

SHOW OPEN

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. SOMCHAI

After the usual show opening, The DEFIANCE Faithful are going WILD all throughout the DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex!

And coming up on The Commentation Station, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner both greet the camera!

DDK:

WELCOME, ONE AND ALL! COMING OFF THE HEELS OF WHAT MANY HAVE CALLED THE BEST TWO NIGHTS DEFIANCE HAS PRODUCED IN YEARS... WE START A BRAND NEW CALENDAR YEAR!

The rabid fans continue to make noise!

Lance:

That's right! And tonight, we have a HUGE main event in store! The Lucky Sevens, perhaps one of the best tag teams in DEFIANCE history, meet their physical match tonight when they take on The Lads!

DDK:

That's right! You might be calling tonight's show an All-Lads Edition! As The Lads look to rebound from a stolen victory at the hands of Titanes Familia at DEFCON, we have "The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray in action against Aury Phillips of BRAZEN! But up first, we have none other than Butcher Victorious as he takes on the massive BRAZEN monster, "The German Dragon" FAFNIR! Let's take it to ringside to kick things off!

To Quimbey we go!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is scheduled for one fall and is your opening match! Introducing first...

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 each of his hands! Wearing a sparkling brand new blue and yellow jacket, blue trunks and yellow kickpads, he points towards the ring and takes in the reception from The Faithful! He gestures to the Mic Dropz Energy holster belt around his waist!

Darren Quimbey:

Representing The Lads AND 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 I'm gonna keep it real... DEFCON didn't go our way. We know why. Cause The Familia are adding new members every week! We had them dead to rights, and the numbers weren't in our favor...

Loud booing!

Butcher Victorious:

But at the end of the day, Lads don't make excuses! Lads don't bitch and moan! Lads FIGHT! Lads SCRAP! And Lads DON'T GIVE A CRAP! Tonight, we're all in action tonight and tonight, we're ALL walking out with a dub! Now... BUTCH VIC SAYS LETS. DO. THIS.

Butcher climbs into the ring, firing both himself up and The Faithful! He quickly hands off The Stick and The AMP, then unfastens his belt before setting his things in the corner. The camera pans over to his massive opponent already ringside.

DDK:

And his opponent... from Thailand, weighing in at 289 pounds... **SOMCHAI!**

DDK:

We've seen Somchai turn a new leaf down in BRAZEN! He and FAFNIR have both been taken under the wing of DEFIANCE veteran and noted paycheck stealer, Aleczander The Great to form the trio of Aleczander The Great... Plus 2.

Lance:

Real name, ladies and gentlemen...

Referee Carla Ferrari calls for the bell...

DING DING

The bell rings and right away, Somchai is all over Butcher and tries taking his head off with a clothesline! Butcher ducks and then quickly jumps up as he turns around to slap on his signature headlock to a huge cheer! Butcher grins and then keeps him in place, but Somchai backs up and is able to launch Butcher across the ring. When he comes back, a big shoulder block knocks down Butch Vic real quick! As Butcher lays on the mat, Somchai gets jeers from The Faithful as he throws his hands out and demands the crowd show him some respect!

DDK:

Somchai is quickly establishing the uphill battle that Butcher Victorious is in for!

Lance:

That he is! 6'9" and almost three hundred pounds!

As Butcher starts to get back up to his feet, the Thai-Fighter runs off the ropes and tries another big running shoulder, but Butcher does a dropdown and actually manages to catch the giant before sending him tripping to the canvas! Butcher grins and rolls right over the fallen body of Somchai before he has a grounded headlock on tight to cheers once again!

DDK:

Butcher Victorious likes to go back to the classics between these headlock variations he likes to employ. In our business, what's old can be new again!

A very angry Somchai tries to inch back to his feet. But the second he gets up, he heads to the corner. Adjusting himself, Butcher hits the corner and steps off before using it as a makeshift tag partner and FLIPPING Somchai over onto his back yet again with another headlock takedown variation! Butcher grins a mile wide and holds him firmly in place back in the center of the ring!

Lance:

Those two years studying under the tutelage of one OSCAR BURNS in his pre-caps Vae Victis days made a difference. In the last year you can see a massive marked improvement!

DDK:

Indeed! Multiple big pay-per-view wins! Butcher came close one night on a recent UNCUT to defeating Ned Reform for the Southern Heritage Championship before Titanes Familia got involved!

With Somchai still straining from being locked in the hold, he grabs Butcher and tries to hoist him over the ropes with the intent to break the count, but when he drops him on the apron, Butcher switches it up and then grabs Somchai's head to snap his neck on the top rope! Somchai struggles by grabbing his neck while Butcher has himself a free shot. He quickly climbs up the ropes and when Somchai turns around, Butcher takes flight with a HUGE missile dropkick to get the big man off his feet!

DDK:

Great thinking by Butcher right into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Somchai powers out, but Butcher remains steadfast in looking for a rebound win from DEFCON. As Somchai ends up in the corner, Butcher waits on him and charges full speed ahead to connect with a flying European uppercut in the corner snapping his head back. With Somchai stunned, Butcher grabs his neck and then runs forward for a bulldog...

DDK:

Bulldog... no! Whoa!

Instead, Somchai plants the brakes on and POWERS Butcher up onto his shoulder. He walks him around the ring before DRIVING him down to the canvas with a huge stalling belly-to-back suplex! Butch Vic is hurt and rolls around favoring his back while Somchai sits up and adjusts his own neck from the headlocks and other moves thus far.

Lance:

Somchai is using that size to great effect tonight! And what an upset this would be to defeat a former Favoured Saints Champion to boot!

Butcher Victorious kicks around on the canvas, but not for long as Somchai grabs Butcher. After a ferocious whip into the corner, Butch Vic is quick to stumble out and right into the grip of a HUGE delayed sidewalk slam! Another big back attack leads to Somchai going for the hook of the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Butcher gets the shoulder up! Impressive work on display right now by Somchai!

DDK:

Indeed! And I think he might be looking for a powerbomb here!

With another chance to hurt his back and possibly secure the massive upset victory, Somchai grabs the body of

Butcher and then looks to hit a powerbomb. He elevates Butcher up... but Butcher fights back! He throws a volley of right hands to stun Somchai in his tracks! After firing enough shots, he slips out and lands on his feet in front of the big man. Somchai angrily charges for a clothesline, but Butcher ducks. When Somchai turns around, he catches a STIFF jumping headbutt under the chin by Butcher! He holds his head in pain, but Somchai is stunned in the corner!

DDK:

OOH! Hard Out Headbutt by Butcher! He just SMACKED Somchai with that famously thick skull!

Lance:

That he did!

Butcher climbs to the second rope and then has Somchai by the head before leaping out of the corner to drive him to the canvas with a HUGE tornado DDT! Somchai is flat on his back in pain while Butcher yells out to The Faithful!

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... SAYS THAT'S IT!

DDK:

I don't think Somchai knows where he is... He's on his knees!

With the giant stunned, but now on his knees, Butcher grabs him by the head and then DRIVES Somchai into the canvas!

DDK:

THAT'S IT! BUTCH VIC'S GREATEST HIT!

After being SPIKED into the canvas, The Thai-Fighter gets rolled onto his back and Butch Vic... goes for the win!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

Butcher sits up after scoring the win! He leaps up and has his arm raised by Carla Ferrari!

Lance:

What a win! Butch Vic hits Butch Vic's Greatest Hit! And Butch Vic gets the vic... tory!

DDK:

I see what you did there, partner! Butcher Victorious walks away with a notch in win column! Later tonight, we're gonna see if Janna Ray, Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell can do the same!

Butcher Victorious picks up The Stick and The AMP and then sticks around ringside for the arrival of The Lass of the Lads in a little bit!

The Meeting

DDK:

Now ladies and gentlemen, if you're completely unaware of the events at the end of DEFCON Night Two -

Lance:

And if you are - WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, and Are You OK??

DDK:

- we have a brand new FIST of DEFIANCE. The main event, as advertised, featured an absolutely *hellacious* brawl between the champion Malak Garland and the challenger Conor Fuse - but neither of those men walked out of Chicago with the FIST.

Lance:

That's right, Keebs - Henry Keyes, the Kraken, made a shocking return to DEFIANCE, apparently having signed Malak Garland's open contract for the opportunity. And we have an exclusive scoop, is that right?

DDK:

That's right, Lance, now - normally, the ownership group that governs DEFIANCE Wrestling, also known as the Favoured Saints, makes a concerted effort to keep the focus on the wrestling and the wrestlers when it comes to DEFtv and our global pay per views, and they prefer to stay completely out of the spotlight. Well tonight, we have been provided footage from the Favoured Saints to share with the viewers at home, and we've been told that it sheds some light about the surprise return of our new FIST, Henry Keyes. Let's take a look!

...

We transition from the announce desk to what appears to be prerecorded black-and-white security footage. We see the inside of a large conference room with a long table in the center and seats aligning it on both sides. There are four figures seated at once side of the table, their faces and bodies blurred, presumably to hide their identities.

The sounds coming through are a bit faint - though, helpfully, the video has been closed captioned.

April 1, 2025
Montreal, Quebec

KNOCK KNOCK

The speaker's voice has been muffled, and in fact the captions are the only way to clearly understand anything the Favoured Saints say.

Favoured Saint #1:

Come in.

A door in the corner of the conference room opens, and Henry Keyes enters. He's dressed surprisingly simply (for him); he's wearing a PRIME-branded Athena the Owl tee, dark jeans, and dark boots. He looks like he's experimenting with expanding the coverage of his facial hair; what once was mustache became goatee, and what once was goatee is now slowly overtaking his jawline.

No eyepatch.

He shakes the hand of Favoured Saint #1 (a real vanillaburger of a handshake) before going down the line and acknowledging the other three (three more vanillaburgers).

Favoured Saint #1:

Thank you for joining us. Please, have a seat.

We hear the distinct eccentricities of Henry's voice so clearly that they don't bother adding closed captions for him.

Henry Keyes:

Oh sure, sure, very good. Yes. Flew me out to Canada for this. French Canada. Lovely place.

He sits in a chair on the opposite side of the long table, facing the four seated Favoured Saints. Keyes leans back in his seat, hands resting comfortably on his stomach, right leg crossed over his left knee. He adjusts his weight in the seat and slowly swivels from side to side, almost seeming to gauge the expressions of the four individuals across from him. Annoyingly, the blurring of the Favoured Saints means we don't get full insight on the topic.

...the pause is starting to get a little long. A little awkward.

Henry Keyes:

...so.

We hear a voice-modulated throat clearing.

Favoured Saint #2:

So, yes, as -redacted- said, thank you for joining us. We received Doc's evaluation of your physical health, and I believe I can speak for all of us when we say we are thrilled to hear you have been medically cleared to return to in-ring competition...

Keyes stares into Favoured Saint #2, blankly but intensely. Is that a crack of a wry grin?

Favoured Saint #2:

...I'm sure you remember our concerns after you chose to return to the ring, "outside" of the scope of DEFIANCE...

Henry Keyes:

Is that why you flew me all the way out here? For this discussion? Well now, you can't hold that against me. The Besties in the World HAD to defend the Flynn Cup. You remember that, don't you? The Flynn Cup?

Favoured Saint #1:

Mr. Keyes, we respe-

Henry Keyes:

The same Flynn Cup that Miss Troy and I won and paraded alllllll over your television show, with alllllll the little seeds of crossover exposure with other promotions that I helped sow for you back when I was already working hurt-

Favoured Saint #2:

We respect your efforts to build these bridges, Henry, we were only concerned about the fact that Iris Davine-

Henry Keyes:

And now after alllllll the work Miss Troy and I have done to help build this industry and line your pockets -

Keyes points to Favoured Saint #4, who has been silently taking meeting notes on a legal pad.

Henry Keyes:

YOUR pockets, might I add - you wouldn't hold a little tag team match with a man and his Bestie against little old me, would you?

Favoured Saint #3:

You could have been seriously hurt, Henry, you weren't cleared to compete last September.

Henry Keyes:

Ah, yes, well...not HERE.

He takes a look down at his shirt. Athena the Owl, aka Henry's Bird Niece, aka Lindsay Troy's pet-slash-avatar, has its wings majestically spread wide as its talons clutch the logo of PRIME wrestling. Keyes seems to make a show of looking into that same logo, even brushing it off with a wayward stretch of his fingers.

Henry Keyes:

Funny how things can work in this business.

Favoured Saint #1:

Your point is well taken, Mr. Keyes, and to that very end - we want to talk about your return.

Keyes sits a bit straighter in his seat, and his eyebrows both raise.

Henry Keyes:

Oh, is that it, then? You've cooked something up for me, have you?

Favoured Saint #1:

Yes, and we think you'll be very excited about it. You see, DEFCON is just a few short weeks away -

Keyes chuckles at this.

Favoured Saint #1:

- which means that we have a tremendous opportunity to kick off some major storylines. We're looking at next month, specifically. The first DEFTv after DEFCON. It almost feels like the start of a brand new season, shocks, twists, turns - and returns, question mark question mark??

Favoured Saint #2:

We see you as a money driver for DEFIANCE, Henry. The pink replica SOHER title belts alone...point being, we think, now that you're medically cleared, this could be our last window to present you as a FIST contender, and we want to strike on that now while the stars align.

Keyes slowly turns to Favoured Saint #2 with a perplexed look.

Henry Keyes:

I'm sorry, did you just say "last window"?

Favoured Saint #1 leans over and whispers something in Favoured Saint #2's ear, who listens intently, nods, and continues.

Favoured Saint #2:

Our idea is, the first DEFTv after DEFCON, the winner of the FIST will -

Henry Keyes:

Hold on, shut up, answer my question. Did you say "last window"?

Favoured Saint #3:

You're not getting any younger, Keyes. This is a business. These injuries don't suddenly start to take LESS time to heal.

Favoured Saint #2:

- be on the microphone, blah blah blah, then YOU step out and challenge whoever holds the FIST coming out of DEFCON. We're picturing you as our surprise #1 Contender, because -

Favoured Saint #1:

Picture this: Maximum DEFIANCE, Oracle Park -

Henry Keyes:

Listen, listen, and I don't hate to interrupt, because while I'm sure you've had a lot of time to think on this, time doesn't seem to help that process for you, so just listen to me, alright? I'm nobody's nostalgia act. I'm not your song and dance pirate man, and I'm no old warhorse waiting to be ground up and turned into glue. The way I see it, more years may be behind me than ahead of me in this industry, but the reverse is true when it comes to my best years.

Favoured Saint #1:

San Francisco!

Henry Keyes:

And if you think I'm putting over Dex Joy again, or that it's my job to get Mushi going, or if it's some rematch of a rematch of a rematch against whoever the hell you want me to try to make a star again because they bungled it up for themselves the other half dozen times you tried to get a dipshit over, then I swear to Helen, I -

Favoured Saint #3:

Henry Keyes versus Conor Fuse.

This catches Henry completely off guard, and he's stopped mid-rant. He looks at all of them one at a time, furrowing his brow.

Henry Keyes:

...Conor Fuse? Hold on. But I thought you said something about the FIST. Conor doesn't do FIST things. Conor does idiot things.

Favoured Saints 1 and 2 look over at 3, and while they are blurred, there is a clear tension in their body language.

Favoured Saint #2:

Well, again, nothing of course can be set in stone, but Conor Fuse and Malak Garland are going to be competing for -

Henry Keyes:

Malak GARLAND? He's still the damned FIST??

Favoured Saint #3:

Conor Fuse is going to sign Malak Garland's Open Contract for the FIST tomorrow on DEFtv. It's main eventing DEFCON Night Two.

Keyes looks over at Favoured Saint #4, who stops taking notes to meet Keyes's gaze.

Henry Keyes:

...you gave me so much shit when I advocated for Justin Sane, and this is your DEFCON FIST match. cOnOr FuSe versus MaLaK gArLaNd. Unbelievable, the stones on you.

Favoured Saint #4 does not respond, and instead flips the page of their legal pad and starts writing fresh lines of notes.

Favoured Saint #2:

Thank you for that reminder, -redacted-, I still need to get that contract over to production. Legal finally approved it.

Favoured Saint #3:

Oh good, I was wondering.

Henry Keyes:

Conor Fucking Fuse is going to sign a contract to fight for the FIST tomorrow...huh.

Keyes catches something.

Henry Keyes:

Hold on - what was that about an Open Contract?

Favoured Saint #2 reaches down and opens a small briefcase on the ground next to him. He pulls out a manilla envelope.

Favoured Saint #2:

That's right, you know, it's a funny story -

Before the thought can be completed, Keyes snatches the folder and opens it. He reviews the contents of the contract within, frantically looking over every line. After a few moments, and several flips back and forth between the first two pages, Keyes looks over to Favoured Saint #2.

Henry Keyes:

If I'm reading this right - and I like to believe I can read - signing the last page of this thing equals a match for the FIST at DEFCON?

Favoured Saint #2:

...yes, correct, which is why -

Keyes snatches Favoured Saint #4's pen and scribbles on the last page of the document, slams the manilla folder closed, and slides it over to Favoured Saint #4. He tosses the pen on top, which clatters and rolls to the floor.

Henry Keyes:

Would you be a peach and get that sent over? It would be a huge favor to -redacted- over there.

He motions towards Favoured Saint #2. Favoured Saint #4 slowly pulls the contract closer, flips to the last page to confirm their suspicions, and rises from their seat. Keyes rises as well, and quickly so do the other three Favoured Saints. Keyes winks and points at his eye.

Henry Keyes:

Great meeting. See you in Chicago.

He briskly makes his way to the exit. As he leaves, we hear him call out:

Henry Keyes:

Can't wait to pitch you that Justin Sane rematch, -redacted-!

Favoured Saint #4 looks very upset by this, and the four representatives huddle in flurried discussion about what the hell just happened.

And with that, the footage ends. We move onto the next.

SUPER MALAK ODYSSEY 7

ZWWWWWWOOOOOOORRRRRRRP!!!!

Like a worm through a hole, Malak Garland is shot through the eye of the needle. He bounces on his bottom a few times before finding himself in a familiar place.

Malak Garland:

The main menu! It's not game over! Oh shoot! Look at that!

Malak's eyes linger at the dialogue bubble hovering above his head. His pupils specifically zone into his last name.

Malak Garland:

Garland. I am so back, baby! However, something feels different.

Suddenly, a floating presence comes up from behind.

cOnOr fAkE:

Welcome back to the main menu, chump.

Garland shrieks and turns as he wasn't expecting to be greeted so abruptly.

Malak Garland:

WHO ARE YOU!

With finger extended, Malak's eyes dare not blink. A green troll the size and shape of Conor Fuse floats in front of him.

cOnOr fAkE:

Why I am cOnOr fAkE. The fakest version of Conor Fuse that your imagination could muster. I know we didn't meet before but that was because you barely spent any time at the main menu! You really have impatience, don't you?

Malak nods profusely.

Malak Garland:

Sure do. I like to get stuff done. No waiting around. That said, what am I doing back here? What's going on? Last thing I remember, I was saving Jocelyne in Broccoli Kingdom!

cOnOr rubs his chin.

cOnOr fAkE:

Well, I have noticed a couple things.

cOnOr does a few floaty laps around Malak.

cOnOr fAkE:

For starters, have you noticed your last name return back to normal in your dialogue bubbles?

Malak nods like an idiot.

cOnOr fAkE:

Okay, okay. Nifty. Neat. Love that for you.

Malak Garland:

Something else seems different though! I feel lighter. If that makes sense.

cOnOr fAkE:

Ahhhh come with me then! To the viewing globe!

Viewing globe? What is this, Power Rangers? Skeptical, Malak has little choice but to follow cOnOr to a globe that you can view things in so it all makes sense now.

cOnOr fAkE:

We've gathered here today to recount recent events of your life. LET IT PLAY!

The viewing globe shows Malak heroically chasing after Jocelyne and saving her in Broccoli Kingdom only to be told that she was never pregnant and that his princess was indeed in another castle.

cOnOr fAkE:

That must've hurt.

Malak Garland:

It did. Deep cut. No cap. Definitely no fap.

cOnOr fAkE:

Probably not as much as this though.

The viewing globe goes on to show snippets and highlights of Malak losing the FIST of DEFIANCE at DEFCON. The footage shows Malak getting pinned by Conor Fuse and then a quick clip of Henry Keyes raising the belt above his head in undisputed victory. Then it shows Malak weeping uncontrollably, running up the ramp. It even shows unaired footage of Malak at his parent's house, destroying his mother's vases in a tantric rage.

Malak Garland:

HEY! HOW DID YOU GET THAT ON TAPE!?

cOnOr fAkE:

The viewing globe sees all. Even when you go to the bathroom.

In a grump, Malak folds his arms and furrows his brow. He's legit pissed now. Nothing has been going his way and to make matters worse, he's still holed up in this fantastical dream scenario that only seems to be progressing on DEFIANCE UNCUT episodes!

Malak Garland:

So what's next then? Jocelyne lied. I lost the FIST. I'm back to being Garland now. I'm back to square one yet I'm still stuck here.

cOnOr fAkE shifts his focus to the world selection area. Broccoli Kingdom is unselectable with a large red X hovering over it.

cOnOr fAkE:

Well for starters, there's still two more worlds to explore here. If I were you, I would check out the Train Yards which is guarded by cOnOr fReiGhT. It's there where you will find your next quest.

The Train Yards? Sounds underwhelming.

Malak Garland:

I have a feeling I don't have a choice in the matter.

cOnOr fAkE:

That would be correct. Look Malak, this year is all about finding yourself. You rose to the top for a reason but don't lose sight of who you are. These trials are lessons. Embrace them. Who knows what is waiting at the end for you. It might be something special.

Malak marches towards the Train Yards world portal.

Malak Garland:

Something worthwhile better be at the end of all this, that's for sure.

Malak puts one hand into the portal.

cOnOr fAkE:

Find that world's Conor Fuse, cOnOr fReiGhT. He will help you and I will see you when you return to the main menu.

Malak reluctantly nods before being fully engulfed into the portal.

JANNA RAY vs AURY PHILLIPS

DDK:

Next up tonight on UNCUT, we have The Lass of the Lads herself, Janna Ray in action!

Lance:

We saw Janna Ray show out during that Familia Feud Rules match at DEFCON! Tonight she takes on another BRAZEN standout ... a three-time former Olympic gold medalist in swimming, "The Tall Drink of Water" Aury Phillips!

♪ "Cannonball" by Avril Lavigne ♪

When the music hits, out comes the powerful strawberry blond woman standing on the entranceway and her size quickly gets the attention of the masses! With attire consisting of a bright yellow and blue jersey with "RAY 01", yellow shorts and wrestling boots, Ray points towards the ring and then high fives a few fans on her way down to ringside.

Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! She hails from Miami, Florida! Weighing in at approximately one brick house ... she is the 'Ray of Sunshine' JAAAAANNNNNNAAAAA RAAAYYYYYY!!!

Ray enters the ring! She stands at around five-foot ten and looks ready to fight. Still at ringside from his match earlier in the night, Butcher Victorious has a seat at ringside! He hands Janna Ray a can of the new Mic Dropz Energy in Mic Dropz Pop Cola flavor! She takes a quick swig and puts the can in her corner of the ring.

Lance:

There's the Lads support at ringside! Butcher Victorious is sticking around to support Janna Ray!

Ray and Vic have a conversation while Aury Phillips makes his entrance.

♪ "Ocean Breathes Salty" by Modest Mouse ♪

The unknown music plays and fans give a modest round of applause for the man wearing three gold medals. He's very tall with long brown hair, he is very lean but with a toned swimmers' physique for how tall he is.

Quimbey:

And the opponent ... from Baltimore, Maryland! He weighs in at two-hundred thirty-five pounds ... AURY PHILLIPSSSSSS!!!

The six-foot five Phillips is wearing sky blue trunks, slightly darker blue knee pads and dark blue boots. He listens to the crowd jeering him and then acts like his you-know-what don't stink when he hits the ring. Butcher and Janna are both jamming to his music in the corner when the music cuts. He takes off his medals and the ref calls for the bell.

DING DING

Aury Phillips and Janna Ray both get ready to lock up. When they hit the middle of the ring, the high-level swimmer takes down the rugby player using a quick arm drag and he gets up to act like he just won a fourth gold medal.

Lance:

Great. He can do an arm drag. He's been paying attention in BRAZEN classes. Perhaps Aury should try and win the match instead.

DDK:

That might help, yes.

When Aury goes to lock up a second time, he gets the shock of his life when Janna Ray manages to hit him with a fireman carry take over! Aury sits on the mat in a state of shock while the Ray of Sunshine now celebrates. She jumps into the ropes to high-five Butcher at ringside.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC KNEW YOU COULD DO IT!!!

Phillips is red in his face but he gets back up. Janna Ray steps on his foot and as he is hobbling around the ring, J-Ray flies off the ropes and then hits a jumping shoulder tackle that takes Aury off of his feet a second time. When he is down Janna runs by the ropes to hit a diving shoulder tackle as he is sitting. She crawls right into the cover.

One ...

Two ... no!

Lance:

I have to say for a relative rookie, Janna Ray knows how to make the most of her power in that ring!

DDK:

That's very true! There's not many other women who have knocked down Titaness on as many occasions as Janna Ray has, but she did it!

Janna Ray has Aury trapped in a big chin lock but Aury stands up and then gets to his feet before getting a hand on the ropes. He stands up and starts disparaging the referee in getting her to break the hold. Janna Ray does just that. But when she does let go and then tells the referee that she's playing clean, she ends up eating a big boot from her blind side by Phillips!

Lance:

Hey! Aury Phillips couldn't help but whine when he wasn't on offense!

While Janna is down Aury stands and points down.

Aury Phillips:

Swimming is better than rugby! You know it!

Butcher starts yelling at the rookie but he ignores him in order to punish Aury further. He grabs Aury and waits for a big chance to hit a million dollar drop kick!

DDK:

What a drop kick! He calls that the Million Dollar Drop Kick!

Lance:

And there is a cover!

One ...

Two ...

But Aury throws a shoulder up. He pushes it back down and tries to pin her again.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

Smart of Aury to go for two attempts at a cover there, but Janna Ray kicks out!

Aury Phillips goes for a suplex next. He tries the suplex on her but she hits a gut punch ...

Then hits a huge suplex counter on Aury!

DDK:

Oh my goodness!!! How did she suplex Aury Phillips like that!

Aury Phillips is hurting bad but he sits up while Janna Ray is sitting up to fire herself up. The Ray of Sunshine gets a positive response from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and then stands up to her feet. Butcher Victorious supports her from her corner and she gets up.

Lance:

Here comes Janna Ray!

Like a speeding train she runs across the ring to hit a corner spear on Aury Phillips. After he is gut checked by her, she goes to the top turnbuckle. When she is up on the top, she leaps off and then hits a flipping senton!

DDK:

Wow, what a move!!! I don't know what she calls that, but she just dropped down right on top of Aury Phillips!

Lance:

It's incredible that as powerful as she is, she's a skilled high flyer as well!

While Aury Phillips has the wind knocked out of him from the flipping senton off the top, the Lass of the Lads has the people all fired up. Janna Ray flexes and then tries Time to Shine. She tries to get Aury up but he will not fall for it a second time and then counters with a suplex of his own!

DDK:

Now it's Phillips's turn to counter the suplex with one of his own! He has a move called Troubled Waters!

He has Aury by the neck and hooks tightly to go for an implant DDT, but before he is able to hit the move, he gets shocked once again by Janna Ray's power and she back drops him first! He gets dropped and when he leans over to get back to his feet, Janna Ray goes to the apron and back inside with a slingshot spear called Into The Light!

DDK:

There's Into the Light by Janna Ray!

Janna Ray rolls after that and goes to the top turnbuckle for the second time. She is perched over Phillips and Butcher cheers her on when she jumps off and comes down with a frog splash!

Lance:

I think that might do it Darren!

DDK:

Into The Light is followed by her version of a frog splash called Catch Some Rays!

Janna goes for the pinfall. Butch Vic counts ringside!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

Scoring a very big win for herself Janna Ray sits up and then is joined in the ring by Butcher Victorious!

♪ "Cannonball" by Avril Lavigne ♪

Quimbey:

Your winner ... JANNA RAY!!!

After the singles victory Janna has her arms raised by both her friend Butcher and the referee! She looks down at Aury Phillips and gives him some words of advice.

Janna Ray:

SWIMMING SUCKS!!!

After that they both exit the ring and then Butcher pulls up a seat for Janna Ray, then hands her another can of Mic Dropz!

Lance:

It looks like both Lads are going to stick around for tonight's main event! Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell take on the Lucky Sevens!

HE'S ALIVE!

Dabney Doubleday looks out over the Florida sunset from his usual spot for deep thinking, the roof of his family home in Mayo, just outside his bedroom window. Being on the road most of the last half decade wrestling he and his brother just never felt it necessary to move out, say what you will. The lines of worry, the slumped shoulders of someone who's dealing with the perceived weight of the world on their shoulders.

He's clad in a pair of boxers and an old faded Lindsay Troy "Queen of the Ring" t-shirt. Still a fan of his original trainer even after years of putting him through absolute hell at her gym up the road in Tampa. He owes her his career though. He still hopes to pay back the favor someday. Especially after the way things ended in PRIME for the Doubleday's.

The Doubleday's. Dougie.

His head hangs even lower as he thinks back to DEFcon, back to Chicago. Dougie covered in blood, not talking, getting wheeled off into the ambulance. The first of two victims that weekend.

Dabney didn't know Gage Blackwood well, but what Box did... Why? What was the point? It's beyond just bullying. Just *madness*. He's a legend, an active member of the Hall of Fame. The sort of undeniable stardom and legacy Douglas and Dabs dream of. But the violence, the oceans of bad blood with every human being he's ever touched. Just why?

How is it all *worth* it?

A familiar voice from behind Dabney shakes him from the heaviness of his thoughts.

Cecil Doubleday, Grandpa Cecil to Dabney and Douglas, was a wrestler who had his heyday maybe forty years ago. Today he's very retired and living comfortably in a retirement community up in Tampa.

He's still a spitfire, though. And he loves his grandsons more than anything in the world. Enough to drive his beat up old green Caddy down to Mayo to check on them both in person.

He pats the windowsill loud enough to get Dabney's attention.

Cecil:

Heya kiddo.

Dabney:

Oh. Hey grandpa. Didn't know you were comin' over tonight.

Responding but still clearly lost in thought.

Cecil breathes loudly through his bushy grey mustache.

Cecil:

You're gonna make me do it aintcha? Jezum crow...

The probably eighty year old bald man, looking like Judd Hirsch in a big grey sweater, hooks a leg out of the window and slowly backs up out onto the roof. Dabney frantically telling him "*please God don't fall, please go back inside*" the entire time.

Cecil:

Oh, unhitch yer' britches. I've taken more bumps than you've had years on this earth, impeccable balance! Always have, oops!

He wobbles slightly like he's going to fall, Dabney reaches for him. Cecil just grins and gives a cheeky little finger gun.

Dabney:

I love you grandpa, but you're an... you're a *jerk* sometimes.

Cecil:

You can say ASSHOLE, son. It won't killa ya'... and hey, Dougie gets his trademark edge from somewhere don't he, and it aint your poor father, bless him. Douglas's industrious like your ma' though, that lady has zero quit. ZERO. Just like ol' Dougie. That's what you're up here right? Up in your feelings about what happened to your brother in Chicago? Thought you two were "*ready for a new challenge?*"

Cecil Doubleday grunts that universal old-fart grunt as he squats down next to his grandson.

Cecil:

Question time. First, is your brother fine? Where's he at right now?

The elder Doubleday brother sighs.

Dabney:

Yeah, he's in his room probably cursing at teenagers on the internet on one platform or another. Looks like crud half kicked to death, though.

Grandpa Cecil smiles and places a hand on Dabs' shoulder.

Cecil:

Now. Most important. With all respect to your very slightly stabbed, *very* resilient little brother but did you or did you not pin the first ever FIST of DEFIANCE, a sure fire Hall of Famer, one of the richest most powerful men in the world live in front of a crowd of THOUSANDS in Chicago the other day? Hmm?

Dabs can't help but fight back a small smile.

Cecil:

There ya' go. I'd call that kickin' off one hell of a career, Dabs. Swear to God, kiddo, you really seem to like carryin' the world around on your shoulders. Like it's your damned hobby. That's called a *Christ complex*, son. It might feel good but it's not a particularly attractive trait.

Dabney:

If I'd listened to you and everybody else Dougie and I would have stayed in PRIME. There were monsters and wild individuals, but it felt like someone was actually in charge there. That there were real consequences when people stepped too far out of line! Here? I've met two, three people from "upstairs" and... I don't think some of these Favoured Saints folks even know half the boys' names in the locker room, Grandpa. It's shameful.

The old journeyman grappler gives a little wave of his hand and a little "feh."

Cecil:

Owners. All the same. I think you're worrying yourself into a circle, kiddo. What's yer' goal? What do you want *your* career to look like when it's all faded photos hung on the wall over yer' dresser at the home? You know I'm proud of mine. But you also know I stuck to my guns so hard I never stepped out of line. I never took any big risks with my career. I wrestled my tuchus off all over this nutty world for the better part of four decades and nobody knows my name but the older, hardcore marks... I mean REAL nerds, son. It ain't pretty.

He pauses and makes sure Dabney's really heard him.

Cecil:

What do you *want*, Dabney?

Dabney:

I just want to *wrestle*. You know that.

Cecil actually raises his voice a little.

Cecil:

A lot of people want to do this job, Dabs! A lot of folks wanna' blasted wrestle! What kind of MAN do you want to be while you DO it, Dabney? Tell me, right here, why you and yer' brother decided to jump over to DEFIANCE? Tell me why you're NOT me and why people all over the world will know your name when your career's done...

Before Dabney can open his mouth a voice from the window catches them both by surprise.

Lil' Dougie slides his narrow, tighty-whitey clad backside out of the window and out onto the roof.

Hilariously awkward until he turns around and we see the mass of stitches and staples in his forehead, the black eye, the bruises up and down his arms and chest. Cecil winces when he sees the state of his youngest grandson. Dabney moves like he's going to get up and intercept.

Dabney:

Hey, like... him being out here is bad enough!

Douglas:

Yeah, stuff it vanilla lightning.

Douglas gives a little wave of his hand and a little "feh." Like grandpa like grandson.

Douglas:

Hush your gums. I was trying to conduct a little business and own some noobs across the hall and couldn't concentrate listening to you two putting on some lame-ass Hallmark movie out here. So I'm here to answer that question. I am your manager, after all. I *should* be doing the talking.

Dougie plops down between the two.

Douglas:

As evidence you rolling Eddy White up like a sleeping bag at DEFcon, cementing yourself as one of DEF's brightest future stars. You, brother of mine, are a really *really* good wrestler. But like Grandpa said, you're a huge boring wet-blanket, my man.

Cecil:

That is not at ALL what I sa...mpphm!

Dougie doesn't look away from his brother, but thrusts his hand behind him and physically shushes his elderly grandfather. Bold.

Douglas:

I'll tell you both what Dabney's got that you didn't, Gramps. Me! Dabney... do I look fucking *dismayed*, goddamnit? Am I out here on the roof sulking like I'm the latest addition to the cast of some UPN young adult drama? This isn't Smallville, you're not Tom Welling, that isn't Kansas out there. And fuckin' Bronson Box? Bud he's no goddamn Lex Luther. You feel me?

Dabney looks up with a weird, impressed smile. Only Douglas.

Dabney:

He's not going to stop. It'll be beatings like that, probably until the leathery old Scott retires. You realize this? We jumped over here and opened the biggest, crappiest, most painful can of worms we possibly could.

Douglas:

Yeah, but we WON, Dabney! YOU won! And you know what's fucked up?

Dabney shakes his head and bites back a laugh. Shaking a finger.

Cecil leans back as satisfied as a grandfather can get at the sight of the "Dabney-Douglas closed circuit" doing its thing. They fill in the gaps in one another's games like damn puzzle pieces. Dabney is legitimately one of the most talented, resilient young competitors he'd seen in his entire long career in the wrestling business. All that physical prowess and a heart as big and as genuine as any you'll ever meet in all your days. And Douglas?

Well. Laugh at him all you want. Resilient doesn't even *begin* to describe Douglas.

Dabney:

Please don't tell me a very serious physical assault that made our poor mother weep for a solid weekend was the "*best day of your life*."

Douglas:

Dude, think about it... ME, DOUGLAS DOUBLEDAY is the very first fresh blood on this new version of that whackjob's precious *Spike*! Other than his own, clearly... fuckin' unhinged prick. Not a megastar like Dan Ryan or your girl Lindsay Troy, not some main event dink like Dex Joy or Malak Garland. ME!

Not a bad point, really. That is a pretty wild claim to fame.

Douglas:

You know what else? When he popped out from around that corner and tagged me right in the forehead? Before I passed out from the... you know, pain and blood loss? I managed to flip him off and hock a loogie on his precious lapel, that's why he wasn't wearing the jacket... and why he proceeded to then just WEAR me the fuck out. Probably could have avoided the trip to the hospital if I'd just kept my mouth shut and curled up into a ball like he was a fuckin' Grizzly or something.

Cecil mouths along with Douglas, repeating a line he's repeated ad nauseum over their entire lives.

Douglas:

That's not what Doubleday's do. That's not the reputation we're going to have around this place. Dabney I knew that ass kicking was coming my way the second I had the hair brained idea to melt the old bastards specialest toy. I knew for sure when we booked an actual foundry and goddamn *did* it.

The eldest Doubleday claps his little brother on the back.

Dabney:

I'll tell you the career I want.

He stands up and looks out over the Florida sunset now very low in the sky.

Dabney:

A selfish one. A *greedy* one. Because I want both, Grandpa. When there's no more Dabney Doubleday the wrestler, I still want to be able to hold my head high as Dabney the man. But I also want those old photos you talked about to feature me hoisting titles like the FIST of DEFIANCE above my head in front of a whole heck of a lot more crowds like the one in Chicago. It's why I'm here. That's why I'm here in DEF. And to do it *right*.

Dougie gets up, we're reminded he's dressed in just tube socks and tighty whities.

Douglas:

We're DEFIANCE "superstars" now, Dabs... I'm all about keeping that soul of yours intact, my man. Mine too! No foolin'. But mayhaps we keep tapping our fellow good hearted white hats around the locker room, keep making new

friends? Much respect to your two brave partners at DEFcon and the three stoned weirdos but I think we're going to need more backup when Scottish Sauron's eye turns back our way. Yeah?

Dabney:

Actually? I have a couple ideas on that tip, Dougie. Tomorrow. Tonight? You two get the heck back inside before you take a spill and I'm explaining to dad why mom passed out again.

End.

We cut to the next segment on the card.

THE LADS vs THE LUCKY SEVENS

DDK:

We have finally arrived at our main event, Lance! And we understood the ring has been reinforced just for this encounter! For the first time ever, the Lucky Sevens will take on The Lads!

Lance:

I can't imagine we're going to see a lot of head locks and technical holds, but these fans are going to see a fight! When last we left Mason and Max Luck, Mason took that loss to the Atomic Punks at DEFCON really hard. After Max did the sporting thing and offered a handshake, Mason walked off!

DDK:

Mason seemed so sure they were going to win but as history has shown, the Lucky Sevens hate losing more than they love winning. Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell on the other hand, didn't complain about being cheated out of the win against Titanes Familia! They asked for a fight and the Lucky Sevens signed the open contract to make this match happen!

Lance:

Here we go ... super heavy weights collide! It's the Lucky Sevens! It's The Lads! Up next!

Quimbey:

The following tag team match is scheduled for one fall and is your main event of the evening! Introducing first...

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends" by WAR ♪

The crowd hears the very familiar song and the roof comes off the joint! The DEFIAtron lights up with images of Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell from their three-match series. Slams! Punches! Suplexes! More slams! Ending with a still of Dex Joy on one knee "proposing" to Punch Drunk Purcell to be his tag team partner!

THE LADS!

A graphic of a boxing glove made up of yellow and blue lightning flashes, and blue and yellow light flashes all through the DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex! Out comes Punch Drunk Purcell first. He comes out wearing a blue and yellow boxing robe. Right behind him, the former FIST of DEFIANCE, Dex Joy wears a matching robe and the roof comes off the building! Dex turns around to show off the message on the back of his robe...

"WELCOME TO THE DEFIANCE WRESTLE-DEX!!!"

Quimbey:

At a combined weight of SIX-HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE POUNDS... They are the team of PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL. "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOY... THE LAAAAAAAAAAAADS!!!

Dexy and Punchy both bop fists with The Faithful on their way to the ring! Once they arrive at the ring, the two big bois enter. Dex and Punchy both look ready for the fight coming their way! They note at ringside, the other members of The Lads, Butcher Victorious and Janna Ray, are both waving from two chairs pulled up at ringside!

DDK:

There's Butch Vic and Janna Ray! The Lads are two for two tonight, we'll see if Dex and Punchy can complete the clean sweep!

Dex waves back at his friends. Purcell looks serious as a heart attack as they get ready to fight!

A big red and black playing card graphic appears on the DEFIA-Tron!!!

LUCK DYNASTY
2X DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions

**2X DEFIANTS of the Year
DEFIANCE'S Hottest Tag Team**

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Red and green-colored fire explodes from both side of the stage! With their backs to each other, the Twin Terrors of DEFIANCE both point at the ring, with Mason wearing black trunks with green flames and Max wearing black trunks with red flames. If there are any issues between Mason and Max Luck they aren't showing it at the moment as they move in unison.

Lance:

It looks like the Lucky Sevens have their poker faces on tonight!

Quimbey:

Introducing team number two at a combined weight six-hundred twenty five pounds and standing at a combined height of fourteen feet! ... "The Beast of the Bright Lights" Max Luck! "The Maim Event Player" Mason Luck ... THE LUCKYYYYYYYYYYY SEVENSSSSSS!!!

The seven foot twins hit the ring. They look at Dexy and Punchy and then pose with the Winning Hand up in the air. The vests come off and the twins both look ready to fight.

Lance:

This is a huge match we're getting for the first time ever and what a way to kick off a brand new year just after perhaps the greatest DEFCON we have ever seen!

DING DING

Right from the beginning, Mason Luck singles out Punch Drunk Purcell! He swings high while Purcell goes low and the two mastadons are trading body shots. Max Luck swarms in to protect his brother, but Dex Joy cuts him off and now it's fist fights all over the ring!

DDK:

Not the way I thought we would start this match off!

Dex Joy is kicked by Max and the Beast of the Bright Lights chucks Dex out of the ring to clear a path for his extra-angry twin brother to go after Purcell. He kicks Purcell and whips the big boxer into their corner. Mason Luck runs all the way across the ring to hit a big running clothesline in the corner and then heads off the ropes. Purcell is stunned on his feet when Mason Luck runs at him to deliver a big running lariat!

Lance:

Good grief! Mason Luck just knocked down Punch Drunk Purcell! How often do you see that?!

Mason Luck isn't done and he runs to the ropes to come back and deliver a running jumping leg drop to the back of Purcell's head before he can get back to his feet!

DDK:

Mason just cut him off! And I don't just mean momentum. He almost took his head off with that leg drop!

Mason pushes Purcell into the cover.

One ...

Two ...

No!

Purcell is able to kick out but Mason Luck gives him zero room to breathe. Purcell is pushed into the Sevens' corner and the tag is made to Max Luck. Mason Luck has a boot on his neck and tries choking Purcell while Max Luck is ready to jump in. Purcell grabs him by the back of the head and whips his brother into the corner with an aided splash in the corner. Max Luck grabs Purcell by the back of his head and sends him right into the path of a charging big boot from Mason Luck! Max wants to yell out "Ka-ching" as the brothers always do when they hit this combo, but Mason ignores him and returns to the corner.

Lance:

I guess these two aren't on the same page like we assumed.

DDK:

Mason and Max have called that combo "Ka-ching!" Something they've screamed to the fans for a few years now, whether they liked it or not, but Mason isn't in a playing mood.

Max goes to cover Purcell.

One ...

Two ...

Another kickout!

Back in his corner, Dex Joy has returned and he's ready to get to his partner but the seven foot twins have made it a hobby out of smacking the former boxing star around. Purcell is picked up and thrown into a corner by Max and Mason gets the tag again. Max grabs Mason and whips his own brother at the corner ... Purcell gets an elbow up! Angrily, Mason charges at Purcell as well, but gets a shock when Purcell does an agile roll out of the corner and Mason hits nothing but the corner instead.

Lance:

Wow! Purcell just rolled out of harm's way! Literally!

DDK:

And there's a tag to Dex Joy!

Big Dex Energy enters the ring! Both he and Purcell charge right at Max Luck and hit a double clothesline to get him out of the ring. Purcell charges at Mason and hits the big running back splash in the corner. As he moves, he swings and Dex follows behind him with a massive jumping splash in the corner of his own. Mason staggers out of the corner and the Lads surround him before they both crush him with running body splashes!

DDK:

Double Up! Double Up by the Lads!

Mason Luck is stunned standing as Dex Joy flies off the ropes and hits him with a huge running cross body! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer Big Dex Energy on as he makes the cover!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

The Lads fight back into this match! The Lucky Sevens cut that ring in half for a little bit but the Lads are showing that they are certainly no slouches in the tag team division!

DDK:

Dex Joy makes the tag to Purcell!

Both of the big bois get cheered by Butcher and Janna outside the ring by toasting them with their respective cans of Mic Dropz Energy. Dexy and Punchy hit a set of double falling headbutts to the chest of Max! Purcell makes the cover now.

One ...

Two ...

Mason kicks out!

Lance:

Lots of back and forth between these two powerhouse teams!

Purcell makes the tag again to Dexy Baby. Dex comes in holds Mason by the side so Purcell can deliver a stiff jab to the rib cage! Mason howls in pain and Dex goes in for a suplex with Purcell going back to his corner.

DDK:

There was some extra sauce on that punch from Punch Drunk, wasn't there?!

With Mason restrained, the EveryChamp calls to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful for a suplex. He wants to hit the move, but Max comes in to save his brother. Dexy Baby sees him coming at him and ducks a clothesline so he can catch him with a heavy elbow to the jaw. But the second he turns around and gets hit with a big standing spin kick! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cringe as Mason Luck stands over Dex and flips him off!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

DDK:

Oh God! That standing spin kick! That's Suited and Booted! Dex might be out cold! And what a show of disrespect after that!

Dex Joy may not know where he is! He's hurt and at the mercy of Mason Luck. Luck sees his brother in the corner and makes the tag. He shouts at his twin to get in there with him. Max Luck ignores him only because they realize what this win will mean for them. Mason and Max Luck both grab Dex. Mason holds him for Max to take a free shot with a quick kick!

Lance:

As we all know, here's where the Lucky Sevens are the most dangerous. When they work together on all cylinders, they are damn near unstoppable!

DDK:

And they are certainly showing that!

Mason grabs the head of Dexy Baby and then bulldogs him right into the top turnbuckle in the corner. Dex is stunned when Mason grabs him by his arm and launches him as far as he can into the corner! Dex Joy is hurt when he gets hit with a knee. Dex is stunned on his feet when Max Luck climbs to the top rope and then takes flight to take his head off using a flying clothesline!

DDK:

There's Max Luck with the Check-raise! I think we're done here, Lance!

Butcher and Janna both watch outside with Max going for the cover!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Joy kicks out! Mason Luck gets pissed off in his corner and reaches out for the tag the second that Max looks over at him!

Lance:

I don't believe it! And Mason can't either!

Max looks at his brother ... then makes the tag! Mason comes in and circles Dex Joy's body like a vulture ready to pick the bones. But before he does anything he turns towards Punch Drunk Purcell and then kicks him in the face with a big boot!

"BOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Lance:

Mason Luck is starting to look more like the Lucks of old! They've always never been afraid to be who they are, but Mason is really falling back to bad habits.

DDK:

That's very true. The fans have been supporting the Luck Family for the past year and a half or so but lately, Mason's actions are not endearing him to the Faithful!

Mason Luck goes for a head lock and has Dex Joy trapped in the submission attempt. He's choking the life out of Dex using a big sleeper hold and there's too much distance for him to cover. Purcell is still stunned from the move on the ring apron and doesn't look ready for a tag at all after the kick. Mason Luck keeps the pressure on Dex.

Lance:

Can Dexy Baby even fight back?! He's been picked apart by the Lucky Sevens for the past while now!

Butcher and Janna both come out of their seats. At ringside they both start getting The Faithful to cheer them on!

"LET'S GO, DEX!!! LET'S GO, DEX!!! LET'S GO, DEX!!!"

One of only two DEFIANCE Triple Crown winners (congrats, Henry Keyes!) finds himself in a bad spot with Mason Luck applying the pressure. He has the sleeper hold locked on tight and Dex Joy might be fading quick.

DDK:

Big Dex Energy might be running on E!

Lance:

I think you might be right! The ref is checking on him now!

He grabs the arm of Dex as his face starts to go red. With Dexy Baby looking like he's about to fade, he grabs the arm ... it falls once! He grabs it again ... it falls twice! He goes for a third time ...

BUT DEXY BABY'S ARM GOES UP! HE SHAKES A FINGER TO TELL MASON HE'S NOT DONE!!!

Lance:

No! No way! Dexy Baby is still very much in this!

Purcell is ready to make the tag now and Dex Joy is ready to give it to him, but that pesky three-hundred pound gorilla

on his back called Mason Luck won't let him go. Dex Joy tries getting back to his feet and then Mason shakes him, but Dex Joy drops down and hits a jaw breaker! Mason Luck releases the hold and clutches his jaw. He goes to grab Dex but when he tries to hold on, Dex turns around and SMACKS Mason upside the head with a big boi jumping enziguiri kick!

DDK:

Dex Joy with that big man agility! He's always been special in DEFIANCE Wrestling! Nobody else that can do what he does!

Lance:

Can he get to his partner in the corner.

Dex hears the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

Dex Joy:

Get ready pally!

Purcell looks ready ...

AND GETS THE TAG!!!

DDK:

HERE COMES PURCELL!!!

Purcell races into the ring just as Mason makes the tag to Max. He charges towards him but Punch Drunk goes low with a haymaker to the gut! He doubles over the big man and when Max gets stunned, the Round Mound of Ground and Pound lives up to his name and hits a jaw-rocking spinning back elbow. He sends Max Luck back into the corner but Purcell goes for the corner. He runs in with the massive back splash followed by spinning around to hit him in the chest with a big spinning shot!

DDK:

What a shot!

Max Luck is hurt in the corner when Purcell snatches his arm and ties it into the ropes. Purcell points out to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and starts swinging away with the big clubbing blows to the chest with the people, Butch Vic and Janna Ray counting at ringside!

"ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN!"

DDK:

Punch Drunk Purcell his Hitting the Bag!

The chest of the seven foot Max is beet-red! When he is stunned, Purcell goes to his side and then amazes the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful when he takes the seven foot monster up in the air before hitting a huge Sweet Science Slam!

Lance:

That ring just shook! Sweet Science Slam!

Punch Drunk Purcell dives right into the pinfall!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Max Luck kicks out just in the nick of time!

Lance:

How the heck did Max Luck kick out!

DDK:

I don't know, but I don't think he will if Purcell hits this right hand!

He goes for the big right-handed punch called Punch Drunk Love. He rears a punch back, but Mason Luck tries to interrupt. He swings for a big right elbow but when he gets there, Purcell swings first and hits an elbow first. Max Luck catches him when he returns and he shocks the crowd.

HE HAS PURCELL ON THE SHOULDER ...!

DDK:

THAT'S CATCH PERFECT!!! MAX LUCK JUST CAUGHT PURCELL!

He climbs over and then makes the cover! Dex tries to come in, but Mason cuts off Dexy Baby first!

One ...

Two ...

THR ... NO!!!

Lance:

No way! No way! Both teams are giving it everything here tonight! They are putting it all on the line for this win!

Max Luck looks at his brother and he can't believe that he hasn't put Purcell away either! Max runs over to Mason and makes the tag. Mason and Max both corner Purcell and Mason locks in the Winning Hand with Max Luck going for the chokeslam.

DDK:

I think Purcell is about to go for the ride with Seven Stars!

Lance:

No! There's Dex! There's Dex!

Dex runs into the ring and Max tries to stop him but ducks and Max hits Mason instead with a big right hand!

Lance:

OH NO! OH NO!

Max realizes what he has done and looks shocked! Dex gets a free shot and hits a huge shot gun drop kick on Max! Mason falls to his knee and eats the big Punch Drunk Love right hand!

DDK:

THE LUCKS JUST GOT THEIR WIRES CROSSED!!! AND NOW MASON'S EYES WENT CROSSED FROM PUNCH DRUNK LOVE!!!

Punch Drunk Purcell has Mason down on the ground and tags Dex Joy! He climbs to the top ...

DDK:

JOY BUZZER MOONSAULT!!!

Dex Joy pins Mason Luck!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ “Why Can’t We Be Friends” by WAR ♪

Outside of the ring, Butcher Victorious and Janna Ray jump for ... well, Joy! And Punch Drunk Purcell!!!

Quimbey:

Your winners ... THE LADS!!!

Lance:

I would have to call this at least a minor upset! Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell are a force to be reckoned with but this is the biggest win as a tag team!

DDK:

That is a massive rebound victory for The Lads! And that makes three for three here tonight on UNCUT!

Inside the ring, the party is just getting started! Butcher and Janna join the ring to shake it out with Dexy and Punchy! Dex and Punch both shake hands like Lads, as do Butcher and Janna! All four of the Lads celebrate and then Butcher has a can of Mic Dropz for both of them!

Lance:

I can’t believe what we’re seeing ... that’s two big matches in a row that the Lucky Sevens have lost due to their recent issues!

DDK:

I don’t know where the Sevens go from here ... but I do know that the Lads no doubt want another shot at Titanes Familia and tonight, they may be heading that way! For Lance Warner, I’m Darren Keebler! Good night!

Max tries to help Mason out of the ring outside but an angry and sore Mason brushes him off and limps away under his own power.

Meanwhile Dex Joy, Butcher Victorious and Janna Ray all have a can out. Punch Drunk Purcell looks a little lost in thought... but then Dex approaches with an energy drink of his own. Purcell looks and takes it. Once all four have their cans, they SMASH them together and start chugging!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

(UNCUT sponsored by Mic Dropz Energy)