

SHOW OPEN

Live from Oracle Park – San Francisco, California

The camera shot soars, once again, above the glittering skyline of San Francisco. The Golden Gate Bridge gleams under the night sky as the chilly Pacific breeze sweeps off the bay. Oracle Park roars like a once again as its open-air structure is basked in a DEFIANT crimson light. Spotlights sweep skyward in a slow spiral. The DEFIANCE Faithful are again packed into every seat, crevice, and obstructed view seat, ready for Night 2!

BLEGHK!!

DAN RYAN'S PUSHY AF

YAMAZAKI = GOD-BEAST, MASK OR NO

BOX CARRIES THAT SPIKE IN HIS PRISON WALLET

LADS HAVE HONOR UNLIKE THAT ONE SOCIETY THEY'RE FIGHTING

THERES NO BACKIN' THE KRAKEN

BATTER UP FOR THE DUGOUT BRAWL

DOWN WITH THE DISHONOR SOCIETY

TAG WARS ARE MY JAM

DAN RYAN HOME BUILDERS

KEYES HITS HARDER THAN THE BAY BREEZE

RAIN CITY RONIN: STILL DRIPPIN'

PUNK ME ONCE, SHAME ON YOU

PCP = PERMANENT CHAMPIONS PLEASE

BRONSON BOX IS GONNA KILL SOMEBODY

DAN RYAN PUNCHED MY DAD

YAMAZAKI BLEEDS RESPECT

GARLAND'S GOT A DATE WITH DESTINY (AND A BASEBALL BAT)

BOOOOOOOM!!

A fresh barrage of pyro explodes from the massive MAXDEF letterset. Flames erupt down the ramp. Sparks crackle like gunfire overhead. The screen suspended above the stage glitches violently... before it surges to life with the names of the night.

THE LADS. THE HONOR SOCIETY. ATOMIC PUNKS. MASKED VIOLATORS. POP CULTURE PHENOMS. RAIN CITY RONIN. ELISE ARES. TYLER FUSE. BRONSON BOX. DAN RYAN. HENRY YAMAZAKI. MALAK GARLAND. CONOR FUSE. HENRY KEYES.

Every name ignites a new chorus from the crowd. Some cheers... some boos.

At ringside, "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner are standing behind the broadcast desk, eyes locked to camera, voices ready to carry the weight of what's ahead.

DDK:

Last night was a powder keg. But tonight? Tonight is the explosion. Welcome back, Faithful... to **MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2025: Night Two!**

Lance:

We've got gold on the line, grudges to settle, and one of the most personal World Title matches in recent memory.

DDK:

The Unified Tag Titles will be defended in absolute chaos; The Champions, Rain City Ronin versus the Atomic Punks, the Masked Violators, and the Pop Culture Phenoms... four teams, one prize, no alliances.

Lance:

The Lads clash with The Honor Society. Elise Ares goes head-to-head with Tyler Fuse. And somewhere in the depths of this ballpark? Malak Garland is waiting... and someone ...someone ... is going to meet him for a Dugout Brawl ... ?

DDK:

We've also got a triple-threat fight between legends and masterful purveyors of the violent arts ... Bronson Box. Dan Ryan. Henry Yamazaki. That one's going to leave scars.

Lance:

And then the main event. The crown jewel. The FIST of DEFIANCE hangs in the balance. Henry Keyes defends against Conor Fuse!

DDK:

The smoke hasn't even cleared from Night One. But make no mistake ... the fire is still burning bright for Night 2!

Lance:

Indeed it is! Ladies and Gentlemen of the Faithful ... this is **MAXIMUM DEFIANCE: NIGHT TWO!**

The camera pulls back, soaring high above the park as the Faithful continues to roar. On the screen, the MAX DEF logo pulses one more time before the shot fades to ringside, where the action is about to begin

UNIFIED TAG TITLES: RAIN CITY RONIN (C) vs. ATOMIC PUNKS vs. PCP vs. MASKED VIOLATORS

DDK:

It is time now for the UNIFIED Tag Team Championship to go on the line in a unique four-way, elimination match! And if you were hoping for a front row seat? Good news. You've got yourself a GOLDEN TICKET here at MAXDEF!

Lance:

Oh, Darren, you brilliant, clever fellow. Indeed, the tag titles are on the line – and the three tandems challenging for that coveted gold and sought-after status were hand selected by the reigning, defending, fighting champions, the Rain City Ronin!

DDK:

But don't ever doubt that those tickets were earned, bought and paid for in blood, sweat, and INTENSITY in that ring! Burnett and Daymon are all about competing and excelling and who better to compete against, and perhaps excel against, than the very best!

The house lights dim.

Lance:

Let's go to the ring for the action!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is an ELIMINATION TAG BOUT for the UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

♪ “Dark Matter” by Pearl Jam ♪

Heavy, thick & rolling smoke creeps down the aisle, followed close behind by the thin figure of Lord Nigel Trickelbush.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Parts Unknown... representing the CROWN of the Most Precious Gems and at a total combined weight of five-hundred-twenty pounds...

Nigel flourishes and gestures towards the curtain behind him. It is thrown aside and MV2 stomps through it clad in his single-strap yellow singlet and matching wrestling mask. Behind him comes a lean, athletic man wearing bright red, blue and yellow.

Lance:

Oh my! Look!

Darren Quimbey:

They are... **MASKED VIOLATOR #1... MASKED VIOLATOR #2... CALL THEM the MASKED VIOLATORS!**

MV1 and MV2 pause on either side of Lord Nigel at the apex of the ramp before stalking towards the ring.

DDK:

MP1... is back to MV1?!

Lance:

It would appear he has finally, fully embraced this Masked Violator #2 and that, after all these years, the Masked Violators – for better or for worse – are back together!

DDK:

Their rise up the tag ranks has been meteoric and shocking, Lance! With big stolen wins over the Saturday Night Specials AND the Lucky Sevens, these Masked Violators come into this match with arguably all of the momentum... and now that they appear to be FULLY on the same page?! Well, it's got to be a terrifying prospect for any team in the division, particularly the three other teams in this match!

As the pair ascend the steps and enter the ring, Lord Nigel preens himself and parades around the ring with a sickening pride. The music fades, but his plastic grin does not.

♪ "Live for the Night" by Krewella ♪

The strobe lights and fog descend onto the rampway as the D is first to emerge, a little worse for wear after his battle with Tyler Fuse. He winces slightly, as Klein rushes out behind him to help prop him up. The two men pose for the Faithful to wild cheers, before they storm to ringside, the D trying to shake himself loose.

DDK:

Introducing next, at a combined weight of four-hundred and forty-eight pounds... they are the THREE-TIME former Unified Tag Team Champions of DEFIANCE... THE D... KLEIN... the POP... CULTURE... PHEENOOOOMMSS!!

DDK:

PCP, former 3 time tag team champions, 4 times if you count Flex in the Box, are looking to win yet another Tag Team Championship reign.

Lance:

True. But they also have to worry about Tyler Fuse. Tyler and Elise are scheduled to face off later this week, but Tyler already put some heavy wounds on the D and there's no way he's 100%. We'll see if he can stomach the intestinal fortitude to come out of tonight's big four way match as champ!

The D adjusts the cardboard box on Klein's head lovingly and pats the bigger man on the shoulder. The box nods. The D points out to Klein the handful of fans at ringside also sporting matching boxes. Klein happily waves their direction.

Lance:

It's of interest to note that one of the teams the Pop Culture Phenoms overcame to win their first ever tag team championships was over the first iteration of the Rain City Ronin, which then included Kerry Kuroyama, and Zack's father, Rocko Daymon.

DDK:

Really speaks to the longevity of this team! The PCP are decorated veterans of the DEFIANCE tag team division! They've been in situations like this so many times -- and abused the stipulations of said situations -- that Favoured Saints went so far as to enact a "PCP Rule" for this type of match!

Lance:

When the owners are naming rules after you... you know you've reached legendary status.

Almost on cue, a blaring siren fills the air, the DEFtron suddenly staticking into a still of the one and only Dr. Sato's grinning visage.

"GREETINGS, PUNY MORTALS!"

♪ "Atomic Punk" by Van Halen ♪

The crowd goes wild, as the familiar glowing clouds appear around the entrance, and the familiar silhouettes of Fission, Gigaton, and Dr. Sato form in the mist.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing next... accompanied to the ring by "The Mad Science Queen", DR. SATO...they fight at a combined weight

of four-hundred and ninety five pounds... FISSION and GIGATON... the ATOMIC PUNKS!!

The mad science trio stalks their way to the ring, taking their time to tag hands from the Faithful, while Dr. Sato takes some time to cackle in front of the camera. The Punks roll into the ring, rushing to opposite corners, and roaring in defiant challenge! The good doctor saunters in herself, tilting her head to the sky and cackling with glee before shouting words of encouragement to her men, side-eyeing the PCP very cautiously.

DDK:

Since their inception, the Atomic Punks, Dr. Ayumi Sato's experiment in the perfect combination of size and speed, have steadily fought their way into building a cult following!

Lance:

They were the first team to be given a Golden Ticket invitation to this match by the champions, which speaks volumes to the attention this team has gained as of late! No doubt, the Atomic Punks are looking to ride that wave of momentum to a big win here tonight!

Dr. Sato makes a disgusted face in Lord Nigel's general direction, tugging her lab coat tighter around her as the sick old man tips his bowler cap towards her at ringside.

Silence.

And then...

DONG...

A bell tolls through the arena.

DONG...

A spotlight hits the stage.

DONG...

An IRON GATE has been set up before the curtain.

DONG...

The anticipation grows heavy.

DONG...

The arena falls SILENT...

DONG...

The gates slowly part wide.

DONG...

The curtain flutters as it parts.

DONG...

Two figures appear in the entry-way.

DONG...

As the final bell sounds, they walk out onto the stage...

DONG...

Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett are wearing respectively red and blue sets of jackets and top hats, and walking with canes. The Unified Tag Team Championships are proudly displayed around their waists. They walk out rigid and stiff, like arthritic old men. Without the flair of music or lights or pyrotechnics, everything is decidedly... awkward.

You could hear a goldammbed pin drop.

Burnett and Daymon stick their canes into the stage and leave them behind. They come to a halt, and linger for a moment. Then, in unison, they suddenly FALL face-first to the stage...

...only to break into twin somersaults, with both flourishing into mirror image FLEX poses! A WAVE of pyrotechnics explode behind them as the music hits!

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

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!

Leo and Zack ditch the Wonka hats and jackets. They step up to the head of the ramp, unstrap their belts, and raise them high to yet another salvo of pyros.

KA-BOOM-BOOM-BOOOOOMMM!!!

Darren Quimbey:

And FINALLY... hailing from RAIN CITY, Seattle, Washington, and standing at a combined weight of four-hundred and fifty-five pounds... they are the REIGNING UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS of DEFIANCE... ZACK DAYMON... LEO BURNETT... the RAAAIINNN CIIITYYY ROOOOOONNNIIIIIIINNN!!!

The RCR stride down to the ring in lockstep, belts proudly worn on their shoulders while the fans loudly cheer around them. They slide in under the ropes together, pop to their feet, and raise the belts to the crowd on the camera side.

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!

They cross the ring. Rinse and repeat.

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!

DDK:

The reigning tag champs are walking into their first proper defense here tonight! But this is a challenge like no other! They personally invited these three teams to compete in this elimination bout for the titles in a move that could be considered dangerous as it is daring!

Lance:

A risky play... but clearly, the Rain City Ronin are looking to define their reign as fighting champions. The kind that are willing to give opportunities to teams they consider worthy.

DDK:

I don't think there's any dispute that teams like the Atomic Punks, PCP, and the Masked Violators are worthy of this opportunity. But even as champions, these young competitors in the Rain City Ronin are as hungry as ever to prove themselves as exceptional in the modern age of DEFIANCE! Tonight is their chance to legitimize their championship reign as the real deal!

The Ronin toss the belts to Hector Navarro before going to their corner to get ready. Navarro holds up the belts to the four sides of the arena before handing them off to the timekeeper.

DDK:

Looks like RCR & PCP will start things out in this elimination bout!

The referee briefly issues a series of final instructions to each team before flailing an arm to call for the—

DING DING

Burnett steps out from the Ronin corner, pacing, shoulders loose but eyes sharp. Across from him, The D saunters out with a wide grin, brushing his fingers through his hair and slicking it back. He points across the ring and gives Burnett a wink, then breaks into a slow strut around the perimeter.

Burnett doesn't budge.

They finally meet center-ring. The D offers for a handshake and Burnett obliges – a short, curt, polite handshake. They circle. Quick tie-up. Burnett immediately powers The D back a few steps into the ropes. Clean break.

Lance:

Both of these men know that the first team to gain an advantage, to control the pace and flow of this contest, might just capture the win. Remember; there can only be TWO LEGAL PARTICIPANTS in this contest. And they must be from different teams.

DDK:

Ah yes, the PCP-Rule.

The D flicks a fletch of sweat from his brow, smiles again, and pats Burnett on the cheek.

Burnett answers with a stiff forearm that backs The D up two steps, back into the ropes.

DDK:

What a STIFF shot!

Another lock-up. This time The D slips around into a rear waistlock and Burnett breaks it with a standing switch, then hauls him up and over with a quick side suplex. The D bounces off the canvas and scrambles to his feet, only to eat a deep armdrag. Burnett holds on, grinding a knee into The D's side.

The D:

Not fair! You're using wrestling! Ow!

The D works his way to a knee, then fully up, breaking free – only to walk right into a HARSH back-elbow! Burnett takes him down with a snapmare and tags in Daymon.

DDK:

If the Ronin can continue to dictate this pace, THEIR pace, THEIR match, that could be the difference-maker!

Daymon steps through the ropes, composed and deliberate. The D, grinning through gritted teeth, backs into his own corner and tags in Klein without a word. The crowd perks up again. Klein steps in, adjusting his wrist tape as he circles. Daymon stays low and steady, eyes fixed. They lock up — Klein tries to muscle him back, but Daymon shifts under, rolls through, and takes him over with a deep armdrag.

DDK:

I think Rocko's baby-boy took Klein by surprise there!

Klein pops up, shakes it off, and they reset. Another tie-up and Daymon transitions to a front boxlock. Klein **SHOVES** Daymon off hard and scrambles backward eyes wide. Klein slaps his own chest and nods, pacing in a tight circle.

DDK:

Klein **CHARGES** with a **WILD** clothesline, Daymon rolls under and **THROUGH** it! Off the ropes! **BIG** shoulder-block **LEVELS** Daymon.

Klein reaches out and takes a tag from The D. On the opposite aprons, we catch the Violators and Punks pacing and fidgeting – both teams super eager to get involved.

Lance:

Some great, crisp, early team-work on display!

The D steps back in, fresh and fired up. He charges but Daymon low-bridges him, sending him tumbling forward into another controlled arm-drag. Daymon doesn't release, transitions immediately into a grounded wristlock.

The D:

Stop wrestling and entertain! Ow!

The D grits his teeth, fights to his knees. He pushes to his feet and tries to roll through, but Daymon rolls with him and wrenches it in tighter. The D throws a back elbow — misses — and gets muscled back into the Ronin corner.

DDK:

Tag to Burnett!

Burnett enters with a forearm across The D's back. Daymon steps out. Burnett hooks The D for a short-arm whip then reels him back in and crushes him with a lariat.

Lance:

With the cover!

ONE!

TW-
KICKOUT!

Burnett pulls The D up and sends him into a neutral corner. Charges. Just as Burnett leaves his feet, a hand slaps his back from behind—

DDK:

MV1 snuck a TAG in!

MV1 steps through the ropes and blasts The D with a running knee just as Burnett lands in the corner, barely avoiding contact.

Burnett spins around, eyes wide, realizing what happened. The referee takes a moment to urge the champ out of the ring. MV1 ignores them both completely, already dragging The D out of the corner by the wrist.

DDK:

One can only assume that MV1 is **STILL** the “most precious one” of the Gems despite reverting his name back to his old standard!

MV1 yanks The D up and whips him hard into the corner. The D staggers forward and eats a spinning back elbow that

drops him flat. MV1 stays on him, dragging him by the wrists to the Violators' corner.

MV2 reaches over the top rope.

Lance:

This Masked Violator #2 tags in!

MV2 steps in and drops a heavy elbow across The D's ribs.

Lance:

The Masked Violators made their FINAL appearance in their first run here in DEF in a 4 way tag match back at DEFROAD '17! A match they were TOSSED out of! But this man... this MV2... There is still much we DON'T know about him!

DDK:

In fairness, what did we know about these guys even back in 2017? It certainly seems as though he's earned MV1's trust!

MV2 yanks The D up into a side slam position.

DDK:

MV1 off the ropes – DROPKICK to the side of the D's head as MV2 hits that sidewalk slam!!

MV1 steps out as MV2 hooks the D's leg!

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!!

MV2 stays on him, paintbrushing The D across the back of the head before dragging him up again. A scoop slam lands The D HARD in the center. MV2 hits the ropes, comes back with a low running LEGDROP across his throat! Wasting no time, MV2 grabs The D by the wrist and yanks him toward the ropes near the Atomic Punks' corner. He looks out at Fission on the apron.

Then, with no warning, MV2 slaps Fission across the face.

DDK:

WHAT THE–

The ref signals the tag.

MV2 smiles a broken-toothed smile, stroking his dark beard and backpedaling towards his own corner. Fission steps through the ropes like a CANNON shot, charging straight at MV2, but MV2 is already scooting out of the ring, chuckling a low, guttural chortle.

DDK:

The mindgames of the Violators on display! It's clear that they want to get under the skin of their opponents!

Lance:

But tagging OUT of the match is no way to secure a victory, Darren!

Fission storms across the ring and meets The D mid-rise with a HEADBUTT to the chest that sends the D-Lister sprawling into the corner. Fission follows with a running forearm SMASH, then drags The D out and hoists him up for a

snap suplex. Rolls through. Floats over. Lifts again. A SECOND snap suplex!

DDK:

LOOK AT THIS! The athleticism of this man, shining through!

Rolls through again, this time into a tag to Gigaton!

Gigaton steps over the top rope as Fission hangs The D in a front chancery. Gigaton double-axe-handles The D between the shoulder blades, twice! The ref urges Fission out of the ring as Gig takes over. As Fission releases The D, he SHOVES him towards his tag partner-

DDK:

ROLLING BACK HEEL by GIGATON!

Lance:

You were saying something about athleticism, Darren? I think we've seen that you can't judge this tandem by their rough-around-the-edges appearance! They are deceptively agile!

DDK:

Gigaton hooks that far leg!

ONE!

TWO!!

TH-

KLEIN BREAKS IT UP!!!

Lance:

A timely, well-practiced save!

The ref guides Klein out as Gigaton hauls The D up by the back of the head and whips him hard into the Punks' corner.

DDK:

Tag into Fission!

Fission vaults to the top rope. Gigaton scoops The D and plants him with a THUNDEROUS overhead slam as Fission comes crashing down with a FROG SPLASH across the chest!

Lance:

Fission with the cover now!

ONE!!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

The D is just getting worked OVER right now!

Fission drags The D up again, but The D swings wildly with a back elbow that glances off Fission's jaw. Fission grabs him and tries for a back suplex, but as he lifts, The D's boot grazes Klein on the apron. Klein SLAPS it!

DDK:

The D just got DUMPED on his head... but HERE COMES KLEIN!

Klein charges Fission with a burst of speed, but Fission ducks a clothesline but manages to WHIP Klein across the ring!

Lance:

LEO BURNETT!

DDK:

Blind tag! The Iceman COMETH!

Klein bounces off and hits Fission with a running forearm, not realizing that man's no longer legal.

A moment too late.

DDK:

Burnett BLASTS Fission from behind! Hooks him!

Lance:

HOISTS HIM UP!

Leo Burnett delivers a hellacious double chickenwing facebuster in the center of the ring!!

DDK:

Here comes Gigaton! But he isn't legal!!

Burnett drops low and DUMPS Gigaton over the top rope and out of the ring! Fission turns and gets CAUGHT in a SPINEBUSTER!

DDK:

Don't blink! Burnett keeps moving, hits the ropes, comes back with a jumping elbow that keeps Fission FLATTENED!

Lance:

But no pin attempt, not yet!

Leo drags Fission to the Ronin corner and tags in Daymon. Burnett holds Fission in a rear waistlock as Daymon hits the ropes and connects with a low dropkick to the knee. Fission drops to one side and Daymon pounces, taking a front facelock and pulling him down to the canvas.

Lance:

Smart, disciplined wrestling! That is just who the Rain City Ronin are!

Zack Daymon keeps Fission grounded, tightening that front facelock. Fission struggles, twists, powers to his knees. Daymon shifts to a cravate, wrenches it in, then drives a knee into Fission's shoulder before tagging Burnett back in.

DDK:

Another quick tag! Showing why they're the UNIFIED Champs right now!

Burnett vaults over the ropes with a slingshot senton, landing flush across Fission's back. He hauls him up and

muscles him into the Ronin corner. Tag BACK to Zack. The Ronin whip Fission to the ropes, but Fission ducks a double clothesline and comes back with a diving shoulder tackle that knocks both men down.

Fission crawls, reaching toward his corner. Gigaton leans with arm extended.

DDK:

Fission is disoriented! He's crawling but...

Lance:

The wrong way!

MV2 tags himself in with a slap to Fission's back just as he lunges. The yellow-masked monster steps through the ropes and pulls down his singlet's single strap in one motion. He gestures for Zack Daymon to come at him.

DDK:

MV2 is literally asking for it!

But before Skyfire can answer, something in the crowd shifts.

DDK:

Wait, what's happening?!

The floor camera scans the crowd as Faithful all have their heads craned behind them, eyes searching.

Lance:

LOOK!! HE'S HERE!!!

He is. A blur ROCKETS over the railing and shoots past the floor cam!

DDK:

IT'S CORVO ALPHA!

It is. YANKING MV1 off of the apron, he's caught the Scarlet Surgeon by total surprise.

DDK:

Corvo PULLS MV1 him down to the ringside floor and is just LAMBASTING him with a furious fusilade of fists!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

Lord Nigel gawks in horror as if he's seen a nightmare come to life. In the ring, MV2 wheels around in recognition. He hits the ropes and RUNS-

DDK:

MV2 DIVES!!

But Corvo DUCKS away, sending MV2 CRASHING INTO MV1! They smash into the guardrail and slump to the ringside mat and Alpha is quickly putting the boots to them both.

Lance:

It's pandemonium!

Corvo pulls MV1 back to his feet but eats a punch to the stomach. MV2 CHARGES at him, but Corvo ducks and LIFTS him over the guardrail and into the front row. MV1 and Corvo continue to brawl as Lord Nigel nervously splits his attention between the fight unfolding in the crowd and the referee leaning through the ropes, studiously keeping time.

DDK:

MV2 has got to get back into the ring!

Corvo FLATTENS the yellow mask with a broad fist to its wearers nose and MV2 sprawls backwards into a sea of seats. MV1 starts to choke Alpha from behind, but Alpha flips MV1 off of his back and into the crowd as well, quickly throwing a leg over the railing and following them into the fray.

Lord Nigel is apoplectic, wringing his cap in his hands. The referee flails his own hand in the air.

Darren Quimbey:

The MASKED VIOLATORS have been **ELIMINATED** via a COUNT OUT.

The trio disappear, swallowed up by the massing Faithful, leaving Nigel at ringside, terrified and powerless. DEFsec is seen streaming through the crowd as well, in the background.

DDK:

Echoes of DEFROAD 2017! The Masked Violators are out of this match!

Back in the ring, Zack Daymon is taken off guard as The D inserts himself in the match as the new legal man! He rolls him up and hooks the tights for good measure.

One.

Two.

Kickout by Zack!

DDK:

Oh boy, that's exactly how the D first won the Favoured Saints Championship. PCP, while loved by the fans, are always willing to take a bit of an easy path to the belts if given the chance.

The D and Zack back to their feet, Zack charges and the D swipes the leg, diving on top for a count.

One.

Zack pushes off. Gets to his feet again, and charges the D. D with a leap frog, Daymon hits the ropes and then the D charges past him, hitting the ropes and catching him in the back with a forearm smash. The D hooks Zack and tosses him into the PCP corner, reaching out and tagging in Klein. It's here where the D grabs the top rope, and shakes his boot loose.

DDK:

The Blacklist! Repeated stomps in the corner into the chest and face of Zack Daymon.

Lance:

It's not pretty, but it's effective!

DDK:

Pretty effective!

As the count reaches 4, the D slips out and Klein takes over, his boots particularly focused on the chest and legs rather than the head. The D quickly tags himself back in, and then tells Klein to put his oomph into it. The two stomp him until four, where Klein steps outside. The D again tags Klein in, and the two keep at it, stomp stomp stomp.

The D turns back and throws his hands up to the Faithful, who give him a bit of a mixed reaction. He looks at Zack, shrugs and motions for the tag belts around his waist.

DDK:

Zack must be on dream streak, if Klein had a sense, he'd pounce on the attack!

Zack suddenly powers to his feet and charges to Klein, who lifts him HIGH, so high he might be able to grab a tag team title hanging from a hook, if only this were a ladder match.

Instead, he splats halfway across the ring. But, it's near his corner, so Leo reaches over and tags his boot. He stomps into the ring, and smacks his own chest, ushering Klein over.

Klein acquiesces, and eats a knife edge chop for his trouble. Leo ushers Klein to hit him back, and the two exchange loud chest chops until the Faithful's roars ascend into ravagous cheers. Klein is first to stop, leaning down to grab Leo onto his shoulders, but Leo fights off with a few elbows to the back of his box. Leo from behind grabs Klein's arms, looking for the Cold Locker, before Klein reaches out and grabs the bottom rope with his foot, breaking Leo's attempt. The two circle each other, nodding. The Faithful anticipate the next clash, but GIGATON reaches out and tags himself in!

DDK:

Oh, and now it's Leo vs. GIGATON. Klein is disappointed as he's ushered out of the ring.

Lance:

But we're going right back to the chops Darren!

Again, Leo and GIGATON lay into each other with vicious chops. This time, it's the Iceman who grabs GIGA around the waist for a spinebuster. GIGA just overhead chops Leo's back, sending him to his knees. GIGA grabs Leo in a fallaway slam and then just falls on top of him.

One.

Two.

Leo kicks out, and grabs the bottom rope for good measure.

GIGATON stands and Fission tags himself in. GIGATON lifts Leo and tosses him into the corner, before Fission pelts him with rights and lefts, to the gut mostly but also sometimes to the jaw, which he's reprimanded for. Fission grabs Leo and whips him off, blind tag from Zack, and Fission with a go behind into a backdrop suplex. He stands and emotes for cheers as Zack springboards off the top and lands on Fission, hooking him in a front face lock, before wrapping his legs around Fission's waist. Fission falls to his knees and then to the mat, as the ref check's that Daymon's shoulders aren't down. He lifts Fission's arm once, and GIGATON climbs into the ring. The D and Klein rush in from the other side and cut him off, Klein bodyblocking GIGATON into the corner as the D starts peppering in kicks. GIGATON grabs the D under his waist and just CHUCKS him up and over the top rope and to the outside. He charges toward Klein, slamming into him with a shoulder block that sends Klein landing directly on top of Fission and Zack, breaking the hold.

DDK:

This has broken down here Lance! Hector has lost control!

Leo slides in and rushes toward GIGATON. This time, he lifts him off his feet and hits a ring shaking spinebuster. Giga slides outside. Klein then charges and knocks both Leo and Zack off their feet with a stiff running clothesline. Hector reaches out the ring and checks on the D, just as Leo and Zack tumble outside alongside him. GIGA is next as the quintet slowly rise to their feet. Klein in the ring rushes off the ropes, and the box man flyeth!

DDK:

Klein with a big leap over the top rope and just splashes everyone!

Lance:

Except the D! Who narrowly escapes.

Hector is too busy on the outside of the ring, as the D rushes around the ring and grabs something. He slides into the ring with a steel chair, and just as Fission stands. Hector still halfway out of the ring in shock at the pile of bodies from the Boxman.

DDK:

HUGE shot to Fission! Hector is a bit distracted!

However, the loud ring causes Hector to turn around immediately, just as a standing D tosses the chair into the corner. He looks at Hector, wide eyed, and then the chair, and then back at Hector. He immediately falls onto his back, playing possum.

Hector is having none of it, and rushes to the timekeeper's table.

Darren Quimbey:

The POP CULTURE PHENOMS have been **ELIMINATED** via a DISQUALIFICATION.

DDK:

How many times has this gone PCP's way, only for this time to bite them in their butts!

Lance:

Maybe it'll be a lesson that you shouldn't always take any and every shortcut you can just because the opportunity is there.

The D continues playing possum, as Hector just stands over him, looking incredibly disappointed. Klein reaches in and grabs the D, rolling him out. He even carries a limp D to the back. The D rolls his eyes as they continue the charade.

The D:

They didn't buy that, did they?

Klein:

No, they did not.

DDK:

And we are down to two teams! The Rain City Ronin, the no nonsense reigning Tag Team Champions, against the Atomic Punks. There is new blood at the top of this tag team division Lance!

Lance:

You ain't kidding!

As soon as he's on his feet, Zack Daymon quickly assesses the situation and slides into the ring.

DDK:

Zack Daymon isn't looking the gift horse in the mouth here! Right away, he goes for the cover on Fission!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR--NO!

Lance:

But just a second sooner, and this would have been over!

Daymon pulls Fission up by the head and leads him to his corner just as Burnett climbs to the apron, and a tag is made. Zack quickly puts Fission into a front facelock, setting him up for a tandem move... only when he looks back, instead of seeing his partner stepping through the ropes, Leo Burnett has mysteriously disappeared.

DDK:

Tag out to Burnett, but he gets PULLED DOWN to ringside by GIGATON! BIG LARIAT lays out the Iceman... and now Giga rolls into the ring!

Lance:

Something tells me he no longer cares about who's "legal" in this match. We're down to the wire, and the Punks can practically taste the gold!

Stunned, Daymon throws Fission's arm over his head, but receives a knee to his midsection before he can complete the suplex. Broken free from the hold, Fission runs off the ropes. Meanwhile, while sucking wind, Zack inexplicably stumbles into the arms of the rising GIGATON, who turns a full three-hundred and sixty degrees and BIELS the tag champ just as Fission takes to the air...

DDK:

Daymon sent FLYING by Giga... and NEARLY BROKEN IN HALF with a LEAPING BLUE THUNDER BOMB by Fission!

Lance:

That was incredible impact! Fission plucked Daymon out of the air and dropped him hard on his head, neck, and shoulders!

The Punks turn and face each other, and nod. Fission does a vertical leap, and GIGATON quickly throws his hands out to catch his partner by the feet and VAULT him into a high elevation backflip! Fission comes crashing down hard over the chest of Daymon as Giga turns to the crowd and pumps his arms in victory.

DDK:

ASSISTED MOONSAULT... and that puts Fission right into the cover! With the TAG TITLES at stake...

ONE!!

TWO!!

BROKEN UP by Leo Burnett!

Lance:

GIGATON seemed to be counting his chickens before they hatched, allowing Burnett to slide in at the last minute and make the save!

Burnett quickly pushes himself to his feet, attempting to swing away on both of the Punks with heavy forearms going left and right. But the Punks retaliate, and in seconds overwhelm the Iceman with a stereo onslaught of chops and

haymakers. They back the tag champion into the ropes and push him off...

DDK:

Here's Burnett, going into motion... runs right into a HURRICANRANA by Fission... and pops up with a DOUBLE STOMP to the FACE!

Burnett clutches his face in agony, while GIGATON hits the ropes...

DDK:

Wait a sec, here comes Giga... ATOMIC SPLASH ON LEO BURNETT! And he HOOKS THE LEGS...

...but NO COUNT!

Lance:

Because neither one is the legal man!

DDK:

Hector Navarro has had enough! He is shaking his head and putting his foot down, ordering GIGATON back to the apron!

Lance:

Wherever he is, Tim Tillinghast is wiping away tears of joy.

Giga begrudgingly abides by the official's demands, though not before first unceremoniously tossing Burnett's lifeless husk through the ropes and out to the floor. With the ring left to the legal men, Fission snags Daymon by the leg, drags him to the center of the ring, and extends it into an inverted single crab. Zack immediately begins ROARING in pain.

DDK:

Oh my, Fission has the ISO-TAP locked in place!

Lance:

This is the perfect opportunity to go for a submission attempt. Down to two teams, and the other partner is held in check. Fission has the ring to himself, and time on his side.

DDK:

He's torquing away at the leg! Zack Daymon looks to be in unimaginable pain! He could break at any moment!

Daymon covers up his head with one arm and reaches for the ropes with the other, shaking his head every time the official asks if he wants him to ring the bell. Fission leans harder into the crab, getting as much leverage as his lightweight body can get.

Long, arduous moments pass. Giga hovers on the apron, cheering on his partner. At ringside, Dr. Sato is doing likewise, excitedly rubbing her hands together. The crowd is at a fever pitch.

DDK:

We could be on the cusp of a major moment, ladies and gentlemen! The Atomic Punks know they're just within reach of cashing in on their Golden Ticket and becoming the new Unified Tag Team Champions! Nevertheless, Zack Daymon is fighting the hold for everything he's worth!

Lance:

Daymon has to make a move here! Every second he remains in that hold, the more work done to the knee, hip, and tendon. He has to ask himself, is it really worth the irreparable damage?

Navarro again asks Zack if he wants to end it, this time threatening to call for the bell himself. Denying this offer, Daymon's fists punch into the canvas. With an agonized roar, he suddenly PUSHES himself off the canvas. Before Fission can react, Zack Daymon tucks and rolls forward.

DDK:

Wait, Daymon POWERS OUT into a REVERSAL!

Lance:

He had to dig deep for that one!

The momentum sends Fission stumbling forward and embedded in the ropes. Daymon finds his corner and desperately drags himself over. Burnett, finally recovered, climbs back up to the apron and holds out his hand for the tag. Zack reaches, but before he can get there...

DDK:

RUNNING DROPKICK by Fission sends Burnett back off the apron! He cut him off at the pass!

Lance:

Zack Daymon is in desperate need to tag out! With that leg in that condition, he has no way of holding his own!

Fission peppers the tag champ with a series of fists before hurrying back to the Punks corner to tag out to GIGATON. Giga steps through the ropes, just as Daymon pulls himself to his feet with help from the turnbuckles in the opposite corner. Without delay, Fission takes his partner by the arm and sends him across the ring...

DDK:

Here comes Giga with an AVALANCHE SPLASH into the CORNER--NOOO!! Daymon FALLS TO THE SIDE just in time!

Lance:

Unfortunately, with Leo Burnett laid out on the ringside floor, he has no one to tag!

Giga winces while clutching his chest where the turnbuckles hit, but is only momentarily stunned. Holding the top rope for support, Daymon hobbles on one leg to the near corner and puts his back to the turnbuckles. GIGATON angrily charges after him.

DDK:

Daymon gets the boot up! Giga on rubber legs... now SKYFIRE pushes himself to the second rope!

Lance:

He's up against a hard place, but still finding ways to fight back!

DDK:

Daymon, diving off the turnbuckle for the TORNADO DD--NO!! GIGATON REVERSES into a SPINEBUSTER! And he HOOKS THE LEG!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--KICKOUT!! Zack Daymon hangs on!

Lance:

Even though that might have been his one and only chance to turn the tides back in favor of the Ronin. The sole surviving team of challengers are giving the champions a run for their money here tonight!

Spotting Burnett once more climbing up to the apron, Giga once again charges and knocks him to the floor with a running elbow strike. Then, with Dr. Sato giving directives from ringside, he goes to his corner to tag out to Fission.

DDK:

Tag is made! In comes Fission, and out goes GIGATON... wait, Giga moving to the middle of the ring edge!

Lance:

He's got Burnett in his sights!

DDK:

Leo Burnett almost up to his feet... and turns around to meet a DIVING SENTON OFF THE APRON from the big man!

Lance:

The Punks are absolutely relentless right now, utilizing their individual strengths and working together as a team to keep the Rain City Ronin from catching a break.

Giga stays on Burnett out at ringside while Fission controls Daymon, holding him by the ankle while working the afflicting leg over with more kicks to the inside. He flips Zack over and leaves him to push himself up on his own power while he himself runs into the ropes. The moment the tag champ is up to a knee, the rebounding Fission parkours himself off of it and claps his temple with his shinbone.

DDK:

RUNNING ENZUIGIRI by Fission! Quick takes Daymon by the legs again... JACKKNIFE PIN!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE--NOOOO, KICKOUT!! I THOUGH HE HAD HIM!

Lance:

It was close, Keebs... but Hector is confirming the shoulder came up in time!

Outside the ring, GIGATON takes Burnett by the head and introduces him to the ringpost. Between the ropes, Fission peels Daymon up once more and posts him up against the turnbuckles, laying chops into his exposed chest until Navarro orders him to back off. Shrugging his shoulders at the official, Fission takes Zack by the arm for the Irish Whi--

DDK:

RRRRRIPCORN LARIAT OUTTANOWHERRRE!!

Lance:

What a reversal! Zack Daymon snapped back to life in the eleventh hour!

Fission twirls through the air off the impact and lands in a heap. Daymon collapses next to him. Down at ringside, GIGATON takes notice of the sudden shift in momentum. The all but brief distraction is all Leo Burnett needs to rally himself forth...

DDK:

Wait now, on the outside... Burnett... SCOOPS UP GIGATON... BIIIIIG POWERSLAM on the RINGSIDE FLOOR!

Lance:

The Ronin are turning things around! This place is about to become unglued!

In the ring, Daymon rises up to his feet... and collapses immediately under the weight of his afflicted leg. Undeterred, he desperately crawls for his corner. Meanwhile, Burnett picks himself up from the ringside floor, and sees his partner making a go for it...

DDK:

Burnett sees what's happening! He's gotta get to the corner for that tag!

Lance:

Time is of the essence! Fission is shaking out to the cobwebs!

In a last ditch effort, Daymon uses all of his strength to push himself up and jump for the corner. At the same time, Burnett comes sprinting up the steps, and leaps.

Mid-air, their hands TOUCH!

DDK:

TAG IS MADE!!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

Burnett falls to the apron following his leap of faith, and quickly rolls in under the ropes. Fission is already in motion as soon as he gets to his feet.

DDK:

Here comes Fission... NO!! BURNETT CATCHES HIM WITH A TILT-A-WHIRL BACKBREAKER!!

The lightweight punk flops like a Fishion out of water, taking a favorable bounce to his corner. GIGATON quickly climbs up and tags himself in. He hits the ring and charges Burnett!

Lance:

Giga is back in the ring! He knows he has to put a stop to this fast!

DDK:

Burnett waiting with a clothesline... no, DUCKED by GIGATON! Giga has him by the waist... going for a GERMAN SUPLEX--

BURNETT FLIPS THROUGH TO HIS FEET!!

Giga's eyes BULGE as his feet suddenly leave the canvas.

DDK:

BELLY-TO-BACK SUPLEX by Leo Burnett! He is cleaning house right now!

Lance:

The Mad Science Queen's grand experiment is losing steam!

DDK:

Fission back up... and FISSION BACK DOWN following a NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX by Burnett that sends him across the ring! Now back to GIGATON, rising up once more... and BRINGS HIM BACK DOWN with a SIDE RUSSIAN LEGSWEEP!!

Leo Burnett storms to his feet, pounds his chest, and ROARS into the sky, drawing a huge pop from the San Francisco crowd! Sensing the end is near, he pulls GIGATON back up by the head and leads him to the corner.

DDK:

Burnett tags back out to Zack Daymon, as the Rain City Ronin look to put this one away! Leo getting underneath the mighty GIGATON now... and OH WOW, he's lifting him up into a Fireman's Carry!

Lance:

Unimaginable power on the part of Leo Burnett!

DDK:

Here goes Zack Daymon to the top rope--NO!! That LEG suddenly GAVE OUT!!

Daymon's legs collapse beneath him while perched on the top turnbuckle, causing him to painfully RACK himself! Burnett quivers under the weight of Giga, expecting his partner to dive off the ropes and relieve him of his burden by way of a badass tandem maneuver. Instead, in the moment of hesitancy, GIGATON slips off his shoulders.

DDK:

GIGATON breaks free now... and he's quickly joined by Fission! The Atomic Punks may have an opportunity here! Zack Daymon is stunned up on the turnbuckles, and now Leo Burnett finds himself alone against a double-teamed assault!

Burnett is ping-ponged between the Punks. A giant CHOP from GIGATON leaves him reeling. A low Kitchen Sink knee strike from Fission flips over onto his back. Then the latter notices Daymon seated on the top rope, and scrambles up to his level.

Lance:

I think the Atomic Punks have something BIG in mind!

DDK:

Could the SCIENCE EXPERIMENT spell SUCCESS tonight at Maximum DEFIANCE?!

Giga bends over and pulls Burnett up by the head...

...but almost as soon as he's on his feet, Burnett slaps on a three-quarter nelson.

DDK:

BURNETT COUNTERS WITH AN ACE CRUSHER!!

Lance:

Absolute desperation move!

GIGATON's eyes rolls back off the impact, and he falls flat onto his back like a mighty felled tree. On the turnbuckles, Fission is pulling Daymon to the top rope, setting him for a high-risk maneuver...

...when a FIST to his stomach suddenly doubles him over!

DDK:

Hold on, Daymon is recovered on the top rope... he's got Fission DOUBLED OVER...

...SUUUUPER TIGER DRIVER OFF THE TOP ROPE!! SUPER TIGER DRIVER, AND GOOD GAWD ALMIGHTY, HE SPIKED FISSION'S HEAD RIGHT ONTO GIGA'S!!

Lance:

Zack Daymon just SPLIT the ATOM the HARD WAY!

With what strength he has left, Daymon flops himself across the chest of the downed GIGATON and hooks the leg...

DDK:

ZACK DAYMON, WITH THE COVER TO RETAIN...

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

TTTHHHHHRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

DING DING DING

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

Daymon rolls off the chest of GIGATON and lies on his back, sucking wind. Burnett painfully helps him back to his feet, and the partners embrace in the moment. Hector Navarro hands over their championship belts and raises their arms. Daymon winces and favors the leg, but nevertheless stands tall in their moment of triumph.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... the winners of the match...

...AND **STIIIIIIIIIIIIII** UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS OF DEFIANCE...

ZACK DAYMON... LEO BURNETT...

THE RAAAAAIIIIIIIIINNN CIIIIITYYYYYYYY ROOOOOOOOONNNNIIIIIIIIINNNNN!!!

RRRAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

DDK:

The Rain City Ronin dared a host of challengers to come here tonight and attempt to take their titles! But against the odds, Daymon and Burnett have prevailed once more!

Lance:

It took grit, perseverance, and a bit of luck, but somehow, they managed to outlast three very hungry tag teams, all of whom knew exactly what was at stake here tonight.

DDK:

Give credit to the Atomic Punks, for surviving to the final round and taking this one right down to the wire! But with their victory here tonight, Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett have proven just why they are worthy of being recognized as

champions of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

No words; just wins.

DDK:

What lies in the horizon of the Rain City Ronin after this banner win? Perhaps we'll know more in the coming weeks... but for tonight, Daymon and Burnett will bask in their hard-fought victory, and Maximum DEFIANCE will continue! Still more matches to come!

The Atomic Punks collect themselves at ringside, Fission and GIGATON looking like accident victims and Dr. Sato shaking her head in dismay. Back to the drawing board.

Despite a nagging limp in Zack's leg, the Ronin walk tall on their way back up the rampway. On the stage, they turn to the crowd one last time, silently raise the belts, and bask in the reaction.

TIGHTER HANDSHAKE

Backstage, taking a walk... one by one... four shadows start their walk into the light.

Butcher Victorious. The Stick in one hand, can of Mic Dropz Energy in the other!

RRRRRAAAHHHHHH!

Janna Ray. Black paint under her eyes, blue headband adjusted,.

RRRRRAAAHHHHHH!

Punch Drunk Purcell. MMA gloves laced up. Blue and yellow boxing shorts tied up.

RRRRRAAAHHHHHH!

And finally...

The man from California, just a few hours south...

"The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy.

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!

As they walk in unison and with purpose, Punchy speaks up first...

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Honor Society... for MONTHS, I've done had to listen to all the crap I can stand from the lotta y'all. I let TA Black into my ear and into my head one too many damn times. Talkin' about how I was the weak link! Talkin' about how I was slummin' it with The Lads. Listenin' to Ned talk about how Cali's own Dex Joy is keepin' down guys like Butcher and me down just to stay relevant. And you wanna know how I know all that was a buncha bullshit, Neddy?

He looks at the group walking alongside him.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Because never... not once... did Butcher... did Janna... and did Dex EVER try to leave my side. I got in my own head over something at DEFCON that, looking back, weren't even our faults. We knew we had DEFCON won and one day, we WILL square up with them goddamn Familia fellas, but tonight... tonight, boys, YOU done pissed me off for the last GODDAMN time! I will NEVER let anyone like Honor Society tell ME what I'm worth 'round here. I know what I am! I'm a husband! I'm a father!

Purcell bumps fists with each one of The Lads.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

I'm a friend... but tonight, I ain't worried 'bout no pay window... tonight, I'mma be the FURTHEST thing from a friend. One of y'all is getting ROCKED by this right hand and I don't care which... someone gettin' shut the hell up!

Butcher's turn.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK!

Butcher taps the side of his head with said Stick.

Butcher Victorious:

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

He takes an extra-determined sip from his Mic Dropz Energy.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... GOT MIC DROPZ ENERGY FOR AN EXTRA KICK! AND TONIGHT... BUTCH VIC DOESN'T JUST WALK WITH THE BUTCH... VIC... CLIQUE! TONIGHT, BUTCH VIC... walks among FRIENDS! I don't care if that don't rhyme. It's the truth, regardless. Tonight, we got each other's backs no matter what!

Janna Ray is next.

Janna Ray:

I haven't been here too long... but everywhere you look in DEFIANCE Wrestling, whether it's the Familia ... Blood Diamonds Honor Society ... Vae Victis ... Everyone around is going to the dark side. So what happens when everything around you is going dark? You need people willing to stand up to all of it. You need people who love to fight! Now did I get into this business to be a superhero? No, not at all! I came into this business because while rugby was fun, it wasn't what I wanted to do forever. This right here! All around me! This is what I wanted to do. Some of us here are still good ... and no matter how much the Honor Society tried to twist us, all they did was make that Lads handshake a little tighter and a little closer. I haven't been here long, but from someone that helped train me in Big Dex ... from two friends like Punchy and Butcher ... I can tell you you can't break us no matter! Our friendship is stronger than that fragile egg-head of yours, Doc!

Shaking hands with fellow Lads, Dex Joy gets the loudest pop of the group! The Triple Crown winner speaks!

Dex Joy:

PALLIES, PALLIES, PALLIES, WE'RE GOING BACK TO CALI, CALI! GOING BACK TO CALI!!!

That unmistakable big booming voice is through the halls!

Dex Joy:

AND TONIGHT ... IN FRONT OF FAMILY, FRIENDS AND FELLOW LADS, YOU ARE GONNA SEE THAT WHEN IT COMES TO DEALING WITH BIYAS LIKE THE HONOR SOCIETY ... **THE LADS** ARE GONNA SHOW OFF OUR HARVARD DEGREE! LET'S GO!!!

They take one final walk down the hall as they get ready for the fight ahead.

THE HONOR SOCIETY vs. THE LADS

DDK:

What a show we have seen so far and it promises to only get MORE amped-up from here! Coming up next, we have eight-person tag team action! The Lads are out for payback in a big way! The team of "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy, Punch Drunk Purcell, Butcher Victorious and "The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray take on The Honor Society! And I'm told it will be taking up for their team will be Doctor Ned Reform, his star pupil TA Black, and Weighted Grade!

Lance:

There's gonna be a LOT of humanity in that ring in mere moments and there's also going to be a LOT of bad blood! This all started in the shadow of DEFCON. The Lads were downright cheated out of a win against Titanes Familia. They quickly worked to pick themselves back up, but TA Black would go on a recruitment drive to try and get Punch Drunk Purcell into the fold!

DDK:

Despite some wins by The Lads including a tag victory over The Lucky Sevens, we have seen Punch Drunk Purcell down on himself and not able to put the DEFCON loss out of his mind. TA Black saw in and for weeks, he and Ned Reform preyed on it. The Lads had enough of this and took the fight back to the Honor Society in the weeks following.

Lance:

But two weeks ago on DEFtv, The Honor Society changed the game! Ned Reform challenged Punch Drunk Purcell to a boxing exhibition, only to lay a trap! Purcell was brutally beaten and when The Lads tried to intervene, they met the same fate!

DDK:

Following that attack, we know that The Lads have just been recently cleared as of yesterday. We don't know for sure that they'll be 100%, but I guarantee you that when they're standing across from The Honor Society, they won't be shaking hands, as they like to say... tonight, they'll be throwing hands. But will that be enough to overcome the numbers and the cunning of The Honor Society?

♪ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♪

The house lights turn purple as the Honor Society's theme begins to blare. As the Faithful begin a fresh round of jeers and boos, the intimidating figures of Weighted Grade appear on the ramp. Horrigan folds his arms and scowls while Owens smiles and punches his fist into his hand. The two men begin a slow walk toward the ring.

DDK:

Tonight will be the true test of not only the Honor Society as a collective, but the strength of the newfound bromance between Ned Reform and TA Black!

Lance:

Earlier today, I became privy to some interesting news... apparently Ned Reform has told TA Cole to sit this match out and watch from the backstage area!

DDK:

We've seen growing frustration on Cole's part around TA Black supplanting him as Ned's right hand man, and I gotta wonder how well this is gonna sit!

Finally, three more people walk through the curtain: TA Black, smiling and looking as energetic as ever. Sweet Saunders, dressed professionally and smiling as he presents both men to the San Francisco Faithful. And Ned Reform, doing a little two step dance and hamming it up for the people who despise him so much.

DDK:

Somebody is in a good mood!

After making their way down the ramp, TA Black jumps up on the apron first and sits on the middle rope, motioning for

The Good Doctor to enter the ring. Ned shakes his head no and HE sits on the middle rope, telling TA Black it would be HIS pleasure to hold the ropes open. This goes on four more times, with both men insisting to the other.

Lance:

I'm going to be sick.

DDK:

But is this friendship? Or suspicion? I don't understand this relationship.

Finally, both the Sacred Lamb and the Mad Gadfly agree that they'll both enter at the same time. They do, joining Weighted Grade in the ring. Reform calls a quick huddle to talk strategy as their theme slowly fades out. We can't hear what he's saying, but we can see TA Black nodding enthusiastically and repeating every word.

**SHAKE
HANDS
BECOME
LADS!!!**

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends?" by WAR ♪

One by one, DEFIANCE's Friendliest Four step out from the back.

"The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray, throwing her hands up in the sky!

"The Microphone Fiend" Butcher Victorious! The Stick in one hand and his sponsored Mic Dropz Energy in the other!

Punch Drunk Purcell! The big bald man doesn't seem to share their festive mood. Janna signals for Punchy to smile and he does, though half-heartedly...

The finally... "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOY!

The big man holds out his hand and on the stage, Purcell takes his hand as Butcher and Janna shake...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

And different shades of blue and yellow pyro explode on stage!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... at a combined weight of 892 pounds plus One Brick House... They are the team of BUTCHER VICTORIOUS... PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL... JANNA RAY AND "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOY... **THE LAAAAAADDDDDSSSS!**

With all four wearing the matching blue "Shake Hands Or Throw Hands" t-shirts, the determined foursome head down to the ring.

Lance:

The Lads like to play and they like to fight. Tonight against The Honor Society, I suspect that we're going to see a lot less of the former and a LOT more of the latter.

DDK:

For several weeks after that DEFCON loss, TA Black continued to try and get into Purcell's head, but when it was clear he wasn't going to partake of The Honor Society Kool-aid, so to speak, The Honor Society viciously assaulted The Lads!

Butcher Victorious has The Stick in hand and holds out a hand.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK!

He looks to the San Francisco Faithful.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK!

Then he points towards the entirety of The Honor Society in the ring.

Butcher Victorious:

And tonight... tell 'em, Punchy!

Punch Drunk Purcell grabs the microphone.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

It don't rhyme, but Y'ALL GETTIN' A COUNTRY-SIZED ASS-WHOMPIN' TONIGHT!

The four hit the ring and right away, all eight in the ring take a friendly trip near the water near Pier Six!

DING DING

One by one, the members of The Lads and The Honor Society pair off! TA Black goes after The Brick House, TA Roosevelt and TA Horrigan pounce on Punchy and Dexy Baby respectively, leaving Ned Reform to attack Butch Vic!

DDK:

The time for talk is over! We're starting this one off in a big way and I don't think that we're going to see too much catch-as-catch-can here tonight!

Sure enough, Butcher Victorious has a headlock on Ned Reform!

Lance:

Hey, maybe you're wrong, Darren!

Then Butcher follows up with punches to the dome of The Good Doctor!

Lance:

I withdraw my last comment!

But before he can take any more punches, Ned pushes Butcher into the corner and nails him with a flying elbow strike in the corner! He starts putting uppercuts to the jaw of Butcher! All across the ring, Horrigan has Dex in the corner with boots while TA Roosevelt throws elbows to the head of Punch Drunk Purcell! TA Black takes the t-shirt from Janna Ray, revealing some tape around her midsection! Janna hits TA Black with a kick to his ribs, but a future target may have been exposed!

DDK:

There it is. Janna Ray's a tough, tough woman. She played rugby and she's one of the more physical stars we've seen in a while, but injuries will no doubt play a part tonight!

TA Black throws another kick to the midsection. He takes The Lads t-shirt, he blows his nose on it and then throws it outside the ring! The Faithful boo him, but they get louder when Ned Reform and TA Black meet in the middle of the ring...

And mock The Lads handshake!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

The Honor Society are showing what they think of The Lads and their friendly demeanor!

Behind them, Weighted Grade are laughing and start to mock them as well, but never finish the handshake because Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell push the big men into each other! Ned Reform and TA Black both spin around to see what's happening before they get turned around and blasted with HUGE clotheslines by both Butch Vic and Janna Ray respectively!

DDK:

Referee Rex Knox is having a hard time keeping things together! There hasn't even been a traditional tag yet!

The Lads now all have members of The Honor Society pinned in the ropes on all four sides of the ring! Janna Ray has Black in the ropes, along with Butcher Victorious having Ned Reform in the ropes! TA's Roosevelt and Horrigan are both held back by Purcell and Dex respectively! Dex points out to Purcell.

Dex Joy:

Take it away, Pally!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Hit the bag!

And all four members of The Lads use Punch Drunk Purcell's Hitting The Bag to rain down clubbing forearms on the chest of The Honor Society! The Faithful count along with each shot!

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

And after the combos are completed, The Honor Society members all get clotheslined over the ropes and sent to the floor to LOUD applause!

Lance:

How's THAT for solidarity with Punch Drunk Purcell! Dex, Butcher and Janna have told Purcell they have his back!

DDK:

And now what are they doing?!

With The Lads in the ring, Butcher gets a handshake from Dex... then gets LAUNCHED over the ropes with an aided tope con hilo over the ropes to take down TA Roosevelt just as he tries to stand!

DDK:

That's a new one! Shake Hands and THROWING Lads!

Janna Ray adjusts the tape on her midsection, then wants the next one up. Dexy Baby shakes hands with his protege... then LAUNCHES her through the ropes with a huge assisted tope suicida through the ropes on top of TA Horrigan!

Lance:

Unique offense on display by The Lads tonight! This is wild!

Purcell and Dex are the only two left... but before they get any wise ideas, both Ned Reform and TA Black are back at it! They both shove Dex Joy into Purcell so the two big men meet skulls! The heaviest hitters of The Lads are stunned on their feet as Purcell slips into the corner.

DDK:

Smart of The Honor Society to use The Lads' size against them! They whip Dex Joy into the corner!

After The Biggest Boy lands in the corner, TA Black taps the side of his head.

TA Black:

Let's show him the power of ACADEMI-YEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

Ned Reform appreciates the enthusiasm, at least. TA Black grabs Ned Reform by the arm and whips him towards Dex Joy. Everything is on queue for a double-team...

Except for the part where Dex WALLOPS him with a huge clothesline out of the corner first! Ned rolls out from the ring and TA Black tries to put his hands up to The Biggest Boy.

TA Black:

Uh... um... truce? Shake hands and be... guys who don't harm one another?!

DDK:

The attempted double-team backfired and now TA Black's trying to beg off!

He stands up and puts a hand out to try and sway The Biggest Boy. The Faithful are pleading for Dex to kick his ass, but Dexy Baby is a kind man at heart and shakes hands! Then he follows that up by catching TA Black's foot when he tries to take another cheap shot! Dex casts a glance that reads "really?" He turns TA Black around who is still hobbling on one foot and then pushes him into the corner of The Lads!

Lance:

Finally, some order restored!

The other members of The Honor Society are all regrouping towards the corner while The Lads are ready to go in theirs. The tag gets made to Janna Ray! Dexy Baby and The Ray of Sunshine both crouch into a tackle position as TA Black tries to stand. The wrestler Formerly Known as Rezin gets TRUCKED right over with a massive double three-point tackle!

DDK:

What a double-team there! Dex with that football background and Janna Ray with that rugby background of hers!

TA Black's luck goes from bad to worse when Janna Ray hits the ropes and comes back just as he tries to sit up with a running somersault senton!

TA Black:

BLEGHK!

Janna Ray favors her bandaged midsection, but then makes the tag to Butcher Victorious! The Faithful respond big to The Microphone Fiend as he gets up. TA Black is holding onto his own midsection when he stands up only to get rocked with a left jab to the side of the head! He reels back and takes a second shot, followed by a third before Butcher spins around and SMACKS TA Black upside the head with a huge discus punch!

DDK:

Butcher Victorious is now taking the fight to TA Black as well!

As TA Black tries to get him, he finds himself the victim of a headlock!

Butch Vic:

Grab a hold, brother!

TA Black:

Do you have t...AHH!

The headlock tightens as Butcher runs towards the corner and bulldogs TA Black's head directly into the buckle! TA Black reels backwards while Butcher climbs through the ropes and heads to the middle rope. Janna reaches over near ringside and then hands him a drink of Mic Dropz Energy (Feedback Freeze flavor). He takes a sip and then kicks his feet!

Butcher Victorious:

MIC DROPZ! PROUD SPONSOR OF BUTCH VIC! TAKING A SIP!

He hands the can of and then SMACKS the star pupil of The Honor Society under the chin with a flying European uppercut!

Lance:

Throwing uppercuts and paying bills! Butcher Victorious has become quite a businessman!

Butcher goes for the first cover of the match!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

TA Black kicks out, but he shakes his head frantically when Butcher makes the tag to Punch Drunk Purcell! The tank-like Georgian climbs into the ring with TA Black still trapped in the corner! From the opposite corner, Ned Reform has a sour look on his face watching his star pupil get picked apart while Weighted Grade try looking for an opportunity to get into the ring.

Lance:

Ooooooh, no, and now here's where the issue started between these two!

TA Black is reeling, but Punch Drunk Purcell is ready to hurt him.

TA Black:

PUNCH!! PUNCH!! C'mon, now, just LISTEN for a second, Punch?! LISTEN to ME now! Look, Punch, can we forget all about those nasty comments about how I said you were the wink link? Clearly, I was WRONG, Punch! Clearly, you're the STRONGEST of ALL LINKS, Punch! Which is why I'm giving you this ONE FINAL CHANCE, Punch... to TURN on these deadweight losers that have been dragging you down, Punch, and become the STAR PUPIL of the HONOR SOCIETY!! Doesn't that sound GREAT, Punch? YES?? YES?? YEEEEAAAAAAHH!! Wait... NO! NO, PUNCH!! Putting your FISTS into MY FACE is NOT how you DO THIS, Punch! OW! OW, PUNCH! OWWW!!!

Purcell responds by firing off a number of alternating body blows in the corner and then finishes the combo with a big bionic elbow to the top of the head! The Faithful cheer for Punchy as he backs up and The Lads support their friend as well. Purcell grabs him and hits TA Black with a big atomic drop to the knee! Black lets out a howl when Dex nails him with a right, followed by Janna and followed by Butcher!

DDK:

Everyone's getting their shots in! Sharing is caring when you're a member of The Lads!

The Round Mound of Ground and Pound charges back towards the corner and CRUSHES Black with a running back splash! Another "BLERGH!" sound erupts from his mouth before he gets smacked from a huge turning clothesline to the canvas!

DDK:

Punchy with the 1-2 Combo! The Lads are taking TA Black apart!

Lance:

He's getting what he deserves for trying to drive a wedge between The Lads!

Purcell then goes for the cover on TA Black to wrap things up!

ONE!

TWO!

Broken up by The Good Doctor with a boot!

Lance:

Smart of Ned Reform to make that save!

Purcell stares out at The Mad Gadfly. Janna Ray reaches out and makes the tag while the referee starts to make it to the top rope.

Lance:

TA Black is down and Rex Knox is still trying to get Ned Reform out of the ring.

Rex Knox:

Leave! Now! Or you're getting disqualified!

Ned Reform:

No need for tone! I just wanted to teach this bumpkin a new word... Diversion!

TA Roosevelt and TA Horrigan both back up The Good Doctor, forcing Dex and Butcher to go after the two of them! As Janna Ray gets on the top rope to finish the job on TA Black, out of nowhere, the lovely TA Sanders appears out of nowhere and SHOVES the powerhouse off the top and sends her crashing to the canvas! Janna Ray is reeling right now while Dex and Butcher realize what's happening! Reform rolls out of the ring and heads back to his corner, tapping the side of his head with an arrogant smirk!

DDK:

Lance! The Honor Society distracted the rest of The Lads from seeing his plan! I don't know where TA Sanders came from, but she PUSHED Ray off the ropes!

When TA Black comes around and realizes there isn't anyone else there to punch, headlock or squash him, he sees Janna Ray in pain on the canvas. He looks over to see an eager Ned Reform, arm outstretched and cackling with glee. With a proud smile, Reform's new favorite pupil eagerly tags the hand of his mentor. Black ignores Knox's request to leave the ring and he and The Good Doctor both send Janna off the ropes, meeting her on the rebound with a double flapjack!

Lance:

And here it is. The newfound bromance between Ned Reform and TA Black on full display.

Black exits the ring while Reform uses the bottom to choke Janna. He breaks it at four, but sets her up on the middle rope. He hits the opposite ropes and rebounds back with a big leapfrog body guillotine! He doesn't get off her back, however - instead he simply stands up! While holding the top rope, he presses down with his feet and drives Janna's neck further into the cable!

DDK:

Behind all that pomp and hot air, Ned Reform can be a sadistic in-ring competitor. We've seen it before!

Again, The Sage on the Sage breaks the choke at the four count, but he follows up by leaping forward over the top rope and catching Janna square in the face with a fist before he lands feet first onto the ringside floor. He turns to ham

it up to the booing front row Faithful.

DDK:

The Honor Society seems to be focused on isolating Janna Ray, and as I have to admit it isn't the worst strategy!

Reform tags in TA Horrigan and holds Janna up for Horrigan to get a free headbutt that rocks her back to the canvas. The Lads begin to stir the crowd to try to encourage her to battle back, but Horrigan shakes his head as if to say "that ain't happening." Instead, he grabs her in a fallway slam position, but instead of tossing her, he rams her back first into the turnbuckle before roughly tossing her aside like garbage!

Lance:

Dominance by the big Bobby Horrigan... but he's too busy jaw jacking with the crowd and he might want to look behind him!

While Horrigan questions the crowd as to who exactly the man is, a broken Janna Ray crawls toward the Lads corner! The Honor Society barks a warning at Horrigan, and he turns around to grab her leg and drag her back juuuuust before she hits Butch Vic's outstretched hand!

DDK:

Janna Ray needs to find a way to her corner or this match is over, partner.

Horrigan tags in TA Owens, and together Weighted Grades send Janna into the ropes, meeting her on the rebound with a big double back body drop!

Lance:

I think Janna Ray's feet almost scraped the ceiling on that one!

Horrigan exits to his corner, leaving Rosie Owens to eye like broken Janna Ray like a hungry predator. First, he cruelly steps over and drives his five hundred pound weight directly into her spine. Not satisfied with that, he grabs her by the hair and laughs as he lifts her up and puts her right back down with a behemoth body slam. He says "it's over!" before hitting the ropes and looking to rebound with a splash that is likely to break something in the poor woman...

DDK:

NO!! Janna Ray rolls out of the way! The ring just SHOOK!

Lance:

This is the opening she needs!

The Faithful are on their feet as The Lads lean forward and stomp their feet to urge Janna Ray to make the tag! Owens holds his back in pain but begins to roll his way toward the Honor Society corner. Ray pulls... and pulls... and pulls...

DDK:

Owens gets the tag to Reform!

Lance:

But Janna is so close to Dex Joy's hand!

Summoning all her strength, Janna Ray pushes herself up to being on all fours, and with a last gasp of desperation he flies forward toward Dex...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

NO! Ned Reform cuts it off, nailing Dex with a right hand and sending him off the apron and preventing the tag!

Lance:

And look! TA Horrigan and TA Black snuck around and pulled the legs out from under Butch and Purcell!

Reform grins sadistically as he draaaaags Janna Ray back to the center of the ring before maintaining his hold on her leg and dropping several elbows right on the joint! He lays Janna down across the middle rope before turning to mock The Lads who have just climbed back up on the corner. In anger, all three men prepare to charge but Rex Knox cuts them off and warns them against it. With the ref's back turned, TA Black slides in like a snake and chokes Janna against the rope! He releases just as Knox turns back to the action.

DDK:

As vile as it may be, The Honor Society is working like a well-oiled machine tonight!

Lance:

One has to wonder how Levi Cole feels watching this backstage!

Reform whips Janna Ray into the corner with as much force as he can muster. She hits with a THUD as her back meets turnbuckle, and she stumbles out in pain. Reform, meanwhile, has hit the ropes and charges back at her, flying through the air and catching her right in the jaw with a flying headbutt!

DDK:

Equivocator! Reform covers and this one may be over!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO!

Lance:

DEX JOY breaks up the count!

The Faithful LOVE it, but Rex Knox does not. He immediately barks at Dex to get back into his corner, and again TA Black takes full advantage of the distraction, sliding into the ring and butting the boots to Janna. Ned joins him and the pair stomp away as a frustrated Dex Joy gets back on the ring apron. Knox turns and Black makes like an Amaretto and vanishes. Reform smugly stands over Janna, turning to the crowd and basking in their vitriol. He exaggeratingly uses his thumb to brush his nose three times like a pitcher about to strike someone out before pulling Janna to her feet.

DDK:

I think Reform is looking to end it here, and I think it might involve dropping Janna Ray on her head!

Keebler's prediction proves true as Reform hooks her for his Syllabuster brainbuster. The Honor Society break into applause as a smiling Good Doctor lifts her into the air...

Lance:

Not so fast!!

...but Janna Ray escapes and slips down the back, taking Ned over with an EXPLOSIVE GERMAN SUPLEX OUTTANOWHERE!

Lance:

What amazing strength by Janna Ray!!! How much did that take out of her though?!

The rest of the Lads are all waiting with their hands out and hoping to be able to help Janna make that big breakthrough. Luckily for Ned, he lands near his corner and tags TA Horrigan. Horrigan climbs in and he grabs

Janna's boot!

Lance:

No, no, no!

Horrigan swings at Janna but the Lass of the Lads ducks the clothesline attempt. She grabs his hand and puts a foot up to his jaw before she falls back and hits an inverted stomp face breaker!

DDK:

Janna Ray with the Best Foot Forward! That'll jack the jaw!

Janna jumps up ...

"RRRRRAAAAAHHHHHH!!!"

Lance:

And all of San Francisco is fired up to have the Biggest Boy make the Biggest Tag!

Dexy Baby starts and he tags Bobby Horrigan with big elbows to the head and then runs TA Horrigan into the corner. The Biggest Boy runs at the corner where Horrigan is, but Horrigan is able to shoot Dex on his shoulders but he lands on the apron. Horrigan turns around to eat another elbow the face, and then Dexy Baby takes to the skies with a slingshot shoulder tackle back into the ring that wipes out Horrigan!

DDK:

Good grief! We ask this every time this man competes, but how does Dexy Baby do everything he does?

TA Roosevelt climbs into the ring to the aid of his partner and Dex moves out of the way of a big body block. Roosevelt keeps running the ropes with Dex hitting a drop down on the canvas. When he comes back up, Dex jumps up and knocks down the massive wall that is TA Horrigan with flying cross body when he returns! Dex gets up and shakes the ropes with lots of energy – of the Big Dex Energy variety and every person in the stadium is on their feet!

Lance:

No! Ned Reform is back!

Trying to take advantage of Dexy's state, Reform hits him in the back of the head with an elbow and tries to rain down the shots. He kicks Dex and then tries a fame asser but the former FIST of DEFIANCE moves and then comes off the ropes with a big shot gun drop kick!

DDK:

THERE GOES NED REFORM!!! HE JUST GOT KNOCKED OUT OF THE RING!!!

TA Horrigan is back up and takes a scoop slam followed by a falling head butt! Dex gets a bright idea next and goes to the ring ropes. The massive Dex slides over the top rope to get to the apron and then climbs up before he hits Jump for Joy on Horrigan!

DDK:

Dex Joy hit Jump for Joy and that's exactly what the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful have done!

Joy makes the cover!

One ...

Two ...

DDK:

No! TA Black makes the save first!

TA Black starts throwing clubbing shots with both hands across the back of Dexy Baby trying to soften him up! Dex gets back up and TA Black is frozen in place when a very angry and very volatile Dex grabs his hair!

Dex Joy:

Time to eat canvas ... hey, these hair plugs are pretty thick.

TA Roosevelt comes out of nowhere to the save of Black by pulling Dex's legs and pulling him to the floor!

DDK:

TA Black was about to get what was coming to him had it not been for TA Roosevelt!

Trading shots outside the ring, TA Roosevelt and Dexy Baby continue their fight. TA Roosevelt lands a head butt on Dexy and that gives TA Black the opening to jump over the ropes with a somersault plancha that wipes out the Biggest Boy!

Lance:

And that distraction led to TA Black being able to take over!

The two TA's work together to get Dexy Baby up before Roosevelt flattens Dex against the ring apron to soften him up! He smashes him into the apron a second time and then rolls him under the ring towards TA Black's corner.

DDK:

And there goes TA Black! He's up top!

The rest of the Lads watch on when TA Black climbs to the top rope. Ned Reform makes the tag just before the wrestler formerly known as Rezin jumps off ...

Lance:

There's the Rehabsault! TA Black and Ned Reform laid out Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell with this combo!

Ned Reform poses with a finger on the side of head and jumps off in the middle of the ring to hit the Scholar and Elbow!

DDK:

SCHOLAR AND ELBOW!!! WILL THE HONOR SOCIETY TAKE THIS ONE?!

The Mad Gad Fly hooks the legs of the Biggest Boy!

ONE ...

TWO ...

MIC DROPZ DROP TO BREAK IT UP!!!

DDK:

BUTCH VIC SAVES THE MATCH QUICK!!!

Lance:

THAT MIC DROPZ ELBOW WAS ON POINT!!!

Butcher gets back and starts talking some smack to the Good Doctor, but TA Horrigan enters the ring and hits a clothesline to get him out!

Ned Reform is still feeling pain from Butcher's own diving elbow drop, but Reform gets to his corner. TA Black goes over to help the Good Doctor back up and capitalize on the advantage they still have!

DDK:

Reform got rocked by that elbow but Black helps him back up!

Lance:

And Black has Dex where he wants him!

The Triple Crown winner gets his arm snagged by TA Black while Ned Reform grins. He points towards Dexy Baby and goes for the Equivocator ... only for TA Black to eat it instead!

DDK:

Oooohhhhhh!!! That flying head butt was meant for the Biggest Boy and instead he smacked TA Black!

Reform's eyes almost bulge out of his head when he realizes his error! Dex looks over and he sees Punch Drunk Purcell ready to accept the tag ...

TAG!!!

Lance:

OH, NO! THIS LOOKS BAD FOR THE GOOD DOCTOR!

Purcell CHARGES like a freight train and takes down Ned with a big running clothesline! After he runs The Good Doctor clean over, The Round Mound of Ground and Pound rushes towards TA Horrigan on the apron and he ROCKS him with a spinning back elbow that knocks him clean off the apron! His attention is back on Ned Reform who tries to cut off the big man with a big clothesline, but Purcell ROLLS underneath the shot and hits the ropes before he swings and also smacks The Good Doctor with a swinging back elbow!

DDK:

Look at Punch Drunk Purcell go! He's had his fill of The Honor Society!

Lance:

And The Lads are cheering him on!

From the ring apron, the rest of The Lads watch as Ned Reform tries to pick himself up, only for Punchy to charge again and knock the former SOHER over the ropes and out to the floor! In the ring, Dex Joy joins him along with Butcher and Janna Ray! All four of The Lads look out to all sides of the arena with Dexy Baby leading the charge...

WHOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Butcher and Janna Ray both shake hands and then they both run off in opposite directions as Butcher SMACKS TA Horrigan with a Hard Out Headbutt, knocking him off the apron! On the other side, Janna Ray sees TA Black trying to get into the ring, only to SPEAR him through the ropes and take them both out to the floor!

DDK:

MY GOD! JANNA RAY JUST TOOK OUT TA BLACK WITH A SPEAR THROUGH THE ROPES! SHE CALLS THAT INTO THE LIGHT!

After they have been dealt with, Dexy Baby and Punch Drunk Purcell both look to one another...

Dex and Punch:

WHOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Then they hit the ropes from different directions! Purcell SAILS through the ropes sideways with the grace of a Laz-E-Boy being thrown out a window, but CRASHES into Ned Reform outside the ring! Dexy Baby goes THROUGH the ropes with the WHOA-PE to take out TA Roosevelt!

HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

THE LADS JUST TOOK OUT EVERY MEMBER OF THE HONOR SOCIETY! EVEN PUNCHY!

Shouting to The Faithful, Purcell YELLS out and then throws Ned back into the ring as The Lads regroup in the ring! Ned Reform looks all around him!

DDK:

No more TA Black! No TA Cole! No TA Roosevelt or Horrigan!

Lance:

Purcell promised a knockout! Are we gonna see it?!

Purcell grabs Ned by the arm...

POP-UP...

BOOM!

DDK:

PUNCH DRUNK LOVE! NED REFORM IS **OUT!**

Ned CRUMBLES to his knees and then slumps forward to the canvas with his arms dead at his sides! Purcell rolls him over and hooks the leg with determined fashion! The Lads regroup back into the ring to ensure none of The Honor Society can interfere!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends?" by WAR ♪

Darren Quimbey:

HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS OF THE MATCH... **THE LADS!**

Hobbling back into the ring with bad ribs and all, Janna Ray is helped by Butcher while on the other side, Punch Drunk Purcell and Dex stand side by side with the official raising their hands!

DDK:

That had to feel oh-so-good! For months, The Honor Society tried to widen a rift between Punch Drunk Purcell and the rest of The Lads! For months, Ned Reform was trying to cast aspersions about the character of The Biggest Boy! But

here tonight, The Lads pick up a HUGE win tonight and at least for tonight, they've shut up The Good Doctor!

Lance:

This match looked like it could have gone either way, but that last salvo by The Lads wiped out The Honor Society and their teamwork and more importantly, their friendship endured!

With The Good Doctor still on the ground looking up into the setting sky, each of The Lads take a turnbuckle and jump up to celebrate with The Faithful! Replays from the match start to play out while Darren and Lance describe the action!

DDK:

Things were starting to look great for The Lads who came out swinging, but eventually some cheating would allow them to isolate Janna Ray! But the former rugby player gutted it out! She fought back against the odds and suplexed Ned Reform out of his boots!

Lance:

And late in the game, Dex Joy cleaned house with Punch Drunk Purcell coming in to finish the job!

Back to present time, TA Black is outside the ring and he looks pretty incensed. TA Horrigan is holding his face after suffering the Hard Out Headbutt and TA Roosevelt is slumped in anger, sitting at the edge of the barricade! And just as they do so, they take their leave from the ring! Butcher is helping Janna to the back and as this is happening, Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell both start discussing something privately. They both turn back to face the camera as they head halfway up the ramp and both make a simultaneous belt gesture around their waists!

Lance:

Wow! That gesture might have been clear enough!

DDK:

Indeed!

The Lads take their leave when the camera returns to the ring. The Honor Society remain there.

NO

As the Lad's theme begins to fade out, astute viewers at home - and those in the arena - begin to notice the Honor Society is still in the ring. TAs Black, Horrigan, and Owens stand over the spread eagle and still KO'd form of Ned Reform.

DDK:

The Honor Society might have to scrape their leader off the mat, Lance.

Ned's eyes begin to flutter open and he puts his head up. It seems to slowly dawn on him that the match is over - and that he was not on the winning side of it. Gingerly, the Good Doctor moves into a seated position.

TA Black:

DOC!!

Reform looks over to TA Black. Some gullible fool at ringside has bestowed upon the self-styled Sacred Lamb with a microphone.

TA Black:

WE LOST, DOC!! We LOST!! I KNOW!! It's INCONCEIVABLE, Doc! INCORRIGIBLE, Doc! Even INCONGRUENT... I think... DOC!!

Bereft with the lingering shame and humiliation of defeat, TA Black aggressively shakes his head.

TA Black:

But DOC... if there's ONE THING you TAUGHT ME, it's that every MISHAP -- every BLUNDER -- EVERY CATASTROPHE, Doc, is simply an OPPORTUNITY to LEARN and NEW and VALUABLE LESSON, Doc!

Reform doesn't take stock of the three men around him - TA Black wearing what could best be described as a sly smile and Weighted Grade looking particularly grumpy.

Lance:

Back to the drawing board for ol' Ned Reform, it seems.

DDK:

I don't know, Lance... something seems very OFF about this right now...

Ned gets back to a vertical base... he stumbles for a second but then he rights himself. He takes a deep breath... and then he notices something about his comrades. He smiles warmly at them... but he only gets a scowl in return from TA Horrigan.

TA Black:

As INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORS, Doc, it's ONLY NATURAL to USE this unfortunate turn of events toward OUR advantage! It is our DUTY, DOC... to UNDO this DISGRACE... and RESTORE our HONOR! And thankfully -- GRATEFULLY -- MIRACULOUSLY, Doc... I KNOW JUST HOW to MAKE THAT HAPPEN!

Perplexed, he turns to Rosie Owens who stares back with a stone-face. Reform looks back and forth between the two men and they get just a little bit... closer.

DDK:

Wait... what is going on here?

Finally, Ned turns to his prize pupil. The Good Doctor appears to be demanding an explanation and looking for a friendly face... but all he gets is a wide and fairly offputting smile. As Reform's eyes go wide, TA Black begins to shake his head back and forth. And while we can't hear him, it doesn't take a lip reader to figure out the single word that

escapes his lips.

TA Black:

No.

AND WEIGHTED GRADE ATTACK!

DDK:

What... what is going on here!?

Lance:

I NEVER thought I'd see... The Honor Society is attacking its leader!!

Owens and Horrigan put the boots to the Good Doctor who tries in vain to cover up. TA Black watches the assault unfold for a few moments before turning away, shaking his head, and raising the microphone...

TA Black:

♪ BRIGHT Cool-ledge YEARS, with PLEEAA-SURE RIFE! The SHOOR-TEEST, GLAAD-EST YEEAARS OF LIFE!
♪

As Black croons to the crowd, Rosie drops to his knees and slugs away at the Good Doctor's head. Bobby holds the top rope for extra leverage while he drives down more stomps.

TA Black:

♪ How SWIIIFT-ly YOU are GLI-ding BYYY! Oooh WHY does TIME so QUIICK-LYYY FLYYY!?! ♪

Lance:

This is... this is...

DDK:

I'm also at a loss for words, partner!

The Faithful mostly stand dumbfounded... they're all for seeing Ned get his ass kicked, but something feels slightly... off about this. They do make some noise, though, when a familiar face emerges from the back, sprinting down the ring like the pure athlete that he is!

DDK:

It's TA Cole!

Cole slides in the ring and barks at Weighted Grade, who momentarily stop their assault and back away. Cole looks angrily at TA Black, who continues to stare starry-eyed into the crowd and sing away.

Lance:

This might be a "I told you so" moment for Cole... he's had issues with Black and Reform's relationship for months and now it appears Black is a turncoat! Weighted Grade might be doing the handiwork but he's orchestrating this attack!

TA Black:

♪ The SEEAA-sons COME, the SEEAA-sons GO! The EEAARTH is GREEEN, or WHIIITE with SNOOOW! ♪

Reform rolls over and puts his hands on Cole's knees, pulling himself up to kneeling position.

TA Black:

♪ Buuut TIME AND CHAAA-AA-AANGE SHALL NAAAUGHT AAA-VAIIILL!!! ♪

Ned looks up at his first ever Honor Society recruit with eyes full of hope...

TA Black:

♪ Tooo break the FRIIEE-HE-HEEEND-SHIPS FOOORMED AAAT YAAAAAALLLEE!!! ♪

...and is met with a TA Cole slap across the face!

DDK:

My God!

Reform recoils in shock and has no time to even think about defending himself when he's deadlift up to a standing position and DRILLED into the mat with a gutwrench suplex!!

TA Black:

JUST TAKE IT, DOC!! TAKE IT WITH PRIDE!! It's FOR THE GOOD of US ALL!! EVENTUALLY, Doc, you'll UNDERSTAND!! They'll ALL UNDERSTAND! DOC!!

Cole takes Ned's hands and Horrigan takes his feet and they make sure he is stretched out on the mat as far as he can go... just for Roosevelt Owens to bounce off the ropes and land SQUARE on Ned Reform's body with all his weight!

TA Black:

Because right now, the HONOR SOCIETY can ONLY SUSTAIN under NEW LEADERSHIP, Doc!! **MYYY** LEADERSHIP!! Because THROUGH YOU, Doc, I have LEARNED what it takes to bring our esteemed colleagues to the NEXT LEVEL!! THROUGH YOU, DOC, I have FINALLY REALIZED what it TAKES to bring this PHOENIX to SOAR HIGH from the ASHES of your FAILURES!!

Reform cries out but can't move... prompting Owens to do it again!

TA Black:

I am the STUDENT who has become the MASTER!

Again!

TA Black:

In fact, from this point on... I will refer to myself as **HEADMASTER BLACK!!**

Again!

TA Black:

HEADMASTER of THE HONOR SOCIETY, EMERITUS VESUVIUS NON GRATA PAX OODOOVAY!!

When The Honor Society finally let him go, Ned curls up in a broken ball but otherwise doesn't move.

DDK:

I'm still... I'm sorry I don't have something more insightful to say here, folks, but I am flabbergasted at this turn of events! TA Black has staged a coup!

Lance:

He even turned Levi Cole, Ned Reform's most loyal soldier, against The Good Doctor! How??

One by one, the members of the Honor Society exit the ring. TA Owens curls his nose in disgust before stepping through the ropes. TA Horrigan shakes his head in pity.

TA Cole looks down on the Good Doctor, and lingers...

And lingers...

...and finally, exits the ring, looking like he's fighting back tears.

Alone in the ring with the Good Doctor, TA Black's face fills with anguish. He falls to his knees before his benefactor, mentor, and guide to a lifestyle of REFORM, and openly weeps.

TA Black:

Doc... DOC... DOC!! ...I KNOW this hurts, Doc... and I KNOW how EASY it will be for you to think that this was some sort of BETRAYAL--but DOC, as your GREATEST STUDENT and MAGNUS OPUS, I know -- I hope -- I fricking PRAY -- that YOU will find it in your logic core to understand, Doc, WHY this had to be! The Honor Society was STAGNATING, Doc! As a LEADER and FIGUREHEAD, Doc, you've LOST the FAITH of our COLLEAGUES!

The smile that spreads implies that the setting on TA Black's brain is stuck somewhere between sheer joy and utter madness.

TA Black:

But TRUST ME, Doc... as your GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT in the field of WRESTLING and ACADEMIA... I WILL NOT FAIL your LEGACY, Doc!! I will take your CREATION to HEIGHTS of GRANDEUR the LIKES of WHICH you have NEVER CONCEIVED, Doc!! And I'm DOING IT FOR YOU, Doc! ALL FOR YOU, DOC!! YOU and ME, DOC!! I mean... ME, ESPECIALLY, YES, but ALSO YOU, to like MAYBE A MARGINAL DEGREE, but YOU'RE IN THERE, DOC, TRUST ME, DOC!! TRUST ME!! Trust... me...

Reform's rubbery arms do their best to push him off the canvas. Black takes ahold of his smoothened dome, looks him in the eye, and plants a kiss on the Good Doctor's forehead.

TA Black:

As you taught me, Doc... carpe diem.

Morose, Black pulls away and rises to his feet.

TA Black:

So save your breath and be still, my friend.

Black pitches the mic, and takes a bounce off the ropes. Reform, again, attempts to push himself up to--

DDK:

CURBSTOMBPFF!!!

The crowd reacts with a painful "OOOH!" sound. Ned's body flops spastically in the mat, partly by involuntary reaction, partly by outright pain.

With his face as blank as the sky on a day of overcast, Black bounces off the ropes again...

DDK:

CURBSTOMP AGAIN!! GOOD GOD!!

Reform goes limp. Black stands tall and emotionless, before extending his arms into a Christ-pose.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

The newly anointed "Headmaster Black" looks back at the unmoving body of Dr. Ned Reform. He clenches his eyes shut, fighting back a flood of emotions... and with a shake of his head, quits the ring as EMTs and medical staff run

down the aisleway.

DDK:

I can't believe what we've just seen, ladies and gentlemen! TA Black has just sprung a MUTINY over Doctor Ned Reform!

Lance:

I can't help but think this is all an act of karma for the Good Doctor. After all, the reformed "Rezin" is a product of his own creation. But still... as reviled as Dr. Ned Reform may be here in DEFIANCE these past few years, it seems almost strange to think of the Honor Society being out of his control.

DDK:

Good point, Lance... opinions notwithstanding, the Honor Society has always been HIS group... under HIS leadership! Can they really thrive under the newly self-appointed "Headmaster Black"? Or were these merely the machinations of a master manipulator?

Lance:

I shudder to think of what Headmaster Black has planned...

DDK:

As for Dr. Reform... folks, we have medical staff checking on his condition right now. Allow us to take a quick break before the next match to assess the situation as needed. Rest assured, we'll have an update on Ned's condition as soon as we know what's

Headmaster Black joins the remainder of the Honor Society on the stage, now joined by the adjunct members of the DOPE, as well as a perplexed Sweet Saunders, who does not look pleased with the situation. Black and the members of Weighted Grade BOW to the crowd, earning a chorus of jeers, while Maximum DEFIANCE moves elsewhere...

DUGOUT BRAWL: MALAK GARLAND vs. ???

Oracle Park is picturesque as a packed house of fans are frolicking about. Many are at the concession stands, buying beverages and San Francisco Giants themed DEFIANCE merchandise alike. In fact, the majority of the Faithful in attendance are sporting the event exclusive GIANTS lettering themed DEFIANCE t-shirt. All eyes and focus shifts to Darren Quimbey, standing in the ring next to Mark Shields.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, this bout is the DUGOUT BRAWL! If you're able, please turn your attention to the visiting dugout.

Most of the people with good vantage points lock onto the visitor's dugout. It's mostly empty. There's some production crates here and there but otherwise, most of the baseball tools have been cleared out. Suddenly, smoke emerges from the underbelly of the dugout, escaping to the open air. Those lucky enough to afford floor seats are enticed as someone is about to make their grand MAXDEF entrance right by them.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, for one night only they are hailing from Phoenix, Arizona, weighing in at two hundred and ten pounds, he is the Snowy Serpentine Savant, please welcome MALAK GARLAND!

♪ *"Big Dawgs" by Humankind* ♪

The beats to the notorious rap song rings throughout the stadium as Malak Garland walks out of the visitor's dugout wearing **Arizona Diamondbacks** gear. This gets mega heat right off the bat, no pun intended. His garb includes a number 52 jersey with his surname stitched on the back. His trunks, pads, boots and wrist tape are all complimentary color combinations of sedona red, teal, black and white. He leans down to the closest camera recording his entrance as San Francisco acts annoyed towards the divisional rival gesture.

Malak Garland:

Number fifty two of the Diamondbacks. Shout out to my long lost cousin, Jon Garland. Represent, yo.

DDK:

We didn't have to wait long to get an immediate slap in the face from the always reliable Malak Garland. Look at him, gawking at all these Giants fans. Does he even realize he just stepped into enemy territory wearing a division rival's gear no less? It would be something else if he decided to rep the Tampa Bay Rays or something but this is obviously intentional and distasteful.

Lance:

I'm sure Malak feels like his back is up against the wall, Darren. He's on a massive losing streak. He didn't think he would be included on the card tonight. He went from main eventing as the FIST to becoming a complete and utter afterthought, or so he thought until two weeks ago when the Favored Saints informed him this match was signed for tonight. Or rather, you told the world that, DDK. My point is, to Malak, showing up in Diamondbacks gear, in the stadium of their hated nemesis puts himself into his own fragile sympathetic position, *in his eyes*.

DDK:

All true, Lance. I had to find a ring crew worker backstage just to offload Malak's phone after that. No way I was going to be responsible for holding onto that electronic device for any longer than needed. Who knows what sorts of slanderous materials are saved on that thing.

Malak basks in the downpour of hate, making sure he flashes his Diamondbacks gear to any eyeballs directed his way. He makes the winding trek through the fans until he hops the barricade and rolls into the ring. The music fades but that doesn't stop Malak from looking around ominously, wondering who his delectable, hand crafted opponent is.

DDK:

I want to point this out now too, that Mark Shields IS in the ring, ready to officiate this matchup. Needless to say,

there's been friction between Malak and him since the W's have dried up. It'll be interesting to see if they're still on the 'same page' tonight.

After a few moments of suspense, the lights go out. People woo and awe before a spotlight casts itself on the San Francisco Giants dugout.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, if you're able, please turn your attention to the home dugout.

♪ *"John Wick" by Why-S* ♪

DDK:

Y-You've got to be kidding me!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the opponent, FROM THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO—which might have to be fact checked, weighing in at six thousand two hundred and forty four pounds, HE IS THE HITMAN'S ASSASSIN, THE KILLER'S CLEANER, THE SKELETON KNUCKLER, HE IS THURSTON HUNTER!

Thurston Hunter, all one hundred seventy pounds of his soaking wet frame pops out from the home dugout, wearing **San Francisco Giants** gear, which obviously garners cheap pops like mad. He's wearing a number 25 Barry Bonds jersey, naturally. A quick pan shot back to the ring shows Malak is CONFused at first. He doesn't know what to make of the appearance of one of his longtime lackeys, especially considering he's just been upstaged by a hellu awesome reveal, so he walks over to Mark and they have a really close, really private conversation. They have to be shoulder to shoulder because of the insane reaction Thurston is getting but let's be real, it's the Giants merch, NOT the wrestler eliciting the mega deal response here. Thurston slaps hands with whoever is willing as he makes his way to the ring. Like the star he pretends to be, he steps through the middle ropes and takes charge of the ring.

DDK:

The mystery opponent is Thurston Hunter! Conspicuous at first, I immediately thought this might be a plant but looking at the slight muscle definition he has from probably trying to train for the first time in his life, and the affinity for the home team he has, I think Thurston Hunter might be here to legitimately compete for himself tonight! What a spot if that's the case!

Lance:

Everyone, and I mean EVERYONE is using the rub from Malak Garland to advance their own star status now. This is another level though, because Thurston was a blind monkey within Malak's ranks.

Even Mark Shields is a little impressed and no one cares about his opinion. Nonetheless, before things settle down and the match starts, Thurston demands a microphone. He takes Quimbey's before the announcer leaves the ring.

Thurston Hunter:

People of Fan Srancisco! Can I get a 'GO GYYY-ANTS!' chant!? Haha.

Thurston turns to Malak, eyeing him up and down.

Thurston Hunter:

Malak. I see you there. Listen. I am going to street fightD you all around town tonight. To that dugout and that dugout and heck, even those dugouts over there in the outfield!

DDK:

Those are bullpens. This is supposed to be a dugout brawl, not a bullpen throwdown.

Thurston Hunter:

Who am I kidding? Malak, you know I adore you! I am here for one reason and one reason only! I'm ready to DO THE

JOB for your greater mental health, MG!

Malak cracks a grin. There it is.

DDK:

I would like to revise the statement I made mere moments ago about Thurston not being a plant by Malak. I feel immense shame and stupidity at the moment. I'm sorry everyone.

Thurston Hunter:

Tonight is your night, buddy. You get to have a HUGE showcase in front of all of these homeless bay area nimrods. It was I who requested this match with the Favored Saints. I feel so delightfully tickled with tiny little bruises all over my body that they obliged. So let's get to this thing already!

Thurston marches around the ring like an idiot as Malak JOYOUSLY celebrates. It almost seemed as if Malak wasn't entirely sure what side of the fence Thurston was initially on. Finally, with all the lights back to normal and entrance theme music faded away, Thurston discards the microphone. With the two wrestlers standing across the way from one another, the only other person in the ring, Mark Shields, calls for the bell.

DING DING

The first thing Hunter does is rip his Bonds jersey to shreds. It takes a couple tries but he finally gets there, looking like a mean machine in the process. Malak does the respectful thing with his jersey, unbuttoning it and setting it aside. He wouldn't dare wreck a vintage Jon Garland jersey. That's his heritage we're talking about here after all.

DDK:

Let's settle in and see what this showcase is all about, folks.

Garland and Hunter circle each other numerous times. They finally lock up squarely in the center of the ring! Malak pushes against Thurston HARD but the smaller of the two competitors doesn't budge. That was weird. Malak gathers himself up again and tries to overpower Thurston who is entangled in the lockup. Yet again, Thurston doesn't budge. One more time! Malak pushes up against Thurston with all his might. It's no use. Instead, Thurston THROWS Malak halfway across the ring, nearly landing on his head. The crowd is shocked to say the least.

Thurston Hunter:

Whoa. I've never done that before.

Lance:

Wh-what just happened!? I thought we were here to see a showcase of Malak? Thurston Hunter just tossed the former champion aside like he was nothing.

Confused and rattled, Malak deliberates from his caboose. He looks up at Mark Shields who is stunned as well. Thurston looks down at his arms as if asking them if they really just did that. Malak gets up, none to worry, dusts himself off and pokes Thurston in the chest.

Malak Garland:

What the hell was that? Thought you're supposed to make me look good!

Thurston Hunter:

I am, boss, I am! I don't know what came over me! But to be honest, your grappling skill felt a little soft. I didn't mean to overpower you. Let's try it again, okay?

Nodding, Malak locks up with Thurston again as this collar and elbow tie-up lasts an even shorter amount of time as Thurston immediately hip tosses the former FIST aside. Malak is quick to rise, laying in some forearm shots to Thurston's clavicle but it doesn't seem to have any effect!

Malak Garland:

What is going on here!? Have I lost my touch?

Mark Shields:

It would appear so. You kinda suck now. Maybe even washed. Think about retirement? I know an investment guy.

Malak Garland:

DO SOMETHING, MARK! DON'T JUST GIVE ME NOTHING BURGERS FOR ADVICE!

Malak naturally makes this someone else's problem as he confronts Mark Shields in front of the capacity crowd. Mark is unsure what to do so he walks over to Thurston Hunter.

Mark Shields:

Can you try less, please? I have a lot of money riding on this outcome both legally and illegally.

Hunter seems to agree as Malak pushes the zebra aside. They exchange blows, Thurston seemingly getting the upper hand so he Irish whips Garland off the ropes and flings Malak into the air with a shoulder toss! The throw is so vicious and with so much velocity that Malak completes a full somersault in the air, smacking the canvas face first!

Thurston Hunter:

Shoot! I am so sorry, guy! I've never had the momentum in a match like this before, so I'm not sure what to do! I am just acting on impulse!

DDK:

I think it's safe to say Thurston isn't trying but yet somehow he still is DOMINATING Malak Garland in the early goings of this match. Hunter might be a terrible pro wrestler but this speaks to the kind of slump Malak has been in. He can't even get some offense in.

Thurston decides he's done too much damage so he lays down on the mat.

Thurston Hunter:

Here Malak, just pin me! Take the glory.

Garland crawls over and drapes an arm across Hunter's chest. Mark Shields slides down to count.

ONE!

Hunter suddenly gets a tickle in his nose.

TWO!

It's an unbearable type of feeling in his nostrils.

THR-CHOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Hunter kicked out because he sneezed!

The first few rows of the stadium laugh as the match continues. Malak looks at Mark who is holding up two fingers.

Malak Garland:

What the? How?

DDK:

Even when Thurston tries to get beat, he can't even get it right. This is comical.

Enraged, Malak starts pushing Thurston around.

Malak Garland:

You are an EXPLETIVE failure of a person. You're the type of scum that gets stuck on the soles of my boots. Nay, you don't even deserve that. You deserve to be down in the sewers with the mutant reptiles named after renaissance painters! You are worse than scum! You are pure chud skeet!

Malak keeps pushing and pushing Thurston around. Hunter gets backed into a corner where he receives a slap across the face for his troubles. The crowd reacts viscerally to Malak's palm connecting against Hunter's cheek.

Thurston Hunter:

You shouldn't have done that. I was trying to take it easy on you! But you just covered my face in tiny little bruises! Now I am going to kill you! Now I am RAGING! RUAHHHH!

Upping his strength attribute to eleven out of ten, Hunter, with the rage of the Gods, begins pummeling Malak backwards. Stunned and shellshocked, Malak has no defense. Eventually, Garland spills out of the ring, forced to take a powder as Hunter seethes in the ring. Malak checks his face for blemishes as he shouts to Mark Shields in the ring.

Malak Garland:

MARK! Are you going to let him treat me like that!? DO SOMETHING!

Mark throws his hands up in the air.

Mark Shields:

What do you want me to do? HE'S the one outwrestling YOU! Half my bets might hit if I let this happen!

Malak refuses to get back into the ring so Thurston dives over the top rope and connects with a huge tope con hero! Hunter grabs the Jon Garland jersey resting innocently on the apron nearby and begins choking his newly found adversary with it!

DDK:

Look at the rage in the eyes of Hunter! He's, he's, dare I say he's kicking some serious tail right now!

Hunter throws the jersey into the crowd, to be presumably burned at a distillery establishment after the show.

Thurston Hunter:

I'M GOING TO KILL HIM! THIS IS GOING TO BE MY SHOWCASE NOW!

No one has seen this side of Thurston Hunter before so no one is sure whether to take him seriously or not. Regardless, the Street Fighter Fighter begins dragging Malak towards the HOME DUGOUT.

Lance:

Here we go, Darren! You wanted a dugout brawl? We're about to get one!

The two wrestlers arrive at the top step of the dugout. Malak is dazed as Thurston throws the former champion into a few columns of sports drink buckets, sending colored liquid skyward!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Malak lays amongst the wreckage, soaked from head to toe in glorious electrolytes.

DDK:

Those were nearly full jugs of thirst quenchers!

Thurston stalks down the steps, measuring his opponent. He consults the equipment cubbies and retrieves a bat. He holds it up to the crowd.

DDK:

That's not just any bat!

Hunter begins kissing the tip of the wooden bat.

Thurston Hunter:

TORPEDOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

It's a torpedo bat! That's apparently a big deal! You can hit way more home runs with those!

Hunter clubs Malak over the back with the bat. Garland crumples in pain. Hunter winds up again and clubs him once more! And another time just for good measure before tossing the bat aside. A chant of 'GIANTS' breaks out through the crowd as Hunter hangs from the top of the dugout roof before slamming an elbow drop to Malak's cold, empty heart! Mark Shields dives in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Malak kicks out at the last second. The men rise from the sticky floor before Thurston tosses his foe into the bench. A tub of bubble gum falls onto Garland. Meanwhile, Hunter finds some umpiring gear to don.

DDK:

He's got a mask and a chest protector on! What's he going to do!?

Thurston grates Malak's face against the mask's cage. He then takes a few steps back.

Thurston Hunter:

STRIKE FOUR, YOU'RE IN!

He lunges at Malak for a spear. The Snowy Serpentine Savant dodges the incoming attack at just the last minute, letting Thurston thud into the wall head first!

Lance:

That could have been lights out for Malak but instead, he's got a moment's reprieve. Maybe this is what he needs to turn the tide in his favor?

DDK:

But even when he had the momentum or at least even footing, Malak hasn't been able to capitalize. It's as if he's stagnant.

Thurston is hurt badly in the corner of the dugout, discarding the umpire's equipment in the process. Suddenly, someone steps out on stage. Everyone's attention is turned there.

DDK:

Who is that?

Cyrus Bates walks out with concern painted all over his face. He watches from the elevated stage, peering down into the dugout.

Cyrus Bates:

Malak? Malak, are you okay?

Garland looks up, as dazed as ever. Blood trickles out of his mouth thanks to those bat blows he took to the back. He tries not to cough but it only causes the blood to bubble up more.

DDK:

Oh no, Malak looks to be in a bad way too. Internal bleeding for sure.

Lance:

Thurston must've hit the sweet spot.

Bates watches with madness and concern pasted on his face.

Cyrus Bates:

Come on, Malak! Turn it around! You're better than this! Don't prove your detractors right!

DDK:

I think it's poignant here to indicate that Cyrus Bates is out here supporting his longtime friend, during a time when it seemed like Malak has had no one in his corner recently. Also, I watched the segment back on DEFtv where Malak got assigned this match. I did notice there was a shadowy figure backstage that was lurking, watching. I wonder if Bates is one in the same.

Lance:

Probably was, Darren!

Malak locks eyes with Cyrus. There is his longtime buddy, standing high above him, like a big, bold, bald, beautiful 'Angel of Momentum' floating there, infusing him with determination and much needed mojo to unpack and carry onward.

Malak Garland:

I'm going to EXPLETIVE him up. Watch this.

Garland rises. Hunter cowers. Shit is about to hit the fan.

DDK:

LOOK AT THE DETERMINATION ON MALAK'S FACE! I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM LIKE THIS BEFORE!

Garland grabs Hunter by the scruff of the collar.

Malak Garland:

Welcome to the playground of pain, bitch!

SMACK!

Garland slugs Hunter across the face with a full frontal closed hand punch. Hunter is rocked multiple times as Malak drags his prey over to the VISITORS DUGOUT.

Malak Garland:

Thurston Hunter Pence, I HATE YOU! I HATE THE SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS! I HATE PEOPLE!

Malak gorilla press slams Thurston into the dugout bench. He finds a Diamondbacks batting helmet and cracks it over Hunter's skull, breaking him wide open. Malak drops it for something *e/*se. He unsheathes a bat from a bag and now it's his turn to hold it high. Except, this bat isn't made of wood. It's aluminum as it shines in the stadium lighting.

DDK:

Uh oh. Someone can do serious damage with a weapon like that!

Lance:

Forget Dugout Brawl, this is soon to turn into a massacre!

Malak pads the bat in his palms like he's Casey Jones about to smash some Foot dummies into oblivion. He winds up and slams the bat into Hunter's exposed ribs. Everyone reacts with a shudder. Hunter's busted open both externally and internally now as blood drips down his face and spouts out of his mouth.

DDK:

Malak is sick! He just returned the internal bleeding favor to Thurston!

Malak drops the bat. It makes a clang on the ground before he snatches Hunter by the hair, leading him to the roof of the dugout.

Lance:

Piledriver on the dugout roof! And then a running powerslam! DDT! Three moves in succession, all concentrated on Hunter's heck and neck! Garland is ruthless!

Multiple red stains remain where Hunter's head connected to the dugout. Malak gets up, feeling mighty confident. He looks at Cyrus who gives him the final nod of doom. Malak pulls out a rosin bag and pours its contents on the dugout roof.

Lance:

Are those glass shards!?

DDK:

It appears so!

Malak picks Thurston up and pulls at his opponent's waistband before delivering a jumping spiked piledriver into the shards below.

DDK:

BRINICLE! BRINICLE! BRINICLEEEEEEE! HE NAILED IT!

Malak hooks the leg for good measure as Mark Shields slams his hand to count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!!!!!!!!!!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner, MALAK GARLAND!

DDK:

An unbelievably brutal match!

Malak rises from the corpse of Thurston Hunter and has his hand raised in victory. He looks menacing even though there's glass stuck in his rear. He does look like he's gotten his mojo back though. Mark Shields tends to the fallen Hunter who might need a stitch or seven. Atop the dugout, Malak watches as Cyrus Bates climbs on over. The referee

and downed opponent get out of sight as Malak stares Cyrus down on a platform high enough for everyone in the stadium to witness.

Lance:

What's going to happen here? Malak finally gets off the schneide and it seems he finds himself in a standoff with his former? Partner? I don't know. These two haven't interacted in quite some time.

Cyrus gets nice and close, posturing up the smaller former champion. A moment passes.

Malak Garland:

Are you going to decapitate me?

Bates wraps his arms around Malak. Then Malak does the same back to the big man. They embrace, much to the dismay of the crowd chanting for Cyrus to knock Malak's block off.

DDK:

They're hugging it out! Could this be a galvanization of the OG Comments Section getting back together?

Malak nuzzles into Cyrus' bountiful pectorals. The safety. The serenity. The softness.

Malak Garland:

YOU'RE SO BACK!

Cyrus Bates:

I never left.

Shit guy, shit. What an ending.

Lance:

Look at Malak, basking in the boos with a smug looking Cyrus Bates! They are dancing in the hate, Darren!

DDK:

I hate to say it but I fear for what's on the horizon for DEFIANCE with those two toiling together. Former tag team champions. There has to be more to this for sure.

Garland jumps up on the shoulders of Bates before being carried off the field, celebrated like an icon he thinks he is.

WAIT FOR IT

After a quick break the scene goes backstage where Malak Garland is sky high and Cyrus Bates just entered their locker room. Garland takes a moment to celebrate and dance a snowflake dance outside in the hall before he reaches out for the handle and opens the door-

SLAM!

Another hand comes into frame, slamming the door shut in the process.

The hand is then suddenly around Malak Garland's neck.

Tyler Fuse:

So now you're "back"? Shut the hell up. I told you, when I am done with you, I am going to **end** you. Now get into "our" locker room and watch what I do to that arrogant talentless hack Elise Ares, and imagine your face on her body.

Fuse looks Garland up and down. Garland looks like a deer in the headlights.

Tyler Fuse:

I am so god damn sick of your shit, how you go from clinically depressed one minute to **TOTALLY BACK** the next. I swear to you, I am going to rip your god damn head off.

Garland remains a deer in the headlights.

Tyler Fuse:

We aren't done. Mark my words. After I finish Ares off, I'm coming... for YOU.

Fuse lets go of Garland and storms away, while the Keyboard King hunches over and tries to catch his breath. Nobody inside The Comments Section locker room saw this, they're all likely waiting to celebrate with Malak.

As Tyler storms away, there is a figure in the far, far distance. Dan Ryan is watching, or merely caught a glimpse of everything since he also has a match coming up soon and it would make sense for him to be roaming about.

The scene fades.

ELISE ARES vs. TYLER FUSE

DDK:

I'm looking at what's next on our schedule, Lance... and I think the big question is can a San Francisco Street Fight also take place in a dugout?

Lance:

With these two, anything is possible. Elise Ares and Tyler Fuse DO NOT like each other.

DDK:

It all started when Tyler Fuse sent a message to PCP, planning their FIST of DEFIANCE celebration, letting them know he had inside knowledge on why Elise has not been given her shot at the FIST.

Lance:

Well, the only inside information Tyler Fuse had was why he hates Elise Ares.

DDK:

A verbal joust between these two escalated into Tyler Fuse using a can of mace on Elise Ares and blinding her, therefore causing her to lose to Uriel Cortez, then defeating The D on the next DEFtv while Ares was still blinded.

Lance:

She may still be blinded now, right? I mean have we seen Elise since DEFtv?

DDK:

That's a very good point. You have to wonder if Ares has full vision for her match tonight, but one thing is for certain, she's going to show up. Let's take it down to the ring with Darren Quimbey.

The scene cuts to DEFIANCE's longtime ring announcer standing in the middle of the squared circle facing the hard camera. The San Francisco Faithful cheer as he begins his cadence.

Darren Quimbey:

The following matchup is a San Francisco Street Fight and is scheduled for ONE FALL!

ONE FALL!

The Faithful cheer for themselves after a boisterous Darren Quimbey impression, but their joy is quickly snuffed by the sound of a 300 Violin Orchestra.

♪ "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero ♪

Within moments, dressed in black jeans and a "GOOD, YOU?" t-shirt, Tyler Fuse appears-

THWAK!

The Faithful erupt into cheers again as Tyler falls onto his knees. Standing in his place is Elise Ares, holding in her hands the warped remains of what was once the Platinum Shovel. Her LED sunglasses read "GAME" and "OVER" scrolling across before she raises the shovel again and strikes it across the back of Tyler Fuse, silencing all 300 Violins. Inside the ring, Darren Quimbey takes a deep sigh and the bell rings to start the match, as neither competitor makes it down to the ring.

DING DING

DDK:

Elise is wasting no time tonight, Lance! Attacking Tyler mid-entrance!

Lance:

A far cry from the usual pomp and circumstance. We got the scepter but no throne.

DDK:

Don't speak too soon!

Almost on queue, the platinum throne begins to rise at the top of the entrance. Elise hoists Tyler up off the floor, tossing the platinum shovel away in the process. Pointing at the throne as it rises, the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE guides her enemy towards her next target and goes to whip Tyler into her chair, but it's reversed!

Elise crashes head first into her throne but it doesn't budge. Her LED sunglasses are crushed under her own body as she attempts to push herself back up but a running dropkick slams her face right back into her throne. Fuse rolls his shoulder and is not as fast as you'd expect getting back up, obviously still feeling the effects of those hard surprise shovel shots. He grabs the head of Ares and slams it into the throne over and over again as Benny Doyle finally makes it to the action from where he was standing in the ring.

DDK:

It looks like Elise Ares had a plan here... but maybe this isn't what it was.

Lance:

Say what you will about Tyler Fuse. Recovering that quickly from a surprise attack from Ares has to mess with her head. She had a game plan, she executed it, and it almost immediately failed.

Fuse has Ares' head pinned against her own throne with his boot before letting up just long enough to kick her in the back of the head. Snatching Ares by her hair, Tyler begins dragging one half of PCP down the stage and towards the ring.

CRASH!

Not before hurling her into the left side of the guardrail.

CRASH!

And then throwing her to the other side!

Fuse looks up and sees a boy holding a 'I (HEART) ARES' sign. Fuse rips it out of the kids hands, the young man looking no older than six or seven.

The crowd hates what they see but Tyler isn't bothered. However, the papercuts Fuse going to give Ares across her head certainly are going to bother her.

DDK:

This is gross! I can't watch!

Like a hot knife through butter, Fuse slides the edge of the Ares sign across her forehead. He's making indents each time, new little 'wrinkle' lines on the top of her head, while showing a rare emotional response.

Grinning. :)

With numerous papercuts into Ares' forehead, Fuse goes to hand back the sign (which is now dripped in blood) back to the child.

Before ripping it apart and tossing it on the ground!

More boos, of course, follow.

Lance:

Listen, Tyler Fuse is a sick son of a bitch. We all remember the battles he had with Jack Harmen? Well, we better. The man booby-trapped a car with thumbtacks on the steering wheel and pushed Harmen's hands AND head into it!

Lance needs a moment to recover.

Lance:

Amongst many other terrible things.

Meanwhile, Tyler continues to throw and kick Ares down the rampway as they arrive closer to ringside.

When Ares pops up from out of nowhere and throws Tyler into the apron with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex! The crowd is stunned, not only because of the raw desperate power the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE just showed but the fact she appeared from the dead.

Ares is on a knee and Tyler leans against the apron. It's back to anyone's game while Benny Doyle looks on.

Ares is up and charges at Fuse... but Fuse reaches under the apron and pulls out a baseball bat!

WHAM!

A shot to the stomach connects!

Ares bends over, trying to catch her breath, while Tyler raises the baseball bat above his head and SWINGS down like Aaron Judge.

Or Rafael Devers since this is in San Francisco.

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

SWOOSH!

DDK:

NO! Ares rolls out of the way at the last possible second!

Lance:

He was going to crack her ribs with that shot, partner!

DDK:

He was going to put her in the hospital, that's what he was going to do!

There's still time. Because Tyler is now in the proper baseball position and is going to take the hardest swing possible at her head.

Elise spins around and Tyler goes for the shot.

SWOOSH!

Ares ducks and rolls out of the way but the second she's back on her feet Tyler doesn't let up.

CRACK!**DDK:**

Dammit! Holy shit, dammit!

It wasn't the FULL BLOWN, home run swing he initially went for and missed the first time, but it definitely wasn't nothing, either. Fuse connects the baseball bat on Ares' spine. At first, she doubles over, then falls to her knees and finally collapses.

Not even moving.

Fuse discards the bat. He lifts the limp Elise Ares and throws her into the ring.

DDK:

The match doesn't need to be won inside the ring, Faithful. However, we are going there.

Tyler follows suit and Elise hasn't flinched.

Lance:

She might have a collapsed lung, or something.

DDK:

Let's hope it's the "or something".

Fuse lightly, mockingly kicks at Ares who hasn't done a thing. Until, eventually, she shows signs of life.

...By coughing up blood.

There is grave concern that swoops over the crowd as Tyler sees blood start dribbling from Elise's mouth.

DDK:

This match is over.

Lance:

I think so.

Fuse watches Ares struggle tremendously but by god she is trying to get on her knees. Once on them, though, Fuse bounces into the ropes and completes a missile dropkick straight into the temple.

The lights are out and he flips her over.

DDK:

We've got a pin, thank god he's not going for more offense...

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The stadium comes ALIVE as Fuse methodically cracks his head. If he's rattled, he isn't showing it. And why should he? Elise Ares has thrown up blood all over the canvas.

Tyler gets to his feet. He looks down at Ares, then over to the shovel and throne at the top of the stage. Fuse rips off his t-shirt and hurls it into the crowd. He leans down so he can get to a closer ear shot.

Tyler Fuse:

You're a fucking joke. Everything you do becomes a joke.

Tyler 'sarcastically' kicks Ares in the side of the face.

Tyler Fuse:

When I'm through with you, you'll be banished back to those... what do you call it... cinema matches?

Fuse leans forward and runs his hands through the blood Ares is continuing to cough up.

He smirks.

Tyler Fuse:

Naa, this is cinema.

The OG Player stands. He looks into the crowd as the San Francisco sun is only now beginning to set. Fuse points down at the fallen Elise Ares.

Tyler Fuse:

I DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING MORE! I DON'T HAVE TO ABIDE BY STREET FIGHT RULES!

He cracks his neck.

Tyler Fuse:

WATCH ME BEAT THIS IDIOT AT HER OWN GAME.

That stoic, serious expression crosses Tyler's face as he leans down to Elise Ares once again, as he's on all fours, trying to keep it together.

He taps her on the shoulder. He looks up and grins sadistically.

Tyler Fuse:

Weapon Get.

The fans are booing the piss out of this as Tyler hits the ropes but this time comes across with a double footed curb stomp, aka EXTREME MAKEOVER.

Tyler flips Elise onto her back.

DDK:

It's over.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

Except there's no three.

BECAUSE WE GOT A KICKOUT!

The Faithful come alive again as this time Tyler seems annoyed. He drags Elise to her feet and aims at some kind of hammer throw-

Desperation jaw breaker!

Tyler shoots into the air and stumbles into a corner of the ring. The San Francisco Faithful are cheering their brains out as Elise Ares rests on her knees. She runs a hand over her mouth... she isn't losing anymore blood. She runs a hand over her eyes. She can see. Well, kinda.

Ares screams as she stumbles onto her feet and takes a run at Tyler Fuse... catching him with a stiff boot to the face. In one swift important motion, the Leading Lady exits the ring and looks under the apron.

She tosses a chair into the ring.

Then a lead pipe.

A few other things for good measure.

However, the crowd is BOOING like crazy! What's going on!?

DDK:

Let me get this straight... Elise Ares is throwing items INTO the ring for the STREET FIGHT and Tyler Fuse is tossing them right out the other side?

Lance:

It's... it's not a bad strategy. We literally just heard Tyler screaming that he can beat Elise without street fight rules.

DDK:

Um, okay? He used a baseball bat on her ribs!

Lance:

I didn't say Tyler was going to be honest about it.

Ares doesn't realize the weapons have been discarded on the other side. Again, she can see but probably not at 100%.

She slides into the ring and Tyler goes for a clothesline...

No! Ares ducks and hits the next set of ropes. She leaps in the air and looks for a head scissors takedown... when Tyler uses his own momentum and stops himself at the ropes.

WHAM!

A hard, leaping knee, Tyler to Elise.

SLAM!

A serious hammer throw, sending the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style into a corner. Her feet hook onto the top of the buckle upon landing, she hangs upside-down.

SMACK!

A missile dropkick, directly into Ares' face.

Finally, as Ares falls off the corner and to the mat below, Tyler Fuse commences the ANGRY STOMPS of DOOM.

STOMP. STOMP. STOMP. STOMPSTOMPSTOMP.

There's so many of them and Benny Doyle can't do shit but watch it happen.

DDK:

No FIVE count here, Faithful! It's a street fight!

Tyler peels the former longstanding SOHER Champion out of the corner and completes his running bulldog finisher.

One problem.

Ares pushed Fuse away from her before landing!

The crowd cheers, but Elise Ares is barely hanging on herself. She's on rollerskates, spaghetti legs... wobbling around the canvas floor, trying to keep it together.

Tyler Fuse is back on his feet.

He runs towards her but Elise redirects the elder Fuse into the corner padding. Tyler hits and stumbles out, meeting a backstabber by Ares. By now, Elise has a second wind. No one is sure how she's doing it but they are chanting along.

Stiff superkick follows.

Another.

Another.

ANOTHER.

With Tyler reFUSing to go down, Ares runs into the ropes and springs off with a flying forearm to the side of Tyler's face! Both of them crash to the mat.

Ares pops up. She once again runs a hand across her mouth just to make sure she's stopped internally bleeding (she has). Then she looks to the outside of the ring, makes a quick exit and comes in with a chair.

Fuse is on his feet... spins around...

WHAM!

Eats a chair shot to the top of the head!

Ares unfolds the chair and places it down in the center of the ring. She Irish whips Fuse into the ropes and drop-toe holds the OG Gamer face-first onto the chair, crushing it flat in the process.

The crowd cheers as Ares kicks the chair away, while Tyler is on all fours.

DDK:

Looks like she might be going for the Extreme Makeover.

Ares hits the ropes...

WHEN SUDDENLY TYLER IS UP AND RAMS BOTH KNEES UNDER HER CHIN!

Tyler and Elise flip over the ropes, land on the apron and fall to the ground!

DDK:

It's anyone's game!

Tyler and Elise are back up in a surprisingly quick manner. Both exchange shot after shot before working their way over the guardrail and into the crowd. Tyler shoves a fan off their souvenir chair and cocks it back, ready to unload on Ares before he instead kicks Elise into the midsection and hurls the chair into the ring. The fan, wearing a PCP shirt tries to get into Tyler's face but he just walks away. Fuse grabs Elise by the hair and pulls her down the aisle towards the centerfield wall.

Ares slips free and rocks Fuse with a hard backhand slap. The Faithful roar in approval as she looks around for anything to help her seize the advantage. She comes up empty in her search and inadvertently bought Tyler more time to recover, but it doesn't matter as she backs Tyler up with a series of kicks, the last one a superkick that staggers his back into the outfield wall. Making a TV screen out of her hands, she lines him up in front of her before rushing him and doing a backflip kick that catches the elder brother right under the chin and she lands on her feet!

Lance:

What athleticism by Elise Ares!

She takes just a second to shake her hips before rushing Tyler again but...

DDK:

POP-UP POWERBOMB!

Lance:

THROUGH THE BULLPEN DOOR!

HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT!

HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT!

DDK:

This one MIGHT be over after that... that did NOT look good.

The door goes to close but is blocked by the corpse of Elise Ares sprawled across the dirt. Tyler Fuse, clearly spent, is seated looking at the damage dealt and taking a moment to recover for himself. This gives Benny Doyle time to catch up at a very unfortunate moment for Elise. Seeing the head referee make his way over, Tyler crawls to Elise, now both of their ring gear covered in sweat, dirt and blood.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

Lance:

Did Elise kick out or did Benny get dirt in his eye?

No, but Elise DID manage to get dirt into Tyler's eyes, making him break the pin. Tyler digs away at his eyes in frustration as Ares tries to crawl past, dragging her battered body across the bullpen, trying to give herself some space to recover. It doesn't last for long as Fuse slams the bullpen door behind him, nearly knocking over Benny Doyle in his pursuit of the FACE of DEFIANCE. He begins to close the gap and goes to shove a trash can aside but it doesn't move. Tyler looks down and smiles.

DDK:

What's in that trash can?

Lance:

Are those... baseballs?

Picking up a ball, Tyler fires it at the crawling Ares and misses wildly. Some fans in the Silver Bullpen seats begin to attempt to heckle the Game Changer before the second one drills Ares perfectly in the back, sending her collapsing onto her stomach. She rolls over, writhing in pain as Fuse just begins to unload fastballs at her. Half hitting and sending the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style rolling and the other half missing narrowly.

DDK:

Guess Tyler needed the first warm up toss

Lance:

Ninety-five on the gun? Logan Webb eat your heart out?

For as fast as Tyler is throwing, the harder he's trying, now the more he's missing. Frustrated, Tyler drags the entire trash can over to Elise and just dumps maybe a hundred baseballs on top of her. MLB regulation baseballs cover the bullpen as Fuse pulls Elise to her feet by her hair. He kicks a couple of baseballs together behind him and then sets up Ares for an exploder suplex.

Lance:

Is he going to drop her ON to the baseballs?

DDK:

He's going to use the baseballs like thumbtacks!

Fuse goes to use the exploder suplex on the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style but she lands on her feet! The Faithful rise in approval as Fuse spins around and goes for a discus clothesline on Elise but he's caught and dropped with a Spanish fly onto the baseballs!

Lance:

No, Elise is!

She lands the move already with an arm draped over Tyler. Benny Doyle hesitates to count, being forced to clear all the baseballs out of the way so Tyler's shoulders are down. Both lay in the dirt lifeless.

ONE!

TWO!

NO.

Tyler Fuse rolls over at the last second, easily getting out from Ares' half-hearted pin attempt and coughs. He holds his ribs in pain.

Lance:

They both just refuse to give up.

DDK:

These might be two of the most stubborn wrestlers on the DEFIANCE roster and they both REFUSE to give the other an inch. They'd both rather die than prove the other right.

Elise begins to stir now and crawls in an opposite direction towards the relief pitcher seating area. The camera follows her as she begins looking around and pulls out a huge red first aid kit. She opens the kit up and begins looking through the box before pulling out a tiny pair of metal scissors. The Faithful roar as Elise snips them a couple times with a pained smile before Tyler comes falling through the entrance towards her. She picks them up in a stabbing position and thrusts at Tyler who manages to catch her wrist and then shoves her away with a kick. Elise hits the wall and drops the scissors. Fuse takes one step forward and gets drilled with the metal first aid kit and supplies fly everywhere!

Tyler drops to the ground and Ares falls to her knees. She begins looking around through the mess to try and find the scissors again with no luck, but she does find something else...

DDK:

Is that... medical tape?

Lance:

Wrist tape. Every wrestler knows and loves it.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE scoots over to the prone Tyler Fuse and grabs his ankles.

DDK:

Surely she isn't going for some type of submission.

Lance:

Well, we've seen stranger things already tonight!

Elise begins to wrap tape around them, tying them together. Tyler was too out of it to fight back at first but realizes what's going on. He begins to kick but it's too late. He's already tied up! Ares drags Tyler through the back door and into a concourse area blocked off for staff. She stops, dropping Tyler's legs to the ground.

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP! BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!

The Faithful erupt as The D arrives in a golf cart shaped like a San Francisco Giants helmet with Klein in the passenger seat.

The D:

Can you believe they just leave these things parked with the keys in the ignition?

Klein shrugs his shoulders and then points at Tyler Fuse wiggling away! Ares quickly grabs Fuse and pulls him back to the golf cart where a rope is hanging off the back of it.

The D:

And why do they have ropes tied to the back of them? What in the world do they use this thing for?

Elise doesn't respond but takes up on the queues and begins tying the rope around Tyler's already taped ankles and knots it good. The D and Klein dismount from the golf cart and begin walking away down the hallway.

The D:

Well, I guess I'll just leave it parked like I found it with the keys in the ignition. Good luck!

DDK:

If this isn't Deus Ex Machina I don't know what is.

Elise Ares: *[breathing heavily]*

Thanks!

The D:

For what? I'm not involved in any shape or form.

The D winks at the camera and disappears stage right as Tyler Fuse is ripping at the tape and the rope trying to break it.

Elise Ares:

Get in Benny, we're going shopping.

With a sigh, Benny Doyle gets into the backseat of the golf cart. Tyler Fuse gets a leg free before the golf cart takes off with a screech, trapping his other leg inside the knot like a noose. The golf cart "speeds" down the corridor leaving Tyler Fuse to skid across the concrete as they make their way across Oracle Park. The Faithful are on their feet as Ares hangs a hard left and the dragging Tyler Fuse is left to slide directly into the concrete wall, snapping the rope!

DDK:

I think I've finally seen it all, Lance.

Lance:

There is NO WAY Tyler Fuse survives... right?

Ares screeches the golf cart to a stop. Benny Doyle quickly dips out as Elise looks over her shoulder lining up Fuse. She moves the cart forward just a tad before kicking it into reverse and running straight back at Intensity Personified. Tyler rolls out of the way as the golf cart slams into the wall.

DDK:

And there goes our deposit.

Lance:

It's been gone for a long time, Keeps.

The impact takes a toll on Ares as she attempts to get out of the golf cart, but falls down to one knee herself. Tyler is crawling across the floor in an attempt to get some space from the golf cart and nurse his wounds, scrapes all down his back begin to trickle blood. An elongated pause in a brutal war between two passionate members of the DEFIANCE roster. The Faithful take the moment to acknowledge the sacrifice both have made as Ares struggles to find her footing and Fuse nurses his wounds. Doyle checks on Elise before beginning to make his way over to Tyler.

DDK:

They advertised a street fight and boy did the Faithful get one tonight!

Lance:

An important check on the welfare of our two competitors at this juncture in the mat-

SMACK!

Tyler Fuse digs deep and finds the energy to take a few steps, lunging a knee strike right into the chest of Ares, who just found her footing, bouncing off the golf cart she uses to stabilize herself after the strike.

Elise with an overhand chop right onto Tyler's chest. Suddenly the two just start unloading on each other and the Faithful roar as the scrap begins to make its way towards a door.

Elise whips Tyler into the door but instead he shoves her through it, leaving her to roll out into the fan's view at Oracle Park once again. The two of them keep going blow for blow as they make their way to the side of the entrance stage. Tyler clotheslines Elise over the guardrail and towards the bottom of the stage. He hops the guardrail but steals another one of the Faithful's signs in the process.

DDK:

No. No more papercuts!

Thank god Ares is OKAY as she kicks Tyler in the stomach and snatches the sign from his hands.

She looks down at the edge of the bristol board.

She grins.

DDK:

Elise, I don't need to see more of this!

It looks like Ares is going to papercut Tyler across the back but he grabs her at the last second and rams her back into one of the steel poles holding up the stage. Fuse continues pummeling Ares with left and rights as they move towards the rampway. Tyler tosses Elise onto the ramp.

Fuse cranks his arms around as he meets Ares up there. He slams her down onto the ramp before dropping an elbow into her heart. Benny Doyle has caught up to them. The ref is definitely getting his steps in.

The OG Player peers into the large crowd as he takes Ares by her hair and drags her up the ramp.

Tyler stops in front of the 'M A X D E F' LCD word. Getting a better grip on the back of Ares' head, it looks like he's going to throw her into one of the letters.

Specifically, the D.

Poetic? Tyler certainly thinks so.

He takes a running, full-blown sprint.

DDK:

OH MY GOD, NO!

CRASH!!!!!!!!!!!!

BANG!

POP!

BOOM!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

The San Francisco Faithful are worked into a FRENZY because it wasn't Elise Ares that went through the D.

It was Tyler Fuse instead.

Electricity flies out of the letter, it's been completely busted thanks to the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE. She falls to her knees, stopping just short of the D while covering her face to ensure she doesn't receive anymore damages.

The stadium lights flicker on and off for a moment. Then they completely switch off!

DDK:

Can anyone still hear me?

Lance:

I can! I think we're on the air!

More cheering from The Faithful, as the D stops spewing electricity entirely and the house lights come back on. Benny Doyle carefully tries to poke his head into the D, looking to see the status of Tyler Fuse.

Elise Ares, however, moves Doyle aside and gets in there herself. She vanishes for a moment... before resurfacing to a huge ovation, and a passed out Tyler Fuse across her shoulders. Tyler is covered in black and red debris as Elise drops Fuse onto his knees, takes three steps back and then destroys Fuse with a superman punch!

Followed by the Extreme Makeover.

She rolls Tyler on his back as Benny Doyle makes the count.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... ELISE ARES!!

A battered and bloodied Leading Lady slides away from Tyler Fuse, while The Real D and Klein reappear, showing concern and also excitement that she's defeated the tough Fuse Bro.

DDK:

Wow! Elise proving she's no doubt next in line for a FIST opportunity, Keebs!

DDK:

Maybe even against Tyler's brother!

Ares' theme plays and she's helped up by D and Klein, raising her hands. DEFIANCE is about to pivot to a commercial break... but doesn't.

Because Elise Ares, The D and Klein are all in agreement.

Elise Ares:

MOUND VISIT!

The trio collectively lift Tyler off the stage and start walking him... well... no one is exactly sure where they are walking him to. They soon vanish behind the curtain.

DDK:

Unsure what that's about. [Changing course] We've got a terrific triple threat match coming up next-

Lance:

No we don't, partner. Not yet! I'm being told we have action in the back!

The scene switches to Ares, D and Klein dragging a knocked out Tyler Fuse up a staircase. The camera follows and after D pushes a door open, they're on the outfield concourse!

D and Klein stay behind as Ares is power walking Fuse towards right field!

DDK:

Guess they wanted the full tour! ...But the giant baseball glove and Coca-Cola bottle are in LEFT field, not RIGHT!

Lance:

Oh, I'm pretty sure Elise knows that. There's a better option in right.

Indeed, there is. Ares stops right in front of a boat load of fans, with Tyler in her palms.

McCovey Cove.

Ares takes one look at Fuse...

Then **THROWS HIM OVERBOARD!**

Out of the stadium Tyler flies, falling falling falling...

SPLASH!

HOLY SHIT chants galore!

DDK:

I don't believe what I just saw! Tyler's been thrown into McCovey Cove!

Lance:

Can Tyler swim!?

The camera catches the splash but Tyler Fuse does NOT resurface!

Like Elise cares. She dusts her hands off and celebrates with The Faithful as NOW we go to a quick break.

BRONSON BOX vs. DAN RYAN vs. HENRY YAMAZAKI

The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the stage as the music starts...

♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪

The opening chorus paints a foreboding picture, and a single spotlight comes down from center-stage. Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. A video shows clips from the past, powerbombing Bronson Box, superkicking Mikey Unlikely, taking Scott Stevens' head off with a clothesline, hitting Virginia Quell with a Headliner on the ramp down to the ring, countering Impulse dive into a vicious powerslam, smirking as he pins Heidi Christensen.

♪♪ Hold your noses cuz we're going for another long dive ♪♪

♪♪ Some call me father, others call me Johnny Topside ♪♪

♪♪ Long forgotten, I was swept up by the wrong tide ♪♪

♪♪ Thought my bed was made but I just woke up on the wrong side ♪♪

♪♪ Jump startin' up my heart, I've hit my second wind ♪♪

♪♪ Back from the dead, subject Delta checkin' in ♪♪

♪♪ Revving up the engine that has blended our genetics ♪♪

♪♪ Have you felt the natural selection that's already setting in? ♪♪

♪♪ Fire at my fingertips, I won't be told to chill ♪♪

♪♪ Stacking plasmids, like an addict, total overkill ♪♪

♪♪ I'm the one who's gonna call the shots, time to roll the film ♪♪

♪♪ Oughtta have a splicer fill you in, because they know the drill ♪♪

♪♪ Step between me and my daughter and you'll get bounced ♪♪

♪♪ Then any ADAM that you had is getting ripped out ♪♪

♪♪ Who's your daddy now? ♪♪

♪♪ Who's your daddy now? ♪♪

♪♪ I'm the heavyweight champ, you won't even last a round ♪♪

♪♪ Too long your brutes abuse the juice, now you get smacked around ♪♪

♪♪ Betas held the belt, so many years in rapture now ♪♪

♪♪ Baddest motherfucker in the building, who's your daddy now? ♪♪

Darren Quimby:

Introducing first, from *HOUSTON, TEXAS...* he is the first and only *THREE-TIME FORMER FIST of DEFIANCE!!!*

... "Murder Daddy" DAN... RYAN!!!!

Ryan walks directly down the ramp to the ring, rolls under the bottom rope without any further pause, and climbs the nearest turnbuckle, keeping his arms down and smirking into the crowd as the music plays.

♪ "Requiem" by The Back Horn ♪

[The lights dim as the arena begins to rumble with anticipation.]

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing next... from OAHU, HAWAII... standing six feet, four inches tall and weighing in at two hundred and eighty-seven pounds... The Japanese Juggernaut... THIS... IS... HENRY! YAMAZAKIIIIII!

His entrance music booms from the speakers, underscored by a heavy, pounding riff.

A wall of golden light and smoke floods the stage as Henry Yamazaki steps out, head down, fists clenched. He pauses at the top of the ramp just long enough to glare toward the ring before starting his march.

No frills. No posturing. Just power and purpose.

The crowd roars as he storms down the aisle, his pace measured but intense, like a war machine warming up. He stomps up the steps, steps over the middle rope, and stalks the ring with the presence of something primordial and unrelenting.

DDK:

Henry Yamazaki is a man on a mission tonight. After what Bronson Box did to Gage Blackwood, this match isn't about gold or glory—it's personal.

Lance:

Don't forget the attack on Henry himself via that damnable Spike of Bronson's! Did you scope that bandage on Henry's head?

♪ "The Entertainer" by ragtime pianist Scott Joplin ♪

As Ryan and Yamazaki continue to eyeball one another down in the ring their attention is suddenly drawn by the music... no fireworks, no pomp. His mere presence is enough. Scott Joplin's pleasant little tune is drowned out by the deafening reaction of the Faithful.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

And finally, making his way to the ring... he is a *TWO-TIME FORMER FIST of DEFIANCE!!!* The... *sigh* the man who *single handedly* ended Gage Blackwood's wrestling career at DEFcon...

A little bit louder now.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

He is the Original DEFIANT fighting out of Banff, Scotland... he is the "Bombastic" BRONSON. *BOX!!!*

He emerges dressed in his grey and red pinstripe singlet, black wrist tape, shitty little black wrestling boots. Like a craggy cliff face with a bad attitude came to life and decided to get into the wrestling business. His forehead and huge hands especially show the scars from years and years of the relentless, senseless violence dispensed and absorbed by the Wargod.

Behind him slinks the instantly recognizable red blazer and platinum blond hair of the Motormouth of Malcontent, Angus Skaaland. He claps Boxer on the shoulder before making a beeline over towards the commentary desk.

Lance:

Lord give me strength.

Bronson stomps out to the edge of the ramp and soaks in the overwhelmingly negative reaction.

DDK:

Here we go, folks. MAXDEF is about to be turned into a WARZONE.

Lance:

Triple threat, *no disqualification*, and a whole lotta unresolved rage.

DDK:

Dan Ryan. Henry Yamazaki. And that man, Bronson Box.

Bronson begins making his way down the ramp towards the ring.

His bloodshot brown eyes darting from Yamazaki to Ryan and back again.

The clatter of a headset being put on can be heard over commentary.

Angus:

What was that there, Keebs?

The Herald of the Wargod gives a little derisive snort.

Angus:

He's not *that* man. He's THE man, ya' hear me! The WARGOD is feelin' himself tonight, boys!

Box's music ends as he paces ringside.

But the *ambush* is already underway.

DDK:

What the heck! MONEY TALKS?!

"Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby and "The Problem Solver" Adrian Payne leap the barricade, sliding into the ring and IMMEDIATELY laying waste to a caught off-guard Yamazaki and Ryan.

Brass knuckles and lead pipe in hand, respectively.

Carla Ferrari, tonight's official, shakes her head in disgust, but she calls for the bell on this no DQ match anyway, despite the blatant interference.

DING DING

She's refereed enough of Bronson Box's matches to know this is probably as good a time as any.

She knows it's only downhill from here.

As he rounds the ring Box rips the microphone from Darren Quimbey's hand and enters the squared circle slowly, watching his proteges do his dirty work.

Clearly quite chuffed at how things are going.

As Felton levels Ryan with a stiff back elbow and Payne nearly chops the nips off Yamazaki's chest, Bronson steps through the ropes and raises the microphone to his mustachioed lips.

Bronson Box:

Ye' thought this was gonna be some noble back and forth, did ye'? A reckonin' for all the evils I done, eh? You were lookin' for a fair shake at the Original DEFIANT, were ya'? I'm about to make a fookin' BIBLICAL example out of the BOTH of you! Do you understand that?! A message for this entire bloody promotion, this is what happens when you step up to Bronson Box and the Blood Diamonds! YA' HEAR ME, LADS?!

He looks directly at Ryan.

Bronson Box:

Nothin' CUTE to say Danny-boy?!

Boxer looks on, sadistically pleased as punch at the start of this "match."

DDK:

Henry Yamazaki's down! Ryan too! This is a damn mugging!

Money Talks pause for a moment to appreciate their handiwork and receive a little praise from the Wargod.

But during that little pause Dan Ryan reaches into his boot... and pulls out a goddamn *FORK*.

Before Bigsby, Payne or even Box process what's happened Ryan BURIES the unexpected piece of cutlery directly in Felton's forehead!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

WHAT THE HELL?! WHA-GODDAMNIT!

Lance:

Hey Angus, your boy down there has a fork sticking out of his head.

Angus:

YEAH! I CAN SEE THAT, YA' GAPING ASSHOLE!

Felton staggers back, a geyser of blood OOZING from his punctured forehead. THE FORK STILL STICKING STRAIGHT UP OUT OF HIS HEAD.

Payne *freezes* at the sight of his tag team partner, completely distracted by the gore.

Yamazaki groans clutching his reddened chest, pushes to his knees, then LOW BLOWS the distracted Adrian Payne with all his considerable might! The massive Problem Solver immediately dropping to his knees clutching his family jewels.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Yamazaki and Ryan unite... *momentarily*... to clear the ring of uninvited Blood Diamond detritus.

Box's smirk fades. He charges in, going after Ryan with savage right hands. Felton tumbles to ringside, yanking the fork out of his head. Blood *sprays* from the three small holes under his hairline. Ringside medics rush in to stem the bleeding.

Yamazaki *hurls* Payne over the top rope with spooky strength, considering just how enormous The Problem Solver is.

God-Beast-like strength from Yamazaki.

DDK:

And here we go! All three official combatants are finally in the fight!

Lance:

I feel like we should re-ring the bell with those two glorified *GOONS* finally gone!

Angus:

Oh fuckin' *eat it*, Warner.

Box and Ryan trade clubbing blows mid-ring. Not wanting to be left out of the fun, Yamazaki wipes the blood from his brow and LAUNCHES himself at the two legends and waylays both of them with a huge double lariat!

Lance:

Yamazaki reminding those two this is a THREE way match!

Yamazaki runs wild. Back elbows, lariats, huge suplexes—momentum fully his. He runs the table on Box and Ryan making it quite clear as day to anyone who's not Bronson Box... just because Henry isn't wearing the mask anymore, means precisely squat. The crowd roars as Henry hucks the two certified wrestling legends effortlessly around the ring, like they were half their size.

Yamazaki is *clearly* still God-Beast dangerous.

Angus:

That's it! Run yourself dry, you glorified sumo reject! COME ON BRONSON!

Box bails to ringside, clearly rattled and bruised by Yamazaki's efforts.

Lance:

What a coward!

Angus:

Strategy, Warner! It's called STRATEGY! Now shut yer' goddamn mouth whilst the Hall of Famers Box and Skaaland make this lousy-ass show watchable! NOW SHUSH.

Ryan and Yamazaki trade big strikes. Ryan quickly rebounds off the ropes and lands HAMMER OF GOD directly into Yamazaki's head... Goes for the pin...

The Faithful are behind him.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Is this it?!

Carla slides in.

ONE— NO!

Boxer dives in and breaks it up!

Box tees off on Ryan, once again focusing the lion's share of his attention on his old rival.

Henry gets to his feet and shakes the cobwebs... he scowls at the two old legends tangled up yet again, leaving him out of the fray.

Yamazaki reminds the Wargod what he's made of as he biels Ryan halfway across the ring and STUNS Boxer with a series of sumo slaps and palm strikes followed by a huge belly-to-belly that sends Box flying in the opposite direction.

FUCK 'EM UP HEN-RY FUCK 'EM UP! *stomp stomp*

FUCK 'EM UP HEN-RY FUCK 'EM UP! *stomp stomp*

FUCK 'EM UP HEN-RY FUCK 'EM UP! *stomp stomp*

The Faithful are 100% behind Henry Yamazaki as he continues to barrel through Box and Ryan.

Ryan retreats to the corner, watching the storm unfold. He takes a moment to look around the arena at the reaction for Yamazaki, clearly a little taken aback.

As Yamazaki HUCKS Box across the ring with another huge biel. He then SPINS and with spooky quickness flattens Dan Ryan unexpectedly in the corner with a huge AVALANCHE SPLASH! The ringside camera picks up the wheezing sound that escapes Ryan as Yamazaki's massive form FLATTENS him against the turnbuckle.

DDK:

Ryan was taken unaware there, fellas!

Ryan slumps down and rolls to the relative safety of ringside. He's clutching his ribs. Clearly a little shocked at the fury, speed and power of Henry Yamazaki.

Lance:

Yamazaki's on a ROLL here!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Feeling himself a little, Henry scales the turnbuckle and roars out at the Faithful as he pounds his chest with his fist.

DDK:

Yamazaki needs to keep his eye on the ball here, fellas.

No sooner do the words escape Darren Keebler's lips; suddenly Box reemerges.

The Wargod quickly pops up behind the unsuspecting Yamazaki and effortlessly plucks him off his perch on the second turnbuckle and onto his shoulders.

He takes a few quick lunging steps across the ring to the opposite corner and BOOM!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

BOMBASTO BOMB INTO THE TURNBUCKLE!

Angus:

OHOOOOOOOOO YEAH, SON!

Lance:

No pinfall attempt after that?!

Angus:

Just keep watchin'...

Box calls for his compatriots to "*BLOODY PULL THEMSELVES TOGETHER*" and get back in the fray.

Money Talks rise again from where Bigsby's wound was being tended to. Felton looking double terrifying wearing the proverbial crimson mask.

Dan Ryan juuuust gets vertical where he rolled to ringside moment earlier when he's *pounced* upon by the massive former powerlifter Adrian Payne. Felton Bigsby goes about retrieving a folding table from under the ring and setting it up at ringside.

Closed fist shots stagger the already wobbly former FIST, Money Talks delivering an assisted powerbomb DRIVING RYAN THROUGH THE TABLE.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Faithful definitely aren't feeling this blatant, cowardly Blood Diamonds assault.

Angus:

WITH AUTHORITY!

With Angus cackling over commentary, Adrian digs through the table detritus and quickly locks in a spine adjusting full nelson on Dan Ryan, dragging him to a vertical position.

Felton SLAPS him repeatedly, aggressively jawing with him the entire time. "SHOW ME WHATCHU GOT, OLD-TIMER" before laying in several MEAN elbows to Ryan's dome.

Lance:

This is a MUGGING, not a match!

Angus:

This is a MESSAGE, ya goodie-two-shoes prick!

Back in the ring, Box is still raining down clubbing blows on Yamazaki. Box proceeds to lock in a cobra clutch, hoisting Yamazaki up and back down brutally across his knee several times.

DDK:

COBRA CLUTCH BACKBREAKER!

Box releases Yamazaki and LEVELS him with a brutal, *thudding* headbutt.

As Henry falls, Box is right there with the pinfall attempt.

Carla slides in once again.

ONE— NO!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The Faithful come absolutely unglued.

DDK:

YAMAZAKI KICKS OUT AT ONE! My goodness!

Lance:

What HEART! What FIRE from Yamazaki!

Angus:

Ugh. Gag-a-maggot. BOOOOOOOOO!

Box proceeds to rip off Yamazaki's bandage, clawing at the bloody wound he inflicted several weeks ago via his Spike, this time with his *bare fingers*. Yamazaki howls in pain as Boxer digs his fabled "red right hand" deep into the red oozing wound. Yamazaki clutches his head in agony as Box stands and makes a little show of reaching into his boot... retrieving *THE SPIKE*.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

We can see a clearly conflicted Carla Ferrari give a clear "*oh, come on not this*" when she sees the fabled weapon.

DDK:

For Pete's SAKE!

Box turns and raises his favorite weapon high above his head.

Lance:

Henry's not bleeding enough for this psychopath already?!

But in the interim Yamazaki spies something lying nearby on the apron... Ryan's fork, still covered in Felton Bigsby's blood... *just inches away from his hand*.

Box raises his Spike dramatically yet again, making a real howling show of it all.

He finally turns back towards Henry and...

CLUNK!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Son of a *BITCH* that gorram *FORK!*

Yamazaki *DRIVES* the fork into Box's bald head! Blood just *ERUPTS* from the Hall of Famer's craggy scarred forehead.

Blood just spurting across the canvas like some awful abstract modern art.

The Spike goes flying from Bronson's grip, bouncing off to ringside somewhere.

Lance:

Sweet lord, will this gore-fest ever end?!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Both men wobble for a moment, then suddenly *CHARGE* into a bloody overhand hockey fight.

At ringside Money Talks continue their assault on Dan Ryan. Felton in the process of pulling back the protective padding on the floor, exposing the unforgiving concrete underneath. Adrian Payne hoists Ryan up and the legend gets

SPINEBUSTERED onto exposed concrete by the absolutely massive Problem Solver.

The sound of Dan Ryan's dome audibly bouncing off the concrete floor is stomach turning in and of itself.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Back in the ring, Yamazaki's firing up, actually managing to get the best of the now bloodsoaked Original DEFIANT... that is until the freed up Money Talks slide into the ring and swarm the former God-Beast.

Carla Ferrari screams at Box asking him what the hell he thinks all this will accomplish.

The diminutive referee is handcuffed by the rules of this lawless triple threat. Bronson lightly shoulder-checks her aside and demands another microphone from ringside. Carla *fumes*.

Felton and Adrian each grab one of Yamazaki's arms and hoist him up.

Box grabs and violently yanks his hair and looks right into his face.

Bronson Box:

This stupid bastard thought he could get one over on ol' Bronson. Ye' challenged me to a *no disqualification* match... how exactly did you think this mess was gonna' go, boy'o? You've heard me speak, yes? Ye' grasp I don't usually give a shite about fookin' winnin' when there's a point to be made, eh? I've got SHITE ALL to prove to any man or woman struttin' around here! This little outing you proposed was just another opportunity, another soapbox fer' me to stand on and give the violent fookin' sermon I been givin' for OVER A DECADE!

He open hand, full force SLAPS Henry across the face.

Bronson Box:

I haven't the time left in my career for GAMES! For half measures! For PISSIN' AROUND with half baked bullshite like this...

Boxer grits his teeth so hard we can almost hear his molars cracking as he leans in even closer to Yamazaki's face and just SCREAMS his next question.

Bronson Box:

WHERE'S THE GOD-BEAST?! WHERE'S *MUSHIGAHARA*, EH?!

The Wargod looks out at the crowd now.

Bronson Box:

I'M BRONSON FOOKIN' BOX YE' DAFT PRICK! AND I'M WAITIN' FOR YA'!

THUD — squeeEEEEEEEE

He viciously SLAMS the mic into Yamazaki's exposed and bleeding head wound.

THUD — squeeEEEEEEEE

THUD — squeeEEEEEEEE

Blood and microphone static spray in rhythm.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Finally, the Wargod tosses the now clearly busted mic aside.

He shouts at Felton and Adrian... *"LET'S BREAK THE PRICK!"*

Boxer proceeds to hoist Yamazaki back up into powerbomb position, this time Felton and Adrian lending their be-muscled help and the trio lunge as one across the ring towards the opposite turnbuckle. They LAUNCH Yamazaki...

DDK:

ASSISTED BOMBASTO BOMB! Yamazaki sent REELING!

BOOOOOOOOOOOORAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The sight of a clearly hurting Dan Ryan crawling and clawing his way back into the ring, and this match, garners a HUGE pop from the Faithful. Ryan manages to get up onto the apron and halfway through the ropes...

The cheers turn to boos as Payne and Felton "help" the legend the rest of the way into the ring, dropping him head first with a double rope-hung DDT for Ryan's troubles. Dan slumps down to the canvas.

Felton drops down and gouges Ryan's eyes, violently digging his thumbs into the legends sockets.

The legend screams out in pain as "Houston Strong" bears down with all his weight.

Lance:

How is... I mean... Angus, what is the *POINT* of all this?!

Angus:

Yamazaki didn't come at the king down there direct-like. *He came half dressed*, ya' feel me? No, you probably don't because you're a DOLT. As for Danny? Bronson doesn't need an excuse to kick the ever loving shit out of that mouthy dick-bag *wanna be comedian*... they have history, Lance, in case you didn't know. I mean, you *should* know. I'm begging you to watch the product man, take your job seriously for God's sake...

Angus' diatribe is the soundtrack for one hellacious beatings down in the ring.

Money Talks have once again dragged Ryan to ringside. They have him pinned against the steel steps just dropping endless, reckless boots down on the legend. "SORRY 'BOUT YOUR BUSTED-ASS LUCK, MR. LEGEND" Felton and Adrian laugh as they continue the brutal assault. "MAYBE DON'T STICK YOUR NOSE WHERE IT AINT WANTED" Payne shouts as he pushes a boot against Ryan's neck.

Carla Ferrari fruitlessly shouting for them to *"God just stop!"*

Behind her, back in the center of the ring, Yamazaki lays face down and still bleeding... *heavily*.

Boxer stands over him and PLANTS a boot directly into Henry's back. He stands there for a moment like a goddamn pirate, looking at the chaos he's wrought.

He looks proudly over at Money Talks as they continue to make his old rival a non-factor in the inevitable conclusion of this "match."

Box drops down and hooks Yamazaki's chin, he LEEEEANS back.

DDK:

BOSTON MASSACRE FROM BOX!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Faithful let Bronson and company know how they feel about this madness.

Box pulls back with all his might, Yamazaki's eyes shoot open wide as dinner plates as he claws at Bronson's massive hands.

Seconds tick by and Yamazaki simply grits his teeth tighter... *but he refuses to quit.*

Lance:

He's not tapping, Darren!

DDK:

What *fighting spirit* from Yamazaki, here!

Angus:

BREAK HIS DAMN NECK, BOXY!

The Original DEFIANT roars in frustration.

He doesn't release the hold however, he adjusts his grip and transitions from the traditional Camel Clutch into the SEATED FULL NELSON version of the Massacre.

Yamazaki shouts in pain as Bronson's giant hands and inhuman strength push his chin painfully into his chest.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Henry STILL doesn't tap.

The Faithful chant his name, pound guardrails and stomp feet as Yamazaki struggles in the iron-like grip of the Wargod.

DDK:

The resilience on display here, ladies and gentleman!

Lance:

This isn't over yet, Angus! Look!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The cheers double as the ringside camera trained on Box and Yamazaki also picks up the ringside over Boxer's shoulder where a clearly battered and bruised Dan Ryan is back on his feet desperately throwing hands with BOTH members of Money Talks!

Back in the ring Carla has slid in to check on a clearly fading Henry Yamazaki.

A few more seconds of "*HENRY, ARE YOU WITH ME HENRY*" and the former God-Beast goes visibly limp in Boxer's grasp. Ryan turns and sees this, desperately LUNGING under the bottom rope to break the submission maneuver up but he's just too far away, and far too late.

Carla checks on Henry one last time.

With a look of unmistakable disappointment on her face, she calls for the bell.

Yamazaki has passed out *cold*.

Ryan slams a frustrated fist into the canvas.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, regrettably the winner of this *so-called match*... the "Bombastic" Bronson Box...

The ring announcer's announcement is swallowed up in the torrential downpour of revulsion from the Faithful in attendance. All directed at one man.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

When your actions have Quimbey popping off, you know you're reached a new low.

Lance:

Can this even be considered a WIN? It was essentially three on one on one the ENTIRE contest!

DDK:

Something tells me Dan Ryan might have a few choice words for Felton Bigsby and Adrian Payne come DEFtv after all this, partner.

Angus:

Old man river down there can bring it, my boys aren't scared of a little *attempted* retribution, Darren.

Bronson Box stands and releases Yamazaki who lays motionless on the canvas.

Bloodied and sneering the Wargod saunters over to the ringside camera on the apron. Sweat and blood running down his face and into his bloodshot brown eyes like some sort of villain from a horror movie.

He breathes heavily and wipes a hand down and across his face, smearing the mixture blood and sweat..

No shouting, he speaks in a low voice.

Bronson Box:

Nobody's safe. Understand, you lot? Nobody. Not one of ya'. Not legends... and not fookin' *ghosts* like this poor bastard. Not anyone. *Not from ol' Boxer*. Enjoy the main event. Sorry for the mess, boys, you know how it is.

He maniacally chuckles to himself as he walks away from the cameraman.

Carla doesn't even attempt to raise Box's hand.

The Wargod disrespectfully spits a big wad of phlegm at Yamazaki as he steps through the ropes. Once on the apron he gives the ringside camera one more little wink before stalking towards the ramp flanked by Felton and Adrian.

Bronson's music finally begins to play... the music that traditionally means "*I'm not playing anymore.*"

♪ "God's Gonna Cut You Down" by Johnny Cash ♪

All three men stand at the top of the ramp, surveying their carnage. Iris Davine and her team have made their way into the ring to check on Henry Yamazaki and once again stem the bleeding from his massive head wound.

Dan Ryan can be seen sitting slumped in a nearby corner, not as bad off as Henry but plainly hurting himself. His eyes

darting from the carved up mess decorating Yamazaki's forehead to the three Blood Diamonds still standing triumphantly at the top of the ramp. His lips curls in frustration, in anger... the gears clearly turning in the head of Dan Ryan.

Bronson claps Payne and Bigsby on the shoulders. He manages to make eye contact with Dan Ryan, giving his old rival a little wink before leading his compatriots back down the tunnel to the backstage area.

DDK:

There is no way this one is over.

Angus:

You got that gorram right, Keebs. *Stay tuned.*

The clatter of headphones being removed from the greasy platinum dome of the Motormouth of Malcontent can be heard. Skaaland strolls off, casual as can be, after his trio of clients.

Lance:

Well that sounds ominous.

DDK:

You can say that again, partner.

THE ROAD GAME

The scene goes backstage to Jamie Sawyers.

Jamie Sawyers:

Faithful, in a few moments it's time for our main event! And with me right now, the challenger, Conor Fuse!

There are most definitely boos within Oracle Park. This, after all, is Henry Keyes' hometown. Make no mistake, there are cheers. Conor typically has tons of support but it's going to be a tough show for him, there's no denying it.

Conor walks into the frame. He's wearing glossy lime green tights with a white stripe running down the left side of his leg. Lime green shooting sleeve, "C" bandana, he's as OG as OG can be, with the glossy addition. Gone is the crusted blood from his DEFCON match against Malak Garland (and subsequently Henry Keyes). Fuse has long since showered, even though he didn't shower in the month when he showed up on a motorcycle and attacked the FIST of DEFIANCE in Vancouver. Canada, however, was Conor's playground. The native Canadian is now on enemy territory.

One look at his face: he knows it.

Gone is the happy-go-lucky smile and carefree body language. It has long since been replaced with a brooding, much angrier gamer.

Jamie Sawyers, however, is merely doing his job.

Jamie Sawyers:

Conor, thank you for spending a moment with me before your big match. I wanted to get your thoughts. This is it, it's finally come to the one-on-one battle between you and Henry Keyes.

There are COIN chants inside Oracle Park, and not the type of coins Conor would be looking for.

Needless to say, Fuse has his GAME FACE on. He's locked in.

Conor Fuse:

My pleasure to be here, Jamie.

The majority of the crowd boos Conor's Canadian politeness before speaking further.

Conor Fuse: *[trying to physically loosen up]*

I get it. I hear everything going on inside the park. This ain't gonna be pretty. But Jamie...

Fuse pauses to collect himself.

Conor Fuse:

I knew it wasn't gonna. I don't want it to. Be easy, that is. None of this IS supposed to be easy and I've come to terms with getting screwed outta the FIST of DEFIANCE at DEFCON-OR. But now we've got an even battlefield. I was always gonna have to defend the FIST against the likes of Henry Keyes anyway. What's a two month reign if I'd lose the belt to him? I figure, fine, keep the FIST warm for me, brother. Eat shit. Pound sand. Suck back your Vae Victis propaganda because at the end of the day... it's you versus me, exactly the way it should be. One-on-one. And I don't think you're man enough to get the job done when you don't have a coy little plan up your sleeve.

Conor looks at Jamie and then the camera lens.

Conor Fuse:

I ended Malak Garland's reign of terror. I did. Me. The guy who you can't "take too seriously". I have what it takes to reach the end game, Jamie.

Conor stops to hear the crowd boo.

Conor Fuse:

I wanted this match. Not just against Henry Keyes. I wanted it in his hometown, fighting against his people, his supporters. I wanted to be the enemy tonight. I NEED to be. Because it's clear... when Henry and I sat down to talk it out, I realized we've gone too far, we're never gonna be cool. We'll never understand each other. I hurt him. I hurt him when I didn't help him through his injury. Well? Fuck it. I'm glad I didn't. I'm glad it pissed him off.

A coy, evil little smirk crosses The Ultimate Gamer's face, which only makes Oracle Park boo further.

Conor Fuse:

This ends here and now. He has given me receipt after receipt after receipt. Brother, it's bloody time he gets one, too. I'm sick and tired of Vae Victis winning. None of them are as good as they think they are!

Conor begins cranking his arms forward.

Conor Fuse:

I'm a serious player. For years, The Faithful -other than here of course- have been clamouring to see me at the top. I'm ready, dude. Tonight I walk into hell... the ultimate dungeon... and I stare Ganon straight in his face.

Fuse knocks his fists together.

Conor Fuse:

Before I rip his fucking dick off!

Oracle Park goes wild with boos again. We're on pay-per-view so nothing gets BEEPED out.

Knowing he has the fans annoyed, Conor isn't done.

Conor Fuse:

Might wear his scrotum like a hat. Might throw it over McCovey Cove. Who the hell knows what I'll end up doing.

A sour look crosses Conor's face as he stands in silence... before patting Sawyers on the back and simply walking off.

FIST of DEFIANCE: HENRY KEYES (C) vs. CONOR FUSE

The match graphic appears as The Faithful go wild!

DDK:

It's here! FIST of DEFIANCE, Henry Keyes and Conor Fuse. I have braced myself!

Lance:

One of the most anticipated matches of all time! I believe last year there was a poll asking The Faithful what their most anticipated matches were and Conor-Henry was up there!

DDK:

We will have to wait no longer. Let's go to ringside!

Darren Quimbey stands in the middle of the canvas.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL and it is the MAIN EVENT for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH and all that nonsense.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... he is the challenger...

There are a lot of boos, Darren can barely get the words out.

Darren Quimbey:

From Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred pounds... he is The Ultimate Gamer... he is The Power-Up King... he is CONOR FUSE!!

The lights dim. A crane camera view hovers over the cove and into the night sky before coming down to illuminate the stage, revealing a small symphony organized at the entranceway. The 'M A X D E F' LCD letters are all lit in lime green. All, except for the D, which was pulverized by Tyler Fuse's body earlier, thanks to Elise Ares. Regardless, the symphony begins their rendition to...

[!\[\]\(2088942ccfedc84a0a076c3fee3541aa_img.jpg\) "8 Bit Dungeon Theme" from the Legend of Zelda !\[\]\(78b004434c49e1fbf5e60b9d0c3fed9f_img.jpg\)](#)

Black drones fill the sky, most of them are difficult to make out given they blend into the darkness. However, it doesn't take long for each one to start dispensing lime green rupees, falling down into the bleachers.

There are cheers. There are certainly boos. The symphony continues to play as footage of Conor Fuse's eight years in DEFIANCE is recapped for all to see on the Oracle scoreboard above center field. The giant baseball glove in center-left, along with the Coca-Cola bottle are illuminated in lime green lights.

After the orchestra finishes its rendition of the Legend of Zelda dungeon (at the 3:35 minute mark for anyone scoring at home while listening), the lights around the field switch off.

[!\[\]\(008bfeb2de157dcb66edb3a8218c280e_img.jpg\) "King Dedede Remix" from Kirby's Dreamland !\[\]\(f1f97e974d1e571ebbad0c439566e599_img.jpg\)](#)

The familiar pop'n'fresh theme takes over, creating even a louder chorus of boos as spotlights fly around the stadium. The SF Faithful have worked themselves into a frenzy as the music plays and plays... it's only until it starts up from the beginning again in its two-plus minute loop...

...Does Conor Fuse casually walk out. He is wearing his OG lime green gear but also a white and green trench coat inspired by CastleVania.

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

DDK:

Conor Fuse knows he's on the 'road' tonight! He knows everyone here is siding with Hometown Henry!

Lance:

And yet I feel for him.

Head down, taking in the response, Conor moves like none of the noise phases him. He's almost moving like you can't see him in Chicago.

But we're in San Francisco.

DDK:

If Conor wasn't wrestling Henry, I think he would be supported.

Lance:

And yet I have to question the San Francisco Faithful. Did they not watch DEFCON? Did they not see their hometown boy take the "easy way" out against Conor?

DDK:

I'm sure they did. You think the Houston Astros get cheered in Houston, even though they're well known for banging garbage cans?

Lance:

Don't say that around Brunk.

DDK:

I'm sorry, who?

Lance:

Nevermind.

The Ultimate Gamer stands at the top of the rampway, plastic lime green rupees continuing to fall at his feet and into the crowd. Finally, he raises his hands to lime green pyro EXPLODING behind him and across to his right, on the left side of the broadcast feed, more pyro goes off around the baseball glove and Coca-Cola bottle.

Into the night sky the green fireworks burst into smaller pieces. Conor Fuse marches down the rampway.

DDK:

We thought it was three months ago, the biggest match of Conor Fuse's career. Well, now THIS is the biggest match. Yes, Conor is a former World Champion and that's nothing to sneeze at. But DEFIANCE is the big time!

Lance:

Exactly. This isn't some kiddie-town Indy fed.

DDK:

Easy, I wasn't going that far.

Lance:

Working on that 'bad guy' persona everyone is begging me to develop, partner.

DDK:

With comments like you just made, I think you've made yourself more beloved!

Lance:

Fair.

Conor continues descending the rampway with his head down. Plastic rupees bounce around his feet until he finally reaches the end of the ramp. He raises his hands and the drones vanish from the night sky, so the rupees stop falling. Fuse jumps onto the apron, leaving his CastleVania-like jacket behind him. He clears the ropes with another jump, landing perfectly in the center of the ring and showing off his amazing aerial skills already.

The crowd could care less.

A few *!RANK* chants are here and there. Yet there's also a *FUCK YOU CoNoR* chant. And it's strong.

Very strong.

Fuse runs the ropes as his theme music comes to a close.

The Faithful wait.

And wait.

And wait some more.

Tension is at an all time high inside Oracle Park.

...

The lights darken, and at this, we hear the first crashing wave of overwhelming cheers for Henry Keyes.

A red glow encircles the stadium, and we begin to hear old audio.

"We have a situation on our hands here, thankfully security is here to de-escalate this brutal assault..."

The screen turns to old DEFIANCE footage. DEFIANCE Road, 2022. Corvo Alpha is beating the absolute hell out of The Airship Pirate, Henry Keyes, in the upper levels of the WrestlePlex.

"I don't like ANY of this... NO!!"

The footage of the infamous Balcony Bulldog is slowed down, painfully. We see so clearly the blind fury in Corvo Alpha(?)'s eyes, and how badly Henry Keyes is already hurt, as they both fly, fly, fly, headlong into a lot of objects with a lot of corners.

NO! NOT HENRY!!

The screen blacks out.

WHIRRRRRRRRR~CRASHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Then a shot of Conor Fuse, visiting the Airship to see his fallen friend - but only too late. We linger on the burst "cocoon" of bandages that Fuse found that day, before cutting to black.

The red lights surrounding Oracle Park fade out as well. Lance and DDK are silent.

And then a tune hits.

DRAW THE CAT EYE, SHARP ENOUGH TO KILL A MAN

[*♪ "Vigilante Shit" by Taylor Swift ♪*](#)

We see more old video, now Keyes vs. Conor for the Favoured Saints championship. They stare each other down, Fuse having absolutely no idea how furious the man standing across from him truly is.

YOU DID SOME BAD THINGS, BUT I'M THE WORST OF THEM

SOMETIMES I WONDER WHICH ONE WILL BE YOUR LAST LIE

THEY SAY LOOKS CAN KILL, AND I MIGHT TRY

The two men on screen launch at each other, and the screen goes black. Pink and blue lights start to slowly and alternately pulse to T-Swift's beat.

I DON'T DRESS FOR WOMEN

I DON'T DRESS FOR MEN

LATELY, I'VE BEEN DRESSING FOR REVENGE

Color footage of DEFCON 2025, Keyes standing across the ring from a battered and bruised Conor Fuse, who is being told that no, he is not in fact the FIST of DEFIANCE, and that there was a third man signed to this match. Incredulousness from Fuse, laser focus from Keyes.

I DON'T START SHIT, BUT I CAN TELL YOU HOW IT ENDS

Coin. Second Coin.

DONT GET SAD, GET EVEN

Pin. Referee slapping a hand to the mat. Ding Ding Ding.

SO ON THE WEEKENDS

I DON'T DRESS FOR FRIENDS

LATELY, I'VE BEEN DRESSING FOR REVENGE

The "enge" of the last word echoes and echoes throughout Oracle Park, with a closing shot of Keyes holding the FIST aloft in ultimate triumph.

This elicits a SUBSTANTIAL ROAR OF APPROVAL from the San Francisco Faithful.

We then hear the jam we've come to fear.

[*♪ "Ride the Tiger" - Jefferson Starship ♪*](#)

RAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

Bright white lights flood Oracle Park, streaked with huge sparks of pink and blue and gold. The volume is cranked up to 11, and so the crowd responds with a 12, and it's an absolute hero's welcome.

Across the still-functional letters spelling MAXDEF, we see the majestic white tiger Helen galloping (do tigers gallop, or is that only horses?) across an open field. The huge DEFIAtron just shows Coin after Coin after Coin interspersed with various feats of strength.

Henry Keyes emerges, and the audial 12 becomes a 13. On his left eye - the one that hid behind a patch for two years - he fashions a red and gold and white-painted cat's eye - a tiger's eye, maybe? - that's very sharp and dramatic and possibly an homage to the 49ers. He wears an extremely ornate white admiral's coat with gold epaulets, chains, gears, and buttons. Down the back are pink and blue tiger stripes, which match his electric pink pants and Blue As Blue Gets wrestling boots, each featuring gold tiger stripes running up the sides.

Lindsay Troy is right behind him, wearing a sharp, charcoal, custom-made Italian suit with pink pinstripes and pink heels. She raises her arm above her head and the pink and blue blinged out OLD SKOOL MIC~! is lowered into her hand. "Ride the Tiger" is briefly paused.

Lindsay Troy:

SAN. FRAN. CISCO!

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lindsay Troy:

In just a few minutes, you'll bear witness as your Hometown Hero, and MY BEST FRIEND, enters the ring and systematically takes apart the sniveling little twerp known as cOnOr fUsE. The FIST of DEFIANCE may be on the line, but this won't be a match.

A Smirk(TM) from the Queen.

Lindsay Troy:

It'll be a mauling. One that's been a long time coming. One that's been earned and is so very well-deserved, because you've always been the enemy, cOnOr. You've always been a shit. Trying to hide behind the guise of "teehee I'm such a lovable scamp" doesn't work on people who see you for who you really are: duplicitous and egotistical, no better than anyone else in DEFIANCE.

Keyes' scowl deepens, his hands ball into fists. Meanwhile Conor rolls his eyes as the hypocrisy of Lindsay Troy saying he's the egotistical one.

Lindsay Troy:

Now that the curtain's been pulled back, it's my pleasure to introduce to you from RIGHT HERE IN SAN FRANCISCO, weighing in at TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINE POUNDS, he is the REIGNING and DEFENDING FIST OF DEFIANCE.....THE KRAKEN....HENNNRRRRYYYYY KEEEEYYYYEEEESSSSSS!

"Ride the Tiger" begins again as the Besties in the World march stride for stride down the ramp.

Lance Warner:

That was...a LOT, Keebs!

DDK:

Henry Keyes, the Kraken, the FIST of DEFIANCE, looks supremely confident out here tonight. This is his second championship defense, and just LISTEN to this crowd!

Troy sits on the middle rope and raises the top rope for her Bestie to enter the ring. He unstraps the FIST and climbs to the top turnbuckle, raising it aloft to a raucous ovation. He's screaming indiscriminately at the thousands in attendance, pumping his arms up, getting this crowd as frothy as he is.

He then turns towards the center of the ring and locks eyes with his hated foe. Keyes hops down to the ring, strides over, and shoves the FIST hard into referee Mark Shields's chest. He catches it (thankfully) but is forced back a couple steps from the force of the toss. Shields holds the FIST aloft (upside-down, that incompetent fool) and directs the two competitors to their respective corners. They don't follow this instruction right away, and in fact nearly go nose-to-nose. Keyes winks with his left eye before being the first to take a few backwards steps. Fuse is unamused, and walks backwards as well.

Keyes stands in his corner, Conor in the other.

THIS IS AWESOME, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

THIS IS AWESOME, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

THIS IS AWESOME, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Keyes peers into the crowd.

FUCK HIM UP HENRY, FUCK HIM UP, stomp, stomp.

FUCK HIM UP HENRY, FUCK HIM UP, stomp, stomp.

FUCK HIM UP HENRY, FUCK HIM UP, stomp, stomp.

Conor rolls his shoulders back and looks into the opposite direction.

!RANK, !RANK, SCREW YOU!

!RANK, !RANK, SCREW YOU!

!RANK, !RANK, SCREW YOU!

Lance:

They haven't even touched yet and I can't hear myself think!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, I can't believe I am going to say this but our referee is Mark Shields. How he got this match, I have no idea.

Lance:

He's Lindsay Troy's favorite ref! I bet she, and Henry, asked for Mark specifically!

DDK:

Either way, Mark is going to have his hands FULL.

Lance:

Oh this one is getting out of control the second he rings the bell. Uh, if he remembers to call for it that is.

Clearly, Mark has FORGOTTEN to call for the bell, but it really doesn't matter at this moment. Darren Quimbey exits the ring, leaving Conor and Keyes standing at opposite ends and staring holes into one another. Lindsay Troy remains ringside in her Bestie's corner.

Fuse is mouthing off under his breath, while Keyes is specifically yelling at him. No one can pick up what either of them are saying, though, since the fans are white hot.

Finally, Mark Shields remembers he's wearing a ref shirt and is not at the strip club!

He calls for the bell.

DING DING

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

A massive round of applause follows. Yelling, screaming, there isn't one person sitting on their hands or mouth. The stadium is on their feet.

Crackerjack main event. Crackerjack!

Keyes cranks his head to the left, then the right, followed by a hard crack of his knuckles.

Conor, meanwhile, gives two middle fingers.

Fuse races towards Keyes, so Keyes does the same! They meet in the middle of the ring and start brawling for all its worth!

DDK:

RIGHTS AND LEFTS ARE FLYING EVERYWHERE!

The Faithful chant along and neither man backs down. They are absolutely feeding each other with the stiffest shit you've likely seen all night. Conor is hammering his left fist into Henry's right temple. Meanwhile, Keyes is sending his right forearm into Conor's mouth over and over and over again!

OOF!

Keyes drives his knee into Conor's chest to a wicked ovation as the gamer stumbles back and Keyes maintains his stone cold glare.

DDK:

I mean this... I REALLY mean this. It's a grudge match. Both men are capable of pulling off a terrific wrestling bout but I wonder how much quote-unquote "wrestling" we will see.

Conor reveals he already has a fat bottom lip from the Henry Keyes forearm smashes. Meanwhile, Keyes himself has a nice bump on the side of his temple.

The Ultimate Gamer takes a quick moment to spit in Lindsay Troy's direction.

And then both men run towards each other again!

Another BRAWL FOR ALL ensues!

RRRRRRRAAAAHHHH!!!!

!RANK, !RANK, SCREW YOU!

THIS IS AWESOME, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

FUCK HIM UP HENRY, FUCK HIM UP, stomp, stomp.

The FIST of DEFIANCE wins the fight for a second time, as he's the last one to drive a tough as nails forearm into Conor's mouth and knock him three to four feet back.

Keyes seems to say something along the lines of "that'll shut you up" but Conor screams back, even if drool runs down his mouth because he can barely enunciate.

DDK:

WE'RE READY FOR GO NUMBER THREE!

Both men run towards each other again but this time Conor doesn't lock up for a hockey scrap. Instead, he stops short of the middle of the ring-

WHACK!

AND SUPERKICKS HENRY KEYES UNDER THE JAW!

DDK:

HOLY SHIT!

Lance:

Suckerpunch superkick! If there can be such a thing!

Keebler can't help but scream as the FIST of DEFIANCE goes dead limp and falls on his back like a massive oak tree being cut down by a lumberjack.

Lance:

CONOR'S GOT IT WON! OH MY GOD!

The Faithful are in SHOCK! Even Conor Fuse can't f'n believe it! The Power-Up King falls to his knees and hooks BOTH legs for good measure.

Mark Shields makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

LAST SECOND KICKOUT!

[illegible]

Conor rolls onto his knees, holding the back of his head. Did he think it was over? Oh, 100%. Is he going to ruminate about it?

Pass.

Conor is already on his feet and drilling down the HAPPY STOMPS of DOOM but they are nothing like HAPPY. They are ANGRY. PISSED. FUMING STOMPS... of DOOM.

If Mark could count to five, he probably should, because Conor has worked Henry into a corner.

The fans are booing as Fuse keeps stomping along, working the champion down with each stomp. Conor is even jumping in the air and landing his boots with such precision, straight into Keves' head and neck.

We're WELLLLLLLL past a five count now and the fans are screaming all over this for Mark to do something. Troy is legit pissed at the dumbass ref and shouts he should've been fired years ago. FINALLY, Shields steps in-between them and wonders out loud if Conor is doing something illegal.

Conor replies by giving Mark two middle fingers and pushing him aside.

MORE stomps.

MORE.

MOAR!!

Shields once again interjects but Conor tells him to “get bent” and pushes him aside-

RRRRRAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

KEYES IS ON HIS FEET!

The champion stands face-to-face with the challenger. It's 6'3" meeting 6'1" but the looming aspect is Henry has a SOLID fifty pounds of pure muscle on the gamer.

Like Conor cares.

Fuse wins up for a left punch but this time Keyes blocks it. Keyes not only blocks it but he's caught Conor's fist in his own hand. Keyes starts twisting Conor's arm around, like a bully, picking on his victim. Except in these circumstances, Conor is seen as the bully. After all, Fuse is the one that sucked Keyes into a superkick when they were both running to each other with fists up.

Fuse leaps onto Keyes' shoulders, jumping off the champion and landing behind him, completely untangled from Keyes' grasp. Fuse spins Keyes around and looks for another superkick but Henry dodges it and hits the ropes.

CRACK!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Now it's Keyes' opportunity to shock the stadium and send it into a potential frenzy!

DDK:

KEYES CONNECTED WITH A RUNNING BELL CLAP ON CONOR!

Fuse's body goes limp and the champion falls down with a half-smirk on his face, as if to say "nice try, asshole"... the match didn't even last long. He's not paid by the hour.

Shields with the count.

ONE.

TWO.

FOOT ON THE ROPES!

From the pinning position, Keyes looks over at the foot on the ropes and then looks over at Mark Shields. The expression on Henry's face conveys he's stunned, absolutely stunned this shit ref was able to see the foot at the very last second AND ALSO not count the three.

Needless to say, it just means Conor's gonna get his ass whooped more.

MORE.

MOARRRR!!!

Henry lifts Conor and hurls the challenger into a corner. Keyes comes BOOMING in with a splash so strong, Conor's spit not only flies out of his mouth but his lime green "C" bandana pops off, too! Lindsay Troy saunters over and picks it up, before dramatically blowing her nose into it!

Fuse goes limp in the corner as Keyes drapes the gamer's arms across each side of the top rope, ensuring he will stay standing in the corner, even if he loses consciousness.

WHACK!

One of the hardest chops possible. A propellor edge chop.

WHACK!

Another one. It's not just the palm that chops, you see - it's the whole damn forearm.

WHACK!

And here we are, it only takes THREE hard chops where Conor's chest is busted TF open and he's bleeding like a mother fucker.

Keyes smiles. He's living his very best life right now.

WHACK!

A shot so hard, it sends Conor UP and over the top buckle pad, OUT OF THE RING COMPLETELY!

DDK:

I don't think that's what Keyes wanted to do there.

Lance:

I mean, yes and no - he can't keep chopping, but he might have just shattered the man's ribs!

Regardless, The Kraken exits the ring and walks to the side where Conor Fuse has fallen. Keyes takes a moment and peers into the crowd... his people... his pirate crew... cheering him on.

POP!

DDK:

WHAT THE!?

Conor Fuse DRILLS Henry Keyes between the eyes with a lead pipe... RIGHT IN FRONT OF Mark Shields in the process.

Or was it in front of Mark Shields? Yeah, Mark is there, but he was spaced out and checking out hot SF ass in the front row. Pig. Lindsay Troy is apoplectic - Shields is proving once again to be perhaps the most incompetent piece of trash she's ever seen.

The fans boo as Conor holds the lead pipe while Henry Keyes lands on his knees, right beside Conor.

The Ultimate Gamer stands as the boos come roaring in. Fuse holds the lead pipe high.

Conor Fuse:

This is a WARP TUNNEL! BAHAAHAHAHA!

More boos. San Francisco doesn't like Conor's gaming references.

Fuse is going to discard the pipe but has another thought in his head so he doesn't.

Conor Fuse:

And this pipe is gonna... WARP ME TO 8-4, BABY!

Fuse takes one SUPER QUICK look at Mark Shields and realizes the ref is still out in la la land, so Conor SMASHES the pipe between Keyes' shoulder blades as The Kraken shouts in pain! Conor tosses the pipe under the apron.

And now...

He picks up his "Lindsay Troy blown nose bandana."

DDK:

Conor is gagging Keyes with the bandana!

Lance:

Ah man, gross!

Conor is trying to stuff the bandana DOWN Keyes' throat but he's fighting away. Eventually, however, Fuse works the bandana around Henry's neck and starts choking the champion. Fuse would prolly hang Keyes from the ring ropes with the bandana, too. 100% GAMER SHIT. Maybe even get Keyes to tap like the coward he is...

But the bandana rips apart clean. That's how thick and strong Keyes' neck is.

Conor Fuse:

God dammit.

Fuse kicks at Keyes and pushes the champion back into the ring. Although given the size of the FIST, it takes Conor a while to get Henry under the bottom rope. Fuse gives the thumbs up to Shields, who gives the thumbs back over to Conor, perhaps insinuating they are on the same page and this **is** a crooked ref. But then that would be thinking WAY TOO FAR into things because Mark has inadvertently fucked Conor Fuse over plenty and Lindsay Troy, while at ringside, isn't in this match. Henry Keyes is the legal man.

(Once again, Lindsay loves Mark Shields and is totally not trying to get him fired on a daily basis, wink wink.)

Back inside the ring, it looks like Conor has Weapon Got some of Henry Keyes' mannerisms. He points at his left eye and gives a big wink to the crowd, a spiteful homage to his foe that brings in heavy boos. Conor reverts back to his own style, by licking his lips and measuring Keyes on the canvas.

Fuse SPRINTS into the ropes and leaps off them with a lionsault!

PERFECT LANDING!

DDK:

We have a cover!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

It doesn't matter, Fuse kips to his feet almost DIRECTLY after the kickout and finds himself on the second rope.

Flying elbow drop... connects!

Fuse kips up again to a chorus of boos. If he can't win them over because he ain't the hometown kid, he's gonna win them over with aerial assaults.

Or die trying.

DDK:

Lance, it doesn't take Conor long to get up there, does it?

Lance:

Not. At. All.

The announce team is referring to Fuse being on the top rope.

He jumps.

FLAWLESS 450 SPLASH!

No pin! Conor isn't done! He's on his feet again. HE'S ON THE TOP ROPE AGAIN.

Two middle fingers in the air as he jumps off the buckle.

Two middle fingers STAY in the air as Conor twists and turns not named OSCAR BURNS.

Dark. Phoenix. Splash.

DDK:

WE'VE GOT A NEW CHAMPION!

Conor lands the move with perfection, and we aren't talking about that 24K guy, he's long gone. Fuse connects with the move while holding two middle fingers out for as long as he possibly can. Sure, there are boos, but a move like that did have the crowd showing at least SOME respect.

Conor hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Wrong.

There is no three.

That was just a few members of the crowd screaming along because The Kraken Henry Keyes.

Kicked. The Fuck. Out.

Conor leans up against his enemy, eyes bugging out of his head as he stares at Mark Shields. Shields indeed agrees, it was only a two and holds up both fingers.

DDK:

Conor is beside himself.

Lance:

Conor is? I am!

DDK:

I think we all are! The Dark Phoenix Splash has become one of two major finishers for Conor Fuse over the last calendar year. I don't think I've ever seen anyone kick out!

Lance:

Recency bias. I'd have to go back and look. Either way, this is to take nothing away from Henry Keyes but we aren't as deep into the match as when we'd typically see that move.

DDK:

I dunno, partner - this match has had WAY more harder hits per minute than we'd typically see!

Conor cracks his neck and screams a blood thirsty cry into the rafters before pulling Keyes up by both of his arms and letting the FIST of DEFIANCE rest on his knees.

Conor Fuse:

I tried, bro. I really did. But I can't stand the sight of you.

Conor peers into the far distance of the stadium, and into the direction of the South Beach Harbour.

Conor Fuse:

Time to give you your wish.

Conor cocks back his head.

Conor Fuse:

And boot you outta DEFIANCE and over to PRIME... for good.

He spits in Keyes' face, holding onto both hands and then tilting his head into the night sky and screaming.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!!!!

COIN!

Keyes' head goes limp as Conor grins like a mother fucker.

Conor Fuse:

That's the kinda COIN I'm talking about.

He rears back for the definite seconds... while soaking in the boos and acknowledging his fate as the villain for the evening.

And potential NEWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW FIST of DEFIANCE.

...

■■■

...

Wait for it.

COIN-

NO!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

DDK:

Henry has Conor's knee!

Lance:

He doesn't only have Conor's knee, look at the fury in this man's eyes!

Pure fucking rage. Blood curling pressure. The Kraken has awoken and he won't let the second COIN land.

Fuse looks like he's seen a ghost as Keyes is on his feet and still has The Character Formerly Known as Player Two by the knee.

Keyes TOSSES the knee upright and therefore flips Conor 180 onto the mat. Keyes bellows a cry of his own and shoots into the ropes, coming back with a shoulder block that sends Conor FLYING! If it wasn't for the top rope just nicking the guy in his bottom, Conor may have cleared the ropes, the apron, and been absolutely DOA.

He isn't.

At least not yet.

European uppercut. Uppercut. Uppercut. UPPERCUT! Keyes is whipping Conor all around the ring with stiff as shit shots and the crowd eats it for dinner. The night sky looms over both wrestlers as Mark Shields gets in close on the action and Conor Fuse's typically pale looking skin is definitely all red by now - some parts flush with welts, others smeared in blood.

Keyes whips Fuse into a corner of the ring. Conor hits and flips upright, now he's sitting on the top buckle. The pressure of the toss was so strong that Conor didn't stay up there for long. Instead, he flips right back down the exact same way he went in... and stumbles backwards to the center of the ring.

Keyes snatches Fuse by the arm and whips him to the corner across the other way. The exact same thing happens. Conor fumbles into the center of the ring and Keyes tosses Fuse into corner number three.

The Faithful sarcastically chant "IRANK" as Conor meets the buckle and, once more, flips upright, flips back down, and wobbles to the center of the canvas.

Keyes points to corner number four. Obviously.

Except this time, Conor is tossed in so god damn hard, he doesn't flip onto the buckle. He hits and sticks. He's totally dead upon arrival.

Keyes licks his chops.

Goes barreling in.

WHAM!

Big splash!

DDK:

We've got a madhouse in San Francisco!

Lance:

This place is electric!

Keyes with a running release suplex, sending Conor out of the corner and to the center of the ring. Like a ragdoll, Fuse lands in a heap. His lights are off.

And Henry Keyes is on the second rope.

MASSIVE FLYING ELBOW!

Keyes hooks the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Fear not, The Kraken is in control. He calmly scoops Conor off the mat and then slams him back down near the ropes. Keyes points to the top again...

But Conor finds a second wind, pops to his feet and lands a backstabber!

Jeers echo throughout the building as both men are down. Soon after, the crowd starts rumbling their feet, rallying each man, and most importantly, their hometown star!

DDK:

No surprise here, Keyes is the fresher man. He's up first.

Conor is only on one knee at the time of Keyes' arrival.

POKE TO THE EYES, Conor to Henry!

More boos; Conor doesn't care. He's gotta play the role tonight and he's happy to cosplay. Fuse shoots into the ropes, leaps in the air- and Henry meets him up there with an uppercut!

Fuse crumbles, while Keyes holds onto the gamer's body. He's about to throw Conor into an elevated DDT...

DDK:

CONOR WITH A ROLL UP! WE'VE GOT A VICTORY ROLL!

ONE!

There's only a ONE count because Henry Keyes ROLLS through the roll up and has Conor in position for a German suplex. A RELEASE German. But Conor lands on his feet! The Ultimate Gamer screams for Keyes to spin around as Conor comes charging in with the Head Stomp but Henry avoids it and snatches the challenger's body in midair. Keyes starts airplane spinning... to which Conor escapes, grabs Keyes' arms and connects with one COIN before jumping onto the TOP ROPE IN ONE FLUENT MOTION!

And yet HENRY KEYES IS UP THERE TOO.

CLOCKWORK!!! The top rope belly-to-belly lands!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

What a sequence we just saw!

Lance:

I felt like that all happened in about TEN seconds!

DDK:

From victory roll to Clockwork, I don't think you would be far off!

Both men are trying to catch their breath, as Keyes is gassed on the canvas and Conor Fuse...

Kips. Back. Up.

Loudest boos of the night as he hunches over, using the ropes for support.

Conor Fuse: [gasping for breath between words]

I... can... do... this... all... day.

Conor can't even turn around yet, since Henry Keyes is right behind him.

The Kraken forcefully grabs Conor by the shoulders and spins him around as the fans anticipate a killing on their hands. Keyes lunges towards Fuse but it's like Conor has eyes in the back of his head because he knew exactly where Henry was. As Keyes races in, he's caught under Conor's arm, as the gamer readies for his new move.

DDK:

ANIMAL CROSSING!

The Cross Rhodes connects!

Conor isn't done.

Lance:

He's holding on, Keebs. HE'S HOLDING ON.

DDK:

ANIMAL CROSSING!

Conor isn't done. He's frothing at the mouth. He's rabid. Nobody's seen him like this before. Conor gives a zen cry into the night's sky before sending Henry Keyes to the mat one, more, time.

DDK:

ANIMAL CROSSING!

The air is let out of Conor's sails! He was overzealous! He hit Animal Crossing so strong, so quick, he actually sent Henry Keyes rolling out of the ring on the final maneuver!

Fuse punches himself in the face and takes off to the ropes. He jumps onto the top rope and then clears them with a picture perfect 450 splash to the outside of the ring AND LANDS ON TOP OF HENRY!

DDK:

Oh my goodness!

Lance:

I have never seen something like that before!

DDK:

But look- you have to think... you have to think Conor hurt himself on that jump!

Lance:

There's no doubt! Neither of them are moving!

DDK:

So it wasn't worth it, it couldn't be worth it! All Conor had to do was get Keyes back into the ring and perform the splash THERE!

Lance:

I don't believe Conor was thinking, partner. This is a HIGHLY emotional match. It's deeply personal!

Lindsay Troy checks on her Bestie and shouts words of encouragement to "NOT LET THIS DIPSHIT KEEP GETTING AWAY WITH IT, HENRY!" Mark Shields realizes he should really be counting to TEN, but he's totally starting a lot later than normal. The crowd is energized and cheering Keyes on (plus there's faint !RANK chants). As soon as we get to a count of FIVE, Keyes is on all fours and Conor rests on a knee.

SIX.

Keyes leans against the apron.

SEVEN.

Conor is screaming the pain out of his body.

EIGHT.

Fuse moves towards the ring.

NINE.

But Henry Keyes grabs him!

DDK:

Is Keyes TRYING to get them both counted out!?

Lance:

The champion retains on a count out!

At the VERY last second it looks like a split decision was made on both men's behalfs. Keyes lets Conor go and both of them slide into the ring to the delight of The Faithful!

CRACK~~!

It's the sound of a fucking bullwhip.

DDK:

BELL CLAP! DEAR GOD HE GOT THE BELL CLAP!

Lance:

That's why he let go of Conor! Keyes knew his gameplan all along!

Fuse is DOA in the middle of the ring as Henry Keyes rolls Conor onto his back and falls on top for the pin and the crowd count along.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT AT TWO-POINT-NINE-INFINITY!!!

DDK:

NO! IT'S NOT OVER.

Lance:

CONOR KICKED OUT!?

DDK:

CONOR KICKED OUT!

For a brief second there, it's almost as if Keyes can't believe it. He's staring a hole through Mark Shields' head but the dumb ref is exactly that, dumb. He's too stupid to realize Henry Keyes may want to kill him.

Doesn't matter. Keyes is setting up for COIN.

And, obviously, another COIN.

The type of coins Conor DOESN'T want to see.

Keyes shouts to Fuse as he readies his knee to drive it forward...

SWOOSH!

DDK:

CONOR ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY!

Fuse bounces into the ropes, leaps in the air and flies across Keyes' face with a superman punch, followed by a stiff superkick, and finished off with a double rope bounce out hidden blade.

DDK:

XENOBLADE!

Fuse hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

Relief swoops across the field, but Conor Fuse isn't done. The gamer stumbles back a couple of feet and looks over at the corner he's closest to. Keeping his eyes on the FIST of DEFIANCE the entire time, he marches over to the corner and hammers the top buckle pad.

Conor Fuse:

Power up.

The Faithful have seen this before, many times. The boos start roaring in as Conor stomps towards the second corner and smacks the top pad.

Conor Fuse:

Power up!

He walks to the third corner and pounds on the buckle.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UP.

The boos are so loud, if it wasn't for Conor's banshee-like screaming on the fourth buckle, you'd just have to read his lips. It wouldn't be difficult, though. It's the same thing, just with EXTREME levels of intensity.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UPPPPPPP!!!!!!!!!!

By now, Keyes is on one knee... but Conor knows this. He's been staring at Henry the entire time.

Fuse readies.

He races in.

Looking for the Head Stomp at the exact moment Henry Keyes stands.

CRRRRRACK~~~~~!

He may have busted an ear drum with that one.

DDK:

BELL CLAP! KEYES HITS ANOTHER BELL CLAP!!!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

The FIST falls on top of Conor and Mark Shields makes the count.

ONE.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL!? OH MY GOD, WHAT THE HELL!?!?

Lance:

HE KICKED OUT AT ONE!!

Intensity swirls across The Kraken's face. Is he bothered by this? Perhaps a little. He looks over at Lindsay Troy - he's going to have to kill this punk ass kid, isn't he? Yes, she says with her eyes, it is needless to say, Henry's going to literally kill the punk ass kid now. Keyes peels the fallen Fuse from the canvas, looking through the Canadian's glossy eyes, nearly as glossy as Fuse's wrestling tights. Henry hurls his opponent into the ropes and upon return winds up for a ripcord looking BELL CLAP CRACK straight into fucking homicide.

...

Conor jumps in the air right before impact.

He lands those two feet into the top of Henry's skull.

The stadium is stunned as Keyes folds into an accordion! On his back, legs dangling in the air, Conor comes CRASHING DOWN on Henry's legs, into the perfect pinning position!

DDK:

HEAD STOMP! FUSE GOT THE HEAD STOMP!

Shields makes the count.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

NO THREE! I DON'T BELIEVE WHAT I JUST SAW!

Conor had him, oh he had Keyes alright! Henry Keyes did NOT kickout. Instead, Conor leaned on the legs of Keyes SO HARD that it ended up flipping Henry's shoulders out from under him, forcing Keyes to inadvertently flip onto his stomach completely!

Lance:

An overeager pin for the given situation!

Fuse looks sick to his stomach as he realizes what the hell happened. He had the match won... HE SHOULD BE THE FIST... but he pushed so far down on the legs with his entire body, everything went to shit!

Conor Fuse:

FUCK!

However, Conor realizes Henry is still technically DOA. He peels Keyes off the canvas and stares into the crowd. Lindsay Troy hops onto the apron and starts shouting at cOnOr for being a "BIMCH" - Conor smacks the Queen of the Ring across her shoulders.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!

DDK:

There's no way he does this... right!?

She swings at him, but Conor is now just out of arm's reach from Troy. With ALL of Conor's might, he hoists Keyes in the air for a piledriver. A package piledriver. A Lindsay Troy piledriver.

Thy Kingdom Come!!

BOOM.

San Francisco is PISSED. Conor rolls over and hooks a leg, but he's so spent he can barely lift it.

ONE.

TWO.

HAND ON THE BOTTOM ROPE!

Oracle Park rallies! Conor Fuse is all "JESUS CHRIST HOW MANY TIMES I GOTTA DO THIS!?" He's pulling at his hair. He's yelling that his opponent is prolly three-hundred pounds more than he is, but Conor lifted the fucker. So why can't the piledriver get the job done!? Fuse limps onto his feet-

HENRY KEYES IS UP!

The Kraken ducks a superkick and drills a kick to Fuse's gut.

Surprise COIN!

The Faithful ERUPT!

COIN!

As Henry Keyes lets go of Conor, he actually lets go of the gamer a bit too soon because that second COIN sends Conor FLYING between the top and middle ropes!

DDK:

Now it's Keyes who got a little overeager with that second COIN! You don't see that every day!

Lance:

Honestly? I don't think it was overeagerness. I think Keyes wanted to kill Conor so badly with that second COIN... and he did. Just bad luck that Conor fell out of the ring!

It's clear Henry Keyes needs this time as a breather, too. He's on one knee in the center of the ring while Conor Fuse can only blink as he stares into the night sky on the outside.

The fans rally their feet. Eventually, Henry exits the ring and throws Conor back inside. Keyes moves through the top

and middle rope when Conor snatches Keyes by the arms again and screams WEAPON GET?! It doesn't go further, though. Henry reels Fuse into him and lands a sitdown ricola bomb in the middle of the ring with a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Both men struggle to find a vertical base, but Keyes shouts as he finds the ropes, bounces off and DESTROYS Conor with an inside-out lariat so inside-out that Conor spins in the air at 360 at least THREE TIMES before crashing to the ground.

Lance:

DAMN! Fuse was like a torpedo being shot into outer space!

DDK:

A bloody tornado coming through! Call Tony Hawk!

Keyes is way too god damn tired to smirk or say anything of substance at the moment. He merely drags his opponent off the canvas mat with a deadlift gutwrench running release suplex.

Conor goes SPLAT.

The onslaught continues. Keyes hoists Fuse in the air with a Canadian backbreaker, dropping the gamer across his right shoulder upon landing.

Keyes doubles over. He needs a breather before he can get back to Conor. It's moments like these where the "salt" in his hair seems to come through a bit more than the "pepper".

DDK:

You can see the toll this has played on BOTH men. I don't think either of them will be the same for a long, long time.

And yet... as Keyes looks behind him. He can't believe his eyes. Conor is propped up, in the corner of the ring... screaming his own !RANK chants.

Conor Fuse:

!RANK !RANK !RANK !RANK

Conor comes charging in.

Conor Fuse:

!RANNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!!!

Keyes uses Conor's own momentum against him as he tosses the charging Fuse into the air and leaps in the air at the same time, Shoryuken style, absolutely, positively, fucking decapitating the poor gaming guy's head off with a European uppercut.

Conor doesn't move.

Doesn't even breathe.

Keyes falls down and Shields makes the count.

ONE.

TWO.

SECOND LIFE KICKOUT!

Fuse kips to his feet. He's running on GVP fumes. He sprints into the ropes and ducks a wild haymaker of a lariat. He's off the next set of ropes and avoids what looks to have been a Bell Clap. Conor is now **THREE ROPE BOUNCES DEEP** and flies off with a spinning heel kick so spinning that Conor literally spins in the air **TWICE** before connecting. Fuse's legs are windmill arms. They catch Keyes under the jaw, stunning the champion as Conor leaps to his feet, grabs Henry by the head and lands the biggest, baddest, toughest Resolution DDT of all time. The mother of DDT. Making a Paradigm Shift look like Child's Play.

King DeDeDeT.

Fuse is spent. He can't even make the cover. He's a mess on the canvas beside his arch nemesis. And while the crowd boos, even Fuse being the visiting team in this situation has most of the fans clapping for the sheer effort by both men. Troy screams for her Bestie to get up.

Conor shouts "IRANK" on the canvas as he tries to recharge.

Conor Fuse:

IRANK

IRANK

IRANK

Fuse tilts his head into the night sky and goes apeshit with the next one.

Conor Fuse:

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!IRANK

Conor is up.

...So is Henry Keyes.

DDK:

We are back to where we started off. Oh boy.

Both men at their side of the ring. Locked onto each other. Ready to continue this war, likely to know only one is getting out alive.

Conor loosens his left ankle. It's like he is calling his shot, telling Henry Keyes he's going to charge in for the HEAD STOMP.

Meanwhile, Henry rolls his shoulders forward. Cracks his wrists. Another Bell Clap coming?

Might be the last of the match if it is.

Conor puts a scowl on his face and is ready to charge. Henry waves him forward.

Both run towards one another.

Fuse leaps in the air.

HEAD STOMP.

DDK:

CONOR OVERSHOT IT!

Indeed, Fuse did. He overshoots the Head Stomp and clears Henry Keyes completely. The second Conor lands on his feet, The Kraken is there with a ripcord BELL CLAP.

Fuse folds immediately, as Keyes fires up and the crowd is ROARING. There's no tomorrow.

COIN.

...

COIN.

...

THIRD COIN FOR GOOD MEASURE.

DDK:

KEYES WITH THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

♪ "Ride the Tiger" - Jefferson Starship -♪

Vince Howard:

HEEEEEEEERE IS YOUR-

The audio cuts out and we hear the sounds of a microphone caught up in the middle of a scuffle. It resolves itself.

Lindsay Troy:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! HEHEEEEEERE IS YOUR WINNER! AND STILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL! THE FIST! OF! DEFIANCE!! HE IS THE KRAKENNNNNN! HENRYYYYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!!

She drops the mic and slides beneath the bottom rope into the ring. The two Besties hug in celebration, which soon turns into Troy trying her best to keep Keyes upright with his arm slung over her shoulder. Mark Shields miraculously finds the FIST at ringside and begins to try to strap up the champ - Troy is having none of this, snatches the FIST herself, and straps it around Henry's waist.

Keyes's arms are aloft in victory. He points to his left cat's eye and lets out something between a laugh and a shout, before dropping to his knees in exhaustion. Gold and pink and blue and white sparks shoot out from McCovey Cove.

Keyes's chest heaves as he takes in as much oxygen as possible, and a dark joy seems to have finally come to his face. He looks over at the crumpled heap of green gear and red flesh that's still in the ring and finds the strength to get up, FIST around his waist, Bestie at his side. Battle-worn, battle-tested, and tonight, just too big of a monster to overcome in the end. He stands over Conor.

Henry Keyes:

...NOW, we're even.

Troy drops half of the green headband-turned-used-handkerchief on the prone Fuse. She heads out and sits on the second rope while lifting the top rope. Keyes comfortably steps through and wipes the soles of his boots on the apron in the direction of his fallen foe before hopping to the floor. The Co-Consuls of Vae Victis ham it up quite a bit for the hometown crowd as they make their way back up the ramp.

DDK:

What. A. Match.

Lance:

Keyes did it, he's still our FIST of DEFIANCE.

Keyes and Troy stand at the top of the rampway as a large display of fireworks shoots off from the top of the center field scoreboard. The Besties wave to the hometown fans before eventually vanishing behind the M A X D E F letters.

Leaving Henry Keyes' theme song to end.

Leaving Conor Fuse laying in the middle of the ring.

Some fans make their way to the exits, others remain in their seats. A solid thirty seconds pass before Conor's eyes blink once, proving he is indeed alive. It takes another thirty seconds or so, but Conor slowly and painfully rolls to his side.

DDK:

You have to feel for Conor Fuse here.

Lance:

I do, Keebs. It's a tough one. He left it all out there and nobody wanted it more.

Fuse rolls onto a knee, his facial expressions conveying he is absolutely spent and may not even know where he is anymore.

Conor glances to his left and then to his right. He starts crawling towards the ropes. Reaching out, they help him up. Then he rests on the top of them.

Leaning there with a dejected look, it now seems like Conor remembers what happened. He watches some of the fans leave, some of them boo, some of them cheer and everything else in-between.

Conor Fuse:

So this is it, huh?

Conor asks rhetorically as he spits out blood before running a hand through his ratty blonde hair.

Conor Fuse:

This is the way it's gonna be?

Conor's left hand shakes profusely as he tries to scratch the back of his neck. He continues to lean on the ropes for support.

Another scan of the crowd. Conor is shaking his head now. No one else is in the ring with him and although a few EMTs make their way down the ramp, Conor waves them off.

He falls to the canvas, rolls under the bottom rope and starts limping to the back. Again, there are boos, cheers, !RANK chants or whatever.

But the broadcast feed follows Conor limping up the rampway, head down, giving it a shake.

Conor Fuse:

This is it, huh? This is it...

Conor keeps mumbling the same line over and over to himself as he reaches the top of the rampway. With his body facing the exit, the DEFIANCE signature appears on the bottom of the broadcast feed as Conor peers back over his shoulder for just a split second and then expressionlessly limps away.

THIS...

IS...

DEFIANCE...