finally knocks the big TA off his feet! Mason gets up and then when Roosevelt stands, Mason levels him with a standing spin kick!

DDK:

Mason had to leave his feet to get TA Roosevelt off his! And he hits Suited and Booted!

Mason covers TA Roosevelt!

One ...

Two ...

Horrigan stops the cover just in time! Horrigan tries working over Mason, but Max is back into things and he's on the top rope! Max flies and hits the Check-Raise clothesline off the top!

DDK:

Just as soon as TA Horrigan enters the ring, Max Luck comes to the aid of his brother!

Lonnie cheers outside while Horrigan gets knocked flat! Max gets up and goes for his corner for Mason to make the tag. Max climbs in and the brothers go right for TA Roosevelt. Max's hand is on his throat and Mason's hand is locking in the Winning Hand ... and they lift the four-hundred and fifty-pound TA Roosevelt up with Seven Stars!!!

DDK:

SEVEN STARS!!! THAT RING JUST SHOOK!!!

Max makes the pinfall on Roosevelt with Mason and Lonnie both counting with the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

One!

Two!

Three!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners of the match ... THE LUUCCCCCKKKYYYY SEEVENNNSSSS!!!

Mason, Max and Lonnie all stand proud in the ring!

DDK:

After coming up successful at DEFIANCE Road over the Most Precious Gems, the Lucky Sevens pick up this win to ride some extra momentum into the big four corners match with a Unified Tag Team title match at DEFCON on the line!

Lance:

That's gotta feel good for the Lucks to have this under their belt! Take nothing away from Weighted Grade who gave the former champs a lot.

TA Horrigan and Roosevelt regroup outside of the ring and head their way to the back. Lonnie get hold of a mic.

Lonnie Luck:

Pittsburgh!!!

The obligatory mention of the home town gets Lonnie major cheers!

Lonnie Luck:

You just saw Dashing Max and Pretty Face Mase handle business tonight before they earn a title match against M4NTRA in two weeks ... but if I can take a second.

Max moves and lets Lonnie say what he wants to say.

Lonnie Luck:

For months, I have been ridiculed as the third wheel of the Luck Family. I've been told by veterans on this roster I don't belong. For months I had to listen to that dumbass Jean-Pierre de la Reeves call me Weak Link Lonnie ... until all of you supported me! Until all of you had my back! Then after the Most Precious Gems tried to bully me three on one ... You can call me Clean Sweep Lonnie because I *swept* The Most Precious Gems, I shut JJ Dixon up! I shut de la Reeves and Raiden up!

He turns to his cousins.

Lonnie Luck:

So if you're calling your shot in two weeks, then I'm calling mine! Because before all this went down, I got told because of my big win at DEFIANCE Road, I get the next crack at whoever wins the Favoured Saints championship match in the main event tonight in two weeks!

Lonnie gets cheered by the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful along with Max and Mason who look proud of Lon.

Lonnie Luck:

I don't care if it's Mil, but I *really* hope it's you, D. I want a rematch from Acts of DEFIANCE when you beat me with a roll-up to keep that title! This time ... I'm ready. And this time ... The Pocket Ace is playing to win!

Cheers go out to the Lucky Sevens! Max and Mason point at their cousin who jumps on the middle rope to pose. All three Lucks throw up the Winning Hand and the many fans in attendance do the same!

DDK:

Lonnie Luck calling his own shot! Could we be seeing the Lucks draped in gold in a few months?

Lance:

With the roll he's on now, the winner of The D and Mil Vueltas tonight better not look past Lonnie Luck!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



BLOOD DIAMONDS SUMMIT

DDK:

We found out on the last edition of UNCUT that we were all going to be attending some sort of summit this evening, Lance.

Lance:

Indeed. The most dysfunctional “family” in DEFIANCE Wrestling, The Blood Diamonds, has decided to hold a little *team meeting* right here tonight!

[!\[\]\(7d2c5f9e82a618e76a637ab66cb71793_img.jpg\) "O Fortuna" from Carmina Burana as performed by the London Philharmonic !\[\]\(bf4030c24b2dfccadadf6b25a43fa4d5_img.jpg\)](#)

The first out from behind the entrance curtain is the seven foot tall former New York mob enforcer Nicky Corozzo followed closely by his tag team partner, the submission siren and right hand of The Socialite the leggy Jane Katze. Nicky runs his hands through his slicked back hair, Jane peers over the tops of her glasses at the crowd with utter disgust. Next out onto the stage is the current BRAZEN tag team champions “The Problem Solver” Adrian Payne and “Houston Strong” Felton Bigsby. Felton and Adrian are in matching red tracksuits, both men lift their hardware... Felton’s extra heavy, him still also being the reigning and defending BRAZEN champion.

The foursome each take a side of the stage, making room for their employer...

The self proclaimed Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE Wrestling saunters out onto the stage in all his crisp white, well accessorized finery. The stage lights glitter off the gold and diamonds scattered across The Sophisticate’s person in the form of rings and a thick gold chain and one hell of a wristwatch. A pair of big sunglasses with solid gold frames completes the ensemble. Those he perches atop his perfectly quaffed salt and pepper hair once he reaches the top of the stage. He runs his hand over his similarly quaffed beard.

The London Philharmonic slowly fades as Edward takes a step back into the wings as the house lights dim to almost black. A brown sepia tone flickers across the entire arena. The sound of scratchy old film reel accompanies the eerie light.

[!\[\]\(d7afaf512ee054276d9d45e534143c76_img.jpg\) “The Entertainer” by ragtime pianist Scott Joplin !\[\]\(b22d38a4ff9b58e087fe83d2887c868f_img.jpg\)](#)

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Pittsburgh Faithful give the next man out very little room to breathe as they create a literal tidal wave of negative sound waves that hit the stage with full eardrum shaking force.

The Bombastic Bronson Box emerges from backstage in what looks to be a brand new black and dark red pinstripe three piece suit. He takes a beat once he steps through the curtain to smooth out his black tie over his similarly black button up shirt before stepping out into the spotlight in the sea of flickering sepia brown. The Original DEFIANT doesn’t need sparklers or fireworks. The reaction of the Faithful to his mere presence is all the special effects The Wargod needs to make a memorable entrance.

A few beats behind the Starmaking Wargod we see his herald emerge out onto the stage. The Motormouth of Malcontent, Angus Skaaland. He slicks back his platinum blond hair as he steps through the curtain. He’s also dressed in all black, save for a very snazzy looking dark red blazer.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen making their collective way to the ring, they are *“the heart and soul of DEFIANCE Wrestling whether you acknowledge it or not, facts are facts”*... really? I mean, come on...

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

The clearly grumpy Motormouth already has a microphone gripped tightly in his hand up on the stage.

Angus Skaaland:

USELESS! I swear to God Quimbey, you have one bum-ass job around here and you can't even read from an index card without your USELESS little opinion clearly dribbling from that overpaid coconut perched on your shoulders! I feel like I'm listening to that featureless human thumb, Lance Warner up there! Hey bud! You living breathing example of the dangers of inbreeding! Hows uncle dad and aunt mom doin'?

Skaaland sarcastically waves up towards the commentary booth where Lance Warner has his eyes closed, taking deep breaths. Darren Keebler is doing absolutely everything in his power not to laugh directly at his new partners pain.

Lance: (to himself)

Just breathe Lance, remember what your therapist told you. Just breathe.

The Associates and Money Talks have already made their way to ringside. Behind them Edward, then Bronson then Angus Skaaland all make their way down the ramp up the ringsteps and up into the ring where the three aforementioned men all take microphones in their hands and take their places at center stage. Edward lifts his microphone clearly indicating he's about to talk...

Angus Skaaland:

Oh sure, I'll start. Twist my arm, why don'tcha?

The Motormouth turns to Bronson Box with narrowed eyes and places about a toe's worth into the Original DEFIANT's personal space.

Angus Skaaland:

What the *fuck*, Boxer?

OOOOOOOOOOOH!

The Faithful digging the drama like a Jerry Springer audience digs thrown chairs. Bronson purses his lips and nods his head, clearly accepting that he deserves this lambasting.

DDK:

Bronson Box had a bit of a... what did we end up calling it? A fugue state? Bronson at the peak of his fury and bloodlust after his loss to Gage Blackwood in Scotland, grabbed my former broadcast partner and his own representation Angus Skaaland by the lapels and nearly clocked him one!

Lance:

Poor Angus has been all up in his feelings ever since.

Skaaland stands with his microphone at his side, the usually talkative DEF legend stands silent, waiting for an answer. Bronson looks beyond uncomfortable, he too uncharacteristically silent. Lost for the appropriate words. The Socialite raises a finger between the two men, a non-verbal "if I may, gentlemen."

Edward White:

Angus, as much as Bronson needs to apologize to you for *inadvertently* accosting you the way he did? And he *DOES*...

Edward shoots his business partner a narrow eyes glance before continuing on.

Edward White:

We first need to apologize to *him*. We broke the cardinal rule of this group, and you know it. We didn't support our brother when he told us something needed doin', no questions asked. Doesn't mean a damn thing that we didn't understand the why's and what for's. When he told us he wanted Gage Blackwood gone we should have stood at his

side hand in hand and helped him drive the proverbial knife as deep as it'd go, by God. Bronson, my brother, for my part in this dereliction of duty I am indeed sincerely sorry. We let you down the last few months. We left you danglin' and that rat bastard got one over on you. On *US*. As of now... I and your compatriots here are at your violent disposal.

The Sophisticate smiles *that* smile.

Edward White:

A sentiment I sincerely hope is reciprocated when the time comes.

The Sophisticate leaves space for someone to chime in.

Angus looks like he's about to bring the microphone to his lips but Bronson takes a sudden step forward.

Angus Skaaland:

No, please. Speak.

The Wargod looks directly back at Angus.

Bronson Box:

Scotland was a right fookin' mess. Aye, I was bucklin' without you lot at my back. But that doesn't excuse what I did, Angus. I wholeheartedly apologize, mate.

The Scottish Strongman places one of his huge, scarred up hands on Skaaland's shoulder.

Bronson Box:

Now help me put this bloody prick in the *GROUND*.

Skaaland still looks like his feathers are good as rustled.

But he's listening, nodding ever so slightly.

The Wargod turns to The Sophisticate for a moment of recognition then suddenly out towards the sea of Faithful.

Bronson Box:

We've run about like fools for months. Felton and Adrian the only two of us that have found some legitimate, consistent success. That changes. Not now. No all that changes when we end Gage Blackwood's *FOOKIN' CAREER!* Because that's the goal now, Blackwood. You hear me you lazy spotlight stealin' PRICK?! That's the sort of target you've made OF yourself. You've besmirched the good name of our organization. You and the ones like you? The smilers, the good natured helpers, the handshakers... the *pretenders*. The bloody *fakers*. Aye.

He turns again to Angus Skaaland.

Bronson Box:

With your help I aim to crucify the little shit once and for all. With your help, with all your help I aim to make that crucifixion as gruesome and as public as conceivably possible. This aint about win loss records now. This is about nasty, baseless, cruel, *classic* vengeance. The sort you dealt out side by side with soon to be Hall of Famer Eric Dane so many moons ago. Why? You lot asked me that countless times over the last few months. Why, Gage? Why? Angus... you of all people knows *exactly* why. You who stood by and licked your lips at *INNUMERABLE* tragedies perpetrated by Eric and his ilk. Don't tell me you wouldn't revel in the sight of Blackwood's smug face crying out in *UNSPEAKABLE* pain knowing the tail end of his career was *STOLEN FROM HIM!*

He licks his lips, clearly excited at the mere prospect of ending Gage's career.

Bronson Box:

No last ride, no last run at the FIST, no bittersweet goodbyes made on his own bloody terms. I want *SHAME* and

REGRET to follow that man for the rest of his life! THAT is what satisfaction looks like! That sweet nectar is the prize, gentleman!

The Socialite steps up with that big plastered on smile and claps the Wargod on the back.

Angus seems more on board but still with a rather miffed snarl on his lips.

Edward White:

Whether it's big fat lazy fish takin' up space like ol' Gage Blackwood or itty bitty little fish with delusions of grandeur like Mr. "Fair Play" Dabney Doubleday, his diminutive little brother and his gaggle of BRAZEN third-stringer friends. The Blood Diamonds are united once again. We are reinterested in one another's business, folks, and that's bad news for everybody on this roster up and down, red *and* blue. Felton Bigsby and Adrian Payne are dominating BRAZEN, look at all that gold, by God! Bronson Box and Angus Skaaland, fences mended! Heading set, right into the middle of the goddamn killin' fields population one Gage goddamn Blackwood, yes sir!

The Associates and the reigning kings of BRAZEN, Money Talks all four climb into the ring and surround their three benefactors in a show of terrifying unity.

Edward White:

Woe betide the poor bastards that have made our list! Woe betide the poor bastards that have taken advantage of us at our lowest! Woe betide the poor bastards about to feel just how sharp and unbreakable this diamond can become. At DEFcon?

Again with that far to white, put on smile that betrays the gruesome words coming out of his mouth.

Edward White.

We're lookin' to *flay* some sons-of-bitches.

[!\[\]\(10335f07f13c8e28efcc1ff1ba9f7c87_img.jpg\) "O Fortuna" from Carmina Burana as performed by the London Philharmonic !\[\]\(b240aa13b2dc5112afd60fc6bcd774b5_img.jpg\)](#)

The seven members of the Blood Diamonds take their time exiting the ring.

DDK:

The air has begun to be cleared between the leaders of the Diamonds, partner.

Lance:

Nothing good can come of this, Keebs. Nothing whatsoever. Angus is one of the invisible hands that guided Bronson's career from jumpstreet. There's not many people on earth closer to Box and look at the mess. Bronson Box is a ticking timebomb, Darren. I know, I know obvious stated. But mark my words. This story will *not* have a happy ending.

CONOR IN THE MIDDLE

Off the commercial break, the camera is backstage to Conor Fuse walking down the hallway and stopping before he arrives at a locker room door. He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and then mouths the words "you got this". He pushes back the handle, walks in, and sees Dan Ryan sitting there as if the legend was waiting for this moment.

Fuse is a little rattled. Nevertheless, seeing his teammate sitting there, looking right at him-

Conor Fuse:

We're cool, right?

Conor sticks out his right arm for a knock of fists, except for the fact he's about twenty feet away.

Conor Fuse: [talking too fast]

I mean I'm my own person Tyler is clearly his own person and Malak is gonna get what's coming to him eventually either it be you or Tyler or both of you or maybe even me one day or potentially like Brock finally gets revenge I kinda don't love Pat still he has a big nose and dives into areas he's not supposed to go but like we have a history too when I crushed him in karaoke with Game Boy anyway back to Malak it's alllllllll gonna get solved it's so annoying seeing him still as the FIST of DEFIANCE... [slowing down] but he is losing grip on his reign... [slowing down completely] yeah, okay, I know, I know. We're fine.

Conor lowers his fist and his gaze as he stares at the floor, kicking dust around that isn't there. Dan, however, hasn't taken his eyes off Fuse.

Conor Fuse:

I need to chill, I know. We've had these discussions before.

Dan Ryan:

Yeah, might as well save it, Conor. It's really not about you and me right now. It's a lot more about your "brothers". This is personal for Tyler, I get it. I want him to get his revenge, too. But it can't be at my expense. I'm only gonna tolerate that for so long. And as for your other "brother", I know his type. I see what he's up to, and I'm gonna let him think he's in control for a little while. He can say what he wants, play his games, do whatever he wants. Eventually the walls are gonna be closing in. It's only a matter of time. I know it and you know it.

Dan just holds a look at Conor, but doesn't say anything more, then looks down.

Conor nods to himself, understanding, and exits the locker room, breathing a sigh of relief. He leaves, shutting the door behind him. However, standing right there in front of him is his brother.

Well, "brother".

Malak Fuse.

Conor immediately rolls his eyes and leans against the now-closed locker room door.

Conor Fuse:

Yes?

Malak just stares at Conor. Awkwardly.

Conor Fuse:

Hello?

Malak moves in a little closer. In pops Percy Collins into view, holding and caressing the FIST. Malak nearly gets nose-to-nose with his "little brother".

Malak Fuse:

Look at me.

Conor is already looking at Malak. The unpredictable tender snowflake never breaks eye contact yet he manages to move toward Percy and his belt. He too begins rubbing it like a genie lamp.

Malak Fuse:

This is mine. I retained this from the Ruminaton Chamber match.

Never breaking eye contact.

Conor Fuse:

Okay?

Malak Fuse:

Now I'm going to load manage so hard. I am going to make Kawhi Leonard look like a workhorse.

Again, never breaking eye contact.

Malak Fuse:

No more challengers. Just empty space and time for my reign to grow. Will you love this for me?

Malak rests his chin on Percy's open shoulder, still not averting his gaze at Conor. Meanwhile, Conor closes his eyes for a brief moment and signs the stress out. Then he opens his eyes again and stares at Percy Collins.

Conor Fuse:

Get lost, give me a moment alone with my...

Heavy eye roll.

Conor Fuse:

"Brother".

Malak gives the nod to Percy that it's okay for him to leave, so he does. The two are right in each other's faces, as Conor waits for Malak to roll on.

Malak Fuse:

Is this the feeling you get when you 'catch 'em all'? When you one hundred percent a game? Because to be quite honest, I feel rather fulfilled. I own you. I own Tyler. I own DEFIANCE. I am DEFIANCE. I am the standard in this industry today. Me. Wow, okay. Lots to unpack here. I am the best, aren't I, Conor?

Conor tilts his head and raises his eyebrows.

Conor Fuse:

Congratulations on surviving the chamber, bud. Yeah, you're on a hell of a run, I'll give you that. No matter how you're doing it, you are. But the best? One-hundred percent a game?

Conor shrugs.

Conor Fuse:

You gonna pass Eugene Dewey for longest reign? You're not even halfway there, guy. You wanna touch Mikey Unlikely's four-ninety-nine? Godspeed.

Malak "pfts" before speaking.

Malak Fuse:

On load management, I can do anything, guy. I could easily be a pro gamer if I wanted. You know what? I might do that with my load management time off. Call of Duty instead of training? Hmmmm, interesting. Delectable, even. I am literally the Lord over all space, time and universes. Top of the mountain. Master of the hill. No one will ever knock me off this pedestal now that I have MY RIGHT to load manage.

It's clear Conor doesn't want to invest in this conversation any further, since he was trapped into it anyway.

Conor Fuse:

Malak, buddy, that's great. You do you. Go ahead and not wrestle anymore, see how that works for you. You've already got half this roster breathing down your neck, including the guy sitting behind the door to my back. So you wanna intensify it? Wait to defend your belt for as long as humanly possible. Go. Go be a gamer. Go beat my high scores or whatever. I'm not as one dimensional as many of you think. I'm a wrestler before a gamer. A good wrestler, too.

Malak laughs at the thought.

Conor Fuse:

It's okay, laugh it off.

Conor can hear the !RANK chants build from within the arena.

Conor Fuse:

I don't need to speak for him, but Tyler deserves another chance at the FIST. Dan DEFINITELY does. Pat. Brock. A bunch of others, too. I guess I define load management as... management. You're gonna have to wrestle eventually...

Conor tussles Malak's hair, just like old times before walking off.

Conor Fuse:

Better be ready for the next opponent. Or opponents. Won't be the FIST forever.

Malak doesn't want to look shook, he was riding so high for the past few weeks. He doesn't want to look shook. Totally. Can't. Won't.

He puts on a brave face, but there might be minor dents in the armour. Either way, he's trying his best not to show it.

Malak Fuse:

I WILL SO BE FIST FOREVER! NEVER COMING OFF LOAD MANAGEMENT! COLLECTING A PAYMENT LIFESTYLE IS WHAT SUITS ME!!!

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. ARCHER SILVER

DDK:

Coming up next in singles action, we've got Butcher Victorious about to take on Archer Silver of the BRAZEN Future Talent Agency! Butcher was victorious over Titaness in the first-ever Stick on a Pole match, not only retrieving his prized custom microphone aka The Stick, but we also saw the debut of The AMP!

Lance:

He's The Microphone and The Megaphone Fiend. He's got one of DEFIANCE's biggest sponsorship deals with Mic Dropz Energy. Butcher's been on cloud nine, but it only takes three seconds to be knocked off that cloud, which is what the self-righteous Archer Silver is hoping to do.

DDK:

And that match... is up next! Let's kick it to Darren Quimbey for the intros!

The camera cuts to Hall of Fame ring announcer Darren Quimbey in the middle of the ring for the next match!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Fatal" by ZHU ♪

The opening chimes echo throughout the arena as The Faithful start jeering. Walking through the curtains, a shadow stops and stands with his head bowed to the ground and holding his arms in front of him. The entire DEFIATron shines to life with an arrow flying through the air before it lands in a bullseye, illuminating the arena in bright green!

Darren Quimbey:

...Representing BRAZEN Future Talent Agency, from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 233 pounds... **"THE PEACEFUL WEAPON" ARCHER SILVER!**

Walking to the ring, he runs a hand through his mustache and goatee and with a green bandana keeping his black hair out of his eyes. He wears white thigh-length MMA-style shorts with green trim, fingerless gloves and bare feet covered up with green kickpads strapped to his legs. He takes his time walking down the ramp and takes in the jeers as he walks to the ring. When he gets there, he climbs onto the apron and leaps over the ropes. He sits in a meditating position before his music cuts.

DDK:

This would be a signature win for Archer Silver if he can defeat Butcher tonight. He's been having quite a year!

Archer, along with The Faithful all watch as the DEFIATron goes black... then a cartoon silhouette of Butcher appears on the screen. He holds out one empty hand, and like Mjolnir to his Thor, The Stick flies into his hand! The cartoon silhouette holds out his right hand and like the Stormbringer to his Thor, The AMP megaphone flies into his grip...

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

A HUGE pop for Butcher Victorious, standing on the entrance ramp with both The Stick and The AMP in his hands! Wearing a sparkling purple and pink vest, purple trunks and pink kickpads, he points towards the ring and takes in the reception from The Faithful!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing The Butch Vic Clique... from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 223 pounds... sponsored by Mic Dropz Energy, he is **"THE MICROPHONE FIEND" BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!"**

Butcher starts heading down the ring and his music drops.

Butcher Victorious: *[with The Faithful repeating]*

BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK... AND THE AMP!

He taps his head with The Stick.

Butcher Victorious: *[with The Faithful repeating]*

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

He points towards the ring.

Butcher Victorious:

And just like I showed Titaness when BUTCH VIC GOT BACK HIS STICK! And just like I'm 'bout to show this wanna-be jiu-jitsu jag-off, Archer Silver... BUTCH VIC... HAS IT! This pre-match trash talk brought to you by Mic Dropz Energy! Say it loud and say it proud with Mic Dropz Energy!

Butcher heads to the ring and sets down The Stick and AMP. He then unbuckles his drink holster and sets it in his corner. Archer Silver suddenly grabs a microphone.

Archer Silver:

Before we start off this contest, you know what I find funny? A man whose primary weapon his his SKULL decrying MY superior combat skills!

Archer points at Butcher.

Archer Silver:

I may be a Peaceful Weapon and may not wish ill harm on any one of my opponents, but I've had it up to my headband with your disrespect and I...

Suddenly, he snatches his headband and throws it at Butcher. The Texan instinctively swats it out of the way, but leaves himself wide open for a high kick to the chest that knocks him into the corner!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Hey! Archer just got the jump on Butcher!

In all the ruckus, Carla Ferrari signals for the bell!

DING DING

Once the bell rings, Archer guns right for Butcher and rocks him with a big corner elbow smash that nails the Microphone Fiend on the temple! Archer starts grinding the wrist tape on his forearm across the face of Butcher and talks some trash to the Texan!

Archer Silver:

I thought Butch Vic didn't quit!

Carla Ferrari warns Archer against continuing to strike Butcher in the corner. Archer backs off and does a couple of breathing exercises to calm himself down while Butch Vic is left reeling in the corner.

DDK:

Archer jumped on an opportunity and I'd say right now he's making the most of it! M4NTRA has been on the roll of their career and Archer can add a little more to BFTA's recent success with a win.

He goes back to turn his attention on Butcher, but when he goes for a kick, Butch Vic moves! Archer turns around and gets SNAPPED right over with a lightning-fast headlock takeover! Butcher holds onto the move and rolls across the

mat, taking Archer for another takeover on the mat! And then a third to the delight of the crowd!

Lance:

Headlocks making a comeback in 2025! Who'd have thunk it?

DDK:

They've been one of Butcher's calling cards! You can say whatever you want about his tutelage under OSCAR BURNS and how borderline abusive it became, but he learned a thing or two from one of the best we have.

Archer tries to counter with a leg scissors, but Butcher swats the leg away and keeps the hold locked on! Angrily, Archer tries to get back to his feet and then elbows his way free to get Butcher to let go. He tries another move, but Butch Vic grabs a hammerlock, spins around to take the larger Silver down with a drop toe hold and segues flawlessly into another headlock!

DDK:

Tiger Spin by Butcher Victorious! What a sequence there!

Getting even more irritated, Archer tries to get Butcher back up, but Butcher does some quick thinking by running towards the corner with Archer still in the headlock so he can bulldog him face-first into the top turnbuckle! The Faithful cheer Butcher as he sits between the middle rope, then slinks to the outside. He climbs to the top and takes flight with a perfect flying uppercut off the top and goes for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Kickout by Archer, but Butcher continues to find new and innovative ways to use those headlocks to keep control!

Butcher gets ready as Archer tries to stand, only to snap on another headlock. He lifts a leg to try for Butch Vic's Greatest Hit, but The Peaceful Weapon sees it coming and slips out before heading to the apron!

DDK:

Gotta give it to Archer! He had Butcher's headlock driver variation scouted!

Lance:

He's on the apron, but Butcher sees him!

The Microphone Fiend goes to grab Archer, but the taller Archer slips between the ropes and send Butcher up and over the ropes with a back body drop!

Lance:

Oh, my goodness! Butcher just took that huge drop to the floor! And Archer's back in the ring!

The member of BFTA climbs into the ring and speeds towards the ropes! Butcher is just now starting to stand, but quickly gets ROCKED by an elbow smash suicida through the ropes, courtesy of Silver! Butcher crumbles to the mat while Archer takes a moment. He then sits up on the floor in a cross-legged position next to Butch Vic while he's out!

DDK:

OOH! Archer hits that elbow smash suicida! He calls that the Higher Self!

After Archer completes his fast meditation, he grabs Butcher by the back of the head and tightens to throw him back inside the ring. Once he's back inside, he grabs Butch Vic and launches him with a whip before hitting a kitchen sink

knee lift! Butcher spins and crashes to the mat in a seated position, leaving Archer free to hit the ropes and follow up with a NASTY penalty kick to the chest!

DDK:

What a combination there! Archer takes him up... half-hatch suplex into a bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The former Favoured Saints Champion gets a shoulder up!

DDK:

There's a kickout by Butcher, but Archer's really applying the pressure to him now!

As Butcher tries to sit up, he gets pelted with a hard round kick to the chest! Butcher feels it when Archer delivers two more big kicks to the chest, and then kneels behind him to apply a grounded abdominal stretch!

DDK:

Good work here! He's got Butcher Victorious right where he wants him!

And just to be a prick, Archer even starts doing another quick breathing exercise to compose himself while Butcher is being locked in the grounded stretch. Carla Ferrari asks him he wants to quick, but Butch Vic shakes his head.

Butcher Victorious: *[straining]*

BUTCH VIC... ugh... you know the rest...

The Pittsburgh Faithful/Butch Vic Clique cheer him on as he tries to fight his way out and adjust his weight, but Archer tightens his grip.

Archer Silver:

Where's your headlocks now?! Nothing else in the tank, buddy?

Butcher strains in the submission, but he rotates around! He then spins around and counters the stretch with one of his own, segueing into a full-on Cobra Twist submission! Archer is now in a bad place as Butch Vic has the submission locked in!

DDK:

He countered! The Cobra Twist used to be an OSCAR BURNS specialty so of course, Butcher would know how to counter!

Archer struggles in the submission until he uses his size to get towards the ropes! He wraps a hand around the ropes, forcing the break! Butcher lets go at Carla Ferrari's insistence. Butcher nods at her instruction but when he goes to pick Archer up, he's caught with a quick thrust kick to the gut that doubles him over! He pushes Butcher into the corner and then runs at him again with another corner elbow in mind, but Butcher is ready with a European uppercut! With The Peaceful Weapon stunned, Butcher leaps to the top rope and then flips over Silver right into a modified sunset flip!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Archer breaks it up by smashing his legs into Butcher's temples! He rolls out and then goes for a roundhouse kick... Butcher ducks and stuns him with a jumping enzuigiri! Archer falls to the canvas while Butcher gets fired up by The Faithful!

DDK:

These two men are going back and forth! Butcher finally has the advantage after some aggression shown by Silver!

Butcher heads to the top rope and then waits on Archer to get back to his feet. When he does, he takes flight and hits him with a flying bulldog headlock off the top rope! Archer gets faceplanted and The Faithful come alive as Butch Vic hits the canvas and yells out to his Butch Vic Clique!

Lance:

What a flying bulldog off the top! Does Butcher have Archer where he wants him?

Archer looks stunned as he's holding his throbbing skull in pain. Rapidly smacking the canvas, The Butch Vic Clique starts clapping along with him as he goes to grab Archer by the headband. He pulls him up... then gets CLIPPED by a huge pele kick!

DDK:

No way! I don't know if Archer Silver was playing possum, but he calls that The Paci-foot!

After the flashy pele kick, Archer crawls over and hooks a leg with hopes to snatch victory!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

With another (pun very much intended) DEFIANT kickout, Butcher stays alive! Archer can't believe his luck and protests the count with Carla, but she holds up two fingers!

Lance:

I really thought Archer Silver was going to take the win right there!

Pointing at the ropes, Archer gets ready as Butcher is still looking glassy-eyed but lands on his feet. Archer jumps to the middle rope and goes for the springboard gamengiri he calls The Peaceful End... right into a NASTY Hard Out Headbutt! The blow catches Archer right in the chest before he lands the kick! Both men fall to the canvas~

DDK:

OOOH! WHAT A COUNTER TO THE PEACEFUL END! HARD OUT HEADBUTT LANDS FIRST!

The Faithful go nuts for the incredible counter! Butcher shakes his head and wobbles back to the corner, stunned and holding his head but he's currently upright. He climbs to the middle rope again and points out to The Faithful. With Silver still out on the canvas near the buckles, he leaps to the top rope in one jump, then FLIES off the top with a diving elbow drop right to the heart!

DDK:

MIC DROPZ DROP! COVER! COVER BY BUTCHER!

Butcher sticks the landing right to the heart of Archer, then hooks both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Lance:

Impressive! Another hard fought win for Butcher Victorious! Archer Silver gave him a fight tonight, but Butcher pulls through with a counter to The Peaceful End!

DDK:

Indeed! He's on a roll again after DEFIANCE Road and heading towards DEFCON where every win is crucial!

Sitting up off the canvas, Butcher walks over and helps himself to a Mic Dropz (Feedback Freeze flavor), then lets Carla raise his hand! Archer rolls to the outside holding his chest and limps towards the back while Butcher gets to celebrate!

Lance:

This victory sponsored by Mic Dropz Energy, I guess!

After a cold swig of energy drink, Butcher walks over to grab The Stick and The AMP. He raises the microphone up to speak...

Golf clapping.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Butcher looks up on stage and walking into view is none other than "The Man of The House" Uriel Cortez.

DDK:

Uriel Cortez? Why's he out here?

Lance:

After what went down earlier with Titanes Familia and The Gulf Coast Connection? I'm honestly afraid to ask.

With a (non-The Stick) mic in hand, Uriel Cortez walks out as Butcher stares him down.

Uriel Cortez:

What? Surprised to see me, Butch?

Butcher braces himself for anything as he puts down his drink and goes right to The Stick and The AMP as makeshift weapons.

Uriel Cortez:

Let me put you at ease; I'm not here to stomp you. If I wanted to, I'd have shoved both your little Stick AND your AMP right up your tatted-up ass, then stuffed your stupid Mic Dropz down your throat until it all met in the middle... instead, let's chat, you and I? Man to Dad.

Butcher scowls up at Cortez, but speaks up.

Butcher Victorious:

What the HELL do you want, Uriel? Lemme guess... fatherly advice nobody asked for? A little "birds and the bees"

biz?

Uriel Cortez adjusts his sunglasses.

Uriel Cortez:

Funny man, let me run things down for you: The Familia took care of The Lads. Killer took care of Dex's little pet project on UNCUT, Tate Newell. Gulf Coast Connection tried to get involved with that business, so we handled that earlier... but before the four of us can really move on from everything, there's one more piece of Familia business that needs to get handled... and that's YOU, you little prick.

Booing.

Uriel Cortez:

You think I'm gonna let you slide for all those times you helped The Lads in the past few months? Distracting me so they can jump me and Mi Familia? Attacking us coming off our bus in Scotland? You temporarily deafening my wife with that dumbass megaphone? Nah... we're past mercy now. If I let any of this go, then anybody can think it's okay to disrespect The Landlord and not pay rent. I'm here to tell you in two weeks, Butcher... just like I told Dex Joy before I SMACKED him right out of his top spot and pinned him at DEFIANCE Road... Rent's due, funny man. And it won't be me fighting for Mi Familia... someone else wanted to fight for our honor...

Butcher Victorious:

What... you want your wife to fight a battle she's already lost to me twice? Some "Man" of the House you are, but fine, let's do it!

Uriel's face twists in a snarl.

Uriel Cortez:

Nah, Butcher... Not T. You... versus KILLJOY.

Butcher takes a moment to think about it... but literally only a moment.

Butcher Victorious:

You know what I say?

He turns to The Faithful, then back to Uriel.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... SAYS YOUR SON'S GETTING HIS ASS WHIPPED!

There's no final retort from Uriel Cortez. The Man of the House simply smiles and takes his leave to the back.

DDK:

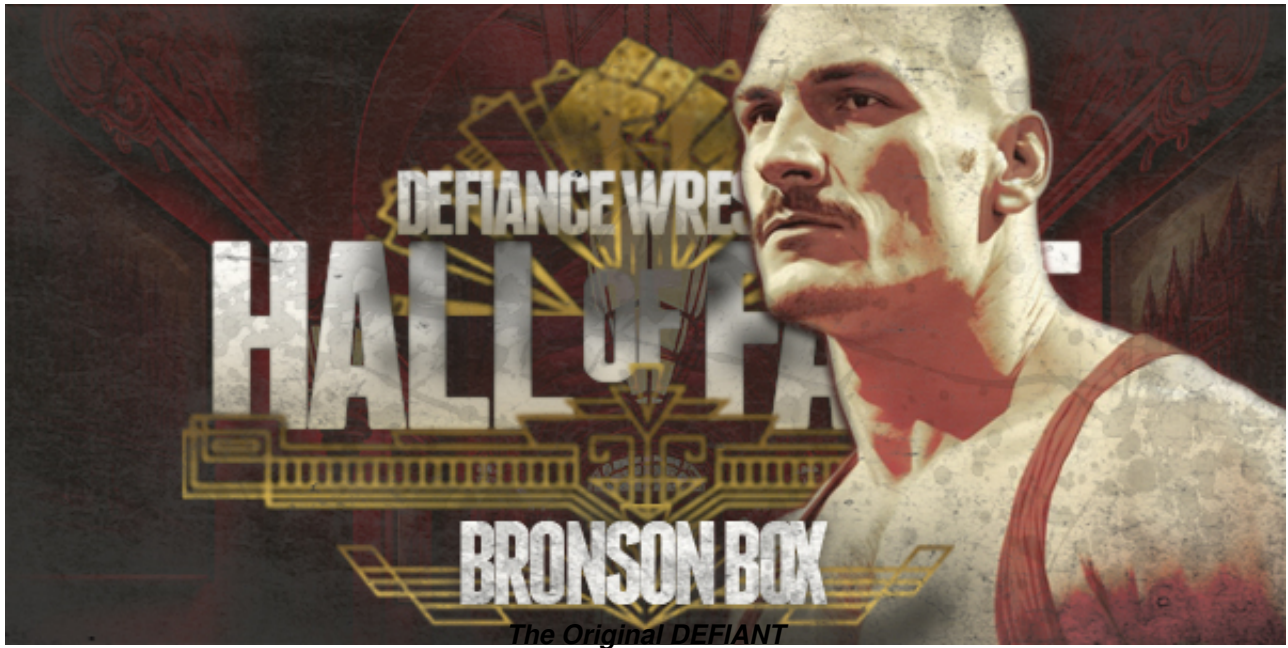
What a challenge issued and accepted for two weeks! Butcher Victorious against Killjoy of Titanes Familia. Killjoy's been on a tear sending people to the hospital... Purcell. Tate Newell. Now Crescent City Kid...

Lance:

Butcher Victorious won't back down, but is he in over his head this time? The Lads are still out injured and we honestly don't know when they'll be back. He has been doing the right thing and helping The Lads against mutual enemies, but he's going in without any backup.

Butcher nods to The Faithful before exiting the ring, all the while with his guard up as the show moves on.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX



SHOW'S OVER. NOTHING TO SEE HERE.

DDK:

What a crazy night we've seen so far! Titanes Familia were wreaking havoc earlier, we have a MAJOR match with major DEFCON implications set up for the Unified Tag Team Titles in two weeks! Scott Douglas in action earlier tonight!

Lance:

And we've still got more action to come. In our main event, new Favoured Saints Champion The D will defend the title against DLJ's bestie, Mil Vueltas. And after what we saw on UNCUT, how come Mil jumped the line for a title match ahead of DLJ?

DDK:

Mil Vueltas technically pinned The D in that tag match right before DEFIANCE Road, so he does have a claim, but you'd think he'd want his best friend to have a shot at the Favoured Saints Title first... but that's up to them. Up next, we've got a huge singles match! TA Black and Kerry Kuroya... HEY! WHAT'S GO-

Some commotion can be heard from the other side of the Commentation Station. The camera finally cuts to the team where instead of DDK and Lance Warner... they are pushed back from their seats. Instead, it's the GC Universe's official spokesman, Sonny Silver, along with the "Strongest Man in the GC Universe", FLEX standing by. Sonny commandeers Darren Keebler's headset.

Sonny Silver:

You can have these back in a few minutes. DEFIANCE Himself has something to say.

Sonny waves to the stage...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Sans music, OSCAR BURNS storms directly through the curtain to a torrential downpour of jeers from the Pittsburgh Faithful. Wearing dark sunglasses, a black hat that hides most of his face, an olive dress shirt, black dress vest, black tie and loafers, OSCAR heads to the ring.

OSCAR BURNS:

GCs, GCs, GCs, DEFIANCE demands decorum!

He heads into the ring where Darren Quimbey and official Jonny Fastcountini are both standing. OSCAR gestures to the both of them and tips his hat.

OSCAR BURNS:

You two... bloody leave DEFIANCE's ring... Now.

Fastcountini and Quimbey look confused, but OSCAR points again.

OSCAR BURNS:

I. Said. LEAVE.

Not wanting to deal with whatever OSCAR is doing right now, the Hall of Fame ring announcer and the junior official both take their leave of the ring while the former two-time FIST takes a moment.

OSCAR BURNS:

First things first... I owe my fellow GC Universe member, Mil Vueltas, an apology. I know that you were looking forward to winning back the Favoured Saints Championship and bringing it back home to us... but I'm afraid that match is postponed. And more importantly, I'm afraid this show... IS DONE. Get up. Pack your bloody things, GCs. And don't even THINK about asking for refunds! The fact I'm the last thing you're gonna see before you leave means you got far more than what you paid for!

The Faithful continue to jeer as he points to the Commentation Station.

OSCAR BURNS:

DDK, Lance, I don't trust your biased commentary and that's why I had Sonny Silver and my trusted bodyguard, FLEX, keep you quiet.

Sonny gives OSCAR a thumbs up from the announce table while FLEX grins next to him.

Sonny Silver:

Preach, OSCAR.

Back to the ring.

OSCAR BURNS:

A lot of dirt sheets, wrestling recappers and major news publications have been running with a certain story involving a certain outcome about a certain match I was involved in. A story concerning DEFIANCE aka FAVOURED SAINTS aka PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING ITSELF. A story about what happened to me at DEFIANCE Road in my match with... ugh... eliseares...

RRAAAAAAHHH!

The mere mention makes his skin crawl.

OSCAR BURNS:

To some... aka munted idiots aka fantasy wrestling bookers and armchair wrestling experts whose knowledge of our actual business couldn't fit in a bloody thimble... Some people falsely reported that El... SHE... beat... ME at DEFIANCE Road

LOUD applause.

OSCAR BURNS:

BLOODY FALSE!

The applause is even louder.

OSCAR BURNS:

And I'm not saying that little tart's name any more because... SHE... doesn't deserve any more free press off the biggest name this company has ever produced! No... here's what ACTUALLY happened. I. Had. Her. BEAT. You saw what I did to hear at ACTS of DEFIANCE. I beat her so badly, it took her months to recover! Then at DEFIANCE Road... OH, MY BURNS! What happened at DEFIANCE Road was the BIGGEST single, solitary screwjob ever committed! Some sarcastic-air-quotations "wrasslers" can't get things done without objects like chairs, brass knuckles, and the like...

OSCAR gestures upwards...

OSCAR BURNS:

But no... NO... SHE... used THE ENTIRE RUMINATION CHAMBER TO DEFEAT ME! SHE HAD TO STOMP THE FACE OF DEFIANCE... not her poser-ass, but me, the REAL DEFIANCE! AND SHE... SHE DID **THIS** TO ME...

He removes the hat and sunglasses slowly to reveal what look like two black eyes and a bruised nose. A few weeks removed from what happened to him, but still clearly suffering from injuries.

And The Faithful's response?

YOU DESERVE IT! CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP

YOU DESERVE IT! CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP
YOU DESERVE IT! CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP
YOU DESERVE IT! CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP

The clapping and chanting continue while the Kiwi's face starts to go beet-red.

OSCAR BURNS:

NO! I DON'T GODDAMN DESERVE THIS! I DON'T GODDAMN DESERVE THIS AT ALL! LOOK AT THE RECORD BOOKS! IN **EVERY** PRIOR MATCH I HAD WITH THAT TART... I. BEAT. HER. SHE COULD **NEVER** BEAT ME BECAUSE SHE COULD NEVER **BE** ME! NOBODY CAN! WHAT'S NEXT?! NEXT TIME, IS THIS COMPANY GONNA LET MY OPPONENT THROW THE WHOLE DAMN MOON ON ME?!

He points to the back.

OSCAR BURNS:

That's why one of those monkeys in suits called "MANAGEMENT" is going to publically come out here and REVERSE the decision of that match! I said the referee couldn't stop the damn match! I said no seconds were allowed... but I CERTAINLY didn't say an ENTIRE GODDAMN STRUCTURE COULD BE USED!

OSCAR BURNS continues waiting while Sonny voices over commentary again.

Sonny Silver:

Tick tock, assholes.

OSCAR BURNS:

This place NEEDS to make this right... cause if you don't, not only is THIS show over, but EVERY show thereafter is going to go down the bloody toilet without me! I'll go back to the wop-wops right now and you'll NEVER see me again! Without me and the GC Universe, you tell ME who the bloody entire hell is going to even think of walking in my expensive loafers...

BURNSIE shows off said expensive loafers on his feet, then waits...

He waits some more...

...

...Nobody comes.

OSCAR BURNS:

Clock's ticking, GCs. Either someone strikes that loss from the record NOW. Cause if you don't...

The curtain abruptly flutters open... and somebody steps out onto the stage.

Lance:

Well, that doesn't quite look like "management"!

DDK:

I'd say not, Lance! Instead, we have KERRY KUROYAMA, who is slated for action in the next match!

Dressed for battle, Kuroyama pauses on the stage for a moment until the entire arena eventually notices his underplayed entrance. Then, he raises the mic in his hand.

Kerry Kuroyama:

You lost, OSCAR. Just sack up and own it.

Kerry begins advancing down the aisle.

Kerry Kuroyama:

You're standing in that ring right now, holding up this event -- more importantly, holding up my match -- and declaring this show over and done unless someone back there comes out and undoes this "mistake".

He shakes his head as he arrives at ringside.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But some mistakes can't be undone, OSCAR.

Kuroyama climbs the steps to the apron and steps through the ropes. Approaching BURNS, fresh, blossoming anger fills the face of the Emerald Apex.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Much like the mistake the two of you made... forcing me to jump through flaming hoops put up by that smirking shit, Mil. Much like your LOSS to Elise, that's something that simply can't be undone. Nor can I simply forgive it. So rather than waste any more of our time, maybe you'd care to tell me to my face just WHAT exactly I did to wedge a burr up your ass?

OSCAR -- carefully taking in everything his former Vae Victis stablemate has to say -- percolates on things for a moment before he finally brings the microphone up to his lips.

OSCAR BURNS:

Listen to me when I say this, because I don't say this about a lot of people, GC... but because we have former ties in Vae Victis, I'll shoot straight:

He looks at Kerry.

OSCAR BURNS:

Kerry, I'm not blowing smoke. You're one of the most talented people I've ever seen in this ring in years. All the hype you get, all the promise that people have talked about, all the potential that you show... it's all true... you've taken some of the very best in this company to their limit. And you have yet to reach your full potential.

Kuroyama scoffs. But now, OSCAR is fuming.

OSCAR BURNS:

But all that hype? All that promise? All that potential? NONE of that entitles YOU to come out here and talk to ME about keeping promises. You haven't earned the goddamn RIGHT to come out here and talk to me the way you just did... You want to open that bloody can of worms about promises and mistakes, GC? Then let's go all the way, shall we?

Growling under his breath, OSCAR's temple starts to throb.

OSCAR BURNS:

YOU promised that you'd have Vae Victis' back. YOU promised that you'd help us change things in this company for the better. YOU promised that you'd have MY back... and what the hell did you do? Lindsay won the FIST. Keyes had the SOHER. I had the Favoured Saints... and what did YOU do during that time? What did YOU bring to the table at the end of the day? When Lindsay Troy's body gave out on her fighting Dex Joy, I STEPPED UP! When Keyes collapsed under the weight of the longest reign of the Southern Heritage Title, I STEPPED UP! What'd YOU do...? You took your ball and went to go play in another yard! You were nowhere to be found!

Almost frothing at the mouth now, BURNS presses on.

OSCAR BURNS:

YOU LEFT ME! I had to suffer the indignity of asking for time off... something I've done ONCE in my career here. So when I rebuilt what I lost, I extended the goddamn courtesy of throwing you a life preserver after you came back... yeah, I had to test you. Yes, I had Mil Vuelas do all those things. Needling you to get your attention. Getting under your skin to see how you'd handle it. Were you going to rise above it and be the killer we knew you were in Vae Victis? Join the GC Universe and stand at my side so we could do what we did in Vae Victis BEFORE you crumbled under pressure... you practically tell me "nah, I'm good." All that hype, all that potential, all that promise, GC...

He spits at the feet of Kerry, who moves back one step as he fumes. Kerry's ready to blow as he turns away from OSCAR, trying not to give into anger. OSCAR inches toward his former Vae Victis stablemate.

OSCAR BURNS:

You pissed it away. Hell, Ker... maybe Vae Victis had it wrong all this time... YOU should have been carrying our bags instead of Butcher! YOU SHOU....

DISCUS LARIAT TO THE FACE OF OSCAR BURNS!

RRRRRRRAAAAHHHHHHH!

The Faithful go BONKERS as Kerry stands over OSCAR! OSCAR rolls out of the ring frantically, holding his face while Kerry turns back towards Sonny and wipes his feet in his direction!

Sonny Silver:

Oh, HELL no! FLEX, get his ass!

FLEX nods and is about to do something, but Up at the Commentation Station, but before they can come to the aid of the Center of the GC Universe, Wyatt Bronson and DEFSec head out and they cut them off!

Sonny Silver:

HEY! HEY! NO, THIS AIN'T YOUR TIME, PAUL BLART! THIS IS GC UNIVERSE T... HEY!

Bronson takes the headset and puts it on!

Wyatt Bronson:

This ain't your show. Between you two taking the truck at DEF Road and this stunt, I just got the green light from HQ... you're all barred from the building!

Sonny and FLEX start fighting with DEFSec, but find the numbers too much as they get hauled off! Wyatt gives Darren Keebler and Lance Warner the all-clear to get back to the table and then escort Silver and FLEX away! The headsets come back on!

DDK:

Thank God that's over! And my GOD, that had to feel good for Kerry! OSCAR is pointing fingers at everyone else but himself for his recent failures and Kerry's had enough of his games!

On the outside of the ring, OSCAR scurries from the ring and when he sees his spokesperson and muscle being escorted away, he stumbles in their direction as Kerry watches him go!

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. TA BLACK

DEFsec gradually disperse. Kerry lingers in the ring, continuing to glare at the entryway after the exiting OSCAR BURNS.

And then...

♪ "Ode to Joy" by Marcin Jakubek ♪

"YEEEEEEEEAAAAAHHHHH!!!!"

A silver and purple blur steaks forth from the curtain, accompanied by white fountain pyros and a metal cover to a Beethoven classic. The so-called "Sacred Lamb" TA BLACK is suddenly coming down the aisle at a full sprint, one hand holding a mic and the other pumping energetically over his head.

TA Black:

YEEEEEEEEAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

I guess we're going right into our next match tonight...

TA Black:

YYYEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

In the ring, Kuroyama continues staring at the entryway, oblivious to the dipshit running loops around the squared circle with all the zest of a cocaine-addled televangelist.

TA Black:

WWWOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! PITTSBUUUUUURRRRRGGHH, LET ME HEAR YOU!! ARE YOU READY FOR A REFORMATION?!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

TA Black:

I said **AAARRREEE** yyyoooouu **REEEAAA**-dyyy FOOOR aaa **REEE**-fooor-MAAAY-SHAAAAUU
UWUWMMWUWUWNNN?!?!?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

Ugh... could this guy just take a HINT already?

Lance:

I'm afraid he's too deep in his own delusion, Keebs. I doubt he even remembers how he fared in the Ruminaton Chamber back at DEFIANCE Road.

DDK:

Well for supposedly being "high on life", TA Erik Black certainly knows how to be a buzzkill!

TA Black:

YEEEEEEEEAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

The more Pittsburgh jeers, the louder Black whoops over them. Meanwhile, referee Johnny Fastcountini has found his way into the ring, while ring announcer Darren Quimbey fights with the former Escape Artist over PA while attempting to make the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, currently standing in the ring, hailing from Seattle, Washington and weighing in at two-hundred and thirty-two pounds... "The Emerald Apex", KERRY KUROYAMA!!

Despite getting a pop at the announcement of his name, Kerry makes no reaction. He continues to angrily stare at the curtain...

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, from Indianapolis, Indiana and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... representing the Honor Society, TEE... AYE... BLACK!!

TA Black:

YEEEEEEEEAAAAHHHHH!!!!

Finally in the ring, Fastcountini begins making his final checks. But Black isn't about to relinquish the microphone.

TA Black:

WAIT WAIT... before we BEGIN this BATTLE of CONQUEST... KURRY!! KYURRRY!! My KINDRED SPIRIT in this CRAZY PURSUIT we call professional wrestling! KURRY!! I know we have been FOES so many times in the past! But standing here in this ring before YOU, HERE and NOW, I feel -- I KNOWW -- that the TWO of US are CLOSER than we've EVER BEEN! KURRY!! I am WELL AWARE of your STRUGGLES! With ALCOHOLISM! And IMPOTENCE! And RESTING DICKFACE! KURRY, what I'm TELLING YOU is that I KNOWW what it MEANS to ENDURE through the SINS of HUMANITY! KURRY!! YOU and EYE KNOWW what it's LIKE to CHANGE!! CHANGE for the BETTER!! KURRY!! LOOK!! LISTEN!! LEARN!! Because EYE can LEAD YOU to YOUR SALVATION!! HERE!! NOW!! KURRY!! REFLECT!! REALIZE!! REFOOOORM YOUR LIFE!! Now HAVE AT YOU, sir! HMPH!! HA-HA!! HUZZAH, I say!

Rolling his eyes, Fastcountini just gives the cue to the timekeeper to get this the hell over with.

DING DIN--**TA Black:**

YEEEEEEEEAAAA--BLEGHK!!

Doom.

DDK:

YYYYYYYAAAAKUUUZA KICK BY KUROYAMA RIGHT OFF THE BELL!!

Lance:

Nearly knocked Black right out of his bodysuit!

DDK:

Black went TUMBLING right off the impact, and landed in a HEAP! ...wait, now he's getting up again FOR--

Destruction.

TA Black:

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

DDK:

DERECHOPLEX BACKDROP DRIVER!! Dropping TA Black down RIGHT on the BACK of his HEAD!

Lance:

And it seems to have left Black STUCK upside down!

DDK:

Wait, UP AGAIN--

Despair.

TA Black:

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

DDK:

BLACK TAHOMA BREAKER!! TA Black was nearly BROKEN IN HALF across the KNEE of the Emerald Apex!

Lance:

Kerry is showing absolute no mercy ton--

TA Black:

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

Death.

DDK:

DOMINATOR!!

TA Black:

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

Death!

DDK:

DOMINATOR!!

TA Black:

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

DEATH!

DDK:

DOMINATOR!!

TA Black:

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

*DEATH!DEATH!DEATH!***DDK:**

MY GOD, DOMINATOR after DOMINATOR after DOMINATOR!!

Pittsburgh is losing its shit at the sight of the “reformed” ex-Rezin being mercilessly manhandled and repeatedly driven into the canvas with thunderous slams that can be heard as far as Ohio.

Despite his newfound path of “salvation”, there is no hope for TA Black.

Kuroyama peels him off the mat, scoops him over the shoulder, and Emerald Flowsions his ass back to hell.

DDK:

KUROYAMA DRIVER!!!

Lance:

Somebody call the coroner!

DDK:

Kerry makes the COVER...

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ “Blouses Blue” by Konrad OldMoney (feat. Sleep Steady) ♪

Kuroyama rolls off of Black’s lifeless chest and quickly gets to his feet. He briefly allows his arm to be raised by the official on his way out of the ring, and he promptly makes his way to the back. Despite the dominant showing, he’s clearly still simmering from earlier events.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by pinfall... the EMERALD APEX... KEERRRYYYYYY KUUUROOOYAAAMMAAAAA!!!

DDK:

Folks, that’s about as quick and effective as it gets! Rather than accept TA Black’s offer for “reformation”, Kerry Kuroyama instead opted to take the path of punching annoying nutjobs in the face, picking up a decisive win over a longtime rival!

Lance:

Seattle’s BEAST was not screwing around this evening. Something about his earlier exchange with OSCAR BURNS clearly set him off.

DDK:

And Black all but unknowingly walked straight into an act of violent catharsis! A “Sacred Lamb” to a slaughter! Who knows how many more will fall in the Emerald Apex’s pursuit for the pinnacle of DEFIANCE?

OVER THE TOP... INTO THE CAGE

As Kerry disappears behind the curtain, a seemingly dead TA Black lies flat in the center of the ring. Suddenly...

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The familiar tune of the Southern Heritage Champion's theme begins to play through the arena as the house lights turn a shade of purple. In a heartbeat, TA Black is sitting up, as if the music has breathed life back into his broken and beaten husk.

DDK:

The various members of the Honor Society have not had much in the way of luck tonight when it comes to victories... and I suppose it is now time to hear from their fearless leader.

Lance:

The man who owes the fact that he is STILL the champion ENTIRELY to TA Black.

Ned Reform, majestic pink-strapped championship draped across his shoulder, appears at the ramp flanked by his new personal assistant Miss Sanders. With Ned in his standard purple sweater and Sanders sporting a very professional purple pants suit, the Good Doctor is all smiles as he slowly saunters toward the ring.

DDK:

Brock Newbludd has a very real gripe with that man... it took everything Ned had... and everything TA Black had... to put him down in Scotland.

TA Black climbs to his feet in a show of respect for the leader of the Honor Society as Reform stands up on the apron. Miss Sanders leans on the ropes to open them for the Sage on the Stage and a thankful Reform steps into the squared circle. Grabbing a mic from a ringside attendant, Reform waits for his music to fade out before...

Ned Reform:

Now, now, now...

Reform's words are quickly drowned out in a wave of jeers!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned lowers the mic, squinting toward the Pittsburg Faithful. He scratches his nose and makes a big show of being bored while he waits for them to run out of steam. Then...

Ned Reform:

I refuse to allow myself to be disrespected by a collection of malcontents who come from a place named - mark this - PITTSburg. Dreadful.

You can imagine how the people respond to that. Instead of humoring them anymore, Reform turns to the dejected Erik Black.

Ned Reform:

But no matter - Mr. Black! From competing for the FIST to this showing... my goodness - not your finest hour, yes?

TA Black:

NO, Doc! Not my FINEST HOUR at ALL, NOT by a LONGSHOT! Because yet again, Doc -- YET!! a-GAIN!! -- I've FAILED YOU, Doc! More importantly... I've FAILED the REFORM EXPERIMENT!

Ned Reform:

But to be fair to you, good sir, that very same could be said of all my compatriots - to see both Mr. Cole and Weighted Grade trounced tonight... well, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't disappointed. But luckily...

Reform makes a big show of adjusting the belt on his shoulder as Miss Sanders leans in to give it a quick kiss.

Ned Reform:

The figurehead remains exactly where he should be - on top of this company. Oh yes, children - boo alllll you'd like. It is no less true. Mr. Newbludd brought all his ferocity, all his sound and fury... Mr. Newbludd, I very much believe, intended to end my life. But I am not so easily stopped. No, I was NOT to be vanquished in Scotland, children! I did EXACTLY what I said I would do, and that is EMBARRASS Brock Newbludd in front of the world.

He takes a moment while Miss Sanders and TA Black applaud.

Ned Reform:

And while you may have failed tonight, Mr. Black... you - and the rest of my Honor Society - can look to your leader for inspiration. For no matter how much you all may falter, I - The Good Doctor, The Mad Gadfly, The Sage on the Stage, THE MOST PROLIFIC MAN IN SPORTS-EDUCATION... I will always be here to lead by example.

Lance:

If by "lead by example" he means get his butt kicked until his lackey pulls him out of the fryer... sure.

Ned Reform:

Now...

Reform smiles devilishly into the camera.

Ned Reform:

You know what season it is, children. The time is upon us for... DEFCON 2025.

This DOES elicit a positive response from The Faithful.

Ned Reform:

A brief recap is in order, yes? Two years ago, I became the first man to ever make DEFIANCE relevant in mainstream pop culture when I challenged Elon Musk to a match...

Ned lowers the mic slightly and acts like he's speaking an aside in a play.

Ned Reform:

...and man, how ahead of the curve I was there...

He admittedly gets a small pop for this. Then, back to reality.

Ned Reform:

...at DEFCON. Last year, I sent shockwaves through the industry when I brilliantly coaxed Scott Douglas out of retirement. In short, children, it would appear that Doctor Ned Reform is the man to watch come DEFCON-season, yes?

DDK:

He's not wrong there. Love him or hate him, he has found a way to shine a spotlight on himself at our biggest event of the year.

Ned Reform:

And thus the question rests so delicately on everyone's confused and counfounded cranium... what, dear friends, will Ned Reform do this year?

Lowering the mic, Reform pauses and lets the question linger for a bit.

Ned Reform:

Needless to say, I have plans, children. Oh I certainly do. But I'm happy to report that they do NOT involve defending my Southern Heritage Championship.

BOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

What?

Lance:

The DEFIANCE brass won't stand for that... not to mention the fact that the Favored Saints Championship is always lurking in the shadows... he's talking nonsense.

Ned Reform:

No... I believe I have done more than enough. It is time for Doctor Ned Reform... to take a sabbatical. Recharge the batteries. Get some writing done. Never fear, my friends, for I shall return at DEFCON... but until then... I will be returning to Yale...

He looks lovingly at the title.

Ned Reform:

...and I will be taking my championship with me. Adieu!

The Faithful rain boos down on the Southern Heritage champion as he, Sanders, and TA Black begin to walk back up the ramp.

DDK:

I don't believe this - Ned is leaving DEFIANCE until DEFCON. When he returns to do... something.

Lance:

Again, I'm not sure this is his call... but let's face it, he's gotten away with worse...

As he walks up the ramp, Reform smirks at the jeering Faithful, knowing that there is nothing they can do about his plan. Ned and his cohorts make it about halfway up the ramp, but they come to a dead halt as the DEFtron suddenly fires up. The crowd's mood instantly turns, and they roar as the picture comes into focus.

DDK:

Hang on a second! It's Brock Newbludd!

His eyes are wide and furious, the street clothes-clad Milwaukee's Beast stomps his way toward the gorilla position backstage with a wooden baseball bat in one hand.

Lance:

I think he's coming out here to discuss a few things with Ned Reform, and I'm going to guess the subject will be how things went down in Scotland!

Two gigantic figures appear in front of him and stand shoulder to shoulder, blocking his path.

DDK:

Not if Reform's two large guard dogs, TA Owens and Horrigan, have anything to say about it!

TA Owens:

Where do you think you're...

Not breaking his stride for a second, Newbludd rears back and swings the bat right at Owens' left knee!

THWACK!

DDK:

OH MY! Brock Newbludd just SHATTERED that bat across Roosevelt Owens' kneecap!

The super heavyweight immediately cries out in shock and pain as he awkwardly falls into the equally shocked Horrigan!

Lance:

Forget the bat! I think he just shattered Owens's knee!

Unable to help his partner, Horrigan lets Owens drop to the floor. A second later, he joins Roosevelt on the floor after Brock jams the sharp end of the broken bat directly into the big man's eye!

DDK:

The Weighted Grade has been assaulted backstage by a vengeful Brock Newbludd! Both men look to need medical attention!

Lance:

It was an ugly attack, partner. But, you know what? Ned Reform and his henchman made things ugly! It's hard to have sympathy for Weighted Grade right now!

Dropping the handle of the broken bat, Newbludd steps over the mass of humanity before him. His eyes widen, and his stance quickly shifts as TA Cole enters the picture, barreling towards him with a full head of steam! Milwaukee's Beast surges forward to meet Cole head-on, grabbing him around the waist and HEAVING him over his head with a belly-to-belly!

DDK:

And there goes TA Cole!

Cole soars through the air, flipping head over heels to land hard on top of Owens and Horrigan!

Lance:

Brock's stacking The Honor Society like cordwood in the back! Wait, I don't think he's done...

Rising back up to his feet, Brock races over to the pile and yanks Cole off of it. Grabbing onto an arm, he fires Levi point blank into the concrete wall with a SMACKING Irish whip! The first man to earn the right to call himself a "TA" melts down the wall and to the floor. Stepping over him, Brock rips a fire extinguisher off the wall and blasts Cole in the face, causing him to cough and gag. Spinning around, he gives Weighted Grade a spray for good measure, too.

Brock Newbludd:

NED! WE NEED TO TALK, NED!

Standing on the ramp in utter disbelief, Reform gulps and takes a nervous step backwards. His eyes appear ready to bug out of his skull.

DDK:

Wait... Lance! Look!

A quick cut to behind the now surprised Honor Society... and the steel cage that has been mysteriously hanging over the ring all night for unknown purposes is slowly lowering around the ring!

Lance:

That cage has been a mystery all night! Maybe we're about to find out what it's here for, partner!

Reform, his eyes glued on the tron, does not notice. He quickly puts Sanders and Black in front of him as he waits for the inevitable, which comes a second later.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Milwaukee's Beast has arrived!

Lance:

And he's still armed with that fire extinguisher! This doesn't bode well for the three people standing on that ramp!

With a wicked grin spread across his face, Newbludd stomps down the ramp towards them. TA Black takes a defiant step forward.

TA Black:

NNNNYYYYYYYOOOOOEEEEWWWWBBBLLLUIUUUHHHDDDD!! You SOT! You SOUSE! You SAVAGE! You DISHONOR our SOCIETY of... HONOR!! But with the combined forces of the SACRED LAMB and THE GOOD DOCTOR... YOU, BRAWCK NYEEEEWWBLUHHDD... YEEEEOOOUUU will SUFFER a REEE-FOOOR-MAAAY-BLEEHHGGKK!!

BONK!

FIRE EXTINGUISHER TO THE FOREHEAD!

The Sacred Lamb hits the cold steel of the ramp in a heap. DEFIANCE's Last Action Hero points the hose of the extinguisher inches from Black's face and squeezes the trigger! Black flails wildly as he breathes in the oxygen-consuming dust! Releasing the trigger, Newbludd steps through the cloud of dust and continues towards a panicking Reform!

DDK:

Now it's just Sweet Sanders standing in the way of Brock Newbludd. Something tells me he'll have no issue in taking her out, too, after what she did to Ophelia Sykes!

Eyes bulging out of his head, The Sage on the Stage buys himself some time by shoving Sanders in the back. She stumbles forward, and The Diehard Defiant raises the extinguisher up, giving her a blast!

Lance:

Oh no! Sweet Sanders won't be spared from Newbludd's wrath!

Awkwardly stumbling out of the cloud with her face and hair completely covered in dust, Sanders cries in despair and collapses at Newbludd's feet. Just like those before her, Brock simply steps over her body and continues towards Reform. Spinning on a heel, Reform sprints toward the ring but suddenly stops when he sees the cage surrounding it.

Ned Reform:

WHA-WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS!!!!??

Behind him, a sudden spray from the fire extinguisher activates The Good Doctor's lizard brain, and he runs towards the cage. Leaping in the air, Ned latches onto the side of the cage and begins to frantically climb up it to get away from Newbludd. The Diehard Defiant watches with a dark smirk as Reform makes it all the way to the top and throws a leg over. Dropping down to the top rope, Ned hops off them to fully enter the ring.

DDK:

The Southern Heritage Champion finds himself trapped inside a steel cage with nowhere to run!

Lance:

That might be the safest place in the arena for him right now, DDK!

Breathing heavily, The Good Doctor's eyes bulge out even further in panic when he spots Newbludd walking up the ring steps, fire extinguisher in hand. Kicking the cage door in, Milwaukee's Beast enters the ring and Reform backs away from him to the farthest corner possible. The same evil grin reappears on Brock's face as he makes his way to the middle of the ring to stand and face Reform. The Faithful begin to buzz as the two men stare at each other for a few seconds.

DDK:

Brock Newbludd finally has Ned Reform cornered after months and months of torment. This could get ugly, Lance...

Lance:

You could cut the tension in the air with a knife, DDK.

Rolling his head on his shoulders, Newbludd takes a sudden step forward and Reform flinches from it. One step is all Brock takes, though, and the crowd's buzzing intensifies. Keeping the fire extinguisher gripped with one hand, Milwaukee's Beast reaches into the back pocket of his blue jeans and pulls out a microphone. He slowly raises it up to his lips.

Brock Newbludd:

Ned...

Sweet Sanders suddenly appears outside the cage. Hanging onto it like a cat, the dust-covered vixen screams in rage and begins to shake it violently. Without taking his eyes off of Reform, The Last Action Hero tucks the microphone under his arm and hits her with another blast from the fire extinguisher. The spray sends her down to the floor for a second time, where she stays in a fit of coughing.

Brock Newbludd:

You really know how to pick em', Ned. But, I can't say I would expect a worm like you to do any better. Listen, if she interrupts me again, I'm going to beat her over the head with this chunk of metal I have in my hand. Then, I'm going to beat you half to death with her corpse. Ya smell what I'm steppin' in, buddy? Don't f*ckin' test me.

Newbludd raises an eyebrow, and Ned nods once in agreement before looking at the gagging Sanders.

Brock Newbludd:

EYES ON ME, DICKHEAD!

Ned's attention snaps back to Brock.

Brock Newbludd:

You like this cage, Ned? I bought it just for you and me. You see, you might have a doctorate and you might be just as smart as you say you are but I have something too...you know what that is?

Ned gulps again and shakes his head.

Brock Newbludd:

I have royalty checks, motherf*cker. Over The Top checks. Big Trouble in Little China checks. Ballyhoo Brew commercial checks. You get the point. And with those checks, I went out and bought this stainless steel structure you find yourself shitting your pants in currently.

Lance:

Did Newbludd just say he BOUGHT a steel cage?

DDK:

I think he did.

Brock takes another step towards Ned, waving the extinguisher menacingly.

Brock Newbludd:

They weren't much. I'm NOT a good actor. But, you know what I am good at? I'm good at beating the piss out of people just like you inside of this ring. Being a movie star is just a side hustle. Being in this ring is MY LIFE!

Another step forward.

Brock Newbludd:

AND I'M SICK AND TIRED OF YOUR PISSANT CRONIES RUINING MY LIFE! TA Black! Owens! Horrigan! Whoever that dust covered hooker is on the outside is!? I'm done with them! I'M DONE WITH YOU!

Another step towards Reform. Now, only a couple of feet separate the two enemies.

Brock Newbludd:

So I bought this cage and brought here tonight! I brought it here tonight to trap your over-educated pompous ass inside of it and massacre you in front of allllll these Pittsburgh Ballyhooligans!!!

Newbludd raises the extinguisher up, ready to begin the beating, but suddenly stops.

Brock Newbludd:

But, then I realized that once I got you in here, I should give you a chance to save your skin. I should give you a choice. It's a pretty simple decision for you, buddy. Would you like to hear it or should I just get on with ramming this thing down your throat?

The Sage on the Stage puts his hands up and quickly nods.

Brock Newbludd:

That's what I thought. I knew a smart guy like you would see reason. So, Reform, here's the choice you gotta make as you find yourself between the hammer and the f*ckin' anvil...

Brock takes one final step towards Reform.

Brock Newbludd:

Option A. I go on with my original plan of beating you to an inch of your life and tossing you into the Allegheny River tonight...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Brock Newbludd:

OR! Option B...I let you walk out of this cage tonight...

B00000000000000000000!!

Newbludd raises the extinguisher up to quiet the crowd.

Brock Newbludd:

And we meet back here, in this same cage, in two weeks...where you put the Southern Heritage Title on the line one last time against me. Winner take all cage match!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Reform's eyes go wide and he takes the briefest of seconds to ponder his decision. He mouths something at Newbludd and Brock smiles wide.

Brock Newbludd:

What was that? Say it into the damn mic!

He thrusts the microphone in Ned's face.

Ned Reform:

Cage...cage match. I agree to the cage match.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

DDK:

You hear that, Lance!? We're going to have a cage match for the Southern Heritage Championship in two weeks!

Lance:

In Newbludd's home state of Wisconsin, no less! Wow!

Brock laughs and pulls the mic away from Reform.

Brock Newbludd:

Wise choice, doctor! A cage match it is! Oh, there's one thing I forgot to tell you. Just a little stipulation I came up with to make sure you don't pull any of your usual bullshit. This will be a NO ESCAPE CAGE MATCH! If you even thinking about figuring out some way to get away from me, you will automatically forfeit the belt!

Ned Reform:

WHAT!? You can't do--

Newbludd raises the extinguisher up again and snarls.

Brock Newbludd:

Fine with me! Option A it is!

Ned throws his hands up and stumbles backward, falling into the corner.

Ned Reform:

FINE! You're on, Newbludd! No escape!

Brock stops and smiles.

Brock Newbludd:

Great! See ya in two weeks, Ned!

Full blast with the fire extinguisher! Newbludd drains the remainder of the tank and cracks Ned in the face with it, sending him sprawling to the mat!

DDK:

It's official, ladies and gentlemen! In two weeks time, the future of the Southern Heritage Championship will be decided in a No Escape Cage Match!

Lance:

Unbelievable, partner! It can't come soon enough!

Tossing the fire extinguisher to the mat, Milwaukee's Beast climbs the cage and raises a fist to the roaring masses.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2022 REPLAY



FIST of DEFIANCE
Crimson Stalker (C) vs. Deacon

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS
SNS (C) vs. Malak Garland & Comments Conor Fuse

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIPS
Henry Keyes (C) vs. Corvo Alpha

Oscar Burns vs. Dex Joy

Vae Victis (Lindsay Troy & Dan Ryan) vs. The Scot and the Shrew (Gage Blackwood & Teresa Ames)

Pop Culture Phenoms vs. Flex in a Box

Los Tres Titanes vs. Better Future Talent Agency

Kerry Kuroyama vs. Tyler Fuse

"I'm a Fraud" Match
Ned Reform vs. Jessica Fear

ToyBox Match
Jestal vs. Dandelion

Jack Mace vs. Tom Morrow

Tag Team Battle Royal

FAVORED SAINTS: THE D (C) vs. MIL VUELTAS

DDK:

I can't believe what we're going to see in two weeks! Ned Reform! Brock Newbludd! Southern Heritage Title in a Steel Cage match with No Escape! The Good Doctor might be in over his head!

Lance:

Unfortunately for all of us, that remains to be seen! There's two weeks between now and then and our next DEFtv is already shaping up to have massive ramifications for DEFCON! But we've got to get to our main event! Tonight, the Favoured Saints Championship is on the line! Just a few weeks after The D won the title back from Dan Leo James at DEFIANCE Road, he now has to defend the title in short order against "The GLOAT" Mil Vuelas!

DDK:

And this issue goes back MONTHS, back to when Mil first joined the GC Universe. He locked The D and Klein in their locker room, allowing Mil, DLJ and OSCAR BURNS to attack Elise Ares in a premeditated assault. It was The D who lost the title to "Giga" Dan Leo James and won it back, thwarting DLJ's third defense of that title! But just before DEFIANCE Road, Mil Vuelas pinned The D in a tag match featuring DLJ and Kerry Kuroyama. Now, he's earned the right to this match, but he talked his way into it over DLJ, who should also be due a rematch.

Lance:

That's true. And while Sonny Silver, OSCAR BURNS and FLEX were all barred from the building after the stunt OSCAR pulled earlier, we can be sure that El Escuadron won't be far behind!

DDK:

Let's get to our main event! The D defends the Favoured Saints Championship against challenger Mil Vuelas!

The bell rings as the camera switches to the interior of what has become his signature SUV limo through a section on the far floor near the arena. The inside is shrouded in darkness, but four shadows can be made out. All three appear to be masked. The camera switches outside where a gold and silver SUV limo pulls up to the side of the stage...

♪ "Get Money" by Akon and Aneul AA ♪

The front door opens... Two young luchadoras walk out from the SVU limo first, wearing matching purple flower-themed masks and dresses. Next up, "Giga" Dan Leo James walks out from the back of the limo in a light blue floral suit. Finally, decked out in a SPARKLING white fur coat, boots, sleeves and a mask all covered in blue and silver rhinestones, Mil Vuelas heads out of the limo.

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama and Mil Vuelas had what fans called one of the best singles matches of the entire two-night event. Though Mil lost that match, he does continue to show his outrageous bravado. No doubt he has a plan tonight to bring the gold back to GC Universe.

Lance:

In the span of a few months, he went from being one of the most talented underdogs in DEFIANCE to one of the most obnoxious.

El Escuadron makei to the ring. In his fur coat, Mil leaps to the top rope, then lands on his feet in the ring. He leaps to the middle rope and poses with his head to the sky while on the ring apron just beneath him, Bonita en Rosa I and Bonita en Rosa II both pose with DLJ standing behind them, flexing his jawline. Mil stands with his arms out, allowing the Bonitas to remove his fur coat before his music cuts and makes way for that of his opponent...

♪ "Return of the Mack" by Mark Morrison ♪

The spotlight lands on the ramp as the D saunters out from the backstage area. He smiles to the Faithful through his LED Elise themed sunglasses. He wears what looks to be the finest of armani suits, until with a quick jerk he rips and tears away the breakaway suit. He tosses it to the side and begins to saunter down ringside, the Favoured Saints

championship wrapped cozily around his waist! Behind him, none other than Klein has his back!

DDK:

This issue has gone back months between these two and tonight, both men want to settle this!

Lance:

The D up to his usual antics, but he's got his game face on tonight!

The D reaches ringside and kind of dances up onto the hardest part of the ring. He does a quick moonwalk to the other turnbuckle and climbs it. He unstraps and raises the Favoured Saints Championship up high to a nice ovation from the Pittsburgh Faithful! He stands directly across from the challenger now as his music cuts and the super-serial championship intros begin!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles contest is your main event of the evening! It is set for one fall and is for the Favoured Saints Championship!

The FS Title graphic flashes to life on-screen as the Pittsburgh Faithful roar with approval!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger. Representing the GC Universe and El Escuadron... accompanied to the ring by "Giga" Dan Leo James and Bonita en Rosa I y II... residing in Rancho Santa Margarita, California, by way of Tijuana, Mexico... weighing in at 179 pounds... he is El Intocable! He is the OSCAR BURNS of LUCHA LIBRE! He is THE GLOAT... **MIL VUELTAS!**

Mil does a front flip forward to show off because flippy guy reasons, then points directly at The D, then the title.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent. He is the reigning and defending TWO-TIME Favoured Saints Champion! Representing the Pop Culture Phenoms! Accompanied to the ring by Klein! From Culver City, California, weighing in at 185 pounds! He is The Director of DEFIANCE! He is The Netflix A-Lister! He is The Man with The D... but you can call him... **THE D!**

The D holds the title up, slaps the front plate and practically puts the title in Mil's face. Mil brushes it off but before the two can come to blows, Rex Knox gets in between the two to cool tempers down. He takes the title from The D and holds the title up. Mil gets into The D's face and piefaces him disrespectfully, forcing The D to dropkick Mil right off his feet! Rex Knox almost drops the title and hurriedly calls for the bell as a rabid Faithful get ready!

DING DING**DDK:**

Oh, no! We're starting this one off fast! Mil got in The D's face and now he's gonna make him pay for it!

Mil scrambles to his feet, only for a second dropkick from The D to catch him in the chest, sending him outside the ring!

Lance:

PCP and the GC Universe have been at war for months now! Elise finally conquered her white whale in OSCAR BURNS. Can The D finally put these issues behind him tonight?!

Mil Vueltas is scrambling outside the ring, but The D is all over him like white on rice and a glass of milk on a paper plate in a snowstorm. He snatches Mil by the back of his gussied-up mask and slams The GLOAT face first into the ring apron! The Director of DEFIANCE spins him around and then introduces his face casually into the barricade! Mil stumbles around spaghetti-legged until The D finally spins around and this time, Vueltas gets to meet the steel steps face first! Mil falls to the mat outside the ring while The D poses on the steel steps, then reaches over to high-five Klein!

Lance:

The D is done playing around! After Mil lied to his face and said he forgave him for beating him for the Favoured Saints title months ago! It's come down to this!

DDK:

The D goes back into the ring! He's measuring up Mil Vueltas!

He speeds across the ring and clocks El Intocable upside his masked head with a quick baseball slide dropkick! The D hangs onto the ropes and then picks himself up just as Mil slumps over in a dazed stupor. The Netflix A-Lister steadies himself. He leaps to the top rope and then takes FLIGHT with an amazing somersault senton to the outside and taking out The GLOAT in the process!

DDK:

This one's off to a hot start like we thought it would be! The D is an ultra-savvy technician on that mat, but right now he's pulling out all the steps to keep the Favoured Saints Title in the camp of the Pop Culture Phenoms!

LET'S GO, D!

LET'S GO, D!

LET'S GO, D!

LET'S GO, D!

After taking a few moments to collect himself after the super-risky dive to the outside, The D is back on his feet and then rolls Mil back into the ring before going in with him. The D hits the ring and then comes off the ropes with a fast Crescent Kick!

DDK:

With Everything! An aptly-named move for that kick because he just hit Mil with everything he could muster.

The D then stands over the laid out Mil in the center of the ring. He looks out to the arena before crossing his arms together, then runs the ropes! He comes back to deliver a double foot stomp across the chest of Mil! He runs into the ropes, then moonwalks backwards to hit a standing moonsault!

DDK:

And The D follows up with some showmanship in the form of The D's Moonwalk!

The D follows right into a pinfall!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mil kicks out! And before The D can fire off any more offense, The GLOAT retreats to the outside quickly! where his girlfriend, Bonita en Rosa I, starts fanning him and handing him a bottle of water to take a quick swig.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Look at Mil Vueltas run! He can certainly do that. He may be among the fastest on the roster, but he'll have to beat The D inside that ring if he wants to hold the Favoured Saints Championship!

DDK:

All true! A win tonight would make Mil Vueltas a two-time champion. He held it a few years ago back when he was a good soul under his old ring name of Minute!

The D flies off the ropes and looks for another dive, but Bonita en Rosa II jumps on the apron forcing The D to stop! He angrily brushes her out of the way, but suddenly, Mil finds a second wind as he's distracted! Mil slides under the adjacent ropes just out of The D's vision and tries to take the win with a surprise schoolboy!

Lance:

Bonita en Rosa II's distraction could do it! He's got the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The D kicks out and he makes it to his feet, but Vueltas is a hair faster and SMACKS The D on the top of his head with a rolling wheel kick that knocks The D outside the ring!

DDK:

The schoolboy didn't work, but that distraction from Bonita en Rosa II gave Mil Vueltas the much-needed opening to take over!

Lance:

And he's gonna make the most of it!

The GLOAT front-flips to his feet again and has his gaze locked in on The D as he tries to get himself upright. Klein tries to warn him what's coming his way... BUT IT'S TOO LATE!

DDK:

Super Rapido! Mil Vueltas FLEW right through the middle and bottom rope!

Lance:

And I don't think he's done! He never stops at just one dive when he can press the advantage!

Mil slides quickly back into the ring. The Favoured Saints Champion doesn't know what hit him the first time when Mil flies OVER the ropes the second time, almost in mid-Superman pose with a tope con hilo dive to the outside!

DDK:

Called it, Lance! Mil moves so fast in that ring, he just flies so fast, he can afford to hit multiple dives! It's frustrating for his opponents how easy he makes this!

After taking a moment to pick himself back up, the former two-time Unified Tag Champ and Favoured Saints Champ stands over the current champ and talks some trash.

Mil Vueltas:

Don't steal my dives, cabron! Eso es lo mío!

And then it's Mil's turn to push him back inside the ring. The GLOAT arrogantly slides across the apron with a leap, then positions himself by grabbing the top rope. He leaps and just as The D tries to rise, he gets SMACKED down courtesy of a springboard European uppercut!

DDK:

Vueltas with the springboard uppercut! No doubt an OSCAR BURNS tribute!

Pointing out to the rest of El Escuadron! DLJ claps for his hermano while both Bonita I y II cheer him on! Mil kisses his bicep then goes for a pinfall!

Lance:

We could be looking at the new Favoured Saints Champion!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

The D uses his legs to kick out! Mil is taken aback by The D not staying down!

DDK:

No! The D's not going to go limp that easy!

Lance:

That one could use some work, Darren.

Mil hooks The D by the waist as he tries for a german suplex of all things. The powerful Mil gets The D up, but The Director of DEFIANCE throws a pair of back elbows to free himself! The D turns around and SMACKS him with a huge chop! Vueltas winces in pain from the first chop, so The D throws the second! He hits a third!

DDK:

The Favoured Saints Champion averts potential disaster! Mil has improved his physique majorly, but I don't know if a suplex was his best choice of offense!

With Mil stunned, he goes for the ropes, but on the comeback, Mil actually CATCHES The D over the shoulder instead and plants him with a cartwheel death valley driver!

Lance:

Wow! Just like that, Mil pivoted from one big move to the next!

DDK:

And... ugh, yep, he's showing off.

The GLOAT rolls back to his feet and goes for a cover... nope, instead, he starts doing the "Take The L" dance from Fortnite over The D's body! He then runs off the ropes, hits a handspring, then another FULL backflip into driving a lightning-fast elbow drop to the heart! The Faithful are equal parts pissed off, but begrudgingly amazed with the excessively flashy maneuver!

DDK:

He did it! He did it! Before the show, Sonny Silver had given me notes about a new move Mil has been workshopping. He calls that... ugh... Take This L-Bow.

Lance:

Clever. Annoying as heck, but clever.

Mil hooks the leg after the ultra-flashy handspring backflip elbow!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The D kicks out!

DDK:

I guess no L's were taken here! The D's still very much alive and in possession of the Favoured Saints Title!

A very frustrated Mil sits up with his hands on his knees, looking up at Rex Knox. Mil slaps one hand with the other.

Mil Vueltas:

One! Two! Three! ¡Uno! ¡Dos! ¡Tres! Get Rosetta Stone, puta! So you can understand how to count to three!

Lance:

I don't think arguing with the official is going to mean much of anything. The D is who he needs to be focused on if he wants the Favoured Saints Title!

DDK:

Mil back to work!

Standing next to the Netflix A-Lister, Mil does a flip... only to land right next to The D on his side and then jabs a thumb into his eye! The D grabs at his eye while The GLOAT laughs it up and basks in the hate lobbied his way!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

As The D tries to fight his way back up to his knees, Mil plants an extra vicious kick and kicks the left arm out from under the D!

DDK:

Oooh! Mil scores with that penalty kick to the arm! We saw him focus on the arm of Kerry Kuroyama at DEFIANCE Road as well to set up for that La Flipstica submission!

The D winces and clutches his left arm to push himself up, but when Mil goes for a second shot, The D blocks by grabbing his leg! He pulls him back up to his feet and then SMACKS Vueltas upside the head with a big slap to big cheers from the Pittsburgh Faithful! Klein jumps up and down at ringside for his friend while DLJ and the Bonitas at ringside all protest!

DLJ:

No! His jawline might be imperfect now!

Lance:

What a slap! The D's had all he can stand from Mil Vueltas and El Escuadron!

Mil is stunned when The D goes for The Contractual Obligation! He goes for the reverse face plant, but Vueltas pushes him away. The D turns around and tries to grab Mil, but he zips to the ropes again! He runs right at The D and darts to the side before coming back and taking him down with the La Flipstica submission!

DDK:

No! Mil Vueltas still has plenty of tricks up his sleeve! We saw him use that tilt-a-whirl armbar takedown into the fujiwara armbar on Kerry Kuroyama at DEFIANCE Road!

Ripping away at the arm and shoulder of The D, Mil CRANKS the submission back and tries to score for the tapout! The Pittsburgh Faithful are buzzing all around the arena! Klein pleads with his tag team partner and best friend not to tap out!

Lance:

Are we about to see the Favoured Saints Title change hands tonight?! It's been arguably the most hotly-contested title in a few months since The D won it!

DDK:

It has, but The D still has some fight in him!

The Netflix A-Lister crawls towards the ropes as his left arm is being bent back in a way not meant to go! He crawls...

Closer...

Closer...

AND MAKES THE ROPES TO HUGE APPLAUSE!

DDK:

The D makes it! He makes it to the ropes, but Mil still has that hold locked on! He better stop or risk disqualification!

Rex Knox warns Mil to let go and he finally does just before the count of five! The GLOAT does not maintain his composure and starts trying to attack the arm of The D again with some raining shots. Mil looks up at the top rope and then a grin crosses his face.

DDK:

I think I know what's coming next! The GLOAT is looking for that moonsault double stomp! If he hits GLOATED, we've got a brand new champion!

With the quickness, Mil heads to the corner. He leaps to the second rope, then the top before going for the moonsault....

Lance:

No! The D saw it coming! But Mil rolls through!

Pretty effortlessly, Mil rolls through the impact and lands on his feet, but when he stands up to greet The D, The D greets him first with a STIFF thrust kick to the face! The blow echoes like a shot throughout the Petersen Events Center and Mil stiffly falls back to the canvas! The D falls to the canvas and tries to get some feeling back into his left arm.

DDK:

The D isn't a stranger to success! Three time Unified Tag Team Champion! Two time Favoured Saints Champion! But can The D rise to the occasion and claim victory over the man that pinned him just under a month ago?!

When The Netflix A-Lister is sure his arm still works, he grabs Mil and he cracks him with more chops using the good arm! He sends Mil into the corner but follows right behind to close the distance before hitting D In Your Face! The first stinger splash connects, but The D isn't done! Feeding off The Faithful's energy, he runs cross-corner and then comes back with a second D In Your Face! He grabs Mil by the neck and throws him out of the corner before pointing to the top rope!

Lance:

Listen to this crowd! It's been a WILD show tonight and these people are being treated to a heck of a main event between two incredibly talented vets in DEFIANCE!

DDK:

What's he looking for?

The D gets to the top rope, but stops as his arm gives him some trouble. He makes it to the top...

BUT MIL JUMPS TO THE TOP ROPE!

DDK:

NO WAY! MIL'S BACK UP! HOW?!

The OSCAR BURNS of Lucha Libre tries to stop The D by looking for some sort of counter maneuver, but The D smacks him with an elbow! He fires off another volley of forearms until Mil slips to the second rope. The D then goes for broke and DRIVES Vueltas to the canvas with a big-time sunset flip powerbomb!

Lance:

What a counter by The D! Mil thought he had that counter in the bag, but The D is still full of punk!

DDK:

WHOA THERE!

When he's sure that Mil is down for good, The D scrambles quickly through the ropes and goes to the top rope a second time! He measures his target...

DDK:

B MOVIE! THAT'S IT! FOR THE WIN!

The Five and A Quarter-star-esque frog splash as taught by the OG Jack Harman connects! He sits on Mil's chest and hooks the leg back with The Faithful counting along!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

At what amounts to 2.999, Vueltas kicks out! DLJ grabs his chest like he's just avoided having a heart attack and The Bonitas both cover his eyes!

DDK:

HOW THE HECK DID HE KICK OUT!

Lance:

I don't know, but that was CLOSE!

The D can't believe it himself and has to look over at Knox to make sure it's was only two. He turns back to Mil and then starts striking him down just as he tries to sit up! Chops and kicks from all directions start coming his way!

DDK:

He's wearing him down with those shots! The D is showing something tonight!

He swings back and then rears back for the shining wizard called Beat It! He swings... MIL DUCKS! He pushes The D into the ropes and when he comes back, Mil goes for a schoolboy! And hooks the tights!

DDK:

NO! THIS IS EXACTLY HOW THE D FIRST BEAT MIL FOR THIS TITLE A FEW MONTHS AGO!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

Mil frantically slaps the mat in frustration!

Lance:

NO! Mil almost had that! He almost had the win... THE D! LOOK OUT!

Mil turns around and gets BLASTED by The D right between the eyes... with a shining wizard! The Pittsburgh Faithful unleash a collective roar!

DDK:

THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! BEAT IT! THE D JUST BEAT IT! HE'S ABOUT TO RETAIN THE FAVOURED SAINTS TITLE!

With the quickness, The D collapses on top of Mil's chest and hooks the nearby leg!

ONE!

TWO!

...DLJ GETS HIS FOOT ON THE ROPES! THE BONITAS BOTH YELL AND POINT TO GET KNOX'S ATTENTION!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE MATCH! THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THREE, BUT EL ESCUADRON BAILED MIL OUT AGAIN!

The D angrily looks out to DLJ, who shrugs!

DLJ:

That's what you get for hooking my tights and taking my title at DEF RO... AH!

Out of nowhere, Klein has seen enough! The Box Man tackles Giga-Dan to the ground before the two men start duking it out! The Bonitas both jump in and try to help DLJ out against The D's best friend!

Lance:

Klein's had enough! As far as I'm concerned, DLJ had this whooping coming!

DDK:

Knox trying to break things up outside!

Knox pokes his head through the ropes and starts yelling at the groups to stop fighting or risk disqualification!

The D stands up and goes for Mil. He grabs the luchador by the neck... but as he does so, a familiar stage-five clinger slides into the ring!

Lance:

WAIT! WAIT! DARREN! IT'S AARON KING!

The D looks up and before can react, King grabs The D's arm and SNAPS him right to the canvas!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

And before Knox turns around, King gives Mil a quick thumbs up! Mil gives him one in return and King slides the hell out of the ring and ducks underneath the apron!

DDK:

WAIT... Aaron King has been lobbying for weeks to run with El Escudron and they've turned him down cold! UNCUT, DEF Radio, DEF Road...

But before he can finish the thought, The D's arm is reeling when Mil nails him in the back of the head with a jumping bicycle knee strike! The fans are in an uproar as The GLOAT returns to the top rope!

DDK:

WAS... WAS THIS MIL VUELTAS' PLAN ALL ALONG?! WAS HE IN ON THIS?!

Mil gets to the top rope and hits the moonsault double stomp directly into the chest of The D! The champion convulses before Mil falls right into the cover and hooks the legs!

Lance:

No, no, no! The D fought for weeks to get another shot at DLJ and won back that title!

DDK:

No way! It can't end this way!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Get Money" by Akon and Aneul AA ♪

DDK:

I... I don't...

Mil sits right up after the cover... and even HE can't believe it! He runs his his hands over his face and and starts to cackle uncontrollably!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... and the NEEEEWWWWWWW Favoured Saints Champion... **"THE GLOAT" MIL VUELTAS!**

Lance:

There is no way... NO WAY... we have a NEW Favoured Saints Champion! El Escudron have just stolen The Favoured Saints Champoinship from The D again! Only this time... MIL VUELTAS is our new champion!

Klein stops fighting with DLJ at ringside long enough for him to look up and realize what's just happened! DLJ pushes him back and goes to regroup with the Bonitas, now just realizing what's happened. Mil is on his knees, hunched over and HUGGING the title that Rex Knox has just brought him!

DDK:

I'm... I'm in shock! The D had this match won! But AARON KING... AARON KING of all people, who has been lobbying for weeks to join El Escudron is the reason he's no longer the champion!

Inside the ring, Aaron King finally stands up like he's been there all along! The Pensacola Playboy points at Mil, who

stands up... and the two bro-hug to HUGE boos!

Lance:

They were in on this all along! Mil had a backup plan tonight!

The Bonitas both jump up and enter the ring to celebrate with Mil and Aaron King, all the while DLJ stands outside the ring and he looks utterly confused!

DDK:

Aaron King had been shot down time and time again by both Mil Vultas and DLJ about joining El Escudron! He wanted to run with them... damn it, he's in the club now, I guess!

Mil, King and the Bonitas all turn to DLJ outside the ring. He still doesn't look like he has any clue what's going on, but DLJ then jumps up and heads into the ring to celebrate as well! Mil jumps on the middle rope and holds the title high to the sounds of what is clearly a very joyous and celebratory crowd...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

To cap off a night of wild action and explosive confrontations... Mil Vultas and El Escudron have stolen the Favoured Saints Championship! For the first time in over three years, Mil Vultas now holds a singles championship and has brought the title back to the GC Universe!

DDK:

And sadly on that note, we have to end our show! We've got a HUGE show in two weeks! The Southern Heritage Title is on the line when Ned Reform faces Brock Newbludd in a No Escape Rules cage match! A title shot at DEFCON hangs in the balance between Rain City Ronin, Atomic Punks, Titanes Familia and the Lucky Sevens! This and a whole lot more! But tonight... whether we like it or not...

Mil is now on the shoulders of El Escudron's newest member, "The Pensacola Playboy" Aaron King! The Bonitas and DLJ all clap for his success, but DLJ for his part, is equal parts happy for his friend and utterly confused.

DDK:

Everything's coming up Mil Vultas...

The GLOAT celebrates with his newly-expanded Squad, Favoured Saints Title high in the air as the title card appears!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.