

AFFICHER OUVERT

We are live from Paris as over 30,000 fans are packed into La Defense Arena! There's a big FIST at the top of the rampway in the colours of the French flag with a large DEFI-A-TRON above it. And as the camera pans, there are signs, signs everywhere!

SACRE BIG BLEU

LE PINK PANTHER

POUSSER LE SORCIER DU BIGFOOT

LIVRE JUSTIN SANE

LES CONTREVENANTS MASQUÉS SONT NULS

GVP POUR TOUJOURS

THIS IS SO US

GUILLOTINES

BAGUETTES

BERETS

JERRY LEWIS FOR SOME REASON

LE MATCH D' AAM - BYUE - LAWANCE

FRIES

FREEDOM FRIES*^

FRIES ARE FROM BELGIUM

MIL VUELTAS EST UNE SALOPE

IF YOU'RE GONNA GET INJURED, THE COUNTRY WITH FREE HEALTHCARE IS THE PLACE TO DO IT!

sign of Big Boss Dan

ALL COSPLAY COPS ARE BASTARDS

HAW HAW

I LIKE MY FRENCHIES FLYING

LES CROTTES C'EST DANS LE SAC

LES MONTAGNES RUSSES

NOBODY PUTS KOALA IN A CORNER

KOALA-LA-LA-LA-LA

TOM THE BOMB FIZZLED OUT

TRIPLE 7S = THREE HEADS, ZERO BRAINS

ACE of DEFIANCE: BROCK NEWBLUDD vs. PAT CASSIDY

As pyro shoots off from the stage to signal the start of DEFIANCE Rising, a sweeping camera shot highlights the rabid fans packed inside the Paris La Défense Arena for the much-anticipated show. The picture then transitions over to the dynamic announcing duo of Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

The crane swoops low across the cheering French Faithful, and lingers on one unusual sight: six men in the very front row, all dressed as Rezin look alikes! "Rezin sighing" indeed!

DDK:

To all those watching live on pay-per-view, welcome to Paris, France! Welcome to DEFIANCE Rising! And what a card we have planned for night one, Lance!

Lance:

Indeed it is, partner. While DEFCON might be the premier show of the year, I'd say that these next two nights are just as important. This is the last major stop before DEFCON, and how things shake out tonight will significantly affect what that card looks like in a few months. The stakes couldn't be higher for some of these competitors.

DDK:

Excellent point, Lance. We have everything from ambulance matches to "I Quit" matches on the docket tonight.

Lance:

Don't forget the "Lumberguard" match. That's sure to be as chaotic as it will be entertaining. I know one thing for sure: history will be made here tonight in Paris.

DDK:

Yes, it will, Lance. Plenty of high-stakes matches are coming our way over these next two nights, including our opening one tonight to determine who will be our next ACE of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy are best friends to the point of being brothers. While each man has taken different paths for much of 2025, tonight they will meet to battle over one of the most coveted prizes in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

And that's a one-way ticket to a guaranteed shot at the FIST. Let's take a look at the events leading up to tonight's showdown between The Saturday Night Specials.

♪ "No Easy Way Out" by Beast in Black ♪

As the music kicks in, a video package begins to play, highlighting Newbludd's solo victory at DEF ROW in the battle royale to determine the two competitors who would fight for the ACE at DEFIANCE Rising. The picture transitions to DEFtv 227 interviews with possible opponents, including Dex Joy, Reverend Black, Ned Reform, and even Sgt. Safety. The backstage brawl between Newbludd and MV2, which ended with MV2 being taken out by Corvo Alpha is shown before the picture fades out.

It quickly fades back in to show Newbludd proclaiming the recently terminated Pat Cassidy as his chosen opponent, much to the delight of The Faithful on DEFtv229. Cassidy's appearance and his promise to make the most of the opportunity are replayed as the music slowly fades out.

One final shot of Newbludd and Cassidy shaking hands and embracing in a bro hug lingers on the screen for a few final moments before the picture turns black.

Lance:

Pat Cassidy was released from this company months ago, and the only reason he's back is by the good graces of his opponent tonight, Brock Newbludd. After self-destructing very publicly, Cassidy seems determined to prove that he's

worth re-signing.

DDK:

As most people are aware, The Saturday Night Specials were the longest reigning Unified Tag Team Champions in this company's history. As fewer know, Brock and Pat have actually faced off against each other five times. Four of those contests ended in a Brock victory, and the fifth was a no contest that ended when La Familia attacked both men. Long story short: Brock is 4-0 over Cassidy.

Lance:

One shall stand, and one shall fall. Will this be Pat Cassidy's redemption tonight, or will Brock Newbludd complete his meteoric rise in 2025 by becoming the ACE of DEFIANCE? Most importantly, how will this match affect their long-standing friendship after it's all said and done?

DDK:

All excellent questions, Lance. Questions that will be answered one way or another here tonight in Paris as we send it down to Darren Quimbey for ring introductions!

The picture transitions to the ring and the veteran ring announcer. Standing in the middle of the ring with referee Benny Doyle at his side, Quimbey raises his microphone to address the excited crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall, and it is for the ACE of DEFIANCE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

No music. No lights. Just "Black Out" Pat Cassidy, in his ring gear (and classic black vest), walking toward the ring.

DDK:

I guess when you don't work here, they don't spring for music.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Boston, Massachusetts... Pat! CAAAASSSIDY!

Cassidy shows restraint in his usual playing to the crowd, instead opting to walk toward the ring with his game face on.

Lance:

You can see how he's very aware of the stakes in this one. Not only is the ACE of DEFIANCE up for grabs, but he knows he's got something to prove: to the Favored Saints, to The Faithful, and likely even to himself.

Cassidy enters the ring and begins to run the ropes.

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.

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Another explosion of pyro erupts from the stage in sync with the music kicking back in, and the crowd erupts as DEFIANCE's "Last Action Hero", Brock Newbludd, makes his way out to the cheering masses.

Lance:

Tremendous ovation for Newbludd from the French Faithful!

DDK:

It sure is, Lance! From what I understand, Newbludd's string of action movies has earned him almost as big a following as Jean Claude Van Damme here in France!

Lance:

An achievement to be proud of for sure, but that's not enough for Brock. He wants to be the ACE, and I expect him to give everything he has tonight to make it happen.

The fired-up Newbludd throws a fist up to one side of the arena and runs across the stage to give the other side some love before hitting the ramp.

DDK:

And something tells me Pat Cassidy will give everything he has to prevent that from happening. I think we're in store for a great opening contest!

Brock slaps hands with fans on both sides of the aisle as he makes his way towards the ring with a confident stride.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! From Milwaukee, Wisconsin! Weighing in at 259 pounds...he is "The DieHard DEFIANT! He is "Milwaukee's Beast"! He is Brock Newbludd!!

Sliding under the bottom rope, Brock pops up to his feet and climbs the closest corner to him to soak in the crowd's ovation one last time. Dropping down to the mat, Brock approaches Cassidy with a serious look on his face.

He sticks a hand out...

And Cassidy takes it! The Faithful's cheers swell in appreciation of the sportsmanship as the two shake hands. Doyle orders Newbludd to make his way to a neutral corner, and Brock obliges the referee by doing so.

With Newbludd and Cassidy ready to go and Le Faithful buzzing in anticipation for the official start of DEFIANCE Rising, referee Doyle makes his way to the center of the ring. He gives each man one final glance before pointing at the ringside timekeeper to call for the bell.

DING DING

The crowd cheers at the sound of the bell while Cassidy and Brock exit their corner and begin to circle each other.

DDK:

And we're off! It's time to find out who our next ACE of DEFIANCE will be!

Lance:

These two men have shared the squared circle more times than we can count, both as partners and opponents. The winner won't be determined by who had the better gameplan coming into the match; it'll be who simply wants it more.

The Saturday Night Specials continue to circle the ring until Newbludd stops and squares up to Cassidy. Slapping a shoulder, The DieHard DEFIANT motions for Cassidy to come at him, and the Scrapper from Southie doesn't hesitate in obliging him, raising his arms and lunging at Brock. The former SOHER takes a quick step towards Cassidy to engage in the lock-up, but changes tactics at the last second, dropping low and shooting Pat's leg. Catching his opponent off guard, Newbludd flashes his amateur skills with a fireman's carry takedown that sends Cassidy down to the mat.

DDK:

Slick takedown by Newbludd starts things out here, and while it may have scored him a couple of points with the amateur wrestling fans, it also lit a fire under Cassidy as well!

Slamming a fist into the mat, Black Out quickly pushes himself off the mat and nearly beats Brock back to his feet. He immediately charges back in, but Milwaukee's Beast is ready for him and sends Pat down to the mat again with a picture-perfect armdrag.

Lance:

The veteran Newbludd is using his opponent's eagerness against him with that beauty of an armdrag.

DDK:

And that eagerness has just morphed into anger as Cassidy scrambles back to his feet with a wild look in his eyes!

Gritting his teeth, Cassidy recklessly surges towards his best friend again, only to be sent sailing courtesy of another armdrag! Letting out an audible scream in frustration, Pat does a crowd-pleasing kip-up and rushes back in again before Brock can get fully upright himself. His eyes wide in surprise from the suddenness of Pat's charge, Newbludd stays low and manages to duck under the running Cassidy's outstretched arm at the last second.

Lance:

Cassidy put everything he had behind that clothesline, and Brock avoided having his head taken clean off.

Not slowing down in the slightest, Black Out hits the ropes and rockets back towards Newbludd. He only makes it a few steps, though, as Brock surges forward to meet him head-on. With only a couple of steps left between them, Milwaukee's Beast suddenly drops to the mat and hits Pat with a drop toe hold, causing him to faceplant into the mat.

DDK:

Cassidy eats the canvas as Brock continues to use Pat's infamous Irish temper against him.

The impact of hitting the mat takes some of the fire out of Cassidy, but not for very long, as he clenches his teeth and begins to push himself up.

Lance:

This is a massive opportunity for Cassidy after what has been a tumultuous year, to say the least. But he needs to slow down, or the veteran Newbludd will keep picking him apart.

Now it's Newbludd with frustration etched on his face as he sits on a knee and watches Cassidy will himself back up yet again. Popping up to his feet, The Last Action Hero races over and positions himself behind the rising Pat. Grabbing both of Cassidy's arms and yanking them back, Brock pops his hips and powers Pat off his feet...

The Faithful come to life as Newbludd PLANTS Cassidy into the mat with a perfectly executed Bridging Tiger Suplex!

DDK:

Tiger Suplex out of nowhere! Newbludd's got the bridge, and Doyle's there for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!!

Cassidy gets a shoulder up and breaks the bridge!

Lance:

A tremendous suplex in these opening minutes by Newbludd might not have scored him a victory he certainly did some damage to his opponent.

Popping up to a knee, Newbludd raises an eyebrow and cocks his head at Doyle. The veteran ref puts a couple of fingers up and shoves them in Brock's face to emphasize his point. Brock throws his hands up like Benny just pointed a loaded gun at him and shakes his head before turning his attention back to the stunned Cassidy.

DDK:

Doyle calls it as he sees it, and he saw that shoulder up at two. Benny's a straight shooter and isn't as mistake-prone as some of the other refs. If he says two, it was two.

Lance:

Doyle's one of the best, no doubt about it. And if anyone knows how resilient Pat Cassidy is, it would be his tag partner and best friend, which is why trying to win with a flash pin isn't a bad strategy at all for Brock. Eliminate Cassidy's toughness from even being a factor by ending it early.

Cassidy turns on his stomach and begins to rise from the mat. Newbludd springs to action and snatches a side headlock to keep the pressure on. Getting his legs underneath him, Cassidy fights through the tiger suplex's lingering effects enough to put a hand on Brock's lower back and break the headlock with a hard shove that sends Brock into the ropes.

DDK:

Cassidy breaks free from Brock's grip and sends BVP for the ride. He's looking to turn the tide with a back body drop!

Rebounding off the ropes, Newbludd quickly regains his bearings and manages to hit the brakes in front of the bent-over Cass.

Lance:

Cassidy may have telegraphed that one!

In one smooth motion, BVP applies a front facelock with one arm and hooks one of Cassidy's legs with his other. Before Cassidy can react, Newbludd pops his hips and powers him skyward!

DDK:

And Brock capitalizes on the mistake with a fisherman's suplex! With another bridge for the pin!

The Faithful come to life as Doyle hits the mat for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Black Out kicks out!

Lance:

Another impressive bridging suplex by Newbludd and another kick out by Cassidy. Pat Cassidy recognizes the opportunity in front of him tonight and won't be going down that easily.

Sitting up and looking annoyed, Newbludd shakes his head in disbelief. Brock looks at Cassidy for a long second before surging to his feet and locking in a front facelock. Milwaukee's Beast takes a second to look out to the crowd with a guilty look on his face.

DDK:

I think Newbludd's going for the Brockbuster, Lance!

Lance:

A dangerous and deadly move if there ever was one. We've seen Brock use it as a last resort with tremendous success. He clearly is pulling out all the stops for the ACE tonight.

Brock begins to lift Cassidy into launch position, but meets resistance about halfway up when Pat's legs begin to kick frantically.

DDK:

Signs of life from Pat Cassidy!

Cassidy's squirming is too much for Brock to maintain control, and he's forced to drop him back down. The second his feet hit the mat, Pat surges forward and grabs both of Newbludd's legs. Brock's eyes go wide in shock as Cassidy roars and powers him off the ground!

Lance:

You can say that again! The tables have suddenly been turned on Brock Newbludd!

Brock kicks his legs in protest, but can't break Cassidy's grip. A second later, Brock's world is turned upside down courtesy of a thunderous Alabama Slam from his best friend!

DDK:

What impact! The whole ring shook from that Alabama Slam! Cassidy's wobbly from Brock's offense, but here's his opportunity to take control!

Taking a brief second to shake the cobwebs out of his head, Cassidy grabs both of Brock's legs and looks over his shoulder to the nearest corner. He lines up with the turnbuckles and throws himself backwards, catapulting Brock into the air.

Lance:

Brock's sent for the ride into the corner, and he EATS the top turnbuckle!

Having just used his face to break his fall, Milwaukee's Beast is on dream street as he stumbles awkwardly out of the corner. Drunkenly spinning on a heel to face the ring, Brock is immediately bombarded with a barrage of fists from Cassidy!

DDK:

Right! Left! Right! Left! Pat Cassidy hammers Newbludd back into the corner, and he connects with a flying headbutt to finish the flurry off!

The fired-up Cassidy grabs the groggy Newbludd by an arm and yanks him out of the corner to double him over with a knee to the midsection. He promptly applies a front facelock and delivers a sharp snap suplex that sends Brock down to the canvas.

Lance:

Crisp suplex by Cassidy puts Brock to the canvas, and now it looks like Pat's looking to pour it as he scales the turnbuckles!

Perched on the middle set of turnbuckles, the usually grounded Cassidy takes a second to zero in on his target before leaping off. Soaring through the air, Black Out NAILS Brock right between the eyes with a pointed elbow!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy just landed one of the cleanest elbow drops I've ever seen, literally hitting Newbludd right between the eyes, and now he's got the leg hooked for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

Doyle brings his hand down to hit the mat for the third and final time, but suddenly stops when he sees Brock's foot just BARELY lying across the bottom rope!

Lance:

Brock's veteran instincts kicked in when he needed them most there! If he were one shoe size smaller, I don't think he would have reached the ropes to break the pin.

DDK:

Much like the gridiron, the squared circle is a game of inches.

Rolling his eyes at the rope break, Cassidy stays focused as he quickly gets Brock up off the mat and fires him back into the corner with authority. A half second later, The Scrapper from Southie joins his opponent, smashing Brock's face with a brutal running back elbow that draws a "OOooooOOO" from The Faithful upon impact.

Lance:

What a SHOT by Cassidy! Clearly, both men have put their friendship on hold here tonight because that was about as hard of an elbow as you're going to see inside of a DEFIANCE ring.

DDK:

Cassidy's worked Brock over in that corner, and the star of Born Over is looking completely shellshocked right now!

Dragging Newbludd out of the corner again, Cassidy rears back and sends Brock across the ring with an Irish whip. Putting so much behind it that he fell to a single knee, Pat watches as Brock crashes hard into the opposite corner. His arms draped over the top rope, The Last Action Hero can barely keep upright. Black Out rises to his feet and looks out to the crowd for a second before zoning in on Newbludd with a wicked look in his eye.

Lance:

Cassidy just Irish-whipped the holy hell out of Brock, and he's got him right where he wants him, DDK!

Cassidy busts out in a full sprint towards Newbludd.

DDK:

It might be time for a Splash of Jameson!

Pat leaps into the air for his signature splash, and The Faithful rise to their feet!

NOBODY HOME! Brock dives out of the way at the last second, and Cassidy crashes down HARD, hitting the top turnbuckle chest first!

Lance:

No whiskey for Brock tonight! He may have just saved the match for himself!

DDK:

I think the air's been knocked out of Pat Cassidy! Will Newbludd take advantage!?

Bouncing out of the corner, Cassidy clutches at his chest and gasps for air while Brock uses the ropes to drag himself back to his feet. Still feeling the effects of Cassidy's assault, The Last Action Hero shakes his head and moves in. Foregoing the grappling from earlier, the punch-drunk Brock unleashes a flurry of wild fists that pushes the winded Cassidy to the ropes.

Lance:

These two men have already dealt and sustained significant damage in this bout. The last time I saw them both this woozy, it was well past closing time at Ballyhoo!

Cassidy tries to put his hands up to defend himself, but Newbludd knocks them away and whirls around in a circle to nail Pat with a discus punch! The blow sends Black Out flipping over the top rope and down to the floor on the outside!

DDK:

Brock's wild haymaker hits home, and Pat Cassidy is sent over the ropes!

Not wasting a second, Brock moves as quickly as he can to the nearest corner and begins to climb up. The Faithful begin to buzz anxiously as he manages to rise all the way up to stand on the top rope.

Lance:

Whatever Brock's thinking, it's a risk!

Perched on the top rope, Brock watches as Cassidy staggers to his feet. The instant his target begins to turn in his direction, Milwaukee's Beast leaps off! He raises his arms mid-flight, ready to drop them down right on top of Pat's head for a big double axe-handle.

DDK:

Incoming!

The Faithful's sudden roar tips Brock's hand, and Cassidy looks up just in time to see Brock soaring down towards him. Side-stepping, Pat avoids the double axe handle and punches Newbludd square in the stomach upon his arrival!

Lance:

Double axe handle DENIED by Pat Cassidy! And we've officially moved the action outside the ring!

Brock rolls through the landing and manages to pop back up on his feet. Reeling from the punch to the gut, he awkwardly stumbles forward along the barricade with both hands clutching his stomach. He begins to sway forward, but Cassidy grabs him from behind and promptly smashes Brock's face into the guardrail. Jerking the woozy Brock away from it, Cassidy performs a slick short-arm and dumps Newbludd OVER the barrier and into the front row!

DDK:

Cassidy just back-body-dropped Newbludd over the barricade into the sea of Faithful!

Lance:

In any other context, one might expect this sort of behavior out of a pair of heated rivals... but when it comes to The Saturday Night Specials, this is just another night on the town!

Cassidy and Brock brawl all through the Faithful, trading big rights, as the camera man struggles to navigate the people and keep up. Brock cuts Cassidy's flurry off with a kick to the gut that doubles him over. Grabbing the Boston native by the head, Brock goes to throw Cassidy into a nearby supply table, but Cassidy reverses at the last second and Newbludd bounces off the wood instead! With Brock stunned, Cassidy hooks him for a piledriver!

DDK:

Cassidy looking for something BIG... and potentially match-ending... here!

Cassidy tries to lift Newbludd up for the piledriver, but Brock resists. He tries again... can't quite get him up. Finally, Cassidy's eyes go wide with surprise and Newbludd reverses and backdrops Pat onto the unforgiving concrete!

Lance:

And just like that, the Milwaukee Made Man is back in control!

DDK:

Heading back to the ring... Newbludd rolls Cassidy back in...

With Cassidy laying on the canvas, Brock doesn't get back - instead he opts to begin to climb to the top rope!

DDK:

Wait... no! Cassidy with a burst of energy! He shakes the ropes, looking to throw Brock off!

Brock doesn't fall recklessly, however. He controls his landing and rolls with it, hitting the canvas and using the roll to get back to his feet. He charges at Cassidy, but is caught SQUARE in the jaw as he runs into a sharp back elbow!

Newbludd's head snaps back and he hits the mat, and Cassidy lunges on top to hook the leg!

ONE!

Kickout!

Cassidy drags Newbludd to the edge of the ring, placing his head under the bottom rope and hanging above the ringside floor. Cassidy rolls under the bottom rope before taking a few steps back and running at Brock, jabbing his elbow into his head! Brock covers up as Cassidy rolls back into the ring.

DDK:

Cassidy grabbing his tag team partner... he's lifting him... he's positioned him on the second rope... it appears he's going for a back suplex off the second rope, a maneuver we've seen Pat Cassidy use before!

Cassidy attempts to hit the move, but in mid-air, Brock manages to break free, twist around, and land on top of Cassidy with a crossbody! He maintains the lateral press as Cassidy frantically kicks his feet and Benny Doyle moves into position!

ONE!

Cassidy tries to regain control with a clothesline, but Brock ducks and hooks his partner from behind, bringing him up and down with a back suplex! He again goes for the win.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

DDK:

Newbludd whipping Cassidy into the corner... my God! Cassidy hits such force he goes up and OVER the turnbuckle, landing on the apron!

Cassidy holds on to the top rope as he attempts to clear the cobwebs away, but those very same cobwebs prevent him from seeing Brock's foot flying right into his face in the form of a superkick!

Lance:

Cassidy FLIES off the apron... oh man! His head just hit that guard rail HARD!

Newbludd immediately looks concerned over his actions and for good reason: Cassidy has been "busted wide open" as a wise man once said. The blood drips down his face and onto the mat as he rolls over and looks toward the arena lights with glazed eyes.

DDK:

That really doesn't look good.

Lance:

Cassidy's comeback may have just met an abrupt end!

Cassidy crawls on all fours, reaching up and grabbing the ring apron as he tries to pull himself back in the game. In the ring, Brock is speaking to Doyle and gesturing toward Cassidy, his face the picture of concern.

Lance:

Brock may be trying to get Doyle to end the match.

DDK:

It's hard to disagree with that stance, to be honest.

Sloooooowly, Cassidy rolls under the bottom rope and back into the ring. As he struggles to pull himself up, Brock opens his arms in a "what the heck are you doing?" way. Doyle moves in to speak to Cassidy, gripping the ring ropes with spaghetti legs. The camera on the outside moves close enough to pick up their conversation.

Benny Doyle:

Hey kid. We might need to call this one. I -

Pat Cassidy:

No. Fahkin'. Way.

DDK:

Cassidy to his feet! As always, his heart is maybe bigger than his brain!

A little shaky but stable, Cassidy moves closer to his friend and calls for the lock-up. Brock hesitates but Cassidy says something that appears less than nice. Brock shrugs and moves in. They jockey for position a bit, with Brock getting the better of it and driving Cassidy into the corner. Doyle moves in to break it up, and Brock takes advantage of the distraction by hooking Cass from behind and bringing him head first down to the mat with German suplex! Brock holds on, maintaining the bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO!

Lance:

Can't fault Brock for trying to win. It was Cassidy's choice to continue.

DDK:

I think he just knows his buddy will never stay down and think of his health first, so he was looking for a big move to end things!

Brock gets back up, again looking at Cassidy's bloody form like a disappointed big brother. He patiently waits for Cassidy to get back up. The Boston Native swings wildly with a right hand that Brock easily dodges... only to bring Pat up and OVER with a big time Exploder Suplex! Brock looks very much like he didn't want to do that as he covers.

ONE!

TWO!

TREE - NO! Shoulder up!

Brock Newbludd:

Stay down, man! It ain't worth it! You've proven yourself!

Brock gets up, again imploring Doyle to call the match. Doyle firmly says he won't. Brock turns to see Cassidy on his knees.

Brock Newbludd:

Cass, you got a little girl at home. Let's end this before you get hurt.

Pat Cassidy:

Not a fahkin' chance.

Cassidy suddenly fires up! The crowd comes alive in surprise as he begins to pepper Brock with right hands... but this brief flurry is shut down with a Newbludd short arm clothesline that nearly removes his head from his body!

Lance:

You certainly must feel for the spot Brock Newbludd is in here.

Brock sits up, looking angrily down at his friend. He grabs Cass by the scruff and tosses him through the middle rope and to the floor! Newbluddd roughly taps Doyle on the shoulder and makes a "go on" motion. Doyle, hand high in the air, begins the ten count.

DDK:

It seems he's found a humane way to end this!

As Cassidy pants on the outside with a blood-stained face, Doyle begins the count: ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Cassidy rolls over, blinking.

FIVE! SIX!

Cassidy's hand grabs the ring apron.

Brock Newbludd:

Don't do it!

SEVEN!

Cassidy's second hand grabs the apron.

EIGHT!

Cassidy pulls himself up.

NINE!

Cassidy rolls under the bottom rope!

DDK:

If I'm the Favored Saints, this has got to be impressing me.

Lance:

That's right, Darren. Don't forget that this is essentially an extended job interview for Cassidy.

Brock reaches down to bring his partner to a vertical base when suddenly...

DDK:

IRISH GOODBYE!! IRISH GOODBYE!!

Lance:

Pat's snap STO just came outta left field!

Brock's head is driven into the mat, but Cassidy is too stunned to capitalize! The Faithful rise as both men are down!

Lance:

That may have been the last gasp of Pat Cassidy in this contest...

With both men down, Benny Doyle begins the ten count.

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Brock raises an arm. Cassidy doesn't move.

FIVE! SIX!

Brock rolls onto his side, shaking his head.

SEVEN!

Brock falls back - he's still out.

EIGHT!

DDK:

Oh man... the match for the ACE of DEFIANCE shouldn't end this way...

The look on Benny Doyle's face seems to express that same thought... but the man has a job to do...

NINE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

DOUBLE KIP UP!! BOTH SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS ARE ON THEIR FEET!

The fans go crazy as Brock and Pat begin to exchange a big flurry of right hands back and forth like a tennis match!

NEWBLUDD! CASSIDY! NEWBLUDD! CASSIDY! NEWBLUDD! CASSIDY!

NEWBLUDD! NEWBLUDD! NEWBLUDD! NEWBLUDD! Cassidy is reeling until...

DDK:

SNAP HEADBUTT BY CASSIDY! DOWN GOES NEWBLUDD!

Lance:

I can't believe this!

Firing up through the crimson mask, Cassidy whips Newbludd into the corner. He takes position in the other corner, and the Faithful brace themselves as he runs toward his partner, as they think they know what's coming next...

DDK:

OH MAN!

...but they DIDN'T KNOW. Cassidy likely was going for the Splash of Jameson, but he got caught by a sudden burst of Newbludd that ended in Pat taking a Face Melter right to... the face!!

Lance:

Did you see his head snap back?? Cassidy is out!

Brock hooks the leg. The Faithful, sensing this is the end, count along.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

...2.99999999!!!

DDK:

Un. Be. Lievable.

Lance:

If ever we wanted a master class in "leaving it all the ring," we're getting one tonight!

Brock sits up with a glazed and confused look on his face. He looks down at the stunned Cassidy... and smiles. He pats him on the shoulder in a "good game, my friend" motion before grabbing him and hauling him back to a vertical base.

DDK:

Win, lose or draw, both men should be proud of what they've done here tonight... Cassidy might come up short for the ACE, but he certainly won where it matters!

Brock pulls himself up and looks down at his broken and spent friend and partner. Smarting himself but clearly in better condition, he turns and begins to encourage the Faithful to clap for Cassidy's heroic efforts. They all stand and indulge him... even the six Rezins in the front row.

Lance:

Look at that. When's the last time someone called for a standing ovation for their opponent while the match was going on?

DDK:

It just shows how unbreakable this bond truly is between The Saturday Night Specials.

Brock lets the clapping slowly burn itself out. Cassidy, for his part, is breathing heavily but otherwise hasn't moved. Brock again shakes his head in a "that's my buddy" way... before turning serious. His face and body language say it all: that was fun and great, but it's time to end this.

Brock walks over to Cassidy and reaches down to once again force him back to his feet when...

DDK:

OH! Small package by Pat Cassidy!!!

ONE!

TWO!!

Lance:

Brock's kicking... BUT HE CAN'T GET OUT!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

WHAT DID WE JUST SEE!?

Cassidy lets go of the pin and immediately falls back to the mat, totally spent. Brock scrambles to his feet, eyes wide with surprise. He looks to Benny Doyle - that couldn't have just happened, could it?

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner... AND THE ACE OF DEFIANCE.... PAT CAAAASSSSIIIIIDDYYY!!

Brock falls to his knees with his hands nearly pulling out his hair. Oh shit. That DID just happen.

Lance:

That was one of the craziest things I've seen in a long time, Darren - and that's saying something! We just saw Pat Cassidy score his FIRST ever victory over Brock Newbludd in THE most unexpected way possible!

As Doyle checks on Cassidy, Brock has retreated to the corner, with his head resting downwards on the turnbuckle, hiding his face. The Faithful are going insane as Doyle tries to talk to Cassidy, who blinks several times and seems unaware of what even just happened.

DDK:

In the long history of gutsy performances by Pat Cassidy, this has got to be one of the most impressive... and arguably his biggest win ever. Certainly in his singles career.

Lance:

And hey... they almost HAVE to give him his job back now, don't they? The man is the ACE of DEFIANCE. He gets a FIST shot at a time of his choosing!

Cassidy has begun to stir. Brock picks his head up from the corner. He looks to his tag team partner and sighs, seemingly to release the frustration. He walks over and extends an arm to Cassidy, pulling him up and wrapping him up in a bro hug!

The Faithful cheer for good sportsmanship!

DDK:

Talk about a story of redemption... from the darkest depths of personal lows to standing in that ring as the ACE of DEFIANCE...

Brock breaks the hug and then raises Cassidy's hand high in the air to the approval of the French Faithful...

....and then the unthinkable happens.

Hell freezes over.

It's almost hard to believe.

...as Brock Newbludd SHORT ARM CLOTHESLINES THE SHIT OUT OF PAT CASSIDY!!!

DDK:

WHAT?!?!?!?

Lance:

OH MY!!

The air rushes out of the arena. There's no boos, no cheers - just silence. There's only one person who appears to not be frozen in shock: it's Brock Newbludd, who goes into the mount position over Cassidy and begins to absolutely HAMMER his already bleeding face with unforgiving right hands!

Finally, the spell is broken as the fans begin to BOO mercilessly... and Benny Doyle tries to pull Brock off, but Newbludd has snapped. He is single minded and focused as he sneers down at Pat Cassidy and seems to literally be trying to bash his brains in.

DDK:

What... why... what is he doing!?

Lance:

I know he's upset about the way that loss went down, but Brock Newbludd is going to regret this tomorrow when he clears his head!

DDK:

These men are BROTHERS, Lance. This is sickening!

Cassidy has stopped moving and Brock's hand might be permanently stained red. Finally, he slowly stands up, but he keeps his eyes trained on Cassidy the whole time. Doyle screams at him, but he might as well be invisible. Brock just stares daggers at the unconscious Pat Cassidy.

DDK:

Someone get him out of there!

DEFmed begins to rush the ring, and Brock looks at them with a blank expression before calmly moving out of the way and letting them swarm the very much hurting Pat Cassidy.

Lance:

Folks, as Pat Cassidy gets checked out, we have to say - this is not how ANY of us here in DEFIANCE intended to start this PPV.

DDK:

I thought I knew Brock Newbludd, Lance. But what kind of man does what he just did?

Lance:

Maybe things between them weren't as patched up as we'd been led to believe?

DDK:

I don't care. Arguments and disagreements and hurt feelings are one thing. But truly to end the career of your best friend is quite another.

In the ring, two members of DEFmed each have one of Cassidy's arms over their necks as they attempt to bring the wrestler to his feet. After much effort, they seem to be succeeding when...

WHAM!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

BROCK NEWBLUDD BRAINS CASSIDY WITH A CHAIR!

The place nearly ERUPTS with jeers as Brock roughly tosses the chair toward the ring. It bounces a few times before he turns and exits the ring.

DDK:

What an absolutely VILE thing to do!!

Lance:

I... I don't know if there's ever any coming back from this...

Brock angrily walks up the ramp way. In the front row, a man in a Saturday Night Special shirt seems to be trying to hop the guardrail and attack him, but his friends are wisely holding him back. It's unlikely that anyone in the arena can hear themselves think with the volume of the boos, and right before Brock disappears through the curtain, a tossed soda cup beans him right off the head... although he doesn't sell it at all.

In the ring, DEFsec has swarmed Pat Cassidy. He can barely be seen in the mass of humanity, but one has to imagine he's in rough shape.

Lance:

Folks, we'll try to get an update on the status of Pat Cassidy. We're gonna show you something pre-recorded earlier today to buy them some time to help him.

DDK:

I still can't believe this...

La Aum - bu - LAAAWNCE.

In the corner of the screen: "Earlier Today."

In the parking lot outside the Paris Defense arena, a very unique looking ambulance is parked. The red lights swirl but no noise comes out of it. The camera pans around the truck until it gets to the back: the bay doors are open, and sitting on the edge dressed in his Sunday best is non other than Ned Reform.

Reform speaks into the camera.

Ned Reform:

A year and a half ago, the man we all knew as Rezin went into the back of an ambulance. Not only did I retain my Southern Heritage Championship that night, but I succeeded in warping Mr. Black's mind and transforming him into a human being I thought we'd all want him to be. I thought the world would be better of sans Rezin. Well, brace yourselves children, because this doesn't happen often: but the Sage on the Stage made a miscalculation.

Reform winces as if the mere admission causes him some physical pain.

Ned Reform:

Tonight, I will make recompense for that blunder. I will beat Reverend Erik Black senseless, I will deposit him with extreme prejudice into the back of this vehicle, and when I close those doors Erik Black will be no more... and once again Rezin shall soar. For you see, this is no ambulance, children, oh no no no no no...

Reform pats the side of the vehicle with pride.

Ned Reform:

This... this is a cocoon. A transformative chamber that will once again bend Mr. Black's very psyche. The Reverend will go to the guillotine, and the Rezin revolution will rise up to watch the world burn. You have my word.

Reform hops off the ambulance. He walks right up to the camera and fills it with his serious face.

Ned Reform:

You have my word.

GFC vs. KLEIN**DDK:**

I can't believe what we just saw.

Lance:

Neither can the Faithful.

DDK:

Not going to lie, it'll be tough moving past Brock Newbludd's actions, but the show needs to go on.

Lance:

Tough moving past? I think he's justified!

DDK:

What?

Lance:

Simply working on that "heel" persona everyone wants me to develop. I don't really believe what I just said.

DDK:

Okay. Well, next up...

The match graphic shows Game Face Cyrus vs. Klein, with the Fuse Bros. behind GFC in the background of the image.

DDK:

So Tyler and Conor are stepping aside, for now, as they await their battle with Max and his son Sutler. According to Conor, it's time for "others" to shine, a chance for everyone to get out of Malak Garland's shadow and into their own spotlight.

Lance:

Bates is 2-0 since, although No Fun Dean and the Crescent City Kid, with all due respect to them, don't pose the exact same threat as the next man up, The Box Man, Klein.

DDK:

Correct. Let's go to ringside and see what happens.

Darren Quimbey is in the center of the squared circle.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is NOT for seventeen falls but it is for JUST. ONE. FALL!

The French Faithful love it and we move on.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

♪ "Man In The Box" by Alice In Chains ♪

LA LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA LA LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
LA LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

The Faithful sing along as the old PCP DEFI-A-TRON plays. There's a long moment as the song kicks into high gear where the camera lingers on the entrance way. Then, there's a shocking gasp from the crowd as the camera adjusts to the ring. Repelling back down to the ring wearing his box head mask is none other than Klein. He lands gracefully in

the center of the ring, unbuckles his repel cord, and climbs the nearest hard camera turnbuckle to throw his arms in the air.

Darren Quimbey:

...From Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... weighing two-hundred-sixty-three pounds... KLEIN!

DDK:

Klein showing off a unique entrance. This is how he arrived last DEFtv when he attempted to take out Cyrus and the entire Fuse collection.

Lance:

It's quite an entrance to say the least. Let's see if he's ready to put on his Game Face to take on Game Face Cyrus!

♪ "Game On" by Waka Flocka Flame feat. Good Charlotte ♪

Out comes the newly dubbed GFC, complete with his hot pink, purple and blue onesie, like something out of the retro 80s. Token dispenser attached to his hip, along with way too much eyeblack painted on his face, Cyrus marches out like he's ready to take on the world.

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

There are loud, LOUD boos because eventually, Tyler and Conor Fuse trail behind. However, these are louder than normal boos because we are in France and Tyler Fuse, of all people, has decided now is the time to dig out an old item he used to wear to the ring for a long period of time.

The Flying Frenchie's bloody beret.

DDK:

Completely uncalled for, I thought he retired that thing.

Lance:

Faithful who are unfamiliar, a couple years ago Tyler attacked Frenchie in a brutal assault backstage, basically ending his run in DEFIANCE and potentially his career. We haven't seen Pierre since. I guess there is no better time than to show this piece off.

In addition to the beret (which Fuse no-sells), Tyler wears plain black jeans and a black shirt. Conor remains in his more formal attire, a pair of navy blue golf dress pants and a blue button-up shirt.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Fort Worth, Texas... weighing two-hundred-forty pounds... GAME FACE CYRUS! G! F! C!

DDK:

It's not a stretch to say this will be Cyrus' biggest match to date under the "new" persona.

Lance:

Indeed. A persona that's worked out, but not without a few challenges here and there, either. He did not put away Dean, nor the Crescent City Kid that easily.

DDK:

Tough moving on from Malak and going in a new direction.

Bates arrives at the apron. He rolls under the ring and tells referee Mark Shields he's good, while the Fuse's take up real estate on the outside, but not before Conor Fuse scans the entire first few rows of fans, ensuring there is no surprise visit from perhaps a Sutler Reynolds-Kael.

With GFC rolling his shoulders back to loosen up, referee Mark Shields calls for the bell and the match is off!

DING DING

Klein moves forward with a short speed burst, trying to catch GFC, who's still in the middle of limbering up like a middle linebacker. Cyrus moves to the side at the last second but Klein comes right back with an elbow pointed directly into GFC's temple. It catches Bates, as he stumbles forward, while Klein hits the ropes and then clubs Cyrus to the mat with a clothesline!

On the outside, Conor shakes his head. It goes without saying Tyler remains deadpan.

Klein peels Cyrus off the mat and the Box Man hurls Bates into a corner before rushing in himself with a body splash...

No! Cyrus catches Klein, spins him around and hits a blue thunder bomb!

DDK:

We have a cover!

ONE!

TW-KICKOUT!

Klein rolls backwards and on his feet faster than Bates! A swift kick to the stomach follows, as Klein drags GFC upright and shows off his sheer power... by way of a snap suplex!

Klein holds on.

A high angle suplex!

DDK:

Terrific power by Klein, because Cyrus Bates is no small man!

Lance:

No he is not!

However, it's Cyrus' opportunity to gain a second wind. Bates is on his feet before Klein and the second the Box Man stands, GFC is waiting.

Wicked inside-out power clothesline! Klein flips around before hitting the mat chest-first.

DDK:

Impressive!

Bates drags Klein to a vertical base and then connects with a snap suplex of his own. He floats over, still holding onto Klein and this time performs a falcon arrow suplex with a pin!

ONE!

TW-KICKOUT!

DDK:

Quick pinfall attempts here by Bates, although he hasn't caught a clear 'two' yet.

Lance:

Surprised Mark has been competent on the counts!

DDK:

Don't jinx it.

Lance:

My bad.

GFC throws Klein upright and begins unloading hard chops into Klein's chest. However, Klein starts to repay the favour by doing the same in response. Both men are now absolutely HAMMERING each other's chest with forearm blows and chops, switching back and forth between an open palm and a whole arm shot.

DDK:

Neither backing down. At the same time, neither are gaining a significant advantage!

The exact second Keebler finishes his sentence, Bates delivers a hard knee into Klein's chest to a chorus of boos. It breaks up the 'unspoken direction' the match was taking, going bravado against each other with nothing but arms allowed. Needless to say, it gets a smirk out of Conor while GFC hits the ropes and springs forward with a boot high in the air-

WHAM!

Spear by Klein!

DDK:

And a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

That spear nearly took Bates out of his boots!

Lance:

Well, his one boot, actually. He only had one leg on the ground at the time of the impact but boy did they both go flying!

Klein DEADLIFTS GFC up and OVER HIS HEAD in a tremendous display of power! The French Faithful are in awe, and, perhaps, maybe, SOMEWHAT forgetting the shock of seeing Brock Newbludd give into an unforeseen side of himself mere moments ago.

GORILLA. PRESS. SLAM.

Bates is a big man. His body bounces off the mat quite a few times, almost like he's a cruiserweight. Klein, meanwhile, stands overtop and then poses for the fans. It's only a brief pose, because Box Man is back to work. He snatches Bates by the neck and wraps a sleeper around the big guy, while dragging GFC up and onto his feet. Klein hurls Cyrus into a corner of the ring, then charges forth with a MASSIVE splash, knocking the spit outta GFC in the process.

Bates is on rollerskates, looking to be put out of his misery.

Klein with a LOUD knife-edge chop, followed by hooking Bates' head under his arm and delivering a high impact DDT!

GFC is DOA.

DDK:

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

FOOT ON THE ROPES!

...A foot on the ropes thanks to Conor Fuse, that is.

Mark doesn't see it. And to be honest, it doesn't look like Klein figured it out, either. Conor dusts off his hands and marches back to his brother, mumbling something along the lines of "at least this is going better than dealing with Sutler, too".

Klein stands. He leans down to pluck Cyrus up when Bates pokes him in the eyes! GFC is on his feet and into the ropes...

HUGE CROSSBODY INCOMING-

CAUGHT INTO A POWERSLAM!

And another pin!

This time Bates is too far in the middle of the ring for Conor to do anything about it!

ONE!

TWO!

LAST SECOND KICKOUT!

Conor's face expresses extreme exhaustion, while, again (and will probably not be mentioned again), Tyler is deadpan with nothing more than the bloody beret resting on his head.

Inside the ring, however, Klein works on the crowd. He's clapping his hands together and waiting on GFC. Once Bates is on his feet, Klein roars forward with a shoulder block, sending the former Tag Team Champion FLYING into a corner. Klein marches over, mounts himself on the second buckle and then reigns down fists.

ONE. TWO. THREE. FOUR. FIVE. AND SO ON. The fists soon become much more than ten and Mark Shields isn't doing a thing about it, either.

...Until Conor throws a hissy fit on the outside!

Shields interjects, although the damage has been done. GFC's head droops over, there is also drool running from his mouth, suggesting that while his eyes are open, there might be no one home.

Klein moves to the center of the ring. He repositions himself and waits for Mark Shields to move to the side. Klein realizes there's no chance Bates is going to move towards him so he has to go back in there. The Box Man takes Cyrus by the right arm and powers him in a wicked Irish whip towards the other side of the ring.

WHAM, Bates meets chest first and stumbles out upon impact. Klein grabs hold of GFC and performs a loud, impactful Olympic slam with a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

BATES GRABS THE TOP ROPE!

DDK:

No help from Conor Fuse this time, but the poor 'former gamer' is surely beside himself.

The French Faithful cheer as Klein rises, signifying the end is near. He leans over to drag GFC off the mat when Conor Fuse SNAPS his left boot forward and nails Klein in the box with a superkick from outside the ring! At first, the fans are in shock because of how high Conor got his boot up and straight into Klein's face.

Then come the boos.

DDK:

Of course Mark didn't see it!

Lance:

In fairness partner, I barely saw it!

Klein fumbles around in the middle of the ring, his box being knocked to the side of his head so he can't see shit. He also can't get his box on straight, either, because he's seeing stars inside his mind and his balance has been knocked out of whack in the process.

With use from the ropes, Cyrus Bates slowly gets to his feet and shakes out his own cobwebs. He slowly spins around to see Klein wobbling about, looking to be put out of his misery.

Bates looks down at Conor and then back at Klein.

He smirks.

He charges.

WHAP!

A ring-shaking spear with a cover.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

But GFC isn't phased, his GAME FACE is still on. Although his eyeblack is running down his cheeks, it seems like he's in control. He hurls Klein into the ropes and catches him upon return.

WHAM!

DDK:

SPINEBUSTER!

Bates with another cover.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The Faithful give a cheer but once again, Cyrus Bates' GAME FACE ain't going anywhere. He drags Klein to a vertical base and takes three... steps... back.

Running axe kick, his finisher, now being dubbed the GAME SHOT.

WHAP!

It connects. GFC rolls Klein onto his back and hooks a leg for good measure.

ONE.

TWO.

ABSOLUTELY LAST SECOND KICKOUT AND THE FANS GO INSANE!

DDK:

I don't believe it!

Lance:

Neither does Bates!

This time, yes, Cyrus looks rattled while Conor Fuse is blowing a gasket on the outside. Conor tells GFC to pull himself together, so Cyrus does so. Bates rolls into a corner of the ring, measuring Klein as The Box Man struggles to find his way upright.

Bates comes booming forward.

Head Stomp!?

NO!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

DDK:

Klein has Cyrus in position for a uranage!

The fans know what's coming but at the very last second Cyrus slips free! He rolls into the ropes but meets a HARD, clubbing right forearm from Klein. Klein lifts GFC in the air and lands a sidewalk slam! Both men hit the mat so hard that Cyrus' token dispenser falls off his hip and out of the ring.

Klein drapes an arm over GFC.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Relief crosses Conor's face but then a furious disposition develops. However, Fuse can ultimately do nothing as both men get to their feet and start exchanging blows until Klein hurls GFC into the ropes and the two men whack shoulders together. In the process, Mark Shields ALMOST finds himself in the middle of them, but slips away at the very last second. The referee stumbles on his own two feet and falls into the ropes, when Conor jumps onto the apron and points at the ref.

DDK:

What's going on!?

Lance:

I think Conor is telling Mark... he's been hit?

DDK:

What?

Lance:

Conor is telling Mark to get down on all fours so Shields can recover.

DDK:

That's nonsense. Mark is fine! He avoided contact!

It doesn't matter. Mark "takes a knee" so he can "recover". Meanwhile, Conor Fuse slips between the top and middle rope, token dispenser in hand.

Conor starts popping tokens at a furious rate. Then he sprints towards Klein with at least fifteen of them in his left hand.

WHAM!

Tokens go FLYING all over the place as Conor rams the tokens, and his fist, straight into the front of the box. Klein stumbles backwards as Conor hops out of the ring... and Cyrus Bates licks his chops. GFC snatches Klein by the waist...

DDK:

Hold on a second!

And looks for his own uranage!

SLAM!

It lands.

GFC hooks a leg as Mark Shields is done "recovering".

DDK:

The move that "traumatized Cyrus for years" is now gonna be the move he steals a win with!?

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Disbelief crosses the GAME FACE, as it is GAME FACE no MOAR. Cyrus stumbles to a vertical position and walks backwards into a corner of the ring, merely staring at Klein in shock and awe. Meanwhile, Klein starts to recover. He's on a knee. He's on a foot. He's now completely upright. Conor Fuse SCREAMS at the top of his lunges for Cyrus to "fucking do something" but it's definitely clear by now...

Bates has fallen into PTSD mode.

He can't move.

He can't blink.

He can't even pray.

Klein roars forward, drilling GFC in the head with a forearm and then dragging him to the center of the ring.

UR.

AN.

AGE.

DDK:

IT'S OVER!!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this-

YOUR DAILY FORECAST

CHING!

DDK:

OH, C'MON!

Before an announcement can even be made, Conor Fuse is back in the center of the ring, token dispenser in hand. He CRUSHES the metal object over Klein's box, bending the dispenser in the process.

STOMP. STOMP. STOMPPPPPPP.

Fuse provides boot after boot after boot. ANGRY STOMPS of DOOM and Conor show no signs of slowing down.

Tyler simply watches from the outside, as a recovering Cyrus Baates regains his composure and joins in on the beat down of The Box Man.

Conor mouths off significantly to Klein (and GFC too) as they go to town. It's tough for the audio to catch much but there's a lot of Conor saying things like "GROWN-UP SHIT" and Klein "ruined his adulthood".

The crowd is getting restless as Bates and Fuse continue. Finally, Conor takes a couple steps back but then pushes GFC on the chest.

Conor Fuse:

FINISH HIM.

Bates nods. He lifts Klein up and delivers a uranage before propping Klein onto his knees. Conor measures the PCP member from afar, likely to go Head Stomping in just a few more seconds.

Conor smirks.

He braces himself.

...

...

...

The lights go out.

DDK:

What the!?

In a moment, the DEFI-A-TRON starts, showing a random snowstorm in the middle of a desolate location, looking something straight out of Breath of the Wild. There's a trail of blood in the snow, leading off into the distance. The camera follows the trail through a forest, up a snowy mountain and towards a wooden cabin. The camera continues to follow the blood, now speeding up as the trail leads closer and closer to the cabin front doors.

We pass through a very small yard. The snowstorm is even stronger. While the cabin is now in very close view, it's nearly invisible due to the pure white out at hand.

It seems like the feed reaches the cabin doors, where the trail of blood stops.

The doors open. A shadowy figure stands, a tiny pool of blood at this person's feet.

The shadow's eyes open. Cobalt blue eyes.

CUT SCENE.

♪ "Big Dawgs" by Humankind ♪

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

Oh. My. GOD!

Lance:

HE'S BACK!

Malak Garland appears at the top of the rampway. He's wearing his OG attire, a white undershirt complete with his throwback black, white and blue snowflake tights. The response is tremendous, as Malak stands at the top of the rampway and the scene goes inside the ring. Cyrus Bates' jaw is on the floor and Conor looks like he's seen a ghost.

Garland starts power walking down the rampway. He doesn't have any weapons on him whatsoever. He "rolls up the sleeves he doesn't have", making a b-line into the ring.

Garland slides in as his theme closes but the crowd only gets louder.

PUTAIN DE MERDE!

PUTAIN DE MERDE!

PUTAIN DE MERDE!

Garland on one side of the ring. Cyrus Bates and Conor Fuse on the other.

Conor growls at Bates to "GET HIM". It takes GFC a moment to talk himself into, it's almost like Cyrus doesn't want to.

Conor Fuse:

KILL THAT GOD DAMN SOB!

Bates reluctantly makes a move towards Garland. However, Malak DRILLS Cyrus in the forehead with a right fist before doubling Bates over and tossing him out of the ring!

DDK:

It was that easy!

Garland SCREAMS to the rafters, a similar move to what Conor used to do back in his own glory days. Fuse moves forward but Malak DRILLS him too with a right hand!

Commence Malak's own ANGRY STOMPS of DOOM-

Tyler Fuse.

Intensity Personified is in the ring now and he tackles Malak to the ground, Frenchie's bloody beret falling off his head in the process. The crowd boos as Tyler starts unloading on Garland. However, this is very short lived when Klein enters the picture and pulls Tyler away.

URANAGE!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Garland stands. He starts tearing at his own white hair while the crowd is going wild. Conor tries to wiggle away, but Malak Garland catches him.

And starts mother fucking UNLOADING.

C'EST NOTRE LÉGENDE!

C'EST NOTRE LÉGENDE!

C'EST NOTRE LÉGENDE-

BBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

GFC is there to drag Conor Fuse out of the ring, while Bates and the brothers SLOWLY make their retreat up the ramp. Malak finds the bloody beret in the middle of the ring. He picks it up and tosses it out, towards Tyler Fuse.

Malak Garland looks at Klein.

Klein looks at Garland.

The Snowflake Superstar extends his right hand...

And The Box Man shakes it!

Another loud cheer echoes throughout the massive arena, as Klein makes his exit and Garland takes a mic whilst pacing with hyperness exuding from his spirit. Meanwhile, the Fuse Bros. and Cyrus Bates are nearing the top of the ramp.

Malak Garland:

OH WOW, OKAY! WELL TICKLE MY INNER ENERGY CHAKRAS EGGSHELL PINK! I AM ALL FIRED UP!

Garland pumps his FIST mightily.

Malak Garland:

I know my Personal Breathing Trainer told me to try and slow down in circumstances like these BUT I JUST CAN'T HELP MYSELF!

RAHHHHHHHH!

Malak Garland:

cOnOr Fuse-Tyler Fuse, I am so in my feelings on running a REVENGE ERA on you two! Ruining your lives is a narrative I am all about and I'm certainly not out of pocket when I say that two you SPAMMERS need to be MODERATED! HARD!

Malak nearly slugs himself in the head because he's oh-so-hyped at the moment. At the top of the ramp, the Fuse's and Bates watch on.

Malak points directly at Conor.

Malak Garland:

You. I've kicked your ass so many times I'm ALMOST over it.

The finger changes locations. It's now pointed at Tyler.

Malak Garland:

But YOU. I'll start with YOU, Tyler. Last year TO. THE. DATE. at the awards show we wrestled a bloody contest for the FIST of DEFIANCE which I won. Well let me break the news to you, TyGuy. We're RUNNING IT BACK.

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Malak Garland:

At THIS YEAR'S award show I am challenging you to a Malak Garland specialty! I'm a needy, triggered kinda guy and I require my SAFE SPACE to feel snuggly and secure. Safe space match, Tyler Fuse versus Malak Garland!

DDK:

Faithful, don't be fooled about the title 'safe space'. That's a LARGE steel cage, roof included, covering the ring and up to the barricade!

Tyler gives the middle finger towards Malak and Malak returns the favour before the Fuse's and a reluctant Bates exit right, leaving Malak by himself.

Malak Garland:

MORE context for you! During my time off, I did a little traveling and a little thinking. I am talking about BIG PICTURE stuff here, and let me tell you, wow, did I think BIG! My visions have never been clearer. I got my head right and it was brought to my attention that DEFIANCE is running a cross promotional show with, wait for it, PRIME.

A mixed reaction at best.

Malak Garland:

Then I tuned into ReVival and I saw someone brilliantly hijack their show with MALWARE. Hmmm, I wonder who that could have been?

Garland looks around almost too conspicuously.

Malak Garland:

I saw this same nameless individual attack THEIR champion. Well shit guy, shit, if their champion is so easily gettable then I have no problem calling him out here, on my turf, where I am NOW loved. Nay, BELOVED. Make no mistake about it, I haven't changed one iota but the fact remains that I am the **GLUE** that sticks the FIST together. All sorts of puns being thrown around here.

Garland shuffles the mic in his hand for a moment.

Malak Garland:

In other words, I'm not afraid of anyone or anything anymore because I am the top FLAKE on the snowcapped mountain. Therefore, Cecilworth Farthington, I'm challenging you to a title match at the joint show.

Huge pro DEFIANCE cheers for the most unlikely DEFIANT wrestler.

Malak Garland:

No need to respond, because I already know your humble answer but let it be known that 2026 and the future beyond belongs to me ONLY and I'm about to prove it. The show is called Immortals? Well let me be the first to tell you that after January 9th, I will ascend to that mantle as I will become the first ever PRIME Universal Champion as an exclusive DEFIANCE talent.

DDK:

Unbelievable!

Lance:

Malak Garland is stepping up!

TU ES UN FLOCON DE NEIGE! CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP
TU ES UN FLOCON DE NEIGE! CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP
TU ES UN FLOCON DE NEIGE! CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

Garland throws the microphone down DEFIANTLY before holding his arms up in the middle of the ring. Eventually, he slinks between the ropes, slaps a few hands and heads to the back.

THE ATOMIC PUNKS vs. MONEY TALKS

The camera sweeps the arena, a sea of faces buzzing with anticipation, when Downtown Darren Keebler's voice cuts clean and steady through the roar.

DDK:

This one has been simmering for weeks, Lance. Two very different philosophies of tag team wrestling are about to collide.

Lance:

And Darren, one of those philosophies involves Angus Skaaland being a professional nightmare, so buckle up.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ Atomic Punk - Van Halen ♪

The lights flicker violently as klaxons blare and greenish-white strobes wash over the stage. Dr. Ayumi Sato bursts through the curtain first, lab coat flapping, hair wild, eyes blazing.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

PUNY MORTALS! YOUR ATOMS WILL BE SCATTERED!

Darren Quimbey:

Making their way to the ring! Accompanied by Dr. Ayumi Sato... from Three Mile Island, Pennsylvania, at a total combined weight of four hundred ninety-five pounds... FISSION! GIGATON! THE! ATOMIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIC... PUNKS!!!

Behind her, Fission sprints onto the stage, slapping hands, vibrating with kinetic energy. Gigaton follows, slower, heavier, every step thudding like a dropped anvil. The Atomic Punks pose together at the ramp, Sato pointing skyward like she's daring the universe to blink first.

DDK:

The Atomic Punks have been a unit essentially their entire careers. You don't see seams with this team.

Lance:

You see scars. And usually they belong to the other guys.

The lights die again.

A low, ominous bassline rolls out.

♪ "C.R.E.A.M." by Wu-Tang Clan ♪

DDK:

And here comes the pain, Lance.

The Blood Diamonds' regular video package hits the DEFIatron while the stage lights up in sanguine red.

Quimbey allows a few moments to pass before raising the mic to make the next introduction.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponents, representing the Blood Diamonds... they are a pair of BRAZEN legends... they are "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby and "The Problem Solver" Adrian Payne... please welcome, MONEEEEEY TALKS!

The crowd reaction turns instantly sour.

Angus Skaaland steps out first, smug, hands clasped behind his back like he's already won. Behind him comes Adrian Payne, a walking slab of muscle, expression empty, eyes forward. Then Felton Bigsby emerges, beard bristling, shoulders rolling, the reflective white trim of his burnt orange singlet shimmering under the lights.

Bigsby stops at the top of the ramp, spreads his arms, and soaks in the hatred.

DDK:

Felton Bigsby. Houston Strong. One of the most dangerous power wrestlers to ever come out of BRAZEN.

Lance:

Let us not forget what these two sycophantic psychopaths did to poor Henry Yamazaki for "dear leader" Boxer! They hit the man with a damn VAN, Keebler! A VAN!

Hector Navarro checks both corners, shoots a hard look at Skaaland and Sato, then calls for the bell.

DING DING

Fission starts for the Punks. Bigsby insists on starting for Money Talks.

They circle.

Bigsby lunges forward and immediately eats a sharp enzuigiri that snaps his head sideways. The crowd explodes as Fission darts behind him, snaps off a dragon screw, then tags out in a blink.

Gigaton storms in with a running body block that folds Bigsby against the ropes. Quick tag. Fission back in. Drop toe hold, hands stomped into the mat. Tag again.

DDK:

This is clinic-level tag wrestling already!

Gigaton lifts Bigsby with a gut-level belly to belly, pops to his feet, and crushes him with a seated senton in the corner. Payne tries to step in and Navarro cuts him off instantly.

Angus starts barking from ringside.

Sato barks louder.

Dr. Ayumi Sato:

BACK, YOU INFERIOR CARBON-BASED LIFEFORM!

Angus lunges toward the apron and Sato shoves him away. Navarro snaps his head over, warning finger raised.

Inside the ring, Bigsby stumbles into a running leg drop to the back of the head. Fission flies in with a middle-rope senton.

DDK:

Cover!

ONE

TWO

NO! KICKOUT BEFORE THREE!

Lance:

Kickout with authority there, Keebs!

DDK:

Money Talks is reeling here!

Gigaton hoists Bigsby into a Gory Special, parading him before dumping him forward. Tag. Fission rolls through with a La Magistral.

Another two count and a kickout.

Lance:

Darren, they're drowning them! What a performance from The Punks!

Payne finally gets the tag and charges in only to eat a short-arm headbutt barrage from Gigaton followed by an exploder suplex that shakes the ring. Fission follows with a swinging neckbreaker and a tope fake that sends Payne retreating.

Angus tries to grab Fission's ankle.

Sato slaps his hand away.

Angus snarls.

The moment comes fast.

As Gigaton lines up a running crossbody on Bigsby against the ropes, Angus reaches into his jacket. Navarro turns just in time to see movement at ringside.

Too late.

Angus hooks Sato's leg, yanks her forward, and in one fluid, disgusting motion hurls a FIREBALL into her face.

The arena gasps, then erupts.

Sato collapses screaming, clutching her face, rolling on the floor.

DDK:

NO! NO! ANGUS SKAALAND JUST FIREBALLED DR. SATO!

Lance:

I'm speechless! This is a brand new low... and honestly, I didn't think that was possible.

Inside the ring, both Punks freeze and stare agog at what was just perpetrated on their manager.

Both men seem to be headed out to ringside to check on Sato.

Big mistake.

Bigsby bulldozes Gigaton with a jumping shoulder tackle that turns him inside out. Payne stomps Fission down behind Navarro's back. Angus points and laughs, mockingly applauding as medical staff rush down the ramp to tend to Sato's singed face.

Money Talks uses the sizable distraction to take over.

Payne traps Gigaton in the corner, clubbing forearms, knee strikes, slow grinding boots. Illegal tag. Bigsby storms in with a corner back splash that crushes the air from Gigaton's lungs.

Tag again.

Bigsby deadlifts Gigaton into a military press, holds him there, then dumps him forward into a grounded senton splash from Payne.

Cover.

Two count only.

Angus slaps the apron, screaming instructions.

Fission tries to rally but Bigsby intercepts him with a short-arm clothesline that flips him inside out. Payne grabs Gigaton and the two Blood Diamonds hit a one-on-two vertical suplex, Bigsby showing off as he holds both men before slamming them down.

The crowd boos mercilessly.

DDK:

This is exploitation, plain and simple.

Bigsby locks on the spinning front facelock, rotating slowly, deliberately smashing Gigaton's face into Payne's boots with every turn.

Navarro finally breaks it up, but the damage is done.

Gigaton staggers to his feet.

Bigsby charges.

FOOTBALL TACKLE.

The impact echoes.

Bigsby hauls Gigaton up, locks in the full nelson. The crowd senses it.

Lance:

Bigsby's looking to finish this!

Gigaton fights, arms flailing, but Payne clips the knee behind Navarro's back.

Bigsby lifts.

He spikes Gigaton down hard, crashing on top of him.

DDK:

FOURTH WARD AVALANCHE FROM BIGSBY!

Navarro slides in.

ONE

TWO

THREE!

DING DING DING

Before Navarro can even raise a hand, Angus Skaaland shoves him aside, nearly knocking the referee off balance. Angus grabs Bigsby's wrist and yanks it skyward, then Payne's, standing between them like a conquering emperor.

The crowd rains venom on the trio.

Medical staff continue tending to Sato at ringside as Fission kneels beside her, furious and helpless.

DDK:

Money Talks steals one tonight in the most reprehensible way imaginable.

Lance:

Darren, this isn't over. Not by a long shot.

Angus leans into the hard cam, grinning, arms raised, basking in the hatred as Money Talks stands tall over the wreckage they created.

Angus Skaaland:

It's HOT in the city of lights tonight, boys! HOT HOT HOT!

He cackles as he leads his team up the ramp.

DDK:

Pay per view chaos. Blood Diamonds victorious.

Lance:

And a debt written in fire, Darren.

We cut back to ringside, Dr. Sato clutching her face in anguish still, as Gigaton joins her and his hermano as he clutches his side, his own face twisted in agony

SOL

Back over to the commentary booth with Darren Quimbey and Lance Warner.

DDK:

We just an example of how talented our tag team division is and later tonight, we're going to see it take the spotlight in our main event! The Triple 7s and Tom Morrow have invoked their Ace of Tag Teams contract win for an I Quit match and per Tom Morrow's demands, it has been made the main event! The Unified Tag Team titles will be the main event of tonight's show!

Lance:

The Triple 7s and Rain City Ronin will be an absolute war. And as somebody who has been involved in that war to help even the odds for the Ronin, we have Christie Zane standing by with Lonnie Luck!

The show heads backstage to one of DEFIANCE's interviewers, Christie Zane, standing by.

Christie Zane:

We're almost halfway into DEFIANCE Rising Night One and it's been an amazing show with surprising results. I've got the former Favoured Saints champion, Lonnie Luck with me. Lonnie?

Lonnie Luck sits around with a cup of coffee in hand wearing his poker-themed "With A Li'L Luck" shirt and blue track pants.

Lonnie Luck:

Christie, glad to be here. I wish I was competing tonight, but after I got attacked by the Triple 7s two weeks ago, I'm not cleared tonight.

Christie Zane:

And apologies for that. We heard you'll be cleared soon though?

Lonnie Luck:

Yeah, I will. And when I am, I've got a score to settle with that giant asshole Mark Luck!

Christie Zane:

We'll look forward to that match soon. Thanks for giving us a word about tonight's title match. You've gotten to know both teams. You've partnered and helped even the odds for RCR against the Triple 7s and were a former member with your cousins. How are you approaching tonight's match?

Lonnie Luck:

Carefully. That's how. Everyone has seen how dangerous first hand Max and Mason can be. They've ruined careers just to hold those titles. And in an I Quit match, they've got a major advantage. But I've seen how good Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett are; we all have. I don't need to speak for them. Their wrestling is going to do that for them tonight and if the Triple 7s overlook them at all, they've already lost.

Christie Zane:

I heard you have one other piece of business?

Lonnie Luck:

Yeah, this message is just for you, MARK ...

Lonnie Luck:

Yeah. I talked about me being cleared soon. I got banged up by the Triple 7s and as much as I wanted to wrestle Mark Luck tonight, the match has been pushed back. But I'm told if I'm cleared in time ... Mark Luck ... I'm gonna be seeing you at our last show of the year, our End of the Year awards on Wednesday, December 31st!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer!

Lonnie Luck:

I'm sick of you. I'm sick of the influence that you've had over my cousins. I'm sick of your big ass being around here. I'm sick of how you treated a place like BRAZEN as some kind of demotion instead of bettering yourself there and living off the Luck name that you weren't even born into. So I'll sweeten the pot. I don't want just any match on December 31st! If I win ... you go back to BRAZEN! If you win ... I'm out and I'll report to BRAZEN first thing January 1st, 2026!

Christie Zane:

WHOA!!!

Lonnie Luck:

I mean it! We've been attacking each other for weeks and I'm sick of that jackass!!! Even if my cousins don't wake up and see that Tom Morrow's just gonna lie to them, at least The Triple 7s are down by one! So if you have the nuts ... accept the chal ...

A colossal big boot catches him in the side of the head before he can finish the sentence!!!

MARK LUCK STANDS OVER LONNIE LUCK!!!

He turns to Christie Zane and steals her microphone out of her hand!

Mark Luck:

This is between me and him. Go.

She does just that! Mark grabs Lonnie by the jaw and pulls him up and then he gets thrown right through the backstage set! The entire backdrop and canvas for the set collapse on top of Lonnie and he's now in pain!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Mark Luck still has Zane's mic. He stands over Lonnie Luck.

Mark Luck:

You go or I go to BRAZEN huh? I say don't threaten me with a good time. Challenge accepted.

The mic drop is both figurative and literal. He holds open his hand and lets the mic fall on top of Lonnie's body. DEFSec quickly floods the set, but the damage is already done. The Blonde God walks off laughing at Lonnie!

"SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. "THE GLOAT" MIL VUELTAS

Lance:

That is WILD! Mark Luck versus Lonnie Luck at our Year End Award Show! December 31st! The loser will be sent down to BRAZEN!

DDK:

And leave it to a Luck to jump someone when it doesn't benefit them... but anyway, we gotta get to our next match! It's one of DEFIANCE's true heroes against DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero... at least, in his own mind. "The GLOAT" Mil Vuelatas will have to put his heroic claims to the test when after weeks of trash talk and sneak attacks, Mil takes on "DEFIANCE's Favorite Son" Scott Douglas!

Lance:

Scott Douglas has had a whirlwind year from last year's DEFCON. This is a man who lost to one of his career rivals, "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio and Los Caidos which forced Douglas to become a member of the group. Eventually, with a little help from Kerry Kuroyama, Douglas would eventually revert back to the man we all know he is and broke free from the group!

DDK:

But it wasn't long before he crossed paths with Mil Vuelatas. The GLOAT offered an olive branch to Douglas to help him find his way, so to speak. Even offering the Familia's services to take out Los Caidos, but Douglas turned him down flat on two occasions. After repeatedly pushing him, Douglas finally had enough! On DEFtv 228, he defeated Brooklynn Rivera, only to get attacked from behind post-match from Mil Vuelatas and The Big Boss Dan!

Lance:

That leads us to tonight! Scott Douglas wants to shut Mil Vuelatas up! He has the pedigree, but we can't argue that Mil Vuelatas is no doubt on a career high! He betrayed OSCAR BURNS and rejoined Titanes Familia along with The Big Boss Dan at MAXDEF. He defeated OSCAR BURNS and put him out of action at Acts of DEFIANCE! He'd also go on to beat Dex Joy, albeit via countout, and even Douglas himself in a recent tag match featuring Punch Drunk Purcell!

DDK:

Tonight, though, it's one-on-one! Douglas! Vuelatas! A potential show-stealer is up next here at DEFIANCE Rising!

♪ "Smiling And Dyin'" by Green River ♪

The lights inside Paris La Défense Arena dip as a filthy guitar riff resounds through the area. The French Faithful rise instantly, the noise swelling into a rolling wave as the screen's light up "SUB POP."

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at two hundred twenty pounds... he is DEFIANCE's Favorite Son... "Sub Pop" SCOTTTTT DOUUUUGLAAAAASSSSS!!!

DDK:

Listen to this place.

Scott Douglas appears at the top of the stage with his head lowered, shoulder-length wet hair spilling over his face. He stands perfectly still for a moment, then snaps his head back, the drops of water spraying up and glistening in the stage lights. He throws his taped fist high into the air as the Faithful pop.

Lance:

They know the story. They know what he fought through. Fans everywhere connect to this man, and Paris is proving it, here tonight!

Douglas starts down the ramp with that steady, familiar stride. His tattered jean shorts, frayed at the edges, the thick two-holed leather belt cinched tight. His boots are scuffed, his Sub Pop logo t-shirt cracked and faded with age and wear.

At ringside, he takes a long look across the massive Paris crowd. He pauses with one foot on the ring step and looks around ... taking it all in. Douglas climbs onto the apron, wipes his boots, and steps through the ropes.

At center ring, he pivots toward the hard camera and raises his fist again. The French Faithful erupt once again, yet somehow louder.

DDK:

You cannot buy that kind of respect and admiration. You earn it night after night, and Scott Douglas has done exactly that.

Lance:

That is a lesson, Mil Vuletas is going to have to learn!

Douglas falls back to his corner, rolling out his shoulders and neck, eyes fixed on the entranceway.

♪ "Hero" by Chad Kroeger feat. Josey Scott ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Representing Titanes Familia! From Tijuana, Mexico and currently residing in... your hearts... weighing in at 180 pounds... He is The man who rid DEFIANCE of OSCAR BURNS... He is The Man of a Thousand Flips! He is The GLOAT! And he is a bigger hero than Scott Douglas...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero... and... in his own words... Il est maintenant le héros adopté de la France!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

MILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL... VUELTA SSSSSSS!

The camera pans all over the arena and scans across the arena, trying to find DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero, who has taken to walking through the fans. Scott Douglas looks up... and the spotlight shines bright! Standing in a white luchador mask, sleeves and pants that have various red and blue rhinestones, he turns his back to the camera with his white fur coat showing off a cartoon logo of Mil Vuletas in the colors of the French flag!

♪ I am so high, I can hear heaven
I am so high, I can hear heaven
Whoa, but heaven, no, heaven don't hear me ♪

♪ And, they say that a hero could save us
I'm not gonna stand here and wait
I'll hold on to the wings of the eagles
Watch as we all fly away ♪

DDK:

Kissing the backsides of an entire fanbanse. Sounds like Mil!

Lance:

And as usual, he's not alone! Brooklynn Rivera is by his side!

Brooklynn wears white leather pants and black jacket as she walks in front of Mil Vuletas, serving as his security on the way towards the ring! Mil blows kisses and waves to the people as Chad Kroeger blasts through the PA. He makes the long trek down the steps and then points towards the people before climbing over the barricade with Rivera

to reach ringside!

Mil Vueltas:

SCOTT DOUGLAS! CABRON, WHEN YOU HEAR THE CHAD KROEGER... IT'S OVER!

Mil points towards the ring as the obnoxious white spotlight continues to shine! He poses on the ring apron! After what seems like an eternity, he finally enters the ring and stands across from Douglas. He sheds his fur coat and hands it off to Brooklyn Rivera at ringside.

DDK:

Despite all this pomp and circumstance of Mil Vueltas... we could be in for a sleeper match of the night between these two. Bell to bell, two of the faster-paced and exciting performers we have. Love them or hate them in Mil's case!

Referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell...

DING DING

Douglas and Vueltas circle cautiously, both men keeping low stances. Mil reaches first, shooting in for Douglas' wrist, but Scott snaps his arm away and tries for the same with his opposite. Mil swats it off and backs out, smirking and wagging a finger at Douglas, inviting him in.

The pair circle once more before locking up again.

DDK:

Collar-and-elbow tie-up. Both men dig in, each testing the other's balance.

The GLOAT shifts first, sliding into a quick go-behind. SUB POP immediately answers by widening his base to prevent any kind of lift, then quickly peeling Mil's hands apart, breaking the grip before he can really cinch the waistlock.

Douglas spins to face Vueltas.

Mil steps in for another lock-up, but Scott beats him to the point of contact and turns it smoothly into an arm wringer. DEFIANCE's Favorite Son cranks down, cinching the hold tight and controlling Mil's wrist and elbow.

The GLOAT, takes a lap, spinning the pair around as Douglas maintains control... until Mil suddenly rolls forward, twisting through a quarter turn before springing into a tight forward flip back to his feet and...

DDK:

Arm drag!

Lance

Impressive reversal here from Mil Vuletas.

Douglas hits the mat and recovers quickly, sliding back to a knee. He looks up at Mil with a hint of surprise... but also a spark of intrigue.

Mil steps in with his chest out and his grin wide enough to see through his mask.

Mil Vueltas:

C'mon, cabrón... keep up with a real hero!

DDK:

Our fantastic production crew picking up that audio of Mil Vueltas getting a little too cocky ... maybe a little too early? Though Scott Douglas doesn't appear rattled.

Lance:

He shouldn't be. Scott cut his teeth in this sport in Mexico... I don't know that Mil has anything that Douglas hasn't seen before.

Mil gets ready to lock up again. The GLOAT has his hands up and then Scott Douglas goes to grab him... but Mil ducks and does a front flip forward to his feet to show off! He then jumps to the middle buckle to blow kisses to the Paris Faithful!

Mil Vueltas:

MIL VUELTAS! HERO, MES AMIS!

Vueltas leaps off the middle rope... and right into a fast arm drag from Douglas! Douglas picks up the pace by kicking Mil in the ropes and going for a whip, but the young hero flips up and over the ropes before he shows off and rolls out to the floor!

Lance:

Nobody likes a showoff!

After landing successfully, Mil ends up on the floor right next to Brooklynn! He jumps up and gives one of the Familia's Golden Children a high-five and then points towards Douglas as if to say top that!

DDK:

More games here by The Man of A Thousand Flips!

Lance:

And after weeks of Mil Vueltas playing games with him, Douglas is not in a gaming mood!

Douglas slides out under the ring to run after Mil...

Lance:

And there he goes again!

But Mil zips past DEFIANCE's Favorite Son and slides back into the ring! He lays down on his side and waves at Douglas, who's now starting to lose his cool.

DDK:

This is what Mil Vueltas does so well. He gets under your skin with these high-speed hit-and-run tactics like this, then when an opponent makes a mistake... he pounces.

Douglas decides that he's going to try and take the bait. Just as he decides to climb into the ring, Mil is already back to his feet and tries to attack Douglas with a kick! Douglas BARELY moves out of the way of a jumping kick, but Scott doesn't miss a stiff forearm smash that cracks Vueltas right on the dome! Mil is dizzy as he stumbles back, giving Douglas a chance to try and pounce!

Lance:

Mil didn't anticipate that Douglas was going to fight back so fast! Don't forget, Douglas cut his teeth in lucha libre as well! He might be one of the few people in DEFIANCE who can match him move for move if it came down to it!

Douglas kicks Mil and sends him to the corner, but this time he's right behind The Man of a Thousand Flips and lands a big flying forearm smash in the corner! Mil recoils from the impact and then gets pulled out of the corner for DEFIANCE's Favorite Son to take him down with a quick russian leg sweep! Douglas rolls through and gets back to his feet before flying off the ropes with a quick leg drop to the neck. Once isn't enough so he hits the ropes again and lands a second one!

DDK:

Douglas is quickening the pace with the leg sweep and those leg drops across the throat! Cover by Douglas!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Mil kicks out, but Douglas continues the assault. He picks Mil up and lands another forearm that sends the luchador staggering back into the ropes.

DDK:

Scott Douglas has Mil Vueltas by the neck... Snapmare by Douglas... OOOOH! Two feet right to the back with that dropkick!

He sits up Mil and ROCKS him right in the back with a basement dropkick! Mil arches his back in pain and his mouth is wide when Douglas pushes him back down to the mat again!

DDK:

Playtime's over here! Douglas isn't giving Mil any chance to get away and use his speed!

Lance:

Douglas shoots the half!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Mil once again sits up after the kickout, but Douglas goes right back on the offensive and grabs Mil by the neck with a rear chinlock! Vueltas flails around with both arms trying to pry the grip of Douglas off of him but Seattle's Favorite Son is too strong. Mil scurries to his feet and then lunges in between the ropes, sending the former SOHER face-first into the top rope! The impact sends Douglas reeling backwards!

Lance:

Oooh! That's one way to escape a chinlock!

DDK:

And now Mil has a chance to fight back!

Mil turns around to see Douglas still stunned. He quickly leaps off the ropes and CRACKS him on top of the head with a rolling wheel kick!

DDK:

Rolling wheel kick from The Man of a Thousand Flips! He's got Douglas down!

Mil flips forward to his feet! When he has Douglas off his feet, he runs forward and connects with a running shooting star press across the chest! When that's not enough, Mil flips forward off of Douglas' body and leaps to the nearby ropes before landing a springboard moonsault across the chest!

DDK:

Quick sequence of moves from Vueltas! Can he make it two wins in a row over a DEFIANCE legend?!

The GLOAT grabs a leg for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Scott escapes with a shoulder off the canvas. Mil looks up at Benny Doyle.

Mil Vuetlas:

Benny, Mi Amigo... count faster, cabron!

Lance:

Insulting our head official isn't going to win this match!

DDK:

That it won't. Mil Vuelas should be stringing more moves together like he did just moments ago.

As Douglas tries to get back to his feet, Mil cracks him in the back with a stiff kick that has DEFIANCE's Favorite Son wincing. He fires off another kick to the leg and tries to wear him down before throwing a third kick. With Douglas stunned, Mil hooks the neck of Douglas and runs off the ropes for a full-revolution tornado DDT... but Douglas throws him off! Vuelas lands on his feet like a cat, but then gets rocked under the jaw by Douglas' feet, vis-a-vis a HUGE standing dropkick!

Lance:

Where did Douglas come from with that?!

DDK:

I don't know, but he's got Mil out of the ring! Where's he going to go?

The hot crowd are making NOISE tonight and Douglas points towards Mil! He gets a running start off the ropes, but Mil leaps up and tries to block! Douglas catches him with a huge forearm that sends him outside to the floor again. When he hits the ground, Douglas looks like he's got a plan!

DDK:

What's Scott Douglas thinking?

He climbs over the ropes and waits on Mil. As he starts to try and stand...

JUMPING MOONSAULT OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE TO THE FLOOR!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

The Faithful are making some noise! Douglas stands up after the moonsault off the apron and rushes over to some fans in the front row quickly. He throws his fist in the air to a massive ovation!

DDK:

SCOTT DOUGLAS IS OUT HERE OUT-FLIPPING THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FLIPS!

Lance:

AND I CAN BARELY HEAR MYSELF! HE'S FIGHTING FLYER WITH FLYER!

Even if Scott Douglas were to hear the pun right now, it wouldn't stop him from being in a good mood right now as he keeps Mil Vuelas on the back foot. He quickly goes after DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero and throws him back inside the ring where he goes to follow. As he enters the ring...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Brooklynn Rivera goes over and pulls him out of the other side before Douglas can make the cover!

Lance:

COME ON, BENNY! THROW HER OUTTA HERE!

Looking out to Rivera, Douglas rolls out of the ring as Brooklynn stands between him and The Man of a Thousand Flips.

DDK:

She'd better get out of the way! She's already fought Douglas once in that ring, and he had his arm raised!

Douglas finally maneuvers himself past her, but Mil jumps back into the ring. Douglas tries to grab his leg, but Mil is grabbing Benny Doyle by his pant leg to keep from being pulled out!

Lance:

What kind of a hero is clinging to the leg of our officials like a hurt puppy? What the heck is he even doing?

Doyle is yelling at Mil to unhand him. Douglas lets go of Mil's leg and turns to get back into the ring...

HARAI GOSHI THROW FROM BROOKLYNN ON THE FLOOR!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Rivera hides out of Benny Doyle's line of sight as he's still dealing with Mil Vueltas, comically clinging to his pant leg!

DDK:

DOYLE NEVER EVEN SAW BROOKLYNN RIVERA HIT THAT HARAI GOSHI THROW! DOUGLAS DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!

When Mil finally wises up to what's going on, he unclings himself from Doyle's leg!

Mil Vueltas:

All good, amigo! B-R-B, okay?

Douglas is blinking quickly and has had the wind knocked out of him from one of the Familia's Golden Children as he tries to stand. He tries to get back to his feet, but he's only halfway up when a FAST tope through the bottom and middle rope sends DEFIANCE's Favorite Son CRASHING violently into the guardrail!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! SCOTT DOUGLAS JUST GOT DROPPED WITH THAT SUPER RAPIDO DIVE! MIL WAS RIGHT ON TARGET!

It takes The Man of a Thousand Flips a moment to get himself back to his feet, but Douglas looks worse for wear. He slides back into the ring and once again, gets a fast running start! He runs...

DDK:

SUPER RAPIDO DOS!

Douglas can barely stand, but Mil keeps him from falling and leads him back towards the ring! DEFIANCE's Favorite Son is sent back into the ring. Mil is standing on the apron and gets HATRED lobbed his way

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Mil Vueltas:

That's right! Boo Douglas! Phony hero!

He turns and sees a series of fans in the front row dressed like the Rezin of old... and shrugs.

Mil Vueltas:

Weirdo cabrons.

Back into the action, Mil clears the ropes with a huge delayed slingshot senton across the chest of DEFIANCE's Favorite Son! He rolls up to his feet, and as Douglas sits up from having the wind knocked out of him, Mil hits the ropes and lands a single-leg dropkick across the face!

DDK:

What a series of moves! I think Douglas might be done here!

Mil rolls him away from the ropes and then goes for a la majistral pin!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

Douglas kicks out and Mil looks shocked! He sits up as the heroic and friendly facade starts to break a little, showing more annoyance now.

Lance:

I have to give him any credit whatsoever these days, but I thought he had it there!

DDK:

He's had the momentum on his side since Brooklynn Rivera got involved! Titanes Familia have each other's back, and it's a shame for most of this roster that's the case!

The Man of a Thousand Flips lands a hard kick to the chest of Douglas that stuns him just as he tries to sit up. He fires another shot that lands in his chest as well! Douglas is slumped over in pain, and when Mil goes for a thrust kick, Douglas grabs the leg to block!

Lance:

Scott Douglas has the leg!

He rises to his feet and throws the 180-pound Mil upwards, but the athletically annoying luchador backflips and lands on his feet, only to eat a kick from Douglas that knocks him back into the corner!

DDK:

No! Douglas has him cornered!

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son makes the charge, but comes up empty as Mil rolls out of the corner! His speed allows him to stay one step ahead of the DEFIANCE legend as he lands a flying kick to the side of Scott's head! The momentum carries him to the apron, where Mil sweeps the left leg out from underneath the former SOHER. Mil slingshots over the ropes in one fell swoop and connects with a HUGE slingshot dropkick to Douglas in the corner!

DDK:

Tres Patadas combination! Mil rolls through to his feet!

That quickly and that suddenly, Mil dashes at the corner and CRACKS Douglas in the chest as he's seated with a running double knee strike! Vueltas grins and even starts to laugh now as he pulls Douglas out of the corner!

Lance:

That was nuts! Douglas looked like he was about to dole out some damage, but Mil Veltas just turned things around that quickly!

DDK:

The Tres Patadas combo followed by the running double knee strike in the corner! Mil goes for the win!

Once Douglas is out of the corner, Mil falls into a lateral press!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Douglas uses his legs to kick out as The Paris Faithful go wild!

DDK:

Mil Veltas has been half a step ahead of Scott Douglas with his speed, but he hasn't been able to put him away!

Lance:

That's the level of fight Scott Douglas brings night in and night out as one of the very best to do it. Mil just pinned Scott Douglas in tag team action, but tonight he's gotta do it in that ring when the lights are on brightest!

Mil waits on Douglas and charges off the ropes, but Douglas stops him with a big chop on the way back! Veltas reels from the chop! Douglas guts out the pain and fires off another chop! And another! And another! Mil is reeling against the ropes when DEFIANCE's Favorite Son tries to hook Mil up for a release German suplex... MIL LANDS ON HIS FEET! DOUBLE FOOT STOMP TO THE CHEST OF DOUGLAS!

DDK:

That... that was incredible! Mil backflipped out of the release german suplex, landed on his feet, then came right back with a double foot stomp to the chest of Douglas!

The former Southern Heritage Champion and clutches his chest in pain as Mil taps his forehead.

Mil Veltas:

One step ahead, cabron!

Mil points towards the turnbuckle and then leaps up and over the ropes to land on the apron to be the show-off that he is. He starts to climb to the top turnbuckle...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

...and poses as he points to the heavens!

DDK:

Scott Douglas is still down, but Mil Veltas is burning precious seconds here! As quick as he is, he should have hit something off that top rope by now!

Mil gets ready to jump...

...BUT DOUGLAS IS BACK UP!

Lance:

Or that can happen!

Douglas grabs onto Mil! He throws a big gut punch that doubles him over, allowing for DEFIANCE's Favorite Son to climb on the top turnbuckle...

RAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

AVALANCHE HURRICANRANA OFF THE TOP ROPE!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! BOTH MEN LANDED HARD OFF THAT MOVE! THEY'RE BOTH DOWN!

Lance:

THAT WAS INSANE! BOTH MEN ARE DOWN!

Neither man gets up right away and so Doyle counts!

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX!

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son begins to stir and rolls over onto his back. DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero hasn't moved.

SEVEN! EIGHT!

Mil kips up to his feet first! He leans against the ropes and almost falls out of exhaustion, but he recovers and laughs that he's up first...

DOUGLAS KIPS UP AS WELL!

DDK:

Mil needs to pay attention!

He turns around and gets hit by a clothesline from Douglas! And then another! The cocky luchador pops back up but Scott beats him to the punch and strikes him with a boot before sending Vueltas into the corner with a whip and following up with a running elbow smash in the corner! He wraps a hand around his neck...

DDK:

Oh, my goodness! Cobra Clutch suplex! Mil landed stomach first on that suplex!

With The Paris Faithful behind him, Scott rushes into the cover on Vueltas!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Vueltas lifts the shoulder up!

Lance:

Two-count off the cobra clutch suplex, but the former Southern Heritage Champion is in control!

Douglas picks up Mil again and hits a body slam near the turnbuckle before pointing at the corner!

DDK:

Scott Douglas is heading up top!

He climbs to the top buckle and gets there...

MIL POPS UP!

He tries to fight Scott on the top rope and pelts him with right hands but Douglas returns fire with a series of rapid-fire rights and a headbutt that knocks him off the buckle!

Lance:

No! Vueltas is down... AND SCOTT IS UP!

He takes flight and DRIVES a picture-perfect flying elbow drop into the heart of Douglas!

DDK:

That has to be it! Flying elbow drop and Douglas hooks the far leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Lance:

Another one! Two near falls in a row and... hey! HEY!

DDK:

Where the heck is Mil Vueltas going?!

Mil Vueltas rolls out of ring! He waves towards Brooklynn Rivera, and it looks like he's done with the evening!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Scott Douglas is FUMING right now, and he's not about to let Mil get away, but he's halfway up the aisle.

Mil Vueltas:

HEROES LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY, CABRONS! BUENOS NOCH...

♪ "Presto" by Epica ♪

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The head of DEFIANCE'S Biggest Hero snaps back towards the entrance. Four words flash on the screen...

BACK. TO. THE. GRAPS.

Lance:

OH, MY GOD! OH, MY GOD! IS THAT... THERE'S NO WAY!

Turning his back towards the entrance stands none other than **SONNY SILVER** wearing a black suit. With a cocky smile, the PRIME Hall of Famer steps aside. Walking out in a green and gold suit, Brooklynn Rivera tries to stand in

front of The GLOAT, who looks like he's seen a ghost! Walking out in a green and gold wrestling robe, a brand new buzzcut and a black mouthguard in his mouth, the robe comes off and OSCAR is in green and gold tights like he's ready to go right now!

DDK:

HOLY SH... I HAD TO STOP MYSELF! IT'S OSCAR BURNS! OSCAR BURNS IS BACK! I REPEAT... OSCAR! BURNS! IS! BACK!

OSCAR speeds down the aisle with quickness not seen in some time! Scott Douglas watches as Brooklynn tries to intercept with a kick, but OSCAR moves with the quickness, picks up La Angelita and she gets taken down with a quick side belly-to-belly suplex on the ramp!

Lance:

HOLY HELL! BROOKLYNN RIVERA IS DOWN!

Mil turns tail and RUNS toward the ring... but in all the panic, he gets his head taken off by a HUGE running lariat, courtesy of Scott Douglas!

DDK:

OSCAR HASN'T LAID A HAND ON MIL VUELTAS SO THIS MATCH IS STILL GOING! BUT SCOTT DOUGLAS CAN!

There's no time wasted! Douglas grabs the neck and the leg of DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero! He deadlifts him and SPIKES him head-first into the canvas and right into the bridge pin!

DDK:

SUB-POP SUPLEX! THIS ONE'S DONE!

Douglas goes right into fisherman's buster by hooking the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Smiling And Dyin'" by Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **"SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS!**

Douglas releases the pin! After a hard-fought match, Scott reaches his feet and gets his arm raised! From outside the ring, Sonny Silver and OSCAR BURNS get ready to head towards the ring!

Lance:

Big win here tonight by Scott Douglas! After weeks of being pestered and after multiple attacks from the likes of Mil Vuelas and the Familia's Golden Children, Scott Douglas gets his revenge and pulls out the win!

DDK:

And things are about to go from bad to worse by Mil Vuelas! Look!

OSCAR BURNS rolls into the ring and before he goes at Mil, he has a staredown with Scott Douglas, who looks unsure of what to expect. The Paris Faithful react HUGE to this!

Lance:

What's going on here?

Sub Pop casually looks at OSCAR, then back towards Mil. He sidesteps and then makes a gesture to have at it! OSCAR nods, then grits his teeth with a sadistic expression!

DDK:

I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE MIL VUELTAS RIGHT NOW! HE PUT OUT OSCAR BURNS FOR THREE MONTHS! HE'S BRAGGED AT EVERY TURN ABOUT DISBANDING THE GC UNIVERSE AND THEN PUTTING HIM OUT OF ACTION!

OSCAR charges towards the luchador and grabs an ankle before he starts going at him with an ankle lock!

OSCAR BURNS:

I'M HANGING YOUR FOOT ON MY FIREPLACE, YOU LITTLE BASTARD!

Mil screams and shouts and then starts tapping the mat frantically, trying to get OSCAR to let go, but this isn't an official match!

Lance:

HE'S GONNA BREAK HIS ANKLE!

DDK:

BUT HERE COMES DEFSEC! AS MUCH AS MIL DESERVES THIS, THEY HAVE A JOB TO DO AND CAN'T LET THIS SHOW GET OFF THE RAILS LIKE THIS!

Without warning, multiple members of DEFSec swarm down to the ring! Head of Security Wyatt Bronson goes in and it takes several members of DEFSec to try and get a hold of OSCAR! OSCAR gets pulled back and DEFSec and even Wyatt Bronson are trying to pull him back! Sonny Silver is protesting with the officials to let him go!

Lance:

AND NOW, LOOK! MIL'S GETTING AWAY!

At the first sign of an opening, Mil Vueltas slinks away under the bottom rope and outside the ring. DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero scatters and limps out of the ring and then pushes his way through the crowd to get the heck out of dodge!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The All-Caps Grappler is foaming at the mouth, trying to get away from DEFSec and when they won't let go, he starts swinging on them!

DDK:

WHAT'S OSCAR DOING!

He pulls himself away! Another member of DEFSec tries to calm him down... but OSCAR SMACKS him with a headbutt! He goes down! German suplex for a member of DEFSec! And another! The Faithful are going CRAZY as OSCAR is sending bodies flying around the ring!

Lance:

HE COULD BE FINED OR SUSPENDED FOR LAYING HIS HANDS ON DEFSEC!

After the fourth suplex, OSCAR pushes his way past Wyatt Bronson and then flees the ring!

DDK:

We've gotta get a handle on things here! Scott Douglas has just defeated Mil Vuelas tonight, and we just saw a SHOCKING return of OSCAR BURNS here at DEFIANCE Rising!

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BAFFROOM FIGHTS

FOR THE COVETED SKETTI BUCKET

FRED DICK (C) (PRIME) vs. JUSTIN SANE (DEFIANCE)

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PHENOMS (PRIME) vs. MYSTERY TEAM~! (???)**

LUC LABELLE (PRIME) vs. DECLAN ALEXANDER (DEFIANCE)

LUMBERGUARD MATCH: PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL vs. THE BIG BOSS DAN

Lance:

Folks, we're gonna try and get a word on Mil Vueltas' whereabouts later! But what an EXPLOSIVE return from Oscar Burns that we saw moments ago!

DDK:

Indeed! Ever since our DEF Row radio broadcast back in October, The Big Boss Dan fka Dan Leo James has been a continuous thorn in the side of Punch Drunk Purcell! Purcell was closing in on the Southern Heritage Championship against "The Man of The House" Uriel Cortez in a Lumberjack match at DEF Row when Dan posed as one of the guards ringside to attack him!

Lance:

Since then, these two men have traded victories! Purcell defeated Dan Leo James back at UNCUT 188, but James -- debuting as The Big Boss Dan -- would get the victory in a Tables Match during Satoween Night!

DDK:

After being involved in Familia business, Purcell wants his hands on Dan and even gave Titanes Familia's self-proclaimed Shield the chance to pick the stipulation. Dan would quickly choose... A Lumberguard Match! Ten unnamed guards are going to surround this ring! This match will end only via pinfall or submission!

Lance:

No doubt mind games are being played by The Familia! Will The Big Boss Dan serve justice on Punch Drunk Purcell, or will The Round Mound of Ground and Pound finally get his pound of flesh here tonight!? Let's get to it!

The camera pans to Darren Quimbey gets ready to introduce the competitors.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a Lumberguard Match set for one fall! This match can only be one by pinfall or submission! If either competitor leaves the ring, the Lumberguards ringside will throw them back inside!

European police sirens are heard all throughout!

To the left of the DEFIAtron and stage, a French police car starts to roll through. The doors open to the side...

♪ "I Fought The Law" by Beyond The Distance ♪

Out from the front of the vehicle, The Big Boss Dan steps out in dark sunglasses, a black sleeveless sweater and black tactical pants as his wrestling gear, along with a retractable baton pointing towards the ring! The Paris Faithful jeer the big man as he taps the baton on the car and walks towards the entrance.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, representing Titanes Familia... from Salt Lake City, Utah, weighing in at 276 pounds... **THE BIG BOSS DAN!**

The Big Boss Dan:

Punch Drunk Purcell... you OR The Lads aren't coming near Mi Familia any more!

Once he walks onto the stage, he is surrounded on either side by a total of ten unnamed guards in riot gear and masks - five to his left, and five to his right. The Lumberguards follow his lead and march to the ring behind him!

DDK:

I don't think these Lumberguards are going to be either fair, nor impartial.

Lance:

Would you dare doubt a man that cosplays being an upstanding citizen, Darren?

The Big Boss Dan approaches the ring and then walls up the steps. He taps the baton once more on the ropes and then climbs into the ring.

The Big Boss Dan:

PUNCHY! I'M GONNA BE YOUR JUDGE, JURY, AND EXECUTIVE TONIGHT! YEAH!

Lance:

Pretty sure he means "executioner" but I admire his spirit!

The Big Boss Dan tucks away his shades as the music cuts out.

**PUNCH.
PIN.
PAY WINDOW.**

The entrance starts to queue up! But instead of his usual theme of "Momma Said Knock You Out" playing...

Very familiar trumpets start to play! Everyone in the arena knows the theme!

Lance:

Is that... what I think it is?

♪ "Gonna Fly Now" by Bill Conti ♪

DDK:

You know it! "Gonna Fly Now" from none other than one of boxing's greatest icons, living or fictional, Rocky!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...Representing The Lads... From Atlanta, Georgia, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-ONE pounds! He is "The Round Mound of Ground and Pound"... **PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!**

A loud ovation is heard for the big, bald badass as he heads out to the ring! He poses on the big stage for tonight's show and throws a huge punch in the air...

BOOOOOOOOM!

A big explosion of white pyro fires off from either side of the stage as Purcell makes his way towards the ring. Once he gets towards the ring, the Lumberguards part and The Bald Bull heads into the ring! Purcell throws a fist in the air and stars talking smack to the camera.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

YOU GONNA TAKE THIS ASS-WHOOPIN' LIKE A MAN, RENT-A-COP! LET'S GOOOOO!

Purcell lunges right towards Dan in the ring and goes after him with a sucker punch to the gut! Referee Rex Knox quickly calls for the bell!

DING DING

The BBD is grabbed by the back of his head and then gets SLAMMED face-first into the turnbuckle! The Faithful are behind Purcell as he continues to tee off on the former Dan Leo James in the corner with body shots!

DDK:

Any style and technical points are probably gonna be thrown out the window here! Purcell has waited too long to get his hands on The Big Boss Dan!

Purcell fires off several more shots to the midsection of James from either side and then caps it off with a huge bionic elbow to the top of the head!

Lance:

Big Boss Dan isn't looking so big right now, is he?

Purcell grabs Dan, but the Shield of the Familia fights back with a HUGE chop across Purcell's chest! The chop has him wincing as Dan hits the ropes. But when he comes back, Purcell catches Dan with a HUGE thesz press and then tackles him to the ground! The Round Mound of Ground and Pound makes with some overhand clubbing shots as Dan tries to get his guard up!

DDK:

Yikes! Dan got jumped by a three-hundred fifty-pound take! There's no rules here so Purcell can put a hurt on him as much as he likes!

The Lumberguards around ringside maintain a vigilant watch over Dan as he gets pummeled by the big Georgian! After a few more clubbing blows, he backs off of Dan, only to come flying at him with a HUGE flying uppercut!

DDK:

There's the King Hippo from Punch Drunk Purcell! Purcell with a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Dan gets the shoulder up, but he gets snatched up in a front facelock. Purcell goes low with some dirty boxing aka a few big gut shots to James before pointing up to cheers from the Paris Faithful. He looks to be going for a suplex...

DDK:

Suplex attempt by Punchy... No! Dan's blocking it!

The Big Boss Dan throws a few knees up into the chest of Purcell to free himself. Purcell gets knocked back, but comes running at Dan. The Big Boss Dan LEAPS clear over him which shocks The Faithful and Dan follows with a HUGE big boot to the face that knocks Punchy through the ropes and out to the floor!

Lance:

No! Purcell's outside! And the Lumberguards are attacking!

The guards at ringside all swarm over Purcell and start attacking him with stomps!

DDK:

The Lumberguards, I'm told, have carte blanche to not just throw either man back into the ring but attacking them as well!

After a fair amount of kicks have been administered by the Lumberguards, several of them pick Purcell up and roll him back into the ring where Dan is waiting with big running knee drop to the back of the big Georgian native! Purcell is hurt when Dan rolls him up for a cover!

ONE!

TW... NO!

DDK:

Just a one-count by Dan, but he's staying on the attack!

The Faithful jeer as The Big Boss Dan starts slugging away across the back of Purcell! He throws some big shots to stun the former boxer and then backs him up towards the ropes. Dan charges with a full head of steam... PUNCHY DUCKS! He hits a charging clothesline that sends The Big Boss Dan out to the floor on the other side of the ring! He lands...

But the guards do nothing but try and help Dan to his feet.

Lance:

I think my earlier theory has been confirmed! These are some stooges off the street that The Big Boss Dan hired to cosplay as guards.

DDK:

But Punchy doesn't care!

Just when Dan thinks that he's safe, Purcell wraps his arm over the neck of Dan! The Faithful absolutely know what's coming next!

DDK:

LISTEN TO THIS PLACE ERUPT! PUNCHY IS ABOUT TO START HITTING THE BAG!

Or he's about to, until three of the guards intervene and then help Dan get away from Punchy on the floor!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Oh, give me a break! Why is this happening?!

DDK:

Unfortunately, Punchy! Remember, he gave The Big Boss Dan carte blanche to pick the stipulation for this rubber match!

Purcell is angry with the Lumberguards and their interference, so he decides that he's going to go after Dan Leo James! He climbs out onto the apron when The Big Boss Dan thinks things are safe! Punchy charges...

FLYING CROSS BODY OFF THE APRON ONTO DAN AND THE LUMBERGUARDS!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHH!

Lance:

That was a HUGE dive! How often do we get to see Punch Drunk Purcell take flight like that?!

DDK:

Punch Drunk Purcell has had more than his fair share of these stupid games from The Big Boss Dan and now he's a one-man wrecking crew!

Clearly having enough of the games, Purcell measures up Dan once again and snatches him off his feet before running back and hitting him with another big clothesline sending him into the crowd! Purcell climbs after him and now he's chasing Dan Leo James up and through the crowd! as they rush past a group of men who are dressed like the old version of the man now called Rev. Black... Rezin!

Lance:

Some interesting fans there, Darren!

DDK:

Not sure what's up with that... but seriously, how often do we see a Lumberjack-style match end up with a brawl in the crowd?! Purcell's going after Dan with a vengeance!

Purcell continues to put a beating on Dan by smacking The Shield of the Familia with shots across his back. Dan winces in pain and then things go from bad to worse as Purcell RIPS the sleeveless turtleneck off of Dan's back before starting to strangle him with it! The Big Boss Dan flails his arms around trying to break free from the grip of Punchy, but he's not letting go! Purcell continues to choke the life out of his giant 6'7" (hand gesture here) headache!

DDK:

After everything that The Big Boss Dan has put Purcell through in the past couple of months, he has this coming!

In between the aisle steps, there's a rail that Purcell pulls Dan across while still tied up by the neck with his own sleeveless turtleneck!

Lance:

I think that the second time's about to be charm!

DDK:

I think you're right! I think he's finally gonna get a chance to start Hitting The Bag!

Purcell points towards the Faithful who count!

With the Paris Faithful ready to count, Purcell brings a hand up and they count along with each clubbing forearm across his chest!

UN! DEUX! TROIS! QUATRE! CINQ! SIX! SEPT! HUIT! NEUF! DIX!

Red welts are starting to form across The BBD's bare chest as he slumps over the railing. Purcell throws both hands out and gets a good response for handing out a whooping to one of the Familia's Golden Children!

DDK:

Now Punchy's in control! He's got... oh, wait!

Two of the Lumberguards jump the railing and then head up the steps towards where Purcell is choking Dan. He sees them both coming and lets go of Dan. One of the guards has a baton and starts swinging...

BALD BULL TO GUARD ONE!

The Lumberguard crumbles to the ground! The second tries to jump on Purcell, only for Purcell to fake him out with a right...

ROPE-A-DOPE TO GUARD TWO!

The surprise left jab drops the second Lumberguard onto the arena floor! Punchy pushes the hired gun away from him to contend with James, who is on a knee trying to catch his breath after being Bart Simpsoned out of this world.

DDK:

Punchy's taken care of those two rogue Lumberguard who are SUPPOSED to be ringside!

Lance:

But so were these two... HEY!

When Purcell tries to catch The Big Boss Dan, he gets slugged upside the head from the retractable baton!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Was that a baton in his pocket?

DDK:

Well, I don't think that The Big Boss Dan was happy to see him!

Purcell falls to a knee and now The Shield of the Familia takes the baton. He holds it in both hands and now he starts pulling it up around the neck of Punchy!

DDK:

How the turntables! Big Boss Dan's now strangling him with that baton across his neck!

The advantage now lies with The Big Boss Dan as he continues to choke Purcell! After a few moments, he grabs onto the head and neck and starts walking him back down the steps and both big men start heading back towards the ring! He fights with Purcell and then runs him over to the barricade. He backs up and then SMACKS Purcell in the side of the head with a running big boot that sends him back over the barricade.

Lance:

The only way this match can end is by pinfall or submission in the ring! And there's still about eight of those Lumberguards around the ring!

And speaking of, said remaining Lumberguards go right to work putting Punchy through a world of hurt! The pack of hired guns attacks Purcell with kicks all over his body to wear him down. Once enough of a beating has been administered, The Lumberguards and The Big Boss Dan all work together to muscle up the beefy brawler and chuck him back inside the ring. Dan gives the other Lumberguards a thumbs up and then slides into the ring!

DDK:

And here comes The Big Boss Dan!

The Shield of The Familia climbs into the ring and he drops all 280 pounds across the chest of Purcell with a running senton! Purcell is clearly hurt and The Big Boss Dan knows it!

DDK:

After things weren't looking good, The Big Boss Dan takes over!

Lance:

How much damage has been done to Punchy?!

Dan rolls backwards and hooks a far leg for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Purcell gets a shoulder up, but The Big Boss Dan goes right to punishing Punchy! He stands up and delivers a stomp to the left leg, then the right leg! He follows up with the left arm, and then the right arm! After softening up Purcell, he starts heading to the middle rope.

DDK:

Where the heck is Dan going?!

Once perched on the top rope, he waits on Purcell. The Green-eyed Wild Man climbs up top, only for The BBD to fly off the middle rope with a HUGE flying clothesline!

DDK:

Punchy's down after that clothesline from the top rope! Will The Big Boss Man serve Punchy some justice tonight at DEFIANCE Rising?!

Another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

The Paris Faithful cheer on Punchy as he gets a desperation shoulder off the canvas! The Big Boss Dan hits the mat out of anger!

DDK:

I thought that was it, but Dan's going up top again!

He throws some more stomps into the chest of Punchy to make sure he stays down, then climbs to the top rope once again. He gets jeers as he climbs the corner!

The Big Boss Dan:

POLICE THINGS! JUSTICE SERVED! I'M ALL OUT OF POLICE-Y THINGS TO SAY!

The lovable rascalion pretending to be a guard FLIES off the top rope for his signature Gold Star Splash...

PUNCHY MOVES!

DDK:

The Big Boss Dan comes up empty on what he's now calling High Justice! That top rope splash could have done it if he connected!

Lance:

Now Punchy has a chance! Can he get back into this match?!

PUNCHY!

PUNCHY!

PUNCHY!

PUNCHY!

Cheers erupt for The Round Mound of Ground and Pound, who's now trying to fire himself up. With help from the Paris Faithful, Purcell crawls to the corner and starts to pull himself up just as The Big Boss Dan tries to rise on the other side of the ring.

Lance:

Dan's back up just a little bit faster than Purcell, who has taken his fair share of punishment in the past few minutes!

He charges for a clothesline in the corner, but Punchy cuts him off with a back elbow that sends Dan staggering backwards. Purcell opens up on The Big Boss Dan with a number of jabs to the chest to wear him out! Dan eats the shots, then tries to swing back with a right of his own, but the expert former boxer sidesteps it and throws a fake right!

Dan flinches, then gets CRACKED under the jaw with a swift left jab instead!

DDK:

There's Purcell with a huge Rope-A-Dope! Danny goes staggering into the ropes... Purcell catches him... Release German suplex!

All 275 pounds of Danny bounce off the canvas hard! Purcell then points over to the corner and with Dan still down and climbs to the middle rope. He taps on his forehead...

DDK:

Jump For Joy off the second rope! Punch Drunk Purcell with a little nod to his fellow Lads stablemate, "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy!

Purcell goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Two-count by Punch Drunk Purcell! I thought that might have been it!

DDK:

Me, too! He was right on the button with the Rope-A-Dope and the diving headbutt... but I think Purcell knows he might be closing in on the win!

Seeing that The Big Boss Dan is still dazed and confused, Purcell gets up and starts to rip the MMA glove off his right hand! He points towards Dan and balls up a fist!

DDK:

Are we gonna see some Punch Drunk Love? If he connects with that right hand to the jaw, this one's OVER!

Calling his shot just as Dan tries to get to his feet, he charges forward to try and knock Danny's jaw off with Punch Drunk Love... DUCKED! Danny grabs him by the throat looking for a chokeslam!

DDK:

The Big Boss Dan countered Punch Drunk Love... but no! He's elbowing his way free!

Purcell elbows his way free of the choke, but Dan hits a big boot on the jaw! Purcell bounces back into the ropes, but the recoil sends the big man back and he ROCKS The Big Boss Dan with a spinning back elbow off the ropes!

DDK:

Both men are down... HEY! NO!

But as both men go down, the remaining eight Lumberguards start to swarm in the ring and once again, they all start going right for Punch Drunk Purcell!

Lance:

No! These... I don't know, these stooges. Whoever Dan hired for this tonight, they're attacking Punch Drunk Purcell! They're supposed to be outside the ring!

DDK:

The second it looked like The Big Boss Dan was in danger, these thugs interrupted things!

Purcell tries to get to a knee and tries to fight back against the numbers! He starts throwing shots at anyone he can get hands on, but when he clears an opening, The Big Boss Dan lands a HUGE dropkick on Purcell!

DDK:

Dan with the cheap shot! And...we're looking at a 9-on-1 assault!

The Big Boss Dan starts driving lefts and rights into the head of his rival while The Lumberguards stand by...

BZZZZRRRRTTTTTTT!

Butcher Victorious:

STEP AWAY FROM OUR LAD! I REPEAT! STEP AWAY FROM OUR LAD!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Butcher Victorious has both The Stick in one hand and The AMP in the other! Janna Ray runs out from the back as well in a black rugby shirt and pants, ready to throw down!

DDK:

The Lads have seen enough!

The Big Boss Dan sees the two running down the aisle and tells the Lumberguards to deal with their interference! Four of them branch off outside the ring! They start to try and cut off The Lads, but Janna Ray runs down the ring and SPEARS one of the Lumberguards so hard, one of his shoes comes off!

DDK:

LORDY! JANNA RAY JUST SENT ONE OF THOSE LUMBERGUARDS LITERALLY OUT OF HIS SHOE!

Lance:

THE LADS HAVE SEEN ENOUGH OF THESE CROOKED LUMBERGUARDS! BUTCHER VICTORIOUS AND JANNA RAY ARE HERE!

Janna gets up and scraps with another of the Lumberguards! Butcher ducks a baton shot from one of the Lumberguards and THUNKS him with The Stick upside the head! Another tries to swing, but Butcher ducks and bops him upside the head with The AMP! The Lumberguard winces and he's wide open for Butcher to NAIL him with a Hard Out Headbutt! The Paris Faithful are going crazy!

DDK:

They're evening the odds!

The Big Boss Dan and the remaining Lumberguards go outside the ring and they start swarming Butcher and Janna Ray! Janna tries to tackle two more of the Lumberguards, but The Big Boss Dan catches her with a big boot first!

Lance:

No! Janna's down!

Butcher fights off another member of the remaining Lumberguards, but The Big Boss Dan also swings on him and takes him down with a clothesline!

Lance:

Now Butcher Victorious gets laid out! The Big Boss Dan and these Lumberguards have just taken over!

DDK:

LANCE! LANCE, LOOK!

The Big Boss Dan and none of the Lumberguards seem to notice a giant moving blur coming towards them! Finally, The Big Boss Dan turns...

DDK:

LORDY AGAIN! SUICIDE DIVE FROM PUNCHY ONTO DAN AND THE LUMBERGUARDS!

Having launched himself THROUGH the ropes with a less than graceful, but still effective suicide dive, the big man wipes out EVERYONE at ringside! A quick replay shows Punch Drunk Purcell diving through the ropes to save his friends!

Lance:

I don't know where the heck Punch Drunk Purcell even came from, but I believe that's every member of the Lumberguards down now!

Lance:

PUNCHY HAS THE BIG BOSS DAN RIGHT WHERE HE WANTS HIM!

Purcell gets back up to his feet and goes over to check on Butcher and Janna. He helps them up to make sure they're okay and then goes to throw The Big Boss Dan back inside the ring! He climbs up towards the ropes! He has a fist balled up!

DDK:

Here we go!

Leaning back, Purcell goes for the swing! He throws a hand...

But from out of nowhere, he gets sprayed in the face by another Lumberguard!

Lance:

HEY! WHO THE HECK WAS THAT?!

The masked Lumberguard tips their cap...

DDK:

THAT'S... THAT'S BROOKLYNN RIVERA! SHE WAS IN HIDING ALL THIS TIME?!

After being maced by Rivera, The Big Boss Dan recovers in the nick of time and when he sees him, he rips off his elbow pad and runs off the ropes... SMACKING right through Purcell with a massive lariat!

DDK:

THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW BY THE BIG BOSS DAN!

After knocking down The Round Mound of Ground and Pound, The Big Boss Dan rushes over and hooks the leg! Just outside the ring, Butcher Victorious helps Janna Ray up to her feet!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

They rush in JUST as The Big Boss Dan sees them coming and rushes out!

♪ "I Fought The Law" by Beyond The Distance ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **THE BIG BOSS DAN!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

With Brooklynn Rivera, The Big Boss Dan picks up his shades and runs away from the battered bodies of the Lumberguards. They climb over the barricade and disappear into the crowd! Butcher yells "damn it!" and Janna goes to check on Purcell, who is still holding his face after being maced by Rivera!

DDK:

The Big Boss Dan has stolen one here tonight from Punch Drunk Purcell and The Lads!

Lance:

Payback is going to have to wait another day! The Familia's Shield had some help, but tonight, the former Favoured Saints Champion walks away with a big win in singles action here tonight!

As a trainer tends to an irate Purcell to flush out his eye, the camera has to scan the large crowd to find a glimpse of The Big Boss Dan and Rivera. Rivera shakes her head while The Big Boss Dan looks back, puts on his shades in dramatic fashion and grins before taking his leave of things!

DDK:

There's no way that Purcell and The Lads are going to let this go. They've been fighting for a while now and something HAS to give between these groups. SOMETHING!

ESCAPE FROM THE CITY

"HE'S TRYING TO KILL ME! I'M FEARING FOR MY LIFE! ¡ESTOY TEMIENDO POR MI VIDA!"

The camera catches "DEFIANCE's Biggest Hero" Mil Vueltas still in his ring gear, sweaty and disheveled, at high speed through one of the backstage areas of the arena. He's gathered his fur coat and he's looking around at all angles!

DDK: *[V/O]*

We've got a camera on Mil Vueltas now! Just a little earlier, we saw OSCAR BURNS make his return to DEFIANCE and he was out for blood!

Lance: *[V/O]*

I thought this man was a hero, Lance? Why isn't he standing up to OSCAR BURNS since he gloated about putting him on the shelf for the past three months!

The GLOAT continues running backstage. He approaches a stagehand.

Mil Vueltas:

You! Mi amigo! Exit! Parking lot! Where! Now!

Stagehand:

Zat way.

Mil Vueltas: *[sighing]*

GLOAT bless you.

He brushes past him and continues hobbling down the hall. The camera follows him through the doors and out into the cold night. He breathes another sigh of relief.

Mil Vueltas:

Okay, okay, okay...need ride. Need ride.

Mil's eyes carefully scan the parking lot...

???:

MIL!

Now Mil's eyes grow WIDE.

He turns...

And sees OSCAR BURNS at the end of the parking lot!

OSCAR BURNS:

TRY AND TAKE ME OUT NOW WITHOUT YOUR FAMILIA!

Shaking his head frantically, The GLOAT is disgusted.

Mil Vueltas:

NO! I LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY!

A valet pulls up with a black rental car and steps out just as OSCAR comes running. Thinking quickly, Mil SHOVES the valet on the pavement! He steals the keys and then hops into the car!

OSCAR BURNS:

HEY!

Mil jumps into the running car, hopped up on equal parts adrenaline and fear! BURNS tries to open the car, but the door is locked! He jumps back as the car flies off into the cold Paris night!

OSCAR BURNS:

DAMN IT!

The All-Caps Grappler is left alone in the parking lot for a moment all alone and then kicks the nearby fence. He takes a moment to collect himself and then hears the doors opening.

Sonny Silver:

Took me forever to find your ass!

The Silver-Tongued Devil looks around and sees only a frustrated BURNS by himself.

Sonny Silver:

He run away like a bitch?

OSCAR BURNS:

...Yeah.

Huffing, OSCAR takes another moment to breathe. He turns to Sonny.

OSCAR BURNS:

Gimme some good news, Sonshine. Tell me Plan B came through, GC.

Silver reaches into his pocket and whips out his phone. He unlocks it and hands it over to OSCAR.

Sonny Silver:

Just got approved by the brass! Year End Awards Show.

OSCAR BURNS looks at the phone.

And while he lost his chance to dish out a hurting on Mil...

He's smiling.

OSCAR hands the phone back to his spokesperson.

OSCAR BURNS:

All right, GC... Plan B it is. I'll let management give him the good news when they find him. Then I'm gonna break him.

Sonny Silver:

Heh... love that for us.

BRONSON BOX vs. DEX JOY

DDK:

We've got a first ever battle of two of DEFIANCE's biggest superpowers coming up! One man is a former holder of the FIST and a DEFIANCE Hall Of Famer! The other one is the first of only two men to have completed the DEFIANCE Triple Crown of FIST, Southern Heritage and Favoured Saints title, not to mention someday a future Hall of Famer!

Lance:

One will go down as one of the hardest working men and one of the biggest fan favorites in the history of DEFIANCE Wrestling. The other will go down as one of the most miserable and ruthless individuals with a legacy forged in blood - both his own and that of his many opponents!

DDK:

That match is up next and it is "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy against "The War God" Bronson Box!

Lance:

This issue was instigated by Box himself! Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell came up short for the Unified Tag titles at our last pay per view and was interrupted by Boxer! Box chastised Joy for his brand of friendliness and overall demeanor not being befitting of what he feels DEFIANCE Wrestling is!

DDK:

To wit, Dex Joy countered that every personal accolade he has held has been through his own doing. He has never compromised who he is for any thing or any one, even at the lowest points of his career! Men like Scrow, Arthur Pleasant and Vae Victis who have tried to drag him down to the depths, only for Dex Joy to overcome them all!

Lance:

Coming into this match, Dex Joy holds a pinfall win over Bronson Box from their tag team match on DEFtv 229 with Dabney Doubleday against he and Box. Something the War God is incensed with! Dex Joy has not wavered in his challenge for this match and tonight for the first time ever it will be The War God taking on the Biggest Boy in a huge singles clash!

The lights continue to flicker until the entire arena is left in darkness! That includes the OLED panels on the stage! Paris La Défense Arena is in complete black!

Grinding is heard.

Lights start to flicker up ...

Lightning in colors of blue and gold begin to flicker among the darkness on the giant DEFIatron with light coming from nowhere else as fog begins to swirl around the ramp and the entrance floor.

The lights continue to spell out words on the screen:

BIG

Another lightning bolt!

DEX

Another lightning bolt with a word that brings the fans to their feet!

ENERGY

People have their phones ready to take pictures and video for their memories, their friends and probably some illegal streams. The lights flicker on and the words form to create an oldie but a goodie for the people of his hometown of Paris...

*BIG
DEX
ENERGY*

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

♪ Game time, Set it off

Lace em up

Let em know

Tell them doubters in the stands imma rise

We undefeated

We hold the light

Legends never die

I will never quit

Never back down

Yeah the game gon flip

We bring it straight your body swinging that right hook

Tyson with a left

They been biting since I could write hooks

But I'm way up

And legends never die when their days up

Yeah yeah ♪

DDK:

LISTEN TO THE RESPONSE! THERE'S NOT A PERSON THAT IS SITTING IN THEIR SEAT RIGHT NOW! IT'S DARE I SAY ... DEF-ENING!

Lance:

IT'S LOUD IN HERE!!! I THINK THIS SOUND WOULD REGISTER ON THE RICHTER SCALE!!!

Dex Joy does a temperature check and holds a finger up then points at the ring. He makes the trek to the ring. And instead of getting into the ring The Biggest Boy walks all away around the ring to give out high fives for anyone who wants it!

DDK:

He's been primarily a tag team wrestler in the past year with Punch Drunk Purcell or the Lads, but tonight, Dex Joy steps into the singles realm tonight for this first time singles match!

Lance:

Dex Joy has tangled with his share of rivals! Everyone from top down! Lindsay Troy, Oscar Burns, Henry Keyes, Kerry Kuroyama, Scrow, Arthur Pleasant, Conor and Tyler Fuse, Ed White, the Lucky Sevens! Anyone who is anyone in DEFIANCE Wrestling at one time or another have all fallen to this man when he's on his a-game and he is almost never not on his a-game!

Dex Joy walks up the steps. He takes extra steps to the ring apron and then he walks inside. If there is any fear for what he can do against Bronson Box, he is not wearing any of it on his face.

DDK:

Dex Joy knows he can beat Bronson Box! Can he do that again tonight?!

The arena is already loud, but it's the unfocused noise of anticipation. Chatter. Movement. The low electric hum of a crowd waiting for something to break the surface.

Then the house lights drop hard.

Not a fade.

A cut. A solid second long, arena darkening KACHUNK.

The DEFtron goes black. No logo. No hype reel. Just darkness long enough for the audience to start some anticipatory murmuring.

Then, a single deep orchestral note rolls through the building. Not music yet. More like pressure. Something subterranean. Like something ancient and dangerous emerging from some Lovecraftian abyss.

Darren Keebler's voice cuts in low, instinctively hushed.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen... this arena just changed temperature.

A grainy black-and-white video flickers onto the DEFtron. Not flashy. Not edited fast. Slow cuts. Brutal, almost awkward and haphazard.

Close-up of taped fists being clenched.

Shitty little leather wrestling boots hitting concrete.

A heavy door being pushed open somewhere backstage, the knob buried in the drywall.

The camera never shows his face. Not yet.

The music begins.

♪ ["The Entertainer" by turn of the century ragtime pianist Scott Joplin](#) ♪

It doesn't hit like a run of the mill entrance track. It stalks. That familiar, unsettling cadence creeps forward, heavy piano downbeats echoing like measured footsteps down a long corridor.

The DEFtron finally shows him.

The Bombastic Bronson Box.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Not archival footage. Not highlights. Live feed from backstage.

He's backstage. Walking. Already moving toward the gorilla position like the match started five minutes ago and he's late for violence.

He's wearing the striped singlet. No robe. No jacket. No concessions to spectacle.

Thick shoulders rolling with each step. Bald head catching the harsh white of industrial lighting. The handlebar mustache, greyed and severe, unmoving. The old scar over his left eye, left years ago by Lindsay Troy, sharp under the harsh lighting and the camera's gaze.

He does not look at the lens.

Angus Skaaland appears briefly at his side, talking too fast to gather, gesturing towards the entrance curtain. Bronson

never breaks stride. Never nods. Never reacts.

Lance Warner, audibly swallowed by the moment.

Lance:

That's a man that looks like he's already decided how this night ends.

The music swells just enough as Bronson reaches the curtain.

A single sepia tone spotlight snaps on at the top of the ramp.

Smoke rolls low. Heavy. Ground-hugging. Not theatrical clouds, but something that makes the stage look like it's leaking from hell itself.

The curtain parts.

Bronson Box steps through.

The reaction isn't a pop. It's a wholly negative roar with some weight to it. The kind that starts deep and rolls outward. Acknowledgment of the vile, reprehensible DEFIANCE legend.

Bronson pauses at the top of the ramp.

Just long enough.

He scans the arena once. Slow. Deliberate. Left to right. Not soaking it in. Taking inventory.

He rolls his neck. Cracks it once.

Then he starts down the ramp.

No posing. No arm raises. Each step matches the rhythm of the music like it was written a hundred years ago for his gait alone. Camera angles stay low, making him look even heavier, even more inevitable.

Fans lean over the barricade. Some shout. Some flinch back when he gets close.

At ringside, Bronson stops again.

He places one massive hand on the apron and hauls himself up without using the steps.

The music cuts mid-phrase.

We hear the sustained negative reaction pointed towards the DEF Hall of Famer.

Bronson steps through the ropes and walks to dead center, and looks out at the crowd. Jaw set. Eyes flat. A man who has come to work and intends to leave having completed it.

He finally looks over in Dex Joy's direction... and grins. Ever so slightly.

Keebler brings it home.

DDK:

This isn't pageantry. This is a warning.

Bronson Box moves back into his corner, his eyes not breaking from Dex Joy.

The Wargod is ready.

Like two big, strong and very proud bulls, Boxer and Dexy Baby collide! Neither man wants to give an inch over the other in what looks to be a test of strength. The War God tries pushing Dexy Baby, but the larger and stronger Biggest Boy is able to back him into a corner. He holds Box there for a moment and the referee tries to get in between them to encourage the break, but the Scottish Strongman won't hear any of that and turns it around so Dex is in the corner.

The test of strength continues with both men turning things around and taking the struggle all over the ring. Dex has Box in the ropes. Then Box to Dex. Now Boxer has Dex in a corner and the referee tries to encourage a clean break, but Dexy Baby fights back! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful have his back as he turns things around in an effort to keep the people behind him. He's got Box in a corner and for now, Dexy Baby has won the standoff when he keeps Box pinned in the corner.

DDK:

And there's the referee calling for a clean break.

Dexy Baby holds his hands out and lightly taps Bronson's chest.

Dex Joy:

See? Clean break, pally! Didn't have to be an asshole like you!

OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHH!!!

The comment has Box teeming with anger! He shoots right out of the corner with deceptive speed for a wrestler of his experience and almost takes Dex off his feet with a single leg takedown, but Dex hangs on and the big man has a tight head lock as taught to him by Butcher Victorious!

Lance:

Dex is keeping the pressure on Bronson Box! I didn't think that this would be how this match starts with relatively clean wrestling!

DDK:

Well, Bronson Box and Ed White tried to jump Dex and Dabney Doubleday a couple of weeks ago in Lyon and it ended with Box looking up at the lights! This time, he's gotta approach this match a little differently and pace himself.

Box moves back to the ropes and when he tries to use momentum from the ropes to push Dex off of him, Dex firmly grounds himself to a knee. Box has finally had enough and he throws body shots to Joy's side to get Dexy Baby to break. Before he knows it, Boxer has him in a head lock and he is grinding the submission in like he's making a cup of coffee. The extra tight head lock has Dex having to resort to getting Boxer to the ropes. He bounces back and he sends the War God flying across the ring. Bronson comes back with a shoulder block but Dexy Baby doesn't go off his feet.

Lance:

Bronson Box is having a hard time getting Dexy Baby off his feet! It isn't often he has this kind of trouble.

DDK:

Box runs again and he knocks right into Dex ... Dex comes back and knocks him into the ropes instead!

But when Boxer flies back off the ropes the DEFIANCE Wrestling Hall of Famer lands a sweet uppercut on the chin! That shot knocks Dexy Baby back into the ropes and the War God follows right up with a second uppercut against the ropes louder than the first!

DDK:

I think Bronson Box might be done with this testing of strength! He's getting the fight more to his territory now!

DEFIANCE's Triple Crown winner is against the ropes and Boxer goes right away to gouge the left eye of Dex with a thumb! The referee has to step in to stop it and Boxer relents by stepping back but the damage may have been done. He backs up out of the corner while the referee steps in to check Dex's eye.

Lance:

Bronson was looking for any advantage against Dex and he just found it.

Box goes back into the corner and runs at the corner and lays into Dex with an uppercut! Dex is hurt but Box isn't finished in the corner. He climbs up the ropes in the corner and starts biting Dexy Baby's forehead now! Dex is yelling in anguish until the referee has to once again step in and get Box out of the corner. Box backs up.

Bronson Box:

FOOK YER CLEAN BREAKS!!!

DDK:

That's exactly the kind of thing he's going to do! This man is a psychopath!

Lance:

And a Hall of Fame-level psychopath at that!

Dex stumbles away and he's heading towards the opposite corner. Bronson Box does the same and he crashes into Dex with another uppercut in the corner! Dex Joy is hurting right now and Bronson Box follows up with headbutts! He headbutts Dexy Baby again and again and again and again!

Lance:

And this is what Bronson Box is going to do! Even if he hurts himself, he'll do it if it takes out the opponent even worse! Right now, I'd say that he's doing that!

The referee has to check on on Dexy Baby again. The Hall of Famer walks around the ring and looks pleased with himself as he gets hammered by booing!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Bronson Box:

Soft-ass fooks ...

He spits on the mat in derision to the people. He goes right back at Dex in the corner and he's got both hands around his throat!

DDK:

And now he's trying to cut the air out of the Biggest Boy! He's taking the fight to Joy any way that he can tonight!

Box knows that he has until the count of five and he uses every last microsecond of it until the ref gets to four. He backs off and then steps away to keep himself from losing by DQ on a night he wants this win. Bronson watches Dex step out of the corner trying to catch his breath and the time is right. A big lariat may be coming Dexy Baby's way ...

Instead, a brick wall named Dexy Baby knocks Boxer off his feet with a charging body block!

Lance:

OOOOO-FAH!!! Box had a lariat queued up I think but Dex beat him to the punch first! Box is knocked off his feet!

Dex is now angry after the cheap strikes and tricks Box has used. Dex goes to his well and grabs onto Box by his wrist. He takes the Hall of Famer for a ride with a whip to the ropes. Dex stuns the entire arena by using a leap frog and when Box comes back, he's hit with jumping cross body on the way back! The crowd are in amazement as Dexy Baby sits up and throws his hands up for applause!

DDK:

Box's vicious brawling style is what brought him to the dance! Moves like what we just saw are what Dexy Baby brings to the table!

And Dex makes sure to follow up the attack! Box is about to stand but Dexy Baby isn't waiting around. A boot leads to an Irish Whip at the corner and that's followed up by a jumping splash in the corner! The wind is taken out of Box's sails when Joy grabs his arm. He starts to whip him away from the corner but spins him around and then whips him back to the same corner. A second jumping splash is waiting for Boxer and it connects.

DDK:

And there goes Dex Joy! He's got Boxer right where he wants him coming out of that corner!

He has both hands around the body of Box and hits a big belly to belly suplex!

Lance:

Box is down!

The suplex plants him and Dexy Baby gets up. He slaps the side of his head.

Dex Joy:

WHO WREX LIKE DEX?!

The Faithful:

NO ONE!!!

Dex goes to the ropes and connects with a leaping headbutt to the sternum of the hall of famer!

DDK:

Boxer gets the wind knocked out of him! And Dexy Baby goes for the win!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Box kicks out and decides to retreat from the ring!

DDK:

The fight isn't going Bronson Box's way any more so he has to leave! But Dexy Baby is ready!

He hits the ring. He stands up and has his hand up ready to go! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful know what move is up!

WWWWHHHHHHHHOOOOOOOOOAAAA!!!

It is a move that both Bronson Box and Ed White took two weeks ago!

DDK:

Is the WHOA-PE coming?!

The Triple Crown winner is about to fly ...

But Bronson Box cancels the flight with a big European uppercut as Dex goes through the ropes!

Lance:

I think Dex Joy underestimated how much damage he's done to Boxer there! He planned for the WHOA-PE this time after he and White got wiped out by it in that tag match!

DDK:

And it is about to get so much worse for Dex!

Dex is now on the floor and he's been rocked by the uppercut and the fall. And now?

He gets tackled into the steps!

Bronson Box:

HOW'S THAT FOR A WRECK, YA PRICK?!

Frothing at the mouth like a rabid dog, Box has Dexy Baby down on the canvas and he looks in control of the situation completely. With some effort and time, he is able to help Dex up to his feet and he's put back inside the ring.

BOXER SUCKS!!! BOXER SUCKS!!! BOXER SUCKS!!! BOXER SUCKS!!!

But Bronson Box isn't bothered by the chants and doesn't acknowledge them. He crawls into the ring. Dex is hurt but a quick sliding clothesline from Boxer knocks him flat on his back. The War God goes for the pin!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Dex just kicked out of that offense, but I think his bell rang after the WHOA-PE was countered with the uppercut.

Lance:

He's in control right now ... and this doesn't look good for Dex!

The Scottish Strongman has got Dex upright and a toe kick bends him over. A power bomb or a piledriver could be his next move. He starts to try and lift the Triple Crown winner up for either one, but Dex goes low and crouches to the canvas. Box slugs the crap out of him with big axe handles across the back and he tries a second time, but Joy is still fighting it and kicks his legs as frantically as he can!

DDK:

Dex has a prior history with neck injuries which is well documented! He's trying to avoid this move!

Box eventually gives up on the piledriver attempt for now but he lands a sick knee lift to the side of Dex's body as he remains grounded. That leaves Boxer open to do his best futbol impression and *kick* Dexy Baby as hard as he can in the rib cage with a punt style kick! Joy groans out loud and he's been kicked over onto his stomach! Box has a time about it and pretends to dust off his boot like he just hit the game winning kick.

Lance:

The War God just gave up on that piledriver attempt, but no way to sugarcoat this: he is beating the hell out of Dex Joy right now.

Dex is on his knees and Boxer tries to go after the shoulder. He's got an arm bar slapped on Dex's left arm and shoulder to grind him down, but Dexy Baby goes right into fight-or-flight mode and he has never been a runner in that situation. He tees off and smacks the crap out of Box with a heavy elbow smash to the face. Dex follows that up and strikes him on the jaw a second time. He swings for a third ...

Rear naked choke by Boxer!

DDK:

The War God has the standing choke locked in! When one submission didn't work, he switched things around!

Lance:

And for Dex to do these amazing and athletic moves that he's famous for ... you've gotta have air in your lungs to pull it all off!

Dex Joy is doing everything that he can right now in the face of the submission hold to try and break Bronson's grip, but the muscles that Bronson is famous for aren't just for show. Some would say they would be built for choking someone out and that's what he's trying to do. Dexy Baby fights like mad to get Box off of him, but he is unable to pry the hands apart. Going to what he can use, Joy uses his size and he leans back at the corner and slams Box into it to try and pry himself free. The first time doesn't loosen his grip, but the second charge back into the turnbuckle does that!

DDK:

Dex just got himself free from that choke ...

Lance:

No! Spoke too soon!

The War God uses a headbutt to the back of Dex's neck! The shot comes out of nowhere and Dex is left wide open for his arm to be grabbed and then applied into a cobra clutch! Box is hissing insults towards Dexy Baby as he brings him to a knee while the submission is applied.

Bronson Box:

Tap, ya fat prick!!! TAP!!!

Dex is being shaken and stirred like a 007 martini in the cobra clutch! He tries to keep his right arm upright and the people are trying to cheer Dex Joy, but the reality is that he's fading!

DDK:

Boxer switches from the rear naked choke to this cobra clutch submission. He's got Dexy Baby right in his web!

Lance:

And think about the damage Dex Joy has been under since that spill outside the ring. That was the turning point here and I think that if Dex has any hope of trying to get out of this submission, he needs to find a way!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful aka Dex's Wrecking Crew cheer on the leader of the Lads, he waves a hand up and tries to free himself!

DDK:

And Dexy Baby's out here all alone! The rest of the Lads went through it earlier tonight! The Big Boss Dan sprayed Punch Drunk Purcell with that mace, so he's out here alone!

Lance:

I'm surprised this match has been kept one-on-one but I think after suffering defeat to Dex Joy and Ed White's own failures, Box is wrestling this match with something to prove!

Dex is as well and tries to shake a hand free! Just when it looks like things are about go his way, Box simply pulls Dex down and snaps him across his outstretched knee!

DDK:

That was smart! Dex Joy was trying to fight out of the submission attempt, but instead he took that cobra clutch backbreaker!

Lance:

That's a veteran move for sure and that's how he's stayed ahead of Dex Joy for the last while now. When one move or one hold looks like it's on the verge of failure, he moves right on to the next one!

Bronson Box covers Dexy Baby in this first ever singles encounter!

Lance:

And I think that strategy is going to pay off!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

DDK:

Listen to this place! These people want to see Dex Joy hand the War God an L tonight, but Bronson Box has been staying one step ahead of the Biggest Boy tonight!

Lance:

And Box is back to the choke! He's got both arms wrapped around Dex's neck!

Box fires off some hammer and anvil type elbows into the side of Dexy Baby's neck and then secures the submission. He's got it locked in and he can sense Dex Joy fading!

DDK:

Can he do this? Can he choke out Dex Joy and walk away with this huge win tonight?

Dex Joy is doing the best he can to not fade away into that good night, but Box has him down. The referee has no choice but to check on Dex's arm. He holds it up for a count of one ...

And the arm falls limp!!!

He does it a second time ...

The arm falls limp again!!!

DDK:

Call the Sandman because I think that Dex Joy's going to sleep!

He goes a third time ...

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

But Dex not only gets the arm up but he gets up to his knees and he has Box on his back! He jumps up and squashes Boxer underneath him to free himself from the hold!

DDK:

Where the heck did Dex Joy find that energy?! And before you hit me, it was rhetorical, Lance! It's been a while, but he's tapping into Big Dex Energy!

Lance:

He just freed himself from the choke! Box is rolling near the ropes!

Dex Joy is feeling the people and the crowd energy firing him up! He turns over and he sees Boxer out of the corner of his eye. When he sees that he's near the ropes, Dex gets up and goes after the War God by firing off a running elbow smash that rocks the block of Box!

DDK:

And now this is a precarious position Box finds himself in!

Dex Joy sees that he's got a chance now. He's surprised Box and knocked the wind out of him. He is leaned against the ropes ...

WWWWHHHHHHHHHOOOOOOOOOOAAAAA!!!

Catching his breath and getting ready to fly, Dex runs at the ropes ...

Lance:

WHOA-PE!!! THE PLANE LANDS SUCCESSFULLY THIS TIME!!!

Dex Joy crashes right through Bronson Box and both men are down on the floor! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful in Paris have lost their minds!

DDK:

The WHOA-PE is on target this time around and Dex Joy is feeding off our fans tonight!

Lance:

Big Dex Energy has been reenergized!

The Biggest Boy has the Starmarker and puts him back inside the ring where he belongs so he can do the same. Dex goes to pick up Boxer, but he gets met by a swift uppercut. Dex is reeling but he comes back with a heavy elbow to the face. The elbow lands and Box is stunned but he is able to come back using one of the biggest chops heard! Dex feels the sting and he comes back with one of his own. Boxer is stunned that he has not knocked down Dex yet and he returns the chop with a second one.

DDK:

This has turned into the pro wrestling version of a shootout! Blows being thrown by both men to see who goes down first!

Dex takes the chop and then fakes out Bronson with what looks like a punch. Box puts his hands up to block but leaves both sides of his neck wide open for a mongolian chop. Box doesn't take that lying down and when Dex tries to secure wrist control for his next move, the War God returns a head butt. Both men have been blistered by their respective shots and he gears up for a running lariat but Dex Joy surprises him with a super kick and tags him right on the chin! Box is sent back into the ropes!

Lance:

DEX HITS A SUPER-KICK!!! WHEN HAS HE EVER USED THAT?!

Dex wins the striking shootout and then picked up for a big released german suplex! The second that Box hits the mat, Dexy Baby gets up and then hits a jumping senton!

DDK:

And there goes all the wind out of Box! Cover!!!

One ...

TWO ...

NO!!!

Dex peeks over to see the shoulder up!

Lance:

How in the world did Boxer kick out of that?!

DDK:

Both men are having to go deep into their bag tonight!

Lance:

Bronson Box had this match under control for a while now, but now Dexy Baby is throwing bombs!

And speaking of bombs, the word couldn't be more apropos right now. Dex kicks Box and then sets him up for a power bomb. The thumbs up and then the thumbs down to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful. Cheers ring out all over the Paris La Defense Arena. He ducks for the bomb but up at the top, Bronson rains down elbows and Dex loses his grip. Box slips free and lands in front of Dex to surprise him with another uppercut and then a chop!

DDK:

Box is taking Dex apart with chops!

The War God reels back and then goes for another chop when Dex catches his hand! He growls and then picks up Box on his shoulders and spins him around into a fireman carry facebuster!

DDK:

DEX-5!!! That! Ring! Shook!

Dex hooks the leg!

One ...

Two ...

THR-NO!!!

Lance:

THAT WAS SO CLOSE!!! BOX WAS SPIKED INTO THE MAT WITH A FACEBUSTER!!!

Dex decides that he's going to go for the kill shot. Taking hold of Boxer's hand, he has the War God where he wants him! He is about to pull him up into the Dex Drive but before he is able to pull him into the hold he gets a head butt to the bridge of the nose!

DDK:

JHC, THAT HEAD BUTT!!!

Dex is seeing stars. Another chop lands into his chest. He follows with a big clubbing shot to the chest. He fires one from the front, then to the back. And to the front and to the back. The front and the back again!

Lance:

And now he's taking him apart with those big forearms from either side! Dexy Baby doesn't know which way is up!

The War God is pushing his hands across Dexy Baby's face and is right in his face berating him. He grabs the arm and spins him around right into a very powerful slap across the face!

DDK:

STARMAKER!!! From the Starmaker!!!

Dexy Baby is stunned on his feet and then he's not on it for long. Boxer leaps for the ropes with rebound and then comes back with a rebound lariat so powerful, sweat flies up into the lights as Dex goes down!

DDK:

REBOUND LARIAT!!!

The body of Dex goes limp and Boxer is as happy as a miserable veteran can be (not smiling but he knows he is about to win!) Boxer reaches over for the leg!

One ...

TWO ...

THR- NO!!!

Box looks over and when he sees that Dexy Baby has gotten a shoulder off the mat his bald head almost turns red!

DDK:

That Starmaker and that rebound lariat put Dex into the mat but somehow he kicked out! We know the kind of abuse that Dexy Baby can take and tonight, Boxer is bringing it to the Triple Crown winner!

Lance:

We knew this one was going to be good, but this match is insane!

Dex Joy is still reeling on the canvas and Boxer sees it. He grabs Dex's arm. He has a move ready for him ...

DDK:

I think we're about to see the Boston Massacre! After the damage to the neck, if he hits this, that's it!

He softens up Dex with stomping into his back and then goes to lock in the submission. He ducks to set it up ...

But Dexy Baby fights it!!!

Lance:

No way! It was like Dex Joy sensed it coming! He isn't the only guy that's done his homework!

Dexy Baby slides through Box's leg and trips him up on the canvas! He shocks Boxer by grabbing his legs and turning him over to apply a stretch muffler submission of his own!

Lance:

WHAT IN THE HOLY HECK AM I SEEING?! DEX JOY ... USING A SUBMISSION!

DDK:

HE'S CALLING THIS THE SEXY DEXY STRETCH!!!! NAME MIGHT NEED WORK SHOPPING BUT IT'S LOCKED IN!!!

Box can't believe the position he's in! Dex is crouching down and working over the leg of Box placed over the shoulder! The fans are convincing Boxer to tap out! He crawls towards the ropes with Dexy Baby keeping him grounded. He is applying the pressure to the leg and tries keeping him away from the ropes ...

Lance:

No!!! Box has a leg! He reverses and takes Dex down to the mat!

Boxer grabs the leg and turns Dex over again but Dex kicks him away using his other foot! Box is back up ...

DDK:

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!!!

Dex hits an explosive shoulder tackle! He sends Boxer down and then hits the cover!

ONE ...

TWO ...

BUT SOMEONE PLANTS BOXER'S FOOT ON THE ROPES!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

IT'S ANGUS! DAMNIT!

The crowd rains down hatred on the Motormouth of Malcontent, the ref is immediately leaning over the rope lambasting Bronson's magically appearing representative.

DDK:

He conspicuously didn't follow Bronson out here tonight. Something doesn't smell quite right here, partner...

Angus Skaaland clambers awkwardly up onto the apron and grabs the referees full and undivided attention. Even

going as far as to grab the refs shirt at one point. The platinum blond manager and Hall of Fame color commentator can't help smile an evil grin even as he's jawing loudly with the ref as he casts glances over the refs now soundly distracted shoulder.

Back in the ring, Dex is back on his feet and clearly **PISSED**. Bronson Box is kneeling, arms draped across his knee. As the sweat and blood bead off his craggy scarred forehead, we can see on his face that he's weary. So can Dex... Dexy Baby shouts.

Dex Joy:

CAN'T DO IT ON YOUR OWN, HUH?! CAN'T BEAT OL' DEXY BABY ALL ON YOUR LONESOME, CAN YOU?! COWARD!

Lance:

He doesn't give a hoot, Dex! It's all anarchy and chaos with this maniac! It's all he cares about!

The Original **DEFIANT** looks up with a smile similar to that of his manager.

Having played this game for a long while Dex spins around just in time to come face to face with the fabled **SPIKE**.

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

A huge woman dressed all in black with a short cropped blond haircut, piercings and a familiar looking scowl on her face plunges Bronson's favorite instrument of destruction right into the top of Dex's meaty head.

THUNK!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Who in blue hell is that?!

Dex staggers back a half step and dramatically drops to one knee as blood starts **POURING** from Dexy Baby's hairline and down across his face in a shocking **WATERFALL** of red, obscuring Dex's features.

The attacker steps back with a smile. Taking a half second to take in the carnage before **LUNGING** forward with a huge boot across Dexy Baby's moist, red cranium sending him sprawling backward right at the feet of Bronson Box. The Scottish Strongman looks across the ring with a look of appreciation...

DDK:

That's **DUCHESS VAUGHN**! That's Bronson's Box's damned **NIECE**! She's been appearing down in **BRAZEN** for a while now, my **GOODNESS** what an introduction to the main roster Faithful! The Concrete Killer just threw in with their uncle Boxer!

Lance:

The psychopathic apple didn't fall from the psychopathic tree, Darren! Just look at poor **DEX**!

Duchess drops down and rolls under the bottom rope, the whole disgusting scene only taking moments of real time. Just as they do Angus also hops down and releases the referee's shirt, freeing him to turn around and witness all the fun new changes to the match...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Bronson reaches down and locks on a **TIGHT Full Nelson**, yanking the now bloody Dex Joy to his feet. Seeing anyone manhandle a competitor the size and girth of a Dex Joy is always a sight. Box **WHIPS** Joy around in the Full Nelson.

He drags Dex into position in the center of the ring and sits down... PULLING back and CRANKING on Dex's neck and back with his shitty little wrestling boots planted firmly on the canvas.

DDK:

THE MASSACRE! BOX HAS LOCKED IN THE BOSTON MASSACRE!

The Original DEFIANT screams into Dex's ear, Joy's face on full display. Dex tries desperately to blink away the blood from his eyes and fight through the pain of his neck being compressed by the Wargod's giant meathooks pressing down behind his head.

"The Concrete Killer" Duchess Vaughn has rounded the ring and joined Angus in leaning on the apron smiling like villains as they watch their man seated in almost-victory on a throne literally made from Dex's twisted body. Joy's eyes slowly flutter almost shut... the crowd defleating as Dex's body goes near-limp in Bronson's violent hands.

The referee leans in and checks on Dex's status, things look bleak...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Two white circles in a sea of red. Dex's eyes shoot open, his muscles go rigid and he fights like HELL against Bronson's almost inhuman strength. A world beating seated Full Nelson that has been taking down DEF legends since the place opened its doors. Dexy Baby could clearly give a damn about all that as he CLAWS at the canvas... managing to pull his and Bronson's combined weight, on hands and almost-knees, towards the ropes.

Lance:

COME ON DEX! REACH! YOU GOT IT!

The referee looks on, watching with laser focus as Dex Joy fights desperately to grab ahold of that bottom rope.

DDK:

ALMOST THERE... OH! OH NO!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Right as it looks like Dex is about to drop his sweaty bloody hand down across the rope his palm only twacks bare canvas as the Wargod stands and YANKS him away, not even releasing him from the Full Nelson.

Again maneuvering the considerable mass of Dex Joy around like he was half his size.

DDK:

This doesn't look good folks!

Box again twists Dex's back into an acute angle as he SITS BACK on the Boston Massacre yet again. To Dex's credit, he never gives up... after what feels like an eternity locked in the maneuver, his eyes finally do flutter shut one last time.

The referee confirms Dex's status and calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

Iris Davine and her medical team were already perched at ringside, waiting to immediately assist Dex from the ring

and any further harm.

Darren Quimbey:

AAAAND YOUR WINNER BY TECHNICAL SUBMISSION... BRON... *HURMPH*

A competition at ringside as ring announcer Darren Quimbey's microphone is snatched away.

Angus Skaaland:

YOUR WINNER IS THE GORRAM STARKILLER HIMSELF! How can anybody doubt Bronson Box at this point? Honestly? What are you, stupid?

Duchess Vaughn sits down on the second rope allowing a cackling Angus Skaaland to step into the ring. Vaughn follows and takes their place at center ring next to her uncle. Angus stands in the foreground and points back at Boxer and Duchess.

Angus Skaaland:

The Concrete Killa! The Brixton Juggernaut! THE FINAL DEFIANT... has arrived! Don't call it the next generation, just call it more of the same greatness, the same VICIOUSNESS and DOMINENCE you saw displayed here tonight! We're just gettin' started, you FEEBS!

The Herald of the Wargod carelessly hucks the microphone to ringside, it lands at Darren Quimbey's feet with an ear splitting electric whine.

Bronson holds up Duchess' hand as the Faithful here in Paris give their honest, full throated, unfiltered opinion in their native tongue.

VA TE FAIRE FOUTRE BRONSON!

VA TE FAIRE FOUTRE BRONSON!

VA TE FAIRE FOUTRE BRONSON!

Lance:

Google translate it yourself, folks! I'm not gettin' myself in trouble out here!

The crane camera gets a wide shot of the whole scene. Dex Joy, still covered in his own blood at ringside, staring daggers up at the three victorious villains in the ring. Duchess reaches back and pulls out the bloody metal Spike, handing it back over to her uncle... he waves off the gesture, clearly mouthing "you keep her."

Angus eventually leads the way up the ramp. Bronson exists side by side with his niece, DEFIANCE's newest terror... Duchess Vaughn. Who pauses and hold the fabled Spike above their head, goosing the crowd's booming negative reaction a little before finally making their exit through the curtain.

The last image caught on the ringside camera of this encounter is of a clearly disappointed Dex Joy sitting with his head back against the guardrail. With most of the congealed blood cleaned away we can see plainly the frustration and anger boiling in the former FIST and leader of the Lads.

AMBULANCE MATCH: DR. NED REFORM vs. REVERAND BLACK

A siren rings out that echoes off the walls as a large ambulance is slowly backed into the area in front of the interview stage with lights swirling.

DDK:

That can only mean one thing!

The graphic fills the screen: DOCTOR Ned Reform vs. REVEREND Erik Black in an Ambulance Match!

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The arena lights turn purple, signaling the arrival of THE SAGE ON THE STAGE, THE MAD GADFLY, THE PHILOSOPHER KING, AND THE GOOD DOCTOR HIMSELF... Ned Reform. Dressed in his ring gear and ready for action, Reform marches out to the front of the stage and stops at the top of the ramp. He slowly tilts his head around the arena, taking in every inch of the French Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is an AMBULANCE MATCH! To win, one competitor must throw their opponent completely into the back of the ambulance and close BOTH doors! Introducing first, from New Haven, Connecticut... weighing in at 235 lbs... NED! REEEEEFORM!

And then the damndest thing happens. It's with a French accent, of course, but it's noticeable all the same... The Faithful all chant in unison...

"That's DOCTOR Ned Reform!"

Reform steps back in surprise that manifests as actual recoil! He allows himself an uncharacteristically wide smile... it appears that may have actually made his Grinch-sized heart grow a few sizes!

DDK:

As unbelievable as this is to say, Ned Reform is quite popular here in Paris...

Lance:

I think a lot of that has to do with his promise to the fans... this Ambulance stipulation is in place for a very specific purpose as we heard earlier tonight... to transform Erik Black back into Rezin!

DDK:

The last time anyone saw Rezin, he was being thrown into the back of an ambulance much like that one by Ned Reform. Can lightning strike twice?

Reform makes it to the ring, but instead of getting inside, he walks around it... stopping in front of the group of guys doing Rezin cosplay. They huddle up as he begins to speak to them... they appear to be plotting something as his music dies out.

Lance:

It might appear that those guys are in cahoots with Reform! Is this a part of a larger plan?

Lance's wonderings are interrupted by...

♪ "Hallelujah" by Leonard Cohen Reverend Erik Black ♪

A spotlight hits the stage. The Reverend Erik Black appears, sparkling and resplendent in his bodysuit, head bowed and eyes obscured behind the brim of a white fedora. He raises a mic to his lips...

Rev. Erik Black:

♪ Now I've heard there was a secret chord, ♪
♪ That David played, and it pleased the LOARD! ♪
♪ But you don't really care for JAYZUS, do you? ♪

Black rises up to his feet, his free hand majestically extended as he sings.

Rev. Erik Black:

♪ It goes like this: the FOURTH, the FIFTH! ♪
♪ The MINOOOR FALLS, the MAJOOOR LIFTS! ♪
♪ The BAFFLLLED NYED composing HAAL-LE-LUU-JAH!! ♪

The Sacred Lamb throws his head back and belts out the chorus.

Rev. Erik Black:

♪ HAA-LE-LUUUUUU-JAH!! ♪

Spotlights shine down on Reverend Black, like divine light cutting through blackened clouds.

Rev. Erik Black:

♪ HAA-LE-LUUUUUU-JAH!! ♪

White sparkling fountain pyros streak across the stage.

Rev. Erik Black:

♪ HAA-LE-LUUUUUU-JAH!! ♪

A bevy of white doves fly up from behind the good Reverend and disappear into the sky. He clutches his chest, as the song has completely enraptured his spirit.

Rev. Erik Black:

♪ HAAAW-LEE-LOOOO-OOH-OOH-OOOOOOO-YAAAAWWWW!!! ♪

As the song diminishes into the second verse, Reverend Black begins advancing down the rampway.

Rev. Erik Black:

♪ Your faith was WEAK, and I'll give you proof, ♪
♪ You saw me RISING through the roof! ♪
♪ My BRILLIANCE and THE JAYZUS OVERTHREW YOU! ♪

He stops at ringside, pointing down the Good Doctor impatiently waiting in the ring.

Rev. Erik Black:

♪ While you SAT on your DERRIER, ♪
♪ I BROKE yourrr THRONE, and I STOLE yourrr HAIR! ♪
♪ And from YOURRR LIPS I'll DRAW the HAAL-LE-LUU-JAH!! ♪

Black's tear-filled eyes clench shut. He falls to his knees, slamming a fist into his chest as he gives into the HOLEY SPIRIT and throws everything into the chorus.

Rev. Erik Black:

♪ HAA-LE-LUUUUUU-JAH!! ♪

LE BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Rev. Erik Black:

♪ HAA-LE-LUUUUU-JAH!! ♪

LE BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Rev. Erik Black:

♪ HAA-LE-LUUUUU--**BLEEHHGGKK!!**

DDK:

BASEBALL SLIDE BY DOCTOR REFORM!!

Two thick rubber boot soles pop the Reverend square in the mouth. Black sprawls wildly off the impact. The white fedora comes flying off his head.

As does the toupee.

Rev. Erik Black:

AAAAHHH!!

Reform slips out to the floor and nods to official Brian Slater, who gives the cue to the timekeeper...

...who is standing by the ambulance.

EE-oo-EE-oo-EE-oo-EE-oo

DDK:

I'm assuming that's the official signal to start this ambulance match! Doctor Reform off to a hot start here, getting the jump on Reverend Black in the middle of his entrance!

Lance:

And giving him exactly what he deserves for butchering the late, great Leonard Cohen, by the looks of it!

Reform picks up Black by what hair he has left on his head and violently THROWS him as hard as he can into the steel steps!

Rev. Erik Black:

AAAAHHH!!

CRASH!

Black sprawls over the segmented steps and fecklessly reaches for anything to grab onto. Unfortunately for him, his hand finds the kneepad of Doctor Reform, who quickly yanks him back to his feet and begins lighting him up with a series of stiff, collegiate jabs!

Lance:

Looks like the kiddie gloves are off tonight! Ned Reform is not holding back!

Reform and Black do the full circuit around the ring, with the Good Doctor herding the Sacred Lamb to and fro with punches and kicks from every angle. Reverend Black stumbles, sputters, and sprawls off of every strike, dizzied and discombobulated in every possible way.

DDK:

This is not the methodical and calculating Good Doctor we've known in years past! He's a man unhinged here tonight!

Lance:

He's got only one mission here tonight, and that's ridding the world of this monster he's created!

They complete the loop, and when he reaches the foot of the aisleway, the Reverend rolls over onto his knees and comes up with his hands clasped together, begging for mercy.

Rev. Erik Black:

WAIT-HEY-LOOK-LISTEN HERE! Let's just TALK THIS THROUGH FOR A SECOND!

Dr. Ned Reform:

Far, far too late for that...

POW! A swinging hook sends the Sacred Lamb tumbling over the ringside floor once more.

Rev. Erik Black:

SAVE ME, JAYZUS!!

DDK:

There's no chance of Reverend Black talking his way out of this one! Karma has finally come to collect for all his lies and acts of betrayal!

Reform goes to collect Black off the floor and lead him up the rampway. At the last second, the Reverend drops back to his knees and throws an arm up through the legs of the Good Doctor!

DDK:

OH MY!! Blatant low blow by the Reverend Erik Black!

Lance:

Completely legal, unfortunately, as it's anything goes until one of these two men is secured in the back of that ambulance!

As Reform doubles him over, Black takes him by the head as he jogs back up the rampway.

DDK:

He's leading him right to that ambulance!

Lance:

Looking for the quick and easy win, but something tells me that's not going to be the case.

Reverend Black pulls the rear door to the ambulance open, and unceremoniously throws Ned into the back.

Rev. Erik Black:

HA-HAAWW!! *AU REVOIR*... REFFOOORRRMMM!!

He swings the door to slam it shut...

...only to have it suddenly SWING BACK and clap him in the face.

DONK!

Rev. Erik Black:

D'OOPH!!

He reels in momentary shock and pain. Upon recovering, the Good Doctor sits up in the back of the ambulance...

Ned Reform:

For the last time...

...with a pair of charged shock pads in his hands!

Ned Reform:

That's **DOCTOR** REFORM!!

ZZZZZZAP!!

Rev. Erik Black:

B-B-B-B-B-BLLLLLEEEG-G-G-GHHHK-K-K-K-K!!!

DDK:

REFORM WITH THE DEFIBRILLATOR PADS!!

Lance:

A SHOCKING callback to the first ambulance match when Rezin pulled that same trick on him!

The discharge of electricity blasts the Sacred Lamb backwards and sends him careening out of control back down the ramp. Dr. Reform pulls himself out of the ambulance and gives chase.

DDK:

After that electrifying encounter, Doctor Reform avoids the elimination, and presses the attack!

Reverend Black pulls himself to his feet, still intermittently convulsing to lingering aftershocks from three-thousand volts to his chest. As he sees Reform barreling down after him, he desperately crawls his way into the ring.

DDK:

Reverend Black into the ring now, trying to put as much space as possible between himself and the aggressor, Ned Reform!

Lance:

Except his days as the "Escape Artist" are long behind him!

Reform slides in after Black. Panicked, the Reverend attempts to use Brian Slater -- who's only really there as a formality -- as a human shield.

Because the official has no interest in being that, he promptly shoves Black aside and straight into the path of Reform.

DDK:

Here comes REFORM AGAIN! And Black has run out of room!

Ned corners Black against the turnbuckles and blasts his jaw with a set of forearms. While the Reverend lies stunned, the Good Doctor climbs up to the second rope and peppers him with a series of mounted punches!

UN!

DEUX!

TROIS!

QUATRE!

CINC!

SIX!

SEPT!

HUIT!

NEUF!

DIX!!

After the final blow to cap off the flurry, Reform takes ahold of Black around the head and rolls back, monkey flipping

the Sacred Lamb out of the corner into a high flying arc! Black bumps hard off his back, pops right up to his feet, stumbles to the opposite corner, and goes down again after his momentum brings his face into the top turnbuckle!

DDK:

Doctor Ned Reform in full control of this match!

Lance:

And the Paris Faithful are... loving it!

DDK:

Europeans must truly admire men of intellect!

Cleanshaven cranium shining majestically beneath the arena lights, the Good Doctor is an image of prestige and confidence. He stands juxtaposed to his opponent, continuing to sputter and grasp blindly for any sort of foothold. He scrambles his way up and charges Reform, only to rush his way into a waiting side headlock.

DDK:

Here comes Doctor Reform off the ropes... and completely LEVELS REVEREND BLACK with a RUNNING BULLDOG!!

LE RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Ned glances over to the idling ambulance waiting up on the stage, and sees he has a chance to make a move. He quickly pulls Black off the mat and throws him to the ropes to send him outside...

Regrettably, the Sacred Lamb doesn't go THROUGH them. Instead, acting purely on instinct, Black catches his neck and shoulders on the top rope to effectively slingshot himself back into the ring. Before Ned can react, a back elbow catches him in the jaw.

DDK:

Quick counter by Black with the elbow... now he's running up the turnbuckles!

In a flash, the Reverend pulls himself up to the top rope.

Rev. Erik Black:

CATCH ME, LOARD! CATCH ME!!

DDK:

REVEREND BLACK OFF THE TOP WITH THE LEAP OF FAITH MOONSAULT!!

Reform suddenly stops favoring his jaw and just walks out of the way.

Rev. Erik Black:

OHSHUC--

SPLAT! Reverend Black bellyflops canvas!

DDK:

NOBODY HOME!

The camera zooms in on Doctor Reform as he walks to the ropes, smirks, and points to his temple.

LE RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Lance:

Reverend Erik Black may believe the “holy spirit” is on his side, but thus far, Doctor Reform has proven himself both physically AND intellectually superior in this contest!

Reform pulls Black off the mat, and this time, when he chucks him through the ropes, Black falls to the ringside floor. The Good Doctor promptly follows him out, peels him off the mats, scoops him onto the shoulder, and carries him back up the rampway.

DDK:

Doctor Reform is going right to the ambulance!

Lance:

If he can get him in there, he may just finally end the nightmare that is “Reverend Erik Black”.

Reform pulls the rear door open and attempts to force the Reverend into the back. Black comes to life, wedging his hands to the sides of the doorway and pushing himself back with his one foothold.

DDK:

He’s almost in!

In desperation, Black reaches into the back of the ambulance...

DDK:

NO!! EYE-VEE FLUID TO THE EYES!! Reverend Black got a hold of a bag!

Ned reels, hands covering his eyes. Black folds his hands and looks to the heavens.

Rev. Erik Black:

OH LOARD, it’s a MIRACLE!! For THIS MAN has been STRUCK BLIND!

Reverend Black seizes Reform by the back of the head, and RAMS his face into the side of the ambulance!

Rev. Erik Black:

Let the HAND OF GAWD GUIDE YOU, Doc!

DDK:

OOH! Ned Reform goes face first into that steel sidewall of the emergency vehicle!

Black drags Ned over to the front cab of the ambulance and opens the driver’s side door, and places the Good Doctor’s head just below the seat.

Rev. Erik Black:

Just let JAYSUS TAKE THE WHEEL!

SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!

DDK:

BUH GAWD, he’s going to CRUSH HIS HEAD!

Lance:

Well, if that happens, at least an ambulance is on hand!

Black finally lays off when Reform stops resisting and goes limp. The Paris Faithful are hissing with contempt as he drags Ned back around to the back.

DDK:

Doctor Reform is completely motionless!

Lance:

I hate to say it, but I think Reverend Black is on the cusp of avenging his loss to Ned in their first ambulance match.

The Sacred Lamb throws Reform into the back of the ambulance and grabs hold of the door.

Rev. Erik Black:

It's BEEN SWELL, Doc... but if any MONSTER needs to be gotten rid of... IT'S YOU!!

LE BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

He crosses the air in front of him and points to the heavens above, smiling up to his maker.

Rev. Erik Black:

IN JAYSUS' NAME... AAAAAYYYYYMMMMMEE--

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

Black's eyes suddenly BULGE. He chokes up as the prayer dies in his throat. The sludgy sounds of bombastic noise rock pump through the PA in a cascade of memory-triggering riffs.

DDK:

Wait a sec... I know that music!

Lance:

Same, Keebs! And you bet Reverend Black knows this music as well! Because this is HIS music!

DDK:

Or rather... REZIN'S MUSIC!

At ringside, the six REZIN CLONES are headbanging in delight!

On the stage, Reverend Black's face has turned as white as one of his suits. He suddenly forgets about the ambulance, and Reform lying in the back, staggering across the stage and covering his ears in anguish, like a silver-and-purple Quasimodo beneath the resounding bells of Notre Dame.

Lance:

It's like the literal ghost of Black's past is haunting him!

DDK:

No doubt the Good Doctor had something to do with this...

Finally, Black seems to understand that maybe this music is just a trick, as he stands up and removes his hands from his ears. Casting a sneering glance at the Rezin pack, he returns to the ambulance, prepared to close the door on Ned Reform once and for all...

...when Ned FLIES out of the back on a stretcher! He bursts through the doors, and the stretcher rams Black directly in the gut!

Reverend Black:

OOOOOOFF!!

Reform grabs Black by the back of his head and flips him forward until he is face down on the stretcher. Getting a running start, Ned rolls the stretcher directly into the bumper of the ambulance! Upon impact, Black flies off it like a

rocket and directly into the back of the vehicle!

Grinning, Ned grabs one door and slams it shut. He grabs the other, looks to the Faithful and points to his big brain... before shutting it!

DDK:

That's it!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner.... NED! REFORM!

Lance:

An extremely impressive showing for The Good Doctor tonight, but this begs the question: how is he going to keep his promise re: the return of Rezin?

As Reform's music begins to play, The Sage on the Stage does not take any time to revel in his victory. Instead, he motions toward the back... heralding the appearance of Sweet Saunders and TA Cole!

DDK:

What is Cole holding?

Lance:

It appears to be a... tube? Hose? Hose/tube?

Whatever it is, it's a large transparent hose that Cole seems to be struggling to drag out. Reform helps him, and together they insert the hose into a conveniently placed unlockable compartment on the side of the vehicle.

Lance:

This must be those "upgrades" he was talking about...

Cole rushes to the back as Reform procures himself a mic. His theme fades out as he stands in front of the ambulance. When he speaks, he's out of breath, but manages to still convey a little... as the French say... *gravitas*.

Ned Reform:

Children, behold! I give you the CANNIBUSICON 3000! Cole... release the concentrated Dopesmoke!

Lance:

The... the what?

DDK:

Let's just roll with it.

The see-through tube isn't so see through anymore, as billowing greenish smoke begins to travel down it and into the hole in the ambulance!

Lance:

We don't need to spell out what he's trying to do here, do we?

DDK:

I think our fans can connect the dots...

Reform steps back, proud of his master contraption.

Reverend Erik Black:

NOOOOOOOOO!!

Unexpectedly, Black barrels out from the FRONT of the truck! He stumbles out of the passenger side door and hits the floor just before the smoke was about to hit his precious, holy lungs.

The fans begin to boo.

Lance:

How'd he get to the front!?

DDK:

Like we said... the man used to be known as "The Escape Artist."

Black hightails it out of the arena as fast as he can. Reform's eyes bug out.

Ned Reform:

LEVI! CUT THE POWER!

The smoke stops and Reform opens all the doors to air it out. Cole and Saunders come from the back.

Ned Reform:

Come! He will not escape his fate! THE GAME IS AFOOT, CHUMS!

Reform hops in the driver's seat while Cole and Saunders squeeze in through the passenger's door. Ned turns on the sirens as he pulls the ambulance out of the arena and toward the direction in which Black escaped.

DDK:

Ned Reform picks up the victory tonight, but his ultimate goal of destroying Reverend Black didn't come to fruition.

Lance:

Yes, but... something tells me that mission isn't over!

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS, I QUIT MATCH: RAIN CITY RONIN (C) vs. THE TRIPLE 7s

DDK:

We are about to see a match that may be the first of its kind in DEFIANCE Wrestling! I'm talking about the Unified Tag Team championships on the line! Reigning champs the Rain City Ronin will defend the gold against the Ace of Tag Teams winners: The Triple 7s!

Lance:

The Triple 7s have looked almost unstoppable ever since reuniting their past partnership with Tom Morrow and taking their brother in law, Mark Luck, along for the ride. Their only loss came at the hands of Leo Burnett when he beat Mark Luck a few weeks ago. This match is a very different animal!

DDK:

The Ace of Tag Teams has to be announced ahead of time and after that particular setback, Tom Morrow announced this match would be an I Quit match under tag team rules!

Lance:

No pinfalls! No submissions! No disqualifications! No countouts! The only way to win or retain those titles is to get one member of the opposing team to say the words "I Quit!" We've *never* heard Rain City Ronin even so much as say a word since they live true to the phrase "Shut up and wrestle!"

DDK:

Will tonight be the night that we hear them say I Quit? Do the Ronin have an ace up their sleeve against Max and Mason Luck who have been two of the most destructive men ...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The action starts off ... with thunderous BOOING!!! Tom Morrow struts behind the curtains in a custom blue leather business suit. On the back he turns around to show off the new "Tom The [bomb emoji]" logo!

Tom Morrow:

Ladies and gentlemen ... This is an official announcement from ... ME!!! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Super Agent that you all know, revere and respect!

That just welcomes even more booing from the Faithful!

Tom Morrow:

This match is personal! It's so personal to my Triple 7s, that I'll even give those wrestling librarians a spoiler ahead of time! They'll be facing Max and Mason Luck tonight!

The booing is louder from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

Tom Morrow:

My Seven Foot Savages are going to go to any and all extremes to win those titles back. For *too long* they have been without the taste of gold! The symbol of true tag team excellence! They are one of only two teams to main event DEFCON with those titles and they're going to march into next year's DEFCON with those titles once again!

Morrow spins around.

Tom Morrow:

Save them ticket stubs! Record the moment that you *hear* the screams and cries of two men who like to tell you all they like to "Shut Up and Wrestle!" Tonight after my Seven Foot Savages destroy them, their new motto will be "Roll Over and Die!" Welcome Max The Jacked! Mace the Headcase!

The Paris La Défense Arena's lights fade completely. Tom Morrow speaks in the darkness.

Tom Morrow:

THE!!! TRIPLE!!! 7S!!!

♪ "Gasoline" by I Prevail ♪

The sounds of angry heavy metal pump through the PA! When lights return, there are two giants standing on stage, wearing matching black leather hooded vests and black pants, all kissed with green, red and orange flame designs. The twin monsters have their backs turned to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and hold the Winning Hand up. Tom Morrow throws the Winning Hand up with them!

DDK:

Look at these beasts! I'm shocked Mark isn't here tonight, but we both know what those titles mean to Max and Mason and probably wanted this alone. They have called the Unified Tag Team championships their own FIST of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Max and Mason are locked in tonight! These two have committed so many violent instances in their history. Given free reign to operate in an I Quit, I shudder to think what they're going to do.

Booing rains down for the Triple 7s when they reach the ring. Tom Morrow stands in front of the ring and on two sides of the ring, Max and Mason climb over the ropes to enter. Tom The Bomb makes it inside and he poses in front of the twin giants. They toss up the Winning Hand as a giant logo lowers from the ceiling behind the ring in the shape of a "7" before it and the arena lights up with red and orange to simulate flames! After all this fancy pomp and circumstance, The 7 display goes away.

The arena goes dark.

"Sssssshhhhhh..."

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

C A G E D C A

C A G E D C A

C A G E D C A A A A A A

An arpeggiated guitar lick heralds the beginning to DJ Shadow's "Nobody Speak". The moment the beat drops, the Rain City Ronin step through the curtain without delay.

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

No frills. No flavor. No colorful lights. No fancy pyro.

Just two tag team champions of the world with fury in their eyes.

*"PICTURE THIS,
"I'M A BAG OF DICKS, PUT ME TO YOUR LIPS
"I AM SICK
"I WILL PUNCH A BABY BEAR IN HIS SHIT
"GIVE ME LIP
"I'MA SEND YOU TO THE YARD, GET A STICK
"MAKE A SWITCH*

"I CAN END A CONVERSATION REAL QUICK"

The tandem of Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett stride out onto the stage, as rigid and methodical as a pair of futuristic cyborgs programmed for nothing but wrestling. They wear matching long tights, black bases with blue, white, and green patterns running down the sides.

The DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships are proudly displayed around their waists. Both are wearing cut shirts: Daymon's simply reads "ABOLISH ICE". Burnett's is the DEFIANCE FIST logo in rainbow colors.

*"I AM CRACK
 "I AIN'T LYIN', KICK A LION IN HIS CRACK
 "I'M THE SHIT
 "I WILL FALL OF IN YOUR CRIB, TAKE A SHIT
 "PINCH YOUR MOMMA ON THE BOOTY
 "KICK YOU DOG, FUCK YOUR BITCH
 "FAT BOY DRESSED UP LIKE HE'S SANTA AND TOOK PICTURES WITH YOUR KIDS"*

Lockstep, Daymon and Burnett descend the rampway side by side. They march with an unmistakably confident swagger, empowered by the cheering fans across the barricade.

*"WE THE BEST
 "WE WILL CUT A FROWNY FACE IN YOUR CHEST
 "LITTLE WENCH
 "I'M UNMENTIONABLY FRESH, I'M A MENSCH
 "GET CORRECT
 "I WILL WALK INTO A COURT WHILE ERECT
 "SCREAMIN' 'YES! I AM GUILTY, MOTHERFUCKERS!
 "I AM DEATH!"*

The pair continue powerwalking toward the ring, urged onward by a hot Paris crowd that is doing everything in its power to let them know they carry the hopes of the French Faithful on their sturdy shoulders.

Their eyes never leave the ring.

"HEY... YOU WANNA HEAR A GOOD JOKE?"

On cue, the Rain City Ronin pause midway down the ramp.

"NOBODY SPEAK... NOBODY GET CHOKED!"

Daymon and Burnett continue on their trip to the ring, hitting the ringside area with the intensity of Allied soldiers storming the beaches of Normandy.

Ritualistically, they lap the ring, giving the Parisian faithful a clear and close look of the very best DEFIANCE Wrestling has to offer. Then they ascend the steps and walk across the apron, where they turn and face the hard camera while unstrapping their championship belts.

*"GET RUNNING
 "START PUMPING YOUR BUNIONS, I'M COMING
 "I'M THE DUMBEST
 "TO FLAMETHROW YOUR FUNCTION TO FUNYUNS
 "FLAME YOUR CREW QUICKER THAN TRUMP FUCKS HIS YOUNGEST
 "NOW **FACE THE FLAME**, FUCKERS
 "YOUR FAME AND FATE'S DONE WITH"*

The DEFIANCE tag champs pump their belts into the air.

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

*"I ROB CHARLIE BROWN
"PEPPERMINT PATTY, LINUS, AND LUCY
"PUT COKE IN THE DOOBIE
"ROLL WOOLIES TO SMOKE WITH SNOOPY
"I STILL REMAIN THAT DICK-GRABBIN' SLACKER THAT SPIT A LOOGIE
"CUZ THE TOLDA OF THE TOOLIE'LL MURDER YOUR FRIGGIN' MOOLIES"*

The Rain City Ronin step through the ropes.

"NOBODY SPEAK, NOBODY GET CHOKED!!"

With demeanors that can only be described as confident, cocksure, and DEFIANT, they stride over to the other side of the arena and raise their belts again.

"NOBODY SPEAK, NOBODY GET CHOKED!!"

As the music dies down, they converge upon their corner and wait for the announcements.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is an I QUIT match, for the UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS of DEFIANCE WRESTLING! And seeing as how the challengers have already been introduced...

Quimbey casts Tom the Bomb an annoyed side-eye.

Darren Quimbey:

...their opponents, representing Dojo Cascadia of Seattle, Washington... they weigh in at a combined four-hundred and fifty-five pounds... they are the REIGNING UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS of DEFIANCE WRESTLING... the WINNERS of the MILO FLYNN CUP TWENTY-TWENTY-FIVE... Paris, please welcome the team of ZACK DAYMON and LEO BURNETT...

Daymon and Burnett hoists the titles into the air.

Darren Quimbey:

The RAAAIINNN CIIIIITYYYYYY ROOOOOOOOONNNIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNN!!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

The champions hand their titles off to Quimbey on his way out of the ring and fist bump in solidarity. They stare daggers at the Luck brothers standing across the ring, ready to come tearing out of their corner at a moment's notice.

DDK:

This match is going to be nothing short of explosive! These teams look ready to tear each other apart!

Doyle checks both teams to see if they're ready, and gives the cue to the timekeeper...

DING DING

All four men immediately launch toward the center of the ring, and the fists begin to fly everywhere!

DDK:

HERE WE GO! Fistfights to start off this battle for the tag titles! Mason Luck and Leo Burnett start to throw hands,

while Zack Daymon and Max Luck do the same!

Lance:

Only one way to win! You have to get one of your opponents to say I Quit! This match will literally be a case of who can break the other's will first!

Max launches Zack Daymon as hard as he can at the corner and smashes into him with a clothesline in the corner. Burnett finds himself overwhelmed quickly by the sheer might of the seven foot Mason Luck and ends up getting grabbed and tossed out of the ring!

Lance:

Neither team is content to keep this fight contained to the ring! Mason just tossed Leo Burnett out of the ring!

The fight between Mason and Leo goes on one side of the ring with the camera focused solely on Max Luck attacking Zack Daymon outside the ring. He bounces the head of Zack Daymon off the apron and watches him fall to the canvas. The referee wants to step in and ask him if he quits, but Max Luck shoos him away.

Max Luck:

Nooooooooo, we're just getting the fuck started!

The Beast of the Bright Lights slams Skyfire into the barrier now and he lands hard!

Lance:

It's all Triple 7s so far! We still don't know where Mark Luck is tonight, but right now, it's two on two!

DDK:

Realistically, this type of match is right up their alley. Their first Unified Tag Title win was against Saturday Night Specials in a No Holds Barred match that we still talk about to this day!

Leo Burnett sees that his partner is in danger on the other side of the ring and throws punches at Mason Luck so he can get to his partner. Mase grabs him by his arm as if he was doing his best impression of Darkseid tugging on Superman's cape before he too gets slammed against the opposite barrier. Leo Burnett is down and Mason is taunting the Paris crowd!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Max Luck swings for a punch on Zack Daymon, but he ducks it and goes for a drop kick to the knee! Max feels the pain and Zack looks to continue the attack going after the knee by throwing more kicks into it, but Max tosses an uppercut onto Daymon's chin and now he's against the barrier.

DDK:

Look at Mason!

The Iceman is pinned against the post. Mason runs at him but Leo moves and Mason's arm pings against it! Mason is cussing like a sailor and the pain radiates up his elbow!

Lance:

Leo avoided that contact and now he's off to help his partner!

Max Luck is trying to suplex Zack but when he tries the suplex, Zack adjusts his body and lands behind him. Max spins to take a super kick right on the chin! The blow catches him and Leo Burnett follows suit by throwing his entire frame into a shoulder tackle that knocks the Beast of the Bright Lights right over the timekeeper table! Darren Quimbey, the time keeper and a cameraman at ringside all scatter quickly as fast as they can. The Rain City Ronin look out to the vast sea of people and the people are loving what they're seeing!

DDK:

The Rain City Ronin turn things around and Max Luck takes a tumble over the table near ringside!

Lance:

That's going to be key strategy here, I'd have to wager. There's four men in this I Quit match and Rain City Ronin are going to have to keep both of these beasts separated to better their chances!

Leo Burnett is on the table and has a chair in hand ready to jump on top of Max Luck for a big swing but his twin brother is already back on top of things! He grabs the chair and tosses it away. Leo Burnett faces Mason Luck who hits him in the throat with an uppercut and then throws him into the ring post.

Lance:

There goes Burnett!

Zack Daymon jumps on Mason's back and tries to send him to black with a rear naked choke. Mason Luck throws both of his arms around until he grabs two hands around Daymon's neck and throws him forward. Daymon hits the ground with a dull thud and the momentum almost sends him to his feet. He isn't on it for long when Max Luck throws an office chair from ringside right at him!

DDK:

And there goes Daymon! Max Luck just threw Darren Quimbey's chair at him! The champions are down!

Tom Morrow points at the referee and tells him to ask Daymon. The referee goes to Daymon and checks on him. He's barely aware of where he is right now, but he shakes his head no! The match continues!

Lance:

The Triple 7s are running shop right now, but it'll take a lot more than that to wrestle those titles away! They've beaten *everyone* from M4NTRA, the Besties, the Hollywood Bruvs, the Lads, and everyone on our biggest shows! No doubt a shoe-in for DEFIANTS of the Year 2025!

Mason and Max both grab Zack in a double gorilla press and they throw his carcass back into the ring! The action goes back inside the ring. Daymon's in a corner pinned by the humongous hand of Mason Luck.

Mason Luck:

Wanna play Poker, buddy?

CHOP!!! CHOP!!! CHOP!!! CHOP!!!

Mason hits his Four of a Kind chops and Zack Daymon has been brought to a knee. Max tells Mason to hold the champion upright!

DDK:

What's he going to do? A lariat, perhaps?!

Max Luck is about to call for a home run shot ... but he strikes out! Leo Burnett yanks down on the ropes as he runs at him and Max Luck falls over the ropes!

Lance:

And there's Leo Burnett to the rescue! He might have just saved Daymon from losing his head!

Mason runs at Leo Burnett and he tries grabbing the Iceman but he grabs the arm that he hit on the ring post and then pulls it down across the rope! Mason Luck favors the arm and Zack Daymon grabs it to hit a double knee arm breaker on the same arm!

DDK:

They've found a weakness to exploit with these monsters! That arm that he hit on the ring apron earlier might have just been what the Ronin needed here!

Mason is on a knee when Leo Burnett swings and lands a northern lariat to the back of Mason's head! Daymon grabs the arm as he is down and tries to fasten a fujiwara arm bar on the left arm!

Lance:

The referee is in perfect position! Is Mason Luck going to say it!

The referee asks Mason if he wants to quit!

Mason Luck:

Get that mic outta my fucking face!

Mason Luck crawls and grabs the ropes, but the official has to remind him there are no rope breaks!

Lance:

The rope break doesn't apply here in an I Quit match! The rules are working against the Triple 7s at this moment!

Zack Daymon reels back on the hold, but Max Luck reaches in under the bottom rope and lands punches on Daymon until he saves his brother!

DDK:

And there's Max Luck to the save! That could have ended badly but that left arm of Mason Luck will have to be something we keep an eye on as this match progresses!

Leo Burnett is on the floor going after Max Luck with rights, but Max fights him off by burying a knee in his stomach. Max lunges towards him but Leo smoothly moves. A roaring elbow catches Max on the button and then a drop toe hold sends him to eat a mouthful of steel steps! Max Luck has been dropped outside. Tom Morrow is all shook from the fact that the Seven Foot Savages have both been chopped down to size with some well placed attacks from the defending champs!

Lance:

What a showing that we've seen so far from the Rain City Ronin!

DDK:

And the reigning champions look like they've got something in mind, too.

Mason Luck is still grabbing at his arm outside so Daymon goes to help Leo outside of the ring. Operating on another level of chemistry, the Ronin seem to know what the other man is thinking without saying it. They both duck under the ring and grab themselves some chairs!

DDK:

RCR are pitching a few chairs into the ring for good measure!

Lance:

They aren't normally about the hardcore wrestling types but tonight it's going to be everything but the kitchen sink used if they want to keep the Unified Tag Team championships around their waists.

Daymon is the first up and they both enter the ring with some chairs in hand for Mason Luck. He fights up and gets jabbed in the stomach with one chair from Daymon! Then another chair shot from Leo Burnett! Tom Morrow is shocked!

Lance:

There's no rules here and this is perfectly legal!

DDK:

They're picking apart Mason Luck with those chairs ... Oh, wait! Look out!

Max Luck is back! Like a good horror movie monster, he pulls on the legs of Zack Daymon and then pulls him out of the ring! Leo Burnett swings with the chair and Max moves, so he barely misses. Leo turns to face Mason Luck and gets a jumping knee to the face that drops both the Iceman and the chair! Mason Luck took two chair shots to the body just a few moments ago but the Maim Event Monster looks like he's in Maim Event Mode now.

DDK:

Uh-oh!!!

Mason Luck climbs outside the ring and the Seven Foot Savages unleash another attack on Daymon and Burnett by assaulting them using knee strikes. They each pick up a member of RCR in fall away slam positions but instead of executing the move, both twins run forward and smash them into each other!

Lance:

I ... do you even know what to call that move, Darren?!

DDK:

Reckless but effective! That's what!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful fill the arena with booing! Mason grabs Leo and Zack by the back of their necks so Max can head back into the ring. The Ronin are stunned from being body checked into each other and things are about to get worse ...

OVER THE TOP ROPE PLANCHA FROM MAX LUCK!!!

Lance:

AND THAT'S WHY THEY CALL HIM THE BEAST OF THE BRIGHT LIGHTS!!!

Max Luck has taken out both members of the Rain City Ronin with the dive to the floor! A few replays show the dive on the DEFIA-Tron! A slow motion replay is showing Max Luck's legs clear the top rope as he flies over the ropes to take down the reigning champs!

DDK:

We don't see Max Luck fly like that but like we said with this match, nothing is off limits for these teams tonight!

Once the replays are over, Max is helped up from Mason pulling him up with his good arm. Max checks on Mason and once they do they both go under the ring and grab a couple more weapons. A couple of extra chairs get pulled into the ring. Mason starts to pull out a table and the crowd is chanting for it!

WE WANT TABLES!!! WE WANT TABLES!!! WE WANT TABLES!!! WE WANT TABLES!!!

The Seven Foot Savages kick the table back under the ring.

Max Luck:

Kick rocks, pricks!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Max grabs hold of a folded chair instead and brings it straight down into the chest of Zack Daymon! Mason does the same and brings the top end down onto the chest of Burnett twice. After he has done it, he presses the chair on his neck. Tom Morrow jerks the referee's pants leg and points.

Tom Morrow:

Ask him! Ask him!

The referee asks Leo Burnett if he wants to quit as the chair is pressed down against his chest robbing him of air!

Mason Luck:

SAY IT!!! SAY YOU QUIT!!!

Burnett is gasping for air, but shakes his head to tell the referee no! When he signals that it's a no, the Faithful cheer for the match continuing! Mason gets mad and throws the chair down but it seems he has more plans.

DDK:

The Rain City Ronin aren't relinquishing the gold so far, but the match is back in control from the Triple 7s!

For Leo Burnett's bravery in the face of ongoing peril, the twins both help him celebrate by throwing him as hard as they can into the steps! Burnett is out! The attention is all on Zack Daymon now and they toss him back into the ring.

DDK:

Oh, no! Where are they going now?

Mason and Max Luck are in the ring. Mason is forcing Zack Daymon up to his feet and then irish whips him into Max with a knee strike. Max spins him back around and Mason takes his head off using a lariat from the good side! The twin brothers let out one of their old signatures ...

Mason and Max:

KA-CHING!!!

They have more in mind, but instead of going for any of the chairs that are scattered across the ring, Max points at Tom Morrow for something. Tom Morrow reaches into his jacket pocket and gives him a ... deck of playing cards?

Lance:

We're in the middle of a pay-per-view main event! He can't be doing this! This isn't Poker After Dark!

Mason tells the referee to ask Zack if he's going to quit. The referee turns to Daymon with the microphone.

Zack Daymon: *[defiantly]*

...

The referee signals the answer is no!

Max Luck:

Okay, kid ... you did this to yourself!

Mason grabs the left hand of Daymon and steps on it until he forces Daymon to open his palm. Mason crouches down and pulls the hand up. Max grabs one of the playing cards.

Max Luck:

SAY IT! SAY THAT YOU QUIT!!!

Daymon shakes his head no!

Max grabs the playing card ... and slashes it in between his fingers! Zack is in pain and tries to protect the hand, but Mason grabs it again!

DDK:

That's sick and twisted!

Max Luck:

GIVE US BACK OUR FUCKING BELTS AND WE'LL STOP!!! QUIT!!!

Zack Daymon shakes his head no again! Mason stomps on the hand and Daymon tries to fight. Max runs the card against the inner part of his finger again!

Lance:

Daymon's not quitting, but this is getting uncomfortable to watch now! This is getting out of hand! Literally!

When they aren't going to give up, Mason and Max pick up Daymon and the champion lands hard into the corner. Max tells Mason to go deal with Leo Burnett who is getting back up outside the ring. He nods and then goes to take care of the Burnett problem.

DDK:

Things aren't looking good right now for either member of the Rain City Ronin right now! Daymon's been tortured in the past few moments and Burnett is hurt!

Max Luck has a chair in hand against Zack Daymon. Max charges with the chair ... Max gets both of his feet up to kick the chair out of his hand!

Lance:

Zack Daymon is still in this one!

Outside, Mason Luck rounds the corner and then when he sees Leo Burnett trying to stand. Mason Luck attempts to kick his head off with a bicycle kick. Leo moves and grabs hold of a chair to throw right into Mason Luck's face!

CLANG!!!

Max Luck gets momentarily distracted by what's going on outside. He gives his attention to Zack Daymon, but Daymon has already taken flight!

SPRINGBOARD TORNADO DDT ONTO THE STEEL CHAIR!!!

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Lance:

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful have lost it!!! The Rain City Ronin have turned things around in their favor! Burnett is back!

Zack Daymon grabs a chair!

Leo Burnett grabs a chair!

Max Luck is down!!!

They take turns bringing the chair down across Max's back!

CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK FROM DAYMON!!!

CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK FROM BURNETT!!!

CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK FROM DAYMON!!!

CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK FROM BURNETT!!!

They both stop and ask the referee if Max Luck wants to quit! The microphone is at his face on the mat!

Max Luck:

... I ... 'M TELLING YOU TO GO F ...

CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK FROM DAYMON!!!

CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK FROM BURNETT!!!

CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK FROM DAYMON!!!

CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK FROM BURNETT!!!

DDK:

The Unified Tag Team champions are beating Max Luck down! Is he going to quit?

Rain City Ronin stop the attack to allow the referee to check on Max Luck to see if he quits. The microphone is in his face.

Max Luck:

I ...

Max pushes himself upwards. The camera sees a few welts made from the chair shots across his back ...

Max Luck:

I ... MADE YOU LOOK!!!

That catches the champions off guard ...

Tom Morrow hits a low blow on Leo Burnett behind him to make him drop the chair! Tom Morrow rolls outside the ring as quickly as he can to avoid the wrath of the Ronin!

Lance:

TOM MORROW IS A LOW-LIFE PIECE OF CRAP!!!

Daymon still has his chair in hand and tries to swing at Morrow, but Mason Luck is back! He yanks the chair away. Mason Luck kicks his head off with a standing spin kick called Suited and Booted!

DDK:

Tom Morrow ... that festering boil on the backside of life! This could have gone a different direction if he didn't get involved!

Lance:

Looking out for his meal tickets!

Mason Luck kicks Zack Daymon out of the ring so he and his brother can focus solely on punishing Leo Burnett. A chair is wedged in between the top and middle buckle in the corner. Leo is picked up ...

AND SLAMMED HEAD FIRST INTO THE PROPPED CHAIR!!!

Lance:

God! This is getting brutal!

Leo hangs limply from the corner for a few moments before he finally falls to the canvas. When he's down, the camera zooms in on his forehead and he's starting to bleed!

DDK:

Oh, God. The Triple 7s have drawn first blood here! How much more are these two going to take!

Max is finally upright in the corner as Mason pushes the referee to ask Leo Burnett if he gives up. He asks and for a moment, it looks like Burnett may not be coherent enough to respond ...

Lance:

Is the referee even allowed to use discretion here and stop the match?

DDK:

By the rules of this match set up by Tom Morrow in this contract, no! It can only end when someone says the words "I Quit." No other way!

Mason cups an ear and waits on an answer! When he lowers himself to grab Leo, he gets smacked in the mouth!!!

AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Mason is dazed when he gets the slap, but Max rushes in! Max starts putting a size fourteen boot across his neck to choke him out in the corner and Mason is tasked with leaving the ring.

DDK:

What do these monsters have planned next?

Lance:

I don't know, but it's not going to be good!

Max chokes Leo with the heel of his boot and Mason grabs a ladder and throws it into the ring. Mason climbs inside and props up two of the chairs scattered across the ring and then props the ladder across that!

DDK:

This can't be good!

Mason Luck applies a Winning Hand slam to the bloodied Leo Burnett! Max Luck puts a hand on his throat!

Lance:

ARE THEY GOING FOR A SEVEN STARS ON THE PROPPED UP LADDER?!?!

Before they can lift him up, Daymon smacks another chair across the back of Mason Luck! They both drop Leo Burnett, but Max Luck kicks Zack in the face before he can do anything!

DDK:

Daymon just saved his partner, but the Lucks look like they're going to make him pay for that!

They both switch things up and go after Daymon instead! They both hook a suplex and turn him upside down ...

COIN TOSS ON THE LADDER!!!

The crowd reaction is stunned awe! Daymon bounces right off the ladder and flops forward landing on his face! Leo is out of the ring bleeding and Tom Morrow is watching like he can hear the dollar signs ringing in his ear if his clients win the main event of DEFIANCE Rising! There are so many mouths agape from the people watching in Paris La Defense Arena and they can't believe all of what they have seen!

Lance:

OH, MY GOD!!! OH, MY GOD!!! I THINK THESE MONSTERS JUST BROKE ZACK DAYMON IN TWO ACROSS THAT LADDER!!!

DDK:

HOW MUCH MORE CAN THESE TWO TAKE?! THE TRIPLE SEVENS HAVE JUST DESTROYED THEM BOTH!

Mason and Max get into the referee's face to ask Zack Daymon if he quits, but the words aren't even there! He may have had the wind knocked so far out of him, he's still gasping for air!

DDK:

Can Zack Daymon even answer the question right now?!

Mason gestures to Tom Morrow and signals that he wants some water! Morrow looks around and then dips under the ring to pull out an extra container for ushers with various bottles of water and pop. He grabs the water and then tosses the bottle into the ring at Mason. He rips off the top, has a drink and then dumps the water all over Zack Daymon's head!

Mason Luck:

WAKE UP!!! WAKE UP YOU LITTLE SHIT AND HAND OVER THE GOLD! QUIT AND WE'LL STOP!!!

Benny Doyle finally asks him.

Benny Doyle:

Zack ... Zack do you quit?!

Zack Daymon:

...

Benny Doyle:

ZACK, DO YOU QUIT?!

Zack looks up and pushes the microphone away giving everyone his answer! The Triple 7s are losing their cool and Mason's turn now to choke Daymon. Mason goes after the ladder and then props it up in the corner again. Tom Morrow's rubbing his hands together that he has a front row seat to see the damage caused by his clients!

DDK:

This has to stop! Leo Burnett is already busted open and bleeding! Zack Daymon got an unscheduled chiropractic adjustment after being slammed across that ladder! They can't take much more!

Leo Burnett tries saving his partner, by grabbing Daymon's arm, but Mason steps on his foot! When they realize Leo Burnett is still in the match, the twin brothers decide they're going to turn the focus on him.

Lance:

I have to think Zack Daymon is done! Leo Burnett is all alone!

Burnett tries to fight the odds! He goes after both twins at the same time with elbows in every direction but eventually the two-on-one catches up to him and the twins both strike him with a double head butt to the forehead! Leo Burnett goes spilling back until he comes up next to the barrier outside the ring. Mason points at Max Luck and he's telling his brother he wants an assist. Max nods and then two twins are looking at Burnett hunched over the railing. Mason aids his brother by whipping Max towards Burnett for extra speed ...

CRASH!!!

BURNETT MOVES AND MAX LUCK GOES THROUGH THE BARRICADE!!!

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

MY GOD!!! BURNETT WAS JUST MOMENTS AWAY FROM BEING CRUSHED THROUGH THE BARRIER, BUT MOVED! MAX LUCK JUST WENT THROUGH IT ALONE!!! IF THE RAIN CITY RONIN HAVE A CHANCE TO WIN, THIS IS IT!!!

Max is down and out in the wreckage of a barrier near ringside that causes some fans in the front row to scatter away!

Lance:

Burnett can barely stand right now but he just sidestepped being run over by a bus!

DDK:

Mason Luck is still up though! He just laid out Burnett!

Mason Luck grabs onto Burnett and starts headbutting him multiple times! The man called The Headcase doesn't care what he's doing as long as the other opponent hurts more! He's got some of Burnett's blood now on his face when he throws Burnett back inside.

DDK:

This match might be down to Burnett and Mason Luck! I haven't seen Daymon get back up since being double suplexed onto that ladder! Max Luck could be out for the duration!

Mason Luck and Tom Morrow are checking on MAX, who has yet to move after taking himself out. Morrow yells at Mason to finish the job and go after Burnett in the ring. Burnett is down on all fours but Mason Luck is still able to walk and more importantly, hurt someone. The Maim Event Monster enters the ring and plants a kick into Burnett's side. The Iceman is knocked over and Mason uses his free time to grab an open chair and prop it upright. It is clear what he's about to do when he signals for a Winning Hand.

DDK:

I think Mason is about to break Burnett in half, too! He's gonna put him through that chair with the Winning Hand Slam!

He clutches for the Winning Hand Slam ...

ZACK DAYMON HITS A CHAIR TO HIS LEFT ARM!!!

Lance:

WHERE THE HELL DID DAYMON COME FROM?! I DIDN'T EVEN SEE HIM COME BACK!!!

DDK:

NO IDEA, BUT I'M GLAD HE DID!!! HE JUST SMASHED THAT CHAIR INTO THE LEFT ARM THESE TWO WORKED OVER EARLIER!!!

He throws the chair down and then waits on Mason! He jumps up and drives Mason Luck face first into the flattened chair!

DDK:

SICK BURN, BRO!!! HE GOT DROPPED ONTO THE CHAIR!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful have come alive! Zack is gesturing to the ladder in the corner from earlier and Burnett goes over to grab it! Mason Luck has been laid out and they have a chance to take over and end this I Quit match! Leo has the ladder and lays it next to Mason's left arm! Zack and Leo work together and Tom Morrow is about two number-two a brick!

Lance:

What are RCR doing?

They grab the ladder, lift it up and close it down on Mason Luck's arm!

Mason Luck:

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Benny Doyle is up next to Mason Luck! Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett are both keeping the ladder closed up on Mason Luck's arm!

Benny Doyle:

Mason, do you give up?!

DDK:

IS HE ABOUT TO SUBMIT?! ARE THE TRIPLE SEVENS DONE FOR TONIGHT!!! MAX LUCK IS OUT AND MASON IS ALL ALONE!

Tom Morrow is petrified and both Ronin have their eyes locked in on him! He tries to grab a chair but Daymon retreats from torturing Daymon briefly to kick him in the face to a huge pop from the crowd!

Lance:

And there goes Tom the Bomb! He just got doused by Zack Daymon!

He's back and they're both stepping on the ladder closing on Max's arm! Benny Doyle has the microphone up!

Benny Doyle:

Mason, do you give up?!

Mason tries to fight the pain but it looks like it could be starting to get too much!

Mason Luck:

NO!!! NO!!!

Benny Doyle:

Mason, do you give up?!

Mason looks like he's about to say something ...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Leo Burnett gets spun around behind and struck down with a round house kick ... FROM MARK LUCK!!!

DDK:

WHERE IN THE HELL HAS MARK LUCK BEEN?!?!

Lance:

OF COURSE THE TRIPLE SEVENS HAD ONE MORE ACE IN THE HOLE!!!

Daymon turns around but before he can react, Mark Luck grabs with the Winning Hand and then slams him down as hard as he can with the Winning Hand Slam!

DDK:

AND THERE'S NO LONNIE LUCK COMING FOR THE SAVE!!! MARK LUCK SAW TO THAT EARLIER TONIGHT!!!

Over thirty thousand of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are booing the hell out of Mark Luck! Tom Morrow nods to Mark Luck and he goes over to check on Max Luck and help him up out of the wreckage of the barrier. It takes Max Luck a few moments to even stand, but Mark is able to help his brother in law up and now they're back towards the ring.

Lance:

This is very bad for Rain City Ronin!

Mark Luck and Max Luck both grab Leo Burnett who is outside the ring still barely out cold after taking the Kicker from Mark. They both have him upright only to hurl him as hard as they possibly can at the steel steps!

DDK:

BURNETT IS OUT!!! BURNETT IS OUT!!!

All the booing in the world doesn't change things. Max Luck taps Mark and points at something under the ring. Max goes inside and he's checking on Mason, who is keeping the arm close to his body but he looks like he's able to continue! Now all three monsters converge on Zack Daymon.

DDK:

He's gotta run! Burnett is out cold and Lonnie Luck isn't here after what Mark Luck did to him earlier! This is about to be a three on one mugging!

Zack Daymon is barely on a knee now when he realizes that he's all alone, three on one! All three of the Triple 7s unleash hell on him by stomping him over and over and over again! They lay into him for almost a good minute. Mason points with his good arm at Zack!

Mason Luck:

ASK HIM!!!

Zack Daymon won't give up!

Max Luck then grabs a chair. He presses it down on the neck of Daymon and starts to hold it there for a good amount of time! He struggles to pull the chair off of him, but Max is too strong!

Benny Doyle:

ZACK! ZACK, DO YOU GIVE UP?!

Daymon still refuses to answer!

DDK:

YOU'VE GOTTA GIVE UP THOSE TITLES, SON!!! THEY AREN'T WORTH YOUR CAREER!!!

Mason kneels down, getting within inches of Zack's face.

Mason Luck:

SAY IT!! SAY IT, GODDAMN YOU!!

Daymon's eyes roll back as his lips slowly draw open...

...and he SPITS in Mason Luck's eye!

Lance:

Zack Daymon is DEFIANT to the very end! No amount of pain will force him to relinquish his silence, OR the tag team titles!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Mason slowly rises up, wiping the effluvia from his cheek and nodding to his brother. Max taps Mark and asks him to go under the ring again. Tom Morrow turns to see what Mark Luck is doing and even he looks like he's in shock by what Mark has.

He holds up a pack of matches ...

... and a bottle of lighter fluid.

Lance:

WHAT ... WHAT DO YOU ... DARREN ... THAT'S LIGHTER FLUID!!!

Mark touchdown passes the container of lighter fluid to Max. Daymon who can barely move when Max opens the bottle and starts dousing Daymon with it! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful can't believe what they are about to see!

Lance:

NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!!! THIS MATCH HAS BEEN BRUTAL SINCE THE VERY START ... BUT THIS IS BEYOND THE PALE!

DDK:

BUT IT'S RIGHT UP THE ALLEY OF THESE SICK BASTARDS!!! I'M SORRY TO HAVE TO SAY THAT ... BUT THIS HAS TO STOP!!!

Tom Morrow even looks scared first hand for seeing how far the Triple 7s are willing to go to regain the titles they haven't held in over two years! Max allows Mark to the honors after the throws the lighter fluid aside. Mark holds up the match in dramatic fashion ...

"WE QUIT!!!"

Words echo through the arena, even though Daymon's mouth never moves.

Everyone in attendance stops to look outside the ring...

Leo Burnett:

I SAID *WE QUIT!!!*

Leo Burnett, only on his feet by hanging onto the apron for dear life, has procured a microphone.

The tears in his eyes mix with the trails of blood running down his face. The physical anguish pales in comparison to the emotional stress of seeing his partner in this state.

Leo Burnett:

WE QUIT, GODDAMNIT!! JUST LET HIM THE HELL GO!!

Benny Doyle hears Leo Burnett loud and clear ...

DING DING DING

♪ "Gasoline" by I Prevail ♪

Mark throws the matches away! The entire crowd are shaken to their very core! When the realization of what has happened just sets in ...

B000000000000000000000000000000000000!!!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners ... and ... the neeeewwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww Unified Tag Team champions ... THE ... TRIPLE ... SEVENNNNNNNNNNNSSSSSSS!!!

DDK:

UNBELIEVABLE battle! ABSOLUTELY UNBELIEVEABLE! WE HAVE NEW TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! MASON AND MAX LUCK HOLD THE TITLES ONCE MORE!

Lance:

I can't believe what we just witnessed, Keebs! I thought for certain we were about to witness a murder take place in the middle of the ring!

DDK:

I thought the same, Lance. The Triple 7's are just... downright frighteningly savage human beings! We knew this match would go to some extreme lengths, but **NOBODY** expected outright **IMMOLATION**!

Lance:

True to the nature of DEFIANCE's biggest firestarters... and now, once more, the Unified Tag Champs for the record tying third time!!!

DDK:

Thank God Burnett got ahold of that microphone... a second too late, and I don't know what would have happened!

There isn't anyone who isn't standing in disbelief over the result of this match! Tom Morrow is jumping up and down in place and he's as excited as a kid getting his driver's license. He is given the belts and he runs into the ring to hand them over to Max, Mason and Mark! The towering trio of firebugs raise the titles and are the only ones celebrating while trash is now being tossed into the ring! A cup of what might be beer hits Mark Luck and right away, he slicks the beer back through his hair. Mason and Max have the belts and show them off!

DDK:

From DEFCON to Madison Square Garden to right here in Paris! Lucky Sevens ... now the Triple 7s are back on top as the Maim Event Monsters!!!

Morrow waves to the 7s to take the party out of the ring! Mason, Max and Mark follow along and the giants leave the ring with papers, empty cups and other debris being hurled in their direction as they strut down the aisle!

Mason Luck:

HEAD AND SHOULDERS OVER EVERY TEAM IN THIS GOD DAMN DIVISION!!!

Max Luck:

THREE TIME!!! THREE TIME!!! THREE TIME!!!

Mark Luck:

FIRE, BABY!!! HOTTEST FUCKING BAD-ASSES IN DEFIANCE!!! A-HAH!!!

With the new champions finally gone, the defeated RCR are left to pick up the pieces. Still doused in lighter fluid, Daymon sits in the center of the ring, head down and face obscured. Burnett uses what little strength he has to drag himself into the ring, use the ropes to pull his way to his feet, and limp over to where his tag partner is sitting.

Paris applauds their effort.

DDK:

Nothing but respect for the now former champions.

Lance:

It was a hell of a run, and they put it all on the line here tonight. But the journey has ended.

Burnett extends his hand to Daymon to help him up. Zack doesn't respond. Leo instead hooks under an arm and attempts to pull him up.

Suddenly, Zack snaps, reactively shoving Leo away!

DDK:

WHAT?!

Burnett, in addition to being tired, hurt, and disappointed, now stands staring back at his partner in confusion.

Daymon stares back in anger.

Lance:

I'm... not sure what to make of this.

Leo takes a cautious step back to his partner. Zack steps forward and shoves him again, this time harder. Leo falls into the ropes to keep from collapsing back to the canvas, but Zack fares worse, dropping to the mat again where he stews in agony and rage.

He pounds the mat once. Twice. Then quickly slides out of the ring and limps out of the lights like a wounded animal. Standing alone in the ring, Leo Burnett hangs his head in dismay.

DDK:

Clearly, emotions are high between the Ronin in the wake of this defeat. Zack Daymon is clearly unhappy with this loss, and in no mood to be consoled by his tag partner Leo Burnett.

Lance:

This is the first time in a long time that the two of them have been out of sync with each other.

DDK:

That's... an interesting point, partner. What does the future hold for the former tag champions after this heartbreaking loss? And what will it mean in regards to their upcoming match at the crossover superevent, PRIME x DEFIANCE: IMMORTALS?

Lance:

Hopefully, they can get back on the same page by then. The red and black will need all the best representation it can get.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen... this has been an absolute ROLLERCOASTER of an evening! We just watched the tag team titles change hands in a rather dramatic fashion, and this was only the FIRST night DEFIANCE Rising! Join us again TOMORROW NIGHT for the second part of the event, where more scores will be settled and more titles will be put on the line! For my partner Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler... and we wish you *AU REVOIR*, Faithful!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.