

SHOW OPEN

Live from Oracle Park – San Francisco, California

The camera shot soars above the glittering skyline of San Francisco. The Golden Gate Bridge gleams under the night sky as the chill breeze sweeps off the bay. Oracle Park roars like a coliseum before battle, its open-air structure bathed in DEFIANT crimson light. Spotlights sweep skyward in a slow spiral. The DEFIANCE Faithful are packed into every seat, crevice, and obstructed view seat, ready for tonight's event.

**TEAM LONNIE
NO MAS VACIO
IM HERE FOR THE LUMBERSETH MATCH
PLEASE STAY FRIENDS, SNS!
NO ONE SHAKES HANDS LIKE THE LADS
FREE SCOTTY D!
WELCOME HOME, NATTY EYCE!
M4NTRA RAY SECTION
DON'T THANK HEAVEN FOR THE SUCKY SEVENS
I PAID TO SEE URIEL THROW OSCAR INTO ORACLE BAY
PAT CASSIDY DRINKS FIGHTS AND WINS — IN THAT ORDER
KERRY KUROYAMA IS MY SPIRIT ANIMAL
TAG TEAM WRESTLING MATTERS
NEWBLUDD, WHO DIS?**

On the field, a towering, custom-built set spelling out M A X D E F in giant letters sits atop a stage and descending rampway.

BOOOOOOOM!!

Pyro erupts from the set. Bursts of fire shoot from either side of the ramp. Sparks rain down from the sky. Strobe lights flicker as the stage comes to life. A massive screen hanging above the stage glitches violently but purposefully. One by one, the names flash across the screen, each one punctuated by an echoing beat and a roar from the crowd:

LONNIE LUCK. ARCHER SILVER. THE LUCKY SEVENS. M4NTRA. KERRY KUROYAMA. VICTOR VACIO.

OSCAR BURNS. URIEL CORTEZ. BROCK NEWBLUDD. PAT CASSIDY.

The LED boards that line the ramp way cycle through graphics like war dossiers. Every name and a corresponding picture that are scheduled to appear tonight.

In the ring, the ropes are a battle-ready blood red. MAXDEF is emblazoned across the canvas in cracked, scorched lettering.

At ringside, behind the iconic red and black announce desk, "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner stand tall in front of a sea of the Faithful. Darren adjusts his earpiece as Lance leans into the roar of the crowd, both men soaking in the chaos around them.

DDK:

San Francisco is ON FIRE tonight! The Faithful are here, the lights are bright, and the fuse is lit! Welcome, everyone, to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2025: *Night One!*

Lance:

Two nights. Ten matches. No safety nets. No second chances!

DDK:

Tonight, it starts with a bang. Lonnie Luck defends his Favored Saints Championship against the enigmatic Archer Silver. AND ... representing DEFIANCE's illustrious tag team division ... The Lucky Sevens take on M4NTRA!

Lance:

Kerry Kuroyama meets Victor Vacio in a collision born out of loyalty, betrayal, and nihilism! Then there's Oscar Burns and Uriel Cortez; two freight trains with nowhere to go but through each other while surrounded by Lumberjacks!

DDK:

But it's the main event that could shake the very foundation of the SoHer division. Brock Newbludd puts the Southern Heritage Championship on the line against his former tag partner and longtime friend, Pat Cassidy.

Lance:

This isn't just a title defense. This is a *reckoning*. These two used to fight side by side. Now they're standing across from each other, with everything they built at risk... Respect. Brotherhood. Pride. It's *all* up for grabs tonight!

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Faithful ... This is more than a show. It's a proving ground. It's where the battles end... and the legacies begin. This is **MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!**

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

FAVORED SAINTS: LONNIE LUCK (C) vs. ARCHER SILVER

DDK:

We've got a big match coming up and what a way to kick off tonight's show! FOUR big title matches that we will see over the course of Maximum DEFIANCE! The Favoured Saints Champion, Lonnie Luck, has been on such a roll over the past year! But tonight, he faces a very young, very hungry and very tough challenger in the third-generation athlete, Archer Silver!

Lance:

It was Lonnie Luck who won the Favoured Saints Title at DEFCON in a HUGE ladder match featuring the biggest field competing in the history of that title! Eight men and it was Lonnie standing tall! And not only did he do just that, but he has been a fighting champion as well!

DDK:

Indeed, he has! He defeated former FIST Malak Garland in his first defense and followed that up with a huge win over Declan Alexander! Tonight will be the third defense he will need out of four required to earn a shot at the Southern Heritage Championship!

Lance:

But over the past few months, we have seen both Archer Silver just step up his game huge. He has scored a series of KO-related wins in both singles and in tag team action alongside High Flyer and two weeks ago, he choked out Lonnie Luck himself in order to earn this match!

DDK:

Archer Silver has been HUNGRY. He and High Flyer have made a hell of a tandem and been racking up wins, but tonight, can the champion retain against a very hungry and deadly challenger or will Lonnie's luck... run out?

Lance:

The Favoured Saints Title is on the line right now here at MAXDEF 2025!

The opening bells ring to signify the beginning of tonight's matches as all eyes are now on Hall of Famer, ring announcer Darren Quimbey in a dapper burgundy suit and tie.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, this is your opening contest! This match is scheduled for one fall and it is for the FAVOURED! SAINTS! CHAMPIONSHIP!

The championship graphic for the white-strapped championship flashes all across the screen!

♪ "Desperado" by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes ♪

Rocking white tights with black and red playing card suits, Lonnie points to the ring with a white coat on. With a laser focused loon on his face Lonnie hastily sprints to the ring like his life depends on it! He slides right on inside the squared circle and when he gets up to his feet, he greets the crowd by taking his coat and popping it open to reveal the Favoured Saints title wrapped around his waist!

Lance:

What a huge opportunity for Lonnie Luck! And what a career high he has been on! He has defied all odds starting at DEFIANCE Road! He defeated the Most Precious Gems all by himself! He defeated seven other men to become the Favoured Saints championship! He beat Declan Alexander and he pinned Malak Garland!

DDK:

He has been on the highest highs lately, but he has yet to defeat Archer Silver who beat him in that tag team match a few weeks ago!

Lonnie Luck takes his sweet time but he thanks the people as he walks down the ramp. Taking in the sights of Oracle

Park he keeps his focus ...

DDK:

HEY! WHAT THE HELL!

Lonnie gets rocked from the blind side and gets sent rolling down the ramp towards ringside! Standing over him and removing the hood off his silver and gold jacket...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

...Stands Archer Silver, arms out wide and soaking in the jeers!

Lance:

Why's he doing this? Why now? The match hasn't even started yet!

DDK:

Because he's unhinged, that's why!

Ripping off his own jacket and throwing it to the floor at ringside, The Prince of Pricks charges towards Lonnie Luck and palms the back of his head as he inches him slowly to his feet. He has his eye firmly locked onto the ringside area's barricade. He runs and then CHUCKS Lonnie Luck...

CRASH!

...as hard as he can into the barricade! The gate moves back a few inches from the sheer impact and Luck is in agony!

Lance:

Archer Silver is clearly trying to soften up the champion!

DDK:

And look, he's not done!

Lonnie fights to get back to his feet, but the much larger Archer once more talks Lonnie Luck up by the back of his head. He tries to fight back with pair of rights, but Lonnie takes a quick knee to the gut to snuff out any chances of an offensive. Silver grins and then THROWS Lonnie a second time...

CRASH!

...into another section of the barricade! Luck is down and out when Archer kneels over him.

Archer Silver:

FIGHT BACK, YOU LITTLE SHIT! COME ON! YOU BEAT THE GEMS BY YOURSELF AT DEFIANCE ROAD, RIGHT?!

With even more venom, Silver grabs Lonnie Luck a third time! He turns his attention around the corner and leads Lonnie Luck by the back of his head...

CRASH!

...For the third time, Lonnie Luck crumbles after getting sent packing into the barricade again! Archer keeps on talking trash as he's down !

Archer Silver:

THIS IS THE GUY THAT BEAT SEVEN GUYS TO WIN THAT TITLE, YEAH? THAT GUY?!

DDK:

This is ruthless! He's going all around the ring!

And sure enough as he calls it, Archer Silver snatches Lonnie Luck and then completes the round trip...

CRASH!

...and Lonnie Luck is hunched over in a heap of pain! Archer Silver lurks over the champion and when the challenger takes in the jeers, Archer points down at Lonnie and then back up at The Faithful, then gestures down towards Lonnie.

Archer Silver:

THIS IS THE GUY THAT BEAT MALAK GARLAND! THIS LITTLE SAWED-OFF ASSHOLE RIGHT HERE?!

Lance:

Someone needs to get this under control!

Archer grabs onto Lonnie Luck and tosses him so he's up against the ring post. He then grabs a chair out from under the ring and holds it high!

DDK:

And nobody can do anything about it! The match hasn't officially begun yet!

Lance:

We have seen Lonnie Luck take immense punishment especially in the past few months where the Favoured Saints Title is concerned! But after Archer Silver choked him out and now this, he hasn't found an answer for this... this Strong Style Nepo Baby!

The third-generation Silver stalks over Lonnie with the chair in hand...

Archer Silver:

SWING, BATT, BATT! SA-WING, BATT, BATT, SUH-WING!

In the apropos locale for swinging like it's a bat, Archer swings with the chair wide...

CLANG!

And hits NOTHING but the ring post as The Son of Sin City moves out of the way at the last second! The reverb sends shivers up his hands and he drops the chair!

DDK:

Serves him right!

And to make matters worse, Lonnie Luck grabs Archer by the arm. He grins upwards at The Prince of Pricks before he BITES DOWN ON HIS ARM!

Archer Silver:

AHHH! SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!

The San Francisco Faithful go crazy as Lonnie lets go! Silver shakes his hand wildly and falls to his knee as Lonnie grabs the chair and SMACKS the steel into Archer's back! The Strong Style Nepo Baby falls to a knee and grits his teeth in pain!

Lance:

Lonnie's taking the fight right back to Archer!

Lonnie is finally able to muster some offense now as he climbs into the ring and goes up top...

SOMERSAULT DIVE OFF THE TOP ROPE TO THE FLOOR!

DDK:

What a way to get into the thick of things here tonight for Maximum DEFIANCE! Lonnie Luck just turned the tide on Archer Silver and now he's got him on the ropes!

Replays fire off from the massive DEFIATron setup on stage, showing Lonnie taking to the skies to take down Archer Silver! As he gets back to his feet in real time, The Son of Sin City takes in the applause from The Faithful who are ready for a fight! He looks down at Archer Silver and then points up at the ring.

Lonnie Luck:

LET'S GOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

I think maybe now we can get this match started now!

Carla Ferrari tries to usher both men back into the ring as Lonnie Luck grabs Archer and tries to get the taller man back into the ring. He has him up... then eats a NASTY charging yakuza kick from out of nowhere!

COURTESY OF HIGH FLYER!

DDK:

Good GRIEF! Where the heck did High Flyer even come from?

Lance:

Where Archer Silver goes, High Flyer isn't ever far behind! We've seen Les Enfants Terrible run roughshod in tag team action recently, but this IS a singles match!

FKA HF IV, the One and Only High Flyer now stands over Lonnie Luck and points down at the champion, talking some trash and getting more jeers! He ignores the loud reception and then grabs Lonnie Luck before finally throwing him into the ring, before he goes over to Archer!

High Flyer:

Get his little ass! Get that title! S'go, s'go!

Growling like an angry dog, Archer smacks the mat.

Archer Silver:

Gladly.

He starts heading towards the ring and starts climbing inside, but doesn't bother looking up until he sees two pair of feet to his face...

JACK HARMEN'S FEET VIA A BASEBALL SLIDE THROUGH THE ROPES!

RRRRRAAAAHHHHHHH!

DDK:

I don't know where the hell Jack Harmen even came from! But we've seen him even the numbers advantage LET have been trying to exploit while chasing the Favoured Saints Title!

Lance:

All the stars are coming out to be a part of this opening match! We STILL haven't gotten out of the blocks yet!

Lonnie Luck looks up and sees Jack Harmen who offers him a big thumbs up and then FLIES over the ropes with a springboard plancha onto BOTH members of LET!

DDK:

This is WILD! Jack Harmen turning the tide for Lonnie Luck!

Lance:

What the heck is going on?!

As Harmen finally stands up out of the pile of bodies at ringside, he slides into the ring and hands over the Favoured Saints Championship to Lonnie Luck! Lonnie nods before he hobbles over and grabs the microphone from ringside!

Lonnie Luck:

I may be a Son of Sin City ... but tonight, I'm rocking San Francisco as a champion for all of you!

"RAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

He stands over the ropes and the Favoured Saints champ stares down Archer and Flyer.

Lonnie Luck:

You both want this fight so bad! I want this fight even more than you two!

Lonnie points over at Jack Harmen!

Lonnie Luck:

And your dad's favorite past time is kicking the stuffing out of your ungrateful ass ...

Jack Harmen:

It's fun!

Lonnie Luck:

The last two major shows I've been a part of, I've been winning multi-man matches and I want to win one more! If some big match-maker type is back there right now and can hear me ... let's give San Francisco a show! Archer ... High Flyer ... Jack Harmen ... and LI'L Lon ... **FOUR-WAY FOR THE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP!!!**

DDK:

WHAT?! CAN ... CAN HE DO THAT? WE'RE ON LIVE!!!

Lance:

I ... I DON'T KNOW!

Archer is up and growls and looks over at High Flyer and Jack Harmen looks ready. The ref is talking with Darren Quimbey who nods.

Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen ...

He looks all around the arena.

Quimbey:

I have just received word ... DEFIANCE Wrestling's management has approved this match as a fatal four-way match for the Favoured Saints Championship!

Lance:

THERE WE GO!!! FOUR WAY MATCH TO KICK OFF TONIGHT'S MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!!!

Archer Silver does not appear to be happy with this change of match but High Flyer maybe a bit? The two look at each other and then they both enter the ring ...

DDK:

I think Archer Silver's pre match assault on Lonnie Luck just backfired! He was trying to weaken him for this title match but now it's a fatal four way!

DING DING

Harmen goes after Flyer!

Lonnie unleashes a shot gun drop kick on Silver as the match starts!

Lance:

We are now kicking off the show with an impromptu four-way match for the Favoured Saints title! I can't believe it! Really gives new meaning to the term "card subject to change" yeah?

DDK:

It most certainly does!

In opposite corners, both Lonnie Luck and Jack Harmen have Archer Silver and High Flyer and they both look back to see that they have the same idea in mind! The dreaded ten punches of doom in the corners

Crowd:

One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine!

Both the Lunatic and the Son of Sin Sity pause for number ten, but Archer Silver gets pissed at the attack and pushes Lonnie off backwards. The Lonnie Dart is able to land back on his feet while Harmen does the same behind him. Silver and Flyer start charging at their respective opponents when Harmen and Lonnie Luck move ...

They both stop in the nick of time!

High Flyer:

That was close!

Behind them, both Lonnie Luck and Jack Harmen have the same idea where they drop kick the friends into each other!

Lance:

Silver and Flyer collide after all! Lonnie rolls up Archer Silver!

One ...

Two ...

No!

And behind them Harmen has the same idea and rolls up his own son!

One ...

Two ...

No!

Harmen gets back up first but High Flyer stops him with a kick to the stomach followed by a big super kick upside the jaw!

DDK:

Harmen goes down! That super kick knocked that smile of his to the back of his head!

Lonnie goes after High Flyer and spins him around but before he is able to do anything, Archer wraps a pair of hands behind his waist and then he throws him as far as he can across the ring with a release german suplex so wide that Lonnie Luck lands on his stomach!

Lance:

And what a release german suplex that was!

To make sure that Jack Harmen cannot interfere any more, Archer and Flyer both take Flyer and they both toss him through the ropes so he's on the floor. Then then to right back to punishing Lonnie Luck and putting some kicks all over his body.

Archer Silver:

Still want us to kick your ass little man?

High Flyer:

We're probably gonna get arrested after this show cause someone thinks we're beating up a minor!

Working together now for the moment Archer Silver pulls up Lonnie Luck and then he drives his elbow into the skull. He follows with a soccer kick at the back and then High Flyer finishes the combination of moves with a low drop kick to the face. The Favoured Saints champion is down at the feet of the LET stars!

Lance:

After a rocky start there, both members of Les Enfant Terrible have taken complete control of this match!

DDK:

But what is going to happen here when only one member can walk out of here the champion?

For now, neither man will answer that questions. The Son of Sin City is sent packing across the ring and hits the other corner. When he is laid out in the other corner, Archer Silver runs at him first with a knee ...

Lance:

No! Lonnie Luck moves! Archer misses that knee strike that knocked Lonnie out cold in Seattle!

Archer is hobbling with a bum knee! High Flyer goes after the current champion and lands a toe kick. He sends Lonnie into the ropes but he leaps up to the middle rope first and then jumps over with flying head scissors! High Flyer gets launched out of the ring by the move but when he gets up, Archer is back and also kicks Lonnie with a thrust kick to his stomach. Lonnie is sent into the ropes and when he comes back, he gets lifted up, but Lonnie counters mid-air into a drop kick to the face! Archer is sent outside along with his tag partner with Lonnie alone in the ring!

Lance:

Lonnie can't be 100% from that attack before what was supposed to be a singles match between he and Archer Silver. But he's gotta get someone back in the ring to retain that title!

Lonnie looks ready to make another dive. He grabs onto the ropes and then tries to jump, but gets caught by surprise into a pin ...

BY JACK HARMEN!!!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lonnie grabs his chest and is shocked by what Harmen did, but Harmen shrugs.

Jack Harmen:

Every man for himself, kiddo!

He swings for a yakuza kick and tries the locomotive, but he ducks the kick and rolls around the back of Harmen to bring him down with a crucifix!

One ...

Two ...

Harmen kicks out and looks up at Lonnie.

Lonnie Luck:

Every man for himself ... kiddo.

The Lunatic gets up and tries another clothesline but Lonnie moves. Harmen jumps over the ropes and hits the apron when the Son of Sin City runs at him, but he catches Harmen's kick to the face first. Harmen kicks up into a springboard thesz press and starts raining down the punches on Lonnie Luck!

DDK:

Things are breaking down between men who have been loose allies against LET for the past month! That springboard thesz press is a Harmen staple!

After Harmen gets done throwing punches into the face of the champion, he turns around but the fans get a real shock when High Flyer is back into the ring with a springboard somersault into the same thesz press before he brings the punches down upon his dad.

High Flyer:

Anything you can do ... I can add more flips!

And more punches come down! Archer Silver is back into the ring just to go after Lonnie!

Lance:

Just when they think they got rid of Les Enfant Terrible, High Flyer and Archer Silver keep popping up!

DDK:

They're striking anyone they can!

Silver starts kicking Lonnie in the corner and unleashes kicks so loud they can be heard in the stadium! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful watching Silver pick the champion apart with kicks! They fire and one hits Lonnie square in the face! He falls down in the corner ...

Lance:

Oh my god! I think Lonnie Luck might have a busted lip!

The camera closes in on Lonnie Luck's face being hunched over in a corner. There is what will be a fat lip and some blood running down his face! Archer Silver looks at the camera as well!

Archer Silver:

That's what I can do to anyone anytime! Where's the other one?

High Flyer rolls away from Jack Harmen so Archer Silver can grab him by his neck and then put him into the corner. Harmen fights back! He hits chops on the chest of Archer Silver! He hits more chops to the chest of High Flyer! Harmen rushes for the ropes like a speed demon, but High Flyer is able stop him right away with a drop kick!

DDK:

Ooh! Harmen tried to fight off both members of LET only to get caught up that dropkick!

Just to be a prick, High Flyer remains on the mat and steals the "making snow angels" bit laying next to daddy dearest on the mat!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Archer is in much less of a mood to play around when he snatches Harmen up by his hair and ROCKS him with an extra-nasty elbow to the face! Harmen goes down like a sack of potatoes in the nearby corner!

DDK:

We may not like this change of attitude that we've been seeing out of Archer Silver, but we can't deny that it didn't lead him to this title match tonight! He holds a victory over Lonnie Luck!

As High Flyer occupies himself attacking Lonnie Luck with more stomping in the corner, Archer does the same by dropping Harmen with a number of body shots. He continues to unleash punches and then switches up with a pair of stiff round kicks to the chest until he's slumped to a seated position in the corner. Archer then grabs the top rope and hits a corner slingshot into a double foot stomp on Harmen's chest! He PRESSES both feet down into his chest!

DDK:

That's called Standing on Business! He's got Harmen dead to rights!

Carla Ferrari warns him against choking out The Lunatic in the corner, so Silver hops out. He runs across the ring for extra speed and comes back, CRASHING into Harmen with a huge hesitation dropkick in the corner! The Faithful wince from the impact as Silver stands up and ushers Harmen out of the ring! With The Lunatic gone, his attention is back to the Favoured Saints Champion.

Lance:

Uh-oh. Archer's back where he started!

High Flyer moves so Archer can do the same with the corner slingshot to set up Standing On Business!

Archer Silver:

That belt's coming home with ME, you little shit!

Silver jumps off of Lonnie, still trying to catch his own breath with blood around his mouth! He starts coughing!

Lance:

Lonnie does NOT look well at all!

And to go from bad to worse, the third-generation star of the Silver family grabs the third-generation star of the Luck Family! He violently throws him into the ropes with a whip and SMACKS a knee into his gut with a kitchen sink. Lonnie flips over onto his side and Silver finishes the combo...

DDK:

SOCCER KICK SQUARE TO THE CHEST! THIS ONE COULD BE OVER!

The Prince of Prince flashes an evil grin and kneels down for the cover with High Flyer standing by!

ONE!

TWO!

HIGH FLYER PULLS HIS LEG!

OOOOOOOOOOHHHHH!

Lance:

Oooooohhh nooooo...

Silver looks straight up at High Flyer, who tries to protest that he's in the match, too! He tries to calm his tag partner down!

High Flyer!:

Whoa, whoa, whoa! The old man's getting up! Let's finish him and we'll figure this out later!

Begrudgingly, Archer looks over and sees the same thing as Harmen is trying to pull himself up. Silver nods and he goes after Harmen on the outside...

WHILE HIGH FLYER HITS A STANDING MOONSAULT ON LONNIE!

DDK:

Hey, hey, HEY! High Flyer's trying to steal the title!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Lonnie kicks out just as Archer sees what's happening! He slithers back into the ring and has a death glare locked in on High Flyer as he tries to put a hand up to explain himself!

Lance:

Oh, no, what the heck did you do, Flyer?!

The Faithful start to buzz when the tag team partners look like they're going at it! Archer is still between the ropes as High Flyer tries to protest, but behind them, Lonnie crawls up and **SHOVES** High Flyer into his own partner, knocking him off the ring apron! Lonnie jumps up behind High Flyer and rolls him up into a twisting sunset flip pin!

DDK:

LONNIE WITH THE WIN!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Flyer kicks out! As the two both get to their feet, Flyer catches him with an eye rake! After stunning Lonnie, he grabs him by the head and then drives him down into the canvas with a swift corkscrew suplex!

DDK:

Lonnie Luck almost found his opening, but only got a two-count on Lonnie!

Lance:

And once more, Les Enfants Terrible are in the driver's seat here!

Silver sees Jack Harmen coming his way and gets hit with right hands! He tries to go at Silver with more shots, but Archer halts his momentum with a sole kick to the stomach! On the outside, High Flyer is on the apron when Silver throws him into Harmen hitting a tiger feint kick around the ring post! Harmen goes down in heap and both members of LET start talking more trash!

Archer Silver:

Shouldn't stayed the fuck out of this, old man!

High Flyer:

He's so stupid!

They each take an arm and grab Harmen by the arm, then RAM him back-first into the steel steps outside the ring! A dull thud rings out through Oracle Park and The Faithful jeer the young DEFIANCE Nepo Babies!

DDK:

Their tag team work together is impeccable! But at some point, it may come down to one of these two again!

Lance:

It looks like that may happen! They're back into the ring to focus on Lonnie Luck!

Just as Lonnie is trying to sit up, he sees both Archer Silver and High Flyer about to enter the ring from both sides!

DDK:

Lonnie Luck is all alone in that ring!

Lance:

And LET made sure that Jack Harmen may not be able to make it to his aid!

High Flyer and Archer Silver both stand over and surround the champion from both sides, so he does what he does best...

STOMPS ON THE FOOT OF SILVER!

Silver shouts in pain with his bare feet exposed!

Lance:

That's one way to counter!

Lonnie Luck turns ducks under a swing from a High Flyer clothesline, only to grab the arm and bite him as well! The Faithful cheer on Lonnie until Flyer pushes him into a STIFF roundhouse kick from Archer from his other foot! Lonnie falls to a knee in a daze!

DDK:

LET still taking things over! They've made the most out of the numbers game any chance they could get tonight!

Silver hurriedly rushes into a cover on Lonnie Luck!

ONE!

TWO!

Only for High Flyer to pull him off!

Lance:

No! Now High Flyer trying to make the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... SILVER PULLS HIS LEG!

DDK:

It was only going to be a matter of time before we got here!

Archer gets into the face of High Flyer! The Faithful start buzzing for both men looking like they are ready to slug it out... then both men see a blur out of the corner of their eye!

SPRINGBOARD CROSSBODY FROM JACK HARMEN!

He wipes out BOTH of the DEFIANCE nepo babies and starts making snow angels on the mat to a HUGE cheer from The Faithful! He sits up and yells at High Flyer!

Jack Harmen:

THAT'S how you do it!

DDK:

What a comeback! Jack Harmen's back in this one!

With The Faithful behind the veteran daredevil, he runs over High Flyer with a huge clothesline as he tries to stand up! Archer comes at him with a high kick, but Flyer ducks the kick and then wraps both hands around his waist. The Prince of Pricks breaks it up with a back elbow to the face and charges off the ropes for a big-time lariat, only for Harmen to duck and then take him down with a release German suplex! He gets back to his feet where High Flyer kicks him and then tries a clothesline, only for Harmen to reverse that and catch a release German suplex as well! He jumps up and throws up the Devil Horn's to a LOUD round of applause!

Lance:

Harmen's locking in on the title!

Harmen runs at one side of the ring and then nails Archer Silver with a flying back elbow in the corner, then grabs him by the neck! He turns around and runs up and out of the corner, DRIVING Silver on the back of his head!

DDK:

Sliced Bread #3 by Harmen! He just dropped Silver!

And right into the cover by hooking the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

High Flyer breaks it up and attacks Harmen!

Lance:

High Flyer keeping his chances at the title alive by breaking up the cover!

Back on his feet, Harmen eats a big spinning back elbow from The Greatest! Once High Flyer has him staggered, he grins and gets a full head of steam, only to be caught and DRIVEN into the canvas first...

DDK:

Flyer-Driver! Are we going to see a new Favoured Saints Champion here to kick off the show?!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... BROKEN UP BY LONNIE LUCK WITH A SENTON!

Lance:

Lonnie Luck just BARELY got there in the nick of time! I think we might have had a new champion otherwise!

All four men are sprawled out on all sides of the ring with The Faithful buzzing from every which direction!

DDK:

These four men are laying it all out there! The Favoured Saints has maintained a reputation of being the most hotly-contested championship in this company and this show is no different!

While all four are on the ground, it's Lonnie that is up first! He sees Archer Silver is the first man up. Lonnie goes right for the neck and then runs right at the turnbuckle corner.

DDK:

Pocket Ace coming up ... NO!!!

Silver blocks the hold and tries to throw Li'l Lon out of the ring, but Lonnie Luck kicks his legs and lands on the apron. Archer charges at him, but Lonnie is able to yank the ropes downward and the momentum carries Archer to the floor. Lonnie then jumps back into the ring and then uses his own momentum. He takes flight between the ropes and takes out Archer Silver ...

MONEY ROLL!!!

Lance:

Lonnie Luck was able to take out Archer Silver with that Money Roll dive after he had that maneuver blocked!

DDK:

But look out!

When Lonnie Luck stands up from taking down Archer Silver on the outside, he gets a massive shock when a diving cannon ball from High Flyer now wipes them both out!

Lance:

I don't know where he even came from!

DDK:

What ... what is Jack Harmen doing?!

High Flyer is about to go over and grab Archer Silver and then the two go to pick Lonnie Luck up ...

SHOOTING STAR PLANCHA FROM HARMEN TO ALL THREE!!!

"HOLY SHIT!!! HOLY SHIT!!! HOLY SHIT!!! HOLY SHIT!!!"

DDK:

EVERYONE IS DOWN!!! EVERYONE, LANCE!!! THIS MATCH HAS LITERALLY BEEN ALL OVER THE PLACE AND EVERYONE HAS HAD MULTIPLE CHANCES TO WIN THIS MATCH!!!

Lance:

AND THIS MIGHT BE HARMEN'S BEST CHANCE!

It takes the Lunatic some time for her to get back into this match but he decides that he's going to go after Archer Silver first! The Lunatic forces Silver into the ring. He pushes him against the ropes!

DDK:

Jack Harmen is up to the top rope! He's got Archer Silver right where he wants him!

He dives off the top rope ...

FIVE AND A HALF STAR FROG SPLASH!!!

Lance:

That splash might have caved Archer Silver's chest in!

The impact is so great that the Lunatic bounces off his chest! His veteran bones don't feel great in the moment but he runs on the adrenaline to make the cover!

ONE ...

TWO ...

THRE ... MOONSHOT SPECIAL BY HIGH FLYER!!!

DDK:

HE JUST LEAPED ONTO THE SCREEN!!! HIGH FLYER JUST LANDED ON TOP OF BOTH HARMEN AND SILVER!!!

High Flyer pushes his father off of his tag team partner and tries pinning him to win the title!

Lance:

THE FAVOURED SAINTS IS WITHIN HIS REACH!!! HE MIGHT JUST BEAT HIS OWN FATHER TO WIN IT!!!

ONE ...

TWO ...

SUPER SATELLITE BY LONNIE LUCK!!!

Lance:

HO-LEE MO-LEE!!! THE FLYING SENTON FROM LONNIE LUCK BREAKS UP THE COVER IN THE NICK OF TIME!!! SILVER IS DOWN!!! HARMEN IS DOWN!!!

The impact has Lonnie bounce off the back of High Flyer who is hurt! Lonnie grabs the neck of a hurt High Flyer and then hits the turnbuckles ...

DDK:

POCKET ACE!!! POCKET ACE!!! POCKET ACE!!!

The running cutter out of the corner plants High Flyer on the canvas!

ONE ...

TWO ...

Silver tries to break the cover ...

THREE!!!

BUT GETS THERE TOO LATE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Desperado" by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes ♪

Lonnie Luck gets the heck out of dodge and throws up his hands with the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful roaring in unison!

Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen ... your winner of this match ... and STILLLLLLLLLLL the Favoured Saints champion ... LONNNIEEEEEEEEEEE LUCK!!!!

DDK:

WHAT AN INCREDIBLE MATCH TO KICK OFF THE SHOW!!! AMAZING EFFORT BY EVERYONE, BUT SOME HOW ... SOME WAY ... WITH A LI'L LUCK, LONNIE RETAINS THF FAVOURED SAINTS TITLE!!!

Lance:

ARCHER SILVER TRIED TO ATTACK LONNIE LUCK BEFORE THE BELL!!! WHEN LONNIE TURNED THE TIDE, HIGH FLYER GOT INVOLVED AND THEN JACK HARMEN CAME TO HIS SAVE!!! LONNIE ASKED AND LONNIE GOT EVERYONE INVOLVED IN THIS MATCH ... AND CAME OUT ON TOP!!!

Lonnie Luck has the title up in his hands now and a disappointed Jack Harmen walks up to the young man. He shakes hands with Lonnie to show some respect and raises his hands! Now, Archer Silver is pissed off and raging out at ringside!

Lance:

Can you believe it?! That's the third pay per view in a row where Lonnie Luck has fended off multiple challengers ... he might just be the Iron Man of Multi-man Matches!

A very devastated and angry Silver and High Flyer watch the pair while up ahead Harmen and Lonnie both celebrate with Lonnie playing air guitar to “Desperado” on the belt!

The Culprit Is ...

Praying on his metal covered book, Nathan Eye sits down in the locker room and he's watching DEC4L conclude one of his live streams.

DEC4L:

It's about showtime, fam so let's SAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALUTE DEC4LLION! DEC4L. OUT.

Nathan Eye looks up and has a quizzical expression on his face. He waits patiently for the glow of the LIVE button to vanish.

Nathan Eye:

Hey, Dec ... starting to get a little concerned. You haven't seen Makayla anywhere, have you? She said she was gonna go grab some extra-strength BETA Blockers against those big idiots, the Lucky Sevens.

DEC4L:

Nah fam, she checked out a while ago. She might have to grab some BUCKETS. She hasn't come back yet?

Nathan Eye:

No ... and we're in my home town tonight bud! She's gotta be there in our corner and we gotta go in a sec!

The Golden State Guru stands up off the bench and he starts heading for the door. When he's almost there he has to jump back because the door swings wide open and almost catches him in the face!

Nathan Eye:

Whoa!!!

Standing there trying to catch his breath in an all white suit, Tom Morrow is holding up his hands at his meal tickets ... errr, clients.

Tom Morrow:

Guys, guys! Guys, I'm here ...

Morrow looks at Nathan and Declan with concern. He glances around the room once and the concern grows worse.

Tom Morrow:

Guys I'm going to ask you both something right now ... please tell me that either of you have seen Makayla somewhere?

Nathan and Declan both share in Morrow's worry.

Nathan Eye:

No. I was just asking about her. She said she was gonna grab some extra BETA Blockers to wash away the "cringe from the Lucky Sevens" while being ringside!

DEC4L:

Calm down Natty Eyce, Makayla wouldn't ghost us on a big night like this. I'm sure there's a perfectly logical explanation. Maybe she's just saging the ring?

Tom Morrow:

Damn it ... DAMN IT!!!

Nathan Eye:

What's going on Tom?!

Tom Morrow looks back to M4NTRA.

Tom Morrow:

I heard a rumor ... I heard a rumor she got into something backstage with that blood-thirsty ogre, Mason Luck!

Nathan and DEC4L:

What?!

Tom Morrow:

Security saw them chatting it up somewhere backstage and it got "yelly" was the word I got from DEFSEC ... and now no one knows where the hell she is!

Nathan Eye:

We gotta find her ...

DEC4L:

We're not doing this without her. Have you seen me without my chakra aligned? I'm useless.

Nathan Eye:

Big same! The third eye just starts fritzing out and I just ...

Tom Morrow:

GUYS FOCUS!!!

Once he has the room clear Tom Morrow speaks to his team.

Tom Morrow:

Look guys ... I know that she hasn't seen me in the best light lately ... but if I'm telling the truth about one thing it's that I know better than anyone on this roster ... anyone ... that when those brutes have lost their damn minds they will do whatever they want or hurt whoever they want to get their point across. This must have been some plan of theirs to try and throw us off their game. You know what though?

Morrow claps his hands together.

Tom Morrow:

We aren't going to let those guys play games with you! The Lucky Sevens have never beaten you guys in a traditional tag team match! And tonight no matter what they do we are going to show them if they mess with one of us then they're messing with all of us!

The PogChamp looks over at the Golden State Guru for guidance, but the expression on Declan's face is unsettling. He looks ready to pack it in. Nathaniel Eye is going to have to dig deep to find some inspiration for this one.

Nathan Eye:

You know what ... Tom Morrow is right. Dec, our back might be against the wall tonight! We might not have aligned chakras. At best, we are operating with two and half eyes each, but we can still see more clearly than the Lucky Sevens who have to struggle just to rub two brain cells together. They might stand at a combined weight of over six hundred pounds. They might stand at a combined height of fourteen feet tall, and they may have the power advantage ... but they have negative IQ points, so really they are still at a tremendous disadvantage against you and I! You and I ... after this speech concludes, you'll have three working eyes ... and me and my one, two, three ... four working eyes!!! Yeah! The Lucky Sevens against M4NTRA's Aligned Seven eyes ...

Tom Morrow got loss somewhere at the beginning but DEC4L is still with him.

Nathan Eye:

Plus, you have to account for the fact that there are over forty thousand M4NTRA Rays out there throwing out their

arms and waving awkwardly in place to support us! Mason Luck knows he can't beat us without messing with Makayla so I know he's not even gonna try! They got a seven percent chance at best!!! Plus, Tom, I've got the most important number I haven't even added yet ...

Nathan props up his book.

Nathan Eye:

A little number called 2-5-1!!! Add them all up and the chances of the Lucky Sevens ... well, I'm enlightened enough to know the numbers spell disaster for the Sevens and any one that messes with our own!!!

DEC4L:

And that's why we have numbers in our name... people lie. Numbers don't. That's DAAAAANK, Natty!

The Intrepid Influencer steels his resolve and Tom Morrow comes up and pats him on the back. The logic checks out.

Tom Morrow:

...And THAT is why I hitched my wagon to you guys. You ARE the DEFIANCE Tom Morrow Division. With or without Makayla.

DEC4L:

Let's get this dub, then we'll get our girl.

Nathan Eye:

Sounds like a great idea!

LUCKY SEVENS vs. M4NTRA

Lance:

I'm not sure what to think about what we just saw! Mason Luck ... allegedly attacking Makayla Namaste? We know that Mason Luck has been on a war path since this losing streak of the Lucky Sevens started, but would he do that?

DDK:

This whole thing is because Mason Luck said he apparently wants to go back to their old ways when the Lucky Sevens were monsters who were feared, but ... I don't know. I'd ask about the source, but the source is Tom Morrow and that seemed more speculative than anything.

Lance:

We'll have to answer those questions another time! It's time for a big rivalry in the tag team division to be renewed again when the Lucky Sevens take on M4NTRA! The last time that these two teams fought in this exact match on pay per view was Acts of DEFIANCE in 2023!

DDK:

Yeah. Tom Morrow was forced to pick a side when both teams were clients of the Better Future Talent Agency. In the end, he sided with M4NTRA! And most of that time, he was injured after the Lucky Sevens put Morrow through a table at 2024's edition of DEFCON!

Lance:

There's chaos on all sides here! The Lucky Sevens haven't quite got along due to Mason's anger issues. M4NTRA and Tom Morrow have been at odds with Morrow wanting them to branch off into singles competition, but the team wishing to stay together and now that this fight with the Sevens has happened, Morrow has no choice not but to be standing opposite clients he screwed over once!

DDK:

And to cap this all off, M4NTRA and the Lucky Sevens have both cost each other big matches! Tonight these two teams will fight and only one is walking out a winner tonight! Can the Lucky Sevens pick up where Lonnie Luck left off to kick off tonight's show or will M4NTRA get their payback tonight!

Words appear on the screen that show the Lucky Sevens logo engulfed in flames ... And now ... a flame morphing into the picture ... of a SNAKE!!!

LUCK DYNASTY
2X DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions
2X DEFIANTS of the Year
DEFIANCE'S Hottest Tag Team
TAG PARTY SIX WINNER!!!
AND DEFIANCE'S COLD HEARTED SNAKES!!!

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Words flash all along the screen and the response is deafening from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! Standing back to back, wearing dark jeans, black boots and red and green snake-skin vests! Mason does not make with the taunts and lets himself get hit with booing from the fans. Behind him, Max Luck just tries to keep his cool and throws up the Winning Hand which gets him cheers!

Quimbey:

This next tag team match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing team number one ... they weigh at a combined weight of six-hundred twenty-five pounds! They stand at a combined height of FOURTEEN FEET TALL!!! They are "The Beast of the Bright Lights" Max Luck and "The Maim Event" Mason Luck ...

Pause.

Quimbey:

THEEEEEEE LUCKYYYYYYYYYYYYY SEVENNNNNSSSSSSS!!!

On the way to the ring down the stadium ramp, Max Luck holds up the Winning Hand and gets cheered, but Mason does it, he gets booted! When the giants get to the ring the Winning Hands come up once again! Fans all over the Oracle Park throw the Hands up as well!

Lance:

Whatever drama has befallen these brothers, I applaud them for sticking this out and continuing to wrestle like this.

DDK:

They have been their own worst enemy in recent tag team matches while M4NTRA has been doing very well for themselves in spite of losing the Unified Tag Team titles! They'll need to put whatever issues to bed if they want to win tonight.

The twins are in the ring. They don't say a word to each other and just focus on the match. When their music goes, booing rings out all over the stadium right away because Tom Morrow walks out on stage. He points an accusatory finger towards the Lucky Sevens in the ring.

Tom Morrow:

MASON ... RYAN LUCK!!!

He says his full government wrestling name with gusto.

Tom Morrow:

Do you think that we don't know what you did! Do you think that we don't know that you attacked poor, sweet Makayla Namaste?

Max looks at Mason Luck who shrugs because he doesn't know what Morrow is talking about.

Tom Morrow:

ADMIT IT YOU GIANT FRAUD!!! You attacked her so her Good Vibes Only couldn't aid my award-winning tag team to victory tonight! But you made a grave mistake, Mase! You and your brother didn't realize it would only strengthen the resolve of my guys! It will only make them better tonight! And now you are both going to pay for your crimes! It won't be just M4NTRA ... it will be all of San Francisco cheering on its returning home town hero!

Max Luck looks at Mason and says "what the fuck is he talking about?" Mason still doesn't know.

Tom Morrow:

They are the most enlightened individuals in this promotion! They are the youngest, most talented and they are the future of the Tom Morrow Division! They beat the Lucky Sevens on multiple occasions and tonight, they will do so gain! A team of two of the finest, purest prospects that DEFIANCE Wrestling has ever produced! Both former BRAZEN champions! Both two of the top talents this company has found! The first man weighs in at two-hundred and fifty-one pounds of pure perseverance! The other is one of the most popular streamers going today and he weighs in ... also at two-hundred and fifty-one pounds of pure perseverance because they are on the same page! Eyes on the Prize and you can do anything you want like my clients ...

Tom Morrow gestures at the entrance behind him.

Tom Morrow:

"DEC4L" Declan Alexander! And from California himself ... "The Golden State Guru" Nathan Eye! They are ... MAAAAANNNTTTRRRRAAAA!!!

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

The word darkens the arena bulbs and golden lights flicker to the pulsating intro from Bring Me The Horizon, now with gold and white lasers firing from the stage! As the scream kicks in the guitar riffs, Nathaniel Eye comes walking out into Oracle Park, with his metal-plated book, 251 Pages of Pure Perseverance raised high above his head. He is moved by the reception! Following him out is "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, wearing matching "third eye" sunglasses and white with blue ring gear! Nathan Eye and Declan appear to be fighting with extra resolve tonight when they walk down the ramp!

"RRRAAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

Lance:

We are not in Bizarro Land ladies and gentlemen! Nathan Eye lives close to San Francisco! The Golden State Guru is getting a Golden State welcome tonight!

DDK:

And look at the two head towards the ring. I don't we've seen too many chances for these two men to get series tonight, but if Mason Luck did attack Makayla Namaste like Morrow says, they're going to make him answer for it!

They get to the ring right away and Tom Morrow hangs out a safe distance from ringside in case the Lucky Sevens get any ideas to hurt him as well. Mason looks at Tom once and he hides behind the steel steps by the ring. Declan Alexander wants to start against Mason Luck and is telling the referee to ring the bell!

DING DING

Declan knows that he's giving up some size to the seven-foot and three-hundred pound Mason Luck but he doesn't care when he runs right at the Maim Event Monster with punches. He keeps on fighting, but Mason breaks that up and grabs Declan by his neck. He runs at the ropes with the hand still on Declan's neck and then pushes him over the ropes to land on the floor. The POG Champ is able to catch himself and land on his feet outside the ring but Mason Luck dares him to come on back and try his luck again.

Lance:

DEC4L tried to take the direct approach with the Sevens and that didn't seem to work!

DDK:

But he doesn't care!

When DEC4L won't come out, Mason Luck tries stepping through the ropes. He takes the bait and DEC4L runs towards the ropes to kick Mason upside the head with jumping kick from the floor! Mason is reeling when DEC4L slides back under the ropes and runs past Mason to hit him with a big clothesline into the chest. Mason doesn't fall but with Nathan encouraging him to hit him again, Declan makes for the ropes a second time. He lands another clothesline but Mason still doesn't fall.

DDK:

I think Declan may want to try a different approach here!

With one more time, DEC4L hits ropes a third time. Mason is there to try and cut him off with a big boot, but Declan slides under his legs and comes back up behind him to land a standing drop kick right at his chest! Mason Luck is reeling back into the corner of M4NTRA and a quick tag is made to Nathan Eye who gets a huge pop!

"RRRAAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

Lance:

It's been years I think since Nathan Eye has heard a positive reception like this!

DEC4L steps back a few steps and then Nathan gives him the assist by whipping him at the corner with another flying elbow. Nathan is right behind his partner as he moves and jumps into the corner to hit a spinning corner splash against

the body of Mason Luck. The 250-pound Nathan Eye spins around and then delivers a jumping enziguri to the Maim Event Monster and that makes him stagger!

DDK:

M4NTRA are coming in hot! Can you believe this tonight, Lance?

Lance:

If I weren't watching this live, I don't know if I would!

M4NTRA are only interested in getting payback for their co-manager and aren't bothered by the fan reception. Nathan makes another quick tag back right out to DEC4L. When they enter the ring, Mason Luck shakes off the earlier attacks and fights back with a big right hand each for the members of M4NTRA. When they are staggered in the middle of the ring the Maim Event Monster hits the ropes for a double clothesline. Both Nathan and Declan duck it and when Mason rebounds he gets hit with a double drop kick that finally gets Mason off his feet. Both M4NTRA members lay prone ...

Then both hit simultaneous kip-ups to the delight of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

Lance:

Look at them go!

The referee is warning Nathan to get back to the corner but they uncork one more double team. Declan stands in front of Nathan and he picks up his own partner to land an assisted standing moonsault on top of Mason Luck!

DDK:

M4NTRA really milked the double team attacks there but they land the Trust Fall Exercise on Mason! Here is DEC4L with the pin!

One ...

Two ...

Mason kicks out!

Lance:

There's the kick-out by Mason! I think I'm still in shock, though! M4NTRA have just keep the Lucky Sevens off their game with a lot of quick tags and double team moves! Not how I thought this match would start!

DDK:

And here comes another one! Tag to Nathan Eye!

It takes both M4NTRA members to do it, but they whip Mason Luck at a corner. Declan runs at him again and tries a big move, but Mason lifts him over the ropes. DEC4L lands on the apron behind him and that brief distraction allows Nathan to hit another running corkscrew splash at Mason in the corner as Declan hits a jumping enziguri from the ring apron! Tom Morrow looks surprised but he's cheering on his guys none the less.

Tom Morrow:

Yeah! Make them pay! We fight for one of our own in M4NTRA!

The Golden State Guru and The POG Champ play to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful. Declan starts doing the M4NTRA Ray Dance along with Nathan in the ring and that gets the people up and doing it along with them!

Lance:

LOOK AT THIS!!! EVERYONE MOVING THEIR HANDS AND SWIMMING IN PLACE! THIS ISN'T THE AQUARIAM, BUT YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THAT TONIGHT!

Tom Morrow looks confused at ringside and Max Luck is even put off by the big reception M4NTRA gets but Mason Luck is getting up.

DDK:

They have to follow up with the Lucky Sevens though! If you give either of these monsters any opening they will take it!

Declan returns to his side of the ring and Nathan hits Mason in the corner with a running shoulder tackle to his ribs. When Mason is winded, Nathan runs in a circle for some much needed momentum and tries to hit Mason again ...

Mason Luck has a different plan!

LARIATOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Nathan goes twisting in the air before landing on the canvas!

Lance:

That was a brutal lariat from Mason Luck!

DDK:

M4NTRA's newfound fame here tonight just worked to their detriment!

Mason is on his knees and he looks more angry than a hornet's nest getting poked. After shaking his lariat-hitting arm he starts using the arm to club Nathan Eye while he's on the ground!

Mason Luck:

Dance your way out of this you little bitch!

Mason is getting booed and for the first time in a while he has a smile on his face. The referee is getting in Mason's face about the attacks but Mason lunges towards the ref and he jumps back!

Lance:

Mason Luck ... he's ... he's enjoying this, isn't he?!

DDK:

He is. Max Luck doesn't seem to share the same mood.

Mason Luck grabs Nathan by the neck and makes a tag to Mason. Mason holds it out for a free shot and Max takes it with a big kick to Eye's ribs. Nathan Eye is doubled over in pain and then taken down with a snapmare. Nathan Eye is seated in the center of the ring with Max Luck charging from the ropes to come back and hit the biggest low drop kick that DEFIANCE has ever seen!

DDK:

Max Luck just kicked Nathan Eye's head off!

Max is more keen on playing the match straight and just goes for a cover on Eye.

One ...

Two ...

No!

Lance:

So far the twins seem to be functioning together. That's more than I can say for their past attempts!

DDK:

That 0-4 since DEFCON has been eating away at both of them, but they can't seem to find a way forward. M4NTRA defeating them a few weeks ago on DEFtv 218 really set Mason off!

Mason Luck wants a tag, but Max won't give it to him just yet. He pulls Nathan forward into a knee to the stomach and then he preps Nathan for a suplex. He tries to suplex Nathan Eye up and over, but the Golden State Guru is doing everything he can to avoid having to go up and over!

Lance:

Eye's doing his best to fight his way out of suplex!

Max finally struggles but gets him up and in the air ... But Nathan lands behind him. He jumps up and he grabs Max in a sleeper hold while riding on his back!

DDK:

What a reversal by Nathan Eye! He's got that sleeper cinched in!

Mason Luck flings his arms around but accidentally stumbles towards his corner. Mason Luck is yelling at his brother to go the other way, but DEC4L tags in! He has a free shot and comes right in with an enziguri to the face!

DDK:

The Red Line!

The kick is enough to stun Max Luck and both members of M4NTRA push him out of the ring! Tom Morrrows gets as far away from Max as he can outside. Mason Luck gets frustrated with the rotten luck the Lucks are having and tries to handle business himself. DEC4L warns Nathan who steps behind Mason and shoves him at the ropes for DEC4L to pull down and send Mason Luck flying outside next to his brother!

Lance:

M4NTRA is really working as a well-oiled machine tonight while The Lucky Sevens have been working like a busted old hoopty!

Declan makes the tag and then Nathan Eye gets ready. The six-four and two-hundred and fifty-one pound Nathan waves his hands out and does a quick M4NTRA Ray Dance and then runs for the ropes.

Lance:

Max is getting up to his feet! And Mason right behind him!

DEC4L sees Max starting to get up so he runs off the ring apron and takes him out with a flying missile drop kick off the apron!

Nathan makes it all the way to the other side and then jumps over the ropes in order to take out Mason Luck with a huge tope con hilo dive!

"RRRAAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

DDK:

EYE IN THE SKY!!! M4NTRA TAKES OUT BOTH OF THE LUCKY SEVENS!!!

Both M4NTRA members crawl towards each other outside the ring and then help each other up to their feet! They both start playing up again to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

Lance:

M4NTRA have outmaneuvered the Lucky Sevens over the course of this match because they can't get it together! I didn't think I'd see this!

They start up another M4NTRA Ray Dance, but Tom Morrow cuts that off by grabbing both of their arms and getting their attention!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Declan and Nathan look at Tom Morrow who is frantically pointing.

Tom Morrow:

Dance later! Wrestle now! This isn't what Makayla would want!

M4NTRA looks at one another and they realize Morrow is right! Now that they are seemingly on the same page with their manager they both take hold of Max Luck's arms since he's the legal man and both push the giant back into the ring.

Lance:

I never thought that I would ever say these words ... but Tom Morrow ... he's right. They need to focus and I ... (wretching sounds) ... need a paper bag.

DEC4L goes back to his corner and then Nathan Eye is the legal man. He once more goes up top and then waits out Max Luck. The larger half of M4NTRA jumps off the top with a flying cross body on top of Max!

DDK:

Nathan Eye with another big high-flying move!

One ...

Two ...

Max kicks out!

Lance:

Where the heck has Nathan Eye been hiding all of this high flying offense from? We've always known he's an agile man but when he had that fourteen-month layoff due to injury he added about fifteen pounds of muscle and doesn't show any slowdown!

DDK:

I don't know! We may not have always liked their methods in the past, but Tom Morrow recruited some winners in M4NTRA! Two of the best home-grown talent in DEFIANCE Wrestling have gelled together!

Nathan is up and hits the ropes again for his next move with Max Luck down, but Mason is outside the ring! He grabs the leg of Nathan and forcefully drags him to the floor! Mason Luck picks Nathan up and back suplexes him clear on the apron to jeering from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! Eye is hurt badly by the suplex when Mason shoves him back towards the ring and to his twin brother.

Mason Luck:

You're welcome! Now get his ass!

Max Luck can't believe it, but he does find himself agreeing with his brother!

Lance:

Where the heck did Mason come from?

DDK:

I don't know, but he just took it upon himself to attack Nathan Eye and that suplex on the apron just knocked the wind out of him!

Max Luck gets up and with the advantage now back in the corner of the Lucky Sevens and with an opportunity before him to inflict some damage, he goes to pick up Nathan Eye by his arm. He leads him to the corner and twists Nathan's arm around to pull him into an arm wrench. Max is in the corner and then climbs up the ropes. Max gets some cheers but there are also some jeers that seem to get to him by the look on his face but he walks over the ropes to the amazement of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful before he brings the hammer down on Nathan Eye!

Lance:

Max Luck is now Walking the Strip! He just clobbered Nathan Eye with that massive overhead blow to the head!

Max makes a pin on Nathan.

One ...

Two ...

No!

DDK:

I don't know how he kicked out of Walking the Strip after that suplex on the apron, but this is exactly where Nathan Eye does not want to be!

Right away when he does not get the cover, the large Mason Luck reaches for him and then calls right away to bring Nathan to the corner.

Mason Luck:

Just embrace it, man! They're gonna boo us no matter what we do!

Max just shuts out what he's hearing from his twin brother. He muscled his brother into the corner and gets a tag made. Mason shuffles himself over the ropes with Max holding Nathan Eye.

Mason Luck:

Don't let his ass go this time!

Max Luck:

I got it!

Mason and Max both hook a double suplex on Nathan Eye and the Golden State Guru is turned upside down before he is tossed across the ring with the Coin Toss release double suplex! Nathan is looking up at the open sky in agony!

DDK:

That Coin Toss was nasty! They are doing a great job working over the back of Nathan Eye despite the really rocky start!

Mason Luck goes for the cover on Nathan Eye now!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Lance:

Nathan Eye with another kick-out here!

DDK:

But how much more can he hold out for ... oh no! Look at Mason!

Instead of getting angrier that the Coin Toss did not get the pinfall, Mason works out his frustrations on the Inspirational One by wrapping a hand around his throat and choking the life out of Nathan! DEC4L is worrying for the state of his partner as he continues to get choked out. The Golden State Guru kicks out both legs on the mat and he tries to get free of the grip of Mason Luck, but the Maim Event Monster is too strong. When the referee is counting to five to get him to break the count, Mason Luck looks up at him.

Mason Luck:

Shut up! I can count! One, two, three, four, five! Zebra-ass!

Lance:

When Mason Luck said he wanted to go back to the old ways of the Lucky Sevens, he wasn't kidding.

DDK:

Let's be honest: these two have hardly changed their spots. Their list of crimes may include arson and animal cruelty in the past few years, but the DEFIANCE Faithful have been on their side. That doesn't seem to be the case these days!

Mason Luck turns his attention back to punishing Nathan Eye. He grabs the Golden State Guru by his neck but Nathan Eye surprises him with a punch on the jaw. He throws more punches to the side of the head of Nathan but when he comes off the ropes, Mason Luck is able to score with a running axe handle to the face that puts him down on the mat! DEC4L winces from his corner watching his partner get wrecked and Tom Morrow seems perplexed with their current situation.

DDK:

Mason turns it around! He's got Nathan Eye in that pump handle ...

The Mason brings Nathan Eye directly across his knee with the pump handle back breaker!

DDK:

And there is the Jack Pot Drop! Here comes another pinfall attempt! How much more can Nathan Eye take?!

Nathan gets pinned by Mason and a leg is hooked.

One ...

Two ...

DEC4L with a drop kick!

Lance:

That was smart by DEC4L! Trying to help his partner conserve some energy!

DDK:

We'll never know if Nathan Eye could have kicked out of that big pump handle back breaker! The Jack Pot Drop knocked the air out of Mason Luck and it might not be M4NTRA's night at this rate!

Mason Luck grabs Nathan Eye with both his hands around his waist. He is pushed back into the turnbuckle several times to work over his back and then picked up for a bear hug!

Lance:

What a bear hug! We don't see these often in wrestling these days!

DEC4L starts doing what comes to mind ... he starts doing the M4NTRA Ray Dance! The secondhand cringe forces

Tom Morrow to hide his head but the entire fan-filled Oracle Park is cheering on their home town favorite!

"NATE! NATE! NATE! NATE! NATE! NATE! NATE!"

The chants come up and Nathan is starting to see a light. Maybe not one because he is near death, but he hears the people and for once in a M4NTRA match he becomes inspired enough to try and break out by slipping upwards in Mason's grip!

Lance:

I'm stunned! Nathan Eye has almost escaped!

He manages to get on the shoulder of Mason Luck and then rolls over forward into a sunset flip! He tries to get Mason Luck up and over. The Maim Event Monster wiggles in place, but he reaches down and tries to punch Mason Luck only to hit empty canvas instead!

DDK:

Nathan squeezed free of that bear hug and Mason hits the canvas!

Declan Alexander is close to getting the corner with Nathan Eye on the canvas beaten but still alive. Mason Luck is back and then Max tags in. Max climbs over the ropes and he goes towards Nathan Eye and grabs his arm just before he can get the tag!

Lance:

No! Nathan Eye gets cut off by Max!

Max Luck grabs Nathan by his arm! He fights with him and then fights back with punches! Max is rattled but he stops Nathan's momentum with a knee. Nathan is sent into the ropes, but shockingly, Nathan hits the ropes and comes back to take down Max Luck with a big running spear!

DDK:

Two-hundred fifty-one pounds of pure perseverance just rammed itself into Max Luck's chest! That spear is called the Side Eye!

Nathan Eye's last bit of strength takes down Max Luck! Tom Morrow's jaw has dropped to the floor and DEC4L claps and plays to the people!

DDK:

DEC4L GETS THE TAG!!!

Tom Morrow is still holding Nathan Eye's book close to his chest when Declan Alexander jumps into the ring. He launches a big attack just as Max Luck is still trying to recover from the big spear from Nathan Eye when he gets kicked in the head with a step-up enziguri from the former Unified Tag champion! Mason Luck trying to get back to the ring apron when DEC4L comes his way and then rocks him with the Red Line kick!

Lance:

There's another Red Line kick from Declan Alexander! He's all over the place tonight!

When he sees Max Luck trying to get back to his feet, he runs at the giant. Max Luck starts to try and catch him on the shoulder but the Intrepid Influencer is able to land behind him and then turn it into a lung blower!

DDK:

Max Luck is down! But DEC4L doesn't look like he's done with Mason Luck on the outside either!

Still feeling the effects of the Red Line kick, Declan runs at the corner that Mason Luck once stood in and jumps over the ropes. He lands on the apron and then backflips off the apron to catch Mason Luck with a moonsault! The San

Francisco Faithful have gone crazy for Declan's high flying offense!

Lance:

Look at him go! Declan Alexander is a one-man army tonight!

DDK:

Both Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander are out here fighting for Mason Luck did to Makalya Namaste ... allegedly!

DEC4L plays to the people as he jumps back onto the apron and over the ropes. He does a somersault roll forward and just as Max Luck attempts to stand, he gets two feet to the face with a rolling head tuck drop kick!

DDK:

GGEZ!!! WILL THAT BE THE END?!?!?

DEC4L has the leg hooked as tight as he can be!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

At the last moment, Max Luck kicks out of the cover!

DDK:

DEC4L was all over the place there, but only gets a two-count off that!

Lance:

He's ready, though! Look at him!

The POG Champ pumps both fists in the air and he signals for a move the Lucky Sevens have fallen victim to on multiple occasions. When he is sure Max Luck is vulnerable, he leaps at him ...

Lance:

Play of the Game ... NO! Max blocks the move!

Max pushes Declan into the ropes. The blind tag is made from Nathan Eye. Max Luck strikes with a clothesline and Declan Alexander manages to sneak down below. Nathan Eye surprises Max with a bicycle kick to the face! Once he gets stunned, Declan turns him around ...

DDK:

The second time's the charm! Play of the Game lands on Max Luck!

A huge pop erupts in Oracle Park! DEC4L rolls out of the ring and Nathan Eye jumps right into the cover on the Beast of the Bright Lights!

One ...

Two ...

The referee is pulled out of the ring ... BY MASON LUCK!!!

DDK:

Dear God Mason just pulled the referee out of the ring so hard, he rag dolled him! He's out on the floor!

Nathan Eye looks up at Mason Luck who gets back into the ring ...

?????:

HEY!!! HEY!!!

All eyes turn towards a woman in high heels doing her best to run the length of the way down the entrance ramp!

Nathan Eye and DEC4L both look up in the direction of the ramp!

Lance:

WAIT!!! MAKAYLA NAMASTE!!! SHE'S HERE!

DDK:

What's going on here?! That doesn't look like someone who got attacked by Mason Luck!

While all eyes are in the ring, Mason Luck runs in and tries to boot Nathan Eye but he ducks and off the ropes, he is able to get Mason up with a huge spine buster!

DDK:

RISE AND GRIND!!! Nathan just planted the monster!

Nathan Eye looks at Makayla, who is trying to catch her breath.

Declan Alexander:

Makayla! Makayla, what's wrong!

She can't get the words out, but points at Tom Morrow!

Makayla Namaste:

I ... overheard Tom ... he was ... he was talking to one of the Lucks!

Declan turns his head to confront Tom Morrow.

AND GETS NAILED WITH NATHAN EYE'S BOOK TO THE SHOCK OF ALL!!!

Lance:

WHAT?!

The official is still down as Nathan sees what's happening! He's a mixture of shock and anger over what's just happened to his partner!

DDK:

Why did Morrow attack Declan Alexander! Those are his guys!

He jumps through the ropes and he has Tom Morrow by his neck with both hands! The fans are roaring for Nathan sticking up for his friend ... Then he gets grabbed by the skull with a Winning Hand! But not Max or Mason Luck! A long, blonde-haired giant has Nathan Eye by his skull and is squeezing the life out of his skull in between the ropes!

Lance:

DARREN!!! DARREN!!! I KNOW HIM ... THAT'S ... THAT'S MARK LUCK!!! BRAZEN FANS WILL KNOW HIM! HE'S BEEN A PART OF BRAZEN FOR TWO YEARS!!! HE'S THE BROTHER-IN-LAW OF MAX AND MASON!!!

Mark Luck lets go of the grip when Max Luck finally comes around and wants to know what the hell is going on! He gets into Mark Luck's face and the seven foot giants go eye to eye. But in the ring, Mason Luck grabs Nathan Eye while all the ruckus is going on outside the ring! Tom Morrow grabs Makayla's wrist and forces her to watch what's happening to Nathan Eye as he gets picked up and driven into the mat with the Winning Hand Slam!

DDK:

That's it! Winning Hand Slam!!!

The referee is finally back around and makes the cover!

One ...

TWO ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Mason Luck looks outside the ring! Mark Luck climbs inside the ring and he gives his brother-in-law a hand!

Lance:

Since BRAZEN picked up Mark Luck two years ago, he's wanted nothing more than to be able to team with his brothers! He's wanted to join them ... and it looks like he has!

Mason Luck looks out at Tom Morrow and both he and Mark Luck give him a thumbs up! Max Luck looks like he may not have a clue what's going on! Tom Morrow enters the ring and walks in between Mason and Mark Luck! He raises their hands together!

DDK:

And ... MY GOD ... TOM MORROW MADE THIS HAPPEN?! MORROW SOLD THE SEVENS OUT FOR M4NTRA BACK IN 2023!! WHAT IS THIS, BUYER'S REMORSE?!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Max Luck climbs into the ring. He looks at Mark and then at his twin brother.

Then DEC4L comes back in! His head hurts, but he gets back in and grabs Morrow by the throat!

DEC4L:

You dead-ass?! You serious? How the hell could you do this?!

Mason and Mark Luck try and get to DEC4L ... but Max Luck is in his way!

Lance:

No way ... are we about to see a fight?! Between brothers?!

Max gets in Mason and Mark's face and doesn't seem to approve of whatever this new alliance is. He gets a hand ready ... then locks the Winning Hand on DEC4L!!!

DDK:

NO! NO! MAX, TOO?!

Mason grabs DEC4L by the neck and both brothers hit him with Seven Stars! If it were physically possible, the twins and their brother-in-law would be booed out of the stadium!

Lance:

This ... this is disgusting! Tom Morrow has reunited the Lucky Sevens and they have Mark Luck, too!? Makayla Namaste said she overheard Tom Morrow talking to the Lucks! They pulled this off!

The three seven foot behemoths all celebrate what they have just pulled off. Tom Morrow is between the three and they all raise their hands to the sky!

DDK:

I'm still stunned! And ... and what about Lonnie Luck?! Where does he stand with all this?

Makayla is trying to help DEC4L and Nathan Eye. The Lucky Sevens and Tom Morrow depart and Tom Morrow taps a hand.

Tom Morrow:

What can I say?! I still got it!

CAUGHT IN 4K

“What’s the matter?”

Quiet fuming is heard as two images come into view.

“The GLOAT” Mil Veltas, wearing a white fur coat and a white suit underneath with gold rhinestones.

And the much, much taller Dan Leo James in a blue floral suit.

DLJ:

Look... man, I like these suits, but it’s hot outside. And OSCAR wants us to dress like this?

Mil Veltas:

Está bien. Simplemente terminemos con esto... let’s just get this done...

The GLOAT still says nothing.

DLJ:

You okay, hermano? Between all the stuff with Ex-Mom and Ex-Dad, and what happened to you and OSCAR a couple weeks ago... we haven’t really talked about it.

Realizing Danny is a dog with a bone where this subject is concerned, The GLOAT finally stops.

Mil Veltas:

Se suponía que esta era nuestra pelea, Danny.

DLJ:

Eh? Eh... our fight?

Mil Veltas:

Spanish is getting better, Danny...

He sighs.

Mil Veltas:

This was supposed to be ten-man tag tonight. This was OUR fight. OUR chance to stick it to Uriel Cortez, Titaness and all these crazies they adopt for kicking us out over a year ago... And now...

He looks up at Dan.

Mil Veltas: [growling]

We’re just cornermen...

DLJ says nothing.

Mil Veltas:

Danny... cards on table... I joined OSCAR BURNS and put our past issues aside cause you co-signed him. We both had gold and it was great! Best moments of our careers... but... now... we’re standing in a damn corner...

???:

...And you think you’d be doing something much more, right?

DLJ and Mil Veltas turn and both start glaring towards Titaness, rounding a corner. Behind her, she has “The Fury of the Familia” Siofra and “La Angelita” Brooklyn Rivera.

DLJ:

What do YOU want?

Mil Vueltas:

PUTA!

Siofra jumps in for Titaness.

Siofra:

HEY, HEY! When TITANESS speaks... you listen!

Brooklynn Rivera:

And I still OWE your little ass for cheating me in my match with Aaron King! I...

The Pretty Powerful matriarch of the Familia shrugs.

Titaness:

Whoa, whoa, girls, all good.

She turns to Mil.

Titaness:

As for you... GLOAT... sticks and stones, Mil. We just wanted to check with the both of you. Big match tonight...and I'm telling you... Uri and I meant every single word we said. The both of you would be welcomed back with open arms!

DLJ:

At least until you slam me into a LED screen, right?

Titaness shows what appears to be genuine remorse... key word, "appears."

Titaness:

And that was wrong. Uriel even said that... I know this should have been something we should have never done in the first place...

Siofra:

Family fights all the time... take it from me.

Titaness points at Siofra.

Titaness:

True story! Families fight, blood or otherwise, but families still help each other out. You two... you're feeling stuck! OSCAR helped you both get payback on guys like PCP for what they did... got you gold... and now you aren't even on the card like you should be...

She grins.

Titaness:

So... with that in mind, you can either keep doing what you're doing and keep walking BEHIND OSCAR...

She wiggles her fingers in a walking motion behind her back.

Titaness:

Or... you can come home... we can put the past behind us and you can both walk BESIDE us...

Fingers now walking to her side.

Titaness:

Have you given it any more thought?

Mil looks at Danny, then looks back at Titaness

Mil Vueltas:

You know what, Princesa? I... I just did. You give eh... how you say... moment of clarity. We can walk behind you...

He makes the same walking motion with his fingers behind him.

Mil Vueltas:

Or we can walk beside you.

The GLOAT moves his fingers next to him.

Mil Vueltas:

But... I find hidden third option. Me and Danny go our own way... and you walk into this!

A middle finger goes right into Titaness' face as Mil and Danny start cackling at her!

DLJ: [while laughing]

HAHAHA! Good one, my GLOAT!

Siofra:

You disrespectful little sh...

Rivera looks ready to fight, too but Titaness holds a hand up. She even seems amused by the jab.

Titaness:

Still got that sense of humor even while polishing OSCAR's boots. That's really cool, Mil. I don't really know if I could keep that spirit up!

They both stop laughing. Mil is about to jump, but Danny holds him back.

DLJ:

Hey, we gotta save it out for the ring, okay?

Brooklynn Rivera:

Better save it! Cause if y'all don't ride with us after tonight... they ain't a way back on this train.

Titaness:

All good... just think about it. I've said all I'm going to say. Ladies.

As the Titan Gals start to leave, DLJ points towards them.

DLJ:

...AND STAY OUT! WE DON'T WANNA BE SEEN ON CAMERA WITH YOU AND GIVE PEOPLE THE WRONG IDEA! I...

Mil Vueltas:

Danny.

DLJ:

Yeah?

Mil gestures to the camera around them. DLJ seems like he's just finally noticing for the first time... then the giant ginger's face goes ghostly white.

DLJ:

Oh, no... OH, NO... **OH, NO!** MY GLOAT! ME! EX-MOM! CAUGHT IN 4K! OH GOD, OH GOD, OH GOD, OH GOD...

Mil Vueltas:

Danny...

DLJ:

NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO! OH, GOD! I'M THE NEXT COLDPLAY CHEATING COUPLE! I GOT CAUGHT! OH, GOD, NO! NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, THIS IS BAD! THIS IS BAD! OH, GOD I'M GONNA BECOME A MEME... EXTRA, ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT... TIM TILLINGHAST, ALL THE DIRTSHEETS! GOD, THEY'RE GONNA HAVE A FIELD DAY! I WAS CAUGHT TALKING TO THE ENEMY! WHAT...

Mil sighs and just walks over as DLJ is on the verge of a breakdown.

DLJ:

I CAN SEE THE HEADLINES! "GIGA-DAN GIGA-CHEATS!" OH, GOD... OH, GOD...

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. VICTOR VACIO

DDK:

Maximum DEFIANCE is rolling right along, ladies and gentlemen, and we've still got a LOT of action on the way! Without further adieu, let's jump right into our next contest!

Lance:

That's right, Keeps. Kerry Kuroyama's troubles with Los Caídos are about to come to a head when he meets their leader, Victor Vacio, in one on one action.

DDK:

This is a strange one, Lance! As we know, "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas has seemingly been under Vacio's spell since the events that occurred at DEFCON. And for weeks, Kuroyama has been trying to break through to his former tag partner. But Los Caídos have aggressively resisted those attempts, going as far as interfering in Kerry's challenge for the FIST of DEFIANCE two weeks ago in Seattle.

Lance:

We may never understand the unknown motivations and machinations of the Lost Cause has in store for Scott Douglas, but I feel if there's one thing the nihilistic Vacio actually cares about, it's keeping the former SOHER Champion away from his former friends. And there's no telling what lengths he and Los Caídos will go to keep Douglas securely within their influence.

DDK:

There's a lot of unknown factors at play here. Kerry Kuroyama likely has no idea what he's about to walk into. But if it means saving the soul of the other half of Seattle's Best, then I'm sure he'd be willing to walk straight into the jaws of hell itself! Let's go to the ring!

The lights across the arena dim. A tense hush falls over the crowd.

The eerie and familiar piano rings out over the PA.

♪ "Funeral March" by Chopin ♪

The DEFIatron comes alive above the large stage, framed by the towering MAX DEF letters, black-and-white imagery flickers to life: decaying roses, cracked statues with weeping stone eyes, a black snake slithering over a weather worn tombstone; until the screen abruptly freezes on the stark visage of a white masked Victor Vacio, crimson "tears" streaking downward from the eyes.

The curtain parts, and "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio emerges with his head bowed; wearing the new mask featured in the video package, paired with a black knee-length trench coat and full-length black tights. He passes through the giant letters as low-lying smoke fills the stage.

Los Caídos emerge behind him; Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez, imposing and powerful, cracks his knuckles as he steps forward. Gerardo Villalobos, the brute force, stalks forth with a predator's intensity. Corey Nunez, twitchy and intense, vibrates with nervous energy as he circles the others.

Trailing them, hesitant and sullen, is Scott Douglas, Vacio's original mask concealing his face but not his demeanor. Wet hair clings to his neck, peeking out from the leather and lycra. His posture is rigid and uncertain, fists clenching and unclenching at his sides.

The group halts at the head of the ramp as smoke billows around them, the DEFIatron's grim images casting a ghostly glow across the darkened ballpark. Los Caídos and Douglas fall into formation, creating a flanking V behind and to either side of Vacio. Their black masks casting a stark contrast against Vacio's new white visage.

On cue with the music, Victor Vacio lifts his head to reveal the vivid red streaks beneath the eyeholes as the lighting package accentuates the ballyhoo.

Vacio extends his arms outward, palms facing the heavens, as if welcoming oblivion.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall...

The San Fran Faithful get loud and send a wave of boos, as well as a few scattered obscenities, toward Vacio and his crew.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... accompanied to the ring by Los Caídos and Scott Douglas... hailing from Mexico City, Mexico... weighing in at two-hundred and twenty-six pounds... "The LOST CAUSE" ... VICTOR
VAAAAAACIOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Victor Vacio begins a deliberate march down the ramp, each step in time with the piano's relentless march. Los Caídos follows closely behind. As they reach ringside, Vacio ascends the steps and steps through the ropes.

Inside the ring, Victor Vacio stands motionless, soaking in the hostile energy pouring down from the San Fran Faithful. His face covered with this new white mask, he stares unblinkingly into the hard camera, crimson "tears" glistening beneath the stadium lights.

Then, slowly, Vacio lifts his arms outward once more, palms turned skyward...

On either side of him, Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez and Gerardo Villalobos step in close. With near-synchronized precision, they each seize a side of Vacio's trench coat and whip it off his shoulders, revealing his tightly coiled physique under the bright lights of Oracle Park. Vacio reaches back, grips the edges of his white mask, and rips it off his face. His eyes and expression are as empty as ever as he tosses the mask aside.

He steps forward, chest heaving, and glares into a ringside camera. The lights return to full brightness as the final, echoing chords of the Funeral March fade into silence, leaving the Faithful roaring with a mix of hatred and awe.

DDK:

There is a lot of personal history and strife to be settled here tonight, folks.

The stadium goes dark...

BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!
BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!
BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!
BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!

♪ "Blouses Blue" by Konrad OldMoney feat. Cidro OneTwo & Perry Porter ♪

Light suddenly fills the arena when the PRIMEview powers up to a view of animated GREEN and SILVER scales whooshing by. After a moment, a grand serpentine DRAGON flies into full view, and ROARS into the screen!

KRACKA-BOOOOMMM!!

A flashing pillar of levin suddenly EXPLODES over the stage, accompanied by a colorful array of green, purple, and silver pyrotechnics. A series of spotlights arrange themselves into a triangular pattern, with the point of focus resting upon the head of the rampway.

When the pyro smoke clears, two figures gradually come into view. The first is KERRY KUROYAMA, clad in newly customized gear with purple "VV" motifs on the hips to complement the regular emerald and black. Slightly leaning in beside him with her arms crossed and wearing a characteristically wry smile is the Merry Mischief Maker herself, AMI TROY, sporting her finest "SEATTLE'S BEAST TAMER" halter.

The duo accept a greeting of loud cheers from the thousands of fans in attendance. After savoring the reaction for a few moments, Kuroyama dutifully pumps his fists over his head. More pyros. More cheering. Then he begins to descend along the rampway with Ami at his side.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, accompanied to the ring by Ami Troy... he hails from Seattle, Washington, United States, and weighs in at two-hundred and forty-four pounds... representing VAE VICTIS... he is the Emerald Apex... KERRY KUROYAMA!!

Kerry's eyes remain fixated squarely on the ring as he comes down the aisle. When he reaches ringside, he hops straight to the apron and steps through ropes with all the briskness and tenacity of a caged lion.

He climbs the turnbuckle and raises his fist once more to a massive pop from the crowd. Crossing the ring to repeat the action on the other corner, he momentarily pauses to stare down Vacio with a face that plainly gives off FAFO energy. Then he climbs the next turnbuckle, and again raises his fist to more cheers.

Lance:

Kuroyama doesn't seem all that concerned with Los Caídos' advantage in numbers.

DDK:

Well, while Kerry's new manager Ami Troy may not appear to be much in terms of back-up, but I feel one would be a fool to underestimate the daughter of the Queen of the Ring! We've got both competitors ready for action! Official Benny Doyle cues for the bell!

DING DING

The bell rings, and Oracle Park erupts. The Faithful roar their support for Kerry Kuroyama while a tidal wave of boos crashes down on Victor Vacio and Los Caídos lurking at ringside.

DDK:

Listen to this reaction, Lance. The Faithful are firmly behind Kerry Kuroyama tonight. But every ounce of that love is matched by the contempt they hold for Victor Vacio and Los Caídos.

Lance:

Absolutely, Darren. And then there's Scott Douglas. He's the guy nobody knows how to feel about right now. Just a few months ago, he was one of the most beloved names in this company. Now he's stuck in some weird limbo, wearing that mask and running with Los Caídos after losing to Vacio at DEFCON.

DDK:

Douglas has once again found himself in the position of trying to keep his word for the undeserving.

The camera crew catches a shot of Scott Douglas standing on the outside, masked and rigid, his arms folded tightly across his bare chest as his eyes track the two men in the ring.

DDK:

Douglas and Kuroyama have a deep history together. Friends. Tag partners. Rivals. If anyone can break through to Scott Douglas... it might be Kerry Kuroyama.

Inside the ring, Kerry and Vacio begin circling, eyes locked in silent challenge. Kerry surges forward for a lockup, but Vacio instantly ducks out between the middle and top ropes, forcing Benny Doyle to step in and block Kerry from any further action.

Lance:

And Vacio is doing what he does best... Ducking a fair fight while searching for an opening to turn this whole thing into chaos. Doyle has his hands full here, to say the least!

Kerry motions impatiently for Vacio to return. The Faithful boo Vacio's cowardly game plan as he slowly slips back into the ring. He keeps one hand on the ropes, his free arm outstretched to keep Kuroyama back.

DDK:

Two men with starkly different philosophies. Kuroyama is all grit and honor. Vacio... well, he's a man who thrives on manipulation and opportunity.

Benny Doyle urges Vacio to get off the ropes and into the fight. He reluctantly does so, and Kerry moves forward for another tie-up, but Vacio bails again, this time out of the ring. At ringside, shaking his head as he paces, never taking his eyes off The Emerald Apex.

Kerry leans over the ropes, shouting at Vacio to get back inside and fight. The Faithful's thunderous chorus of boos fills the ball park. Benny Doyle starts a count, and Vacio slides in on the four and pops to his feet, but Kerry's already on him.

DDK:

Collar-and-elbow tie-up!

Kerry and Vacio struggle for a moment before Kuroyama can drive Vacio backward into the corner. There, he plants a forearm shot across Vacio's chest for good measure.

And another.

And another.

Benny Doyle calls for a clean break and starts the five count, but on one, Kerry fires off a sharp knife-edge chop that echoes through Oracle Park!

DDK:

What a chop from Kuroyama! You could hear that clear out in McCovey Cove!

Kerry backs off as ordered by the official and allows Vacio to stagger out of the corner, clutching his chest. Before Vacio can get his wits about him, Kerry Kuroyama grabs him by the wrist and yanks him into an arm wringer, twisting down on the joint.

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama ... really grinding on that arm. That's how you keep a man like Vacio from slithering away.

Lance:

If you control the limbs, you control the man. And nobody in DEFIANCE knows how to exploit a joint like The Emerald Apex!

Vacio grits his teeth and tries to maneuver himself free, flipping forward, then rolling backward and coming to his feet, only to be caught in a side headlock.

Victor tries to shove him off. Kerry clamps tighter. Vacio backs into the ropes, attempting to shoot Kerry across the ring. Kerry takes off for the other side of the ring, hits the ropes and returns, ducking Vacio's clothesline attempt, spinning around and catching Vacio with a short-arm clothesline of his own.

DDK:

Short-arm lariat! Kuroyama's putting his mark on this match early!

Vacio sits up, clutching his chest. Kerry hits the ropes, charges back, and drills Vacio with a basement dropkick right to the sternum. Vacio flattens out, gasping for air. Kerry grabs him by the wrist and nape of the neck and pulls him up, shooting him hard into the turnbuckle. Vacio slams back-first into the pads and staggers forward, right into a belly-to-

belly overhead suplex that launches him across the ring!

Lance:

Hell of a suplex from Kerry Kuroyama! He's throwing Vacio around like a sack of potatoes!

The Faithful explode in cheers. Kerry doesn't let up. He stalks Vacio, hauls him up, and hooks him under one arm.

He lifts and ...

DDK:

BLACK MOUNTAIN BOMB!

Kerry plants Vacio in the center of the ring, bridging into the pin.

ONE!

Hugo puts a knee on the apron while grabbing the middle rope ...

DDK:

Kickout at one!

Hugo backs off.

Lance:

The Black Mountain Bomb! Not enough to keep Vacio down at this point in the match, but Kerry Kuroyama isn't taking any chances!

The Faithful remain hot and on their feet as Kerry pulls a punch-drunk Vacio up once more. He whips Vacio into the ropes and sets up for a back body drop ... but Victor Vacio hooks the ropes, falls to the canvas, and rolls out underneath the bottom rope.

The Faithful's enthusiasm for Kerry Kuroyama quickly turns into a cacophony of boos as Vacio stumbles toward Los Caídos, shaking out his arm and clutching his back.

DDK:

Classic Victor Vacio, Lance. He's trying to slow this thing down and break Kerry's rhythm.

Lance:

And the longer he can drag this out, the more likely Los Caídos are to get involved.

Vacio paces at ringside while Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez steps closer, whispering something in his ear. Kerry leans over the ropes, barking at Vacio to get back inside.

Benny Doyle starts his count.

ONE!

Vacio rounds the ring away from Los Caídos as Corey Nunez hops up to the apron, drawing the attention of Kerry and the notice of Doyle.

TWO!

Kerry tries to keep an eye on Nunez and Vacio pacing at ringside.

Not to mention Douglas ...

THREE!

Nunez feigns as if he is going to step through the ropes. All eyes are on Nunez as Vacio slides under the bottom rope and rushes Kerry. Kuroyama can feel Vacio coming and turns around just in time. He ducks a wild swing from Vacio, but that was a blow Vacio never intended to land ...

DDK:

Oh, come on! Right to the eyes!

Kerry staggers back, blinking furiously from the thumb to the eye. Vacio drops back and hits the ropes, trying to quicken the pace. He comes barreling toward the half-blinded Kerry Kuroyama and meets him with a high knee to the face.

The Faithful react to the sound it makes in the ball park. Somewhere between a crack and a thud, either way, it didn't sound pleasant.

Kerry crumples to the mat. Vacio circles and grabs Kerry's right arm and stomps on the inside of the elbow. Then again. Then a third time, twisting his heel down like he's trying to stamp out a lit cigarette.

Lance:

Classic strategy from a man who claims to believe in nothing... except inflicting pain.

Kerry writhes and kicks at the mat, trying to roll away, but Vacio stays on him. He drops down into an arm bar and wrenches back, hyperextending the elbow and pulling at the shoulder joint from an unnatural angle. Benny Doyle drops down to check for a submission, but Kerry shouts a defiant no and reaches out for the ropes.

The Faithful rally behind him.

LET'S GO KERRY! (clap clap, clap-clap-clap)

LET'S GO KERRY! (clap clap, clap-clap-clap)

LET'S GO KERRY! (clap clap, clap-clap-clap)

Kerry claws at the mat, dragging himself inch by inch toward the bottom rope. The Faithful rise in anticipation as his fingers stretch out for salvation. Just as his fingertips are going to brush the rope, Corey Nunez hops onto the apron ... drawing Doyle's attention.

DDK:

Of course. Just when Kerry is about to get a break of the hold legally, here comes Nunez!

Doyle turns to intercept Nunez, leaving Kerry completely exposed.

Ami Troy rounds the corner like a shot out of a cannon, pointing and screaming at Nunez. She slaps the apron, drawing even more attention from the official.

Lance:

Ami's had enough. And who can blame her?

But the chaos only creates more cover.

Behind Doyle's back, Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez plants a stiff right hand across Kerry's jaw from the floor. Gerardo Villalobos shoulders up to Lips and follows with one of his own. Then another from each, respectively. The pair of fists beat on Kerry while Vacio continues to torque the arm.

DDK:

This is a mugging. A mugging!

Lance:

Vacio has Kerry tied up and they're just teeing off... And Benny Doyle hasn't seen a thing. He has to get some order here!

Kerry's body bucks from the impact. His hand, still desperately reaching for the ropes, falls limp for a moment before curling into a trembling fist.

Vacio pulls back harder.

Ami yells louder, frantically trying to get Doyle's attention. Douglas remains on the far side of the ring, not moving, but something flickers in his posture. His arms, still crossed, but the tension in his shoulders tightens.

DDK:

For the love of ...

Finally, at Ami's behest, Doyle turns back to check on the competitors. Nunez hops down to the ringside floor, and Doyle finds Hugo and Gerardo nowhere near Kerry or Victor... but Kerry Kuroyama has a handful of the bottom rope.

Doyle immediately starts the count, but the damage has been done.

Lance:

Doyle's only seeing the aftermath here! This is ridiculous!

ONE!

Vacio doesn't even let the count get to two before he releases the hold and rises to his feet. He leans down, mutters something inaudible in Kerry's ear, and slaps him across the face.

An already enraged Ami Troy slams her hands on the apron over and over again, nearly climbing halfway up as she screams for Kerry to fight back. Again, the Faithful begin to rally behind The Emerald Apex.

LET'S GO KERRY! (clap clap, clap-clap-clap)

LET'S GO KERRY! (clap clap, clap-clap-clap)

LET'S GO KERRY! (clap clap, clap-clap-clap)

Kerry stirs, pushing up from the mat.

DDK:

The ever resilient Kerry Kuroyama, back on his feet now --

But Vacio shuts it down with a brutal thrust kick to the side of the head. Kerry staggers back into the ropes.

Vacio spins around off the momentum of the kick and nearly runs into Doyle. He stops himself but stands in Doyle's way while ...

Just as Kerry leans into the ropes, Hugo Gonzalez reaches up and low bridges The Emerald Apex. Kerry tumbles over the top rope and crashes hard to the outside.

Lance

The numbers game strikes again!

Corey Nunez immediately leaps onto the apron again, hollering at Doyle, drawing his attention away.

On the outside, right in front of the commentary table, Hugo and Gerardo put the boots to the downed Kuroyama. Kerry tries to cover up, but there's no room to breathe.

Lance

This is disgusting! A full-on gang assault right in front of us, and Benny Doyle hasn't got a clue!

DDK:

Corey Nunez running distraction here, and meanwhile, Kerry is getting dismantled.

Ami Troy, again, yelling for Benny Doyle to turn around, but her voice is swallowed by the roar of the Faithful and the barking of Los Caídos. Across the ring, Victor Vacio slithers out under the bottom rope but rather than join in on the attack, he snatches a chair from the timekeeper's area and heads around the ring toward the rampside.

He locks eyes on Ami Troy.

Lance:

Oh no. What the hell is this?

Vacio stalks toward Ami with slow, deliberate steps.

DDK:

No. He wouldn't ...

Ami keeps shouting toward the ring at Doyle ... but now, wary of the approaching threat. She begins to back away from the ring, but she waits too long and now Vacio is on her, within feet.

DDK:

I think he might --

Suddenly, without a word, Douglas appears in frame from behind Vacio and yanks the chair from his hands.

A pop from the Faithful.

DDK:

Scott Douglas! Douglas just took the chair away!

Vacio turns slowly to face him. The two men stand nose to nose, Vacio whispering something venomous through his teeth. Douglas doesn't flinch.

DDK:

Could it be that there's still some of that old "Sub Pop" left in Scott Douglas!?

Lance:

Possibly, Keeps! But this is the least of Vacio's worries right now!

Before it can escalate further, Gerardo and Hugo roll Kerry back into the ring on the far side. Corey drops his ruse to go and get between Vacio and Douglas. Benny Doyle, now freed up, finally turns and sees Vacio on the floor.

ONE!

Vacio stares at Douglas a moment longer...

TWO!

... then backs off with a smirk and rolls under the bottom rope. Kerry is barely stirring and Vacio wastes no time, pulling him up and hooking him in.

DDK:

Swinging neckbreaker! And a cover...

ONE!

TW --

Kerry kicks out!

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama is showing why he just had a shot of the FIST two weeks ago.

Lance:

Which was ruined by Vacio and his band of bullies! If not for their appearance, we might be calling Kuroyama in his first FIST defense, here at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

Vacio snarls now, pulling Kerry up again. He hooks the arm, whips him into the ropes, and drops for a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker but no! Kerry spins out mid-air and collapses into a heap, clutching the bad shoulder, but avoiding the move.

Lance:

What instinct!

DDK:

Instinct! Desperation! Either way ... Kerry Kuroyama still has fight left in him!

Vacio rises slowly, annoyed. Kerry stumbles to one knee.

The Faithful begin to stomp, clap and chant for Kerry once more.

Vacio grabs Kerry by the hair and hauls him upright, but Kerry fires up with a sudden burst of energy...

A forearm.

Another.

A spinning back elbow catches Vacio clean on the jaw.

DDK:

Kerry firing back!

The Faithful explode. Vacio stumbles back, and Kerry charges and the lariat connects. Vacio pops up dazed. Kerry hits the ropes again...

DDK:

Another lariat!

Kerry whips Vacio across the ring, ducks down and launches him with a big-time back body drop.

The Faithful are on their feet now.

Lance:

And just like that... Kerry Kuroyama is on a second wind and might win this thing after all!

The Emerald Apex pulls Vacio to his feet, spins him into a waistlock and ...

DDK:

German suplex!

Lance:

... bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

TH --

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Not quite. Kerry Kuroyama has to keep the pressure on here and keep his head on a swivel for these jackals at ringside.

Kerry gets back to his feet, wincing as he grabs at his shoulder, but keeps moving. He spins around behind Vacio as he rises, grabs the leg...

DDK:

Dragon Screw!

The San Fran Faithful roars once again as Vacio collapses, clutching his knee. Kerry stalks him, pulling Vacio up by his hair ...

Lance:

I mean, come on! Again with this?

Corey Nunez is back on the apron again, but Ami Troy has had enough.

She storms around the corner and snatches Nunez's ankle, yanking him down to the floor. Nunez spins to face her, mouth already running, and she CLOCKS him in the face!

DDK:

Ami Troy has had it with this nonsense!

Lance:

And yet again, Benny Doyle is dealing with everything except the actual match!

Doyle leans over the ropes, trying to calm this situation at the ringside ... Ami's involvement briefly catches Kerry's attention as well.

And now with both of their backs turned ... Gerardo hops on the apron, Kerry turns around just in time to catch a stiff lariat across the chest and shoulder. He collapses to the canvas.

Lance:

That's how fast it turns with Vacio and his crew.

Kerry clutches his worked-over shoulder as he writhes on the canvas.

DDK:

Every time Kerry gets something going, one of those masked goons slams the door shut.

Before Gerardo can get out of sight, Doyle turns to find him on the apron. Just as Hugo tries to slide a chair to Vacio on the opposite side. Doyle looks at Gerardo, then Hugo ... then back at Nunez still jaw jacking Ami... and he's had enough.

Doyle storms back and forth, shouting and pointing at each of the three, and then he signals...

DDK:

He's tossing them! He's throwing Los Caídos out of here!

Lance:

About time! Outta here! I don't know if he has even noticed Scott Douglas out here though...

Gerardo slams the apron in frustration. Hugo snarls something behind his mask as Corey throws his arms up, arguing that Ami struck him, and she should go as well. Doyle won't hear any of it and starts the standing ten count for the downed opponents.

ONE!

The trio regroup near the bottom of the ramp, yelling back at Doyle as DEFsec comes down to ensure they are leaving.

TWO!

Douglas stays where he is, expression unreadable, watching it all unfold.

THREE!

DDK:

Now it's one-on-one. Just Kerry. Just Vacio. Just the fight.

FOUR!

Lance:

Assuming one of them gets up ...

Vacio is stirring. Though his backup have been sent packing, this has all given him plenty of time to recover.

FIVE!

Kerry rolls over, still favoring his shoulder, he reaches for the ropes to pull himself up.

SIX!

Vacio makes it to a knee but seems to be bidding his time, his eyes laser-focused on Kerry.

SEVEN!

Kerry pulls himself up by the ropes and finds himself in the corner. Vacio decides it's time to strike and charges.

Kerry rolls out of the way.

Vacio uses his momentum to run up the turnbuckle and moonsault off ...

But Kerry has it scouted.

He catches Vacio mid-rotation across his shoulder, gut first. Kerry winces on the impact.

DDK:

Kerry's got him!

Lance:

But can he do anything with him! He's been favoring that shoulder through out this match up...

Kerry grits his teeth and digs deep...

DDK:

EMERALD FLOWSION!

Vacio bounces off the mat like he was shot from a cannon. The Faithful ERUPT.

Lance:

Will this be enough!? It's not quite the Kuroyama Driver but ... in a pinch it's close!

Kerry drops to one knee, clutching his shoulder, sucking wind ... but he quickly gathers himself and makes the cover.

DDK:

Hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR --

Vacio kicks out at two-point-nine!

The entire ballpark groans.

Kerry presses his forehead to the mat. He can't believe it.

The Faithful are at a fever pitch.

KERRY!

KERRY!

KERRY!

Kerry rises, fists clenched. He circles behind Vacio and calls for the Kuroyama Driver. He pulls Vacio's limp body up from the mat and hooks the arm, but just before he lifts and flips Vacio up onto his shoulder ...

Victor makes the slips and, with his feet on the mat, pushes Kerry forward ...

He slams into Benny Doyle, their heads bounce off one another, sending them both to the mat.

Vacio collapses to a knee; he doesn't have much left, and with Los Caidos gone ... he signals to the ringside. Scott Douglas watches, frozen, as Vacio points to the same chair Douglas took from "The Lost Cause" earlier.

Victor Vacio:

¡TERMINALO! ¡AHORA!! [gasping] ¡AHORA!!

Douglas hesitates.

Victor Vacio:

¡Haz lo que se te ordenó! Diste tu palabra... ¡Cumple tu promesa! ¡Diste tu palabra!

Reluctantly, Scott picks up the chair and slides it into the ring. Vacio gets back to his feet, albeit shaky.

Victor Vacio: [struggling to his feet]

¡No, no... tú terminarás esto! ¡Vas a acabar con tu amigo!

Douglas inhales deeply and exhales in exasperation... as he pulls himself up onto the apron. The Faithful are nuclear. Kerry Kuroyama slowly pulls himself up, staggering, unaware of the situation unfolding. He finds himself sandwiched between Victor and Scott.

And Scott's got a chair, but he doesn't seem very sure in his actions.

Vacio:

¡Ahora! ¡AHORA!

Douglas raises the chair.

Lance:

Don't do it, Scott. Please, don't do it! Honor, promises ... stipulations be damned ...

Douglas hesitates.

Vacio:

¡Pinche gringo! ¡AHORA!

Douglas swings.

Kerry ducks.

CRACK!

The chair echoes across Oracle Park as it crashes across Vacio's skull.

Vacio collapses.

Lance:

HE HIT VACIO! DOUGLAS BLASTED HIM WITH THE CHAIR!

DDK:

There have been some amazing hits in this park but tonight ... that might be the best!

Douglas stands frozen. Then drops the chair. Drops to the mat. Rolls out under the ropes and backs up the ramp, dragging the chair with him.

Kerry shakes his head in disappointment... disappointment in this match, in Scott Douglas, maybe in himself for letting it even get this far. Either way, it's time to finish this...

Lance:

Not the way Kerry Kuroyama wanted to win this match, Keeps!

Kerry checks on Doyle as he is coming to.

DDK:

Fair enough, but Vacio's tactics and his unleashed dogs made a fair fight impossible here tonight.

Kerry grabs Vacio by the wrist and straightens him out a bit for a pin, but before he makes the cover... he looks out to the San Fran Faithful filling the ball park... the longer he looks out, the louder they get, the more hype...

They want to see Vacio get what he deserves ...

Kerry pulls "The Lost Cause" up from the mat, his forehead starting to trickle a little bit of blood from that chairshot. He sets him up, hooks the arm between his legs and ...

DDK:

KUROYAMA DRIVER! And the cover ...

Lance:

This is paint by numbers at this point but the Faithful of San Francisco are loving it!

ONE!

TWO!

...

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Blouses Blue" by Konrad OldMoney and Sleep Steady ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match, by pinfall... KEEERRRRRRRYYYYYY

KUUUURROOOOYAAAAAAAAAAMMMMAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama has done it! With everything stacked against him... he pulled it off!

Lance:

Indeed, Keeps ... He beat Victor Vacio, he overcame the odds, the interference ... but we have to wonder ... did Douglas hesitate? ... or pick his spot?

Benny Doyle, still ailing, raises Kerry's hand, but Kerry's eyes aren't on the official. He's looking toward top of the ramp. Scott Douglas stands in front of the massive MAXDEF letter, still gripping the dented chair.

Douglas doesn't move. Doesn't gesture. Doesn't speak. The mask hides it all.

DDK:

He could have finished Kerry off... That's what Victor Vacio wanted. But... was that a decision? Or just hesitation?

The camera cuts back to Kerry in the ring with Ami, his form arms draped over the top rope/ramp side.

Lance:

He didn't help Kuroyama. Not really. He just didn't follow through.

The camera cuts back to Douglas as an equally confused and furious Los Caídos come through the curtain and down the ramp.

Cut back to the ring, Kerry backs off the ropes just enough to be ready if he needs to be ... but Vacio's masked men don't attempt to storm the ring, rather they round the farside and pull their fallen leader out of the ring.

At the top of the ramp, Douglas is still there. Still watching. Still unreadable.

Lance:

The Emerald Apex stands tall tonight. He did it the hard way. But look at the bigger picture, Darren.

DDK:

Vacio's down. Kerry's still standing. And Scott Douglas? He's somewhere in between, I suppose!

Los Caidos help Vacio up the ramp, in between cuts, Douglas has disappeared from the stage.

Kerry Kuroyama stands in the center of the ring, Ami Troy raising his hand. He is beaten and a bit bruised, but he came out on top.

Cut to elsewhere.

LUMBERJACK MATCH: OSCAR BURNS vs. URIEL CORTEZ

DDK:

What a match that we have next up for Maximum DEFIANCE! Two men who aren't exactly fan favorites are about to collide! Up next, it's a rare Lumberjack Match! It's OSCAR BURNS of the GC Universe taking on Titanes Familia's father figure, "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez!

Lance:

Titanes Familia have continued to not only grow in size, but overall danger as well! This started after they were victorious as a family at DEFCON over the Lads in the first-ever Familia Feud Rules match, thanks to help from Siofra and Kilgore! After they welcomed the pair into the Familia, they were interrupted by the GC Universe of all people!

DDK:

OSCAR BURNS seemingly took umbrage with Uriel Cortez proclaiming DEFIANCE as his. Since then, both of these groups have been at each other's throats, culminating into tonight's match!

Lance:

Originally slated as a five-on-five tag team match between the Familia and the GC Universe, OSCAR flipped that on his head after he lost a match via DQ to Killjoy, thanks in part to some unwanted interference by "The GLOAT" Mil Vueltas. After Uriel and Titaness both offered Mil Vueltas and Dan Leo James a chance to return to the stable, OSCAR kiboshed that and demanded this match in its place. Uriel accepted under the condition of Lumberjack Rules!

DDK:

Can you believe the gall of Uriel Cortez and Titaness? Offering to have Mil Vueltas and Dan Leo James return to the Familia after they gave them the boot in the first place! No way they'd take that deal! OSCAR isn't exactly a bastion of good these days, but still!

Lance:

That may be true, but we have seen this issue really get to OSCAR. Normally a smart man, a series of setbacks to the likes of Elise Ares and Kerry Kuroyama at major shows may be weighing heavily on his place in DEFIANCE. This is a man that constantly proclaims himself to be DEFIANCE... but we'll see if he can slay the giant tonight and if the GC Universe is greater than Titanes Familia, who have been on the roll of their collective careers with Uriel at the helm!

The camera cuts to Hall of Famer Darren Quimbey in the ring ready to read the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a LUMBERJACK MATCH scheduled for one fall! Per the stipulation as agreed upon by both competitors, both the members of the GC Universe and Titanes Familia will be serving as the official Lumberjacks surrounding the ring! First... Introducing the Lumberjacks...

*♪ Father, father, unforgivable
This is my house, you made it personal ♪*

On the DEFIatron, is "The Pretty Powerful" Titaness. Wearing black pants, a sleeveless gold top with a hood over her head, wearing her gold weightlifting chain over shoulders.

*♪ It's always trouble when they go too far!
Nobody mess with my familia ♪*

Now showing the MONSTROUS Killjoy. Under a black sleeveless coat of his own with a gold and black mask covering his face.

*♪ Father, father, could you bless his soul?
He talking crazy, I may lose control ♪*

The form of “La Angelita” Brooklynn Rivera, wearing a black jacket with a Puerto Rican flag patch.

*♪ It's always trouble when they go too far!
Nobody mess with my familia ♪*

Finally... “The Fury of the Familia” Siofra, along with her charge, the Familia’s Animal, Kilgore!

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

Under a pair of gold spotlights, all members of the Familia, less Cortez himself, stand on the stage painting a terrifying picture of what will lurk at ringside. All five of the members of Titanes Familia have on matching red ojo bracelets on their sleeves. Led by Titaness, Kilgore and Siofra follow while behind them, “La Angelita” Brooklynn Rivera and “The Good Son” Killjoy head down the ramp.

Lance:

We have seen Uriel Cortez wear that same red ojo bracelet. A Familia signature that to them, indicates protection for their family. Fitting, considering most others need protection FROM these monsters.

DDK:

We have seen the Familia at their absolute best for themselves while being the absolute worst for anyone that crosses them. They won at DEFCON. They’ve been running through the GC Universe. And tonight, if OSCAR BURNS is unlucky enough to fall out of that ring anywhere near Familia territory, they won’t hesitate to hurt him.

One by one, the Familia surrounds ringside, Siofra eyes the camera and pats Kilgore on the chest, then does the same to Killjoy.

Siofra:

STAY INSIDE THAT RING, OR WE'RE GONNA TAKE YOU APART!

Titaness:

Whatever Hubby leaves for the rest of us, we're gonna finish what's left!

Brooklynn Rivera rips the camera to herself.

Brooklynn Rivera:

YOU'RE ALL FUCKING DONE!

As the Titan Gals, Killjoy and Kilgore surround the ring, they wait on the GC Universe members... and that happens when off to the side of the stage, a sleek SVU limo pulls up. Once it reaches the side of the stage, it pulls up...

*♪ So much paper locked in my ball
You name it, we did it
All my homies they got called
But we are here, still get me
Whole love, oh, wow
These acting like bitches
And haters coming from every corner
And mad at all of my riches ♪*

♪ "Get Money" by Akon and Aneul AA ♪

The doors open and one at a time, the lumberjacks of the GC Universe climb out of the stretch limo, looking glam as OSCAR BURNS dress code requires them too.

“Giga” Dan Leo James in a blue floral suit, mewing for the camera. FLEX behind him, wearing a sleeveless gold-

colored suit and dark sunglasses. Aaron King, wearing a white suit with a pink tie. "The GLOAT" Mil Vuelas, wearing a white fur coat and a white suit underneath with gold rhinestones. And behind the four of them... The GC Universe's official spokesman, Sonny Silver in a dark charcoal suit!

DDK:

These might be the most nicely-dressed lumberjacks I've ever seen!

Lance:

It's rare that we see a Lumberjack Match in DEFIANCE at all, but Uriel Cortez would call for this stipulation on account of both groups don't shy from who they are. They cut corners and use numbers. Might as well have it all out in the open!

Sonny Silver and Mil Vuelas lead the charge. As they get to ringside, Titaness makes a heart with her hands towards Mil Vuelas and Dan Leo James in particular. The two former Familia members look less than pleased and ignore her completely before they take their side.

Mil Vuelas:

Keep your heart to yourself, cabron!

DLJ:

SCREW YOU, EX-MOM!

Aaron King:

GET AWAY FROM OUR SIDE... you know, unless, Brooklynn's free!

Brooklynn gives him the finger from her side. FLEX and Sonny Silver all take their sides at ringside and their coats come off in case a fight breaks out. Now that the lumberjacks have been introduced...

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

The entire arena goes dark...

And a single gold spotlight shines. The TOWERING Titan standing in the spotlight has his back turned to the stage, arms wide open! He turns to face the ring and shows off all new gear... a black singlet with blood-red trim, along with a specific message written across the back of the singlet in white:

OSCAR/DEF'S DADDY

♪ "Big Poppa" by Notorious B.I.G. ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Looking smug, Uriel tugs down on the shirt so it's nice and clear for The Faithful at home to read.

Lance:

Well, that message could not be more clear tonight! And that choice of music tonight, too.

DDK:

What's even more amazing than just Uriel Cortez's size... he's become such a manipulator. He did it to Scott Douglas. He did it to The Lads and he's done it to OSCAR BURNS himself.

♪ *To all the ladies in the place with style and grace
Allow me to lace these lyrical douches in your bushes (Uh)
Who rock grooves and make moves with all the mamsis?*

*The back of the club, sippin' Moët is where you'll find me (What?)
The back of the club, mackin' hoes, my crew's behind me (Uh)
Mad question askin', blunt passin'
Music blastin', but I just can't quit ♪*

Sauntering to the ring bathed in a gold spotlight, Uriel Cortez rocks a brand new pair of gold-tinted round sunglasses. He heads on down to the ring with both sets of lumberjacks surrounding the ring. He reaches over to his side and gives a kiss to Titaness. He then looks over to the GC Universe Lumberjacks and winks towards Mil Vueltas and DLJ, who both look disgusted. After that, he pulls himself onto the ropes and into the ring. His MASSIVE back is to the camera.

Darren Quimbey:

Currently residing in New Orleans, Louisiana... standing at SEVEN-FOOT ONE AND A HALF... weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED FORTY-ONE POUNDS... He is The Man of The House... The Baddest Dad... The Titan of Industry... BIIIIIIIIIG Papa Tez... **URIEL CORTEZ!**

Papa Tez stands tall and the shades come off, along with the OSCAR/DEF'S DADDY shirt. He comes to a rest and waits for his opponent to arrive.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...He is DEFIANCE! He is FAVOURED SAINTS! He is PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING ITSELF! And most importantly, he stands at the VERY CENTER of the GC UNIVERSE... He weighs in at 245 of the most important pounds that have ever been measured in the history of his company...

Dramatic paus.

Darren Quimbey:

OSCARRRRRRRRRR... BURRRRRRRNNNNNNNS!

Worlds flash all across the screen and all across the LED boards...

**TWO-TIME FIST OF DEFIANCE
FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION
HE IS DEFIANCE
HE IS FAVOURED SAINTS
HE IS PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING ITSELF
ALL GRAPS
ALL CAPS**

All of these words flash across the screen until they settle on just one...

OSCAR BURNS

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

The symphonic rock starts to play and alone on the aisle, stands OSCAR BURNS with the Golden Shovel in hand! Raising up from a platform beneath the ring, a familiar form begins to rise up! Wearing a green cape draping behind his back, brand new green and white tights with green boots and white wrist tape, surrounded on either side of him by white pyro...

DDK:

And here he comes. We begrudgingly sing his praises each time that he makes an appearance like this... but one of the best big-match wrestlers that we have in DEFIANCE today!

Lance:

And he's got the coveted Golden Shovel with him!

OSCAR BURNS steps off the platform. He holds the Golden Shovel up, then brings it down as a SHOWER of sparks falls from the ceiling!

DDK:

And there goes our entire pyro budget!

After the shower ends, one of DEFIANCE's biggest stars heads towards the ring with intent to make an example out of Uriel Cortez! Once he reaches the ring, OSCAR looks at both sides of the ring and what awaits him. The GC Universe to his left. Titanes Familia to his right! Carefully walking through the masses, he holds his hand out and bestows the Golden Shovel to Sonny Silver, who accepts it like a weapon. OSCAR looks up directly at Uriel Cortez who backs up all the way to the other side of the ring. OSCAR quickly sheds his cape and then heads up the steps near the GC Universe side. He wipes his feet on the apron and enters.

DDK:

Here we go!

Referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell...

DING DING

The two start to circle up when a pair of hands reaches to grab OSCAR's leg! That of Siofra! OSCAR instinctively turns, only to get BLINDSIDED from Uriel Cortez with a knee to the back!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Siofra laughs in the face of OSCAR as he's down! Meanwhile, The Man of the House stands over him and holds out his shirt.

DDK:

Right off the bat, Titanes Familia's ringside presence just threw OSCAR off his game!

Cortez holds the "OSCAR/DEF'S DADDY" shirt over OSCAR'S head and waves it. The crowd boos Uriel when he wraps the shirt around his neck! OSCAR flails his arms around before the Kiwi is pushed into the corner and launched across the ring with a HUGE BIEL! Burnsie hits the mat back-first and goes skittering across the ring. Uriel looks out to his Familia on the outside and starts enjoying himself!

Lance:

Uriel getting extra-ruthless here right off the bat and what a throw! OSCAR is a 250-pound man and he just got thrown across the ring like a child!

DDK:

And now look at him!

As OSCAR tries to pull himself back up to his feet, Uriel gets himself ready. He positions himself in the corner and like a massive freight train, he rushes across the ring and SLAMS his entire 340-pound frame directly into the former two-time FIST! BURNS falls to his knees and holds his chest in pain while The Man of the House talks his trash.

Uriel Cortez:

What are we doing here, Osk? Come on.

He moves on to try and stomp the chest of OSCAR, but he rolls out of the way at the last second and makes it to his feet. Uriel grunts and rushes over, but OSCAR smacks him with a hefty European uppercut under the jaw! He doubles him over with a kick to the knee before firing off a few more uppercuts to the cheers of The Faithful!

DDK:

OSCAR doing everything he can to fight right now against the big man with those uppercuts!

He runs at the ropes, but Papa Tez stops him in his tracks with a massive running back elbow first! OSCAR gets knocked down and Uriel boots him out of the ring!

Lance:

Right away, we're off with the lumberjacks!

OSCAR barely lands on his feet when he sees Titaness trying to attack him, only to block a shot and push her away! Kilgore charges at him next and he gets ROCKED by a massive elbow smash from the Center of the GC Universe before he frantically rolls back into the ring. He looks up to see Uriel waving at him before he buries a boot into BURNS's chest!

Lance:

OSCAR was almost in harm's way right from the jump of this match! These Lumberjacks are only supposed to be throwing their competitors back into the ring, but this isn't going to be that type of Lumberjack match, is it?

DDK:

I suspect not! Everyone at ringside has a clear bias!

Uriel grabs onto OSCAR and hits him with a huge short-arm knee strike to the gut followed by a big mat slam that whiplashes OSCAR to the canvas! Uriel follows that immediately with a HUGE elbow drop to the heart of the Kiwi! OSCAR rolls over in pain while instead of going for a cover... Uriel goes willingly to the outside - The Familia side - and Titaness and Brooklynn pull up a steel chair for him to sit on!

Lance:

Well, how nice. Ugh.

DDK:

Like you said, this won't be a regular Lumberjack match!

Uriel has a good sit outside the ring while his wife gets him a bottle of water. The other members of the GC Universe watch from the other side and Uriel smirks, knowing he's got his Familia at his side in case they try to bring him back in. He leans over to give a kiss to Titaness while OSCAR is still in the ring trying to pull himself up near the ropes.

Lance:

Glad he has enough time to take a quick break outside the ring... and I think break time's over!

The Man of the House heads back into the ring and when he sees OSCAR, he makes a beeline towards him. When OSCAR sees him, he pulls the ropes down and sends the Titanes Familia patriarch up and over! Uriel tries to hang on, but BURNS grabs his arm and whiplashes it over the ropes! Cortez yelps out in pain and drops to the floor as FLEX, Aaron King and even Sonny Silver rush in to take some free shots on the big man! BURNS sits up and looks to the outside.

OSCAR BURNS:

SAY HI TO MY FAMILIA, YOU GIANT PONCE!

As Uriel is on the ground, FLEX, King and Sonny put the boots to him in particular with some MMA-style kicks to his back and to the cheers of The Faithful!

Sonny Silver:

Chop THIS, you dumb son of a bitch!

They continue fighting! Noticeably, though... Mil Vueltas and DLJ are watching. OSCAR starts pointing and yelling at

the ex-Familia members to jump in! They nod and start moving that way, but Uriel blocks a kick and PUSHES Sonny onto the ground!

DDK:

Uriel's fighting back! With his size, it'll be easier for him to do so than OSCAR!

He grabs FLEX and SMACKS him with a massive chop! King jumps on him with a few forearms, but Uriel pushes him off to the side. Uriel makes eye contact with Danny and Mil.

Uriel Cortez:

Don't listen to that stupid Kiwi! You can still jo...

But a baseball slide from OSCAR BURNS catches Uriel in the back and sends him crashing forward into the barricades!

Lance:

I don't know what was up with that hesitation on the part of Mil Vueltas and DLJ!

As Uriel stumbles around the ringside area, OSCAR BURNS gets a running start and takes flight off the ring apron to SMASH The Man of The House with a running high knee strike off the apron! Cortez goes down on the floor! BURNS now stands over him.

DDK:

Me, neither! But more to the point, Uriel Cortez's mission to try and sway Mil Vueltas and DLJ back to their side may have cost him!

Lance:

Mil Vueltas in particular isn't in OSCAR's good graces right now after it was his interference that may have cost him a win over Killjoy two weeks ago in Seattle!

OSCAR casts a glare towards Dan and Mil, who both try and get involved, but OSCAR cuts them off.

OSCAR BURNS:

NEXT TIME HE'S OUT HERE, YOU HIT HIM!

He nods at FLEX and Aaron King, who both go over and help get Uriel Cortez's big body back into the ring. OSCAR then goes back inside the ring and then waits on the middle rope. As Uriel tries to get back up, OSCAR takes flight with a HUGE flying uppercut off the middle rope that knocks down the giant!

DDK:

What a flying uppercut! Cortez is down and BURNS rolls into the first cover of the match!

ONE!

TW...

With power with a capital POWER behind it, OSCAR gets pushed clear off the big man and through the ropes! Right away, the Familia's Attack Dog, Kilgore comes running and DRAGS the All-Caps Grappler through the ropes where both Titaness and Brooklynn Rivera pounce!

Lance:

Just a kickout allowed Uriel Cortez to turn the tables!

DDK:

But here comes the GC Universe!

Titaness and Brooklynn Rivera both see Mil Vueltas and DLJ coming their way, along with Sonny Silver behind him brandishing OSCAR's fabled Golden Shovel! They both back off and then Titaness yells at Benny Doyle that he has a weapon!

Sonny Silver:

Can't use it on your hubby, but I WILL use this on any of you!

And with that, a Mexican standoff takes places with OSCAR BURNS smack-dab in the middle of the GC Universe and the Titanes Familia members in front of the ring! As they do so, Dan Leo James goes over to try and help OSCAR to his feet, only to get a shove back so OSCAR can get back into the ring apron!

OOOOOOH!

OSCAR pays DLJ no mind as Uriel tries to intercept him, only for OSCAR to jab a thumb into his eye and then pull his neck over the top rope!

Lance:

I don't even think OSCAR meant to do that, but he's in that ring!

Mil and Dan Leo James talk amongst themselves as OSCAR heads into the ring. He has Cortez lined up and then charges forward, running into his left leg with a NASTY chop block that brings the big man down to a knee! The Man of the House howls in pain while OSCAR gets back up and nails him upside the head with a big rounding enzugiri!

DDK:

Big enzugiri by OSCAR BURNS! He's got the big man down and goes for another cover!

Lance:

And away from the ropes this time!

OSCAR hooks the leg he chop blocked for the cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Papa Tez kicks out again!

DDK:

Another kickout by the big man... but OSCAR is already on him!

BURNS looks carefully behind him to ensure that there's no members of the Familia before he hits the ropes and comes back with a HUGE basement dropkick to the side of Cortez's face! The Faithful cheer him on as Uriel crawls towards the nearby ropes out of instinct. He pulls Benny Doyle close and starts to thank DEFIANCE's head referee for recent stock portfolio tips... all the while, FLEX is choking the neck of Cortez over the bottom rope behind his back! FLEX looks over and laughs at the rest of the GC Universe who are cheering. Mil and DLJ, considerably less.

Lance:

Neither side is really playing fairly at the moment, but the crowd seemed to have chosen their side tonight with OSCAR BURNS!

DDK:

And now, OSCAR has control of the big man!

FLEX moves away from the ropes while OSCAR stops chatting it up with Doyle to go over and deliver more violent kicks to the midsection of Cortez! Papa Tez tries to push OSCAR away as he tries to stand up in the corner, but the

Kiwi grappler charges in and SMACKS Cortez on the temple with a big elbow smash! As the giant is tied up against the ropes, OSCAR runs off the ropes...

Running elbow smash!

He keeps running...

Running elbow smash!

Another passthrough...

Running elbow smash!

DDK:

That's definitely a new one in the playbook of OSCAR BURNS tonight! He's pulling out all the stops to take down this giant tonight!

With Cortez dazed, OSCAR jumps and latches onto the big man's body using a leg scissors while applying the guillotine choke!

DDK:

FIFTY! OSCAR hasn't used this hold in a moment, but calls this modified guillotine choke Fifty! It was named after when he became the first wrestler in DEFIANCE to score fifty career wins!

Lance:

OSCAR trying to go for the tapout here!

Uriel flails his arms around trying to get OSCAR off of him, but the Center of the GC Universe is latched on tight! Benny Doyle asks Uriel Cortez if he wants to give...

Uriel Cortez:

...NO!

Thrashing around, Cortez tries to adjust his in-ring positioning and starts slowly moving towards the ropes... and then CHUCKS the Kiwi up and over the ropes, sending him spilling out over the ropes and to the floor... ON THE FAMILIA SIDE OF THE RING!

Lance:

OH, NO! OH, NO! OSCAR'S ON THE FLOOR AGAIN!

DDK:

AND THE GC UNIVERSE ARE SWARMING IN!

Titaness, Brooklynn and Siofra all takes turns putting the boots to OSCAR BURNS! When they look off to their side, they make room when they see Kilgore charging toward him, only to BLAST the Center of the GC Universe with a decapitating lariat! The monster unleashes a loud ROAR while Siofra is now clapping for her charge! The Faithful rain down boos from all directions over Oracle Park!

DDK:

The Familia have taken over!

Titaness and Brooklynn pull out chairs and Kilgore joins them to keep Mil and DLJ from interfering!

Titaness:

Come on, join us! Stop fighting it!

DLJ:

No way, ex-mom!

As both sides are kept at bay, the massive Killjoy steps forward and pulls OSCAR up into his arms! OSCAR is in a fireman's carry and then PRESSED over his head to the awe of the thousands in attendance before he gets THROWN back inside between the middle and top ropes!

Lance:

NO WAY! THAT STRENGTH WAS UNREAL BY KILLJOY! HE **YEETED** OSCAR BACK INTO THAT RING, AS THE KIDS SAY!

DDK:

AND RIGHT AT THE FEET OF URIEL CORTEZ!

Gleefully, The Man of the House casually walks over to OSCAR and puts a boot on his chest for the cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

His massive boot gets pushed off his chest, but Uriel reintroduces the boot to the chest of OSCAR and starts pressing down on him! BURNS grits his teeth while Benny Doyle warns the leader of the Familia against choking him! He gets to the count of four before he finally steps off of him and takes a minute to soak in the jeers. Cortez puts a finger in his ear and encourages the booing before flicking earwax onto his opponent! BURNS rolls around on the canvas grossed out while Uriel shrugs.

Lance:

What a classy man Uriel Cortez continues to be... but OSCAR giving him some resistance now!

He grabs OSCAR, but he pushes away a mammoth hand and tries to fight back with a pair of elbow smashes to the gut. He follows up an uppercut that briefly rocks Papa Tez, but he returns fire...

THWACK!!

OOOOOOOOH!

...with a BRUTAL Chop of Ages!

DDK:

LORDY! OSCAR just got CHOPPED off his feet by just one clean shot! The Chop of Ages!

Lance:

And he's not done, either, look!

Uriel muscles OSCAR into the nearby the corner. He looks out to the San Fran Faithful...

THWACK!!

...and drops the hammer with another BRUTAL chop across the chest! BURNS goes reeling and falls to his knees, but Uriel maintains wrist control by keeping hold of his arm so he can't fall all the way. Instead, he grabs OSCAR and Hammer Throws him all the way across the ring and sends him flying back first into the corner before he collapses to his knees!

Lance:

Just a brutal Irish whip is a deadly weapon for Cortez! And now he's back up again!

Cortez grabs the back of OSCAR's hair and tosses him into the ropes and when he comes back, he's sent flying with the mother of all back body drops! BURNS is hurt in a bad way while Uriel casts a glance back over to Mil Vueltas and Dan Leo James.

Uriel Cortez:

You guys wanna stay with THIS loser?

Mil Vueltas:

Shut up, puta!

DDK:

Seems like Mil and DLJ aren't buying what Uriel is selling, but back to the action! That back body drop was so powerful! OSCAR almost found himself getting launched just over the dome here at Oracle Park!

In complete agony, OSCAR is gritting his teeth and rolling to the ropes. Now it's Uriel's turn to keep Benny Doyle's attention. As BURNS crawls towards the corner, Titaness comes in hot with a big boot from outside the ring! After landing teh

DDK:

And now The Pretty Powerful takes a cheap shot! What a big boot!

Uriel scoots him away from the ropes for a suplex, only to pick him up and DROP the former two-time FIST in the ring with a massive standing falcon arrow slam!

DDK:

Uriel Cortez does the deal! Standing variation! And now he goes for the cover!

He goes to his knees and makes the lateral press!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The kickout gets under the skin of The Man of The House, but instead of staying mad, he sits OSCAR up...

THWACK!

...and delivers a huge chop across his back! OSCAR is thrashing around the mat in severe pain as the camera notes the hand-shaped welt beginning to form in the chest!

DDK:

And there's ANOTHER chop by Uriel Cortez! He's taking OSCAR apart right now with those chops!

He makes things go from bad to worse for OSCAR when he picks him up by the chest and holds him up and over his shoulders. He drops OSCAR neck-first across the ropes with a snake eyes and then speeds across the ring for the Center of the GC Universe to stagger into a NASTY running big boot!

DDK:

What a combination that was! OSCAR gets taken down with that snake eyes and big boot combination!

Lance:

Could Uriel score the biggest pay-per-view win of his career tonight?!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... but at the last second, Sonny reaches over and puts OSCAR's nearby foot on the ropes! He yells at Benny Doyle, who notices it and tells Uriel the count is off! Cortez growls and starts cursing towards Sonny Silver, who gives him the double bird in return from the outside!

DDK:

Sonny Silver showing his expert skills in both managerial services and sign language!

Lance:

Some of the most biased lumberjacks I think we've ever seen are helping both OSCAR BURNS and Uriel Cortez tonight but that was a smart move!

Cortez finally has a chance to take advantage of things. Once more, he takes hold of the Center of the GC Universe, but there's still fight left in him! He jumps up and pelts Uriel in the temple with a hard elbow smash that rocks the big man!

Lance:

OSCAR is still fighting tonight!

OSCAR throws another pair of shots against the jaw and follows with another uppercut, but not as much mustard as he has before on it. Uriel eats the shot and returns fire with a nasty headbutt that knocks Burnsie down to a knee! Cortez growls and then leads OSCAR by the arm so he can pick him up and drop him into a huge pendulum backbreaker submission across the knee!

DDK:

His knowledge of submissions doesn't parallel OSCAR's but he doesn't need to! He's focused on that back with his last few attacks!

OSCAR grits his teeth as The Man of The House continues to apply the pressure. He posts down on the neck and continues cheering. As he does so, members of the GC Universe and the San Fran Faithful continue to cheer on... OSCAR?!

LET'S GO, OSCAR! CLAP X5

LET'S GO, OSCAR! CLAP X5

LET'S GO, OSCAR! CLAP X5

Uriel looks at The Faithful and shouts as he has OSCAR pressed over his knee!

Uriel Cortez:

NO! DON'T CHEER THIS PIECE OF SHIT! I'M THE FAMILY MAN HERE! YOU SHOULD BE SHOUTING BOO AND NOT BOO-URNS!

The trash talk encourages OSCAR to actually fight! Aaron King and FLEX lean closely against the apron while on the other side, the members of Titanes Familia also watch on. Killjoy and Kilgore get ready to pounce at a moment's notice with Brooklynn watching on as well. Titaness is still gesturing at Mil and DLJ to come on over to their side, but they aren't hearing it and they're actively cheering OSCAR on as well. Siofra is screaming and The Fury of the Familia slams her hands on the ring apron.

Siofra:

BREAK HIM! BREAK HIM IN TWO!

The pressure continues to get to OSCAR as he's trapped in the pendulum backbreaker hold! He looks like he's on the

verge of tapping out but as he gets a hand up... he clinches it into a ball and starts trying to chop away at the leg of Uriel!

Lance:

No! OSCAR is trying to fight his way free! He's trying to get out of this excruciating hold!

He brings his knee up and catches Uriel in the face once, twice, and then thrice! After he staggers the big man, Uriel releases the hold and then uses a forceful shove to put OSCAR back into the corner. Gritting his teeth, Uriel charges towards him, but BURNS catches him with an uppercut on the jaw first!

DDK:

Uppercut to the jaw staggers Cortez... but he's still on his feet!

The Titan of Industry rushes in a second time, but this time OSCAR moves and Cortez comes up empty in the corner. He's kneeling over hurt when OSCAR charges in. He gets a leg up... but OSCAR catches the leg...

DRAGON SCREW LEG WHIP!

DDK:

What a counter! That dragon screw just brought Cortez down... and OSCAR catches him with a jumping DDT!

Both men are down in the middle of the ring! Titaness and the rest of the Familia are watching in shock while the GC Universe are into things!

DLJ:

YEAH! GET OLD DAD, NEW DA... uh, OSCAR, SIR!

Sonny looks over at Danny like a turd just escaped his mouth while King and FLEX continue cheering on the Center of the GC Universe. The GLOAT is watching a little more reserved while Benny Doyle watches both men and waits to see if either one makes it up on their own!

Lance:

Both BURNS and Cortez are down! Benny Doyle's now starting a count!

Benny Doyle:

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!

Uriel hears Titaness and with his wife urging him forward, he clutches his head and starts to climb back up.

Lance:

Uriel up first... but OSCAR is right there as well!

The All-Caps Grappler starts to get to his knee as well...

Benny Doyle:

SEVEN! EIGHT!

OSCAR is finally upright and catches Cortez on the jaw with a big boot, but Uriel eats the shot and doubles over OSCAR with a jab! Still reeling from the dragon screw and the jumping DDT, he whips Burnsie into the ropes. When he comes back, he misses with a swing of his hand from a clothesline, but BURNS comes off the opposite ropes and does not miss with a low running dropkick back to the knee of Cortez!

DDK:

Running dropkick by OSCAR BURNS... and there's a corkscrew european uppercut! Cortez is down!

Papa Tez gets rocked by a running corkscrew uppercut that knocks the giant onto his back! Fueling from The Faithful, OSCAR scurries to his feet and points at the corner near the GC Universe!

Lance:

Smart of OSCAR to be jumping from the corner far away from Titanes Familia, but where is he going?!

With Cortez rolling over onto his back, OSCAR looks out to the people and dusts off an old favorite...

OSCAR BURNS:

SWEET AS!

And then takes flight with a HUGE flying knee drop to the back of Uriel Cortez's head to a HUGE burst of applause from The Faithful!

DDK:

SWEET AS KNEE DROP! HE USED THAT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A FEW YEARS AGAINST KILLJOY AND HE'S USED IT AGAINST CORTEZ HERE TONIGHT!

OSCAR hurriedly pushes Uriel onto his back and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

A wave of disappointment washes over Oracle Park as OSCAR slaps the mat in frustration!

Lance:

OSCAR's having to go deep into his bag of tricks to take down Uriel Cortez tonight, but we've seen what OSCAR can do. He's probably forgotten more holds than most people will ever know!

Back to the leg, he grabs the left leg of Cortez and tries to lock in some sort of half crab or ankle lock, only for Cortez to kick him away with his other foot! Brooklynn Rivera jumps on the apron, but OSCAR corrects himself and knocks La Angelita off the apron!

DDK:

I don't know what Rivera was trying to do there, but she just got wiped out by OSCAR!

But as he turns around, he gets snatched by his arm and then SMACKED down with a nasty short-arm clothesline from The Man of the House! Cortez staggers over the ropes to check on Rivera. She's mostly okay, but points at Cortez and he nods back. He turns his full attention back to OSCAR and then throws his hands out to tell The Faithful this match is done!

Lance:

I think that we might be looking at the end!

DDK:

He's got OSCAR up... are we going to see the 218?!

Ready to wrap this match up, OSCAR is picked up and then set up on the shoulders of Cortez... but he rains down elbows to the top of Cortez's head to block the jackknife powerbomb!

Lance:

OSCAR IS FREE!

He slips out in front of Cortez and ducks under a clothesline off the ropes! When he comes back, Uriel tries to catch OSCAR over the shoulders with a tilt-a-whirl into a powerslam, but OSCAR slips out behind him! When he turns around...

THUNK!

DDK:

OSCAR! HE JUST... HE JUST USED THE HARD OUT HEADBUTT! BUTCHER USES IT, BUT OSCAR WAS THE ONE THAT USED TO USE THAT MOVE!

Stunning Cortez with a boot to his chest, Cortez is reeling when OSCAR grabs him by the side! He tries to pick him up once...

Twice...

DEADLIFT SAITO SUPLEX!

RRRRRRAAAAHHHHHHH!

Lance:

NO WAY! NO DAMN WAY HE JUST DID THAT! LISTEN TO THIS CROWD!

DDK:

OSCAR BURNS SCORES WITH THE DEADLIFT SAITO! HE JUST TOPPLED THIS GIANT! COVER! COVER!

Titaness' jaw drops and Siofra is losing her mind! Kilgore and Killjoy get ready to jump in if they have to as OSCAR crawls over and makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Cortez is CLOSE to defeat before he throws the arm up at 2.99! OSCAR BURNS slams both hands into the canvas!

DDK:

He followed up the Hard Out Headbutt with that modified version of Universal Acclaim! But Cortez STILL kicked out!

Lance:

But look! He's going back to the leg! He's got The Man of The House down!

DEFIANCE Himself grabs the leg of Cortez and starts kicking away at his hamstring before grabbing at the ankle and applying a standing ankle lock!

DDK:

He's going to chop Cortez down! He's been picking apart that left leg any chance he can get and this ankle lock could finish it!

Lance:

Check out the look on Cortez's face! He's in anguish!

The Man of The House is scratching and clawing with Benny Doyle in front of him asking if he's ready to tap! Cortez shakes his head emphatically and continues to reach towards the ropes. All the while, OSCAR continues to cinch the ankle lock in tight and the fans are urging the monster to tap out! Outside the ring, Sonny Silver, FLEX, King, DLJ and Mil all watch on while the members of Titanes Familia look like they are in full-blown panic mode!

DDK:

How much longer can he last in this submission hold?! NO!

Cortez gets his other leg up and around so he's on his back and then KICKS the All-Caps Grappler backwards... INTO BENNY DOYLE!

Lance:

No! Benny Doyle was in the line of fire! Cortez kicked BURNS and sent him flying right into Benny Doyle!

DDK:

And they see it! LOOK!

When the Familia realize what's happening, Siofra gives Kilgore the call! He nods and then slides into the ring just as OSCAR picks himself up, only to tackle him to the ground to loud jeers!

Lance:

THE FAMILIA ARE ATTACKING! BENNY DOYLE IS DOWN AND CHAOS IS ABOUT TO FOLLOW!

Big Kilgore continues to fight in the ring, but then he gets PULLED off by Dan Leo James! The two big men start fighting and the action spills outside the ring!

DDK:

DAN LEO JAMES JUMPS INTO THE FRAY! HE JUST CAME TO OSCAR'S AID!

Titaness and Brooklynn Rivera both jump into the ring as well, but before they're able to interfere, both FLEX and Aaron King cut the ladies off at the pass! FLEX manages to hit Titaness with a big press to get her out of the ring, followed by King scoring with a dropkick on Rivera! As he does so, Aaron King takes flight and Mil Vueltas' protege LEAPS up and over the ropes with a huge suicide dive that wipes out both ladies!

DDK:

YOU CALLED IT! IT'S CHAOS! KING JUST TOOK OUT BOTH TITANESS AND BROOKLYNN RIVERA ON THE OUTSIDE!

Siofra jumps to the aid of Titaness just as Aaron King tries to stand, only to have his eyes raked by The Fury of the Familia! King shouts blindly and walks right into the path of the massive Killjoy...

OOOOOOOOHHHHHHH!

DDK:

OH, GOD! FREEFALL POWERBOMB ON THE RING APRON! AARON KING MIGHT BE DONE!

DDK:

IT'S ALL BREAKING DOWN AND I'M SHOCKED IT TOOK THIS LONG! KILLJOY JUST DESTROYED AARON KING WITH THAT POWERBOMB ON THE APRON!

FLEX tries to help King and then goes after Killjoy outside the ring with the two big men fighting it outside the ring as well!

Lance:

IT'S CHAOS! WHERE THE HELL IS EVERYONE!

Uriel Cortez is in one corner watching the fights break out everywhere, then sees OSCAR BURNS start to pull himself up with Sonny Silver in his ear, screaming for him to get back to his feet! The two men get left in the ring when Uriel gets up! He grabs OSCAR by the neck, but before he can hoist him up for the chokeslam, OSCAR catches him with a stiff elbow to the side of the head!

DDK:

Chokeslam countered! OSCAR is going back to that leg!

BURNS lands on his feet, but OSCAR gets kicked back into the ropes...

...

AND GETS HIT IN THE BACK WITH THE GOLDEN SHOVEL...

COURTESY OF MIL VUELTAS!**Lance:**

WHAT?!

Sonny's eyes go wide when he sees Mil Vueltras with the shovel in hand! DLJ sends Kilgore with a whip into the barricade, then sees what's happened, also stunned into disbelief! Inside the ring, OSCAR reels in pain as Uriel shakes the feeling back into his leg! Even Uriel looks stunned, but he realizes the time is now to close the gap!

DDK:

MIL VUELTAS... HE JUST STRUCK OSCAR BURNS WITH THAT GOLDEN SHOVEL RIGHT IN THE BACK!

The wind has been completely knocked out of OSCAR as Uriel charges off the nearby ropes...

DDK:

HE JUST MOWED DOWN OSCAR BURNS WITH THAT FLYING CROSSBODY! HE CALLS THAT FATHER KNOWS PRESS! THE SAME MOVE HE BEAT ELISE ARES WITH A FEW WEEKS AGO!

Cortez favors his leg with one arm, but hooks OSCAR's leg with the other, urging Benny Doyle to hurry and count! The Faithful start raining down HARD jeers. Under Mil's mask, the brightest of smiles can be seen grinning as Benny counts.

ONE!

TWO!

...

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Big Poppa" by Notorious B.I.G. ♪

Uriel rolls off the body of OSCAR BURNS, but his eyes never leave that of a man he once called his best friend,

standing outside the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Lance:

I... I don't believe this... why? Why the HELL did Mil Vuelas do what he just did?!

With help from Brooklynn Rivera and Siofra, Titaness is brought into the ring and runs over to give her husband the biggest of kisses to loud boeing!

DDK:

What... What the hell was this? Was this all a set-up?!

Lance:

Uriel looked surprised... BUT LOOK OUTSIDE THE RING!

An IRATE Sonny Silver snatches the Golden Shovel out of his hand and throws it to the ground before he snatches Mil by the collar!

Sonny Silver:

YOU BACKSTABBING PIECE OF SHIT! WHAT THE HELL IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?!

But before he can do anything more, he gets spun around and hit with a HUGE clothesline...

FROM DAN LEO JAMES?!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

DLJ stands at the side of Sonny Silver and then points down at Sonny.

DLJ:

DON'T PUT YOUR HANDS ON MI HERMANO!

Lance:

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?!

Kilgore and Killjoy return to the ring at the side of the Familia! Uriel looks over at the pair, who both look at one another and then to the ring.

DDK:

I... Lance, you can't tell me...

Killjoy and Kilgore both help Uriel to his feet after the grueling match, but all eyes are fixed on the outside where FLEX gets into DLJ's face, demanding answers! He starts yelling to know what's going on when Uriel nods to both Kilgore and Killjoy. The two monsters crawl outside the ring!

DDK:

NOW WHAT?!

FLEX gets flanked from both side by Killjoy and Kilgore before they both start pummeling him! They drag him over to the timekeeper's table and grab an arm...

DOUBLE POWERBOMB THROUGH THE TABLE!

DDK:

FLEX IS WIPED OUT, TOO! THE ENTIRE GC UNIVERSE HAVE BEEN WIPED OUT!

With FLEX disposed of, the monsters both climb up onto the ropes and rather than get back in the ring, Cortez gestures for Kilgore and Killjoy to hold the ropes open.

Lance:

...no way...

DLJ looks unsure of what's happening... but Mil watches the monsters carefully before he enters the ring. For the first time in a long time -- DEFCON 2024 -- the two former best friends share the same ring...

AND THEY HUG!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!***DDK:** *[nauseated]*

UGH! BEST FRIENDS REUNITED... I'M GONNA BE SICK...

Mil jumps into the arms of his much larger former best friend and tag team partner! Both men start cackling, along with Titaness! Then all eyes turn towards Danny. He carefully climbs into the ring as well past Kilgore and Killjoy...

AND SHARES IN THE HUG, ALONG WITH TITANESS!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!***DDK:**

NO DAMN WAY... THE ORIGINAL TITANES FAMILIA ARE BACK TOGETHER PLUS THESE BEASTS?!

Lance:

WHAT THE... BUT... WAS THIS A RUSE?! I... I DON'T GET THIS! WHAT'S GOING ON?!

DLJ takes off the coat gifted to him from OSCAR and throws it outside the ring! Mil proudly rolls outside and then helps himself to the Golden Shovel belonging to OSCAR and grins as he jumps on the middle turnbuckle and holds it up! Brooklynn Rivera, Siofra, Kilgore and Killjoy all stand to the side as the Familia is finally, fully reunited!

DDK:

This... this is a scary sight to behold... this the largest Titanes Familia has ever been... and I don't know what that means for the rest of DEFIANCE. How could these two jump back to the Familia like that, after the way they were both treated?!

Lance:

What's scary is that Uriel made good on his promise... he told OSCAR for weeks that the GC Universe would implode and we just witnessed it.

Jeering fills Oracle Park before Uriel Cortez leaves, laughing it up with Titaness, Mil Vueltas and Dan Leo James! They all leave the ring and the camera catches the damage done at ringside to what's left of OSCAR and his crew. Behind them, Brooklynn Rivera, a giddy Siofra, Killjoy and Kilgore all walk out of the arena!

SOHER: BROCK NEWBLUDD (C) vs. PAT CASSIDY

A sweeping shot of the Faithful in the arena, holding their signs and trying to mug for the passing camera.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, it is time for tonight's main event! A deeply personal one-on-one contest for the Southern Heritage Championship.

Match graphic: Brock Newbludd (c) vs. Pat Cassidy

Lance:

Brock Newbludd has been on an undeniable tear as of late - proudly holding and defending the SOHER while lighting up both the big and small screen. But if you tuned into DEFtv 221, you saw perhaps one of the rawest and real versions of Pat Cassidy we've ever seen, where he broke down and admitted the pressures of being a new father were pushing him.

DDK:

Cassidy has been struggling with injuries for close to a year, and he told us he's begun questioning his professional future - a scary prospect with a little one at home. He said it best: he needs to win here tonight.

Lance:

But Brock is a good enough friend to know that Cassidy himself needs to earn it, not have anything handed to him. And I expect to see a hell of a fight on the part of both men. The only question is: if Pat Cassidy should come up short tonight, considering how personal this - can this friendship survive?

DDK:

We've seen a brotherhood between these two for five years, Lance. I have faith it can weather anything.

♪ "Blood" by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

The house lights dim as blue lights begin to swirl around the Faithful. The San Fran fans are on their feet and cheering in anticipation of a wild main event! The camera does an arena-wide shot, searching for the point at which Cassidy will enter. And we find him in the stands, marching down the stairs toward the ring. His usual jovial demeanor is gone: although the Faithful reach out to touch him, he pays them absolutely no mind, instead looking very in the zone as he reaches the guardrail and hops over.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is your MAIN EVENT and is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP! Introducing first, the challenger... from Boston, Massachusetts and weighing in at 242 lbs... PAT CAAAAAASSSSSIDY!!

Cassidy enters the ring and immediately begins to pace in a circle impatiently, shaking his arms and cracking his neck.

DDK:

You can feel the intensity radiating off that young man... Pat Cassidy is a young talent who arrived here in DEFIANCE nearly exactly five years ago. He was always marked as a future big player, and with the birth of his daughter, he's more focused than ever on living up to that legacy. He could do so tonight by winning his first singles championship here in DEFIANCE.

Lance:

It's worth noting too that Cassidy has lived in a house with a newborn for the last three months and if you know anything about the effects of sleep deprivation, I have no doubt that is impacting his mindset.

Cassidy runs the ropes as his music fades out. Coming to a stop in the middle of the ring, the challenger turns his attention to the stage with a hunger in his eyes.

A few seconds pass, and The Faithful begin to buzz in anticipation as the house lights dim down. An explosion of pyro

on the stage elicits a surprised cheer from them, and a second later, a familiar battle cry rings out.

BAAAAAALLLLYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

♪ “Metal Health (Bally-Bang Your Head)” by Quiet Riot ♪

The iconic opening to Quiet Riot’s suddenly cuts out, giving the floor to The Ballyhooligans.

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Another explosion of pyro erupts from the stage in sync with the music kicking back in, and the crowd erupts as the Southern Heritage Champion makes his way out with the title held high above his head.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! Weighing in at 259 pounds, he is the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion! He is “Milwaukee’s BEAST”! He is BROOOOOCK NEEEEEWBLUJUDD!!

The fired-up SOHER throws a fist up to one side of the arena and runs across the stage to give the other side some love. As Brock keeps his fist raised, the camera circles behind him to focus on the back of his sleeveless leather jacket and the air-brushed portrait of his alter-ego “Brock Van Patton” adorning it.

DDK:

That jacket takes the phrase “Business in the front, party in the back” to a whole new level!

Lance:

And in typical fashion, Newbludd has put these people in a partying mood, but judging from Pat Cassidy’s current demeanor, it’s going to be all business tonight for him. He better remember that, or it could certainly cost him some gold when it’s all said and done.

With the SOHER hanging off his shoulder, Brock slaps hands with fans on both sides of the aisle as he makes his way towards the ring. Near the bottom ramp, he stops at the sight of two guys and one gal all decked out in full GVP cosplay. Grinning from ear to ear, he hops the barricade and takes a quick second for a group selfie with them. After delivering three crisp high-fives to each of them, he hops back over the rail and slides under the bottom rope to enter the ring.

Lance:

A once-in-a-lifetime picture for those lucky fans. You have to wonder what Cassidy is thinking right now, seeing that.

Climbing the closest corner to him, Newbludd raises the title and soaks in the cheers a final time. Dropping down to the mat, the SOHER hands the belt to Benny Doyle, and the veteran ref makes his way to the center of the ring. He raises the belt above his head, and the crowd lets out a cheer.

DDK:

That piece of gold is what he’s thinking about right now, Lance. Both men are living in the moment right now, just in different ways.

Doyle hands the belt to Quimbey, and the ring announcer quickly exits the ring. The two best friends who built their legacy standing in the same corner now stare across from each other in separate ones. The stoic Cassidy nods at Newbludd as he steps out of his corner. Cracking a grin in return, Brock does the same.

The Saturday Night Specials are ready. The Faithful are ready. And, most importantly, Benny Doyle is ready.

DING! DING!

DDK:

And here we go!

The Faithful buzz anxiously as both Saturday Night Specials exit their respective corner. There's no circling or feeling each other out for an early advantage as they collide in the middle of the ring for a stiff collar and elbow tie-up.

Lance:

Together, Newbludd and Cassidy were as hard-hitting as any team in DEFIANCE history, and that high-impact style earned them the admiration of The Faithful. I don't expect them to be pulling any punches tonight, best friends or not.

DDK:

Agreed, partner. Not with the Southern Heritage title on the line. Pat says he needs it, but Brock isn't going to be giving the belt up without one hell of a fight.

Dropping low, Milwaukee's Beast pumps his legs and begins to drive Cassidy back towards the nearest corner. The Scrapper of Southie puts his opponent's momentum to a screeching halt courtesy of a sharp knee up into Brock's ribs. Breaking the tie-up, Pat hammers Newbludd in the back with a smacking double axe-handle that almost sends the champion down to the mat.

Lance:

Cassidy put everything he had behind that double axe-handle, and now he sends Brock into the corner with a hard Irish whip.

Breaking out in a dead sprint, Cassidy follows Newbludd into the corner and drills him in the side of the head with a back elbow. Adrenaline coursing through his veins, Black Out follows the hard shot with a flurry of rights and lefts, working the body before landing a combo to Brock's face that sends his head violently snapping backwards.

DDK:

The challenger's opening barrage has Brock wavering in the corner, and now Cassidy's rearing waaaaay back for a big follow-up!

His arm fully extended, Cassidy powers forward and sends Brock's legs kicking in the air with a resounding knife-edge chop.

SMACK!

Lance:

What a chop from the challenger but here comes Newbludd right back at Cassidy!

Brock shoves Cassidy away angrily and unloads with a chop of his own!

SMACK!

DDK:

I couldn't tell you how many times I've seen these two get in a chopping contest inside the confines of Ballyhoo Brew, but I can tell you that there's definitely something different about this one!

Lance:

They're not kidding around tonight, DDK. You can count on that.

The two exchange another pair of cracking chops before Brock changes tactics and attempts to clobber Cassidy with a right hook, but Black Out manages to deflect the blow. Hooking Newbludd's arm, he sends The Diehard DEFIANT flying back towards the middle of the ring with a hip toss.

DDK:

Black Out hip tosses his way out of the corner brawl and sends Newbludd to the mat. Cassidy bounces off the ropes

now, looking to keep the advantage.

Charging in, Cassidy goes for a swinging neckbreaker, only for Newbludd to twist out of it and send Pat into the ropes with an Irish whip. Brock catches the returning Cassidy with a crisp armdrag that sends him flying. Immediately pushing himself up, the Scrapper from Southie rushes towards Newbludd again and is taken down by a second picture-perfect armdrag.

Lance:

Newbludd flashing those veteran instincts with those back-to-back armdrags, but he'll need to do more than that to keep the fired-up challenger down.

DDK:

You can say that again. Both men quickly find their vertical base, but the champion is quicker by a second, and he's winding up for a big haymaker!

Looking to clean his best friend's clock, Brock spins and throws a discus punch that Cassidy ducks. Buying himself an opening with the timely dodge, Pat smokes Brock in the head with a well-placed back elbow. Not skipping a beat, he scoops Brock. Quickly carrying him towards the nearest corner, Cassidy dumps Brock face-first onto the top turnbuckle.

Lance:

Snake Eyes has Brock eating a turnbuckle, and now the champion is stunned!

Stumbling backwards out of the corner, Brock receives a knee to the lower back from Cassidy, who then latches on to the champion, setting him up in the pumphandle position.

DDK:

What's Cassidy thinking here?

Lance:

Looks like he's going for his patented Pumphandle Slam into the turnbuckles. Big time move here early if he can pull it off!

The challenger powers the SOHER up onto his shoulder and takes a step towards the corner, but before he can follow through with slamming Brock into the turnbuckles, Newbludd manages to slip free from certain doom. Pushing himself off Cassidy's shoulder, he wraps an arm around his friend's neck to bend him backwards and lock in a Dragon Sleeper!

DDK:

Milwaukee's Beast turns the tables on the challenger! He's got that Dragon Sleeper fully locked in!

The Faithful let out a surprised roar, and Benny Doyle gets in position to check on Cassidy while Brock leans back to apply extra pressure.

Lance:

That he does, DDK! It was a fantastic reversal by the champion but the ropes are right there for Cassidy if he can find a way to reach them!

With his best friend torquing him backwards in the sleeper, Cassidy tells Doyle to piss off through gritted teeth as he fires a fist up into Newbludd's ribs that lands with an audible smack. The champion absorbs the blow but it does cause his grip to loosen just enough for his opponent to drag them closer to the ropes. Showing some impressive body control and balance, Black Out sticks a leg out and manages to rest his heel on the bottom rope.

DDK:

And he does! Great ring awareness by Cassidy. I think it's safe to say he's shaken off any residual ring rust, Lance!

Doyle immediately calls for the rope break and Brock doesn't milk the submission, respectfully releasing the challenger and backing away. Still feeling the after-effects of Cassidy's opening salvo, Newbludd takes a second to shake the cobwebs from his head. Coughing slightly, the red-faced Cassidy uses the ropes to pull himself up to one knee. Hands on his knees, Brock grins at Cassidy and pinches his fingers together, signaling just how close he was to possibly submitting him. The challenger doesn't return the grin as he narrows his eyes and charges back in.

Lance:

Pat Cassidy is all business tonight. The man said he needs the belt more than anything and his demeanor is definitely backing that up.

The grin vanishes from Newbludd's face as he collides with Cassidy for another rough collar and elbow tie-up. The co-owners of Ballyhoo Brew jockey for position for a couple of seconds before Newbludd breaks the hold and smokes Black Out in the jaw with a right hand. The blow causes Cassidy to stagger slightly but he recovers and blocks a follow-up left from Brock, hitting the champion with a hard shot of his own. Staggered, Brock grabs his jaw and glares at Cassidy.

DDK:

Oh boy, there was nothing friendly about those punches that they just traded.

Newbludd barks something at Cassidy that is drowned out by the sound of the buzzing Faithful, but from the fire ignited in Pat's eyes, he doesn't appreciate it one bit. The Scrapper from Southie points a finger at Brock and offers up a little shit talk of his own, causing Newbludd's eyes to flare in anger.

Lance:

Things are about to boil over, partner!

Cassidy shoves Newbludd, and Brock comes back with a shove of his own. Both men's tempers explode, and they begin to trade wild shots, neither man giving ground! The Faithful roar as The Saturday Night Specials continue to hammer away at each other in the middle of the ring!

DDK:

Whatever they said to each other was NOT taken lightly by either man, and we got ourselves a Saturday Night Slugfest! The Ballyhooligans jam-packed inside the Oracle Arena are eating up!

The SOHER's defenses slip, and Cassidy's expertise in street fighting shines through as he nails Brock right between the eyes with a back elbow. The champion stumbles back, and Cassidy latches onto his head with both hands. Rearing back, Pat attempts to spread his friend's nose across his B-movie star face with a headbutt, but Newbludd slips free and mimics his opponent by grabbing him by the head. Brock feigns a headbutt of his own before dropping to his knees and hitting Cassidy with a surprise jawbreaker!

Lance:

OOF! Cassidy's aggressiveness was used against him, and that jawbreaker has him stunned!

On shaky legs, the challenger stumbles backward towards the ropes, and Brock rises to his feet. Blinking away the unavoidable pain that comes with using the top of your head as a weapon, the SOHER breaks out in a sprint and hits the ropes opposite Cassidy.

DDK:

Brock winds up for a big running lariat...

Newbludd starts to unload with the clothesline and hits nothing but air as Cassidy dips low and sends him flying with a back body drop!

Lance:

Big trouble for Brock as Cassidy sends him flying over the top!

The Faithful come to life as Brock soars over the top rope! With a second to spare, the champion saves himself from the unforgiving outside floor by latching onto the top rope with one hand. His momentum suddenly stopped, Milwaukee's Beast lands hard on his side on the ring apron!

DDK:

But Brock makes the save! It wasn't a soft landing on the apron, though!

Winning in pain, Brock pulls himself up to stand on the apron where Cassidy is ready and waiting. Black Out cocks an arm back and throws a haymaker in an attempt to knock the SOHER down to the floor. With both hands gripping the top rope, Newbludd leans back far enough to avoid the punch. Pulling himself back in, Brock fires a shoulder in between the ropes and straight into Cassidy's gut, doubling him over.

Lance:

Make that back-to-back saves by the champion!

Rearing back, Brock launches himself over the top rope and back into the ring, grabbing onto the keeled over Cassidy mid-flight...

DDK:

Sunset flip by Newbludd and Benny's all over it!

ONE!

TWO!!

Cassidy gets a shoulder up!

Lance:

DEFIANCE's Last Action Hero comes up short with the surprise sunset flip, and now both men are scrambling back to their feet!

Despite being on the wrong end of the pin attempt, Cassidy beats Brock in the race to a vertical base, and he capitalizes on it by unloading on the champion with a barrage of punches that sends Brock against the ropes. Charging ahead, Black Out sends Milwaukee's Beast flipping over the top rope and down to the floor with a lariat!

DDK:

Thunderous clothesline from the challenger and now Newbludd's laid out on the ringside floor!

Wiping the sweat off his face, Cassidy steps out onto the apron and zeros in on Brock. Taking a deep breath, he breaks out in a sprint along the apron and leaps off! Sticking an arm out mid-flight, the Scrapper from Southie drives his elbow into the prone Newbludd's chest!

Lance:

Pat Cassidy is far from being a high-flyer, but he took a chance there and it paid off for him!

DDK:

It sure did, Lance! If he's going to have any chance of walking out of San Francisco as the new SOHER, he's gonna have to take chances, no doubt about it.

Cassidy rolls away from Newbludd and pops up to a single knee. The Faithful lucky enough to have ringside seats call Pat's name and stick their arms out for a chance to slap hands with the Saturday Night Special. Surprisingly, Cassidy ignores them as he takes a second to check his surgically repaired bicep. Finding no damage, the ultra-focused challenger sets his sights on Newbludd to see him slowly pushing himself upright.

Lance:

The champion is showing some heart here despite Cassidy's attempt to stop it with that elbow.

Cassidy lunges at the dazed Newbludd and immediately puts him back down to the floor with a forearm to the face.

DDK:

Cassidy is not taking his foot off the gas as he absolutely creams Brock with that forearm. Lucky for Brock, it wasn't the one that has the steel plate in it!

Lance:

We've seen Cassidy put that loaded forearm to good use plenty of times, partner. All it would take is one clean shot to the head, and Pat would be walking out as the champion. The question is, would he risk injuring his best friend for it?

Popping up to sit on a knee next to Newbludd, the challenger roughly grabs Brock's hair and yanks his head off the floor. Keeping Brock's head held up with one hand, the fired-up Cassidy rocks the SOHER with a barrage of punches to Brock's face. Inside the ring, Doyle yells for Cassidy to bring the match back to the ring, and the challenger ignores him as he cracks Brock with another punch to the face.

DDK:

The challenger is really pouring it on with those hard shots. He's beating on Brock like he owes him money!

As the frustrated Doyle starts the ring count, Cassidy brings the dazed champion to his feet and immediately doubles him over with a knee to the stomach. Securing Brock's head in a front facelock, Black Out fires another knee into Newbludd's stomach before lifting him off his feet.

Lance:

Cassidy's looking to suplex Newbludd on the floor, but the champion's resisting!

The Diehard DEFIANT instincts kick in, and he kicks his legs in protest! Cassidy tries to brute force and finish the suplex, but Newbludd fires a fist into Pat's ribs. The blow is enough to thwart Pat's plans, and he's forced to lower Brock back down to the floor. The instant his feet touch the ground, the SOHER wraps his arms around Cassidy's waist. Letting out a battlecry that would make GVP proud, Brock pops his hips and powers Pat off his feet to send him flying head over heels!

DDK:

Release Northern Lights Suplex, and Cassidy is sent for the ride! A beauty of a reversal from the champion gives him an opportunity to take back control, but can he capitalize!?

The impact from the floor appears to have taken the wind from Cassidy, and he struggles to regain his breath as he stares up at the lights. Meanwhile, the still dazed Newbludd manages to push himself up to all fours and crawls towards the ring. Pulling himself up by the ring apron, Brock rolls under the bottom rope and back into the ring just as Doyle's count hits four.

Lance:

The veteran Newbludd chooses to use the window he bought himself to try to recover from those hard shots he just ate. He better make the most of it, though, as Cassidy's already pushing himself back up!

Getting his feet back under him, Cassidy winces and puts a hand on his lower back as he locks eyes with Newbludd inside the ring. Hand on his still-aching jaw, the SOHER stomps a foot into the mat and motions for Cassidy to get back in the ring.

DDK:

Newbludd tells Cassidy to bring it, and the challenger is more than happy to oblige!

His eyes burning with intensity, Black Out slides back in the ring and immediately pops up to his feet. Standing in the middle of the ring, Newbludd motions for Cassidy to come at him, and the fiery challenger charges towards him. Brock

lowers his base and stands his ground as his opponent comes crashing in. Newbludd uses his opponent's aggressiveness against him and feigns a tie-up before doing a sudden go behind. Wrapping his arms around the surprised challenger, Milwaukee's Beast hits a picture-perfect bridging back suplex!

Lance:

The champion with a beauty of a suplex, and he's holding the bridge!

ONE!

Cassidy kicks out with authority!

DDK:

Brock only earns a one count on his second pin attempt of the match against his fiery opponent, but he maintains control, bringing Cassidy up to his feet with a standing side headlock.

Tightening his grip on his best friend's head, Brock attempts to bring Cassidy back down to the mat, but the challenger resists. Pumping his legs, the Scrapper from Southie escapes the headlock and sends Brock into the ropes. Using his opponent's shove as a momentum boost, Newbludd hits the ropes with a full head of steam and hits Pat with a shoulder block that sends him tumbling to the mat.

Lance:

A hard-hitting shoulder block bulldozes Pat Cassidy, and Newbludd hits the ropes again!

The SOHER hits his top speed and launches himself forward with a flying shoulder block. Just rising to his feet, Cassidy manages to catch a glimpse of the human torpedo coming straight for him and instinctively drops back down to the mat. With no way to stop himself, Brock soars over his intended target and crash-lands on the middle rope!

DDK:

Oh my! Brock missed the target and landed throat-first on the middle rope! The SOHER suddenly finds himself in a dangerous spot!

Seeing the defenseless Brock draped across the middle lights a fire in Pat Cassidy, and he scrambles to his feet. Turning on a heel, Black Out hits the ropes opposite of Newbludd and sprints towards him. The challenger leaps into the air and brings all of his weight down on Brock with a leaping body guillotine, causing the SOHER to cry out in pain! Cassidy grabs Brock by the head and throws him roughly to the mat and covers again.

ONE!

TWO!

Nope!

Cassidy rolls off his partner and roughly moves Benny Doyle out of the way. He brings the dazed Newbludd to his feet and hooks and drops him with...

DDK:

Pumphandle Slam!

Lance:

And Cassidy again with the vertical press!

ONE!

TWO!

Nope!

DDK:

I have never seen Cassidy this unrelenting... he's going for a pin attempt after almost every offensive move!

Lance:

And now look... he's dragged Brock into the very center of the ring and it looks like he's going for... yes! Boston Crab locked in!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy is not known to be a submissions guy but he is pulling out all the stops tonight in San Francisco!

As Cassidy mercilessly leans back to twist his spine, Brock cries out in pain and reaches for the ropes... but they're oh so far away.

DDK:

If Brock can't get to the ropes, Pat will be bringing the Southern Heritage Championship home to his baby girl!

Lance:

That's right, Dar... um. Yes!

Cassidy noticeably plants his feet to try to maintain his position but the stubborn Newbludd is able to slowly inch both men closer toward the ropes. Seeing this, Cassidy's expression turns into a snarl as he leaaaans back and increases the pressure! As the two titans battle it out to see who will come out on top, an interesting dueling chant rises up from The Faithful...

LET'S GO NEW - BLUDD!

CASS - A - DEE!

LET'S GO NEW - BLUDD!

CASS - A - DEE!

LET'S GO NEW - BLUDD!

CASS - A - DEE!

DDK:

The San Fran Faithful showing appreciation for both of these incredibly popular stars!

Finally, after what seems like ages, a desperate Brock is able to grab ahold of the bottom rope. Benny Doyle moves in to tell Cassidy to release the hold... and he gets a Boston-quality middle finger in response!

Lance:

Oh my! Senior official Benny Doyle and Pat Cassidy have a well-documented friendship... but I think he's so in the zone that it doesn't matter right now!

DDK:

Tonight isn't about friendship for Pat Cassidy, Lance. It's about pride and doing right by his family.

Doyle, ever the professional, tries not to let the obscene gesture bother him. Instead, he starts an aggressive five count right in Cassidy's face. At four, Pat releases the legs, breaking the hold. As he steps over Brock to regain his footing, a small (but noticeable) smattering of boos can be heard throughout the arena.

Meanwhile, Brock wisely rolls under the bottom rope to the safety of the apron, looking to shake off the pain in his lower back. Cassidy marches over and reaches over the top rope to grab him, but Brock surprises him by hooking a quick front facelock and dropping down off the apron, snapping the Boston native's head over the top!

DDK:

Great ring awareness by the veteran Brock Newbludd. From what we've seen, I think his strategy needs to be luring the aggressive Cassidy into making mistakes and capitalizing.

Brock rolls back into the ring to meet the rising Cassidy with a boot to the gut. He hooks and lifts him for a Fisherman's Suplex... but instead of dropping, he holds Cassidy in the air and begins to march around the ring!

DDK:

Look at that! Brock Newbludd is freaky strong!

Lance:

And this might be a way to frustrate Cassidy even more and throw him off his game!

Finally, Brock falls backwards, driving Cassidy back-first into the mat and maintaining the hold on his leg. Doyle slides in to count...

ONE!

TWO!

Nope!

DDK:

Brock pulling Cassidy up... short arm clothesline! He maintains a hold on Pat's other arm... and he pulls him in again... but this time he locks in a sleeper!

Lance:

This isn't good for Pat! The key to a successful sleeper hold is forearm strength and grip strength. Two things that a guy like Lincoln Hawk has in spades!

Cassidy's arms instinctively reach out for relief as Brock wraps his biceps around his partner's head in an attempt to cut off oxygen. Initially, Cassidy is able to thrash around the ring a bit, but it doesn't take long before things start to go sideways and his movements become more subdued. Finally, the Boston native drops to a knee and then eventually into a seated position. Brock clinches in the hold as Doyle moves in to check Cassidy's fluttering eyes. Grabbing Pat's hand, Doyle lifts it once...

...it falls!

He lifts it again...

...it falls!

DDK:

One more time and this contest is over!

Lance:

Think about your family, Pat!

Doyle lifts the arm one final time...

...AND CASSIDY STOPS IT BEFORE IT FALLS!

DDK:

He is, Lance! He's not giving in! Not yet!

Brock's eyes go wide as Cassidy begins to fire elbows into the Born Over star's midsection. Cassidy powers his way up while Brock still maintains the sleeper, but Cassidy powers backwards into the corner and drives Newbludd's back into the turnbuckle.

DDK:

Tremendous effort by the challenger! Looking for relief, Cassidy wisely rolls under the bottom rope to the floor to regroup.

Lance:

But look! Brock says not so fast!

With Cassidy on the outside, Newbludd climbs the turnbuckle and launches off at his friend outside the ring with his arms raised in a brutal axehandle smash! Cassidy, however, sees it coming and is able to sidestep and fire a punch right into Brock's stomach, doubling him over as he SMACKS into the ringside floor!

Lance:

Newbludd is stunned... and Cassidy sends him face first into the ring steps! These men are pulling NO punches!

DDK:

He's not done... Cassidy lifting Brock up... getting a running start... and he drives Newbludd's back into the ringpost!

Black Out allows Brock to fall to the floor as the Boston native shakes his head to clear the cobwebs. As Brock holds his back in pain, Cassidy grabs him and with some effort, lifts him up and lays him on the ring apron. Taking point over him, Cassidy goes to drop a fist on his unsuspecting partner's head... but Brock rolls into the ring at the very last second and Cassidy's hand meets the hardest part of the ring!

DDK:

This might have been a major mis-step on the part of Pat Cassidy... coming back from a bicep injury and that pain must have shot through his entire chest!

As Cassidy swears loudly while shaking his fist and holding his arm, Brock gets to his feet and looks down at his tag team partner. Placing both hands on the top rope, Newbludd leaps OVER the top and sails to the outside with a crossbody that flattens Cassidy and draws an "OHHHH" from the Faithful!

Lance:

BOTH men pulling out all the stops here... this main event is a battle, ladies and gentlemen!

Still on the outside, Brock lays in with Cassidy with a series of wicked right hands that stuns him. With Pat sufficiently out of it, Brock brings him back to his feet and goes to whip him into the nearby ring steps... but at the last second, Cassidy reverses the move, and Brock Newbludd is sent CRASHING into the steel and flips forward and over the steps to the floor!

DDK:

Oh man! Did you hear that sound?

Lance:

This might be Cassidy's best chance!

Rolling Brock into the ring, Cassidy quickly follows and hooks Brock's legs for a catapult. Newbludd is sent flying overhead and lands face-first into the corner. When face meets turnbuckle pad, Newbludd stumbles backwards and turns around... only to be met with a HUGE SPINEBUSTER BACK INTO THE CORNER!!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy's aggressiveness is at a new level here!! Did you see Brock's head snap on the impact? Nasty!

Lance:

And he gets no reprieve... Cassidy flying in with the Splash of Jameson!!

Not taking even the slightest pause, Cassidy stands on the second rope over his dazed Ballyhoo brethren and begins raining down right hands onto the Milwaukee native! By force of habit, the crowd begins to count along to "ten" as per usual with one of Pat's favorite spots... but they quickly can't keep up and it becomes clear that none of these punches are for show! Cassidy goes well beyond ten, just hammering Brock relentlessly. Finally, he stops, rearing back for what seemingly will be the big final blow...

DDK:

BROCK EXPLODING OUT OF THE CORNER WITH A RUNNING SIT OUT POWERBOMB!! That caught Pat completely off guard!

ONE!!

TWO!

THREE - NO! CLOSE kickout!

DDK:

These men are leaving it all in the ring tonight, Lance!!

With Cassidy barely kicking out and Brock still reeling from the barrage of punches, both competitors lay on the mat and totally spent. This gives The Faithful an opportunity to stand and give the boys a round of applause of appreciation. The camera pans back to take in the sight of a huge chunk of the arena applauding with Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd flat back in the ring.

DDK:

This hasn't been the most awe-inspiring daredevil match, or the bloodiest, or even the most technically crisp... but these guys are putting their heart and soul into this contest and it shows, Lance!

Lance:

Take note, internet wrestling pundits: this is WRESTLING!

DDK:

Benny Doyle isn't going for the traditional ten count - one assumes he wants this match to have a definitive finish. He's already given them a lot of leeway on the outside.

It takes several minutes, but eventually the exhausted Brock and Pat climb back to a vertical base. Brock lunges at his partner with a haymaker, but Cassidy is able to duck - and hook Brock down to the mat with a backslide!

Lance:

This is the move that Brock used to be Pat on DEFtv!

ONE!!

TWO!

THREE - NO! CLOSE kickout with authority as Brock breaks free!

Cassidy hits the ropes and runs back at Brock on the rebound, but we'll never know what he had planned as he's surprised by a Newbludd military press!! Brock lifts the Boston native high over his head before dropping him down across his outstretched knee in a picture perfect gutbuster!

DDK:

Cassidy is down, and Brock is looking for some high risk!

Brock, although tired, climbs on the apron and then begins to step up to the top rope.

Lance:

Brock likely looking for the Ballyhoow Elbow.... OH WAIT!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK, Lance, The Faithful, and especially Brock Newbludd are caught off guard when Cassidy EXPLODES onto the scene, leaping up the ropes to join Newbludd on the top and before Brock can register, hook the Milwaukee Made Man with a SUPERPLEX that rocks him down to the canvas!!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Cassidy hooks he leg with GUSTO and nods along with intensity as Doyle moves in to hit the mat with his hand.

DDK:

We have a new Southern Heritage Champion!!!!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

...NO! Brock gets the shoulder up at 2.99999!!

Cassidy fires up with eyes wide like he's been shot. He shakes his head in disbelief before dropping down and covering again, this time locking the leg in tighter.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NO!

Another kickout. Cassidy covers AGAIN.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NO!

Again!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NO!

This time, Cassidy rolls off Brock and begins to SLAM his fist into the mat over and over in pure frustration.

DDK:

Pure heartbreak for Pat Cassidy here... a lot of times in this contest he's been so close.

Lance:

He can't let himself fall apart at this crucial point in the match, though...

Cassidy pulls himself up, clearly swearing to himself under his breath. He walks over to Brock who is also getting himself back up. The man from South Boston Irish whips Brock into the ropes... or he would have, had Brock not turned the tables and reversed! Now it's Pat who finds himself thrown into the ropes... on the rebound he is quick enough to duck a Brock Newbludd clothesline attempt. Off the ropes again... Brock readies for a back bodydrop, but Cassidy lunges forward over Brock's back and hooks his sides, falling forward for a sunset flip.

DDK:

Sunset flip attempt... but Brock halts his momentum!

Lance:

Newbludd falls forward on top of Pat! He grabs Cassidy's legs for leverage!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

Cassidy kicks his legs like a mfer, but he can't quite escape.

THREE!!!

DING DING DING!

As Brock Newbludd's music begins to play over the PA system, the retaining champion rolls off the challenger and sprawls out on the mat in pure exhaustion.

DDK:

At the end of one heck of a main event, Brock Newbludd caught Pat Cassidy at the right time to retain his title. For my money, neither of these men have anything to be ashamed of!

Lance:

I have to look into it, but I'm pretty sure this has been the longest singles match of Pat Cassidy's career.

Benny Doyle brings Brock the championship belt as the Milwaukee native rolls over and pushes himself to his knees. Cassidy, meanwhile, remains on his back in the ring with his eyes wide open toward the arena ceiling and his expression unreadable. Brock looks over at his buddy and looks somewhat remorseful before getting to his feet and allowing Doyle to raise his arm in victory.

DDK:

Pat has got to be heartbroken, but he shouldn't be - if he wanted to prove to himself that he has what it takes to be successful in this sport, he's done it - title or no title.

Brock walks over to his friend and extends his hand to try to help Pat to his feet. Cassidy stares at Brock's outstretched hand for a bit before completely ignoring it and getting to his feet by his own accord.

DDK:

Okay... I know this is a tough loss to swallow, but I really hope cooler heads prevail here.

Lance:

I wouldn't worry Lance, these two are thick as...

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Pat Cassidy double hand SHOVES Brock Newbludd square on his ass!! Brock lands in a seated position and seems more in shock than anything as Cassidy yells some choice words at his friend before bailing out of the ring and marching up the ramp with his hands on his hips.

DDK:

Pat Cassidy is not taking this loss well at all... and the San Francisco Faithful are not pleased!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Cassidy doesn't acknowledge the fans' boos, simply marching up the ramp and disappearing through between the MAXDEF letters. In the ring, Brock gets back up, his hands on his head in distress and confusion as he watches his buddy go.

Lance:

After what was one barn burner of a main event... to have the night end on this sour note is a shame, but what sounds like months of pent up anxiety and frustration on the part of Pat Cassidy has boiled over tonight!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, as the future of the Saturday Night Specials appears to be in doubt, we'll see you right back here tomorrow night for what promises to be a night full of action in Night 2! For Lance Warner, I'm Darren Keebler.

Last shot: Brock leaning against the top rope, looking thoughtfully and regretfully toward the ramp. His title lay on the canvas.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.