

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Bright colorful lights roll across the arena as the Faithful go wild! The DEFtv opening video is playing on the DEFiatron. Many of the wrestlers we see on a daily basis as well as a few legends are shown before the music video comes to an end. The fireworks go off and the fans get even louder in the WrestlePlex as the red lights come to life on the cameras.

Signs and excitement everywhere!

LINDSAY DESERVES FIST SHOT

KERRY KEEPS KOMING

CRAIG DOOMBURGERS

KOMING AGAIN DOWN THE ROAD IN HIS ROBE!!!

DEACON LIVES

I PROMISE THERE'S GOOD IN THE WORLD, CRAIG HAMBURGERS

WE LOVE YOU, CRAIG HAMBURGERS

I DEMAND AN APPEARANCE FROM CRAIG'S COUSIN, CHRIS CHICKENFINGERS

MORE LIKE GOLDEN STALKER, AM I RIGHT?

THE EXISTENCE OF A HEROIC SPLIFF IMPLIES A VILLAINOUS SPLIFF

HELLO MY NAME IS CRAIG HAMBURGERS AND I HAVE SEEN THE GNARLED MAW OF THE VOID FOR THE FIRST TIME

P-A-R-A-M-O-U-N-T +

NO JUSTICE NO PEACE

KNOW JUSTICE KNOW PEACE

WHO IS TROY WINDHAM?

JUSTICE FOR EDDY LOVE

SAVE US, LINDSAY

WARENSTEIN/CHICKENTENDERS 2024

I WRITE BLUE BLOODS FAN FICTION AND DO NOT KNOW TROY WINDHAM

BUT IS MASON AND MAX LUCK'S MOM SCARED, THOUGH

CHRIS CHICKENTENDERS = NEXT DEF RADIO PRODUCER

ME + MRS. SEVENS = SIXTY NINE

REFORM FEARS ELON

\$NEDCOIN

SEND THEM BOTH TO MARS

TITANESS MARRY ME INSTEAD

IM GONNA FIST STALKERS WORLD

COUNT NOVICK INVENTED CRYPT-O-CURRENCY

MUSK OF REFORM AVAILABLE AT ALL FRAGRANCE STORES NOW

KERRY KUROYAMA - 4 & 0

TROY AND RYAN FOR TAG CHAMPS

IF YOU HAVE A STRUCTURED SETTLEMENT AND YOU NEED CASH NOW, CALL JG WENTWORTH:

877-CASH-NOW

ELDEN RING OOOOOOOOOHHHHH

SAVE KUROYAMA FOR YOUR MOMMA

SHE SAID YES

**IF YOU VISITED STALKERS WORLD BETWEEN OCT 2018 AND JAN 2022, YOU MIGHT BE ENTITLED TO
COMPENSATION**

JOE STATS OVERSERVED ME

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO REACH YOU ABOUT YOUR WARRANTY

THE ROAD TO DEFCON SURE IS BUMPY

I'D SAY TWO STARS AT BEAT CAUSE NOT EVEN A FLIP

(Picture of a dinosaur) D. WRECKS

TITANESS CALL ME

NED REFORM IS HIS OWN VALENTINE LET'S LAUGH AT HIM

WHAT IS THIS SERUM IN MY L'OREAL SERUM?

(underneath the above sign) CRIMSON HAIR PRODUCTS

(Next to that sign) SIGN UP HERE FOR TESTING!

PEACE AND PROSPERITY TO THE CHOCTAW NATION - WE REMEMBER EDDY LOVE

SHIFTING LANDSCAPE

♪ "Put 'Em in the Grave" - Jedi Mind Tricks ♪

The ominous opening chords to "Put 'Em in the Grave" blasts through the DEFplex's speakers as a raucous ovation from the DEFIANCE Faithful calls for the Queen of the Ring to appear. The cameras pan around the crowd, catching a few "SAVE US, LINDSAY!" signs that didn't make the opening show cut, and eventually the High Queen herself saunters out to the stage with her brother-in-law, Dan Ryan, right beside her.

DDK:

It looks like night two of our programming is going to start off much the same way as night one did, Lance...with the Queen of the Ring, and a scheduled in-ring!

Lance:

Except I don't think Nigel Tricklebush was expecting Lindsay to interrupt his gloating. I, for one, am glad she did. What he and Corvo Alpha did to Henry Keyes was despicable.

Troy and Ryan make their way to the ring and slip inbetween the ropes. Darren Quimbey hands the pair a set of microphones and takes his leave while Jedi Mind Tricks fades out.

The devastating duo saunter to center ring. Troy is the first to speak.

Lindsay Troy:

Welcome ... OFFICIALLY ... to the 24K-less DEFIANCE!

The Faithful go wild at this proclamation as the Queen of the Ring looks positively pleased with herself. The Ego Buster looks on, smugly.

Lindsay Troy:

One month ago ... wow, has it been a month already?

She looks over at Dan, a little shocked.

Lindsay Troy:

Time flies when you're having fun, huh? I digress. One month ago at DEFIANCE Road, I finally rid this company of that beaked-nose, beady-eyed cancer, Cayle Murray, once and for all. And I did it in the most brutal, bloody way imaginable....inside *my* WARCHAMBER.

She pauses to smirk and soak up the adoration of the crowd.

Lindsay Troy:

Cayle is *done* in this business...I've made sure of it. He got carried out of the DEFplex unconscious and changed forever. I've broken his body and I've broken his soul, just like his brother was broken a year ago. For that, everyone can be thankful. And, because I am nothing if not benevolent, I've given Cayle one last parting gift...I've released him from his contract. He's free to convalesce at home, whenever he's finally released from the hospital, to never be seen or heard from again.

Dan Ryan:

Kinda derivative of you, though.

Troy frowns, looking at him, then raises a questioning eyebrow.

Dan Ryan:

I mean, I turn Cayle Murray inside out and send him out of a company in a body bag, then you do it. How childish.

The Queen gives him a "not sure if you're serious" look. Dan looks back, serious expression for a few moments, then

smiles. Lindsay rolls her eyes, but then smirks in amusement.

Dan Ryan:

What can I say, right? When the family comes together, we make sure business is taken care of permanently. 24K is atrocious. I've never been more convinced that four people have buried a hooker together. You can't just run to another company, act like nothing ever happened and think you can live happily ever after. That's not how this works. And my my my how the prestige of the FIST of DEFIANCE.... *my* FIST of DEFIANCE... has fallen. I was watching some tape this week when I realized that Jason fucking Reeves is the FIST of DEFIANCE? When I shut down Empire Pro, Jason Reeves was cleaning the parking lots after shows to make extra money. He's a real angry guy, and I guess I understand. The guy had a terrible childhood, being dragged around to county fairs so his mom could get lucky with some three-toothed ride attendant. I guess it's pretty hard to have fun at the fair when you're distracted by your mother getting finger-fucked on the tilt-a-whirl.

Lindsay Troy practically does a spit-take, then grimaces in disgust.

Dan Ryan:

And Gage Blackwood, to be honest, before Lindsay told me who you were, I thought for sure 'Gage Blackwood' was an African-American porn star. But it turns out, you're not even African-American? What a racist fraud you are. You took care of Mikey Unlikely, something I could respect, but then you lost *my* title to the fuckin' Stalker, and that I cannot accept. No respect for you, pal!

Lindsay Troy:

This is how I know we're in a bad remake of Doctor Horrible's Sing-Along-Blog....fucking Stalker is the FIST of DEFIANCE. *[She shakes her head; the Faithful boo]* But why *should* you respect Gage Blackwood, Dan? Why should anyone? The Gaelic Storm is a piss-poor substitute for the Queen's Gambit, and if that wasn't bad enough, he had the nerve to take Deacon for Team DEFIANCE over me in the 24K War.

Troy looks directly into the camera now, addressing the Noble Raider directly.

Lindsay Troy:

I hate to sound like a broken record, Gage, but I'm not one to let slights like this slide. I've been calling your name for months and now that my other business is settled I'm gonna come find out about you.

A thumb over her shoulder.

Lindsay Troy:

Dan and I both.

Dan Ryan:

Yeah... that's right. I'm gonna come find out about you, too. Mostly because I'm still not sure exactly which one you are. But also because Lindsay has told me how punchable your face is. And there's nothing I like more than punching punchable faces. I only wish there were even more faces to punch...

Dan looks off wistfully, then snaps back.

Dan Ryan:

But I digress. Needless to say, there's a lot of work to do. There's a lot of trash to take out and a huge fucking mess to clean up. I never should have left, but I'm gonna put this ship back on course, and this time... I won't be walking away.

Lindsay Troy:

We are gonna put this ship back on course, just like we always do, and whether anyone likes it or not. For years, you've seen us dominate as the Inner Circle. Now, bear witness to our rise and reign as **Vae Victis**. No DEFIANT is safe, no title is far from our grasp, and no bodies will be left unbroken.

Lindsay lowers the mic, letting it slip from her fingers and fall to the mat with a **thud**. "Put 'Em in the Grave" doesn't

cue up again....instead, a new song begins to play: "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor.

DDK:

A new name and a warning for Gage Blackwood and the DEFIANCE locker room at large...Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan are out for blood and prepared to take it.

Lance:

This is a very, very scary proposition, Darren. On their own they're frightening but on the same page? I have a feeling that the landscape of DEFIANCE is about to start shifting.

The in-laws take their leave from the ring to a barrage of cheers as the ring crew and the announcers get ready for the first match of the evening.

PCP vs. BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY

DDK:

Our first match... for lack of a better term... this has potential to be pure chaos. Last week on UNCUT, Tom Morrow made the challenge and it was accepted. An eight-person tag team match! It'll be the entirety of Pop Culture Phenoms - Elise Ares, The D, Flex Kruger and Klein -- going up against three of Better Future Talent Agency's monsters of Alvaro de Vargas, The Lucky Sevens as well as a former PCP member and now The Lucky Seven's official spokeswoman, Ophelia Sykes!

Lance:

There was a lot of bad blood between PCP and BFTA last year after Ophelia jumped ship. It ended badly with Flex Kruger and The Game Boy burned by ADV's signature fireball attack, but it was PCP joining forces with Conor Fuse and Henry Keyes to form FML 2.0 to take the win. But times are different now.

DDK:

Indeed. Both ADV and The Lucky Sevens are coming off huge wins after violent feuds came to an end. Jack Mace is no longer with BFTA after he woke up and saw the writing on the wall. There's no Conor Fuse here and we don't know if Keyes will wrestle again, period. PCPs are coming off that INCREDIBLE ladder match main event so this one could be anyone's match.

Lance:

You can never count the PCPs, perhaps one of DEFIANCE's most decorated stables, out ever. We'll go to the intros now and get this tag match underway!

Before Darren Quimbey gets the chance to open his mouth, he stops when he sees none other than the BFTA Brainchild, Tom Morrow, on the ramp. He turns on his Better Future-branded headset and slaps it in his ear.

Tom Morrow:

Nah, I'm good, Quimbey. Greatness doesn't need to be introduced by one of your mediocre intros so beat it, fatty.

Quimbey shakes his head while Morrow smirks from the stage.

Tom Morrow:

You saw ADV deliver the GREATEST beating to Henry Keyes and even allowed Corvo Alpha to get in on some of that because he's so generous. You saw the first AND last pay-per-view premium live big show whatever for The House because The Lucky Sevens not only crippled The House and sent them packing, but they got the HIGHEST-RATED match of the entire two nights of DEFROAD making them SIX-STAR BEATDOWN LEGENDS...

Lance:

Yeah, after The Lucky Sevens intimidated Tim Tillinghast to change his match rating...

Tom Morrow:

We're heading full speed ahead to DEFCON and we're going to be settling some goddamn scores on the way there! Thanks to us, you'll never see Jack Mace again in a DEFIANCE ring after he turned his back on me and put his hands on me. Sorry about that work visa of yours, Jackie!

He makes a fake pouty face as the crowd hates on him some more.

Tom Morrow:

And tonight, we're getting REVENGE on the PCP. You bunch of idiots have a better chance of making it onto Donda 2 than beating my guys! I'm on your side, Ye!

DDK:

What the hell is he even talking about?

Tom Morrow:

Conor Fuse and Henry Keyes aren't here to save you from what's coming your way! Allow me to introduce, ex-PCP goofball and now official spokeswoman Ophelia Sykes... The seven-foot SIX-STAR Main Event Monsters of DEFIANCE! Big Money Max! Big Money Mason! **THE LUCKY SEVENS!**

The lights go and three numbers appear on the screen in the form of a slot machine!

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

7 7 7

The lights come back on and the twins put up "The Winning Hand" while wearing gold-colored capest that have a scrolling ticker on the back: MAIN! EVENT! MONSTERS! The Lucky Sevens quickly head on down to the ring and then shed them down. Ophelia Sykes stands by her men with Morrow ready to see the fight! The music cuts as Morrow smiles again.

Tom Morrow:

And of course... the Keyes Killer himself! El Sol Dorado! Your friend and mine... Standing six-foot eight! Weighing 274 pounds... he is **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

♪ "Only One King" by Tommee Proffit ♪

The new theme plays and out from the back...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Fire erupts from either side of the stage and coming out from the back in street clothes - a pair of black jeans, red Adidas sneakers, a sleeveless hoodie is the man called Alvaro de Vargas. He throws the hoodie back and...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Another blast of fire from either side of the stage, eyes hidden behind red-tinted sunglasses and an obsessive scowl to match. He looks out to either side of the jeering stage and looks like he's giving Morrow a death glare... but then gives Morrow a friendly hug that makes him slightly uneasy, but appears to be copacetic with his manager.

DDK:

Well how sweet, they made up. ADV was obsessed so much with Keyes, it cost him and Jack Mace a win.

Lance:

But now things seem to be copacetic between them... they look more dangerous than ever.

ADV, The Lucky Sevens and Ophelia Sykes in wrestling gear matching the Lucky Sevens enter the ring. They all fill the ring as they wait, looking ready for a fight against opponents they know very well, but before the music can even cut off a series of microphone taps echoes across the arena. A quick music cut followed by a spotlight forces the Faithful, and BFTA, to look towards the stage where The D is standing with a suit similar to a vintage Tom Morrow number.

The D:

Now Quimbey, I'ma let you finish tonight, but first I wanted to give the greatest ring introduction of all time.

Tom Morrow immediately starts screaming but finds that his headset has already been cut off by the sound team. Furious, he rips the headset off and spikes it onto the ground with his screams muffled by the roar of the Faithful.

The D:

At DEFIANCE Road you watched as they put on a sports entertainment CLINIC, achieving the highest LEGITIMATE star rating from Tim Whathisface at an astounding FOUR-AND-A-HALF STARS after already suffering a two star

penalty because Uriel Cortez was in the match, which makes the MAIN EVENT at DEFIANCE Road a SIX-AND-A-HALF STAR MATCH.

Lance:

I... don't think that's how that works.

The D:

You also watched as they fought through gaslighting and emotional manipulation and submitted The Toybox in what could only be described as a mismatch of catastrophic proportions. Now, on the road to DEFCON, you will all bear witness as these four undeniable forces in sports entertainment tie up their loose (points to Ophelia Sykes) ends and bring the Better Future Talent Agency to a place where they are truly at their best... on their knees. Begging. PLEADING for release. I bring you The EXCELLENCE OF FLEXICUTION, FLEX KRUGER! A man whose power can only be retained inside of a box, KLEIN!

With a pause between each name, The D successfully riles up the Faithful as Tom Morrow screams at the members of the production staff at ringside for allowing this to continue.

The D:

The longest reigning DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion of ALL. TIME. The QUEEN of Sports Entertainment Style, Elise Ares! And last but certainly not least... he is NETFLIX MONEY, unlike those Luck boys who couldn't even make a buck on Crackle TV. He is currently doing Tom Morrow's own schtick better than he's ever done it. He is ME. THE D! And we are the POP. CULTURE. PHENOMS!

With a roar of the Faithful the music kicks in.

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

Elise Ares leads Flex Kruger and Klein into the arena, all wearing black ring gear with matching cyan and magenta accents. Ares' LED sunglasses read "LUCKS" "RUN" "OUT" over her transparent face shield as The D joins them on the walk to the ring.

DDK:

A heartbreaking tag team championship loss but an emotional triumph over The Toybox leaves a mixed bag for PCP, who still looked impressive at DEFIANCE Road.

Klein bursts through the D & Elise, boxless, and leads the charge to ringside. The more charismatic elements of PCP look at each other and point to Klein in a perturbed confusion.

DDK:

There is a lot of history between these two factions and the results have unfortunately been lopsided in Better Future's direction thus far, Lance.

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens have managed to beat the Pop Culture Phenoms twice on big stages. Ophelia Sykes was instrumental in one of those outcomes and PCP still hasn't really got a hold of her for that. It's not surprising that this is a match that they'd want.

DDK:

Well they'll get that chance tonight, Lance, as she's an active member of this matchup. You'll have to wonder what Tom Morrow's big strategy is going to be to keep that from happening.

Lance:

It'll involve some underhandedness for sure.

DDK:

From both teams!

The Pop Culture Phenoms have made their way to the ring where The D and Elise Ares try to get everyone to rock, paper, scissors to see who starts the match, but Klein just smacks Flex's chest and the two hulk up. Klein nods to the D and Elise, as he exits the ring. The D and Elise both shrug, D mid-rock motion, and join Klein on the apron as the music fades away. Flex points at Ophelia Sykes and then flexes to approval from the Faithful, but instead ADV steps into the ring and flips off the crowd.

DING DING

As soon as the bell rings Ares slaps the back of Flex Kruger to tag herself into the match and her stablemate turns around in confusion as she jumps over the top rope and makes her way towards ADV.

DDK:

I don't know if that was smart! She gives up a lot of size to de Vargas and he's coming off that win over Henry Keyes in falls count anywhere. He's dangerous.

ADV tries to run at Elise, but she scoots to the ropes quickly to play keep-away from the big man. He tries again, but Elise moves to the side. She runs at him again... but this time, de Vargas catches her and DRIVES her down with a big body slam!

Lance:

Nothing fancy about that one! ADV asserting dominance early.

El Sol Dorado picks her up again and then holds her up... then puts her down with a second slam! He holds up two fingers as the rest of PCP are forced to watch the match play out. ADV runs off the ropes, but a quick elbow drop by the Cocky Cuban misses! Elise rolls out of the way and then quickly goes to the ropes to hit an inside springboard dropkick, catching ADV in the face!

DDK:

Fancy footwork by Elise!

Elise starts to get up, but so does de Vargas. He gets up to his feet when The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style comes running. He tries to fling her upwards, but she changes to a mid-air dropkick that sends ADV back a step again! Tag to The D! The crowd cheers as BOTH of them leap up and finally get him off his feet with stereo springboard dropkicks! Elise rolls out of the ring and hot dogs a bit while BFTA and Morrow at ringside look annoyed!

DDK:

GREAT teamwork as always by PCP! Cover by The D on Alvaro!

ONE... TWO-NO!

ADV kicks out, but The D doesn't let him get up and slides into another big basement dropkick to make sure El Sol Dorado stays down! The D then tags Flex Kruger who no doubt hasn't forgotten his history with ADV.

Lance:

Flex might have a personal stake right now. ADV put him on his Burn Victim list with that fireball attack to the face a few months back!

DDK:

And Flex muscles ADV to the corner! Shoulder thrusts to the rib cage!

De Vargas gets worked over as The Lucky Sevens and Ophelia Sykes look on! ADV is hurt as Flex continues to bury the shoulder into his chest. He gets a bit more aggressive and HOLDS the shoulder in his chest until Carla Ferrari starts to count! ADV is winded when Flex tags Klein into the ring! The two men that make up Flex in a Box both enter

as Flex hits an assisted whip on Klein, hitting ADV in the corner with a splash! Flex in a Box then send ADV to the ropes and hit a double shoulder tackle, then both flex for the crowd!

Lance:

Really good teamwork in particular there by Flex in a Box! They have stepped their game up since beating The ToyBox at DEFROAD!

DDK:

Cover by Klein on de Vargas!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Morrow lets out a hefty sigh and yells at Carla to do her job with all the double-team attacks going on.

DDK:

ADV kicks out, but PCPs tonight are working a great match so far.

Klein picks up ADV and clubs the back of his head with a pair of elbows, then a big chop to the chest before leaving him on the ground, but before he can do anything more, The D tags himself in and surprises his tag partner as he does so!

Lance:

Looks like Klein wasn't expecting the tag!

DDK:

He wasn't! And now The D's going up top! What's he thinking?

ADV is still sprawled out as The D heads up top. Klein returns to the corner reluctantly as he takes flight... he goes for the B Movie frog splash...

CAUGHT ACROSS THE THROAT BY ALVARO!

DDK:

NO! The D went for the B Movie Frog Splash... but Alvaro catches him from the ground...

ADV then WOWS the crowd by kipping his large self to his feet while still holding The D... and DUNKS him with a big chokeslam! De Vargas kneels over The Netflix A-Lister and growls.

Lance:

OH, MY GOD! WHAT A COUNTER! HE DID THAT SAME THING AGAINST HENRY KEYES AT DEFROAD!

Alvaro is on his feet and Morrow cheers on his guy, amazed with Alvaro's major flash of athleticism.

DDK:

I'm not sure what The D was thinking there, but he just got taken down by Alvaro! That one distraction was all BFTA needed to take control for the first time in this match!

ADV checks his lip, then growls in the direction of the Netflix A-Lister. As he tries to get up, he gets PUMMELED with a series of vicious boots to the chest, followed by a standing boot choke against his neck! Carla Ferrari starts a countdown after ADV refuses to break, but he finally does so after the count of four. He tags to Mason Luck!

Lance:

Uh-oh. The Lucky Sevens and PCP have been through it all in DEFIANCE. They've fought many times, but they've never fought the Sevens as dangerous as they are right now.

Mason Luck hits The D with a big splash in the corner and then a big open-hand chop to the chest! Mason tags his brother Max into the ring and he hits a big chop to the chest. Mason back in with a tag and then he grabs him with the Winning Hand claw in the corner! He holds down on the submission as The D screams out in agony.

Lance:

He's got the Winning Hand on The D... nope, still dirty-sounding.

DDK:

He knew what he was doing with that name... but nevertheless, you're right! Max now with the tag again!

The brothers work quick tag team magic (as much as giant seven-footers can do, anyway) and now Max holds the Winning Hand for a few moments on The D's face! He holds him until Carla orders him to break off... then HURLS The D across the ring with a biel out of the Winning Hand position!

DDK:

They're ragdolling him now! And Morrow and BFTA are having a ball.

Tom Morrow is giddy as hell on the outside, enjoying every bit of punishment. Max Luck then charges from the ropes and the Box Car elbow drop nails The D right in the chest! The D howls out in pain but Max pushes him down for a cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

That cover looked a little lax by Max. We've seen the brothers do this before. They get ahead of themselves a little too much sometimes.

Lance:

Morrow's having none of it, though! He's tagging Mason!

Mason tags into the ring and the big monster has The D him on the shoulders... until SPIKING him down with the Deck Cutter! The yokosuka cutter plants him on the mat and now Mason sits up. He ponders going for a tag, but Ophelia Sykes finally wants a tag!

DDK:

Oh, jeez. NOW she wants in! Ophelia is the only member of BFTA who hasn't been in the ring yet.

Lance:

And while The D is down, of course.

Mason reaches over and pulls The D (tee hee) towards the buckles while the rest of the PCP looks on. Ophelia climbs the turnbuckle and then Mason holds her up in a press slam. He then drops her right on top of her ex-boyfriend with an assisted splash!

Mason Luck:

Pin him!

Sykes giddily does so and tries to pin The D!

ONE... TWO...

But Elise has seen enough! The South Beach Starlet comes into the ring and goes crazy with right hands all over the woman who betrayed PCP some months ago! Carla Ferrari is trying to pull Elise off of her, but it doesn't do too much good! Klein and Flex tell Elise to look out, because ADV climbs into the ring behind Sykes and puts more boots to The D when Carla's attention is elsewhere!

DDK:

Those wounds never properly healed from Ophelia's betrayal of PCP. BFTA spent weeks attacking PCPs until they joined forces with Conor Fuse and Henry Keyes... but now they're on their own here!

Lance:

And ADV with a nasty soccer kick to The D's ribs!

He holds his hands out to tell the crowd it was good and gets JEERED before he climbs back over. When Carla finally gets a hot Elise back out to her corner with Flex and Klein both talking to her, Sykes has enough in-ring fun and tags out to ADV to finish the job. He gets into the ring and he gets ready...

DDK:

Here comes Alvaro... he's gearing up for Abajo Vas!

He runs for the running knee strike, but The D sees it coming and ducks! When ADV turns, The D surprises him by grabbing an arm... THE A-LISTER!

Lance:

No! ADV gets his jaw rocked by The A-Lister! The D finally has his opening... damn it, he keeps getting me with these double entendres!

DDK:

Mind out of the gutter, Lance... ADV scrambles over... tag to Mason Luck... and a tag to Klein!

The Boxman gets BIG cheers from the crowd as he comes in and nails a big clothesline to Mason Luck! The Main Event Monster stumbles for a moment, but Mason stands his ground. Klein runs the ropes again and nails an even clothesline, but he still doesn't go down. Mason grins and dares him to do it again. Klein runs... Mason tries a big boot, but Klein ducks and comes off the ropes with a HUGE flying clothesline this time and finally forces Mason to stumble to his knees!

Lance:

Klein chops down the giant tree! And now Klein to the second rope!

He measures up Mason Luck and then takes flight off the ropes with a diving shoulder block that finally knocks Mason down! He goes for the pin!

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

No! Max Luck breaks up the cover!

Max Luck gets into the ring and puts a boot to the back of Klein but before he is able to do anything more, Flex comes in to save his buddy and RAMS Max into the ropes with a huge shoulder! Klein gets up and Flex points at Max. The two men nod and then charge at the same time, nailing a double clothesline to Max to get him over the top rope and send him to the floor!

Flex clears the path for Klein to get to Mason Luck! He waits on the big man and then tries an elbow... but Mason blocks and then locks a pump handle on Klein...

Lance:

Jack Pot Drop! The pumphandle backbreaker connects! Will this be it?

Mason covers Klein!

ONE... TWO...

This time, it's Elise coming off the top with a double foot stomp to the back of Mason to save her buddy! Mason is holding his back in pain, but ADV has seen enough! He gets into the ring as well and throws a knee to the gut of Elise!

DDK:

It's breaking down now! Carla can barely keep up in all this noise!

ADV shoots Elise to the ring and tries a charge, but she slips through the ropes leaving him to crash to the chest. She then leaps up and hits a springboard meteora to the taller ADV to finally take him off his feet as well!

Lance:

Elise cleaning house!

Ophelia Sykes sees Elise dealing with Alvaro and reaches out to tag herself in from Mason Luck. She climbs inside and tries a roll-up... but Carla isn't counting!

DDK:

No! Elise isn't legal! Klein still is!

Elise kicks out and before Ophelia can do anything more... AMETHYSTATION FROM ELISE! The super(wo)man punch drops Sykes to the cheers of a fired-up Faithful!

Lance:

Amethystation lays out Ophelia Sykes!

Elise looks over and though still beaten, The D wants the tag! She obliges the crowd and slaps his hands. They both circle Ophelia Sykes like sharks as Flex and Klein both stand by! The crowd wants it and so do they! Tom Morrow is freaking out!

DDK:

I think it's gonna be a rough night for Ophelia Sykes! We're about to see the Drive-By at the Roxy!

Ophelia Sykes is slowly stirring with The D behind and Elise in front, readying their signature crescent kick/superman punch combo. The crowd is calling for it... but before they can, both Mason and Max Luck grab the legs of Klein and Flex Kruger respectively and pull them out from the ring! The big bruisers get into fights from either side of the ring!

Lance:

It's REALLY breaking down outside! Klein trading shots with Mason and Max doing the same with Flex!

ADV grabs Elise as well before she can do anything.... WHAM! And she gets thrown into the guardrail on the outside!

DDK:

ADV takes out Elise... but The D nails a baseball slide on Alvaro!

He kicks El Sol Dorado and knocks him back but when he tries to get into the ring, the former O-Face tries rolling up The D!

ONE... T-NO!

He kicks out... but when he gets to the ropes...

BACKFIST BY ALVARO FROM THE OUTSIDE!

DDK:

No! Garra del Tigre from Alvaro!

The D gets laid out and Carla doesn't see it! And Sykes, seeing her chance, jumps on top of The D (tee hee) and hooks the leg!

Lance:

NO WAY...

ONE...

Flex tries to break it up, but he's held back by Mason!

TWO...

Klein pushes past Mason...

THREE!

DING DING DING

...But he's too late!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY!**

DDK:

I can't believe it... Ophelia Sykes has just pinned The D!

Lance:

The PCP were about to put this one to bed, but the chaos on the outside allowed Alvaro de Vargas to knock The D out with that backfist!

Sykes' eyes nearly bulge out of her head and she sits up, cackling! CACKLING! And **CACKLING** some more! She rolls away from Klein and gets the hell out of the ring as quickly as she can while Morrow jumps up and laughs his ass off! Ophelia and Tom hug and jump up and down together on the outside while The Lucky Sevens and ADV clear the vicinity!

DDK:

This crowd is shook! Better Future Talent Agency took the win in our opening match! Morrow said he was going to make good on paying past debts. I'd say this was a big win!

Lance:

Indeed! And now look at them!

Elise is still cradling her back after being tossed into the guardrail, but she's now by the side of The D while Klein and Flex both watch on. BFTA leaves up the ramp with Sykes on the shoulders of Max Luck! Mason Luck and ADV bump fists while Tom Morrow heads up the ramp!

DDK:

And this won't be the first we see of Morrow. Later tonight, he's trying to help Jestal rangle in Dandelion against Minute and Titaness of Los Tres Titanes! But we won't be hearing the end of this for a while, will we?

Lance:

That was rhetorical, right?

BFTA celebrates the huge win on the stage! Morrow cheering, ADV laughing and Ophelia Sykes being hoisted around on the shoulders of The Lucky Sevens as the show moves on!

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2022**CURRENT CARD****Henry Keyes vs. Corvo Alpha**

FUCK SHIFTING LANDSCAPE

Coming off a commercial break, the scene opens backstage where Gage Blackwood is storming down the hallways in a fury. He walks with a significant limp, likely unhealed damage from his FIST of DEFIANCE loss to Crimson Stalker a month ago. Gage screams at the top of his lungs, knocking things over wherever he sees obstacles potentially in his path.

Gage Blackwood:
WHERE ARE YOU!?

The Noble Raider turns a corner and approaches a looming figure in the distance. As Blackwood and the cameraman get closer, it's none other than Dan Ryan. Ryan cocks his head slowly and sees Blackwood breathing heavily in front of him.

Gage Blackwood:
You have something to say to me!?

Blackwood looks Ryan over, head-to-toe.

Gage Blackwood:
Aye, I know who you are. Allow me to tell YOU who I am. I'm Gage fucking Blackwood, been holding this company up while "cornerstone" blokes like you fucked off for years. Aye, I lost the FIST to Stalker, got a fucking problem with it!?

Blackwood works himself into a frenzy. He raises his voice significantly. His thick Scottish accent begins taking over, to the point it's difficult to understand Blackwood further.

Gage Blackwood:
YE DONDER BACK IN 'ERE 'N' THINK YE AIN TH' JYNT WI' THAT CUNT LINDSAY TROY? JOG OAN, DOBBER!

Dan stands still, listening to Blackwood's angry thickly accented rant while staring at the smaller man, and blinks a couple times, then yells out down the hall.

Dan Ryan:
MEDIC! IS THERE A MEDIC?! THIS MAN IS HAVING A SEIZURE!!

Blackwood practically growls through his teeth in anger, but before he can reply, Ryan looks back down at him, a look of recognition crossing his face, and snaps a finger.

Dan Ryan:
Oh wait, you're not having a seizure. You're that Gage Blackburn fellow who Lindsay told me about before...

Gage Blackwood:
BLACKWOOD! I JUST SAID THAT!

Dan Ryan:
Yes, yes, how much wood would a Blackwood chuck if a Blackwood could chuck wood. I know my nursery rhymes, thank you very much. Look here, Rumpelstiltskin. I have some things I need to do, so why don't you go spin some straw into gold, and I'll be on about my way.

Suddenly, Gage takes a hard stop and a deep breath.

Gage Blackwood:
I'm sorry...

Blackwood begins, looking much more subdued and in control of his mindset.

Gage Blackwood:

We got off on the wrong foot, aye.

Gage looks down at the floor and then back up at Dan.

Gage Blackwood:

Fuck. You.

Dan nods and smirks a little.

Dan Ryan:

Oh yeah? You're even dumber than you look **and** sound. Tell you what, since talking isn't your strong point, how about this... you drop the bullshit, fuck around... and find out. I've eaten burritos bigger than you, you slimy little gap-toothed motherfucker. I'll fuckin' rip you apart.

Blackwood inches closer, face contorted in rage while Ryan snarls and tenses up.

Dan Ryan:

Protect yourself, Lucky Charms. I'm about to make you see some yellow stars...

With that, Ryan swings and connects squarely on Blackwood's jaw. Blackwood stumbles back, but grins and comes back with a right hand of his own. The two men take turns swinging wildly at the other until security finally runs up and gets between them, pushing the two apart.

The Noble Raider keeps mouthing off in unrecognizable gibberish while Dan Ryan grins, wanting more of a fight. Neither man can get to the other though. There's too many DEFSec flooding the scene.

Meanwhile, off in the distance stands a very dainty figure in a black and red ensemble.

Teresa Ames. She rubs her hands together slightly with a mischievous look on her face. The scene immediately cuts to elsewhere.

URIEL CORTEZ vs. TROY WINDHAM

DDK:

Welcome back for the next match, folks! We have a very unique singles match between Uriel Cortez of Los Tres Titanes going one-on-one against the legendary Troy Windham! Uriel Cortez and his tag partner, Minute, competed in the main event of DEFIANCE Road for the Unified Tag Team Titles! While LTT came up short, they put their best foot forward.

Lance:

Also, we can't forget that Uriel Cortez is now engaged to Titaness, so congrats to the happy couple! Meanwhile, Troy Windham made a shocking appearance revealing himself as a masked attacker of David Noble at DEFROAD just after it was discovered Jack Harmen did the same! An impromptu triple threat match took place that saw Noble victorious, so Troy Windham wanted a chance to make a proper intro tonight!

Lance:

With DEFCON -- our biggest show of the year -- looming over the horizon, every win is important! Both men in this next match are looking for a big win on the way there! Let's go to the ring for the next match!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, from the City of Industry, weighing in at 347 pounds... he is a member of Los Tres Titanes... **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

"TITANS ALWAYS STAND TALL!"

♪ "Giants" by Little V. ♪

The group name forms in a cursive gold with diamond-themed pattern on the DEFIATRON. And with that... A LOUD explosion of gold pyro now goes OFF! Wearing an open sleeveless coat with a silver and a LTT logo-covered towel draped over his massive neck and white thigh-length trunks, stands Uriel Cortez! He quickly sheds the coat and the LTT towel and storms to the ring. When the giant gets there, he plants a hefty boot on the ring apron then pulls himself up with the ropes before stepping over the ropes and into the ring. Cortez holds up a mighty hand to loud cheers from the crowd before his music quietly fades for his opponent.

The lights go black for a few seconds.

DDK:

Well, there's some kind of power failure here tonight...

But then all of a sudden, there are several loud timpani drums. BANG! BANG! Pause. BANG! BANG! Pause. BANG! BANG! Pause. BANG! BANG! Pause.

Lance:

I have no idea what is going on here.

The drums get faster and faster, as two Aboriginal warriors come out, using flaming drumsticks to beat on their large drums. They repeat themselves for a while, until they throw the flaming drumsticks high in the air and catch them. They pause as the crowd watches in confusion.

Then, the lights come on a bit, and at the top of the arena is a glowing green/pink giant crystal orb that's opened. And sitting on a rafter next to it, with a headset microphone, is Troy Windham. Troy frosted blonde tips are beaming next to the giant crystal orb.

Troy Windham:

Ladies and gentlemen, a few years ago, I needed a reinvention. You see, I was the co-host of America's Next Top

Animal Model, and the show was ignominiously cancelled by The History Channel. I doubted myself so much, thinking that I would never be able to be a part of something so prestigious ever again. After I talked with my stable of life coaches, I decided that I needed more than just a change. I needed a major rebirth. That brought me to The Australian Outback, and that is where the Aboriginal peoples taught me valuable lessons about the power of change.

The fire-drums start to perform once again, as Troy looks on so seriously. BANG! BANG! Pause. BANG! BANG! Pause. BANG! BANG! Pause. BANG! BANG! Pause. Soon, Troy steps into the glowing orb, which starts to close, and as it does, the giant orb appears like a vagina.

Troy Windham:

Now, the last time you saw me outside of The Paramount Plus network, I did not have the type of debut that I deserve -- nay -- demand. But this made me think that I need to have a rebirth of sorts so I may once again reclaim my place as the greatest wrestler -- nay -- performer who ever wore fringed boots. So, tonight, you will see me undertake an AUTHENTIC ABORIGINAL REBIRTHING CEREMONY! May Gaia's womb bless me with her moist warmth! And may I be reborn through Gaia's glowing uterus!

Troy closes the orb and stands in it and stars shrieking.

TROY! CHRYSALLIS! CHRYSALLIS! CHRYSALLIS!

The Aboriginal fire drums continue as the glowing orb continues to slowly drop.

TROY! CHRYSALLIS! CHRYSALLIS! CHRYSALLIS!

Finally, the orb slowly lands in the middle of the ring.

Troy Windham:

Now... may Gaia's womb reopen, and may I spring forth a new person, one carved in the image of the Calm App. MAY MY CHRYSALLIS BECOME COMPLETED! You see, I am and always have been the David Bowie of professional wrestling. No, wait... David Bowie was the Troy Windham of music. Both of us are masters of reinvention. Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to my Ziggy Stardust period! ZIGGGGY PLLAAAYYYYEEED GUIIIITAARRR!

The Aboriginal fire drums continue as the orb stays in the middle of the ring, glowing in different hues. Finally, though, the drums end.

Troy tries to open the womb-door, but is struggling.

Troy Windham:

No. No. Please... please keep the beat of the drum alive. For that is Gaia's heartbeat. But... *[Troy grunts]* Come on. I told the welders to put in the reverse flange... *[Troy grunts some more]* Is Chris Kattan pranking me again? Is this the work of the Impractical Jokers? *[Grunts louder as the drummers start to walk away, tears down their faces]*

Troy Windham:

HHEEEYAAHHH!

Troy rips apart the door, his face for some reason and somehow painted like Ziggy Stardust. However, he falls face-first to the floor.

The entire time this has gone on, Uriel Cortez is completely nonplussed. Rex Knox calls for the bell!

DING DING

DDK:

Troy Windham having issues with his entrance there! I have no idea what we just saw, but this match has now begun!

Lance:

And Uriel Cortez looks ready!

Troy Windham tries to recover from his entrance and scrambles to his feet...

Then gets WHACKED across the throat by an extra-stiff Chop of Ages MAX from Uriel Cortez! The crowd winces from the impact as he crashes to the mat!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! NO WAY! URIEL CORTEZ LEVELED TROY WINDHAM!

Windham is almost folded in half from the impact as the massive Cortez kneels down to hook a leg!

Lance:

Chop of Ages MAX! I think this is done already!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Giants" by Little V. ♪

The theme plays as The Titan of Industry gets back to his feet and gets his arm raised by Rex Knox!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **URIEL CORTEZ!**

The monster looks down at Troy Windham and then raises and arm for the crowd before he steps over the ropes and then takes his leave from the ring!

DDK:

I'm still in shock! Troy Windham defeated quickly by Uriel Cortez!

Lance:

I don't think this is the re-debut Troy Windham's had in mind! He wanted to make up for how DEFIANCE Road went and well... it didn't!

We hear the drumbeats. Louder and louder as the Aboriginal fire drummers enter the ring, and claim the body of Troy Windham, hoisting his unconscious body into the air as the glowing womb goes dark.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



UNFORTUNATELY, WORRIES AND PRAYERS AREN'T ALL THAT DIFFERENT

A maskless Deacon leans with his back against a locker, his head over its top, his eyes staring at the ceiling. Aside from the mask that has become part of his look in DEFIANCE, he is ready to compete. Concern on her face, Magdalena stands a few feet away with her arms crossed.

Deacon:

You ever ... wonder if we... wrong?

Magdalena:

About what?

Deacon doesn't answer for a few moments. His nostrils flare from a strong inhale and even stronger exhale.

Deacon:

Him.

Magdalena cocks her head then her eyebrow.

Magdalena:

Who?

Deacon:

Stalker.

Magdalena:

Why would you say that?

An off-screen voice cuts in.

Chris Shepherd:

Deacon's been known to do things like this.

Deacon turns to the voice of his old manager and spokesperson.

Chris Shepherd:

But this time, Deacon wasn't wrong. I wasn't here, but I've watched all that transpired with Stalker, all that he did. It had to be done.

Deacon:

Why?

Magdalena:

To get to this point.

The Deacon & Shepherd turn to Magdalena.

Magdalena:

Chris wasn't here. He only got to watch it. I lived it, every moment. From Terry snooping around the children's hospital to Stalker scaring your wife to death... to a sham of a ladder match to Stalker stealing the ambulance with Jack. What choice did you have?

Deacon looks down. More moments pass, and when the Mute Freak finally speaks, his gaze doesn't move.

Deacon:

To turn t'e ot'er cheek.

Magdalena:

And let everyone you love pay the price?

The Deacon looks at Magdalena.

Deacon:

To get in front of t'em ... show how to –

His words stall.

Magdalena:

You don't even believe what you're saying.

Deacon:

I made Crimson Stalker. Made him somet'ing ... worse

Magdalena shakes her head.

Magdalena:

No. You stopped the Stalker. And if you need to, you'll stop the Crimson Stalker too.

Deacon's right eye squints.

Deacon:

It not...

Deacon's words leave him again. Chris Shepherd puts his hand on Deacon's elbow.

Chris Shepherd:

It's not a worry for today. Each day has enough worries of its own.

FEAR THE WORLD YOU CREATED

♪ "Last One Standing" by MAYDAY! ♪

Lance:

Is that.. Is that Jessica Reeves?

DDK:

Indeed it is!

As the music kicks into high gear the Faithful stand up in anticipation as the lights of DEFarena mix in with blends of white, red, blue and green house lights. Jessica 'Guardian' Fear steps onto the top of the rampway, with a stone cold look of determination on her face she briefly soaks in the few cheers she receives before walking towards the ring.

Lance:

We have not seen Jessica Reeves...

DDK:

Fear...

Lance:

Yes! Jessica Fear has not been seen or heard from after her dramatic appearance at the DEFy awards where she literally shattered our awards screen and warned us all about what would happen with her father and The Kabal.

DDK:

The warnings were heard but I don't think anyone has interest in standing in front of The Kabal locomotive, not quite like her and her Guardian friends had done so in the past.

Jessica Fear gets to the ring and ascends the steel steps, she's wearing a white Guardian hoodie, black pants and it's clear she is still favoring her arm as it's in a sling pressed tightly against her chest.

Lance:

This is the first time we've seen her in the ring at Wrestleplex since the last DEFtv before ACTS of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

You mean that night she stormed DEFarena and kidnapped her Father with weapons?

Lance:

Yes.

DDK:

Good intentions do not always equate to smart decisions. Jessica's heart and intent may be in the right place but her actions and way she goes about things can be classified as extreme.

Lance:

She does take after her Father.

DDK:

You mean her stepfather, Jason right?

Silence drips over the announcer's microphones as The Faithful's noise quiets down and the music in the arena cuts off. Jessica Fear walks in a circle within the DEFIANCE ring, her head is pointed downwards as she contemplates how to address the crowd.

Jessica Fear:

Months.... Months.... Have passed while I watched in the shadows. Watched as all of my heedances, warnings and

advice were ignored by everyone.

Lifting her head up she stares with aggression at The Faithful, Jessica is angry. Wrestleplex is silent.

Jessica Fear:

And what did it result in? What happened to our.... DEFIANCE's FIST?!

Jessica screams into the microphone as she clutches her broken arm tight against her, her eyes are fired up but it's once again met with more silence from the crowd as they are unsure of how to react to the fired up redhead.

Jessica Fear:

Blood poured from Gage Blackwood and now we are in a world filled with Chaos. Do you really think anyone is safe with, my father - Jason Reeves as your FIST champion?

This statement incites some boos as Jason's name is mentioned. Crimson Stalker is not well admired by the Faithful.

Jessica Fear:

Who's next? What if he doesn't stop the next time? Why are we not banding together to take him down?! He's a goddamn monster now! The Kabal changed him and... unless I do something...

Lance:

Uh oh...

DDK:

She can't be serious.... Is she saying she's going after Crimson Stalker? Again? The last time this happened she was given that broken arm along with whatever else kept her away for nearly three months!

Jessica is serious however, as serious as she has ever been. This was her 'Super Hero' statement to The Faithful, this was going to be 'her' promise.

Jessica Fear:

Years ago... I made a pledge to this group, 'The Kabal', that you all know them as of today. The pledge is what led you all to first know me as Codename: Reaper. Seeing what The Kabal is from the inside and out... I know what their plan is and I know that I can be the only one strong enough to finally burn this Organization to the GROUND!

The Faithful erupt in a small round of cheers and applause as her intentions seem to be more clear, Jessica Fear wants to destroy The Kabal.

Jessica Fear:

So, here... tonight I promise you all...

STATIC

Lance:

What happened? Her mic just cut out?!

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

DDK:

Wait... now?

Lance:

We know that Ned Reform said he was going to appear here tonight to issue the apology that he owes us... but not in the middle of Jessica Fear's promo...

The fans begin to jeer as the man himself, Ned Reform, steps through the curtain. He's not dressed to compete, instead opting for his usual business casual attire. Behind him, in a full suit, stands a menacing TA Cole. Reform pauses for a moment at the top of the ramp. to survey the scene. He points to Jessica in the ring and elbows Cole in the ribs with a smile as the pair begin to walk down the aisle.

DDK:

Nothing good ever comes from this man's appearance, Lance. Jessica's injured and I don't like where this is headed...

TA Cole stops at the bottom of the ramp, turning his back to the ring and glaring at the entrance to ensure there will be no unwelcome interruptions. Ned wipes his feet on the mat before entering the ring. He smiles jovially at Jessica before taking a mic from a ringside attendant as his theme fades out. Reform stands directly in front of Fear. He extends his hand for a handshake. She simply glares at him. This doesn't impact his smile at all, but he does withdraw his hand.

Ned Reform:

Quite rude, Ms. Fear. But to be expected, I suppose.

Ned turns from Jessica to address The Faithful.

Ned Reform:

Before we get down to business - yes, children, I know that I owe you an apology. The terms of my bout with Deacon state that I must issue a public retraction of my previous criticisms. And so I will, as Dr. Ned Reform is a man of his word.

Reform points into the camera lens.

Ned Reform:

Zoom in close, unskilled laborer. I want everyone to hear this. I, Dr. Benedict Reform, when it pertains to the matter of Deacon and his ability in the ring, was w-w-w-w-w-w-w...

Ned struggles to get the word out. He shakes his head before continuing.

Ned Reform:

I was w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w...

Again, he acts as if he is physically unable to say the word.

DDK:

Oh, come on.

A look of determination on The Good Doctor's face. This time he's got it.

Ned Reform:

I was w-w-w-w-w-w-w... I was less than 100% correct in the matter of Deacon's in-ring ability.

Reform wipes the sweat from his brow as if that was one of the most difficult things he's ever done. On the outside, TA Cole applauds him. Reform turns back to Jessica Fear.

Ned Reform:

Now that my obligations are over with - to the matter at hand. Please, help me understand what you're saying here in case I am mistaken: you've returned to... let me ensure I have this correct... take down The Kabal?

Even though it was a question, Ned doesn't give her a chance to answer. Jessica stares back at both Dr. Reform and TA Cole, her eyes shifting between the two quickly as she presses her arm against her chest.

Ned Reform:

How utterly original. My God, the hundred year war wasn't as long as your vendetta against The Kabal. And despite your many, many, many... many failures, you insist on continuing to occupy our valuable television time. Some might describe this as "gutsy." "Scrappy." "A never say die attitude." I have a better descriptor.

Reform sneers.

Ned Reform:

Pathetic. I'm sorry for being so blunt, but I cannot stomach another pity party for poor little Jessie Reeves. Or Fear. Or whatever. Do we really have to listen to your whiny "woe is me" melodramatic nonsense? Are you so blind that you can't see that the route of your problems is not some shadowy organization, or your pretend father, or any other external source? I'm afraid, Little Jess, that the real cause of all your woes... is you.

A round of boos. Reform holds up a finger. Jessica is unshaken by that statement, but as seconds tick by her composure seems to be cracking as sweat starts to build up around her forehead.

Ned Reform:

Now, now... hold on. Let's interrogate this, shall we? Where is Zack Daymon, Jess? Your "friend" who joined you in your misguided crusade? Oh yes - he is suspended. Because of you, yes? As a matter of fact...

Ned pretends to think as he looks toward the ceiling.

Ned Reform:

... who drew The Kabal to DEFIANCE in the first place? Hmmm? I can see this question is causing you great difficulty, so perhaps I shall present it to you in a multiple choice format. Who, Ms. Fear, brought The Kabal to DEFIANCE? Was it: a.) you. Or b.) you. Or c.) you. Or d.) all of the above?

Reform pretends to hold out of the mic but has no intention of allowing her to answer.

Ned Reform:

The crux of the matter is this: you spend your time lashing out at others when I'm here to help you understand that everything that has gone wrong in your life is ultimately your own fault. The sooner you come to realize this, the better it will be for all parties: you will have a deeper understanding of your true nature while the rest of us will no longer be forced to endure your whining. Whether you'd like me to address you as Reaper Blue, Red, Green, Orange, Vermilion, Celadon, Codename: Guardian, Codename: Manure, Codename: Feeble, Jessica Reeves, or Jessica Fear... it matters not. You've always been living a lie, lil' Jess, and you and I both know that to be true. Dr. Reform has done some research into you... and well, let's just say that I can prove what a fraud you really are. Especially when it comes to DEFIANCE. I know that this persona you've tried to build for yourself is an illusion, and unless you give up this pointless crusade, I have every intention of expos...

THWACK

Lance:

OH WOW!!

Unstrapping her arm from the sling against her chest, Jessica Fear catches Ned completely flat footed, yanking his arm holding the microphone he drops it before she twists his wrist and delivers a DEVASTATING Axe sidekick to the side of the Doctor's head! Ned Reform hits the ring with a thud and the crowd is stunned in silence in a brief moment before erupting in cheers! Reform's half head bounces once as TA Cole rolls into the ring but Jessica has already bailed!

DDK:

Well... it looks like Jessica's arm wasn't as broken as she made it out to be and Ned paid the price, Jessica is seething in the ring as she stands over Ned but folks we have to cut to commercial we'll be right back!

Cameras pan out as Jessica slowly walks backwards up the ramp as TA Cole tends to his mentor.

Lance:

It seems Ned Reform has set his sights on Jessica Fear... and after this, you know he's going to hold a grudge.

THE TOYBOX vs. LOS TRES TITANES

DDK:

Earlier tonight, we saw Uriel Cortez of Los Tres Titanes victorious in his previously scheduled singles match, but tonight we have a big tag team match on deck! The Los Tres Titanes combination of Minute and Titaness go up against Jestal and Dandelion, The Toybox!

Lance:

We saw Flex in a Box victorious over The ToyBox due to infighting between Jestal and Dandelion. Jestal has wanted his sister by his side, but Dandelion seemingly didn't want any part of what her brother and Tom Morrow were selling. Perhaps the time off between DEFIANCE Road and now healed those wounds?

DDK:

Hard to say for sure, but we'll find out in a few moments. Titaness defeated Jack Mace just before he was booted out of BFTA and Minute was part of that huge main event for the Unified Tag Team Titles. Both teams here are no doubt looking for another shot at the gold so let's get to Darren Quimbey for intros.

And to Quimbey we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is set for one fall! Introducing first... at a combined weight of 361 pounds, the team of "The TJ Tornado" Minute and "One Tall Glass of Kick-Ass" Titaness... **LOS! TRES! TITANES!**

"TITANS ALWAYS STAND TALL!"

♪ "Giants" by True Damage ♪

The group name forms in a cursive gold with diamond-themed pattern on the screen. And with that... A LOUD explosion of gold pyro now goes off for the second time tonight! Minute is out first in his white and blue LTT-themed gear! Behind him, Titaness flexes her muscles and does a backflip on the ramp, sending a shower of violet-colored pyro up! Minute runs to the ring like a rocket. He runs ahead of Titaness, then does a front flip into the ring before flipping with a few rolls to pop the crowd. Titaness smiles and the newly-engaged Titan raises her hands to a cheer as their music fades and gives way to their opponents.

♪ "Revenge of the Freaks by Mr. Strange" ♪

DDK:

Well, where are they?

Lance:

Good question, everyone is looking toward the entranceway but no sign of them.

Moments pass and the music cuts off, leaving Minute and Titaness wondering where they are as they join the Faithful waiting for their entrance.

♪ "Revenge of the Freaks by Mr. Strange" ♪ plays again...

DDK:

Could the siblings be pulling a no show here?

FINALLY we get some answers as the DefTron reveals the sibling arguing at Gorilla.

Ozmoses Greaves:

She has no desire to want Morrow out there with them.

Jestal looks up at Oz.

Jestal:

I know what she said, and frankly *[looking back at Dandelion, then pointing at Ozmoses]* I don't want HIM out there with us.

They continue to argue back and forth, until the employees working at gorilla tell them they are on. The siblings look at the guy sitting at the table then back at each other.

Jestal:

Tomorrow is coming out there with us whether you like it or not!

Tom Morrow:

Yeah! I led my team to victory earlier tonight, Dandy! So you and Osmosis Jones over here can follow my lead if you want to make it two for two!

Jestal throws back the curtain followed by Morrow, Ozmoses quickly responds before he can get out of ear shot.

Ozmoses Greaves:

Well, Dandelion wants me out there too so you can go suck on a lollie.

♪ "Revenge of the Freaks by Mr. Strange" ♪ plays again...

This time Jestal, not waiting for his sister or her friend, rushes to the ring with Morrow in toll. Jestal slides in the ring and quickly tries to take on LTT by himself. Dandelion storms out of the backstage area and now notices Jestal getting the bejesus kicked out of him. She stops as Ozmoses continues his walk to the ring, only to stop as Dandelion stands there with her arms crossed with a smirk on her face. Both Titaness and Minute put Jestal on the top rope.

DDK:

Dandelion is just watching Los Tres Titanes beat the holy hell out of Jestal. I guess it seems only fitting Jestal has been asking for this for months now!

Morrow is shouting at Dandelion and Ozmoses to get to the ring. Dani just stares as Titaness gets ready. She throws Minute up... allowing Minute to land next to Jestal and LAND a spanish fly off the top rope leaving Jestal like a pancake on the mat!

DDK:

WOW! We talk about Titaness' strengths, but Minute is a one-man stunt show! That aided Spanish Fly was incredible!

The crowd cheers the reckless move right from the jump as Minute slowly rises. He tags in Titaness and this seems to get Dandelion's attention a bit as she takes her time to get to the ring.

Lance:

Interesting here, the moment Titaness got the tag it seemed to interest Dandelion. Jestal may finally be getting his partner for this match. Although she sure is taking her time. At this rate Minute and Titaness could wrap this up and give themselves an early night.

Finally Dandelion makes it to the ring apron, ignoring all the obscenities Morrow has sent her way.

Tom Morrow:

Damn it! Go! Come on, help the clown!

Although it has not gone well for Jestal in her stroll to the ring, as Titaness has gorilla pressed Jestal to cheers from the Faithful! The camera catches Dandelion almost with a twinkle in her eye as Jestal towers above the Faithful in the first row of seats. Soon after she drops him on her shoulder with a devastating powerslam!

DDK:

The power of this young woman is uncanny. That is a man that weighs two hundred and six pounds! She pressed him like a sack of potatoes.

Cover here...

ONE!

Dandelion gets in the ring and so does Minute, but it appears she is in no hurry and Minute seems to realize that.

TWO!

Jestal looks over at Dandelion who now has her arms crossed with a big smile on her face. Morrow quickly hops on the apron and is met with a springboard dropkick by Minute! He tumbles back to the floor!

THR.. Jestal rolls his shoulder up. Titaness looks up at Dandelion who just winks at her and returns to her corner. Titaness tags Minute back in.

Lance:

A little taste of what Morrow has done to the then-Sky High Titans! He got his last year at DEFCON by their hand and I bet Morrow has never forgotten that.

DDK:

Minute waiting for Jestal to get to his feet here.

Lance:

Jestal has no idea Minute is about to slingshot himself over the ropes here!

The moment Jestal turns around, Minute launches himself in a slingshot crossbody...Jestal catches him. Without any wasted time spins into a powerslam of his own!

DDK:

Jestal managed to reverse Minute's attack there, but he was slow to continue the attack.

Jestal gets to his feet, as Tom is shouting orders at Jestal.

Tom Morrow:

Finish the lucha dwarf off! Come on!

He drives a few overhand chops to the back of Minute knocking him back down to the mat. He quickly follows his attack with driving his knees into the side quad of Minute.

Lance:

Jestal has picked a spot here and it appears to be the quad area of Minute.

The jester picks Minute up and lifts him up into a knee breaker, quickly transitioning into figure four!

Lance:

Minute is in trouble here.

Titaness is stomping her foot trying to get the Faithful into this match and they start clapping along with her. Morrow has a huge smile on his face, which suddenly turns to shock.

DDK:

Dandelion tagged herself in!? Jestal was near his corner and in her reach. Why would she do that?

Lance:

Jestal can't believe it either, unfortunately for him he has to break the hold.

Jestal reluctantly is forced to break the hold and go to his corner. Dandelion is even pointing at the corner as well. Minute struggles to get to his feet. Jestal and Morrow are once more arguing with Dandelion. Oz quickly gets Dandelion's attention as she turns around to be met with a dropkick by Minute who quickly grabs his leg and struggles to get back up, Dandelion is up faster and charges at Minute with a dropkick to the injured leg, quickly putting him right back on the mat.

DDK:

These two are known for some high risk moves, but right now I think that the skies are a no fly zone for Minute right now.

Dandelion picks up Minute and irish whips him into the corner; she runs from the opposite corner with an assortment of flips followed by a flying back elbow smashing Minute in the corner and quickly right into a bulldog. She leaps to her feet, looking for Minute to get up measuring him. As TJ Tornado gets to his feet she tries a roundhouse. Minute ducks and shoves her to the ropes before lunging at her...

DDK:

Interceptor! Minute spikes Dandelion with that modified Tornado DDT!

Lance:

Minute needs to make the tag!

Both are down now! Titaness wants a tag, Jestal now seems to be not interested in tagging his sister while Morrow is still arguing with Jestal. As that happens... Titaness gets the tag and the crowd goes nuts!

DDK:

And listen to this crowd! Titaness' star has really risen in the past few months after those incredible performances against Kerry Kuroyama and Jack Mace!

She waits for Dandelion to stand, then powers her over the shoulder and rams her into the corner! Titaness runs from one corner and back to a big corner clothesline! Dandelion shakes from the impact and then gets whipped to the other side where Titaness crushes her with a big spear tackle in the corner! She then pulls her out and then has her up and over before planting Dandi with a big Death Valley Driver!

Lance:

Big Death Valley Driver!

Titaness then gets up and runs off the ropes before connecting with a rolling senton! Dandelion is hurt when The Tall Glass of Kick-Ass hooks the leg!

ONE...

TWO....

But Jestal breaks up the cover by raking the eyes of Titaness!

DDK:

Jestal trying to salvage what he can of this match! He and Dandelion aren't even in the same book, let alone the same page!

The referee warns Jestal, but he ignores him completely. Titaness holds her left eye while Jestal takes advantage and drags Dandelion back to his corner. He climbs over and tags himself in! He then sneaks up on the larger Titaness with a running body splash as she's in the corner, then a double knee breaker to her arm!

Lance:

Jestal saves the match, but... what's going on?

An angry Dandelion is holding her head in pain and has had enough. Morrow tries to tell her to get back and help her brother while they have the chance, but she's having none of it and she and Greaves start to bail.

DDK:

Ooooh, no, Dandelion... she's leaving! She and Greaves want no part of this match anymore!

Jestal sees her leaving and can't believe it, but he doesn't even realize that Titaness is back up... and gets his head taken right off with the Lady Lariat! The amazing handspring lariat turns Jestal inside out!

Lance:

Lady Lariat by Titaness! Jestal had no idea that was coming! She takes And now tag to Minute!

DDK:

Wait... what are they setting up?

Titaness climbs up and sits on the top rope as Minute climbs up on her shoulders... then gets MASSIVE air with a HUGE senton bomb off her shoulders right onto Jestal!

DDK:

Amazing! Minute and Titaness with their own version of he and Uriel Cortez's Thirty Story Splash!

After Minute lands the higher-than-the-top-rope senton bomb, he lahys back and hooks the leg of Jestal as the crowd counts along!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Giants" by True Damage ♪

Minute pumps his fists and stands up as Titaness joins in the ring to have their arms raised.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners of the match... **LOS TRES TITANES!**

DDK:

Great teamwork by Los Tres Titanes as always, but we can't say the same for The ToyBox! Dandelion wants NOTHING to do with either Tom Morrow or BFTA and it just cost them big.

Minute and Titaness both share a quick hug before she hoists him up and puts him on her shoulder unexpectedly! He shakes his head but he does look over at Tom Morrow and winks at him before flashing him a dickish grin to their old rival.

Lance:

Los Tres Titanes once again stick it to a BFTA member! Mace got his at DEFRoad thanks to Titaness and now this!

DDK:

Things between Jestal and Dandelion continue to unravel! This won't be the last we hear of these issues, I just know

it.

Morrow looks at Jestal and helps his client out of the ring, but doesn't take his eye off either member of LTT almost the whole way back as they celebrate the win! Meanwhile, Jestal is still distraught over how things have turned out tonight trying to team with his sister.

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW

GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. DEACON

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by Magdalena... from Alexandria, Egypt... weighing three-hundred-twenty pounds... DEACON!

The lights cut and Gregorian chants begin. The Faithful know who's coming and cheer accordingly. Magdalena is first past the curtain and Deacon busts through afterwards. The formerly known Mute Freak wears his trademark mask and the two make their way to ringside.

DDK:

We've got an interesting contest, folks. Gage Blackwood, despite being injured at the hands of Crimson Stalker a month ago and losing the FIST of DEFIANCE on referee decision, has been cleared to wrestle. However, as we saw earlier, it doesn't look like Blackwood is in great shape.

Lance:

No, it doesn't. My understanding is Deacon and Mags were apprehensive to say the least on picking up this contest, obviously wanting to take on Gage Blackwood, or anyone, at their best. I was told Blackwood demanded the match stay booked or else he told the Favored Saints he would walk out of his contract. Very unlike Blackwood.

DDK:

Very unlike Blackwood to allow Dan Ryan to get under his skin when saying Gage's last name wrong. Not unlike Blackwood to fight, or stand up for himself but it was rather strange how he did it.

Deacon enters the ring and awaits for his opponent.

♪ "Dare to Tame Me" by TRIDDANA ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Edinburgh, Scotland... weighing two-hundred-twenty-five pounds... GAGE BLACKWOOD!

Blackwood enters the arena in his normal kilt inspired wrestling gear. His ribs are heavily taped, his forehead is bandaged up too so his trademark scar isn't seen and he walks with a heavy limp. Regardless, the fans cheer him on.

DDK:

I don't want to question our medical staff... but how was Gage cleared?

Lance:

You can be hurt and still cleared, Keebs.

Blackwood struggles to ringside and rolls under the bottom rope. He shouts at referee Benny Doyle to call for the bell.

DING DING

And then shouts at Deacon to fight him.

DDK:

These two men were on the same team that took down 24K. In fact, it was Gage Blackwood who recruited Deacon after they battled honorably at DEFtv 147, Night 2, January 7, last year.

The Noble Raider limps to the center of the ring and stands nose-to-chest against his much larger opponent.

DDK:

One thing is certain, Blackwood wants another shot at Crimson Stalker. So he has to collect some victories. No bigger win than over the legendary Deacon.

Lance:

And for Deacon, a W here would also be huge, as Gage is former FIST. A month ago we thought Deac could retire at the hands of Ned Reform. Now he might be playing with some newfound passion.

Blackwood chops Deacon hard in the chest a few times but it doesn't budge the big man. Gage staggers to the ropes and bounces off, clubbing Deacon with a clothesline across the chest. Again, nothing.

Lance:

Gage did not get a full head of steam. Then again, I'm not sure many could phase Deacon with a move like this.

The Not So Anymore Mute Freak grabs Blackwood by the neck with both hands and launches the former FIST into a corner. Blackwood hits the buckle but pops out and runs at the big man with a shining wizard. The move stuns Deacon. Blackwood tries for a snap suplex but his back gives out. Deacon follows with clubbing blows to Gage's back. He Irish whips the Scot into a corner... Blackwood hits hard, bounces off and walks himself into a big boot. The giant hurls Blackwood into the same corner again and this time comes in with a stinger splash. Gage falls to the mat, the seven foot monster landing a calculated knee drop to Gage's head.

More clubbing blows by Deacon. He deadlifts the former FIST and throws Blackwood halfway across the ring in a German suplex. Gage flips upside-down before meeting the canvas chest first. In a miraculous display, Gage Blackwood rises...

And calls for more.

Deacon nods. He marches towards Blackwood but takes a hard knife edge chop. This one stuns the big man but doesn't knock him down. Blackwood hits the ropes, with much more force although his face is filled with pain as he moves. Blackwood leaps across Deacon's chest.

He's caught.

DDK:

Fall away slam by big Deac!

Blackwood's momentum almost rolls him out of the ring. However, at the edge of the apron, Gage uses the ropes to get up. He looks down at Magdalena and scoffs.

Deacon races towards Blackwood with a boot but Gage ducks, grabbing the top rope as Deacon's right leg goes over it, now finding himself straddled on the top rope. Blackwood reaches the turnbuckle, gets on the second buckle and flies across the ring with a clothesline, knocking Deacon off the top rope and to the canvas floor below.

The fans cheer consistently throughout the match. Blackwood drags Deacon to his knees and throws the legend into the ring. Gage follows, enters through the top and middle rope but then grabs his knee for an adjustment. This gives Deacon enough time to rise and headbutt the Scot. Deacon looks for a chokeslam... no! Gage escapes it, kicks Deacon in the back of the leg and connects with a hard roundhouse kick.

Lance:

I think suplexes are out of the game for Blackwood.

DDK:

I think a lot of Gage's moves are out of the game, considering injury and opponent.

Blackwood drills forearm smashes into the back of The Former Mute Freak before Deacon shows his strength and throws Blackwood off of him. Never one to quit, the former FIST sprints forward but runs himself into a backbreaker. Deacon lifts Blackwood with ease and places Gage on his shoulder...

DDK:

Powerslam... no! Blackwood slips out.

Gage punts Deacon in the face with a swift kick, followed by more forearm smashes to the chest. Gage tries for a DDT but Deacon lifts Gage and somehow works the Edinburgh native onto his shoulder.

BOOM.

DDK:

Powerslam connects!

Deacon knows Gage is working at less than 50% and yet, assumes a three won't get it done. He snatches Blackwood by the neck and hits a chokeslam!

Blackwood coughs violently on the mat. The crowd cheers and at the same time, they show concern for The Noble Raider.

DDK:

Deacon is looking for the crucifix powerbomb... the Altar Call...

In a last ditch effort, Blackwood tries to wiggle his way free. He kicks his feet while in the cross position and...

DDK:

Blackwood is out!

Gage hits the ropes but is absolutely CRUSHED with a running boot to the face!

Lance:

Deacon was running at Gage and Gage, himself, charging at Deacon!

Deacon tries for the Altar Call again.

THUMP.

DDK:

It connects! This match is over!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

The fans cheer as Benny Doyle raises The Mute Freak's hand. Deacon looks down at the fallen warrior in front of him and slightly pats Blackwood on the chest.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... The DEACON!

Gregorian chants begin. Magdalena enters as she congratulates the big man. Meanwhile, Gage stirs on the canvas. He's struggling immensely but, eventually, Blackwood rests on a knee. He glances up to the seven foot giant, showing a sign of respect while also significantly frustrated. Blackwood rolls out of the ring and heavily limps up the rampway.

DDK:

A huge win for Deacon, another very tough loss for Gage Blackwood. I wonder what this means for both men moving forward.

The scene closes as Deacon exits the ring.

50**DDK:**

And now we're back to ringside for what we are being told is a celebration. Oscar Burns defeated Conor Fuse in a downright incredible match, marred by Burns using a questionable low blow that he proclaimed was incidental contact. The ref didn't disqualify him for a kick out off a low blow, but it looked suspect to me.

Lance:

Conor Fuse gave Burns his all and it took Burns everything and the kitchen sink to keep him down for good... but with that win, Oscar Burns once again made history. He became the first star in DEFIANCE history to rack up fifty wins and even named his new submission, that hammerlock guillotine choke after that... calling it Fifty.

And now, as we go to the ring... those stagehands move fast! There's towers of golden balloons on either side fo the ring and a table with a purple velvet sheet, covering something.

DDK:

Most important out of this... we saw "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy confront Burns while he was gloating. Burns said he would make Dex a challenge so what will that bring up?

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredrieck Habetler ♪

The opening montage plays some of Burns' greatest hits...

Burns winning his first FIST of DEFIANCE from Cayle Murray.

Burns winning the WrestleUTA World Championship from Crimson Lord.

Burns winning his second FIST of DEFIANCE from Kendrix.

Now with new footage...

His two DEFy Award wins including the third award he stole from Gage Blackwood...

And most recently, Oscar Burns victorious over Conor Fuse to earn his fiftieth win...

The rock theme kicks in! Calmly walking out from the back to MASSIVE jeers, the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE is dressed to the nines in black dress pants, loafers, and a tailored light green velvet blazer, Oscar Burns stands on the stage and yells out to both sides of the arena.

Oscar Burns:

LET'S GO, GC'S! LET'S GOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, now approaching the ring... he wishes to be referred to as the THREE-TIME 2021 DEFy Winner for Ongoing Story of the Year and the DEFIANT of the Year... He is Big Match Burnsie... he is Full Boat Burns! He is the ONLY wrestler in DEFIANCE history to earn fifty career wins. And most importantly... **HE IS DEFIANCE...**

OSCAR BURNS!

The jeers almost drown out the music and by the time Burns makes it to the ring, he takes them in as if they were cheering him. He slowly walks up the steps, he wipes his loafers on the apron and climbs inside the ring. He stands in front of the table with the purple velvet tarp covering whatever he's got in the ring. The pompous music finally stops. Before he can say word one...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

He waits...

And waits....

Oscar Burns:

...-urns. I love you, too! Chur, GCs!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

He smiles and lets the crowd get it all out before the Kiwi continues with a little more of a serious expression.

Oscar Burns:

First off, before I continue... !! AM! DEFIANCE! Accept. No. Substitutes.

The jeers continue just as Oscar goes back to his original partying mood.

Oscar Burns:

DEFIANCE Road was a cracker of a night for me! Conor Fuse gave me everything he had at DEFIANCE Road. He really did, GCs. He tested me in ways I've rarely been tested. He beat me once, he was more than good enough to do that... but was I going to let it happen a second time? Yeah nah. I learn from my mistakes. I wrestled match of the night like I always do and I knocked the bastard off! I analyzed, I strategized and I realized... that I had his number! Better luck next time, Conor. We'll meet again down the road... and as long as you stay on the straight and narrow, we won't have a problem.

More loud jeering, but he ignores it.

Oscar Burns:

And speaking of numbers... just like I promised at the DEFIANCE Road post-match press conference. You were all cordially invited tonight to this special occasion. Because without you, the DEFIANCE/Oscar Burns Faithful, there is no show. **I** exist because **YOU** exist. So give yourselves a round of applause. Go on, go ahead! This is your time! Let me hear it!

A few cheers ring out.

Oscar Burns:

This is your time! Let me hear it, GCs! Get loud!

A few more turn into many more quickly.

Oscar Burns:

Yeah! That's right!

Now the cheers are finally loud... but then...

Oscar Burns:

All right, GCs, zip it cause DEFIANCE is talking now. Don't be rude!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

He lets them get through another round.

Oscar Burns:

-urns. Anyway... tonight, we are here to celebrate yet another ground-breaking, history-making achievement! I've had so many, it's really hard to keep up with, but how can I forget this one, eh? Fifty wins! Never been done before. First man to do it. There I go again, making history as easy as one gets up in the morning and breathes in air.

Burns approaches the table.

Oscar Burns:

I wasn't always this way. I had to build to where I am today. I busted my ass taking all the money I could make back home to move to the UK to get stretched out, worked over and beat down by some of the best British wrestlers the sport has. Then I moved to Japan and for four years, I did the same. I worked as a Young Boy - their name for rookies who lived in the dojo cleaning toilets, cooking, cleaning, doing all that in order to learn from the greats. I got beat down, worked over, stretched there as well... but in return I learned discipline! I learned about respect, I learned about hard work and I learned how to throw some GREAT elbows! It laid the foundation for the man that you see today.

He points at the table.

Oscar Burns:

All that work got me to where I am today! Titles are fantastic. They really are. Endless main event performance after endless main event performance are great. Very few people handle the jangle like I do. I don't sweat under pressure. I don't crack. I merely win. But fifty wins? That's amazing. So I decided rather than let any of my roster in the back shower me with gifts and accolades... I'm a humble guy, what can I say?

Oscar puts a free hand on the velvet cover.

Oscar Burns:

I went out and got a little something for myself. There's so many people that I want to thank in DEFIANCE. I truly do believe that this roster... my roster... has some of the most diverse people and some of the most talented men ever. Many are good. Fewer are great. A couple are REALLY great... and then... Well, me on top to lead them. I also want to thank those fifty previous opponents I either pinned or tapped out that helped me get to where I am today. You were iron helping to sharpen the iron that was Oscar Burns and helped mold me the finest representative this organization has ever had!

He looks over.

Oscar Burns:

None of this was easy and it wasn't without setbacks. I had my career almost ended on one occasion. I had my share of heartbreaks... but I dug down deep and I never gave up. I never quit. Cause I knew DEFIANCE needed a steady hand to guide it And as I realize I have a responsibility to uphold... as a reminder of what I've had to do to get here... that's why I decided to award myself with this...

He reveals the velvet cover to reveal...

DDK:

What... what?

Lance:

Is that...

He holds out the new gift to himself high for all to see...

A golden shovel.

DDK:

Oh, come on. He's been out here for months talking about how he is DEFIANCE... and has an actual golden shovel. Not a metaphorical one, but a literal golden shovel.

Lance:

I... I don't even know how to respond to this. In this business, we know what that's supposed to represent. It's supposed to be an allusion to keeping talent down. And of course Oscar Burns would want this now!

The crowd continues jeering while Burns holds the shovel out.

Oscar Burns:

Now... hear me out, GCs! In this sport, the mythical golden shovel gets a bad rap! This thing is seen often as some sort of tool used to hold down talent. Some ponces would call it a quote-unquote "burial" when young talent are held down and oppressed in favor of the same proverbial golden child. But this? No, GCs, no! This right here... this is a symbol! This gift to myself... this is more than what it appears! This in no way is used to keep down our roster! This... this is an inspirational tool that I'm going to show each and every one of my future opponents! I want to fight NEW opponents! I want to give new opportunities and show them this shovel as a symbol...

He holds it up higher and the crowd boos loudly through the nonsense.

Oscar Burns:

Since I Am DEFIANCE, I have an obligation to inspire all those trying to find their footing all the way to the folks near the top just beneath where I reside! Dig down deep, GCs! Dig into places you didn't know you had! Keep on digging and you will find that best version of yourself... that I'll still beat... but you'll be inspired to be the best that you can be in DEFIANCE! And that's not all! I have something to say about what I will do with this golden shov...

♪ "Fight Back" by Konata Small ♪

The outpouring of cheers is huge when Burns finds himself interrupted by the theme.

DDK:

It's "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy!

Lance:

I'm glad someone finally has the gumption to put a stop to Oscar's crap!

Oscar Burns looks very surprised by the appearance of Dex Joy, but after the surprise wears off he ... confusingly ... almost looks happy for him to be there. Dex shows off his new "NO ONE WREX LIKE DEX!!!" t-shirt and blue jeans. He moves forward looking like he is ready to scrap with someone.

DDK:

Oscar Burns was busy talking himself up towards the end of DEFIANCE Road when Dex Joy confronted him. Oscar backed down for the moment but he did mention at the press conference that when Dex Joy confronted him, he wanted to ask him something.

Lance:

I don't know what Oscar Burns wants with Dex Joy. As far as I know, these two have never crossed paths before! This could get really interesting ... or after Dex Joy dealt with the Scourge and Arthur Pleasant ... very violent!

Joy is inside the ring and Oscar Burns keeps his new golden shovel close in one hand. The UNLIMITED Energy of Dex Joy stands nose to nose with Oscar Burns. His music is done playing and the energy in the arena is tense.

DDK:

We saw a newer and more dangerous Dex Joy than ever. Whatever Oscar Burns thinks he is going to pull on Dex ... well he better think twice!

When Oscar Burns is about to speak, Dex takes the mic away from Oscar to loud cheers! Dex backs up a couple of inches.

Dex Joy:

Pally ... these are not *your* Faithful. They never have been. They are people. They are *everyone's* Faithful! They are paying customers who are here to see *action* and not you waving blinged out gardening equipment around like a giant asshole!

The crowd is all fired up!

BIGGEST BOY! BIGGEST BOY! BIGGEST BOY! BIGGEST BOY! BIGGEST BOY!

That expression where Burns was happy to see Dex has been replaced with a quiet scowl.

Dex Joy:

But while we're out here ... let me ask my pallies ... no wait! Let me ask Dex's Wrecking Crew a question? Who wrecks like Dex?

Crowd:

NO ONE!!!

Dex shoots a grin.

Dex Joy:

Got it in one. It says so right here on the shirt!

He turns back and faces Oscar.

Dex Joy:

So my question to you is this, Burnsy! You said during your press conference that you requested The Biggest Boy's presence and that this question you wanted to ask might possibly have to do with a big show, nay, the *Biggest* show we have! I'm guessing it has to do a little somethin-somethin with oh ... DEFCON?!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are cheering in support of Dex Joy and Oscar Burns mixing it up.

DDK:

Is that really what Oscar Burns wanted to discuss? I guess we're going to find out!

Burns politely brushes it off and then shows off a smile of his own right back to a now-not-smiling Dex.

Oscar Burns:

Dex Joy! You are indeed the one man that above all else, I wanted to see. I don't appreciate you coming out here and interrupting MY celebration of fifty career wins, GC, but I'll chalk that up to excitement. You're feeling stropky and I get it. EVERYONE in DEFIANCE wants to be where I am. Literally my whole career has been based on me getting to the top and people trying to take that spot... but you are right...

He points right at Dex with the golden shovel.

Oscar Burns:

Every single word that I said back at the press conference, Dex, was all true. You are great. You have gifts people would kill for. Your career is on a rocket steadily heading to the top. You had a great run as the Southern Heritage at the top and would have no doubt had a longer Favoured Saints reign had it not been for Arthur Pleasant. But you dealt with him. You dealt with The Scourge. Although, I wouldn't have let them do any of that to me...

Dex Joy looks ready to swing, but Burns leaps back.

Oscar Burns:

Whoa, whoa, whoa, GC! Hold on a minute! Okay, let's not beat around the bush. I did have a question that I wanted to ask you! Yes, it has to do with DEFCON! It has to do with that very thing! You want a spot at DEFCON and I want a spot at DEFCON and we can help each other! You want to take the next step in your career, and I want to help you, Dex... so I'm going to issue a challenge!

The Biggest Boy looks excited and seems ready to answer the challenge.

DDK:

WOW! Are we getting this match? At DEFCON? What a HUGE opportunity for Dex!

Lance:

Love him or hate him, Oscar Burns has been a standard-bearer for this company. Dex mentioned he wants to step up and he might get his chance! There's VERY few to do that more than with a wrestler of his caliber.

Burns nods.

Oscar Burns:

Dex Joy... The Biggest Boy... at DEFCON, I'm challenging you...

Dex looks ready. So does the crowd.

Oscar Burns:

...To be the Biggest Water Boy in my corner!

The air in the arena completely deflates and then the crowd starts BOOING!

DDK:

...WHAT?!

Lance:

WHAT THE HELL?! HE WANTS DEX AS A WATER BOY?

Dex looks like Burns has a turd hanging out of his mouth. Burns tries to yell over the outright jeering.

Oscar Burns:

Hear me out, mate, hear me out! I want to go for the FIST! And you have the talent, but you CLEARLY don't have the discipline or the control over your anger to be an opponent for me at DEFCON! You're prone to anger! Did you all forget about that cause I sure didn't! You literally assaulted the Scourge's Aaron King after you already beat him on DEFtv 164! Powerbombed him on that apron, Dex! You? Good? The Biggest Boy? No, Dex... you're not a good guy!

DDK:

The Scourge LITERALLY took so much away from Dex! I don't condone what he did, but Aaron King wasn't innocent either! None of them were!

Burns continues frantically when Dex steps towards him.

Oscar Burns:

Wait! Wait! Wait! But you're not like Conor! You can still be redeemed, GC. You still have a world of potential! Potential I can unlock if you're willing to learn under me the same way I learned in Japan! You stick with me, get me water, do my dishes, cook and I train you in return! Then in three to five years, maybe... MAYBE... once I've had another great FIST run or two, then we can talk then about a mat... OOOF!

Dex RUNS Burns over with a big clothesline, knocking both the microphone and his newly prized Golden Shovel out of his hands!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

Dex has heard more than enough chastising from the former two-time FIST! He pulls Burns to his feet...

DDK:

DEX BOMB THROUGH THE TABLE! DEX HAS HEARD MORE THAN ENOUGH OF THIS!!!

The table shatters into pieces with Burns lying in the middle of the wreckage. Dex picks up the Golden Shovel and

drops it out of the ring. He wants the microphone and picks it up.

Dex Joy:

If you aren't going to challenge me, pally ... then I'm challenging *YOU!!!* Dex Joy! Oscar Burns! DEFCON!

♪ *"Fight Back" by Konata Small* ♪

Joy throws the microphone on top of Burns' chest and grabs the purple velvet covering that was used for the shovel. He mocks wiping his backside with it and then throws it down on Oscar!

Lance:

Statement made by Dex Joy! He's had enough of people pushing his buttons after everything the Scourge did. He's not going to take it from someone like Oscar Burns, either, and gave him a taste of his own medicine!

DDK:

Will Burns accept his challenge after this?

After having his fun with the crowd Dex throws the velvet cover away and the One Man Wrecking Crew of DEFIANCE is out of the ring. Joy leaves as the camera pans on the fallen Oscar Burns as well as his celebratory Golden Shovel being tossed down.

Lance:

I don't know, but this has gotten really personal really quickly!

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

CONGRATS!

After the show returns from a commercial break, the crowd cheers when they see one third of Los Tres Titanes, Minute, starting to make his way out of the building for the night. Fresh off a shower and now in a fresh change of clothes after his victory earlier in the evening, The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World looks like he's on his way out of the building.

As Minute is about to open the door on his way out...

Voice:

Hey, hey! Wait a minute, wait a minute! Get it?

Minute stops in his tracks. He's heard that voice more than enough that just the mere sound makes his skin crawl. He turns...

TOM MORROW.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Morrow greets him with a smile, but Minute looks up to his ex-manager and looks ready to throw down.

Tom Morrow:

Minute! Off to go meet the happy couple for dinner? Saw them head out about ten minutes ago!

He gets his car keys in hand and has one of those attached batons.

Minute:

I have nothing to say to you, puta. You lost earlier. Get over it.

The happy facade of Morrow cracks for a moment.

Tom Morrow:

I'm not here to talk about that loss earlier. That's Dande's fault, not Jestal's. I just wanted to see if you could pass on a message to the happy couple on their pending nuptials?

Minute:

Empujarlo por el.

He goes to leave, but can get any further, Minute turns around and gets **BLINDSIDED** by a nasty boot to the head... courtesy of Alvaro de Vargas! After he hits the ground, ADV grins.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Que bola, pendejo.

He collapses to the ground and then gets some boots to the chest! To make matters worse, Morrow snaps a finger and out from another nearby door, The Lucky Sevens - Max and Mason Luck - both step out. The seven-foot twins each look ready to fight as if their big match earlier wasn't enough.

Tom Morrow:

GO! GO! SIX STAR BEATDOWN! GET THAT LITTLE SAWED-OFF ASSHOLE!

Max and Mason both join in as Minute is powerless to fight back! ADV picks him up off the ground with ease and holds him so both giants can put the boots to him.

DDK (V/O):

Damn it, Morrow! Ever since ADV defeated Henry Keyes and gave Jack Mace the boot from Better Future Talent Agency, they have been on the warpath! They beat PCPs earlier, now this!

Lance: (V/O):

They waited until Uriel and Titaness left! You heard this piece of trash!

The beating continues until ADV has Max and Mason both hold a helpless Minute. Alvaro starts to grab a chain to close one of the nearby garage doors.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Max! Mason! Tíralo como la basura que es! Toss him!

DEFSec finally starts to swarm the vicinity, but not before Mason and Max both have Minute over the shoulder. They both THROW him like a lawn dart right into the closed garage door, sending his entire body hitting with a massive THUD! Minute crumbles on the ground as DEFSec gets in between the trio of bullies.

Mason Luck:

Did you see that throw?

Max Luck:

Dude ... yes! That was *seven* starts at least!

But Morrow is done playing around!

Tom Morrow:

Let's go, let's go!

Morrow and his goons all take their leave from the scene as DEFSec head Wyatt Bronson stands in front of the fallen Minute.

Wyatt Bronson:

Get them the hell out of here, now! Get someone! Grab a trainer!

Minute is hurt in a heap on the ground and Morrow can be heard yelling through the backstage area.

Tom Morrow:

Tell the happy couple that BFTA said congrats!

BFTA finally take their leave and DEFSec goes to check on a writhing Minute, hunched over in pain and in lord knows what kind of condition as the show moves on.

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: KERRY KUROYAMA Â© vs. ???

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

A ROAR from the crowd fills the WrestlePlex as the familiar music hits and the house lights come down. A squall line of stormclouds brews across the DEFIATron. The music builds. Low level green lights come up around the perimeters of the stage, revealing the shape of a man...

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

The solo hits, and spotlights hit the stage to reveal a silver-robed figure before the entry-way. The figure throws back the hood to reveal the face of KERRY KUROYAMA, to a tremendous pop! In a flash, Kerry tears off the rope, throws it aside, and peaks his fists over his head to pose at the head of the ramp with the Favored Saints Title around his waist in full view. A brilliant display of fireworks explodes overhead.

KABOO-BOO-BOOOMM!!

The Pacific Blitzkrieg begins his procession down the rampway. He is clad in fresh new green-with-gold trunks, along with a fresh compression shirt to cover his still healing wounds from DEFIANCE Road.

DDK:

We have reached the MAIN EVENT on this second night of DEFtv, and what a way to finish things off! The Favored Saints Title will be on the line, in a match that may be the most important moment in the career of the champion, "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama!

Lance:

Kerry has withstood a long and tumultuous reign as the Favored Saints Champion, fending off challengers for months in an impassioned effort to step up to the ranks of the Southern Heritage Title.

DDK:

If can secure just ONE MORE victory by pinfall or submission tonight, he'll finally have the four consecutive title defenses needed to trade in the title for a guaranteed title shot at a time of his choosing!

The champion is taking his time down the aisle, slapping hands with every fan in sight. His face is showing more emotion than the usual cold determination tonight, knowing the end of his journey is near.

DDK:

One has to wonder, given his busy schedule in the months leading up to this match, and all the punishment sustained to his body across so many battles, does Kuroyama have enough left within him to survive one more opponent?

Lance:

By the way, Keebs, do you happen to know who the challenger is?

DDK:

Nobody knows, Lance. It was never formally announced. Kerry is walking into this final title defense completely blind.

When he reaches the ring, he scales the steps to the apron and climbs a post for a big crowd reaction and a photo op moment. Then he hops into the ring and paces restlessly while Darren Quimbey stands ready to make introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, this is our MAIN EVENT! The following contest is scheduled for one fall, and will be for the FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH!!

Kuroyama unstraps the belt and holds it high overhead. The crowd ROARS again.

FOUR-AND-OH!! FOUR-AND-OH!! FOUR-AND-OH!! FOUR-AND-OH!!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, hailing from Seattle, Washington, and weighing in at two-hundred and forty-six pounds... the REIGNING FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPION of DEFIANCE... SEATTLE'S BEAST... the PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG... KEEEEEEEEERRRRRRYYYYYYYY KUUUUUUOoooooYAAAAAAAAAMAAAAAAAAA!!!

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

Belt clutched at his side, Kerry stares intensely back up the rampway toward the curtain, awaiting the reveal of his opponent...

♪ "Daddy's Home" by JT Music ♪

The crowd EXPLODES as the music blares in over the arena speakers. Kerry shuts his eyes when the dread hits him right in the chest.

DDK:

OOOOH MAN, IT'S HIM!!

DAN RYAN steps out onto the stage, smirking down toward the ring. He takes in the loud cheering of the fans, then shakes his head and begins his walk to ringside.

DDK:

WOW! We knew DAN RYAN was in the building, but I don't think Kuroyama was expecting an encounter with the recently returned former FIST of DEFIANCE! To be fair, NOBODY was expecting this!

Lance:

Dan Ryan is making his authority known now that he's back, and he may just set the tone for the weeks leading up to DEFCON by unceremoniously dashing Kerry's hopes for a fourth and final title defense! Strap yourself in, Keebs, because VAE VICTUS is about to shake things up!

Reaching the ring, he slides in under the bottom rope and climbs a turnbuckle, then pans the crowd and lets out a roar. Turning his head back toward Kuroyama, he jumps back down to the mat and turns to face him.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent... hailing from Houston, Texas, and weighing in at three-hundred and five pounds... he is the FORMER THREE-TIME FIST OF DEFIANCE... the EGO BUSTER... DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANNN RRRRRRRYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNN!!!

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

Ryan pumps his arms into the air to a thunderous ovation. Kerry quietly looks down at the Favored Saints Championship, taking a moment to reflect on everything he went through to get here... then hands it over to official Mark Shields, who holds it up for view of the crowd and camera. Both men are getting psyched in their corners as the crowd noise picks up.

DDK:

It's all on the line tonight for Kerry Kuroyama, who is facing perhaps his greatest challenge yet!

DING DING

Ryan confidently steps to the center of the ring, smirking and telling the champion to bring it. Kerry takes a deep breath. Time to face the music. He comes out of his corner, and nearly gets smothered into Dan's giant pythons but quickly ducks and goes behind.

DDK:

Kuroyama goes under and tries to clip the leg... but Ryan quickly pivots himself out of it, avoiding the takedown!

Lance:

One false move here can spell immediate doom for the Favored Saints Champion.

DDK:

Right you are there, Lance! Dan Ryan is an alpha predator in that ring! Once he smells blood in the water, he'll attack and never let up!

Dan smirks and scoldingly wags his finger at Kerry. Undaunted, the champion steps right into the collar-and-elbow this time. With seemingly no effort, Ryan puts his strength on display as he **SHOVES** Kerry off his feet and to the canvas! Kuroyama rolls back onto his feet, and a shadow falls over him...

DDK:

Here comes DAN RYAN!! Kerry locks up the waist and braces himself as the Ego Buster **BULLS** him into the corner!

Lance:

Quick thinking by Kerry. A second later, and Ryan would have just absolutely avalanched him against those turnbuckles.

Referee Mark Shields is delayed as ever on the reaction, but remembers enough of his officiating duties to step in and call for a break. Ryan momentarily leers at the official before finally letting go and backing up, allowing the champion a moment to get to his feet and plot his next move.

DDK:

More than just having the strength advantage, Dan Ryan absolutely knows he's got a psychological edge in this contest right now.

Lance:

Kerry knows the situation is not good for him. He knows he's not a hundred percent, and at a strength disadvantage, and faced with a famously dangerous opponent.

Ryan beckons Kerry out of the corner, and after a beat, the champion comes out, and both competitors circle the ring. The former FIST suddenly springs forward, shooting low, but Kerry narrowly avoids it with a leapfrog! Ryan gets to his feet as Kerry spins, putting himself into motion for a **DISCUS ELBOW AIMED HIGH--**

WHAMPF!

And it connects with the palm of Ryan's hand, as he stops the strike in place.

Lance:

Uh-oh.

Dan shakes his head. There's no way he's falling to his own move that easily. Before Kuroyama can react, he's twisted around into a waistlock, sent through the air, and sent sprawling violently across the canvas.

DDK:

DEVASTATING BELLY TO BACK SUPLEX BY DAN RYAN!! Kerry Kuroyama hit the canvas **HARD!!**

Kuroyama is left shaken on the mat. Ryan's smile widens and he proudly flexes his arms to the astounded audience. He showboats only long enough for Kerry to get himself to a knee before he promptly walks over and swallows him into his grip...

DDK:

ANOTHER ANOTHER BELLY TO BACK, dropping Kerry right on the **HEAD AND SHOULDERS!!**

Lance:

Dan Ryan has not lost a step, ladies and gentlemen.

As Kuroyama struggles to push himself back off the mat, Ryan drops to the mat in front of him and mockingly performs push-ups, flashing the Favored Saints Champion his familiar cocky smirk. Then he paws the Pacific Blitzkrieg around the head and effortlessly pulls him back up...

DDK:

ANOTHER BELLY TO BACK!! Good God, this isn't a match; it's a MAULING! Kerry has just been OBLITERATED, and now the Ego Buster kicks him over to his back and make the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH - NO!! Kerry's got some fight left!

Lance:

For a moment there, I thought this match was over before it began.

Kuroyama digs deep and crawls for the ropes, but Dan isn't having it. Ryan hooks his arms and wrangles the Favored Saints Champion back to his feet into a full nelson! The former FIST's massive hands are wrenching unforgivingly down on the Pacific Blitzkrieg's neck, forcing him to his knees. Kerry's face is one of agony. Ryan leans in and whispers in his ear, taunting him to tap.

DDK:

This is like watching a grizzly bear playing with its food, Lance! Dan Ryan has been absolutely dominant from the opening bell! Does Kerry have enough to hang on through the end? Is it even WORTH IT, at this point?

Lance:

I can't say, Keebs. Never say never in professional wrestling, but given the circumstances, Dan Ryan is in a great position to bring champion into the hands of the newly christened Vae Victus in his first official match back in DEFIANCE.

Bored of Kerry's stonewalling, Ryan pulls him up to his feet, digs his heels and DRAGON SUPLEXES the Favored Saints champ across the ring! Kuroyama again takes a sickening bounce off the canvas. Ryan again flexes triumphantly to the Faithful.

DDK:

The former three-time FIST of DEFIANCE is absolutely brimming with confidence right now! He must be feeling absolutely unstoppable in there!

Lance:

I'm not sure where Kerry goes from here. This could be a tragic ending to his run with the championship.

Kerry's body is wracked with pain, yet he still continues to try to push himself off the mat. Ryan waits on him, smirking with his arms crossed over his chest. Kuroyama's arms give out and he hits the mat again. Dan shakes his head pitifully before bending over to pull Kerry back up to his feet.

DDK:

The devastation continues as Ryan -- no wait, Kerry CONNECTS with a forearm yo the sternum -- but DAN RYAN

JUST FLINGS HIM TO THE MAT WITH A BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX!!

Lance:

Gotta hand it to Kerry for trying to get something going, but the Ego Buster quickly put a stop to that.

DDK:

It's been all Dan Ryan as he again makes the pin! Could this be it for the Favored Saints Champion?!

ONE!

TWO!!

THRE -- NO NO NOOO Kerry JUST BARELY got the shoulder up! How does he keep hanging on through this?!

Ryan sits up and looks questionably to Shields, who can only shrug. The former three-time FIST can't help but chuckle at Kuroyama's show of spirit, but looks like he's had his fill as he again wrangles the nearly lifeless Favored Saints Champion off the mat and sets him up for the powerbomb...

DDK:

I think Ryan's finally ready to finish this off... Kerry is in position, and the former FIST lifts him up for the HUMILITY BOMB -- NO WAIT!!

Kuroyama suddenly snaps to life on Dan Ryan's shoulders, and from his elevated position, unloads elbow after elbow into the DEFIANCE legend's exposed face! The crowd cheers as Kerry drops back to the mat when Ryan loses his grip to clutch his face. Ryan quickly tries to end the rally with a heavy lariat, but Kuroyama DUCKS...

DDK:

Clothesline misses... and Dan Ryan RUNS AROUND INTO THE DISCUS ELBOW!

Lance:

Caught him with it that time!

DDK:

Ryan reeling... AND KERRY LANDS ANOTHER DISCUS ELBOW!! Ryan is down to a KNEE!

Lance:

Don't stop!

The crowd is roaring as the Favored Saints Champion fights back. Kerry is wobbling on rubber legs, mustering up every little bit of energy he has left into his shots, but they're hitting their marks, and the Ego Buster is momentarily stunned. Kuroyama, knowing full well what will happen when the former FIST recovers, desperately locks up his head and hooks a leg.

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

DDK:

FISHERMAN BRAINBUSTER DDT!! GOOD GOD, KERRY KUROYAMA JUST LIFTED ALL THREE-HUNDRED POUNDS OF THE EGO BUSTER OFF THE MAT AND DROPPED HIM STRAIGHT ON HIS HEAD!! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE WE JUST WITNESSED THAT!

Lance:

And Kerry just collapsed onto the canvas next to him! I have no idea where he found the energy or the strength to pull that off, but that may have very well saved his title reign.

DDK:

Kuroyama is crawling over... inches away now! He covers Ryan's chest, looking to retain!

ONE!!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!!

Ryan suddenly roars back to life, powering himself off the mat and flipping Kerry onto his back into a half-guard. Multiple unforgiving forearms crush Kuroyama's face. There is no longer a cocky smirk on the Ego Buster's face; just sheer, murderous rage.

DDK:

Just like that, we see the switch flip in Dan Ryan's head!

Lance:

He's not playing around anymore, that's for sure.

Ryan grabs Kerry by the compression shirt and aggressively rips it apart as he yanks the Pacific Blitzkrieg off the mat and throws him into the near corner. Dan raises a skillet-sized palm...

SLAP!

...and HAMMERS IT into Kuroyama's chest! The crowd "OOHs" in pain as Kerry nearly collapses to the mat, but Ryan throws him back against the turnbuckles and paws him across the head with an open-handed slap. Dan grabs the champion by the hair on the back of his head and talks trash within inches of his face.

DDK:

Look at the disrespect put on display toward the Favored Saints Champion!

Lance:

We're not seeing anything new from the aptly named "Ego Buster". It's not enough for Dan Ryan to absolutely dominate him in the ring. He has to break his very spirit!

Shields taps the Ego Buster on his shoulder, timidly asking him to break it up. But Mark practically falls to the mat when the former FIST turns his unbridled rage in the official's direction. The referee throws his hands up and backs up, apologizing for even thinking of trying to enforce a degree of order. Ryan goes back to Kerry, raising his open palm again...

...but Kerry BLOCKS IT!

DDK:

KUROYAMA WITH A HEADBUTT TO COUNTER!!

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

Dan Ryan recoils off the impact... and just as quickly seizes Kuroyama by the throat. A split second later, the ring BOOMS from the impact of the Favored Saints Champion being torn out of the corner and flung hard into the canvas with a two-handed chokeslam!

DDK:

Hell hath no fury like Dan Ryan when he gets angry!

Lance:

I think that headbutt may have busted his lip. At least he won't be walking from this match unscathed, but it's looking bleak for Kerry at this point...

Suddenly, there's a kerfuffle by the rampway.

DDK:

What's going on?

The cameras change to show Gage Blackwood, looking like he's half in the bag, stumbling through the bottom of the stage and revealing himself to the crowd. Some fans cheer, others simply watch on as the former FIST hobbles into the open, at the side of the rampway, fixated on the match.

DDK:

GAGE BLACKWOOD is here!?

Lance:

Is... is he okay?

Blackwood, who likely isn't drunk but rather frustrated with the recent events of his career, continues to stumble forward.

Gage Blackwood: *[directed towards the ring with senseless babble]*

AYE, if it isnae th' doolally Dan Ryan! Whit th' hell did ye dae tae earn a title opportunity th' nicht? Did ye wirk solid ower th' bygane FIVE YEARS in DEFIANCE tae earn th' shot or did ye politic fur it!? Fuckin' baw juggler!

Ryan is about to peel Kuroyama off the mat when he notices Gage approaching the ring.

DDK:

Blackwood is falling apart at the seams.

Lance:

Well Dan Ryan's not a guy who likes being messed with, either...

Blackwood approaches the apron, eyes glossy red, barely able to stand. The Noble Raider breathes heavily, kicking his long brown hair upwards and then back down as most of it hangs over his face.

DDK:

This is very uncharacteristic of Gage to be out here at a time like this.

Ryan's face mirrors the confusion of the commentary crew. He looks slightly bemused by the sad state of affairs that have befallen the last reigning FIST of DEFIANCE.

Gage Blackwood:

Awa' n bile yer heid, jog on motherfucker!

Ryan has had enough of this as he shakes his head and turns around to finish the job on Kerry.

Only Kerry is where he left him...

He's circled around behind him. Kuroyama throws everything he has left in himself to jump onto Ryan's shoulders and wrap up his arms as he rolls him back onto the canvas.

DDK:

KUROYAMA WITH THE CRUCIFIX ROLL-UP OUT OF NOWHERE!!

ONE!!

Ryan touches the ropes with his leg...

TWO!!

...but Mark Shields DOESN'T SEE IT!

THHRREEEEEE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

Dan Ryan EXPLODES to his feet, and for a moment looks like he might tear Mark Shields' head off. For the first time in months, a smile creeps across Blackwood's face as he turns around and heads back to where he came from, underneath the rampway.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the WINNER of the MATCH...and STILL FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPION OF DEFIANCE... **KEEEEEEEEEERRRRRRYYYYYYYY KUUUUUUROOOOOOYAAAAAAAAMAAAAAAA!!!**

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

DDK:

I am BEYOND WORDS right now, Lance! I was almost certain that we were witnessing the tragic and uneventful END to Kerry Kuroyama's reign as the Favored Saints Champion! But through fate, circumstance, and sheer tenacity, the Pacific Blitzkrieg hung on just long enough to eke out the fourth and FINAL defense of his title!

Lance:

Those were some VERY "favorable" circumstances for the retaining Favored Saints Champ. Remove Gage Blackwood and Mark Shields from this equation, and we'd be looking at a new Favored Saints Champion in Dan Ryan!

Ryan paces the ring, shaking his head in complete rejection of the decision. Mark tries to help the victor back to his feet. Still out of sorts, Kerry almost throws the official into a chokehold, but Shields breaks away and raises his arm in victory. It finally dawns on Kuroyama. He's done it. After eight long, grueling matches, he's finally done it.

DDK:

What a moment for Kerry Kuroyama, who now has the right to bank in his championship for a shot at the Southern Heritage Title!

Confusion sets in as Ryan intercepts the Favored Saints Title before the timekeeper can hand it over to Shields. Kuroyama is barely standing on two feet as Ryan stares him down, belt in hand, completely stone-faced...

Then, the former three-time FIST of DEFIANCE hands the belt over to the champion and takes his hand and shakes it.

RRRAAAAAHHH!!!

DDK:

That's what it's all about! A DEFIANCE legend, giving the tip of the hat to a legend of the future! What a moment we are witnessing!

Ryan's grin widens... and a split second later, Kuroyama is PULLED INTO A ROLLING ELBOW and TURNED INSIDE OUT!

DDK:

HAMMER OF GOD!!!

Lance:

I think you may have spoken too soon, Keebs.

Kerry SPRAWLS off the impact and lands flat on the canvas. Dan Ryan takes one last look at the Favored Saints Championship in his hand, before scoffing and dropping the belt on the Pacific Blitzkrieg's lifeless form.

DDK:

It's liable to believe that Dan Ryan never even had an interest in the Favored Saints Championship, but simply wanted to make a statement on his return that NONE are safe from the newly emerging VAE VICTUS!

Lance:

He may not have succeeded in ending Kerry's reign tonight, but the statement was made all the same!

Ryan mugs more to the crowd before exiting the ring. The scene fades out on a shot of Kerry lying hurt on the mat, gripping the Favored Saints Title close to his chest.

THE FLAMES OF STALKER'S WORLD

When: Now

Where: The Kabal Lair

We open up to Jason 'Stalker' Reeves, the recently crowned FIST of DEFIANCE, panning away from him as a recorded voice begins to play.

Mr. Fear: *[voice modified]*

You know... Crimson Stalker... Do you know what they say about you? They say that you... that you are a great Warrior. Proclaiming in the book of The Kabal that there is no one quite like you, Jason Reeves.

Crimson Stalker is staring blankly down the hallways of The Kabal lair. He's still wearing the same exact attire he was wearing during his win against Gage Blackwood at DEFIANCE Road. Holding The FIST title in his right hand and a silver tape recorder in his left hand. The voice of Mr. Fear is playing on the tape recorder.

Mr. Fear:

Walking away from The Kabal's pledge was the worst mistake you ever made, Jason. And look where it led you? Back to us... empowered by us.... And now look at the weapon you've become, look at what you have accomplished on behalf of The Kabal. All roads lead to one destiny, Jason and your destiny has always been a weapon of our creation.

Blood is caked into his black pants and black wife beater, the crimson mask is starting to look worn and heavy as it beats against his mouth with each creepy breath. Jason walks forward into The Kabal's command room, the same command room in which he was placed onto a table hours after suffering a severe beating against Deacon at last year's DEFCON.

Mr. Fear:

Now that you have DEFIANCE's precious title, it's time to squander their opportunity to ever control you, Jason. The Kabal's Monsters have been holed up for too long, our chaos that we have created, our... weapons that we've perfected. It's time to ensure the world tastes fully what it's like to be in The Kabal's world!

Stalker's fist grips the title a bit harder as he walks away from the command center table, his blank and void-like eyes staring down a closet marked 'REZIN'S STUFF XXX DO NOT ENTER'. The former Kabal member's left over items seemingly were stashed away for safe keeping.

****CRACCK!!****

Using the same hand that he is using to hold the FIST, Jason 'Stalker' Reeves yanks the door open with a fierce growl emanating from behind his crimson mask. The door's wooden hinges snap, crack and pop open as Jason Reeves stares into darkness of what the cameras can not see. The FIST of DEFIANCE studies the contents as a mute villainous monster, looking for the most dangerous weapon.

Mr. Fear:

Everything that made you what you are now... the hatred you hold for those who have called you a creep, a villain, an... outsider. Use it Jason... don't let yourself or anyone in The Kabal use this lair as a hole to crawl back to.

****SCREECHHHH!!!****

Metal dragging against stone overtakes the scene as Crimson Stalker uses his strength to retrieve what looks to be a 'flame thrower' of sorts. Moving slowly, the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE hoists the metal container up first before strapping it against his back, all the while holding the FIST strap in his death grip of a clenched fist. Using his free hand Stalker grips the flame spewing piece and immediately tests out it's capabilities. The flame spews out precisely as directed and within a few seconds the former 'target board' of the command center is a blaze in a fire.

Mr. Fear:

If it's me you hate... Jason.. Then shows that hatred to DEFIANCE and make them pay for everything they have done.

Burning this lair to the ground will be the next step in swarming DEFIANCE in our shadow. No longer will we simply be dormant in our hole waiting for the next move, we will be in their face... and you specifically will show them the Warrior that you really are.

*****FRWWOOOSSSHHHH*****

Flames cascade from Stalker's flame thrower, the device pulled from the dangerous closet of good In the Kabal's lair proving to be useful as suddenly the table in which Jason spent minutes staring at is suddenly the next victim in the arson-like assault.

Mr. Fear:

The Kabal's chaos that we bring is a ladder of fire and war. Show them why you destroyed Gage. Make them know what the flames of Stalker's World feels like... Jason... Make them know the warnings were true. Your world is what they fear the most and it's time they reap what they've sowed. One Voice, Rejoice.

Cameras pan out as Crimson Stalker begins torching the walls on his way to Scrow's laboratory. The former Kabal leader's actions bring a chaotic blaze of fire upon each and every step in his wake, The Kabal lair's walls and interior furniture being the latest victims in the wake of Crimson Stalker's FIST reign.

Fade to black.

THIS.

IS.

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