

SHOW OPEN

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

Signs and excitement everywhere!

DICK V BOX - BEEF SLAPPIN' MUSCLE TIME
CAN AMES CUFF ME NEXT? Pretty PLEASE?!
SCOTTY FLASH IS GETTING BAD LEGAL ADVICE
GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER, LINDSAY
SAY IT, TIMMY
KEEP BRAVEHEART AWAY FROM THE JANKY EYE
NO SERIOUSLY, WHAT DO SCOTTISH PEOPLE LIKE?
MINUTE FLIES SKY HIGH!
I WANT A KABAL LADDER MATCH NEXT, PLZ HELP ME!
I WOULD LIKE TO SAY THAT I STOOD NEXT TO SCOTT DOUGLAS ONCE AT A SIGNING, HE WAS VERY
NICE, AND DIDN'T SMELL AT ALL
BOX AND DICK ARE #def-jacked
THE WRESTLEPLEX IS A PEANUT-FREE ZONE
PUT KEYES IN THE TILLINGHAST TOP SEVEN YOU COWARDS
REZIN TOO
JESUS, TIMMY
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND CODENAME: GUARDIAN FOR SHIT
BLELELELELE
SCOTTY FLASH FEARS JAY HARVEY
SCOTTY FLASH WISHES HE WAS HOWARD STERN
I PICKED ON THE KABAL IN HIGH SCHOOL
MIKEY CAN'T ACT OR WRESTLE
COUGAR BAIT WORKS SO WELL I BANGED RICK'S MOM
PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP BEATS ROCK
SCISSORS BEAT PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP

DDK:

Welcome Faithful to DEFtv 154, Night 2!

Lance:

As always, a great lineup! Tonight, we're going to get answers regarding the ruined #1 contendership match to the FIST from two weeks ago.

DDK:

Thanks to 24K, Blackwood vs. Burns vs. Harvey ended without a winner.

Lance:

Matt LaCroix, Arthur Pleasant and others in action as well.

DDK:

First, however, we're going to start off STRONG.

DEFIANCE'S STRONGEST MAN ROUND 3 - SQUAT IT OUT

Lance:

We've got the next installment of the muscle-based head to head competition between Rick Dickulous and Bronson Box! This pissing contest over the title of DEFIADE's strongest man has seen The Wargod trail the Lunbergiant two to zero!

DDK:

An absolutely crushing start for The Original DEFIANT, partner.

Lance:

Things keep progressing like they are and he'll officially lose the moniker "Scottish Strongman"... his original nomdeplume!

DDK:

And you know how much Boxer loves his nicknames! With Rick going one on one with The Provocateur later tonight in a hardcore match, this... squat competition? ... Was held at the most conveniently scheduled regional weightlifting competition I've ever heard of, just the other day!

Lance:

Man, that IS convenient. Thanks South-Central Gulf Coast Regional Powerlifting Association! Thanks for allowing your quaint, local athletic contest to serve as a perfect backdrop for our particular brand of madness.

DDK:

This'll be the first time Lance and I lay eyes on this, folks. To the videotape!

It's a muggy overcast day in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana. One of the larger city parks is playing host to the South-Central Gulf Coast Regional Powerlifting Association. As we move through the crowd of swole-ass competitors and whole-assed fans we approach and settle at the foot of the big three hundred and sixty degree main stage, surrounded by a mass of humanity and more than a few Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEEEEEN!

All eyes are now on the lithe be-tuxed wrestling announcer surrounded by a veritable sea of black polo-shirted DEFsec drones, DEF head of security Wyatt Bronson, and DEFIADE's beefiest referee Buffalo Brian Slater.

Darren Quimbey:

New Orleans this afternoon you will bear witness to ROUND THREE of Rick Dickulous' challenge to DEFIANT Original Bronson Box's long time claim on the title of DEFIADE's Strongest Maaaaaaaaan! Taking into consideration how the last couple of these went it has been decided by DEFIADE management that any physical violence between the two competitors will be met with swift and immediate consequenceeeeeees... now, with no further ado...

♪ "Face Fisted" by Dethklok ♪

Rick Dickulous makes his way through the crowd, dwarfing the majority of the powerlifters. He stares daggers at the stage as he slowly ascends the steps and strolls across the ramp. As he approaches Quimbey and Slater, Rick poses mockingly, flexing his massive arms and chest with a roar as the crowd voices displeasure. With a smug grin, Rick reaches for Darren Quimbey's microphone with a pseudo-friendly shoulder tap and a clearly not so friendly stare. With a gulp, Quimbey hands over the microphone as Rick's music fades.

Lance:

Anyone who picks on other Darren is immediately a butthole.

DDK:

And if they picked on me-Darren?

Lance:

Eeeh... somehow less so? *somehow audible shrug*

Rick Dickulous:

Ladies and gentlemen, Darren Quimbey...waiting for a down on her luck penguin to woo back to his place as always. Look, the truth of the matter is this: I came here to the South-Central Gulf Coast Regional Powerlifting Association's little shindig here, and I truthfully expected to see an awful lot more on display. Instead it seems I'm gonna have to do what I normally do, and give all you little boys a little lesson on what it is to be a lifter. I mean, hell...

Rick picks out one of the competitors and points him out. The camera pans in to show a chiseled and obviously built man.

Rick:

...are you the little bitch who put up that 800 on the squat rack?

The competitor looks confused

Rick:

Look, it doesn't matter. Because what you're about to see is gonna make that 800 look like fuckin' dogshit! In fa--

♪ "God's Gonna' Cut You Down" by the man in black. ♪

From the opposite side of the stage walks a brown and grey singlet, freshly sheared bald head, freshly waxed handlebar mustache and one BAD attitude... the one and only Bombastic Bronson Box. Rick looks on with seething, focused anger as The Wargod strides confidently up to centre stage. Boxer hazards a quick glance towards the lumbergiant before heading straight for the edge of the stage where the crowd gives him a hero's welcome.

DDK:

Just listen to that reaction! Box has been a part of the community for nearly a decade, even the non-Faithful know who The Wargod is.

Lance:

Look how f'n pissed Dickulous is, HAH!

DDK:

You love to see it, partner.

The Original DEFIANT is seconded again tonight by young Rhys Collins, as the two men ascend the stairs we see Boxer's third set of eyes tonight, Bronson's original trainer Spud Collins. The old grappler pushes past his pupil and his nephew and makes a beeline STRAIGHT for Rick Dickulous... immediately reaching out and quicker than someone his age should ever be able to manage, SNATCHES the microphone from the lumbergiant's enormous paw.

Spud Collins:

Come'er ya' overgrown PRICK! I'll show ya' who's fookin' old... COME ON!

Spud levies his shillelagh-like walkingstick aloft, looking like he's about to crack Rick a good one. Before he can make any more of a scene Rhys and Referee Slater each take a side and pull the grizzled old wrestling veteran away from his target. The entire length of the "assault", Rick is simply ROARING with laughter at the whole scene. Over the din we can hear the lumbergiant callout for Boxer to "come get grandpa, he's gone wanderin' again!" garnering a legitimate laugh from the crowd.

Lance:

Tough ol' bird.

DDK:

Rick made a fool of Spud when he apparently took advantage of The Conclave's open door policy for DEFIADE personnel... he flew up to Utah, picked the poor old fella's brain about Bronson then went about abusing the training facilities utilities like some sort of overgrown CHILD... what kind of human being picks on the elderly, partner? Honestly?

Lance:

This is what I'm asking. Poor Spud doesn't even watch TV, not even DEF. How the hell was he supposed to know who Rick Dickulous is? He was just another meathead from DEF looking to train, for all he knew...

The Original DEFIANT pulls his mentor close and whispers a few unheard words into the old man's ear. Rhys and Spud Collins stand shoulder to shoulder behind Bronson as he begins his prep for his first lift. He closes his eyes as DQ continues his pre-event announcements.

Darren Quimbey:

Each competitor will have TWO attempts with which to set their mark. And as we have done each time...

He digs inside his jacket to reveal the promotional coin that has been used in each event for a coin toss.

Darren Quimbey:

We will start this event off with a coin toss! Bronson, please call it!

With that, Quimbey places the coin on his hands and flicks it up into the air after a quick nod. Bronson taps the side of his head as the coin flips and flaps and lands back in DQ's palm with a light twack. After an exuberant "*heads it is*" and a victorious point in Boxer's direction the stage is cleared and the first lift of the afternoon.

After a small huddle, Spud and Rhys begin setting up the bar, adding a half plate to each side of the already 4 large plates.

Darren Quimbey:

Bronson Box has decided to start at 900 pounds!

As Box saunters up to the bar and gently dips underneath, he rests the bar on his shoulders before ensuring his grip and pushing up with a grunt, carefully balancing himself before bending his knees and squatting down. As he pauses at the bottom of the squat, Box pushes himself back up to a shocked cheer from the audience. The Original DEFIANT returns the humongous weight to it's blocks and instantly shoots THAT look right at the now seething lumbergiant.

Lance:

My sources backstage have told me it had gotten around the locker room Rick was planning on starting at 900 pounds. Box got wind and swooped up that mark, taking it as his own.

DDK:

More mind games and needling between these two unpredictable behemoths, partner.

Fuming, Rick Dickulous steps up and orders the attendants to add more weight... and then even more. As Quimbey is informed of the weight of Rick's first attempt DQ does a double take and asks Slater to repeat himself.

Darren Quimbey:

Aaaaaand apparently Rick Dickulous' first attempt will trump Bronson's mark by... ONE HUNDRED POUUUUUNDS WITH A THOUSAND POUUUUUND LIFT!

The murmur that runs through the crowd seems to attract even more humanity. Seemingly the entire attendance of the weightlifting meet, both competitor and attendee alike, is now crowded around the main stage to witness what sounds like an absolutely inhuman amount of weight. Even for someone as mountainous as Rick Dickulous. The lumbergiant has never looked more focused. Every muscle tensed, every vein popped... in one clean movement he's under the bar and with one explosive blast of breath Rick completes the lift. The bar hits the blocks with a massive CLUNK and the

crowd goes absolutely bananas at easily the heaviest squat of the day.

Lance:

JESUS CHRIST!

DDK:

A friggin' THOUSAND pounds, people... I'm... I'm speechless!

No microphone needed, Rick gets a bead on Boxer and just SCREAMS in his general direction.

Rick Dickulous:

SUCK ON THAT SHIT, OLD MAN! BEAT THAT! HEH?! WOOOOO! BEAT THAT! Come on old folks home, whatcha' got?! ONE. THOUSAND. POUNDS.

Head of DEFsec Wyatt Bronson (*no relation*) calmly steps up with a couple of his beefiest boys and urges the lumbergiant to return to his half of the stage. Once he has the space The Original DEFIANT steps up to the bar, cold as ice he mutters to the attendants to add juuust enough weight to top Rick's unheard of one thousand pound mark. Quimbey makes the announcement about Boxer's 1050 pound attempt... but all anyone is paying attention to is the laser focused death stare Boxer is giving Dickulous as he ducks under the bar and plants his feet. The air is thick with the smarmy shouted distractions from the lumbergiant.

Lance:

He's like one of those shitty, yappy purse dogs only he's the size of a goddamn Volkswagen.

But once again Bronson forces the smarm and snark from Rick's big stupid face by once again achieving the seemingly impossible. Without a wobble, without one hint of struggle the five foot eleven inch, two hundred and thirty eight pound, forty plus year old Scotsman holds the inhuman amount of iron aloft... his now VERY bloodshot brown eyes never leaving the now slack jawed and decidedly SILENT lumbergiant. The unheard of effort is only registered on The Wargod's face once the crippling amount of weight is again racked and off his now throbbing shoulders.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

HOW?! JUST... JUST HOW?!

The absolutely unhinged reaction from a crowd filled with weightlifting aficionados and DEF Faithful is so loud it's drawing passers by into the park simply to see what the hell is going on. There's now literally hundreds of people watching this madness unfold.

Lance:

Darren you and I have bore witness to every wild, crazy thing that man has perpetrated here in DEFIAНCE Wrestling! But ONE THOUSAND FIFTY POUND SQUAT?! And look at that big creep! Bronson called his bluff and now he's FUMING!

DDK:

Rick has to regret not pacing himself, he thought he shut The Wargod down!

The Bombastic Bronson Box *ROARS* out over the electric crowd.

Bronson steps back getting some congratulatory claps on the back from Rhys and Spud. The trio taking great pleasure watching an infuriated Rick Dickulous storm up to the bar screaming at the attendants at the top of his lungs... "FIFTY MORE." A doubtful sounding murmur rolls through the amassing crowd as Quimbey makes the announcement official. The crowd absolutely roaring in excited disbelief as the lumbergiant ducks under the bar. For a moment the big man is in excellent form... for a moment. His massive tree trunk-like thighs look as though they might burst through the material of his pants... but it's there the quaver begins. The giant weakens, the giant wobbles, the

giant struggles... and the giant buckles...

He drops to one knee, the bar never leaving it's spot on the blocks.

Lance:

THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! BOX WINS! Box picks up a much needed first win!

DDK:

It was just too much weight for even someone the mass of the lumbergiant, partner! Rick's overconfidence FINALLY bites him clean in the rump!

Lance:

Never underestimate the beating heart of DEFIADE, Keebs! Rick's only up by one n... OH NO, NOT AGAIN! *GET YOUR GOONS IN THERE, WYATT!*

Darren Quimbey doesn't even hazard making the official victor's announcement as Rick Dickulous, predictably, loses his goddamn cool and starts leveling any warm body within arms reach. After launching several members of DEFsec off the stage and into the crowd of mostly weightlifting meatheads, several of the swollen big men leap onto the stage to assist in subduing the raging lumbergiant.

Lance:

HERE COME THEM MEATY MEATY BOYS, DARREN!

Far across the stage we catch sight of the victorious Wargod standing with his mentor and young Rhys. The Conclave trio watch with sick satisfaction as Dickulous is finally taken down by a small battalion of DEFsecurity and meatheaded locals. Spud grins, makes sure the struggling lumbergiant can see him clearly... and shoots him the bird. The scene cuts back to the commentary station riiiiiight at the peak of Rick's guttural shriek.

To our surprise Keebler and Warner are joined by none other than the aforementioned quite dapper, quite victorious Bombastic Bronson Box.

Bronson Box:

Meaty boys, indeed, Mr. Warner... you're still no Angus, but by hook or by crook you're bloody growin' on me, lad.

Lance:

Ouch and welcome to the desk, sir.

DDK:

With this weeks display being pre-taped we figured we'd allot a little time for the winner. May I first and foremost congratulate you on a feat that will live not only in DEFIADE's history books, but the history books of the South-Central Gulf Coast Regional Powerlifting Association. I'll leave it up to you to rank those... two honors.

The joke actually garners a laugh for the oft-stoic Wargod.

Bronson Box:

Aye, good lot those powerliftin' blokes. I suppose sorries are warranted fer' breakin every squat record they had on their books since their groups inception. Not bad for a sawed off, worn out old man. Eh, lads?

The boys don't even come close to touching that obviously rhetorical one.

Bronson Box:

Fellas, like I discussed last night with Troy... I take DEFIADE Wrestlin' very fookin' seriously. Fer' me bein' DEFIANT is more'n just runnin' around breakin' shite and hurtin' people. It's more'n just havin' that fookin' fightin' spirit burnin' in yer' belly. It's breakin' shit'n hurtin' folks and facin' the oft nasty personal consequences like a bloody MAN. It's keepin' that blasted fightin spirit burnin' even after you know fer' a fact yer' fookin' neck's broken and yer' brains

themselves might very well be tricklin' out o' yer fookin' broken nose... lads, Rick aint show me fookin' shite. He's nowhere near the level... and, mark my words, ol' Boxer's gunna' make him realize that oh so painful lesson. One way. Or another.

He stands from his place at the commentary desk.

Bronson Box: *[with a curt nod]*

Gentleman.

He takes his leave.

DDK:

I've known the man for the better part of a decade, called every major match he's had in his professional career, AND he's been on crazy good behavior since his most recent return... and he *STILL* scares the living daylights out of me.

Lance:

Like I said earlier, partner. Never EVER underestimate the beating heart of DEFIANCE. Because I'm now convinced that man right there is capable of absolutely friggin' anything.

BULLIES, VICTIMS, AND HEROES

Arthur Pleasant is standing by with Christie Zane. She looks nervously at The Provocateur, who, quite honestly, doesn't seem "himself". Which, in all actuality, might be a good thing for Christie.

Christie Zane:

Folks, I'm standing by with The Provocateur, Arthur Pleasant.

As the Faithful watch on from the DEFIAtron, they rain the boos down LOUDLY upon Arthur just by the mere sight of him.

Christie Zane:

Arthur... as we stand here mere moments away from your No Holds Barred Match with Rick Dickulous, there are some lingering questions that many people within the DEFIAWRESTLING locker room have for you. For starters, how are your nerves heading into a match where your opponent is half-a-foot taller than you and outweighs you by 218lbs? I mean, that's more than what you actually weigh, isn't it?

Arthur says nothing to this. There's a thousand-yard stare to him as Christie just continues.

Christie Zane:

Okay, well, um... we don't have to talk about that if you don't want to. I can see that you are a little nervous about that. What about this business with Codename: Guardian? Where is this going? Are you going to obsess over him like you did the Gulf Coast Connection or Matt LaCroix?

Preparing herself for some type of negative reaction with that loaded question, Christie braces herself. But... nothing. Arthur just continues staring ahead, off-camera.

Christie Zane:

Alrighty. We don't have to talk about him, either. What about Sc-

Arthur Pleasant:

DON'T. EVEN... *[whispers] utter his name.*

Christie just stares back at Arthur blankly.

Christie Zane:

Okay, sure. Without saying his name though, why has *You Know Who* decided to target you? Everyone saw him put you on your butt two weeks ago on DEFtv. And then there's last week, when you entered the Kabal Invitational on UNCUT and You Know Who jumped out from the crowd and eliminated you. What exactly is going on with you in DEFIAWRESTLING lately, Arthur?

Arthur smiles.

Arthur Pleasant:

What's going on... with me? What's... hehe... going...ahaha... ON.... HAHAHAHAHA... with me?! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S GOING ON WITH ME, CHRISTIE! I'M BEING BULLIED! I'M... I'm a victim, Christie.

"BOOOOOOOOO!"

Arthur Pleasant:

You see, I'm a nice guy. And you know the old saying, "Nice guy's finish last."? That's supposed to be me. I'm supposed to be last. But I'm not. I'm coming off DEFCON with a show-stealing ladder match. Our first DEFtv back? I beat Lindsay Troy! Nice guys... we aren't supposed to find success for like this. We're supposed to be on the back burner, taking losses to winners like Mikey Unlikely and Dex Joy.

Arthur pauses and finally looks directly into the camera.

Arthur Pleasant:

And that's where SCOTT FUCKING STEVENS comes in. You listening, you irremovable stain on the bleached asshole of DEFIADE?! I tried to be your friend. But then you struck me. I could've let that go, but then you had to humiliate me on UNCUT. And now? I'm not going to stand for this type of harassment and persecution anymore. If you continue down this path, fucking with me the way you have been? Then you're gonna find yourself mired in a... well, a Scourge.

Pleasant grins. This looks more like the Provocateur we all know and loathe.

Arthur Pleasant:

And if you don't believe me? Watch what I do to another bully like Ricky Dicky. Because if I can do what I'm about to do to a bully like that? What the FUCK do you think I'm going to do to a skinny little fucking bitch like YOU?

Almost snarling into the microphone, Arthur stops himself from getting too carried away.

Arthur Pleasant:

But I need to focus, Christie. I can't waste my time and energy on the bullies of DEFIADE. I am a better person than that. I need to be better than that.. DEFIADE needs me to be better than that. Because the Faithful out there? They need a hero like me, whether they want to admit it or not. And they're going to get precisely that. Mark my w-

POW!

Out of nowhere, a clenched fist connects with Arthur's jaw, knocking him down on his ass similarly to how he fell on the last episode of DEFtv. The Faithful erupt into cheers upon seeing this. The camera pans out where we see none other than Scott Stevens.

Scott Stevens:

Yeah? You were saying, Arthur? Something about bullies? Some kind of stupid nonsense about being a hero?

Stevens laughs at this notion and kneels down in front of Arthur.

Scott Stevens:

You are no hero, Arthur. You are a sad, pathetic idiot playing the games of children. And it's time someone stood up to your shit and showed you what it's truly like to be a DEFIANT.

Stevens gets back up and calmly walks away from Arthur Pleasant, who is still on his ass, rubbing his sore jaw.

"THANK YOU, STEVENS!"

Clap, clap, clap clap clap.

"THANK YOU, STEVENS!"

Clap, clap, clap clap clap.

Apoplectic to near Cartman-like levels, Arthur just screams.

Arthur Pleasant:

GODDAMMN YOU SCOTT STEVENS!!!!!!!

MATT LACROIX vs. HIJO DEL FISHMAN DELUXE

Oooh baby, do you know what that's worth?

Oooh, heaven is a place on Earth.

♪ "Heaven Is A Place On Earth" by Belinda Carlisle ♪

Inside the ring as we come back into the DEFArena stands The Midcard Experiment. Walter Levy and Hijo Del Fishman Deluxe join CAGE!, who is holding a microphone, in the middle of the ring as they lead the Faithful in an off-key rendition of their entrance theme. As the music cuts off, a portion of the Faithful continue to sing the BRAZEN staple entrance theme in the background as CAGE! begins to speak.

CAGE!:

Ohhhh my Faithful, you look beautiful tonight! As usual you are a National Treasure.

Yes, we're going this direction folks.

CAGE!:

I am your humble servant CAGE! And as usual I'm accompanied by the most average... I mean, ABOVE average men on the BRAZEN roster, Mister Walter J. Levy and of course Ole Fishsticks himself Hijo Del Fishman Deluxe! We are The Midcard Experiment, firmly where we belong RIGHT in the middle of your card.

DDK:

Uhhh... should we tell him the show just started?

Lance:

Let the guy have his moment.

CAGE!:

We don't often get a chance to bless DEFtv with our presence and we have a little Time to Kill before Fishsticks gets to Face/Off with Matt LaCruz. Or is it LaCrux? LaCru-ix? How do you pronounce that word, Fishsticks?

Hijo Del Fishman Deluxe shrugs it off as CAGE! Continues.

CAGE!:

Anyway, we need to be Gone in 60 Seconds... so we just wanted to remind you that we have NEW OFFICIALLY LICENSED merchandise available... well, not here. Online. Not on the DEFSHOP, but I know a guy who knows a guy who knows a guy named Sonny who dabbles in such a thing. I just realized I don't know the name of the website so just... I don't know, google search it or something. 100% of the proceeds go directly into THESE SUIT JACKET POCKETS! Eh? Ehhh?

CAGE! Takes the opportunity to show off his totally empty pockets.

CAGE!:

Well I think it's about time I step aside and let the Boy in Blue take center stage here. We're counting on you buddy! Like for real, a little Birdy told me if you could beat Matt LaCru-ix here it would really do a lot to help us catch up on rent and get some more bookings on DEFtv!

DDK:

Can we make this 30 seconds instead?

Lance:

More like 10 secon...

Lights Out.

The Faithful cheer in anticipation of the former Favoured Saints Champion (and possibly the sweet merciful escape

from CAGE!'s promo). The low guitar vibration brings a plume of smoke rising on the entrance. Slowly a red light pulsates to the rhythm. Inside the smoke, the light illuminates the silhouette of a man in a kneeling position. He rises to his feet as

It begins with them, but it ends... with me
♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed and Cambria ♪

As the "HEY!" chant kicks in, Matt LaCroix bursts through the smoke and pulls the hood back on his weathered black denim vest. Looking down at the ring, LaCroix looks focused as CAGE! and Walter Levy scramble to the outside of the ring, leaving Hijo del Fishman Deluxe standing in the ring with only his uncle Hector Navarro by his side. Closing one eye like a sniper, the Louisiana Bloodletter points at his opponent then fires a finger gun before spinning around and marching to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming down the aisle from New Orleans, Louisiana. Weighing in at 242 pounds. He is the LOUISIANA BLOODLETTER. MATT. LAAAAAAAACROIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIX!

DDK:

Matt LaCroix looks almost incomplete without the Favoured Saints Championship on his shoulder, Lance. It was just on our last show, DEFtv 153, when he finally cashed it in for an opportunity at Dex Joy and the DEFIADE Southern Heritage Championship.

Lance:

I felt goosebumps, Darren! There was electricity in the air when those two stood toe-to-toe. You just get the feeling that you're looking at the brilliant future of DEFIADE Wrestling with those two men.

DDK:

And do you feel the same thing with Matt LaCroix and Hijo del Fishman Deluxe?

Lance:

I'll admit I have a soft spot in my heart for the Midcard Experiment, Darren... but I'd rather not answer that question. I'll use this opportunity to exercise my fifth amendment rights.

After walking through Hijo del Fishman Deluxe and posing for the Faithful on the top rope, Matt LaCroix looked down at the rest of the Midcard Experiment before passing back by Fishman and heading back to his corner. The music cuts. The lights return to normal. Matt LaCroix stretches as Hector Navarro signals for the bel...

♪ "Go Big or Go Home" by Chuxx Morris ♪

"BIG DEX ENERGY!" shakes on the DEFtron as Dex Joy walks out into the arena to the electric reaction of the Faithful. He carries a steel chair with him and a big smile on his face, wearing his new "DANGER!: BIG DEX ENERGY HIGH VOLTAGE" tank.

DDK:

Well it looks like someone else is interested in this match, Lance!

Lance:

Can you feel that, Darren?

DDK:

What's that exactly?

Lance:

The goosebumps are back! We're too close to BIG DEX ENERGY!

The Biggest Boy makes sure to adjust the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship on his shoulder before unfolding the chair and taking a seat right in the middle of the top of the aisle. Matt LaCroix can't help but crack a smirk, leaning against the ropes he points at his eyes and mouths "Take a look at this big man" before he turns around and focuses back into the ring.

DING DING

DDK:

Here. We. GOOOH MY! DESTRUCTION IN SPADES!

Lance:

Did Fishman Deluxe even know this match started?! MY LORD!

Matt LaCroix looks down at Hijo del Fishman Deluxe in the ring as CAGE! runs around the outside with his hands on top of his head. Walter Levy just looks into the ring with his chin on the canvas and his mouth dropped in shock. DEFIANCE's First Favoured Saint grabs the limp body of Hijo def Fishman Deluxe and pulls him up to his feet by the back of his mask. Fishman Deluxe wavers in place but remains on his feet to the respect of the Faithful!

DDK:

We've seen that move put out MANY men over the years, Lance, but Ole Fishsticks is still standing!

Lance:

He's going to lock up!

Even the Louisiana Bloodletter looks confused as El Hijo del Fishman Deluxes reaches forward for the collar and elbow. LaCroix obliges and is quickly locked into a headlock. The Midcard Experiment begin slamming their fists on the apron in excitement before Matt lifts Fishman Deluxe into the air and attempts a back suplex before Fishman gets free and lands on his feet!

DDK:

Hijo del Fishman Deluxe with the escape!

Matt LaCroix immediately connects with a spinning back elbow that echoes across the WrestlePlex!

Lance:

WOW!

DDK:

My God!

Hijo del Fishman Deluxe wavers making eye contact with Matt LaCroix, trying desperately to stay on his feet before he suddenly collapses to the canvas. You can hear CAGE! scream "NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" as Ole Fishsticks lays face first onto the mat. Southern Strong Style looks down at his down opponent before looking back at Dex Joy, who claps respectfully as LaCroix's shot.

DDK:

Dex Joy saw that. Noted.

Lance:

He probably felt it from there, too! I know I did from here!

The Louisiana Bloodletter lifts Hijo del Fishman Deluxe up by his mask and throws him into the corner. The Midcard Experiment member isn't even able to stand on his feet and stumbles down into the corner, landing with his back against the bottom turnbuckle. Matt LaCroix backs up into the opposite corner and takes a glance at Dex Joy, who responds by yelling "I see you! I see you!" back at him and LaCroix fires into the opposite corner and lands a running

cannonball onto Hijo del Fishman Deluxe!

DDK:

Matt LaCroix just Jumped For Joy!

Lance:

Say that three times fast!

DDK:

I think the only thing Matt LaCroix is saying is SHOTS. FIRED.

Dex Joy shakes his head disapprovingly as Matt LaCroix gets back up to his feet to the roars of the Faithful. CAGE! turns his back to the ring, unable to look at the carnage he's forced to watch from ringside as DEFIANCE's First Favoured Saint pulls Ole Fishsticks out from the corner and locks him into the FTW! Suddenly the arms of the "big man" of the Midcard Experiment come to life as he flails for his life. Matt LaCroix mercilessly drops to his back and rolls over to his side, forcing Hector Navarro to call the match as his nephew suddenly falls limp once again in an inescapable position.

DDK:

Call the match, that fish is cooked!

DING DING DING**Lance:**

What a showing for Matt LaCroix, coming up extra big in a match in front of Dex Joy, his future opponent at Maximum DEFIANCE. Sending a message loud and clear that this threat isn't like the others Big Dexy has seen so far in his DEFIANCE career!

Speaking of Big Dexy, he stands up to his feet, giving a standing ovation to the former Favoured Saints Champion as his music begins to play over the WrestlePlex.

♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed and Cambria ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner... MATT. LAAAAAAAAACROIIIIIIIIIX!

Hector Navarro raises Matt LaCroix's arm in victory as he looks back at Dex Joy. Continuing to clap Dex Joy begins making his way down towards the ring. The Faithful grow louder and Matt's eyes widen with excitement! Matt backs away to make room for the Biggest Boy.

DEX JOY vs. WALTER LEVY & CAGE!**DDK:**

It appears that Dex Joy has something to say about this match, or maybe just take a closer look!

Lance:

Oh lawd he's comin!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage champion gets a microphone from the ring announcer and gets inside the ring as they cut LaCroix's music.

Dex Joy:

Pally, pally, pally ... nice work Matty.

He walks into the ring.

Dex Joy:

But I am going to tell you right now my friend ... anything you can do, YA BIGGEST BOI is here to top!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer for Dex when faces the other members of the Midcard Experiment that are helping Fishman Deluxe out after the beating he just took.

Dex Joy:

Hey! You there! These people came here to see a fight! And you want an opportunity don't you? Well, pally, let me give you one right now! Dex Joy versus Walter Levy ...

Walter looks to his friends and CAGE! shows him a thumbs up.

Dex Joy:

... AND CAGE! What do you say, CAGE?! I'll be your John Travolta and I'll FACE OFF with you both! Right now! You don't even have to be Leaving Las Vegas for this chance to win the wrestling lottery cause it's right here! If either of you pin me tonight I will give you a shot next week at the Southern Heritage championship!

DDK:

That was bad ... but I get his point! Dex Joy wants to show anything Matt LaCroix can do, that The Biggest Boy can do better!

Lance:

Are they going to do it?

The referee Hector Navarro tries to talk his nephew, Fishman Deluxe's friends out of it but the opportunity presented to them is a big one. Walter and CAGE both accept the match and then they get into the ring.

DDK:

This would be huge.

Matt LaCroix can't believe what he's seeing but he leaves the ring and has the same ringside seat that Dex had for his match. The Biggest Boy gives the title to Hector and then he gets ready.

Lance:

This is an incredible chance for Walter Levy and CAGE! We'll see if they can get the win over Dex Joy!

DING DING

Dex Joy heads at both men looking to try a double clothesline but both Levy and CAGE move! When Dex turns he is knocked back to the corner by not just one drop kick but a pair of drop kicks from the members of the Midcard

Experiment!

DDK:

Oh no! This might have backfired on The Biggest Boy! CAGE and Levy shouldn't be taken lightly.

Levy kneels over in the corner and lets CAGE jump off his back to hit a big running drop kick in the corner. The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful can't believe it!

Lance:

He may have bitten off more than he can chew!

Dex falls to his knee after the double team out from the corner when CAGE takes to the ropes and then nails the Face-Off springboard leg drop bulldog! And to top off the combination of moves Walter Levy and then hits a running shooting star press!

DDK:

Oh my goodness! Is Walter Levy about to earn a Southern Heritage title shot?

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Dex launches Walter Levy off of him with the kick out of a lifetime! Walter almost flops out of the ring but he grabs the ropes for dear life to keep from falling to the floor. CAGE goes for another move and Matt LaCroix can't hide a small smile on his face watching Dex struggling a little.

Lance:

Dex might have woken up! I think it's Big Dex Energy time!

The crowd cheers Dex when he gets back on his feet. CAGE tries a super kick, but Dex grabs his leg and then pulls him up and throws him over his head using a huge throwing belly to belly suplex! Walter comes back and then he hits Dex with punches then tries using a corner drop kick but now Dex is ready and he catches him ...

DEX BOMB!!!

The ring shakes from the pop up power bomb.

Lance:

That was such a big power bomb! I think Walter Levy might be done!

Dex picks up Levy from the mat and now he has him set up for the Dex Drive ... CAGE is back up in and then tries to go off the top rope ... but he is also caught by Dex!

DDK:

Oh my he has them both!

Dex impresses the crowd with the show of strength and hits THE DOUBLE DEX DRIVE!!!

Both men are down and Dex chooses to pin Walter Levy out of the two!

One ...

Two ...

Three!

Dex Joy dusts his hands off and then he grabs the

♪ “Go Big or Go Home” by Chuxx Morris ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match ... DEX JOOOOOOOOOYYYYYYYY!!!

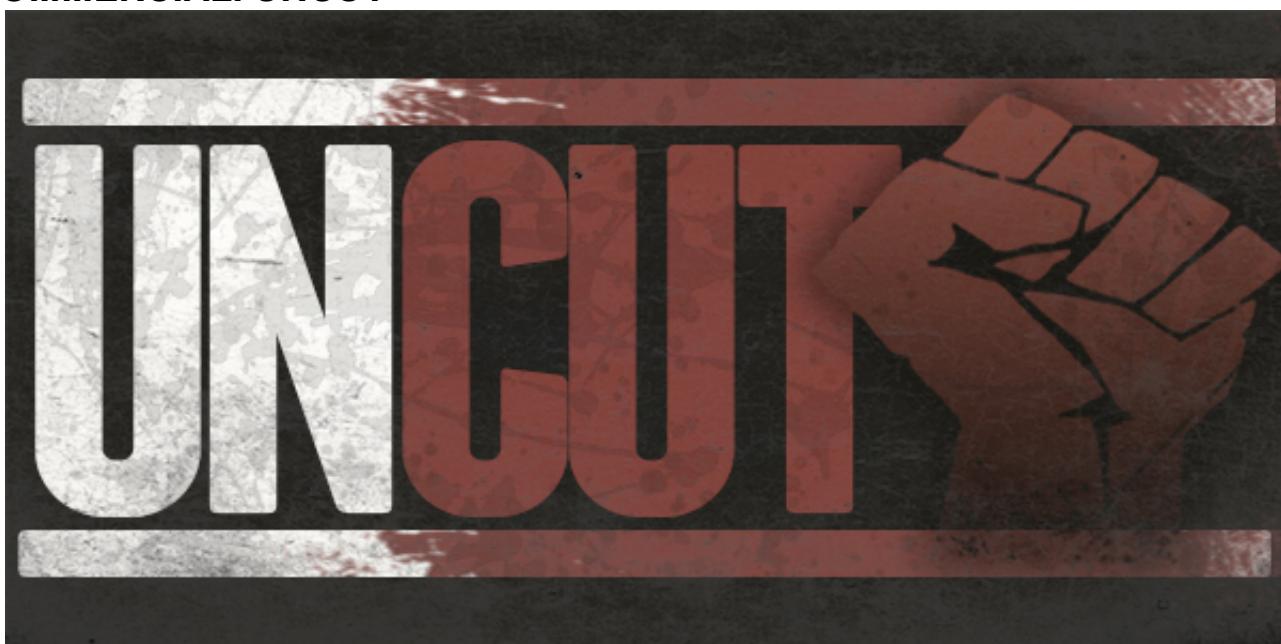
DDK:

Big Dex Energy triumphs again! And he did it by fighting not one but two people in a powerful statement to his match at Maximum DEFIANCE with Matt LaCroix!

Dex hoists the Southern Heritage championship and Matt gives him a slow golf clap. He looks impressed but does not stick around. The challenger heads to the back but does not take his eyes off of The Biggest Boy. Joy lifts the championship.

DDK:

Both men win their matches in impressive fashion tonight! But with Maximum DEFIANCE still looming before their Southern Heritage title match how will things escalate between champion and challenger?

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

Your bi-weekly source for all things DEFIAНCE! Tune in, for the UNCUT, NO HOLDS BARRED DEFIAНCE!

NO CONTENDERS LEFT

We cut to the interview stage and the lowering tones of 24K's "Gold" by Sir Sly is dying out. The replacement sound is that of boos as Mikey Unlikely and co make their way up the steps where Christie Zane is poised and waiting. Mikey in his button down shirt and slacks doesn't look ready for any competition tonight. The FIST case in his hand.

DDK:

Last week we saw 24K interfere in a #1 Contenders Triple Threat match to determine who would face him next! The match was thrown out as a result as 24K attacked anyone and everyone in that ring.

Lance:

That's right Keebs, We know that the participants, Oscar Burns, Gage Blackwood, and Jay Harvey cannot be pleased with this. I'm sure they will have something to say about it tonight as well, but up first we get the reigning champion.

DDK:

An impressive reign that's included a lot of convolution. It's hard to doubt the tenacity and intelligence of Mikey Unlikely however. 450 plus days as FIST of DEFIANCE. A reign we've never seen on top in DEFIANCE.

As the boys get settled in, it's clear Mikey wants to allow Christie to ask the questions.

Christie Zane:

Faithful of DEFIANCE at this time I'm joined by 24K, and specifically the FIST of DEFIANCE who asked for this time.

The fans boo at the group, who all smile and wave.

Christie Zane:

Mikey, I guess the first question is, how do you defend the actions of 24K just two weeks ago on DEFTV?

A image on the bottom right of the screen opens up and shows the attack in picture in picture.

Mikey Unlikely:

You know Christie, what happened last week was very unfortunate. Very unfortunate indeed. We didn't WANT to do what we had to do... But DEFIANCE brass pushed us to make a rash and bold move. A move that resulted in the throwing out of the #1 Contenders match. You hate to see it Christie.

She rolls her eyes.

Mikey Unlikely:

But here's the deal. I'm the longest reigning top champion in DEFIANCE history. I'm the man whose face goes next to every DEF logo and commercial. I'm the man who is bringing DEF to new heights! Just look at the stacked roster we have today! Now I'm not going to take ALL the credit for what DEF is now. Just most of it!

The crowd boos loudly.

Mikey Unlikely:

My recognition, my fame, and my bravado have hoisted DEF up and the ratings show that each and every week. The pay per view numbers speak for themselves. Each and every month the DEFIANCE faithful show up in droves, to watch their favorite champion win again!

A cascade of boos come running down from the crowd.

Mikey Unlikely:

Here's the thing about last week Christie, I'm tired of DEFIANCE placing people before me, I'm tired of not calling my own shots. I mean, I'm Mikey Unlikely! This is egregious! So I've beaten Jay Harvey, I've beaten Oscar Burns, I'd crush Gage Blackwood if I got the chance, but I'm not going to sit back and let someone else determine who gets a

shot at me. I'm my own man, and I can make my own decisions. I honestly think there's only one man in this whole place who deserves the opportunity to face Mikey Unlikely for the title... and that man is Jack Hunter!

Jack steps forward with his arms in the air excitedly. The fans half laugh and half groan. Hunter moves towards Christie and goes to speak into the mic, but Mikey pie faces him and pushes him back to where he was.

Mikey Unlikely:

There are no other contenders left. I've run the gambit, i've reached the mountain top and the view is incredible! So you heard it here first at MAXIMUM DEFIAENCE, we're going to see Mikey Unlikely vs Jack Hunter.... ONE ON ONE! FOR THE FIST OF DEFIAENCE! YOU LOVE TO SEE IT!

The members of 24K all share a laugh... That is, until...

Oscar Burns:

NO, NO, NO, NO, NO. We aren't stomaching another goddamn week of the Fools Gold Arseholes.

No music. No fanfare. Just an angry, pissed-off former champion. "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns has a microphone. None of the crew look pleased to see him.

DDK:

OOOOOOOH, BOY... Oscar Burns and Mikey Unlikely haven't encountered one another like this since Burns lost the FIST to Mikey Unlikely back at DEFCON 2020.

The Faithful erupt in cheers! Mikey wants to say something, but Burns cuts him off.

Oscar Burns:

Yeah nah, shut the hell up, Mikey! YOU'RE. DONE! I thought all night about what I'd say to the whole lot of you ponces. At first, I thought I'd concentrate on Cayle Murray packing a sad about wanting a title shot and how last year, he told people people like me and Troy can't lace his boots when in fact, the only time we fought, I beat him for my first FIST of DEFIAENCE and I made him lace MINE...

A loud "OOOOOOOOOOOOOH" erupts from the crowd. Cayle blows him off and says nothing.

Oscar Burns:

Or how he just came back to lace Mikey's boots! (another loud ooooh!) Or how I beat Kendrix for my SECOND FIST of DEFIAENCE and booted him from DEFIAENCE for over a year...

The Faithful roar a second time and Kendrix yells out a loud "HEY, YOU DON'T SAY THAT!" before Mikey tells him "HEY, YOU DON'T SAY THAT CAUSE I SAY THAT!"

Oscar Burns:

Or how I've never fought Perfection, but I could beat him anyway cause he's a World Champion of fetching Mikey's bags cause he's never had gold here of his own...

Another stinger and another loud cheer from The Faithful. Burns (twists and) turns to Mikey as the rest of 24K stare a hole through the fan favorite.

Oscar Burns:

...But at the center of it all, Mikey, it comes back to YOU. I fought through a lot of things in between DEFCONS. Yeah, mate, I lost a few. The yips, you Americans might say. I lost, lost some here, then Better Future tried to challenge who I am... But after I put those Better Future shitbags behind me, it became all about getting back to the belt I never got a rematch for. I never asked for one. I wanted to earn one again and make it right as... and because of that, the lot of you... Scott Douglas isn't here any more. And that is partially on me. I let this happen... but starting tonight and every night from here on out, I'm gonna MAKE it right...

He points at the champion again.

Oscar Burns:

I bet you haven't talked to management yet, Mikey, cause you've all been patting yourselves on the back for squatting all over our match two weeks ago... but I did. Management told me after what you did, they'd make it right and I could earn another opportunity. They were like "wanna hiding?" and I was like "Keen!" You beat me at DEFCON 2020... but I beat you right before that at Maximum DEFIANCE to keep that belt. Management loved the idea of a huge rubber match between two of DEFIANCE's top stars, so they granted it! Tonight, non-title, MIKEY UNLIKELY AGAINST OSCAR BURNS!

The Faithful now cheer so loud, they almost can't hear Mikey Unlikely having a shitfit!

Oscar Burns:

And tonight, mate... I'm gonna start righting the ship again. Tonight, Mikey... nothing you can do, nothing you can say... is gonna change the fact that by the end of the night, I'm gonna make you TAP. OUT.

Burns throws the microphone off to the side and then heads backstage, intent on getting the last word for the moment while Mikey sits there, slapping Jack Hunter repeatedly about why he's booked for this match or what "wanna hiding" even means! (it means wanna fight, by the by).

DDK:

WHAT A BOMBSHELL! TONIGHT'S MAIN EVENT IS A REMATCH FROM DEFCON 2020!

Lance:

That's right! Mikey Unlikely non-title against Oscar Burns! He wants payback, but if he can beat Mikey tonight, no doubt he'll have a tilte shot coming!

The rest of 24K (minus Jack Hunter, cause slaps) leave the stage as the scene heads elsewhere.

WE ALREADY TOLD YOU

We see the lovely Christie Zane waiting to interview her next guest.

Christie Zane:

Welcome back ladies and gentlemen. My guests at this time are the Stevens Dynasty.

The Dynasty come into view and the Faithful let them hear which brings a smile to their faces.

Christie Zane:

Two weeks ago, you viciously assaulted the returning Troy Matthews and everyone wants to know why?

The smiles quickly turn sour as the Patriarch of the Stevens Dynasty quickly snatches the microphone from Christie.

Cary Stevens:

Hit the bricks toots before I introduce you to my backhand.

Christie does as she's told and leaves the area.

Cary Stevens:

If you were living under a rock I told the world why we did what we did. We are sick and tired of being pushed to the side. We are sick and tired of these has-beens trying to cut in line. You have two studs standing on either side of me and when was the last time that my boys competed for a singles or a tag championship?!?

Cary asks emphatically as the Faithful boo louder.

Cary Stevens:

You can boo all you want you Filth, but the fact is you have two studs in their primes and DEFIANCE higher ups want to break the bank by bringing back geriatrics who can't get it up anymore.

Each member of the Dynasty shakes their head in disgust.

Cary Stevens:

Seems like everyone forgot who the Dynasty are, but they are about to get a fucking wake up call.

Cary states as he nods to Bo and George and the three men leave.

NO DQ: ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. RICK DICKULOUS

Lance:

Aaaaand we're back!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen we are back after those words from The Stevens Dynasty.

Lance:

Back to the cold reality of...a hardcore match? One I know / have been waiting for. This is the night, Keebs!

DDK:

The night...what?

Lance:

The night Rick Dick--

Suddenly the crowd is bathed in deep blood red lighting as a powerful kick drum resonates through the building's sound system.

♪ "Face Fisted" by Dethklok ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, standing six feet nine inches tall, and weighing four-hundred twenty-five pounds....RICK DIICKULOOOOOUUUSSS!

Lance:

--ulous finally shuts Arthur Pleasant up! I mean, I know people around these parts don't usually cheer for the big man.

DDK:

Yeah, but...doesn't everyone wanna see Arthur get squashed?

Lance:

Point.

Rick strolls out onto the entrance ramp, his massive frame making the entryway seem tiny, eyes narrowed and staring daggers at the centre of the ring, his reddish full beard accentuating a wicked scowl. His shaven head glistens in the crimson light, along with his shimmering, oiled upper body. An axe occupies his massive and taped right hand (both are, up to his wrists), resting against the bare flesh of his shoulder. His legs fill his brown industrial work pants - his quads flexing through the thick material, and he sports a pair of plain black boots. Rick makes his way down the ramp and up to the ring area, his eyes still exuding hate and loathing. He walks up the stairs slowly and steps over the top rope and into the ring. Referee Brian Slater motions Rick into his corner as his music fades and he confidently hands his axe off to a ringside staffer with stern instructions to protect it with his life.

♪ "Danse Macabre" by Saint-Saens ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring next, standing six feet three inches tall and weighing 207lbs THE PROVOCATEUR....ARTHUUUUUR... PLEEEEASAAAANT!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Lance:

Sweet Jesus! Well at least they haven't started with the other chant y-

"PLEASE SHUT UP!"

"PLEASE SHUT UP!"

"PLEASE SHUT UP!"

"PLEASE SHUT UP!"

Lance:

Nevermind.

DDK:

You spoke too soon, Lance!

Arthur sticks his head out from the curtain to Guerilla and looks out at everyone. Shaking his head and yelling...

Arthur Pleasant:

NO! I WILL NOT BE BULLIED INTO THIS! THIS IS ALL STEVENS' FAULT!!

He disappears back behind the curtain where the crowd starts booing again, obviously wanting to see Rick Dickulous get his 10 pounds of Provocateur flesh.

DDK:

Ha! Arthur is scared! He doesn't even want to face Rick Dickulous!

Lance:

Scared or pretending to be? You just never know with this guy, Keebs.

DDK:

Fair point.

Finally, Arthur flies through the curtain, landing on the stage to a pop from the crowd.

Lance:

Whoa! Who just tossed him out to the stage area? You don't think...

DDK:

I do think, actually.

Lance:

You think Scott Stevens threw Arthur out there? Because it's clear Stevens has discovered a new lease on life here in DEFIAНCE by making Arthur Pleasant's life miserable. And it's friggin' fantastic!

Rolling halfway to the ring, Arthur gets up and looks back at the curtain. Someone's holding a middle finger up at Arthur, followed by a polite "wave", before the hand disappears behind the curtain. Kicking the barricade out of anger, Arthur then looks back to the ring and jumps, realizing Rick Dickulous and his monster frame are waiting for him. Cracking his knuckles, Rick motions for Arthur to get into the ring.

Resigned to his own impending doom, Arthur shrugs and slides into the ring under the bottom rope. Standing up he shakes his head, awaiting the bell to ring.

DING DING!!

The moment the bell sounds, Arthur drops to the mat and rolls outside to a chorus of boos from the Faithful. Taking his sweet time, Arthur starts doing some last-minute stretching against the ringside barricade.

DDK:

Rule #18, Lance. Limber up.

Lance:

This is ridiculous. Why am I not surprised

Pleasant finishes limbering up and he looks back into the ring at Rick, who has planted his feet firmly in the center of the ring. Rick simply smirks back at him like a Grizzly about to nab him some fresh salmon. The Provocateur lives up to his moniker as he motions for Rick to join him on the outside.

DDK:

Pleasant already playing games here. The question is if Rick plays by Arthur's rules or not.

Looking out at the Faithful, Rick looks back at Pleasant and simply shakes his head while motioning for him to get back into the ring.

Rick Dickulous:

Be a man. Get back in here and take your medicine, bitch!

Pleasant simply ignores Rick and begins searching underneath the ring for an object of some kind. Withdrawing a kendo stick, Pleasant smiles ear to ear and rolls back into the ring. Rick, still planted in the same spot he was in when Arthur left the ring, motions for Arthur to take a swing at him.

Arthur swings... and Rick catches the kendo stick with one hand!

Rick yanks the kendo stick from Arthur, and breaks it in half over his knee, creating two smaller, but sharp, kendo sticks.

Arthur Pleasant:

Oh hey, come on now. Be nice!!

DDK:

Is this guy kidding me? "Be nice"?!

Lance:

Given Arthur's natural behavior and outlook thus far in DEFIANCE... asking someone to be nice is pretty damn "Pot, kettle, black." if you ask me!

Before Arthur can even make a defensive move, Rick nails Pleasant in the gut with one of the halves of the kendo stick. Doubled over, the force of the blow causes Pleasant to take a knee. Raising the other kendo stick high in the air, Rick SMAAAASHES it down across Arthur's back!

And then the other one...

... and then the OTHER one!

Rick goes full windmill with both arms across Arthur's back to the point that huge welts are forming already.

The Faithful come unglued with raucous cheers for Rick after about the tenth blow to Arthur's back!

Lance:

Those shots feel like they're from ALL of us. Anyone who has been sick and tired of Pleasant's BS for the past several months!

DDK:

Amen to that, Lance!

With Pleasant on the mat, wincing and grunting in agony from the stiff shots, Rick guides Pleasant to his feet.

SMAAAACK! Rick delivers an open palm chop that drives Pleasant back to the ground, pounding his foot on the canvas from the sheer amount of pain from the impact. Rick, clearly not satisfied enough, picks Pleasant back up and **SMAAAAACK!** He nails another one that also sends Pleasant back to the mat.

DDK:

I feel like I'm watching Hostel Part IV right now. Good LORD those chops are nasty!

Lance:

Arthur is gonna need to be defibbed if this continues! Talk about heart stopping shots to the chest!

Lifting Pleasant up, Rick grabs Pleasant by his arm... AND PULLS HIM IN FOR A CLOTHESLINE!

But Arthur ducks, using Rick's momentum to carry him forward while Pleasant holds onto his arm. Using all of his body weight to pull Rick's arm toward him, effectively spinning him around, Arthur goes to pull him forward in a rainmaker clothesline, but Rick simply lifts Pleasant high into the air with both arms with a Gorilla Press!

DDK:

Oh LORD! That was some SCAAARY strength by Rick Dickulous there! He just lifted the 207lbs man up like he was a 93lbs ice-skater!

Lance:

He's still holding him up... oh God, what's Rick doing here?!

In an incredible display of strength, Rick HEAVES Arthur clear across the ring so that he comes crashing down across the top turnbuckle, spilling awkwardly back down onto the canvas right on his neck!

Dragging Arthur out to the center of the ring by his wrist, Rick runs into the ropes. On the rebound, Dickulous jumps up into the air and crashes down across Pleasant's throat and chest area with a leg drop!

DDK:

The Rickster just nailed Pleasant with a massive leg, brother!

Lance:

Rick Dickulous repositions for the cover!

ONE!

T- Pleasant kicks out before two!

DDK:

What?! Not even two?!

Lance:

Time and time again this guy has shown us an incredible display of resilience. Getting him down on the mat and KEEPING him down seems to be all but impossible!

The camera shows a replay of the massive leg drop on The Provocateur on the DEFIAtron, and once it comes back to real time, the camera focuses in on Pleasant's smiling face before cutting back to Rick's clearly angry mug as he stands and rushes forward, the closeup switching to the regular wide angled ring view of the giant catching Pleasant with a hard knee in the face which knocks him back into the corner.

Not wasting time, Rick pulls Arthur to his feet before shoving his massive boot into Pleasant's throat long enough for his eyes to bulge as he struggles.

DDK:

I guess this is what you get for interrupting, partner.

Lance:

Rick did say he was going to shut Arthur Pleasant up tonight. Maybe this is the plan?

Rick releases the boot as Arthur falls to his knees grasping at his throat and trying to catch his breath. Again, not wasting time, Rick lifts Arthur back to his feet before sending him across the ring into the opposite corner with an Irish Whip that the massive Canadian follows, crushing Arthur Pleasant into the turnbuckles with a slam that shakes the ring ropes. The crowd lets out a cheer that catches Rick off guard. Maintaining momentum, Rick lifts Arthur up into a sitting position on the top turnbuckle before backing off to the middle of the ring as a sadistic smile crosses his face.

Rick:

You thought that was good? Watch this...

Lance:

We've seen this before, Keebs

DDK:

Time for the cockroach to meet...

Rick takes two large steps forward before planting and delivering a powerful Big Boot that sends Arthur backwards like a rocket.

DDK:

THE BOOOOOOOT!!

Pleasant's back slams into the metal fencing as his butt meets the floor - and again the Faithful cheer! Rick takes his time exiting the ring as Arthur does his best impression of a puddle on the outside.

Rick rounds the ring post and just stares as Arthur begins to move. Arthur manages to pull himself to his feet by the metal barricade, clumsily trying to put distance between himself and his large and angry opponent. As Arthur backs up, Rick begs him to stand upright. Until an arm grabs his arm from behind. Rick turns, confused, only to be shocked in the chest by a snow white cattle prod.

The singe of chest hair and skin floats in the smoke, until the cattle prod detaches and Rick Dickulous falls like a sycamore.

Jack Harmen stands over Rick, a few sparks from the cattle prod linger as Harmen's trigger finger itches.

Lance:

That's Jack Harmen!

DDK:

Yeah. DUH!

Harmen tilts his head to the side, curious of the fallen brute.

Jack Harmen:

Ridiculous.

Lance:

I don't know what else to say!

DDK:

Neither do I!

Harmen rushes to Arthur and helps him to his feet. From here, Arthur and Harmen both struggle to lift Rick, first to his knees, and then to a standing position. Arthur holds Rick's upper half as Harmen lifts one tree trunk leg, and then the other onto the apron. The two, with great strength and effort, roll Rick into the ring under the bottom rope.

Arthur slides into the ring as Brian Slater meets Jack Harmen on the apron. Slater yells at Harmen to vacate ringside.

Harmen:

Yeah? Then DQ him! No? OKAY!

Lance:

Has Jack Harmen truly aligned himself with Arthur Pleasant?!

Slater won't let Harmen into the ring, so Harmen tosses the cattle prod over his head into the awaiting arms of Arthur Pleasant.

DDK:

I'd guess yes.

Just as Rick is groggily pushing himself upright, kneeling, Arthur sparks it into his chest. Rick's eyes roll into the back of his head, as Arthur lets loose the trigger. With a quick step back, Pleasant charges.

DDK:

Ugh...

Lance:

... Provocation.

Slater disengages from Harmen and slides in to count the pin.

One.

...

Two.

...

Three.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

DING DING DING!!

Harmen quickly enters as the bell rings. Arthur throws his hands up in victory before nearly collapsing after the beating he took from Rick Dickulous. Suddenly Aaron King joins them both as he runs down to the ring.

DDK:

This is sickening. I think it's safe to say that Arthur has found himself a new ally. And of all the people, it's the legendary High Flyer, himself, Jack Harmen.

Lance:

This makes me wanna puke. God. WHY?! What do people see in this man that they feel the need to help him on his cause for... whatever it is he's aiming to achieve here in DEFIAНCE Wrestling?!

Arthur asks for a microphone, to which King motions towards the timekeeper to toss it up. Not wanting any part of this newfound triumvirate, the mic is thrown and King catches it with one hand. Smiling, the half scarred Aaron King hands

it to Arthur.

Arthur Pleasant:

STEEEEEEVEEEEEEEEEEEENS!!!!!!! GUAAAAAAAARDIAAAAAAN!!!!

After screaming into the microphone, Arthur laughs. His voice drops to almost a whisper.

Arthur Pleasant:

There's a reckoning coming. For everyone, in fact. From the day I arrived I have been saying that a great Scourge is coming. And this right here? This is only the beginning.

The fans lay into Arthur with more boos. Ignoring them, the Provocateur continues.

Arthur Pleasant:

First, we will deal with Codename: Deadmeat on UNCUT. And then? Stevens... oh, Stevens... my friend. Your world is going... to fucking... **BURN**.

♪ "The Swan - Carnival of the Animals" by Saint-Saens ♪

He drops the microphone as his victory theme starts playing over the DEFplex sound system. Holding out their fists, King, Harmen, and Pleasant all bump knuckles. The camera zooms in on their hands as we fade to a commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIA NCE LIVE

Catch DEFIA NCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU

We come back from commercial to see Jay Harvey smack dab in the middle of your screen. The crowd roars and Harvey looks to be furious. Cameras zoom out to reveal Christie Zane, mic in hand. The two are in front of a set of screens showing off the DEFIANCE logo.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is none other than "The Natural One" Jay Harvey.

Jay turns his attention to Christie but he's still looking mean as she speaks.

Christie Zane:

Jay last time we saw you, you were in the Number One Contender match for the FIST of DEFIANCE against Gage Blackwood and Oscar Burns.

Harvey nods, looking to be getting more agitated.

Christie Zane:

The match was essentially thrown out due to 24k making their presence felt.

Harvey looks up to the ceiling, Christie can tell he wants, no need to speak.

Jay Harvey:

Christie... I'm so sick and goddamn tired of 24k.

The crowd cheers, showing they feel the same as he does.

Jay Harvey:

There's never a moment that goes by that 24k doesn't ruin! They have taken every chance I've had to get to the pinnacle here in DEFIANCE! I've been this close and they've ripped it right out of my hands time and time again.

Harvey pauses and locks eyes with the camera rolling in front of him.

Jay Harvey:

I promise... that won't happen again.

Christie turns the interview and keeps the topic going.

Christie Zane:

Speaking of 24k... tonight you go one on one with Perfection. The only member of 24k you haven't faced in a DEFIANCE ring.

Harvey chuckles and gets back to business.

Jay Harvey:

Per. Fection. James. Witherhold.

He turns toward the lens and in turn towards you, your mother, the fat guy next to you on the couch, and Perfection hopefully watching somewhere as he gets his hair bleached.

Jay Harvey:

The overlooked member of the group. Right? The one who lives in the shadow of Mikey Unlikely, Cayle Murray and... Kendrix. How does that make you feel Perfection? I know all about you. I've been watching you for years.

We cut to the DEFArena where the sold-out crowd is glued to the big screen watching Harvey speak.

Jay Harvey:

A multi time World Champion around the globe... and you are the fourth stooge that no one remembers. How does that feel? Does that hurt that large and paper thin ego of yours?! I bet it does.

Harvey puts on that classic shit eating grin.

Jay Harvey:

We have history, James. Don't think I'll ever forget all the times you have attacked me. All the times you stuck your nose into my business and cost me victory after victory! Tonight, in front of this sold out crowd I'm going to knock your teeth down your throat!

The crowd is going wild!

Jay Harvey:

I've been waiting for this opportunity for a long... All right! Come on!

Perfection makes his way into the frame. The two stand just a few feet away from each other. Christie Zane can sense some danger but keeps the microphone between them. Witherhold waves off Harvey, it seems he has no interest in brawling before their match. Instead he leans into the microphone-

Perfection:

Wooooooooooooow!

James then follows up with a slow mocking clap before continuing.

Perfection:

Wow, wow, wow! I thought I was a master at revisionist history, but man oh man, Jay Harvey, you sir- *YOU* are a spin artist! Let me break down some very simple math. 24k, us men, have only been in DEFIANCE ten months.

The Faithful begin to boo loudly.

Perfection:

Ten months compared to you, Jay, who's been lingering around these parts for... FREAKIN' YEARS, my man!

James puts his hand up to control the Faithful's emotions.

Perfection:

Let that sink in- in fact, let me just use the words you just spoke, Dopey Jay. I AM a multi-time world champion, all over the globe, buddy. I achieved my first world title shot not in years... but in months-

Harvey takes a step closer to Perfection who cuts the angle with Christie.

Perfection:

MONTHS! What have you done in years here in DEFIANCE outside of being a doormat for the Lindsay Troy's and other hacks that want a shot at the FIST? Busting your little peas with *NOTH/NG* to show for it. Buddy... Jay...

James shakes his head with sarcastic sorrow, he reaches out to put his hand on Harvey's shoulder only to get quickly rejected and Christie Zane forced to keep the distance greater. James snatches the microphone right out of Zane's hand, turns his back to Harvey, and walks a small circle as he continues to speak.

Perfection:

I'll give credit where it's due. You're right about one thing, Jay. We do have history and I'm a believer that history repeats itself. With that in mind, do you want to lay down now or have me thoroughly embarrass you in front of these halfwits who are insisting on chanting "Harvey"?

Jay Harvey:

You are all talk. That's all you ever have been... Talk.

Perfection takes a step forward and hands the microphone back to Christie.

Perfection:

I'm going to keep talking and actually... I prefer the idea of you leaving the arena tonight crying on social media about how 24k screwed you again because YOU couldn't get the job done. I'll catch you later tonight, Mr. Second Rate.

James smirks and walks backwards out of the picture after slicking his hands through his hair. Harvey's eyes are locked on Perfection. We stay on Christie and Harvey for a few seconds before moving on with the show.

STEVENS DYNASTY vs. THE (NEW) RAIN CITY RONIN

As we cut back from the backstage area we set for the next match up.

DDK:

Up next ladies and gentlemen is The Stevens Dynasty taking on the BRAZEN tag team of The (New) Rain City Ronin.

Lance:

This is a huge opportunity for the young team as they try to knock off the former tag champions and arguably the most dominant tag team in the last couple of years.

♪ "Get Got" by Death Grips ♪

Leo Burnett and Zack Daymon appear on the stage and the Faithful the youngsters a nice round of applause as they head to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, weighing in at 435 pounds.....they are Leo Burnett and Zack Daymon....THE! NEEEEEEEEEW! RAAAAAAAAIN! CIIIIIIITY! ROOOOOOOOOONIN!

As they enter the ring they give each other a fist bump as they awake their opponents.

Lance:

Gut check time boys.

A single spotlight appears as the crowd boos as the sound of a guitar wails throughout the arena followed by a gunshot.

♪ "When the Smoke Clears" by Dale Oliver, Ducky Medlock and Bigg Vinny Mack ♪

The video screen shows three shadows and as they appear as George, Bo, and Scott along with Cary and the Faithful begin to shower The Stevens Dynasty with boos.

DDK:

Cary had some rather choice words earlier tonight.

Lance:

That he did Keebs, he says that people forgot who the Dynasty were but hearing this crowd tonight the Faithful didn't forget.

Cary looking spiffy in a shiny, golden jacket as he leads the charge while his son and nephew follow behind him as they appear on stage.

DDK:

Cary leading the charge.

Cary blows kisses towards the crowd as Bo and George hold up their arms in the air as a golden waterfall of pyro falls down behind them.

Darren Quimbey:

Being accompanied to the ring by Cary Stevens... from The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 702 pounds...BO! AND GEORGE! THE STEEEEEVEEEEEENSSSS DYYYYYYYYYNNNNNAAAAASSSSSTTTYYYYY!"

Bo and George reach the end of the stage and make their way up the ring steps and once inside Bo and George go towards the center of the ring and hold their arms high in the air as fireworks explode from the turnbuckles while Cary is hyping up his boys.

DDK:

Cary giving his team last minute instructions before the start of the match.

DING DING

Upon hearing the bell, Bo and George sprint to their opponents corner and before the BRAZEN team knew what hit them, Bo sends Leo flying off of the apron and George pancakes Zack in the corner.

Lance:

Stevens Dynasty not getting paid by the hour here folks.

Bo rolls out of the ring and begins to put the boots to Leo on the outside while George lays in some thick slaps across Zack's chest.

DDK:

That sickening sound is echoing throughout the arena.

The official tells George he needs get out of the corner so the Texan does so as he sends Zack flying across the ring from a belly to belly suplex.

Lance:

Awesome display of power by George.

CLANG!

The sound of Leo hitting the ring steps is heard before Bo hops onto the apron and calls for a tag. Bo comes in like a bat out of Hell and begins beating the crap out of Zack before pushing himself off and letting out a primal scream. Anger and frustration fills Bo's face as he turns his attention back to Zack.

Bo Stevens:

GET UP!

Bo screams as he waits for Zack to pull himself up before he pounces.

Lance:

REMEMBER THE ALAMO SUPERKICK!

DDK:

And Cary is happy about that.

Lance:

Why wouldn't he be? That's his move.

As Zack sling shots back, Bo doubles him over with a boot to the gut and proceeds with a snap suplex next.

Followed by a German suplex.

And followed by a tiger suplex as the icing on the cake.

DDK:

Bo knows suplex hit to perfection here tonight.

Bo immediately tags in his cousin.

Lance:

The behemoth is back in the ring and they could be looking to finish it here.

Bo backs to a corner and George climbs to a middle rope and as Zack gets to all fours Bo runs full speed and blasts him in the face with a running punt and George jumps back and drives all his weight onto Zack's chest.

DDK:

THE ELIMINATOR!

Leo tries to crawl back into the ring, but Bo cuts him off as the ref counts to three.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

And your winners by pinfall, **BO! AND GEORGE! THE STEEEEEVEEEENSSSS
YYYYYYYYYYYYNNNNNAAAAASSSSTTYYYYY!**

Cary slides into the ring and is celebrating as if he had just won a world title. Cary looks at the camera.

Cary Stevens:

Told you! More of this to come!

Cary shouts as he celebrates with his team.

DDK:

A threat or a promise from the head of the Stevens Dynasty?

Lance:

I don't think it matters which Keebs as Bo and George showed they can still dominate in the ring.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

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TALKING TO MYSELF

Time 3:28 pm; just a few hours before DEFTV154

Stalker's Den

Wednesday, June 10, 2021

Scrow's Lab

There are four clear capsule chambers. Two are empty, one contains a man stripped down to his undergarments. He has various tubes and an oxygen mask over his mouth as he floats in green colored water. In the middle capsule is Jason Reeves in the same setup as the man next to him. Around the cylinders is an assortment of medical and computer equipment. A reaper monitoring the life signs of both men. Scrow enters the room in his street clothes but with a lab coat on. He stares up at the glass containing Reeves.

Scrow:

Scrow failed you Jason... Yes...yes he knows failure is not an option. Can he be frank with you, if it were not for the goons this Mr. Fear sent with Harvester's assistant. He would be presenting you with the carcass of Guardian right here.

Scrow pauses for a moment, as though Stalker is talking to him. We all know that is not possible and this guy is one beer short of a six pack.

Scrow:

Yes...he knows he is making excuses. It would seem Tyler [sarcastically] Mr. Fear's golden child failed as well. Yes...he knows there are too many factions forming in Defiance for us to be arguing amongst ourselves! The message was sent on DEFRadio yes, but it would seem the message is not having as much of an impact as it first initially had. Rezin? If he is not complaining about his damn nose, or that munet, he is trying to steal from my inventory.

Crashing is heard in the background, Scrow turns to the side, and can only give off a sigh of exasperation. Rezin, wheezing impatiently through the bandages smothering his nose, is yet again raiding the chemical vials for a special something.

Scrow:

Scrow gives up, Rezin...

The Goat Bastard looks up toward Scrow. He looks less guilty with his attempts at thievery this time around, giving the Raven's Eye a begging look.

Rezin:

Yeah, yeah, it's me, yet again up to no good, big surprise, amirite? Now c'mon, bro, stop holding out on me! Gust gimme an itty bitty dab of that Ra's al Ghul regen goo for my nose so I can get back into the action!

Scrow:

Glass cabinet, second shelf the green color vial.

Rezin opens the cabinet and looks at the vials in the cabinet. One liquid looks like a shamrock color, and the one next to it is an emerald color. Rezin looks befuddled at which color Scrow was mentioning. He looks back at Scrow who continues to carry on a conversation....with himself.

Rezin:

Well, what's it gonna be then... indica, or sativa?

Rezin grabs both vials.

Rezin:

...ehhh, fuck it, let's go hybrid!

He pours out a small bit of both of the not-so-thick liquids into the palm of one hand while using the other to rip the bandages from his face. His face blossoms in pain.

Rezin:

GAAHH!! Shon ov a bish, thad shmargsh... werr anyway, boddomsh ub!

Without much hesitation or much regard for his personal safety, he begins liberally rubs the mixed chemicals on the bridge of his swollen nose.

Scrow:

Now we have this Teresa Ames, winning the Proving Grounds. Seriously Reeves Fear thinks he leads better than you? Tyler and Scrow could not finish the job on Guardian, Victor has traded his wrestling boots for an apron, and now that Rezin has made his doomburgers a household name they are selling like hotcakes. Then of course there is Rezin...

Screaming is heard in the background.

Rezin:

GyyaAAAAHH SHID, ID BURNSH!!!

Scrow looks up and to the right toward Stalker.

Scrow:

Being Rezin. Red Death is nearly synthesized. Tyler has received his first dosage of Reaper Serum. It would seem the trials would require more than one injection for the effects to fully take effect. *[He turns to face Jason again]* In other news, Better Future has taken it upon themselves to echo our name. It would seem they are dipping their toe in the pit of chaos. As for Scrow he received his next objective in the ring. He welcomes the challenge.

Sniffling obnoxiously, Rezin butts into the one-way conversation. His nose is looking somewhat less swollen, although now it's completely cherry red.

Rezin:

Well damb, whaddya know? Bridge is fixed, sinuses are finally cleared up... it's a goddamn miracle! Only in the sport of professional wrestling can such magic and marvels occur, amirite? Except now my face itches like a French Quarter whore's undercarriage... that's gonna get annoying.

Scrow:

Well, you heard it Jason right from Santa Claus himself. *[Turning to Rezin]* All you need is to put on two-hundred pounds and you could be a hit at kids parties or malls.

Chartreuse Reaper, sporting a scientist's labcoat, rushes to Rezin with a mirror, which is swiftly snatched from his hands. Rezin looks at himself

Rezin:

...I look like a less bloated Artie Lange.

The Escape Artist indifferently chuck's the mirror over his shoulder

Rezin:

Think I'd be a hit as a mall Santa, eh? Well maybe you got your Christmas stories mixed up there, buddy, cause I'm thinking I'd make a better Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer. Ya know... ignored, belittled, and mocked by his peers, until that one day I get called upon to lead the pack through the fog, like a torchbearer of progress?

Rezin pops an eyebrow, lighting up yet another joint with his favoured gold-plated Zippo lighter.

Rezin:

And now that my nose ain't broke anymore... it's time I blazed the skies again.

He smiles darkly and slowly nods as smoke seeps out of his nostrils... then his eyes pop as he clearly only agitates his sinuses once again by doing this.

Rezin:

GAAAHH, GEEZ!!

Pawing at the unreachable pain deep in his face, Rezin staggers out of the lab.

Scrow: *[looking back at Jason]*

Yup, we clearly have our shit together.

PERFECTION vs. JAY HARVEY

Shots of the thousands in attendance flood your high-definition screen. Signs galore are shown before settling on Ring Announcer Darren Quimbey with Referee Carla Ferrari just behind him.

DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen-minute time limit!

♪ Perfect Gentleman by Helloween ♪

The crowd immediately responds with jeers as the one and only Perfection exits from behind the curtain. He raises his arms accepting the crowd's reaction to his wonderfulness.

Lance:

The man who you just love to hate, Darren!

DDK:

Perfection is no stranger to the big stage and the big matches. Tonight is one of those moments!

Perfection makes his way towards the ring taking his time to jaw-jack with fans near the rails. He walks up the stairs to enter the ring. He poses for all to see flexing and smiling those pearly whites.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first hailing from Hidden Hills, California... He stands at six feet tall and weighs in at Two-Hundred Twenty-Two pounds.

Perfection grabs the middle rope leaning over it and yelling at fans in the front row.

Darren Quimbey:

PERRRRRRRRRRRRRFCCCCCTTTTIIONNNNNNNNN!!!!!!

DDK:

We saw earlier Perfection and Jay Harvey having a war of words in the back. Perfection called Jay Harvey "second rate".

Now he mounts the turnbuckle to yell at the fans some more before giving one last pose and jumping down from the turnbuckle

Lance:

We also heard Jay Harvey talk about how Perfection lives in the shadow of his other 24k partners. Both men taking their shots at one another.

DDK:

Two verbal assassins doing what they do best. Now it's time to battle in a sixteen by sixteen ring.

♪ Bullet Holes by Bush ♪

The drum and bass pulsate as screechy guitars of the intro ring out through the Wrestle-Plex. The vocals kick in and the song is in full swing and assorted lights move around the arena. "The Natural One" Jay Harvey steps out through the curtain and onto the ramp. Harvey raises his arms into the air as he looks out into the sold-out crowd.

DDK:

This crowd showing their love for Jay Harvey!

Lance:

Jay Harvey is looking to get some payback here against a member of 24k. A team that has plagued him for months.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina...

The crowd is all cheers as Harvey walks down the aisle. Jay Harvey walks up the ring steps and onto the apron. He lays his back against the top rope and extends his arms out. We cut to Perfection who keeps staring daggers at his opponent.

Lance:

This crowd is electric, Darren!

DDK:

Two of the best in the business are set to do battle in just moments!

Lance:

This is the kind of action you can only find in DEFIAНCE!

Darren Quimbey:

He is "The Natural One" Jaaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaaaarrveeeeeeeee!

Jay Harvey enters the ring and goes to the nearest corner to climb the turnbuckles. He holds his right arm into the air. It's not long before he hops down and comes to a halt in his corner. The two DEFIANTS stare at each other down as they wait for the bell.

DDK:

Perfection is ready. Jay Harvey is ready.

DING DING**DDK:**

And we're off!

Harvey and Perfection slowly begin circling around each other. Harvey rushes toward his opponent which causes Perfection to get to the ring ropes and put himself through the middle and top rope. Harvey is stopped from doing much else by Carla Ferrari who tells Jay to move back. Perfection shooes his opponent away and gets a rise out of the crowd.

Perfection continues to take his sweet ass time before getting back into the action. Harvey and he go back to circling only for some *deja vu* to occur. Perfection puts himself through the ropes once again, causing another break, causing the fans to get hotter.

Harvey is showing some frustration and Perfection is getting into his opponent's head. Perfection cuts the shit and looks out to the crowd who is hating his guts at the moment. Harvey is seen saying something that microphones around the ring can't pick up.

DDK:

Perfection with the mind games, very early here tonight.

Lance:

Perfection is a master of winning matches before they even begin. But this isn't just any opponent though, Keebs. This is Jay Harvey!

DDK:

Harvey is no stranger to these tactics. He needs to regain his composure.

The two meet in the middle of the ring with a Collar and Elbow Tie Up. Harvey and Perfection battle for the advantage. Perfection gains control and has Harvey in a Standing Wristlock. Harvey winces in pain and slaps at his shoulder.

Perfection is wrenching in on the submission but before he can go any further, Harvey grabs at Perfection's wrist and turns the situation around on his opponent! Harvey transitions into a Side Headlock which has Perfection not where he wants to be.

Perfection moves the two back into the ropes and tries to separate them but Harvey isn't letting the Headlock go! Perfection tries one more time but Harvey snaps him over and now the two are on the mat.

DDK:

Harvey! Harvey is going for the Bitter Pill! He was able to reposition into the Bitter Pill!

Lance:

Perfection is trapped!

I don't know if it's the insane amount of baby oil on Perfection's body or a serious oily skin issue but Perfection is able to slither out of the hold and now resides on the outside of the ring! The crowd is all boos as Perfection holds at his throat!

Jay Harvey pops up and starts jawing with him. Referee Carla Ferrari gets in Harvey's way and tells him to back it up. She then turns her attention to Perfection on the outside of the ring.

ONE!

TWO!

Perfection takes his time and goes for a quick stroll outside. One fan tells Perfection exactly how he feels about him.

Fan:

I HATE YOU PERFECTION!

Perfection:

I hate you too!

The crowd is loving it!

Lance:

Lively bunch here in Louisiana right Keebs?!

DDK:

Never a dull moment in DEFIAНCE!

THREE!

Perfection grabs at the middle rope and pulls himself to the ring apron. Jay Harvey stays back and gives his opponent space. Perfection still taking his time gets back into the ring before Carla Ferrari can make it to four.

The crowd keeping the insanity going start a sweet fucking chant, take a listen.

WE ALL HATE YOU! Clap clap clapclapclap

WE ALL HATE YOU! Clap clap clapclapclap

WE ALL HATE YOU! Clap clap clapclapclap

Jay Harvey enjoys the show as Perfection's eye starts to do that weird twitching thing when he gets annoyed. Carla Ferrari tells the DEFIANTS to get back to it. For the... I forgot what time now the two circle around each other and once again are in a Collar and Elbow Tie Up.

Perfection has control- No, Harvey has control- No, Perfection has control- Neither man has control. The two tango around the ring before Perfection gets Harvey into the corner. Carla Ferrari comes into the scene.

ONE!

TWO!

Perfection let's go and slowly starts to back up- HE SLAMS AN ELBOW INTO HARVEY'S JAW! Harvey holds at his jaw as Perfection is all smiles! Harvey is pissed and goes for Perfection. Perfection transitions and takes Harvey's back. Harvey with the reversal! Perfection sends another elbow into Harvey's face! He stumbles back as Perfection sees an opening.

Perfection hits the ropes, Harvey bends at the hip, Perfection drops to a knee and sends a stiff right fist into Jay's face! Harvey falls to the mat and is trying to get back to his feet. Harvey gets to the ropes and PERFECTION RAKES HIS NAILS ACROSS HIS BACK!

Lance:

Perfection is really frustrating Jay Harvey in the early stages of this match, Darren!

Perfection moves quickly and now drags Jay Harvey's face across the top rope!

DDK:

Come on, Ref! Carla Ferrari needs to regain control of this! Perfection is just throwing the rules out the window!

Carla Ferrari:

That's enough, Perfection! One more time and you're disqualified!

Perfection puts his hands up and plays dumb... Classic Perfection! Harvey holds his face and is having trouble seeing. Perfection like a shark to blood comes after Jay, A vicious Chop Block takes out Harvey's right leg! Jay drops to the mat and Perfection keeps the offense going.

Perfection hits the ropes and comes back at his opponent and stops? Perfection just stops and snaps a DDT that puts Harvey on his back! Perfection goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

HARVEY KICKS OUT!

DDK:

Harvey was just able to kick out at two!

Lance:

This match is all Perfection. It's not looking good for Jay Harvey right now, folks!

Perfection continues the assault and goes back to the right leg of his opponent. Perfection picks up Harvey's right leg and drops a vicious elbow down on his knee! Perfection is like a wild animal and drops another elbow down onto Harvey's knee!

Harvey can't block the attack and looks to be in agonizing pain. Perfection being the veteran he is, locks in a Heel

Hook submission! Jay Harvey is in the middle of the ring! Perfection has his legs wrapped around Harvey's right leg and begins twisting his body putting more and more pressure on the hold!

The fans are trying their best to will "The Natural One" on! Harvey is in a dire situation with nowhere to go! The ropes are just out of his reach! Referee Carla Ferrari is right there and asks Jay if he gives up. Harvey obviously says no!

Lance:

This could be it! Jay Harvey is in no man's land!

DDK:

Harvey is going to have to dig down deep if he's going to stay in this match!

Harvey drops down to the mat and his shoulders are both down!

ONE!

TWO!

Harvey gets his shoulders up!

The pain is written all over his face! Harvey begins dragging the two toward the ring ropes! Perfection isn't letting up! Jay is inching closer and closer to the ropes! The crowd is getting louder! He's almost there!

DDK:

Harvey got the bottom rope!

Lance:

Perfection isn't breaking the hold!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Perfection snaps to a vertical base and begins stomping on the right knee of Jay Harvey! He soon drops down to the mat and unloads fists on Harvey's knee! Referee Carla Ferrari gets Perfection up off of Harvey getting a big reaction from the crowd!

Perfection and Carla are verbally going at it. Perfection goes back on the offensive and is looking to end this match with one more move. He's calling for the Photo Finish! Harvey is trying to get himself to his feet via the middle rope but is caught before he can get vertical.

DDK:

Perfection is going to end this in the middle of the ring!

Lance:

PHOTO FIN- NO! JAY HARVEY WITH A SNAP RELEASE DRAGON SUPLEX!

DDK:

THIS CROWD IS GOING CRAZY! HARVEY IS DOWN! PERFECTION IS DOWN!

Perfection is seeing stars! Harvey is struggling to get back to his feet! Perfection doesn't know where he is! The crowd

is on the edge of their seats! Harvey is finally to his feet! Harvey locks Perfection up in a Full Nelson!

He's trying to hit another Snap Dragon Suplex but Perfection is fighting it! Perfection will not budge! He swings his left leg right through Harvey's legs making contact with his peas.

DDK:

LOW BLOW BY PERFECTION!

Carla Ferrari calls for the bell and the end of the match!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

THE winner of the match by disqualification... "THE NATURRRAAAAAL ONNNNNNEE! JAAAAAAAAY HAAAAARVEY!

The crowd is a mix of cheers and boos! Harvey drops to the mat and Perfection is still a little loopy. Perfection waves for the cavalry... and gets... Jack Hunter?! The SUPERBEST rushes the ring and slips! He falls down and crashes, rolling under the ring! What an idiot!

Perfection is dumbfounded by this... When he turns around he gets elbowed in the mush by Jay Harvey! Perfection drops to the canvas and it gives Harvey enough time to get out of dodge! Jay's music hits and the crowd celebrates!

Lance:

Jay Harvey was one move away from ending this and Perfection does what he does best.

DDK:

This isn't over between these two, I can tell you that! Don't go anywhere, folks! Our Main Event is coming up next!

Cameras stay on Perfection sitting in the ring, we see Jack Hunter pop his head out from underneath the ring. We cut to Jay Harvey who is backing up the entrance ramp. We soon cut to commercial.

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MIKEY UNLIKELY vs. OSCAR BURNS

DDK:

Folks, we are now at the main event of the evening for Night Two and we have a rematch of sorts from DEFCON 2020! It was then that Mikey Unlikely finally climbed to the top of the mountain in DEFIADE by knocking off the two-time FIST, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns. He has been there ever since.

Lance:

Unfortunately for all of us. Challenger after challenger have tried to take the title from Unlikely, but for well over 400 days, he has fought them off. But one person that has not challenged him since then is Burns. Burns has had his own issues the last year fighting his own self-confidence as well as dealing with Better Future Talent Agency... but we aren't seeing that now.

DDK:

Oh, no, we are not. Burns, Jay Harvey and Gage Blackwood were downright screwed two weeks ago with 24K's attacks. Oscar came out like a house of fire earlier tonight and just verbally lashed out at 24K in a way we've never seen him do to anyone. Mikey heard enough, so now we are here tonight in this singles match. It's non-title, but if Oscar Burns can beat Mikey tonight? His ticket will be punched. So let's get to the main event with Darren Quimbey for intros!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is your main event of the evening! Introducing first, from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 237 pounds... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

The Technical Spectacle makes his way out and the response is THUNDEROUS! Sticking with the classic orange wrestling gear and the yellow "I LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt, Burns heads down to the ring. Oscar looks at the surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters. He warms up in the ring and with the Faithful responding in kind! He raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope before he takes off his t-shirt and tosses it into the crowd.

DDK:

Burns looks more determined than ever. After he lost the FIST to Mikey, he went through a crisis of confidence, slowly but surely. He lost a couple matches for the SoHer and for the Unified Tag Titles. He fought a well-received series against Lindsay Troy, then almost joined Better Future... but he woke up, he finally beat Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace at DEFCON, and now feels ready again to get back to the top.

Lance:

But during that time, Mikey Unlikely time and time again has shown whether we like him or not, he's been one of the most cunning and successful holders of the FIST. MUCH, much easier said than done.

The Technical Spectacle waits for his opponent.

♪ "Impious Pyre" by Savage Souls ♪

The lights in the arena cut out to pitch black. Finally, with a loud bang, a single spotlight hits the curtain where wrestlers emerge. The FIST Display case comes out first attached to the wrist of the champion. Mikey Unlikely slides through the curtain where new ring gear that's black and white. He stops in the spotlight and looks out over the crowd, the majority of which boo back in his direction. He smirks and removes his sunglasses.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Hollywood, California... weighing in at 221 pounds... he is "THE WORLD'S GREATEST ENTERTAINER" and THE CURRENT REIGNING FIST OF DEFIADE... **MIKEY UNLIKELY!**

DDK:

He ended the career of Scott Douglas at DEFCON and he and 24K sabotaged a #1 Contender's match two weeks

ago. He's gotta be feeling pretty good.

Lance:

We'll see if he still feels that way against Oscar Burns.

Mikey sets the case down and then heads into the ring. No 24K for the moment right now. Burns doesn't take his eyes off Mikey as he enters the ring. Once both men are inside, Benny Doyle calls for the bell...

DING DING

Mikey and Oscar circle up and neither guy looks ready to make a move just yet. Burns doesn't come out swinging, but neither does the champion. The two finally lock up and Burns tries to go for the leg, but Mikey quickly ducks away and clings to the ropes. He smirks at The Technical Spectacle as he does so.

DDK:

Mikey knows Burns well and knows not to let him get a hold of ANY limb.

Lance:

That he does. And Burns should know how Mikey operates... ANY means necessary to win.

Unlikely and Burns lock up a second time, but this time Burns goes for a rear takedown. He lifts Mikey up, but he frantically kicks and then lands and lunges out for the ropes. He gets them a second time and tells Benny to do his job and make Burns unhand HIS champion. Twists and Turns does just that and lets go a second time.

DDK:

Mikey knows just where to go to avoid these lock-ups.

The World's Greatest Entertainer shoots another smile at the man he took the title from at DEFCON 2020. Oscar, for his part, doesn't give him the satisfaction of a reaction even though it's clear he's trying hard. The two lock up a third time, but Mikey ducks then hauls off and SLAPS Burns across the face! The Faithful jeer as Mikey laughs and Oscar holds his face.

DDK:

Just sheer disrespect shown by the champion. He's clearly trying to get under Burns' skin!

Lance:

Yeah... and Burns looks like he wants to do something about it.

Burns tries to get at the champion again by going for his ankle! Mikey starts freaking out as The Technical Spectacle tries to go for his Heel Hook, but Mikey kicks free and rolls out to the floor! After getting free, Mikey starts sauntering like it's going out of style while Oscar growls at himself.

DDK:

Almost! He almost got Mikey in that heel hook, the Graps of Wrath II, but he's already out on the floor and now Mikey just baiting him.

When Burns goes out to the floor, Mikey slides back in and laughs, pulling the wool over Burns' eyes again. The Faithful jeer when Burns starts to climb in, only for Mikey to try and kick him... NO! Now they're cheering!

Lance:

WOW! Burns with the leg lock in the ropes! Mikey has been screwing with him for too long and now he's paying for it!

Mikey tells Benny to break it off and DEFIANCE's head referee tells him to do so, but The Team Graps Cap holds on until the count of four! He finally lets go and Mikey is left hobbling for a bit. Burns get back into the ring and then CLOCKS with a stiff elbow smash to the face! Burns throws Mikey into the corner and then wails on him with a flurry of

elbow smashes! The brain of the champion gets scrambled before Burns takes him out of the corner and whips him across the ring. Oscar charges, then nails Mikey with a huge running high knee in the corner!

DDK:

The FIST is REALLY paying for what he's done now!

The Faithful are fully in the corner of Burns as he grabs Mikey and then dumps him over with the rolling gutwrench suplexes! He drops him not once, not twice, but thrice! Mikey is hurt as Burns goes for a cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Lance:

Mikey kicks out... and now back to the floor again! He's trying to do what he can to stay away from Burns!

DDK:

The Technical Spectacle now following... WHAM!

Mikey tries to get away again, but Burns is right behind him and NAILS him with a running European uppercut against the barricade! The blow rocks him and he goes crashing right into it with the fans cheering him on. Burns doesn't take the chance to celebrate just yet despite the cheers of the crowd, but rather he rolls in and out under the bottom rope to reset a count!

DDK:

Wow! Burns taking a page out of Mikey's book! Resetting the count! What's he got planned?

Being pulled up by Burns, Mikey tries to get away in a punch-drunk daze, but Burns locks him in a Cobra Twist on the floor! He cranks back on the neck and midsection of the FIST! Mikey is in pain when Oscar lets go of the neck crank... but then grabs and pulls on the barricade for extra leverage to cheers from the crowd.

Lance:

Wow! Oscar punishing Mikey tonight! He's pulling a page out of the champion's playbook!

DDK:

Burns still holds high regard for the ring and the rules, but his battles with Better Future made him reach deep. He does this against Mikey and remembers when he jabbed Jack Mace in the eye after ADV jabbed his then-tag partner Scott Stevens first?

Burns lets go and then throws Mikey back inside the ring to try and finish the job. He goes back inside then DROPS him with the Back-crack-a-ma-jig! Then a cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Close one, but a kick out!

Lance:

Burns wants this win tonight! He knocks off Mikey in a non-title match and we'll definitely have a contender for the FIST whether he wants one or not!

Another elbow smash catches Mikey in the face, sending him sailing back to the corner. Mikey stumbles backward, but when Burns runs... Mikey pulls Doyle in the way! Burns moves the referee out of the way, but when he does, Mikey surprises him with an eye rake! The crowd jeers!

DDK:

He puts Doyle in the path of Burns and Mikey takes advantage!

Mikey then grabs Burns and hits him with a good ol' knee to the ass-bone aka an atomic drop! The move stuns his long-time rival, then Mikey follows it up immediately with a big backstabber! The double knee backbreaker connects, and Burns is now writhing in pain on the canvas.

DDK:

Now Mikey with the advantage! Cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Frustrated, the champion begins to bark at the official and asking for more consistent counts. Benny Doyle fires back that he's always consistent. The FIST ignores the response.

DDK:

The champion is unable to get the win and chides Benny Doyle, who he believes is at fault.

Unlikely picks Burns off the mat and guides him to the turnbuckle. He lifts up Burns over his shoulder and brings him face down across the top turnbuckle pad.

Oscar goes to his knees which I'd exactly what Unlikely had been hoping. Mikey takes a lap across the ring only to come back and dropkick Burns in the back so that his front meets all of the corners.

Lance:

OHH! What a blow by Mikey Unlikely! He hit that with authority!

He peels the former FIST out of the corner and grabs both legs. Unlikely drags him to the center of the ring and goes for his MDK, The Backstory!

DDK:

If Unlikely is unable to turn him over this could be all but done! The Man of Graps knows this move well and I would expect... THERE IT IS! Burns was able to grab Mikey's head and use it to pull himself up before letting go!

The blow does make Mikey release the hold as he lands on top of Burns but it's also takes the breath from the fan-favorite. Both men down, center of the ring.

Benny Doyle starts his count.

The Faithful in the DEFplex are willing on Oscar Burns to get up first. He senses their support and a leg starts kicking. The fans come alive. As Burns reaches his feet the crowd is ready. Mikey is getting up on the other side of the ring as well. Burns sees him and takes off.

Lance:

Diving Laria....NO!

at the last second Mikey ducks and pulls down the top rope. Burns momentum carries him over and crashing to the floor outside.

DDK:

What a car crash this match has become! Burns and Mikey finding reversal after reversal for one another. These two men have fought quite a bit during each DEFIANTS tenure and I'd believe both men did their homework and studied up.

Lance:

You're not kidding Keebs!

Mikey breathes a sigh of relief before rolling out of the ring himself. He smiles as he stalls and hovers around where

Burns is laying trying to recover.

He jaws with the fans a bit before slapping the beer out of ones hands. The fan, drunk and enraged, tried to get over the barricade before DEFSEC stops him. Unlikely laughs and turns his attention back to Burns who's made his way to his hands and knees. Mikey takes one step and with a slap hard around the Plex, his boot is heard cracking the ribs of Burns!

DDK:

I could hear that one all the way back here! No help needed on that!

Burns writhes and Mikey smiles as he lines up a second kick!

Lance:

The man is helpless down there, get in the ring and take the countout Mikey!

That's exactly what he tries to do. Sitting back in one corner he pulls himself up to the second rope and sits on the turnbuckle. He tells Benny to "get going" with the count.

Oscar Burns is able to make it in by the time the official gets to 8. Unlikely throws his arms up in frustration that he's got to continue. He hops down off the ropes and comes right at Burns again. He grabs him in a side headlock before taking him over and locking in the headlock on the ground. The fans in the DEFplex begin to chant...

BORING....BORING....BORING....

Unlikely seems to snap back at them.

"I'm not some kind of trained seal!" He lays down further. Locking in the hold.

Out of nowhere, it seems Oscar Burns has found some fire and slowly he fights his way back to his feet, but he's still wrapped up tight by Mikey. He inserts an elbow into the ribs of the FIST with vigor, after two more shots Mikey not only releases the hold but he's stunned momentarily holding his ribs. Burns sees an opening.

DDK:

Burns now grabs Unlikely between the legs... He's lifting him...

Lance:

He's deadlifting him! Look!

It's true, Burns takes Unlikely off his feet, then over the head of Oscar Burns with a T-Bone suplex. Both men crash hard on the mat. Unlikely holds his head in pain.

The faithful get behind Burns quick and in a hurry. He's getting up and feeling the momentum and testosterone flowing through his body.

DDK:

What's Oscar Burns looking for here?

He lifts Mikey's right arm up and bends him sideways. He applies his signature hold and starts immediately wrenching on the arm with his own.

Lance:

The Graps of Wrath! He's got it locked in, he's right in the middle of the ring and there's nowhere to go!

Unlikely screams in both shock and pain. Oscar Burns yanks hard on the arm, all the while rocking his body back and forth trying to get as much leverage as possible.

Lance:

BREAK HIS ARM BURNS!

DDK:

LANCE! WE CAN'T...

Lance:

Sorry Keebs, My emotions got the best of me for a minute, Oscar Burns is wrenching but Unlikely refuses to quit. He's panicked, look at those eyes, he's looking for any route of escape!

The route of escape finds him first. Outside the ring two of the 24K members run down the ramp and once again the fans boo loudly... Kendrix and Perfection here just in time to trip Benny Doyle and pull him from the ring. Benny Doyle starts to mouth off to Perfection, but he's having none of it, and in a quick move pushes Benny Doyle towards the ramp.

Inside the ring, Mikey Unlikely is tapping to the Graps of Wrath. The fans see it, the commentary team sees it, finally, 24K sees it and jumps in the ring. They attack burns and break the hold, both men throwing punches at the Kiwi.

Lance:

OSCAR BURNS HAD MIKEY RIGHT WHERE HE WANTED HIM!

DDK:

But tonight 24K just wouldn't allow us to get the end result that we should have. Just like two weeks ago, just like every time Mikey Unlikely gets in the ring. This is getting old fast Lance, someone's gotta take control of....

Outside the ring, Benny Doyle gets up. He looks up at Perfection who laughs down at him from the ring. Benny's had enough too. He pulls his referee shirt off and slams it down on the steel ramp. He then pulls his knuckles up towards Perfection.

The fans in the arena go ballistic. As Benny Doyle walks towards the ring menacingly, Perfection gets a scared look on his face and backs away. Benny Doyle can't believe it but keeps approaching the ring. Finally, as he goes to climb to the apron, we see Jay Harvey and Gage Blackwood slide past him and dive into the ring.

Now Benny sees why they were afraid.

Gage grabs Kendrix from behind and throws him over the top rope to the outside. Jay Harvey kicks Perfection and then sends him sailing in the opposite direction. Inside the ring Mikey Unlikely lay prone, undefended, unsavable.

He looks up slowly to see himself surrounded by a pissed off Jay Harvey, Gage Blackwood, and now a recovering Oscar Burns. He smiles sweetly and immediately starts begging off of them. The three slowly move in on the FIST of DEFIAНCE, and finally Gage picks Mikey up by the hair and drills him in the mush with a big forearm.

DDK:

Oh how the tables have turned Mr. Unlikely!

The Faithful are loud and the building begins to shake. Mikey eats the forearm and turns to find Jay Harvey waiting... SUPERKICK!

Lance:

BOOM! What a kick to the face!

Unlikely goes flying. Oscar Burns moves over to him once Gage Blackwood motions for him to get a turn. Oscar goes right back to the Graps of Wrath, Mikey Unlikely is screaming in the middle of the ring. Jay Harvey moves to the corner, Gage Blackwood gets down in Unlikely's face.

Gage Blackwood:

SUBMIT! SUBMIT LIKE YOU SHOULD HAVE! HE'S NOT LETTING GO UNTIL YOU DO!

Mikey screams and tries to find 24K with his eyes, They won't come save him with the numbers game in the ring. Mikey finally submits both by tapping and saying he quits.

Gage nods over to Jay Harvey who motions to the DEF timekeeper to ring the bell.

DING DING DING

Lance:

Well not the official ending of the match, but the lads made sure we had a finish tonight. One way or another.

Harvey gets a microphone and announces Oscar Burns as the winner of the match.

Jay Harvey:

FAITHFUL! Here is your winner.... TWISTS AND TURNS, OSCAR BURNS!

The faithful are losing their minds.

DDK:

I'm sure 24K is going to have a lot to say about this one in two weeks, but for one night only, 24K does NOT rule the roost. No! In fact, Jay Harvey, Gage Blackwood, and Oscar Burns have come together with a common goal...They have laid waste to our FIST of DEFIANCE in a scene not seen very often at all... MAKE SURE TO JOIN US NEXT WEEK FOR ALL THE FALLOUT OF WHAT IS SURE TO BECOME A DEFTv FOR THE AGES!

The three babyfaces shake hands in the ring as Kendrix and Perfection pull Mikey from under the bottom rope. Once safe they back up the ramp, but make sure to look back at the ring in disgust... but just for one night....they can't change a damn thing!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.