

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

ST. LOUIS welcomes DEFIANCE as the Enterprise Center is hyped for DEFtv 184! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway. There's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFlatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

GOOD SIGN

ST LOUIS IS SCOTTY FLASH STRONG

TITANES FAMILIA REAPS WHAT THEY SOW

YOUR SIGNS BETTER BE GOOD OR IT'LL GET MOVED TO UNCUT

UNCUT HAS NO SIGNS

IT DOESN'T EVEN HAVE AN INTRODUCTION

IF THERE ARE TONS OF SIGNS, THIS GUY BRIAN WON'T SEE MINE

WEAPON GET EVERYTHING CONOR

THERE'S NO JOY IN THE COMMENT SECTION

THE WHEELS ON THE SEVENS BUS GO ROUND AND ROUND

ROUND AND ROUND

ROUND AND ROUND

I THOUGHT TEAM HOSS RETIRED

HUNTER BRAP BRAP GONNA DIE

HENRY KEYES IS DEHYDRATED

YOU GET A COIN AND YOU GET A COIN

CONTRACT, SCHMONTRACT

The shot cranes over the St. Louis Faithful, holding their signs and all trying to get on camera. It shifts to Christie Zane, dressed to the nines and holding a mic in the center of the ring.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen... please give us a warm "St. Louis" welcome for my guests at this time... THE! SATURDAY! NIGHT! SPECIALS!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

The people are on their feet as Brock Newbludd, Pat Cassidy, and Ophelia Sykes walk through the curtain - all smiles. Brock and Pat are dressed in jeans and "SNS" t-shirts, while Sykes has opted for a black dress. Cassidy pumps his fist in unison with the cheering crowd as Brock cups his hands over his mouth to howl into the sea of Ballyhooligans. Ophelia raises both arms as she is proudly displaying both men. All three Saturday Night Specials share a triple fist bump before making their way to the ring.

Lance:

We've been anticipating this moment all week, Keebs. Two weeks ago, The Saturday Night Specials defeated The Lucky Sevens to become number one contenders to the Unified Tag Titles... but as we've all been reminded ad nauseam for the better part of a year now, the champion's exclusive DEFIANCE contract bans SNS from receiving any title shots.

DDK:

This has been a sticky legal situation, Lance, and I'm not positive it's been resolved yet.

Newbludd and Cassidy enter the ring, taking position on opposite turnbuckles and posing for a rabid DEFIANCE crowd. Sykes walks up to Zane and snatches the mic out of her hands as the music fades away.

Ophelia Sykes:

Thanks for the intro, sweetie, but I can take it from here.

A barely suppressed snarl appears on the DEFIANCE interviewer's face. Cassidy, who has climbed down from the turnbuckle, takes the mic away from his girlfriend.

Pat Cassidy:

Hey hey hey... we said we were gonna work on this, remember? People skills.

Sykes shoots daggers through Pat, but also folds her arms and accepts this... albeit aggravatedly. Cassidy hands the mic back to Christie.

Christie Zane:

Thank you. Pat, Brock... we all saw last week when you pulled a fast one over the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Champions.

As Christie speaks: we get a replay with a "TWO WEEKS AGO" chyron in the corner of the screen. We see SNS, dressed as the masked Mucha Lucha tag team, defeating The Lucky Sevens. Cut to them standing in the crowd and pulling off their masks to reveal The Saturday Night Specials! Back to the present.

Christie Zane:

That was, to be frank, a shock to both Defiants and Faithful alike - perhaps the biggest surprise for Tom Morrow and The Lucky Sevens. I have to wonder: how long have you guys been planning this?

Brock Newbludd:

When there's a will, there's a way, Christie. And if there's one thing The Saturday Night Specials have in spades it's willpower. Tom Morrow thought he was real smart by throwing in that bullshit clause to deny us our rematch and protect his boys. I mean you don't need a Harvard law degree to see the obvious loophole in it. No SNS rematch? No problem.

Newbludd reaches into his back pocket and pulls out the golden luchadore mask he wore two weeks ago.

Brock Newbludd:

El Grande Diablo and El Chupacabro will take the belts! Mucha F*ckin' Luchas will beat their asses eight days a week!

The crowd let's out a cheer that quickly morphs into spontaneous chanting.

"MOO-CHA! LU-CHA!"

CLAPCLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!

"MOO-CHA! LU-CHA!"

Brock puts a hand up and the crowd revs down to a buzz.

Brock Newbludd:

Frankly, you can call us whatever you want. SNS...Mucha Luchas...we don't care. Because at the end of the day, all we cared about was getting our crack at The Sevens. Whatever it takes, Zane. And what it took was patience. While The Lucky Sevens were strutting around this place like the proud cocks they are we rebuilt the home they thought they had destroyed, Ballyhoo Brew. Then after that, my good buddy Pat here did me a solid by showing his sister exactly what he thought of her new boyfriend by giving him an ass kicking that truly was main event level.

Pat tips an imaginary cap to his sister's ex and Brock responds with a fist bump.

Brock Newbludd:

While those two arrogant pricks were putting their feet up and takin' it easy against Brazen teams we were battlin' for the FIST and SOHER. And you know what, you take the rest Vae Victis out of that picture and I think SNS had Keyes and Troy's numbers that night. And through it all, we waited for The Lucky Sevens and Morrow to make a mistake, which we knew they would because they're just as dumb as they are arrogant.

Pulling away from the mic, Brock pulls the luchadore mask over his face.

Brock Newbludd:

And two weeks ago they made that mistake and your boys here were more than ready. Or should I say Mucha Luchas was ready and those two bad hombres took care of The Lucky Sevens like the phony champions they are! With a roll up! A goddamn school boy!

All three SNS members share a laugh and Brock rips the mask off. Hurling it into the crowd for them to fight over, Brock turns back to Zane and smirks.

Brock Newbludd:

And now The Lucky Sevens find themselves in quite the pickle, eh? Take on Mucha Luchas, a couple dudes wearing homemade outfits or do they finally cut the bullshit and take on the best damn team in the world, The Saturday Night Specials. Either way, there's no escape from them. We're comin' for those belts at DEFCON.

Christie Zane:

So it begs the question... you won the opportunity to be number one contenders at DEFtv 183... but as we all know, you're supposed to be barred from receiving shots at the championship as long as The Lucky Sevens hold them. What happens now?

Cassidy smirks, moving into position.

Pat Cassidy:

I think it's simple, Zane. For the past two weeks, this has been a big mess of Morrow's lawyers, our lawyer's, DEFIANCE lawyers. Now, (putting on a bad southern accent) I may just be a small town lawyer (back to regular voice), but it seems to me that this isn't all that complicated.

Cassidy looks directly into the hard cam.

Pat Cassidy:

You've blocked us from getting shots at our championship for close to a year. And you did that not because you wanted to "teach us a lesson." I'm not sure Brock and I have any lessons to learn from you... rumor is your team name is The Lucky Sevens because neither of you made it out of the seventh grade. It's also not because you wanted to "show us what it's like to be screwed over by DEFIANCE." You two privileged little shits have been coasting on your family name since the day your overrated asses walked in the door, don't talk to me about being held back. You're so [BLEEP]ing entitled that you sold your souls and joined up with Morrow the FIRST TIME you couldn't win the Unified Tag Titles, throwing a tantrum so epic it's still going three years later. You boys could teach Garland a thing or two about being dramatic.

Cassidy pauses, allowing the crowd to cheer the barrage of barbs.

Pat Cassidy:

Nah, it's not for those reasons. Guys, it's pretty simple: you stopped us from getting a shot at you because you know that of all the teams in the DEFIANCE, your boys here have your number. You've blocked us because you're a pair of identical, seven foot-tall, giant pieces of chicken shiii..

Brock Newbludd:

Woah woah woah. Dude, we're not supposed to swear anymore, remember?

Pat Cassidy:

Wait, seriously? What the [BLEEP]?

Brock Newbludd:

Yeah, it's [BLEEP]ing stupid, but some [BLEEP] [BLEEP]ing [BLEEP] backstage said we should watch the language.

Pat Cassidy:

[BLEEP] it. Fine then. Because you're a pair of giant chicken.... cowards.

And then, really fast, as to catch the censors off guard (and it works).

Pat Cassidy:

SHITS!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Pat Cassidy:

So we can forget the lawyers, boys. These are the facts: if you two, for the first time in your life, want to grow at least a single pair of testicles between you, you'll do the right thing: name us number one contenders and meet us at DEFCON! Get that monkey off your backs, and prove to us, prove to the world, and prove to yourselves that you can beat The Saturday Night Specials in a fair fight.

DDK:

A direct challenge for DEFCON!

Lance:

Cassidy knows The Lucky Sevens have been known to have volatile tempers. I think he's trying to get under their skin so they...

♪ "Ecstasy of Gold (Bandini Remix)" by Ennio Morricone ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

As if it was almost the flick of a switch, all the good times and camaraderie brought out by the Saturday Night Specials ends up being brought to a standstill. Max and Mason Luck walk out to the stage in dark green and dark red suits with Tom Morrow in between them.

Tom Morrow:

Cut that music.

When it does not go off fast enough, Morrow shouts.

Tom Morrow:

I SAID CUT THE MUSIC!!!

It shuts down and Tom Morrow is ready to boil over.

Tom Morrow:

You two have the *chutzpah* to stand in that ring and act like you did something two weeks ago? You think we took it easy with BRAZEN teams? We beat Titanes Familia! We beat PCP *and* the Dangerous Mix in the same night in Madison Square Garden ... BFTA scored a three-match clean sweep! The very same show *you two* failed DEFIANCE Wrestling against Vae Victis! Now I have to manage Alvaro de Vargas to do what you couldn't do and that's win the FIST from that stuck-up bitch, Lindsay Troy!

Mason takes the microphone from Tom Morrow.

Mason Luck:

You think you have *our* number? Any time you mix it up in this ring with us, win or lose, we hurt you. Last time we fought you straight up ... you *almost* had us. But we did what we said we were going to do, you little shits. We ended *your* reign. Two time Unified Tag team champions since then! Something you've never done and something you'll *never* do! We took these titles from you and it took you two nine months to work up the courage ... to hide under masks to get into the ring with us. You can fire up this crowd all you want and practice all the speeches in front of a mirror, but you know when it comes to you two and us two ... you walk away a little less. We broke Pat's arm. We broke Brock's spirit. You're telling us that you really want to dance this dance again.

Brock Newbludd:

For those titles ... you're god-damn right!

Max has some words.

Max Luck:

Brock ... Pat ... you make these jokes. You act proud that you've been able to survive us without rollups and all this other bull-shit you two did, but I remember the damage we did. Brock, you went missing for months. Nobody saw you because we *hurt* your little ego and you suffered the worst defeat of your career. Pat ... for months, you shouldered the burden of fighting for a partner you didn't even know would be there for you again. Do you two *really* want to relive the worst defeats of your career? You've only been able to survive us, but you have *never* beaten us definitively. You rebuilt that bar, but it got taken from you in the first place because you thought you were untouchable.

Max's smile is sickening.

Max Luck:

You were both dead *wrong*. You're willing to risk everything with these titles on the line?

Brock and Pat both nod at the duo. They know the fight they want and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful want it too.

With Max finishing his statement he gives the microphone back to Tom Morrow.

Tom Morrow:

Sounds like these two are gluttons for punishment. That isn't surprising. We'll put it to the crowd. How about that?

Morrow speaks directly to the audience.

Tom Morrow:

Let me ask you, the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! Do you want The Lucky Sevens versus the Saturday Night Specials at DEFCON?!?!?

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

Tom Morrow:

That was pathetic! Let us really feel it, people. SELL US ON IT!!! Do *you* want to see The Lucky Sevens defend the Unified Tag team champions against the Saturday Night Specials to see who the best team in DEFIANCE Wrestling really is?!?!?

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

Brock goes with the fans and waves for a bigger reaction with Pat and Ophelia urging them on. It takes more than twenty seconds for the reaction to die down.

Tom Morrow's mind is made up.

Tom Morrow:

... *[BLEEP]* you. The answer is no.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Tom Morrow:

We already know who the best team is in DEFIANCE Wrestling. The ones that have the gold.

Morrow snaps his fingers and the boos fill up quickly with Max and Mason smirking while flaunting the titles for them.

Tom Morrow:

We'll see *you* idiots in court, then *you* idiots that paid to see *these* idiots can see them in the poorhouse when we're done with 'em. Enjoy the rest of the show.

Max, Mason and Tom leave the stage. Pat, Brock and Ophelia look distraught that as hard as they tried, their plan to goad the Lucky Sevens into a match did not work!

DDK:

Cowards! They're cowards! They got beat and they're hiding behind this contract just like they always have cause they know the SNS have their number!

Lance:

I hate this so much for the Saturday Night Specials! They were *screwed* out of the Unified Tag Titles all those months ago and never got a fair rematch. Morrow really has thought of everything to protect those titles.

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. DAN LEO JAMES

DDK:

With only TWO sets of shows left until the biggest show of DEFIANCE's calendar year, we are getting right to the action! Dan Leo James of Titanes Familia faces another big test in singles action, this time against the... what was the term used... Vae Victis' "Corridor Regulator" Kerry Kuroyama.

Lance:

We just learn that Dan Leo James was only cleared for competition just this afternoon. He may not be 100% after he was jumped by Team HOSS after his very physical match with Dex Joy. Meanwhile, Kerry has been involved with trying to regulate the locker room and has been running afoul lately of Declan Alexander after costing him a match to Oscar Burns.

DDK:

Indeed, he has! Kerry Kuroyama one-on-one with Dan Leo James here tonight!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "My Name Is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots feat. JET ♪

The lights go dark and one white light pulses through the entrance with the opening riffs... then another... then Dan Leo James stands looking far more determined than he has in recent weeks. The drum beats blast loudly and the young member of Titanes Familia regains his composure. He holds his massive hand out and gets cheers from the DEFIANCE Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

...from Hurricane, Utah, weighing in at 262 pounds! Representing Titanes Familia... he is The Young Titan... DAN! LEO! JAMES!

Dan stomps a foot to the theme and even gets more cheers from the crowd as he heads to the ring with a bandaged arm. We now go to his inset promo.

—

Cut to Dan Leo James looking around at the inset promo he's in.

Dan Leo James:

I showed the world what I could do against a top-caliber star like Dex Joy... then got the crap baskets kicked out of me by Team HOSS... well, I'm still standing!

He raises his arms up... then winces from the bandaged left arm.

Dan Leo James:

Ow... I mean... ow... fast... how sure am I can that I can beat DEFIANCE's Hall Monitor? Pretty darn! This one's for DEFIANCE, you Vae Victis Assbutts!

--

The promo ends and goes to the opponent as Dan Leo James makes it to the ring.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

The lights come low as a dark red luminance fills the stage. Two words appears across the DEFIATron:

VAE VICTIS

From the entry-way emerges Kerry Kuroyama to a chorus of boos, shadowed by Vae Victis' mouthpiece Sonny Silver. Undeterred by the negative crowd reaction, Kerry pumps his fists together at the head of the ramp before a wall of fountain pyros for a beat, and makes his way toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, from Seattle, Washington, tipping the scales at two hundred and forty six pounds... accompanied to the ring by Sonny Silver and representing VAE VICTIS... here is **"THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG" KERRY KUROYAMA!!**

While Silver baits the fans on the trip down the ramp, Kerry coldly ignores them. He throws his silk robe aside before climbing the steps and entering the ring, looking to get things underway as quick as possible.

DDK:

Kerry was victorious two weeks ago over High Flyer IV! We'll see if he can keep the wins coming against a larger opponent... albeit an injured one.

Lance:

And Dan Leo James is going at it alone tonight. As we covered on UNCUT last week, the rest of Titanes Familia are barred from tonight's show after they invaded a BRAZEN show to go after Team HOSS and BRAZEN Matchmaker Capital Punishment was attacked by Minute!

DING DING

Kerry and Danny lock up with Kerry gunning right for the bandaged arm! He throws a pair of hard elbows right into the joint of DLJ's bandaged elbow. The Young Titan tries to fight out and just barely manages to get Kerry away, but the Corridor Regulator of DEFIANCE gets jeers as he coldly and confidently stands his ground. The two try and circle up again with Danny going right at Kerry for a single leg! He almost gets him off his feet using his amateur background, but the more experienced Kerry move around. He picks the leg of The Young Titan and drops the large kid off his feet to trip him up on the mat. Once again, Kerry is holding court right now and The Pacific Blitzkrieg looks annoyed even having to be there.

Kerry Kuroyama:

This isn't some soap with you and your crybaby friends! Wrestlers WRESTLE!

Sonny nods in agreement from outside while Dan shakes his head. The Young Titan gets back on his feet and then jumps on Kerry with an amateur-style headlock! He has Kerry off his game for a moment, but The Corridor Regulator once again grabs the bandaged arm and throws more elbows into the joint, then CRACKS Dan with a big chop across his chest! It echos like a gunshot when he throws several more at his chest! Kerry then goes back to the arm!

DDK:

Right now Kerry is getting the best of Danny!

Lance:

But look!

Danny gets inspired by the cheering crowd and twists around behind Kerry so now he has Kerry in a headlock! He takes down the VV member with a HUGE biel throw out of nowhere! When he stands up, he gets run over with a huge shoulder tackle off the ropes! The Pacific Blitzkrieg can't believe it as Dan comes back and then drops him with a huge body slam! He tries to go for an early cover, but Kerry beats a hasty retreat by rolling away towards Sonny on the outside.

Lance:

DLJ getting The Faithful behind him... but no! Look at Kerry!

Danny Three Sports goes after the former four-sport athlete, but Kerry snaps his arm on the top cable! Danny is hurt

when Kerry then comes back into the ring and CRACKS Danny in the back of the head with a stiff running elbow bat! He bounces into the corner and when he comes out, Kerry fires off a HUGE release German suplex!

DDK:

Kerry takes control after the arm! Second German Suplex on Danny! And a third! Right into a cover!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Lance:

Kerry going right back on the arm with that grounded arm lock... no! Knees to Dan!

He pulls Danny up by both arms. Dan tries to fight out... but Kerry gets him with more knees. He HOISTS Danny up with great strength and brings The Young Titan down on his knee!

DDK:

Black Mountain Bomb by Kerry! That was scary impressive! Another cover!

ONE...

TWO... KICKOUT!

The Titanes Familia member gets a free shoulder up! Sonny yells at Carla's count while Kerry continues to hold the arm and then locks in a top wristlock to do more damage to the arm! But as he does so, something catches his attention on the ramp...

Declan Alexander, along with Sgt. Safety!

DDK:

Uh-oh! We mentioned earlier that Kerry and Declan have been dealing with one another in Kerry's quest to weed out the undesirables and holding DEFIANCE to his standard.

Kerry seems annoyed with the duo as Declan leans an arm on Sgt. Safety as The Prince of Proper Procedures jots down some notes. And all it takes is that momentary distraction from DEC4L for big Danny Three Sports to fight back! He throws an elbow to the gut from his good arm. It takes two more, but Danny eventually frees himself from Kerry's grip and The Faithful are behind The Young Titan as he gets to the corner away from The Pacific Blitzkrieg.

DDK:

Danny is back up! This match has been almost all Kuroyama up to this point. Can he follow up with anything big consider the condition the arm is in?

Lance:

Not if Kerry has his way first!

Kerry charges with intent to elbow Danny's brain in with a running discus elbow, but Dan gets a boot up first in the corner and nails Kuroyama in the head, to the delight of the crowd! Sonny looks shocked at DLJ's comeback, but laughs when Kerry cuts him off with a huge palm strike! Danny is stunned on his feet when The Pacific Blitzkrieg grabs the arm... but before he can follow up, The Young Titan surprises him with a STIFF open-handed chop to the chest! Kerry winces when Danny grabs him by the side and dumps him with a huge gutwrench suplex! Declan looks impressed and waves at Kerry and Sonny as The Sultan of Safe jots his notes. Kerry gets picked up and Danny unleashes a HUGE running shoulder tackle!

DDK:

That arm is still slowing him down, but Dan doing everything he can to fight back against Kerry Kuroyama at this point!

Lance:

Yeah, he's favoring that arm. Smart of him to hit that shoulder tackle from the good side!

Hearing The Faithful will him on, The Young Titan watches as Kerry tries to pick himself up, but he's unaware of James hitting the ropes off one side, then the other in front of him. Which usually means... DASH AND BASH! The high-impact tackle off both sets of ropes is enough to send Kuroyama FLYING right through the ropes and to the outside to the delight of the St. Louis Faithful!

DDK:

DLJ scores with the Dash and Bash! But he has to get him back in the ring!

Danny looks out to the fans, then his arm... but says nuts to this and then runs off the ropes. He LEAPS over the ropes in a nod to his Giant Bonus Dad, Deacon and WIPES Kerry out with a no-hands plancha over the ropes! The Faithful are going crazy! Sonny can't believe the hops on The Young Titan when he gets back up! DEC4L is loving the match and gives James a thumbs up with Sgt. Safety still locked in note mode!

DDK:

Danny gets Kerry back in the ring... then goes up top... ANOTHER diving shoulder block! He got Kerry! He got him!

ONE...

TWO...

TH... NO!

Lance:

Danny trying to throw everything he can at Kerry! This would be an upset over the longest-reigning former Favoured Saints Champion!

Danny goes to pick Kerry up, but Kerry fights his way out with a huge elbow to the side of his head that rocks The Young Titan. He pelts him with a second and then tries to hook for the Kuroyama Driver, but Danny fights back with one of his own, then rocks Kerry with a huge trifecta of chops to the chest! He hooks Kerry on the shoulder then yells out "YEET!" as he throws him up and over with a delayed back body drop! Dan points out at Declan and mouths "thanks for that!"

DDK:

He does indeed call that the YEET! That very move was named by Declan when these two men came up in BRAZEN together!

The Faithful cheer when Dan grabs the neck of Kerry and goozles him up. He tries the move... but Kerry elbows his way free at the last second. Dan drops him, then tries to charge, but once again, Kerry grabs the arm and then uses it to throw Dan into the corner shoulder first! Dan hits the corner hard with the shoulder/arm... then Kerry WRECKS him with a Green River Revolt knee to the back of the head as he's in the corner! The St. Louis Faithful cringe!

DDK:

Oooh! Green River Revolt! Now he tries the pumphandle again... KUROYAMA DRIVER!

Sonny breaths a sigh of relief outside as Kerry hooks the legs of The Young Titan.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Darren Quimbey:Here is your winner... **KERRY KUROYAMA!**

Kerry gets his arm raised by Carla Ferrari as he looks down at a hurt Dan Leo James, then back to Declan Alexander outside, looking at Safety's finalized notes. Sgt. Safety heads towards the ring and then gives him a paper...

DDK:

What is the meaning of this?

Sgt. Safety:

I've been tasked with monitoring the monitor... and I mean this nicely, buddy... you stink at your job!

He hands Kerry a red citation paperwork. Kerry's response?

ELBOW SMASH TO THE FACE OF SGT. SAFETY!

Lance:

Hey!

Declan has seen enough and charges at the ring to aid Safety, but Kerry is already taking his leave of the ring! DEC4L stares him down as Kerry heads back up the ramp with Sonny Silver, now getting to hold the arm of his charge in victory before they depart! When they are gone, Declan goes over to help Danny get upright in a corner, then the two go over to help Sgt. Safety.

DDK:

Kerry in no mood whatsoever for anything he deems beneath him in DEFIANCE. Dan Leo James puts in another great effort tonight, but Kerry had a gameplan, executed it and was successful.

Lance:

This won't be the last time we see these two lock up, either. Eventually, Kerry will have to face Declan Alexander. He hasn't forgotten how DEF Road ended.

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME

DROWNING MY SORROWS AWAY

In a bar just outside Enterprise Arena, in St. Louis, MO.

Inside Scrow's thoughts:

Scrow sits at the bar trying to drink himself out of the pain and regret he has felt over the last couple of months. The bodies that have been left because of his actions. The lives he has most likely forever changed. The only common factor in it all was they were all at the cost of no one else but himself.

Scrow downs his shot of alcohol, and motions for the bar keep to fill it up once more.

Inside Scrow's thoughts:

First, it was injecting serums into DEFIANCE stars such as Tyler Fuse, which only increased his aggression, then to Victor Vacio who knows what it did to him it could be hidden behind that mask he wears. Most of all he was the root cause of Jason "Stalker" Reeves becoming Crimson Stalker. Changing a hardcore man into a homicidal maniac. To add to that to tear him away from his own daughter Jessica Fear all because of a serum Scrow developed. Then it hit home with his sister-in-law Minerva Hive. At the time he thought he was doing the right thing and freeing her from the cold grasp of The Kabal's House of Harvest.

Scrow downs his shot of alcohol, and motions for the bar keep to fill it up once more.

Inside Scrow's thoughts:

Despite his noble intentions, his actions left her lying in a hospital bed. Then of course Lord would send his entire house against him. First his newest recruit Sun-Twist Skylar. The savagery of this Samoan left him with numerous battle scars. What of Skylar now? His failure to get rid of Scrow cost him dearly. Perhaps it was best for Scrow to help him achieve said goal so he would cause no pain and suffering. No Scrow pushed forward and kept denying Lord of his greatest accomplishment. Then there was Reaper the Grey. Scrow would have never expected Lord to turn on the guy that has been his bodyguard for years.

Scrow downs his shot of alcohol, and motions for the bar keep to fill it up once more.

Inside Scrow's thoughts:

Scrow was wrong, when he defeated Grey he suffered the same fate as Skylar. Now Grey has disappeared since that day Scrow stole the win from him. Then finally there was Ravanna. A woman that has been the assistant to Lord for years. She knew that her fate was sealed the moment Skylar and Grey failed to rid DEFIANCE of Scrow. So she did the one thing no one expected and approached Scrow for his help. What did Scrow do? He ignored her pleas for help. He left her to become yet another victim.

Scrow downs his shot of alcohol, and motions for the bar keep to fill it up once more.

Inside Scrow's thoughts:

All because Scrow could not find it in his heart to help a damsel in distress. Then Lord did the unthinkable, he dug up his long lost love Basle Krowe. Without so much as any sort of remorse, he ripped her from the earth that had been her home for four years. Where was Scrow? In the ring wrestling, now he has no idea where she is and he truly is alone now. He is falling in a sea of black clouds falling to his utter demise with no one to save him from the racing thoughts going through his head day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, second by second. What exactly is Scrow doing? Who else is going to suffer because of him?

Scrow stares at the empty shot glass, his vision blurry, and clearly looks heavily intoxicated. His stare quickly moves from the shot glass when he hears a voice behind him.

???:

I will have a bloody mary.

Moments later the person ordering said drink sits next to Scrow. His eyes quickly open wide, it is none other than the man that has caused all this pain and suffering he has gone through Crimson Lord. As the bartender brings the drink.

Crimson Lord:

Can you sprinkly some basil on top

The barkeep walks away and heads to the kitchen for a moment and returns moments later and shakes some of the herbs on top of Lord's drink. Lord clearly touching a nerve as the basil reminds him of his dead wife's name Basle. Scrow can only think to himself "haven't you done enough to him?"

Crimson Lord:

Oh, and his next fill-up is on me.

The barkeep nods and gives Scrow another shot. While Crimson has a drink of his bloody mary with basil.

Crimson Lord:

Mmmm, so kid how is it going?

Scrow:

What are doing here?

Crimson Lord:

Having a drink, why else would I be in this kind of establishment?

Scrow:

Where is she Lord?

Crimson takes another drink, before replying.

Crimson Lord:

Where is who?

Scrow:

Scrow is going to give you to the count of five then he is going to rip your black heart out.

Crimson looks over at Scrow a bit surprised.

Crimson Lord:

So you have resorted to threats now. You could try and "rip my black heart out" but then what would you do? How would you find out where SHE is?

Knowing Lord has the upper hand here, he is caught between a rock and a hard place. Crimson smirks toward Scrow before resuming his drink.

Crimson Lord:

Would you like to hear a story?

Scrow:

Scrow would like you to leave.

Crimson Lord:

I still have some of my drink left. Sit back and relax.

Scrow clenches his fist, even if he wanted to attack Lord he knew he was in no condition to be very effective against him.

Crimson Lord:

I had a son once, he was about your age. One night I was watching some horrible chick flick that my wife had to see

with me. There was a knock on the door, I eagerly leaped off the couch to save myself from the mind-numbing show I was being forced to watch. There was a police officer at the door. My wife noticed this and got up to see what it was all about. The officer told us that my son had wrapped his car around a tree and died in the crash. Upon hearing this news my wife was an emotional disaster, but do you want to know what I felt?

He looked at Scrow, and with as monotone of a voice as you can get.

Crimson Lord:

Nothing, I felt absolutely nothing.

Scrow:

....

Crimson returned to his drink and resumed the story.

Crimson Lord:

At the funeral my wife was heartbroken. I watched them lower him into the grave, and much like you have been staring at that shot glass still felt absolutely nothing! My wife would not let go of her bear hug on me for days. All the while I showed her no compassion. I told you for years compassion is a weakness that needs to be expunged from this world. It is a disease that needs to be purged. Yet time and time again you have shown this compassion for people. It has become your new friend. You see what it has done to you. I finally came to the conclusion that to rid myself of you, it wasn't going to be beating you down over and over, it wasn't going to be attacking your mind. It was going to be this right here. You drowning your sorrows away in this bar.

Crimson finishes his drink.

Crimson Lord:

You know what has to be done now, you just have not made your decision yet. So let me give you a bit of elderly advice. You want the pain to go away, you want to see your wife again well there is only one way to do that.

Crimson stands up and throws a few twenties on the bar. He walks by Scrow and whispers in his ear.

Crimson Lord:

Do the world a favor and end it all.

Scrow's eyes widen, and he stares down at his shot still filled to the top. While Crimson walks away.

fade

CONOR FUSE vs. NATHAN EYE

The match graphic shows and the crowd gives a cheer.

DDK:

So we have Conor Fuse vs. Nathan Eye taking place now. Despite Nate's new "direction", it's clear he and Dex Joy are still close. Eye vows to pin Fuse tonight.

Lance:

It's going to be a tall task, a big task to pin Conor Fuse. Conor is clearly no push over but no better way to establish yourself on the DEFIANCE roster further than a victory over one of The Faithful's favourites.

DDK:

As always, to the ring and Darren Quimbey.

The scene switches to ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL!

The St. Louis Faithful love it!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... accompanied by BFTA's Tom Morrow! Weighing two-hundred-fifty-one pounds... NATHAN EYE!

CONCEPTUALIZE

ACTUALIZE

REALIZE

♪ "All Eyes On Me" by Jean Deaux ♪

Out comes the new and improved Nathan Eye! He raises his sunglasses to the ceiling and makes his way down the ramp with Tom Morrow behind him.

DDK:

One major advantage that Eye has going for him is his size. Fifty pounds on Conor, a couple of inches. He hits hard, he's a power house.

Lance:

And yet I'd argue Conor Fuse does rather well against guys of Eye's skill set. You see how he took Clay's punishment last month. He absorbs it. He's quick on his feet. I don't consider the odds against Conor at all.

Eye walks up the stairs and enters the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred pounds... The Ultimate Gamer... CONOR FUSE!

♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪

Conor runs out to a massive ovation from the St. Louis Faithful. He points to inside the ring where Nathan Eye is ready to go. Conor doesn't waste a lot of time so he quickly hops and jumps down the rampway, sticking out his hand for the fans but likely missing a bunch of their arms because he's so eager to get this battle going. Fuse leaps over the top rope and immediately Nathan Eye takes charge at him.

DING DING

Referee Brian Slater sees this and calls for the bell as Eye sprints towards Fuse and looks for a clothesline... but the gamer is with it, he sees it coming as he's jumping into the ring so he folds like an accordion once his feet touch down on the canvas. Nathan meets nothing but air! Conor rolls through while Eye fumbles forward and Fuse takes off into the ropes. However, not to be outdone, Eye spins around in the nick-of-time and sees Conor flying towards him with a clothesline of his own.

SWOOSH, Eye ducks and Conor flies into the next ropes. On the rebound Conor leaps into the air but Eye catches him.

Nathan looks for a powerslam but Conor slips away! Fuse levels Eye with a superkick. Then another and a final blow. Conor hits the ropes again and spears Eye to the canvas. Fuse pops to his feet and is ready to keep the battle at a fast pace. He runs into a corner and starts smacking the padding, while the crowd !RANK chants along. Once Eye is on his feet, Conor takes off but he goes right into a huge ring shaking powerslam!

Eye tries for a pin but only gets 1.5 so Nathan hurls Conor into a corner. The younger Fuse meets the buckle but bounces off with even more speed than he went in. He clubs Eye in the side of the neck with a clothesline. Conor hits the next set of ropes and runs towards Eye but Fuse is met with a t-bone suplex, sending Conor into through ropes and ultimately The Power-Up King falls out of the ring!

DDK:

Hell of a counter by Eye!

Nathan exits the ring and whips Conor pillar to post. Well, he actually whips Conor into the post a couple of times and then the guardrail. Eye tosses Fuse back into the ring and approaches the apron himself when Fuse kips to his feet and in one fluid motion he hits a desperation cutter, hanging Eye up on the ropes and then Eye falls to the floor on the outside. Conor pounds his hands against the mat, he gets The Faithful into the match even more than before. Fuse sprints across the canvas, leaps out of the ring and connects with a corkscrew plancha onto his opponent! The crowd eats up what they see and although Eye weighs more than the gamer, The Character Formerly Known as Player Two works his opponent and Better Future member into the ring before Conor jumps onto the apron and then leaps directly onto the top rope. There's no time wasted, Fuse takes off in one swift motion, landing a senton bomb onto Eye-

But Nathan moves ever-so-slightly at the last possible second! Eye hooks his arms around the back of Conor's arms and works Fuse into a sliding pin... that only lasts for two!

Once Fuse is on his feet he tries for a roundhouse kick but Eye tackles Fuse to the mat and begins to reign down heavy forearm shots. It looks like Conor is trying to cover up but he's taking a significant beating. The crowd boos as Eye pulls Fuse onto his feet and then Irish whips Conor- no it's reversed. Eye goes into the ropes but he hooks both arms around the top rope when Conor tries for a dropkick and hits nothing. The second Fuse gets to his feet, Eye bursts forward and connects with his double underhook swinging neckbreaker, the Eye of the Tornado!

Eye tries for a cover but only receives a two again. Nathan doesn't argue with referee Brian Slater, instead he pushes Conor back-first into a corner. Eye charges in with an elbow but Conor gets his feet up. Fuse lifts himself onto the second rope and jumps off with a bulldog! The fans cheer as a wobbly Conor Fuse finds his feet, although he's on rollerskates. Fuse looks for an axe kick but Eye moves out of the way and clobbers Conor with an inside-out clothesline. The former Tag Team Champion spins in the air twice before meeting the mat face-first. Eye peels Fuse off the canvas and connects with a snap suplex. Eye holds on and then performs a running back suplex. Fuse is laid out on the mat, he doesn't seem to be moving. Eye drops a measured knee and then hoists the former Fuse Bro in the air for a brainbuster! Eye hooks the leg... but only a two count!

Lance:

There's still life in Fuse!

The crowd rally chants with !RANK screams and Fuse is pumping his fists. Nathan sees this and wants to knock all

the momentum out of the gamer. He latches onto Conor's waist and hits a pop up spinebuster slam, AKA Rise and Grind. The crowd is sensing the match might be over, as Nathan Eye's facial expressions grow extremely determined. Eye drills numerous elbows into Fuse's temple and then points to the top rope...

But once Nathan is on the second rope, Conor leaps to his feet, sprints over and interjects himself between Eye and the turnbuckle. Conor hits a powerbomb and stays for the cover!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

A big kickout, the crowd initially thought the match could be done.

DDK:

It's clear Conor gained a second wind but it's also clear he might not have a lot left!

Fuse hits the ropes but Eye gets to his feet and takes a hard step forward, meeting Conor a good few feet before Fuse was braced for impact.

It's a shoulder block by Eye that sends Conor Fuse FLYING halfway across the ring and folding up like a lawn chair. Eye shakes his head at his opponent. He slowly marches over, careful to know at any moment Conor could spring back to life and make this match interesting again.

Eye drags Fuse off the mat and sets Conor on his shoulders for a running powerslam. At the very LAST possible second, Conor slips away and Eye lands on his knees with nobody on his shoulders. Before Nathan can turn around, Conor jumps over the big man, lands in front of Eye and hits a hard, impactful shotgun dropkick to the face!

Fuse clips Eye on the shoulders.

Conor Fuse:

Weapon Get!

And Conor explodes forward with a Dexy's Midnight Runner!

The crowd eats it alive... but Conor isn't done Weapon Getting. He leaps onto the second rope and performs a diving headbutt, a modified version of Jump for Joy!

The crowd continues to !RANK rally cry along. Knowing it's going to take a lot to put Nathan Eye down, Conor ain't finished. He struggles to take hold of Nathan Eye but shows he has power nonetheless and performs a Dex Drive, Joy's finisher, a swinging powerslam on Nathan!

DDK:

Amazing! Fuse putting on a clinic!

Conor kips to his feet. He's still feeling the effects, but no, he isn't done yet. He falls into the corner. Unable to jump directly on the top buckle, this time it takes Fuse a while. He climbs up, he measures Eye...

And lands the Super Splash 450!

To be on the safe side, Conor hooks both of Eye's legs as the crowd chants along.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Wow, incredible!

Lance:

I think this is a message, Keebs. Back-to-back weeks now, Conor is showing different wrestling sides of him. It's less about the "stealing" of moves, rather than showing he can deploy a lot of different things.

Fuse rolls to his knees as Brian Slater raises Conor's arm.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... CONOR FUSE!

The Faithful cheer as Conor's theme song plays. The Video Game Kid collapses in the corner of the ring, exhausted.

DDK:

A hell of a fight by Eye, it took a lot to get him down but in the end Conor knew his gameplan: he had to hit Eye with A LOT before going for a pin. You'd have to think this is a message to Dex, too. It's not just going to be one or two moves that beats Dex, it's going to be a combo.

Lance:

A combo, huh? Sounds kind of video-game related...

Conor Fuse makes his exit up the rampway as his theme song comes to a close.

HOWEVER...

Coming out from the back and making a mad run to the ring is JJ Dixon! With Teri Melton as his cheering section, Dixon speeds inside and he goes right at Nathan Eye, jumping on him with fists as his shoulder is bandaged up!

DDK:

It's JJ Dixon! He's attacking Nathan Eye! This is payback for what he did!

Dixon continues to throw the punches down on him with The Inspirational Machine trying to cover up! Teri Melton waves at Tom Morrow at ringside who looks pissed off that she has the nerve to show her face! He goes in and pulls Eye away!

Lance:

Payback for Nathan Eye attacking that compromised shoulder! Nathan Eye told him that he was going to take his spot a few weeks ago on Uncut, but let's see what happens when the shoe is on the other foot!

Dixon is getting a big reaction from the crowd as he gets ready to hit him with the springboard clothesline when Morrow jumps in and pulls Nathan from the ring!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Nathan limps away and runs off into the vast sea that is the crowd with Morrow helping him out. Dixon pulls at the ropes.

DDK:

What a big win Conor Fuse picks up here tonight and Nathan Eye's woes continue with Dixon out here for revenge!

Lance:

We will have to keep tabs on that story, but Conor Fuse gets a win. Can Dex Joy do the same later tonight with the Comments Section promising to take care of Dex for Conor?

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?

DDK:

With everyone looking for spots at DEFCON and people looking to make their mark, DEFCON season can often bring out the best and the worst in some of our wrestlers... and unfortunately, that appears to be the case with Minute of Titanes Familia. We need to revisit some footage from a recent BRAZEN Double Shot that was crashed by Cortez, Minute and Titaness.

Lance:

It's been a turbulent time for DEFIANCE's Favorite Family. Not only have they been assaulted from a returning Team HOSS on several occasions now, but they have also been dealing with internal strife as well that came to a head after a shocking loss to The Reapers two weeks ago.

DDK:

And we're looking at some footage from a BRAZEN Double Shot followed by some exclusive footage after punishments were handed down from DEFIANCE management regarding their actions...

Stills now show the BRAZEN Championship match this past weekend at a BRAZEN Double Shot event between defending champion Nick "Lotto" Otto and Angel Trinidad.

DDK:

Angel Trinidad alluded last week to going after the BRAZEN Championship as payback since his last go-round in DEFIANCE when he was placed in developmental to work on his attitude. Angel had the match won...

More still show "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez storming the ring to attack Angel before the finish of the match! Aleczander is hit with a chair by his wife Titaness and chased off. Minute even shows up to wipe out Strong AF with an asai moonsault!

DDK:

It seemed like the attack on Dan Leo James got Uriel Cortez and Minute on the same page despite their recent problems! But things quickly escalated!

More stills show BRAZEN Matchmaker and former Team HOSS member Capital Punishment at the show trying to restore order after the main event broke down in to chaos. DEFsec approaches the ring, but when Capital Punishment chastises Minute... Minute responds with a shocking kick between the legs and a massive 630 splash on the BRAZEN Matchmaker that left the fans stunned!

Lance:

We've got this exclusive footage of an altercation after a meeting with DEFIANCE management...

The DEFIAtron now shows the footage in question.

Immediately following the BRAZEN Double Shot

Minute takes off his wrist tape and throws it into a nearby trashcan just as Titaness tries to follow him.

Titaness:

MINUTE!

She grabs the troubled luchador by his arm and spins him around against his will.

Minute:

¡Suéltame! Ahora!

Titaness:

We had a truce! We were coming here to get Team HOSS and Team HOSS only! Why the hell would you attack

Capital Punishment? He didn't have anything to do with this?

Minute points to the crowd.

Minute:

Because, Princes! He was one of THEM! He was a member of Team HOSS protecting his boys! He tried to throw us out of the building after what they did to Danny! That was to show them that they aren't going to look down on us any more!

Titaness fumes quietly.

Titaness:

Look down on us? Or look down on YOU?

Hesitant to answer the question, but his silence is enough. Before he can say anything more, Uriel bursts through the hallway.

Uriel Cortez:

Thirty days, Minute! You got suspended for thirty days because of that shit!

He tries to look away, but Uriel gets in his face.

Uriel Cortez:

When does this end, Mateo? When is enough enough? We don't need this shit anymore. Team HOSS got away, we got fined and you got SUSPENDED for this!

The TJ Tornado looks like he's contemplating something.

Minute:

I...

He looks down.

Minute:

Si... you're right...

Uriel Cortez:

What?

Titaness and Uriel Cortez watch Minute.

Minute:

No necesitas esto.

Uriel Cortez:

A little too late to learn this lesson.

Minute:

No... you guys don't need this...

He looks up.

Minute:

You don't need me. Not anymore.

Titanness:

Mateo...

Uriel tries to stop him.

Uriel Cortez:

Minute, stop!

He's not hearing it. The luchador walks out on Titanness and Uriel Cortez and they can't believe what they're hearing. Titanness tries to follow, but the footage ends there

THIS... IS... GEMPARDY!

Silence and serenity at ringside, as the arena quietly buzzes with conversational din among the Faithful. Then the tranquility shatters beneath a tar-drenched riff tearing itself out of the PA.

♪ *"I Have A Prepared Statement" by Whores.* ♪

Two things happen in an instant. First comes the sound of every seat in the Enterprise Center snapping up in unison as the fans shoot to their feet. The other is the deafening uproar from the crowd as they are jolted to life.

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

REZIN emerges from the entryway. No lights. No pageantry. Just a mic in one hand and a nondescript burlap sack slung over his shoulder.

He takes a beat to acknowledge the crowd reaction before looking to the production crew off the side of the stage and slashing a thumb across his throat. Picking up what he's putting down, they cut the music. The Faithful dutifully fills the absence of sound.

RE-ZIN! RE-ZIN! RE-ZIN! RE-ZIN!

Rezin milks the moment, panning his wild, bloodshot eyes slowly from one corner of the arena to the next. Finally, he raises the mic to speak...

Rezin:

Arright, St. Louis... LISTEN UP!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Rezin:

I ain't gonna beat around the bush here, gang! Seein' ya tonight has got me feelin' particularly FIRED UP! Problem is, somebuddy back there's been BURNIN' my ASS of late, and it's HARSHIN' THE VIBE!

His slobbering, beard-lined snarl finds the camera.

Rezin:

OOOOOAAWWZZZCCUURRRRR BBYYEEEEWWOOOOOUURRRRRNNNNZZZZ!!!

The Faithful BOO loudly. And this time, there's nobody to shout "oo-urns" over them.

Rezin:

I know ya been back there schemin' up new and innerestin' ways to sabotage this ol' Dopesmoker in his solo quest to rid DEFIANCE of all your elitist scummery in Vae Victis! But I ain't waitin' to find out, so let's just go ahead and get this SHOW ON THE ROAD before I start gettin' ANCY...

He daringly stares back into the camera.

Rezin:

And YOU. KNOW. WHAT. HAPPENS... when the GOAT BASTARD gets... ANCY...

As Rezin stands on the stage, the lights go out entirely. The crowd hoots and hollers in response when:

♪ *"In The Air Tonight" by Phil Collins* ♪

The spotlight turns on in the middle of the ring to reveal Your Uncut Gems. JJ Dixon. wearing a T-Shirt in the vintage

poster format of "Bonnie and Clyde" but he's replacing Warren Beatty and Teri's replacing Faye Dunaway. JJ's arm is in a sling and he's staring right at Rezin with a smirk on his face.

Teri has on a black Jackie-O style pillbox hat with a black netting over it, along with her trademark designer silver dress with a black shawl. She pushes her way through both men to find the hard camera. She bats her eyes and holds up her left hand dramatically.

Teri Melton: *[along with the crowd]*

TERI MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

After the crowd says that, there's a big buzz in the arena due to the unexpected convergence of two fan favorites casting hard glares at each other.

Rezin:

JJ... been a long time. What's it been, like, two and a half years since I damb well kicked your face off in my DEFIANCE debut, on an Uncut long forgotten?

Dixon smiles and nods.

JJ Dixon:

You know, Rezin, I've got some respect for you. You're near the top of the mountain here in DEFIANCE... and that makes you quite the measuring stick. I don't know if you've noticed, but I quite like jumping over measuring sticks. Because I'm The Special Attraction. I am That Dude. And you've got a spot that I want to take as my own. But, my guy, I'm also willing to tutor you in beating Oscar Burns, since I did that already and it seems like you need a hand in doing so... GC.

Rezin snaps.

Rezin:

HEY, J-SQUARED!! For YOUR INFORMATION, I don't NEED A HAND! Only HANDS I need to strangle the life outta OSCAR BURNS are THESE TWO HANDS I ALREADY GOT, and a COUPLE FEET to go with 'em! Or do ya need a REMINDER...?!

Teri Melton steps in between the two of them. And then she faces Rezin and is very close to him physically.

Teri Melton:

Boys, boys, let's settle down. We have more in common than we have in disagreement. You're the Escape Artist. I'm The Gangster in a Gucci Dress. We both have our unique ways of getting in and out of trouble.

Teri then steps forward and starts to massage Rezin's chest.

Teri Melton:

I'm going to be really honest with you right now, Rezin. Don't worry. I'm not going to pick your pocket. The wallet chain is a little too complicated for me to disconnect. Here's something you don't know about me. I grew up a girl of privilege... and what girl of my upbringing doesn't have a rebellious punk phase? I had many "TV Parties" with Henry Rollins if you know what I mean. I know I am in every man's wheelhouse. And every man is in my wheelhouse. So, if you ever want to get down and dirty in the backseat of my Rolls Royce, well...

Rezin's eyes nearly bug out of his head. His face turns as red as his eyes appear bloodshot.

Rezin:

Eeehhhuuuhhhmmmmuhhhh--LET'S STAY ON TASK HERE!

Rezin breaks free from his temporary trance and steps away from Melton, lest he fall prey to her Cougar Clutch.

Rezin:

JJ and I may be doin' the dance tonight... but the TUNE that's PLAYIN' hasn't been decided yet!

He redirects his attention to the camera, hoping at least one person in particular is watching.

Rezin:

So what's it GONNA BE, MAESTRO?! YA HEAR ME BACK THERE, OZZIE?! NO MORE SURPRISES! NEXT TIME I SEE YOU, I'M GONNA--

"KIRA ORA, Raisin!"

Rezin:

BWHOAA GEEZ!!

Rezin springs nearly four feet into the air as the voice of OSCAR BURNS, the Favoured Saints Champion and face of DEFIANCE himself, booms in over the PA. At the exact same time, his image overtakes the entire DEFIATron, several times larger than the lowly aerial anarchist.

Oscar Burns:

Forgive me for not being there in the flesh, GC. As you can see, the flesh is busy...

Burns is face down on a spa table, getting his back worked into an attractive lady masseuse. The Favoured Saints Title is draped over a nearby chair.

Oscar Burns:

Truth be told, Raisin, I haven't put a lot of thought toward the stipulations to your match for tonight. The life of the Favoured Saints' Creative Director has proven to be too cumbersome to waste my time thinking about lesser talents. Meanwhile, your life is so pathetic, thinking of ways to make it worse almost feels like reaching for the low-hanging fruit. Not behavior worthy of any GC, let alone of the embodiment of DEFIANCE.

In the arena, the Faithful jeer loudly. Rezin is seething with rage, looking for the nearest object he can pick up and throw through the screen.

Oscar Burns:

But, because I'm still dutifully committed to ridding filth like you from the periphery of we champions in Vae Victis, and because I honestly didn't want to deal with any "powerful signatures" from any UPS store public notaries, I'm did as your concussion-prone American footballers often choose to do, and punted this decision over to... YOUR Uncut Gems.

The spotlight sweeps over to the fawning Teri Melton and the grinning JJ Dixon.

Oscar Burns:

Teri, as I said to you earlier, we in Vae Victis are willing to overlook your... manipulative machinations at the last DEFTv, so long as you can reliably take out the trash tonight. So pick your poison. Crush him. Torture him. Humiliate him. Do as you please. So long as by the end of the night, goat-turd here for once and for all realizes that his fun here in DEFIANCE... is over!

He winks and salutes the camera.

Oscar Burns:

Until next time, Faithful! Your Favoured Saints Champion wishes you a good evening!

BOOOOOO--

Oscar Burns:

--OOOOUUURRRNNS!

The screen goes black. Rezin turns his attention back to the Uncut Gems, now realizing he's completely at their mercy.

Teri Melton:

You appear worried, darling! As well you should be... but for tonight, you have nothing to fear. You see, I'm making the best of this opportunity that's been given to me. I am giving my ADORING FANS across the globe something to remember for all time! Therefore, tonight, you won't be facing JJ in any ordinary match... OH NO! My plan for you, dear Rezin, is to have you face him in...

She waves off to the interview stage off to the side...

Teri Melton:

My own FILM TRIVIA CONTEST!

The lights on that part of the stage suddenly come on, lighting up an exact replica of a 1980's gameshow set, complete with podiums with scorescreens. It had apparently been there this entire time. Ritzy music begins pumping in through the PA. The Faithful applaud... but only because flashing signs command them to.

Teri Melton:

This... IS... GEMPARDY!

Rezin is agape in astonishment.

Rezin:

What the FU--

Teri Melton:

Contestant, please take your positions!

Rezin still staggers around in confusion as JJ Dixon gets behind the podium with his name written across the front. Teri likewise overtakes the host's booth.

Teri Melton:

Tonight, Rezin... your ego is the only thing YOUR Uncut Gems intend to bruise! Tonight, we will prove that your animal, savage, and insanely attractive "punk rock" appeal doesn't even compare to the encyclopedic knowledge of cinema JJ has acquired in his time with me!

Rezin:

Sooo, we're doing a trivia contest? Okay, I guess, but, um... this proves what, exactly?

JJ Dixon:

Just shut up and get behind the podium. You have no idea how she worked on this...

Rezin:

Okay, okay...

Rezin shuffles around to his station. Upon the DEFIatron appears a gameshow style grid of questions arranged by category and point value.

Teri Melton: *[reading the top row from left to right]*

Allow me to present the contest's categories: FAMOUS FILMMAKERS... ENSEMBLE ESSENTIALS... and THE BEST OF BLACK AND WHITE. Point values range from 250, to 500, to 1000.

Rezin:

Wait, there's only NINE QUESTIONS?! This is NOTHING like Jeopardy!

Teri Melton:

Well, we don't want to be here all night. JJ, my dear, you won the toss, therefore you may choose the first from the board.

Rezin:

TOSS?! WHAT TOSS?!

JJ Dixon:

Let's start with "Best of Black and White" for 250, Teri.

The square on the screen flips over to reveal the clue on the other side, which Melton reads.

Teri Melton:

This 1950 classic, directed by Billy Wilder, stars Gloria Swanson and William Holden.

Rezin starts blankly. Conversely, Dixon smiles and buzzes in.

BLOOP-BLOOP

JJ Dixon:

What is Sunset Boulevard?

DING!

Teri Melton:

Marvelous answer, JJ! Almost too easy. That's a quick 250 points, and the board still belongs to you.

JJ Dixon:

Famous Filmmakers for 250, please.

Teri Melton:

Excellent choice. This director is noted for his crime dramas and gangster films, including Mean Streets, Casino, and The Departed.

BLOOP-BLOOP

Teri Melton:

JJ?

JJ Dixon:

Who is Martin Scorsese?

DING!

Teri Melton:

Correct again! Another 250 points!

Rezin:

Damb, I was thinkin' Tarantino...

JJ Dixon:

I'll take "Ensemble Essentials" for 250.

Teri Melton:

Very well. This star-studded film is particularly known for actor Steve McQueen's famous motorcycle scene.

*BLOOP-BLOOP***Teri Melton:**

...Rezin?

Rezin:

That's gotta be TOWERING INFERNO!

*BZZT!***Rezin:**

Wait, I mean, "What is TOWERING INFERNO!"

*BZZT!***Rezin:**

SHIT! I coulda sworn he jumped from one roof to the other in that flick!

JJ Dixon:

...have you even *seen* Towering Inferno?

Rezin:

I mean... mostly just the parts where stuff is on fire.

Teri Melton:

Either way, you're wrong, and that's minus 125 points for you, putting you into negative territory.

*BLOOP-BLOOP***Teri Melton:**

JJ? Chance to steal?

JJ Dixon:

What is The Great Escape?

*DING!***Rezin:**

DAMB! You'd think I, of all people, woulda known that one...

Teri Melton:

Escape films are clearly not your forte, so-called "Escape Artist". And now as it stands, JJ has swept the entire 250 point range of questions, and the score stands at his 750 points to Rezin's negative 125.

JJ Dixon:

Looks like I'm on a roll, so why not do something worth a bit more? Give me "Famous Filmmakers" for 1000 points, Teri.

Teri Melton:

Certainly. This filmmaker, heralded as the pioneer of New German Cinema, is known for--

BLOOP-BLOOP

Rezin:

Um, yeah, who is **WERNER. FUCKIN'. HERZOG.**

DING!

The crowd pops as the Goat Bastard finally claws his way onto the board, and in grand fashion. He celebrates with a short Funky Chicken dance, a la George Jefferson. Melton and Dixon are temporarily taken aback, but Teri stays on task.

Teri Melton:

Um... that is correct. And 1000 points will take you out of negative territory and... into the lead.

JJ Dixon:

Who is Werner Herzog?!

Rezin daringly arches an eyebrow.

Rezin:

Bro lemme tell you about this movie, FITZCARRALDO! WE'RE IN PERU, AT THE TURN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY--

Teri Melton:

We're not getting into this. Just something off the board.

Rezin:

Uhhh, let's do the Black and White one for 500! Hopefully it's about Jim Jarmusch!

Teri Melton:

This film by Stanley Kubrick famously features the quote, "Gentlemen, you can't fight here; this is a war room."

BLOOP-BLOOP**Rezin:**

What is DR. STRANGELOVE!

...

BZZT!

Rezin:

AawwwgawdDABMIT!!

BLOOP-BLOOP

JJ Dixon:

The CORRECT question is, What is Dr. Strangelove... OR, How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb?

DING!

Rezin:

WHAAAT?! THAT'S WHAT I SAID!!

Teri Melton:

Indeed, but we needed the full title for the answer to be correct!

Rezin:

Aw this is such BULLSHI--

JJ Dixon:

"Ensemble Essentials" for 1000, please.

Teri Melton:

Members of the famous "Rat Pack" of Hollywood were featured in this 60's ensemble crime musical.

*BLOOP-BLOOP***JJ Dixon:**

Ahh yes, the Rat Pack. Sinatra... Martin... Davis Jr... legends ahead of their time. What is Robin and the 7 Hoods, Teri?

*BZZT!***JJ Dixon:**

Aw, nuts!

Teri Melton:

A deep loss of 500 points, though don't worry. You still have plenty of points left on the board, and--

*BLOOP-BLOOP***Teri Melton:**

...Rezin? Do you have a guess?

Rezin:

Um, I dunno... what is Ocean's Eleven?

*DING!***Rezin:**

HA-HAA!!

Teri Melton:

Correct... for ANOTHER 1000 points. Once again, Rezin takes the lead.

JJ Dixon:

That was a lucky guess! You probably never even heard of the Rat Pack!

Rezin:

Sure I have! Matt Damon... George Clooney... that one handsy Affleck brother... they ALL resemble rodentia!

JJ Dixon:

What are you even babbling about?

Teri Melton:

The score stands at 750 points for JJ, and 1625 points for Rezin. Rezin, it's your pick.

Rezin:

Filmmakers for 500, Teri!

750 - 1625

Teri Melton:

This filmmaker first came to prominence with his direction of the 1970 wartime black comedy, M*A*S*H.

BLOOP-BLOOP

Rezin:

HA! Trick question! EERRYBUDDY KNOWS that M*A*S*H was a television show!

BZZT!

Rezin's confident grin disappears at the sound of the buzzer. He watches his score drop another 250 points. Next to him, Dixon shakes his head.

BLOOP-BLOOP

JJ Dixon:

You dunce. Who is Robert Altman?

DING!

Teri Melton:

Correct for 500 points! And control of the board...

JJ Dixon:

Enough screwing around here. "Essential Ensembles" for 500.

Teri Melton:

To clear up that category... this Harold Ramis directed film includes an ensemble cast including Chevy Chas--

BLOOP-BLOOP

Rezin:

What is NATIONAL LAMPOON'S VACATION!?

BZZT!

Rezin:

MORTY MOOSE BE DAMBED!!

Teri Melton:

And that's minus 250 points for you. As I was saying before you cut me off, this film stars the likes of Chevy Chase, Rodney Dangerfield, and Bill Murray.

BLOOP-BLOOP

JJ Dixon:

What is Caddyshack?

DING!

Rezin:

OOOOH RATFARTS!!

Teri Melton:

Another 500 points to retake the lead, and now the score stands at 1750 to 1125. Only one more clue remains on the

board, so without further adieu...

The final square beneath "THE BEST OF BLACK AND WHITE" flips over.

Teri Melton:

For 1000 points... this surrealist independent film's writer and director once famously described it as his "most spiritual" work. When asked to elaborate, he plainly said "No."

Dixon is left looking blank... but a knowing smile forms across the Goat Bastard's face as he buzzes in.

BLOOP-BLOOP

Teri Melton:

...Rezin?

Rezin confidently leans over the podium.

Rezin:

Well I must be in heaven, cause errything is FINE! The architect? DAVID LYNCH! The movie? What is ERASERHEAD, BITCHES!?

...

DING!

The chime merits another pop from the crowd as Rezin does another celebratory dance. JJ Dixon looks astonished, looking at his score count and Rezin's.

1750 to 2125. How could this happen?

Teri Melton:

Correct... for 1000 points...

Rezin:

And nothin' left on the board! I guess that makes ME the WIN--

Teri Melton:

Not so fast! We still have... FINAL Gempardy!

Rezin slaps his forehead while Dixon breathes a sigh of relief. The blank grid on the DEFIatron disappears as one FINAL question appears on the screen.

Teri Melton:

This 1979 musical tackles subjects such as the rise of counterculture, the drug revolution, and resistance to authoritative regimes.

♪ "The Theme from Jeopardy!" ♪

The lights come low as both "contestants" write their answers onto the touch screens on their podiums, Dixon thinking and writing thoughtfully while Rezin scrawls ferociously. Finally, the tune reaches its end.

Teri Melton:

And pens down. Rezin, you have the lead... what did you put down?

The screen on his podium reveals a doodle sketch of a stick-figure Rezin smiling maniacally as he shoots fire out of his

hands and burns cities to the ground. Amid the rudimentary sketches is his answer, which he proudly reads off.

Rezin:

That's be a lil number known as ROCK AND ROLL HIGH SCHOOL, with none other than the RAMONES!

...

BZZZZZZZT!!

Rezin:

HWWHHHAAAAAAAATTT?!

Teri smiles proudly, and sees her protege Dixon wearing one of his own.

Teri Melton:

Joey, Dee Dee, Tommy, Johnny. That is the order of how I had them. And let's see how much you wagered...

The other half of the screen reveals itself: 420 points.

Teri Melton:

As expected. That puts your final score at 1705 points. JJ, darling... please show us all the correct answer.

Dixon's screen reveals his own hand-written answer, in the form of four letters.

DING!

Teri Melton:

HAIR! Of course! The Miloš Forman classic! And with that, dear JJ, you are hereby the WINNER of Gempardy!

DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!

♪ "The Theme from The Price is Right" ♪

The victorious JJ Dixon triumphantly pumps his fists into the air. Celebratory confetti rains from the rafters.

Teri Melton:

Congratulations, darling! I knew you would not disappoint me! All those late nights in the private theater truly paid off in the end.

JJ Dixon:

YESSSS! Eat your heart out, James Lipton!

Dixon points sharply into the despondent (and still confused) Rezin's face.

JJ Dixon:

In your FACE, Rezin! Now we're even from two and a half years ago!

While the Uncut Gems continue to celebrate their cash prizes, free trip to the Bahamas, and BRAND NEW CAR, Rezin is left looking vexed and dejected.

Rezin:

Yeah, well, at least I know who Werner Herzog is...

TEAM HOSS vs. ONLYFLIPS & WES INGRAM

DDK:

Earlier tonight, we saw the footage of the blowup between Uriel Cortez and Minute of Titanes Familia. Now, we're going to see the men who have made life hell for them for the past month in action. The newly-reformed Team HOSS of Angel Trinidad, Aleczander The Great, and newest member Strong AF in action!

Lance:

Strong AF had a series of battles with Dan Leo James, but when he came out on the losing side, he was recruited by Angel and Aleczander as we've come to find out. We'll see what these monsters can do when they take on young BRAZEN talents Wes Ingram and the tag team of Kenny Yi and Lee Laz aka OnlyFlips!

To Darren Quimbey, now in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, at a combined weight of 603 pounds... they are the team of **WES INGRAM! KENNY YI AND LEE LAZ... ONLYFLIPS!**

The young high-flying duo of Laz and Yi wear their matching silver trunks and kickpads/boots combos. Next to them, Wes Ingram tries to get his game face on against a trio of mean powerhouses coming their way. As the intro concludes, The Enterprise Center gets ready to boo.

♪ "By The Sword" by iamjakehill ♪

Smoke billows from either side of the entrance ramp and out come the monsters, one at a time. Strong AF, flexing his muscles and hitting a pose to show off his massive arms. Aleczander The Great, showing off his own pecs and hitting the pec dance. Behind them, The Big Bad of Team HOSS, Angel Trinidad. Angel bumps his fists with Strong AF and then with Aleczander The Great before the trio hit the ring

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... from The Bronx, New York, weighing in at a combined weight of 821 pounds... the team of Angel Trinidad... Strong AF... and Aleczander The Great... **TEAM HOS-**

By the time he completes the intro, the monsters swarm the ring like plague of massive locusts! Aleczander enters the ring and RAMS right into Wes Ingram with a big shoulder tackle as Hector Navarro calls for the bell!

DING DING

DDK:

Hot start right away for Team HOSS! Angel Trinidad was just victorious in UNCUT in singles action against "Mellow Yellow" George Othello.

Lance:

And now it looks like the whole group wants in on the fun!

All heck is breaking loose right from the bell as Angel Trinidad grabs Wes Ingram off the mat! Kenny Yi tries to go after Strong AF with kicks while Aleczander The Great tries to fend off Lee Laz. Wes Ingrams gets RAGDOLLED by Angel when he gets hoisted in a fireman's carry. He then elevates him into a gorilla press and THROWS him down to the canvas! After crashing down the hard way, Angel kicks him from the ring!

DDK:

And these three beasts aren't working by the hour, either!

Laz pelts Aleczander The Great with a number of forearms across the head before hitting the ropes for a springboard crossbody... only to be caught by Aleczander and SPIKED down with a violent spinebuster! The Mancunian Muscle rises to his knees and flexes his arms with a proud smirk.

Lance:

Aleczander is still looking as vicious as ever! Six-five, two-hundred fifty-five pounds! The British-born wrestler calls himself The Mancunian Muscle for that reason!

Kenny Yi is the last man standing of his group and throws a few kicks to the leg of Strong AF, but the former champion powerlifter barely budes. He points behind him where Kenny Yi looks around to see all three beasts now surrounding him.

DDK:

I don't even think a tag has been made yet in this match...

Lance:

You're right and I don't think we're gonna see one the way this is going!

Kenny Yi tries to fight! He hits Strong AF, Aleczander, then Angel with the leg kicks. But then Angel retaliates with a big right of his own! He stumbles right into a stiff uppercut from Aleczander, then finally, a wind-up into a CRACKING lariat from Strong AF that turns him inside out!

DDK:

That was a nasty shot from Strong AF! He calls that move the Weapon Flex!

Lance:

And now look at Angel and Aleczander! I've called this move they're about to do!

Each big man hoists Kenny Yi up by and arm, then having him CRASHING to the mat violently with a huge double-team crucifix bomb!

DDK:

One of the longest names I've ever called. The Greatest Move in the HOSS-tory of Our Sport!

Lance:

That is a mouthful...

Aleczander has a boot on Kenny Yi's chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Lance:

And that is a quick win.

The three beasts ignore Hector Navarro trying to raise their hands as they instead, start talking trash to the audience!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners...

The Mancunian Muscle snatches the microphone from Quimbey outside!

Aleczander The Great:

Shut your ass, you silly wanker! I'm taking this!

He climbs back into the ring and hands the microphone over to Strong AF as their music fades. He points to all the bodies they have piled up from the BRAZEN stars in this massacre.

Strong AF:

You people see this? THIS is how men handle business. THIS is how monsters like us handle business. THIS is how big men take respect. Notice I didn't say ask... we TAKE.

The former champion powerlifter gives the microphone to Angel Trinidad. The ringleader of Team HOSS continues.

Angel Trinidad:

TITANES FAMILIA!

The name gets cheered by the Faithful, but Angel and company remain unimpressed.

Angel Trinidad:

We've been kicking your asses for the better part of a month and the best you've been able to do is get fined and get a paid vacation for that shitty little kid under the mask for attacking our mentor and our brethren, Capital Punishment! Then... that little punk cried, and then QUIT!

Team HOSS laugh among themselves while the St. Louis crowd has had their fill of their crowing and continues booing.

Angel Trinidad:

You might have kept me from winning the BRAZEN Championship by attacking us, but you assholes can't even keep your own house in order, let alone defend it from anyone who wants to kick down your door and plant their feet on your table!

Trinidad sneers.

Angel Trinidad:

You are NOT what monsters are meant to be in our sport. Monsters are meant to be FEARED, not CHEERED. Three of you might be tall and one of you gets by on...

He scoffs.

Angel Trinidad:

HEART? Get the hell outta here with that shit. NONE of you are Titans. You aren't giants. You aren't monsters. You care and talk about feelings and get married and kiss ass. You fight and make up... Pfft. You're embarrassments. You EMBARRASS us, monsters who came before you and had this promotion by the throat to do whatever we pleased. Titanes Familia need to be shown exactly what REAL monsters do in this ring. That's why we're challenging all of Titanes Familia to a match!

He looks up at one of the many pieces of signage adorning the arena rafters... specifically one.

Marked for DEFCON.

Angel Trinidad:

DEFCON! The four of you...

He looks to Strong AF, then Aleczander. They give him a nod, then Angel smirks.

Angel Trinidad:

Against the four of us!

DDK:

What a challenge! But... four? What does he mean by four?

Angel gives the microphone back to Aleczander.

Aleczander The Great:

You heard right, wankers... FOUR! After he got attacked in his own house by that little asshole, Minute... DEFIANCE gave him a deal for one night only to handle his issues in the ring with us... CAPPY IS RETURNING TO THE RING WITH US! ONE NIGHT ONLY! THE OG TEAM HOSS RIDES AGAIN!

The crowd gives loud applause and boos for that announcement of the wrestling legend who has been BRAZEN Matchmaker of the last several years!

Lance:

Oh, God! Capital Punishment worked with the original Team HOSS in DEFIANCE when they were brought in by Junior Keeling! Former World Trios Champions coming back together for one night only!

DDK:

Will Titanes Familia accept the challenge? And even if they do... will they even be at DEFCON in their entirety after that blow-up we saw earlier?

Team HOSS stomp out of the ring and head to the back as their show moves on.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2023

CARD AS IT STANDS...

FIST of DEFIANCE

Lindsay Troy (C) vs. Alvaro de Vargas

#1 CONDER MATCH FOR THE FIST of DEFIANCE:

Dex Joy vs. Conor Fuse

SPECIAL ATTRACTION

Dr. Ned Reform vs. Elon Musk?

MV1 vs. Corvo Alpha

****if MV1 loses, he leaves DEF. If Corvo Alpha loses, Lord Nigel leaves DEF***

DEX JOY vs. THURSTON HUNTER

DDK:

We have action coming up for you when Dex Joy takes on one of his most unlikely opponents on the way to his DEFCON showdown with Conor Fuse ... he is being challenged by Thurston Hunter.

Lance:

Hey to be fair Thurston Hunter is a former Favored Saints champion just like Dex is.

DDK:

That to me is the only similarity they share. Thurston Hunter challenged Dex to this match on DEF TV 183 and Dex accepted wanting no rest of any kind as he looks ahead to that #1 Contender match with Conor. Dex has never dodged a challenge no matter if it is BRAZEN, DEFIANCE or anyone.

One by one in the TD Garden, the lights go dark. Section by section of the arena the lights start to fade out. They keep going dark until there is nothing left. The lights start flickering on one more time....

10 ... 9 ... 8 ... 7 ... 6 ... 5 ... 4 ... 3 ... 2 ... 1 ...

A swirl of lightning begins to gather around the DEFIA-tron ... and the power comes back on in a bright flash!

BIG!!! DEX!!! ENERGY!!!

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

The lights return to Dex Joy appearing on stage in his new lightning-covered body suit attire!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ... from Los Angeles California, weighing in at three-hundred and twenty pounds ...
DEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXXXX JJJJOOOOOOYYYYY!!!

The Biggest Boy gets the blood flow going with a big cartwheel on stage! The agile three-hundred and twenty pound DEFIANCE Wrestling star walks to the ring. He gets inside and then jumps onto the second turnbuckle. The reception is DEF-ening in St. Louis tonight for the Biggest Boy!

DDK:

This crowd! Our DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful love Conor Fuse and they love Dex Joy! Two of the biggest success stories ever told in DEFIANCE Wrestling are going to battle to call themselves the #1 Contender to the FIST at DEFCON but only one can do it!

Lance:

This is going to be one of those matches where the real winners! Conor was given a tough task by taking on BFTA member Nathan Eye. Will Dex do the same against a fellow member of the Comments Section?

Dex Joy looks up to the task.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from THE STREETS... weighing in at one-hundred-seventy pounds... he is the Favored Saints Champion... THURSTON HUNTER!

♪ "John Wick" by Why-S ♪

A proud, arrogant, BADASS Thurston Hunter walks out from behind the FIST logo to a chorus of booing. Right behind him is practically every other member of the Comments Section less Malak Garland. Percy Collins, ALEX P., MEE6 and The Game Boy all follow Thurston.

DDK:

No wonder Thurston looks as confident as he does. He has some backup with him. The Game Boy is one of only a few wrestlers bigger than the Biggest Boy!

Lance:

On paper this is a huge mismatch but with numbers on the side of Thurston Hunter, Dex will need to be careful.

Hunter gets into the ring and the other Comments Section members are circling all sides of the ring. Thurston Hunter comes face-to-bottom-of-jaw with Dex and gives him a shove.

Thurston Hunter:

Biggest Boy? You gonna be my biggest bitch!!! BRAP BRAP BRRRRRAAAAAPPPPP!!!

Dex Joy doesn't have any words for Thurston Hunter. He just watches the referee calling for the bell.

DING DING

Dex is about to make his first move but right at ringside, Percy Collins tries to grab his foot. Dex turns around and stomps on Percy's hand!

DDK:

The referee just missed that attempt by Percy to interfere so no disqualification for Hunter! Wait! Hunter is running at Dex!

Hunter lands a shot gut drop kick and knocks Dex back just a little. Hunter gets up and starts pointing finger pistols everywhere. When he spins back to see Dex Joy still on his feet, he can't think on his feet quick enough when Dex hits a running body block! Hunter goes down quick then Dex is about to make things worse for him.

Lance:

That distraction by the Comments Section might have been his only chance to win this, but Dex doesn't want to play games here.

He stands near Hunter, then does a cartwheel in the ring! That action pops the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful before he points two finger guns back at Hunter.

Dex Joy:

BRAP BRAP BRAP, PALLY!!!

Lance:

... okay maybe one quick game or two.

Dex holds up Hunter in a scoop slam and drops him on the canvas then follows right up with a falling head butt right to Thurston's sternum. The impact makes the former holder of the Favoured Saints title twitch in place. Dex looks up and dares any member of the Comments Section to do something about what's happening.

DDK:

I think Dex might not be getting paid by the hour tonight!

Lance:

Dex is going for the Dex Drive already!

Dex puts Thurston on the shoulder but MEE6 gets on the ring apron and shouts some random words like !RANK! And other things. The Game Boy climbs up on the apron and then grabs the leg of Thurston to pull him away. Dex comes face to face with the statuesque physique of the Comments Section's monster.

DDK:

Dex, look out!

And that distraction costs Dex when Thurston goes after his leg with a super kick. Dex gets to a knee and is hit with one big chop, then two big chops. He throws double chops at Dex Joy as he is taking a knee. But after it is clear the shots are not having their intended effect, The Wrecking Crew Foreman stands up and keeps walking into the chops!

DDK:

I think Thurston has made Dex angry!

Thurston strikes him again but Joy grabs him by the arm and quickly flattens his body with a Dex Drive! Dex sits up and pumps both of his fists in the air. He runs and then hits Thurston Hunter with the rarely seen running shooting star press!!!

Lance:

Dex just used a running shooting star press! We have seen him use it on rare occasions but tonight he just crushed Thurston Hunter with it.

Dex doesn't hook a leg and just lightly puts his arm on Thurston's chest.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match ... DDEEEEEEXXXXXX JOOOOOYYYYYY!!!

ATTACK!

Dex looks around him and on all four corners of the ring.

Percy Collins, MEE6, ALEX P and The Game Boy start to surround the ring on all sides. Dex notices and keeps his guard up against the cronies of Malak Garland who have been trying to sway Conor Fuse to their way of thinking.

DDK:

Four on one situation here. Five on one if you count The Game Boy as two people which some people just might on size alone!

Dex picks a side and he looks like he's going to go right for the biggest dog in the fight. He looks at The Game Boy. Before the other members of the group try to attack him, Dex gets an unexpected visitor that makes the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful go mad!

♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪

DDK:

Here comes Conor Fuse! Conor Fuse is hitting the ring!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful blow the roof off as The Ultimate Gamer slides into the ring and walks over to where Dex Joy is trying to ready himself for a fight. For the first time since the two men were announced to meet at DEFCON, they stand back-to-back.

Meanwhile, no one from The Comments Section makes a move. In fact, it looks like they are going to back down. However, Percy Collins seems to be having words with Conor Fuse off-mic. What Collins is saying is inaudible, but it's clear Conor is telling him to back down and bring everyone else to the back with him.

Collins continues to stand on the apron. It's clear the other "goons" are waiting for him to make a call.

Collins puts one foot through the ropes, stops and then retracts it. Once again standing on the apron, Collins shrugs and appears to say "suit yourself".

Conor looks at Dex but Dex does not look back. Finally, Percy, MEE6, ALEX P. all slowly drop from the apron one at a time and have to convince The Game Boy to do the same. The goons call their dog off and The Game Boy starts to drop off the apron with them as Percy Collins reaches out and drags Thurston Hunter out of the ring. Hunter is mumbling something about gunshots and Biggest Bitches as he is still dazed from being squashed by Dex.

Lance:

Conor Fuse has told the Comments Section he didn't want their help, but it looks like that message almost fell on some deaf ears.

DDK:

Listen to the crowd Lance!

The Comments Section are watching as they head to the back along with the entire DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful.

Conor Fuse. Dex Joy. Face to face for the first time since their match at DEFCON has been made official.

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

DDK:

Two of the most talented wrestlers in DEFIANCE Wrestling today! Face to face in what I believe is a first!

The moment is not lost on anyone. Conor Fuse defeated Nathan Eye. Dex Joy defeated Thurston Hunter. Now the two #1 Contender hopefuls stare down each other. Conor gestures by placing a finger to his ear. Dex Joy hears the sea of

bodies but his eyes don't leave Conor's. Now more chants come out!

"WRECK 'EM, DEX!!!! !RANK !RANK !RANK! WRECK 'EM, DEX!!! !RANK !RANK !RANK!!!"

The ovation continues until Conor gives Dex a smile and a wink. Dex replies with a fist that Conor bumps! Conor leaves first and gives Dex his time to point out to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

Lance:

What an ovation that was from this crowd for what could possibly steal both shows during DEFCON Nights one and two! Dex Joy wants to continue the story he told a few weeks ago about the kid who came into DEFIANCE Wrestling with nothing to something. Conor Fuse wants to show he is the true final boss of DEFIANCE Wrestling! But in the end, only one man can win!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town because WE ARE NEVER NOT TOURING AGAIN!!!! Maybe we'll even go to Providence, who knows! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

IN A WORLD WITHOUT SCROW

For a good hour, Scrow has not taken his eyes off the shot glass. All the while fellow Defiants have been entering the bar. Socializing with fans and other wrestlers. Scrow just stares endlessly once more thinking to himself.

Scrow Thoughts:

Is he right? Is that the only way this ends? These four years have been torture. When have I truly felt... "happy" Four years ago... How many more lives am I going to hurt? I have been cursed ever since she has been gone.

Scrow stands up and looks around at all the patrons in the bar, and can not help but feel that his presence is a burden on anyone that comes into contact with him. He takes a deep breath, grabs the shot, and downs it. He slowly heads out of the bar, trying to keep his distance from people. He exits the bar and just stares out into the traffic. He makes his decision on how this ends. He walks toward the curb, wobbling back a forth a bit. He waits patiently for a vehicle like a semi to drive down the street. When he finally sees one he steps out into the street.

Scrow:

Scrow is coming my emerald princess.

The semi is blasting its horns as people in the general area look on stopped in sudden shock. The truck tries to slam on its brakes but is still heading at enough speed to make Scrow a pancake on its grill.

The moments seem to slow down as Scrow extends his arms welcoming death to finally free him from the world.

....

.....

.....

The truck can not stop and is just in arms reach of Scrow when suddenly Scrow is grabbed and tumbles with whoever grabbed him to the other side of the street the truck manages to finally stop but ends up past the intersection and as it pulls off to the side. Scrow quickly gets to his feet and stumbles a bit before turning around and his eyes widen.

Scrow:

YOU!

The camera turns and it's.... DEX JOY!

To Be Continued on Uncut

ELISE ARES & ??? vs. HENRY KEYES & CLAY BYRD

DDK:

Coming up next, folks, it's our main event match of the evening as Henry Keyes and Clay Byrd of Vae Victis take on Elise Ares, and...Lance, have you heard any updates on this?

Lance:

For fans at home who haven't seen, a press release was sent out about this match yesterday...according to the presser, Elise Ares has been forced to find a tag partner that ISN'T a Pop Culture Phenom, and for some reason, ISN'T 6 feet or taller. What do you think that's about, Keebs?

DDK:

Disrespect, plain and simple. Of course it goes without saying that our thoughts are with The D and we hope that he is able to recover swiftly after the horrific and, frankly, HEINOUS assault he suffered at the hands of Henry Keyes after their match for the SOHER at 183. Keyes has set out on some sort of twisted mission to become the greatest Southern Heritage Champion of all time, and something about Elise Ares having the longest-ever run with the belt is giving Keyes his so-called "justification" for his actions.

Lance:

And The D got caught in the crossfire. Do we have word on Ares's partner?

DDK:

Nothing.

Stranger fruit

How it grows and grows

We all saw the shoot

But we tend to the rose...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

Red and white beacons (and two pink beacons for two strong boys, of course) flood the arena as the dread piano chords play their march of doom through the arena speakers. In another world, a tag team featuring a cowboy and a pirate would sound like a good time...but the faces of Henry Keyes and Clay Byrd are sinister, cold, and bloodthirsty. For good measure, Keyes is wearing his hot pink Bestie Belt and the band around Byrd's cowboy hat is hot pink too...behind them, Sonny Silver in a dark suit with matching pink tie. Happy Wednesday, DEFIANCE.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Look at these giant hyenas making their way to the ring, Lance...

Lance:

It's stating the obvious of course, but Clay Byrd is going to be SIGNIFICANTLY larger and stronger than anyone Elise is allowed to wrestle alongside.

Sonny Silver:

Ladies and gentlemen of St. Louis, it's time for the match you paid your "hard-earned" money to see in between fistfuls of Goopy Butter Cake and jerking it to old Kurt Warner photos! You all thought what happened to The DEE was bad, get a load of what's about to happen to Elise Ares at the hands of these two glorious stallion bastards walking to the ring! Representing VAE VICTIS, they fight at a combined weight of FOUR AND A HALF ELISE ARESES...Arii? Areses? Areses...HENRYYYYYY KEEEEEEYES, AND CLAYYYYYYYY BYYYYYYYYYYRD!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

As the two enter the ring and bump fists, the lights in the arena shift to various hues of violet with gold accents.

All I wanna do is...

♪ "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

The Missouri Faithful roar in appreciation for the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE as she swags her way out into the Enterprise Center. Adjusting her drop top purple leather jacket and shifting her left hip out, the Pop Culture Phenom pops her lips with a smirk before strutting down towards the ring. Brown eyes behind "BDE" flashing LED sunglasses with a smirk.

DDK:

Elise Ares is making her way down to the ring here, Lance. I thought she'd be pausing right here next to us to wait for a tag team partner before heading into the ring with a couple of rabid Vae Victis dogs but uh... I don't know what she's thinking.

Lance:

My sources haven't been able to confirm a potential tag team partner for Elise Ares all night. If that's the case, she might've been better off not showing up at all.

DDK:

Well I think I can freely speak for everyone when I say Elise Ares is not the type of person to fight Vae Victis alone. She's certainly got conviction in, well, her own way, but rushing headlong into the pit of danger isn't really on her repertoire.

At the end of the aisle right before the ring, the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style twirls a microphone between her fingers while running her tongue across her lower lip. The music cuts out and she's accompanied now by only the roar of the St. Lunatics around her.

Elise Ares:

Listen close BBY, it's totes serious business. I've got some good news and some bad news for all my Aresites here in... wherever we are. It's unimportant at the moment.

The St. Louis Faithful silence themselves, partially because they want to hear serious business and partially because Elise forgot what city she was in. Again.

Elise Ares:

First off let me remind you that during the Acts of DEFIANCE Tournament where we crowned a new FIST I was very outspoken about my feelings on Lindsay Troy, my time as a young woman in PRIME, and the way I was "initiated" into the business here in America after wrestling all over Mexico and the caribbean during my teenage years. At first I thought I was too pretty, too charismatic, and too much of a threat for the "Queen of the Ring" and maybe that's why I got the cold shoulder.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style pauses for a moment to reflect before continuing on.

Elise Ares:

But as I've learned from Vae Victis in recent months, maybe the problem was a little more complicated than that. You see Faithful, the problem is that people like me... The D... Klein... Flex Kruger... and the rest of the Pop Culture Phenoms have is that we're just too damn entertaining for a serious "sport" like DEFIANCE. We have fun. We throw celebrations. We drink. We make movies. We bring out Tiger Cages. We party some more and when people like Lindsay Troy are around who have their head way, waaaaay too far up their own ass to enjoy life it becomes a problem. So what Lindsay does is she has to go around and find like minded individuals who believe in her cause of ridding DEFIANCE of fun because Lindsay Troy is completely incapable of enjoying anything. Ever. At all.

In the ring Henry Keyes is screaming at Elise to shut up and get in the ring.

Elise Ares:

But Lindsay Troy is talented. She's respected. So when she can't find enough people to join her anti-fun crusade she calls in favors from friends who respect her and warps their sense of joy and excitement into her own little enjoyment void and strips them away from everything that made them amazing and unique. Henry Keyes used to be an Airship Pirate. A big, big strong man who enjoyed the company of others and a few drinks here and there. Do you remember, Hank, when you used to hang out backstage with The D and I? When we'd throw back a couple of drinks and talk about making Snakes on an Airship?

Keyes looks over to Clay Byrd and waves off the Pop Culture Phenom as she continues to spout nonsense.

Elise Ares:

Did you think about the drinks he bought you and the scripts he wrote, and rewrote, and rewrote for you as you drove your knee into his face over and over and over and over and over again while he tried to scream for you to stop for so long that you had to throw your pants away when you got back home because there was no amount of washing that was ever going to get rid of the blood or the BETRAYAL that you soaked up that night?

Ares takes off her LED sunglasses to reveal red puffy eyes without her usual copious amounts of makeup. The Faithful react in kind when her facade appears on the DEFiatron.

Elise Ares:

How did you sleep, Hank, when you realized that no amount of COINS were going to fill the void that's left in your soul that no matter how hard you "dominate" your opponents in the ring that as long as you go around here preaching your wrestling gospel that these people in the arena tonight were still going to boo you out of town and were going to put my "comedic" ass up on pedestal and want to watch me beat the coins out of you until you were carried out of here just like The D was in Milwaukee? Which I remember exactly where I was and do you know why?

Ares narrows her eyes.

Elise Ares:

It's because I've been in Wisconsin for TWO WEEKS, Hank. TWO FUCKING WEEKS taking Derek back and forth from the hospital to the hotel for test after test to make sure there were no signs of neurological trauma because you had to make some kind of sick, sadistic statement about how your version of "wrestling" is superior to "sports entertainment" and at the end of the fucking day Keyes it's still MY FUCKING FACE on the semis that bring the ring into arena.

The Faithful roar as Ares' tone turns to one that no one has heard from her before.

Elise Ares:

It's MY FACE on the commercials. It's MY FACE on the programs. It's MY GODDAMN FACE your precious Favoured Saints send to the press to represent this company and I hope it makes you SICK. I hope it eats away at you that your name will FOREVER be under mine on the list of GREAT Southern Heritage Champions... and no amount of coins are ever going to make MY FACE not the Face of DEFIANCE.

The Missouri Faithful are at a fever pitch as Ares begins climbing up the steps towards the ring.

Elise Ares:

The bad news is that I couldn't find a partner to meet your ridiculous standards tonight because you put mine into the hospital.

Ares takes another step up.

Elise Ares:

The good news... BBY... is that isn't going to stop the Face of DEFIANCE from showing up anyway just to piss you off.

The Faithful roar as Elise drops her leather jacket down onto the steps and begins to walk across the apron into the ring.

DDK:

It's clear Elise Ares is acting very emotionally right now, Lance, but I don't think this is a very wis-

♪ "I Have A Prepared Statement" by Whores. ♪

DDK:

WHAAAT?!

Lance:

Things just got really interesting!

The Faithful erupt and jump to their feet as the collective jaws of Henry Keyes, Clay Byrd, and Elise Ares all drop as their eyes simultaneously shoot toward the entrance. Like a man on fire, Rezin sprints down the aisle leaving all three of them shocked and unable to act before he dives into the ring and immediately pounces on Clay Byrd with a slingshot clothesline knocking the big man off of his feet. Henry Keyes goes to attack Rezin from behind but Rezin senses the champion and dodges the attack sending the Kraken to find nothing but ropes before being drop kicked from behind sending him over the top rope to the outside. Behind Rezin, Clay Byrd rises to his feet and catches Hell's Favorite Hoosier with a big club to the back. Byrd then goes to throw Rezin into the ropes, but Rezin reverses sending Byrd to the ropes where Ares pulls down to the top rope sending tumbling to the outside of the ring on the opposite side as Keyes.

DDK:

Rezin clearing house! Something has gone and pissed off the Escape Artist!

Lance:

I think I just heard him scream something about Best Picture? What in the world is going on here?

Elise Ares gets into the ring and sizes up a rabid Rezin, she shrugs before they sprint past each other and do simultaneous suicide dives to the two Vae Victis members outside of the ring. Ares lands on Keyes knocking him back into the barricade while Rezin and Clay Byrd collapse in a heap of humanity onto the aisle. Rezin, still pissed off and shaking off damage like he has a starman, gets right back up and somehow drags Clay Byrd to the ring and shoves him under the bottom rope following him in.

DING DING

THIS IS AWESOME!

THIS IS AWESOME!

THIS IS AWESOME!

The Faithful continue to go ballistic as Elise Ares outside the ring is slamming Henry Keyes head into the barricade and tossing him into the steel ringsteps, flipping him over and onto the concrete floor. Meanwhile inside the ring Rezin is kicking the piss out of Clay Byrd in the corner before Benny Doyle forces a rope break. Hell's Favorite Hoosier screams something about Adrien Brody's performance in The Pianist but it's drowned out in the roar of the Missouri Faithful.

Rezin:

I'LL SHOW YOU SOME REAL METHOD ACTING, NORMIES!!

As Byrd shakes the cobwebs and steps out of the corner, Rezin flies across the ring and connects with a running somersault neckbreaker! On the outside, Keyes works on gaining some space away from Ares, who pursues him like a house-o-fire and continues throwing shots. This catches the corner of Rezin's eye...

Rezin:

HEEEENNNNNNNNNERRRRRRYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!!

...and he immediately suicide dives to the outside, catching Keyes flush and knocking him on his ass! Ares holds her fist out appreciatively, which Rezin bumps to the cheer of the St. Louis Faithful.

Lance:

The Goat Bastard and The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style...what a combo!

With Rezin now outside the ring, referee Benny Doyle begins counting. Ares signals to Rezin to head back in and Rezin nods, before-

THUNK!!

DDK:

When did he leave the ring??

Out of nowhere, Clay Byrd has rolled out of the ring, sprinted around the ring steps, and dropped Elise Ares with a massive shoulder tackle. Rezin slips back into the ring, away from the gorilla-like grasping of Byrd. After a beat, Byrd and Keyes lock eyes and Byrd helps Keyes to his feet, making a show of "dusting him off".

Clay Byrd:

You good?

Henry Keyes:

Hang on.

Keyes sees Ares prone on the floor outside the ring and runs across, punting her in the ribcage and leaving her in a heap. Adrenaline slowly wearing off, he rubs at his neck and shoulder, wincing at the effects of Ares's early barrage of offense before stepping up to the apron and into his team's corner. As Byrd steps through the ropes. Keyes tags himself in, and the Faithful rise to their feet.

DDK:

Here we go - Rezin and Keyes, two men with MAJOR history here in DEFIANCE!

Lance:

It's PUNK ROCK!

Keyes and Rezin lock eyes and begin to circle each other, measuring, looking for openings, feints on feints on feints. With every little hip shift and shoulder lean, they poke and prod at each other's defenses, looking for an opening.

Which comes from an unexpected place.

CRASHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

What was that??

We shift to a view outside the ring, and we see the aftermath - Elise Ares, on the ground, in the timekeeper's area, in a heap of metal chairs and wires and equipment. Byrd raises his arms and roars out in triumph.

DDK:

Clay Byrd has just thrown Elise Ares head-over-heels into that timekeeper's area!

The loud crash was just enough to distract Rezin's focus, if just for a split-second...just enough for Keyes to connect

with a Propellor Edge Chop! And another! Soon, Rezin is backed into the corner - Keyes whips him out across the ring and charges close behind, LARIAT into the opposite corner! Rezin throws a few haymakers of his own to Keyes's breadbasket...Keyes fights to power through the shots to his stomach and hooks his hands under Rezin's armpits, turns his hips, and HURLS Rezin across the ring with a Biel toss! Byrd has made his way back to the VV corner and motions for The Kraken to tag him back in. He obliges.

Lance:

Looks like the momentum has shifted, partner.

DDK:

Indeed, and Byrd's got Rezin in his grasp now, lifting him up over his head - good lord, that's some height! And he just drops Rezin with that gorilla press slam! Lackadaisical cover, Rezin easily kicks out, but he's on the back foot now!

Yonder Hateful Yeehaw Man is just a mean person, what with how much weight he throws behind each of these punches to the downed Rezin. Benny Doyle offers up a five count to force separation, and Byrd steps up at three, hooks Rezin up by waist and plants him with a surprisingly elegant gutwrench suplex. This time, the cover goes for a close two count.

Lance:

Ares hasn't made it back to her corner, Keebs.

DDK:

Ares and Rezin dropped some real bombs on Vae Victis in the opening stages of this match, but Clay Byrd has proven to be the difference maker at this stage. He's the reason Ares is in a heap, and he's got total control over the situation in the ring right now.

Keyes applauds his hefty teammate as Byrd throws some more stiff fists into the Goat Bastard, finally lifting him up over his shoulder, parading him around to a chorus of Faithful boos, and pancaking him with a thunderous powerslam. He doesn't even go for the cover this time.

Clay Byrd:

Hey Hank, you want in on this?

Keyes nods and extends his arm. Before Byrd can make much progress, he's forced to stop - Rezin has grabbed him by the dang left boot and won't let go! Byrd tries to stomp himself free, but Rezin scurries and slips and twists, the most effective and aggravating bear trap ever. Soon, Rezin is able to struggle back up to one foot, then two. Byrd throws a haymaker, Rezin ducks! It's a jumping enzuigiri that staggers Byrd if only for a moment - he reaches his meaty paws forward and gets tangled with The Escape Artist, who is scratching and clawing and making this whole process very difficult -

SLAP!

Benny Doyle:

Tag!

DDK:

What??

Lance:

When did she-

A string of Spanish profanities are muzzled by the roar of the Missouri Faithful as Elise Ares rakes the face of Clay Byrd who goes stumbling backwards. Jumping up onto the top rope, Elise finishes the job with a missile dropkick that takes the big man off his feet. A kip up follows as the adrenaline pulses through her veins, giving Ares the energy she needs to sprint towards the opposite corner and nail Henry Keyes with a sharp front dropkick that sends him back

down to the floor. As she continues to talk trash to the Southern Heritage Champion, she's suddenly grabbed by the hair and pulled away from the corner by Clay. However, the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE grabs hold of his giant noggin.

DDK:

This might be a big mistake from Ares, turning her back on that monster Clay Byrd.

Lance:

Or maybe not?

Diving through the ropes, the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style drops the neck of Clay Byrd across the rope with a Cuban Necktie! She poses for a minute on the apron for the Faithful, laying on her side and flipping her hair before pulling herself up to her feet and measuring Byrd up for Amethystation. Henry Keyes pulls himself back up to his feet just in time to swipe at the leg of Ares, just out of reach as she sails through the air and lands the punch right on the chin of Clay Byrd! Quickly the Pop Culture Phenom makes the cover.

ONE.

TWO.

THR-

DDK:

Henry Keyes with the save!

Lance:

And here comes Rezin!

The Goat Bastard just launches his entire body at the Kraken sending them both into a crash landing into the turnbuckle. Doyle tries to maintain order and get the two non-legal men out of the ring as Rezin just fires rapid fire strikes into the body of the Southern Heritage Champion. Clay Byrd begins to get up to his hands and knees, Elise Ares measures him up for the Extreme Makeover. As he pushes himself up, the South Beach Starlet fires off from the corner and leaps into the air for her curb stomp when-

DDK:

Look at that power from Henry Keyes!

Lance:

Keyes just used Rezin as a weapon to strike Elise Ares!

Rezin goes flying across the ring and crashes into the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, sending them both crashing awkwardly onto the canvas.

Henry Keyes:

I gotcha pal!

The champion helps his partner over towards the corner where he then tags himself in. Elise Ares still doesn't know what hit her as she staggers up to her feet. Holding his arms out, Henry Keyes smiles wide and slams his arms together for the Bell Clap~! But Rezin jumped in the way and took the shot instead! Keyes watches as Rezin collapses to the canvas instead of his intended target with disgust. Now, frustrated, Hank grabs the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style and she rolls him into a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The Faithful erupt into cheers but Benny Doyle quickly hops up and shows a two count high into the air sending them back into gasps followed by jeers.

DDK:

No way! That was only a two count?!

Lance:

We may need to watch that one back in slow motion, Darren. That was CLOSE.

Ares can't believe that was only a two count as she looks back at Benny Doyle. What she doesn't do is keep tabs on Henry Keyes, who grabs her from behind and throws her over his head in a massive German Suplex. The impact flips Ares and rolls her over onto her stomach where she grimaces in pain before pushing herself back up to her feet and-

DDK:

BELL CLAP!

Lance:

She ducked!

Henry Keyes second Bell Clap attempt on Ares also doesn't connect as he instead slams his hands onto the top turnbuckle! The Faithful roar as Elise then grabs the head of Keyes and runs towards the ropes, dropping him across it neck-first with a Cuban Necktie! There is no time for posing this time, however, as she immediately pulls herself back up. Sizing the champ up for Amethystation, she squats down holding the top rope before Clay Byrd comes storming across the apron and gorges her like a bull sending her into the ring post! Clay begins to dust off his hands as Keyes pushes himself up to his hands and knees, which Rezin uses as a launching pad to dive through the ropes tackling Clay Byrd and crashing into the barricade outside of the ring!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Elise Ares' eyes grow wide as she looks at the carnage outside the ring where the barricade appears to be pushed back almost an entire row!

DDK:

Christ almighty that looked worse than a car crash, Lance!

Lance:

Rezin has absolutely no regard for anyone or anything tonight, Darren! He's seething!

Inside the ring, Henry Keyes begins to push himself back up to his hands and knees one more time after being sent back down by Rezin the missile. Rezin and Clay Byrd remain in a heap wrapped around each other and a steel barricade. Elise Ares crawls across the apron before grabbing the ropes to try and pull herself up to her feet. Keyes finally gets up to his hands and knees... when suddenly Ares flips over the top rope and lands right across the back of the head of the Kraken!

DDK:

EXTREME MAKEOVER!

Lance:

Is Elise Ares going to pin the champion?!

The Missouri Faithful watch in awe as Elise Ares lands a slingshot curb stomp on the champion and jumps on him for

the cover.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DING DING DING

The roof blows off the Enterprise Center as Elise Ares has just pinned the Kraken. Those who were expecting to see a look of vindication and relief across the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, however, are now disappointed as Benny Doyle goes to raise the hand of the victor who bites her lip and can't take her eyes off her fallen opponent.

DDK:

A huuuge unbelievable win for Elise Ares and Rezin here tonight, Lance! A few minutes ago we didn't even know if Ares was going to show up and now she's leaving St. Louis having just pinned the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Cha-

Lance:

I don't mean to interrupt, Darren, but I don't think she's done.

Ares jerks her arm away from DEFIANCE official Benny Doyle and grabs the arms of Henry Keyes who has since rolled over onto his stomach. Lifting his body off of the mat, Ares places her boot onto the back of his skull and slams it back into the canvas again.

STOMP!

RAAAAAAAH!

And again.

STOMP!

RAAAAAAAH!

And again.

STOM-

RAAA-BOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Faithful boo as Clay Byrd grabs the boot of the Kraken and jerks him out of the ring and out of harm's way, breaking the grasp of the much weaker Ares. She tracks them with her eyes as Keyes throws his arm over the back of Clay Byrd's neck and they support each other as they escape from ringside. Now walking up the aisle towards the backstage area, Elise Ares gets up on the top rope and points to herself with her thumb before poking her head as if she was still trying to send a message to Vae Victis as they retreated.

I MISSED THE BUS

After what has been a game-changer of a night for DEFIANCE Wrestling and plenty more developments for DEFCON happening at a rapid pace ...

One development will be happening in a courtroom instead of a wrestling ring. Tom Morrow, Mason Luck and Max Luck have their bag wheeling behind them and they're all having a good laugh.

Tom Morrow:

Glad we shut those idiots down! Now I just gotta handle the contract dealings of Alvaro tomorrow and all will be right with the world.

Mason Luck:

Tell Al we said good luck and to take that FIST.

Tom Morrow:

Oh, I will!

Max Luck:

God ... you guys see how butthurt those assholes looked when we shut that rematch crap down? They look like we shot their puppy. Or they look like they lost their stupid bar again!

All three of them laugh.

And keep laughing until they reach the parking lot.

There's a disturbance in the parking lot with several fire trucks gathering. Security is gathering around. Tom Morrow looks over

Tom Morrow:

Hey ... Paul Blart, we got things to do and places to be. What's going on?

Security:

Wait ... Tom Morrow right?

Tom Morrow looks incredulously.

Tom Morrow:

The one and only. You slow kid? Let me talk slower. Let ... us ... go ... through.

Security:

About that ...

Mason and Max push past security and shove their way through a small crowd of onlookers in the parking lot until they see something that makes their jaws drop.

Tom Morrow tries to get through the people to get to his guys.

Tom Morrow:

What's the matter? What the hell is going ...

Morrow drops his bag on the concrete and it bursts open.

But he isn't even paying attention to that!

It's the Triple 7 Express.

In fact ...

It's the Triple 7 Express ...

In flames.

Tom Morrow can't believe this is happening. Mason and Max are stunned silent! Morrow goes back to the security guard he confronted moments ago.

Tom Morrow:

WHAT THE [BLEEP] IS HAPPENING?! WHO DID THIS?! WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO OUR BUS?!?!

Security Guard:

Fire broke out on the bus! We've been trying to reach you for a while now, but ...

Tom Morrow:

WHO DID THIS?!?! WHAT ONE OF YOU DUMBASSES WAS FALLING ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL OUT HERE NOT DOING YOUR JOBS?! WHAT ...

Morrow realizes what's happening.

On the far end of the parking lot just on the other side of the scene.

Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy!

Holding up the "Winning Hand" gesture in a complete mirror image to all those months ago when the Lucky Sevens were spotted just outside a burning Ballyhoo Brew! Mason Luck and Max Luck see them and try to get at them, but security has the scene tapered off.

Tom Morrow:

THEY DID THIS!!! THEY DID THIS!!! THOSE SONS OF BITCHES BURNED OUR BUS!!! THEY DID THIS!!! ARREST THEM!!!

Morrow's screaming is drowned out by sirens and burning fire. Brock and Pat turn around and they walk into the night.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.