

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!

**JAY HARVEY IS THE ONE, TRUE FIST OF DEFIANCE!
A GAELIC STORM IS BREWING!
MIKEY UNLIKELY FEARS OSCAR BURNS
ARTHUR VS TILLINGHAST FOR DEFCON 2022
I MADE A SIGN FOR NATE EYE
EYE SEE WHAT YOU DID THERE
DEX JOY YA BIGGEST BOI
THIS SIGN IS FOR SCOTT STEVENS
MIKEY MIKEY MOTORCYKEY TURN THE KEY AND WATCH HIM PEE
BURNS IT DOWN (I'LL KEEP USING THIS IF MY SIGN GETS ON TV)
I BOUGHT THIS SKY HIGH IPA AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY HANGOVER
EYE'S UP HERE
IT'S A JOY SEEING THE BIGGEST BOY
24K SUX LULZ
GIVE THEM ALL A WAKE-UP CALL, HARVEY!**

DDK:

Hello everyone, welcome to night 2! We've got another jam packed night.

Lance:

Let's go to ringside!

MATT LaCROIX vs. BRONSON BOX

Lights Out.

Smoke has already begun to rise on the entrance as the Faithful begin to raise their cell phones like lightning bugs drifting around the DEFIArena. The hum of the guitar brings a dull red light to the smoke, silhouetting a man kneeling in the fog. He rises to his feet with a bright red glow around him.

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

The man bursts through the smoke wearing a black denim vest and a gray hood over his head, which is quickly pulled back to reveal the face of Matt LaCroix. The Faithful begin to chant "HEY!" and pump their fists in the air along with the music as the Orleans Outsider looks around him and nods before marching to the ring.

DDK:

I don't know why, Lance, but this entrance never gets old. What a way to start things off with Matt LaCroix!

Lance:

Darren, part of it is he's been so much fun to watch even since his BRAZEN days. This is a guy who was made for DEFIADE. He's a local guy. He hits like a truck. He's one of the most gifted and technically sound wrestlers on the DEFIADE roster. What's not to love?

DDK:

He's certainly made his share of... questionable personal life choices in the past? One might argue that his drive to get to the top of DEFIADE rubs some people the wrong way as well, and that might be what we're seeing here with Dex Joy, who won't be seen as a stepping stone but an insurmountable peak.

Lance:

I can't wait to see the landslide Dex is planning on hitting Matt with tonight! Any guesses on who his opponent will be?

DDK:

I'd hate to speculate, Lance. I'm just excited to see what's next!

Inside the ring Matt LaCroix tosses his vest outside of the ring and walks over to the ropes, staring out into the Faithful when...

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

The Faithful erupt for the theme of their Southern Heritage Champion and he wastes no time in gracing them with some BIG. DEX. ENERGY. The crowd is going crazy for the appearance of the massive Dex Joy. He looks out and scans the rowdy DEFIADE Wrestling Faithful before he walks over to the announce table and has a seat to watch the fireworks about to take place. He points at the stage for his chosen opponent for Matt LaCroix.

DDK:

As first revealed on defiancewrestling.com, both Dex Joy and Matt LaCroix will have the chance to choose a mystery opponent for the other to fight. Who did Dex choose to test the mettle of his challenger for the Southern Heritage title?

♪ "God's Gonna' Cut You Down" by Johnny Cash ♪

The Faithful are immediately on their feet as the man in black starts to croon his dark warning. The mustachioed man of mayhem steps through the curtain to an uproarious reaction from the four thousand strong here in the Wrestle-Plex. Darren Quimbey puts a little sauce on it tonight...

Darren Quimbey:

And making his way to the ring, weighing in tonight at seventeen stooooone... from the boggy shores of Banff,

Scotland... he is a TWO TIIIIIIIME FIIIIIIIST OF DEFIA NCE! THE FIRST EVER UNIFIED WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION IN DEFIAA NCE HISTORYYYYYY! THE WARGOD, THE STAAAARMAKER... HE IS...

Boxer steps through the ropes and steps onto his canvas perfectly on cue.

Darren Quimbey:

THE BOMBASTIC! BRONSOOOOOON BOOOOOOX!

The Wargod eyeballs his opposition as he walks the ropes and plays to his Faithful.

DING DING

Matt LaCroix and Bronson Box step to the center of the ring and meet face to face for the very first time.

THIS IS DEFI-ANCE!

THIS IS DEFI-ANCE!

THIS IS DEFI-ANCE!

They measure each other up for a few seconds and immediately begin beating the shit out of each other. The Faithful erupt as overhand and knife-edge chops are exchanged between european uppercuts and headbutts. Box's hit harder but LaCroix's come faster before a particularly stiff uppercut from the Wargod looks to almost dislocate Matt's jaw. The Faithful audibly groan in stereo as Bronson doesn't take kindly to the younger Louisiana Bloodletter getting in his face, in his ring, trying to best him at his own style.

DDK:

Jesus CHRIST!

Lance:

I don't think he's anywhere around what's going on in that ring!

DDK:

Matt LaCroix might need him to catch a breather here!

Southern Strong Style turns his back to try to better manage the blows but gets a back rack for his trouble, sending him arched and stumbling forward as Boxer just continues to drive forearms into the back of the First Favoured Saint.

Dex Joy:

Whooo, pallies, I knew this one was going to get violent but dayum! I'm here for this action!

LaCroix mercifully makes it to the corner where he finds the sweet escape of a rope break. It's called for but not given as the Wargod grabs Matt's hand off the rope and jerks him back to the center of the ring, attempting to separate the fingers from the hand before LaCroix reverses into the wrist hold followed by a hammerlock. He eats an elbow to the previously rocked jaw as Boxer breaks loose and LaCroix uses the escape as a means to gather himself and rolls outside of the ring.

Lance:

He finally got some distance, Darren!

DDK:

And he needed it! A sharp reversal bought him some time but another bludgeoning elbow from the two-time FIST of DEFIA NCE reminded him that he needed to get away.

Bronson had the privilege of knowing who his opponent was and knows that he can't let Matt LaCroix get a game plan together, so he gives chase to the outside of the ring but LaCroix reverses and pulls the leg out from under the Wargod sending him down hard to the apron. Matt follows up with a quick jumping knee strike to the side of Bronson's skull

and shoves him back into the ring. After a few heavy breaths and a jaw check, LaCroix follows and is immediately mounted by the DEFIAНCE legend!

Lance:

The Boston Massacre?! Already?!

Dex Joy:

Nah I don't care if you're Oscar Burns, Bronson Box or if you're a guy just getting started in this business ... you ain't beating Matt LaCroix that easily!

DDK:

Matt LaCroix is just too mat savvy! He's already out!

The Reaper of the Pontchartrain quickly escapes the submission attempt, although one might wonder if it was more of an attempt to get into LaCroix's head. The Original Defiant and the First Favoured Saint then lock up in the ring, Bronson pushing Matt back towards the corner before LaCroix drops to the canvas and drops Box with a drop toe hold! Now that he's got the former FIST on the ground Matt immediately grabs the ankle of Boxer and places it under his boot and slams it hard into the canvas.

DDK:

Matt LaCroix has finally started to put a strategy into place here, Lance! Looking to target that ankle of Bronson Box!

Lance:

He has to do something to keep Boxer from putting so much power into those bruising strikes!

Matt wrenches the ankle, trying to maintain offense as Boxer attempts to kick loose. Bronson manages to get onto his back and shove LaCroix off with his legs, but Matt uses the momentum to leg whip Box, roll through, and continue control. An impressive display of technical prowess as he then drags the Wargod back towards the middle of the ring and slamming the ankle down under his boot once again. Following up, the Louisiana Bloodletter wraps Box's leg around his own in a modified Mexican Surfboard before just stomping down onto the leg of the STARMAKER over and over and over again.

DDK:

He's just destroying that leg!

Lance:

That's one way to keep yourself from getting knocked out!

Dex Joy:

I'm gonna look out for that at Maximum Defiance! Us big guy types get our legs roughed up like that to give them a chance so I'm not letting him do that to me.

Bronson Box powers out through the pain but immediately grabs his leg once he's free. Favoring it as he tries to get to a vertical base while being stalked by the Reaper of the Pontchartrain. Boxer gets to the ropes right as Matt grabs his ankle once again, Brian Slater calling for the break as LaCroix reaches down to grab Box. He's raked in the face for his trouble and goes stumbling backwards. Boxer quickly pulls himself up to his feet, seizing the opportunity to rush the Orleans Outsider while he's blinded and goes for a double leg takedown that sends LaCroix to his back hard!

DDK:

You can't get comfortable having control on Bronson Box for a MINUTE, Lance! There's just too much fight in the guy!

Lance:

Matt seems to be rolling with the punches, though! Look at this!

As Box goes to ground-and-pound LaCroix, Matt escapes and gets side-control, being keen to stay on Bronson's right

side as he has for most of the match, before sliding across the former FIST and grabbing the leg. Box tries to crawl free but LaCroix deadweights him and locks him into a kneebar & ankle lock combo!

DDK:

PEACEMAKER! PEACEMAKER!

Lance:

Matt LaCroix is going hold for hold with Bronson Box and is looking IMPRESSIVE! This is unbelievable!

Slater asks Bronson with no realistic expectation if he'd like to submit and gets the response he expects as Boxer fights through the excruciating pain. His ankle and knee are being ripped in opposite directions, but the stout Wargod wills his way out through a series of well placed hard kicks with his free leg and some extensive ground game knowledge leading to another rope break. LaCroix holds on for as long as possible before releasing the hold. Boxer uses the ropes to pull himself up, showing an obvious limp as Matt LaCroix lines him up for...

DDK:

D-I-S! DESTRUCTION IN SPADES!

Lance:

NO!

Bronson Box drops back to the mat and pulls the top rope down with him, sending Matt LaCroix barrelling to the outside of the ring ass-over-tea kettle.

Dex Joy:

I've heard all about the legends of Bronson Box and wow ... this guy is something that can do whatever he wants but does the little stuff like that. He's definitely on my list of people I want to face too.

Both men take some time to recover from their battle and after more than a few moments the Original Defiant breaks the count out, having a reputation to uphold, and then goes to the outside grinding through the limp grab a nearly vertical Matt LaCroix and just man-toss him into the barricade. The targeted leg is slowing him down, but the raw power is compensating as Boxer jerks the Reaper of the Pontchartrain back up to his feet again and whips him hard into the ringpost. LaCroix's neck whips as he then falls down to the concrete floor. The Wargod grabs him by the back of the tights and rolls him into the ring.

DDK:

It's almost as if Bronson Box in just a few seconds outside of the ring has just beaten the drive out of Matt LaCroix, who has just come so close to pulling off what I imagine most people would feel is an incredible upset!

Lance:

It's just blow after blow after blow, Darren. A man can only take so much.

Box goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... KICKOUT!

Matt LaCroix manages to kick out to the delight of the Faithful who are enthralled in this match continuing on. Brian Slater shows Bronson Box the count, who then immediately reaches down and claws at the face of his opponent, savagely trying to pull Matt LaCroix's jaw right off his face with reckless abandon. Slater begins a count to break the hold and Boxer breaks it right at five before slamming the skull of Matt LaCroix twice, hard, into the canvas and making another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

Dex Joy:

Let it be said I'm taking this match with Matt LaCroix seriously. I'm seeing first hand why I want to challenge him with this title on the line and it's that right there, pallies -- never say die.

Frustrated, Bronson Box rolls Matt LaCroix onto his stomach and locks him into The Boston Massacre! The Faithful jump to their feet and begin making noise as LaCroix at first flails in pain but then manages to maneuver his way to an escape by breaking Bronson's iron-like grip. Boxer responds by hitting Matt with a couple of stiff forearms to the back of his skull and locking it in once again. LaCroix gets his arm between the side of his head and Box's arm and uses it to roll Box onto his back!

ONE!

But Bronson Box rolls through and continues to apply the hold!

DDK:

Can you believe that!

Lance:

What's Matt LaCroix have to do to break this hold?!

DDK:

Bronson Box is INSISTING LaCroix tap out!

The roll, however, put the Louisiana Bloodletter's legs substantially closer to the ropes where he just barely kicks the bottom rope and Brian Slater calls for another break, frustrating Bronson Box even further!

Lance:

HE GOT OUT?!

DDK:

Even Dex Joy can't believe it!

The camera quickly shows Dex Joy at the announce table with his mouth open and his hands on top of his head as the Wargod is forced to break the hold. Bronson breaks the hold and then begins to stomp away at the downed LaCroix before being forced back once more. He backs up for just a second then lunges in again to grab Matt and pull him up to his feet. Box then whips Matt LaCroix hard into the corner. Box follows and lands a few hard open hand slaps to the head and face of the Louisiana Bloodletter before picking him up for the BOMBASTO Bomb, but the First Favoured Saint jumps over Bronson's back off of his shoulders landing on his feet before stumbling down onto his hands and knees.

DDK:

What does Bronson Box have to do to put down Matt LaCroix?!

The Original Defiant turns around and Matt LaCroix uses everything he has left to fire towards Box with a Shining Wizard and the Faithful erupt!

Lance:

DESTRUCTION IN SPAD...

DDK:

NO!

Boxer catches LaCroix and drops him right onto the turnbuckle!

DDK:

BOMBASTO BOMB!

Lance:

Oh my Lord!

*ONE!**TWO!**THREE!***DING DING DING**

The Faithful are on their feet as the match ends as Bronson Box has his arm raised by Brian Slater to end the match.

*♪ "God's Gonna Cut You Down" by Johnny Cash ♪***Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of this match... BRONSON BOOOOOOX!

The Wargod looks down at his opponent shaking his head in disbelief while trying to work out his leg and ankle some more. He nods before leaving the ring and heading to the back. Up at the announce table, Dex Joy is on his feet clapping for the #1 Contender to his Southern Heritage Championship. The Faithful are still on their feet well after the Original Defiant has left the arena. Eventually Matt LaCroix, with a little assistance from a couple members of the medical team and Brian Slater, makes it up to his feet.

DDK:

What a showing from both Bronson Box and Matt LaCroix, you have to give it to the former Favoured Saints Champion, Lance! I didn't know if anything was going to keep him down tonight!

Lance:

He has resolve, that's for sure, and something to prove. Unfortunately he suffered the same fate as just about every man in the history of DEFIAНCE and fell victim to one of the greatest to ever put on a singlet. It's happened to them all.

Dex Joy:

They laid it all out on the line tonight pallies. I'm going to beat whoever LaCroix picks for me next week and then I'll be ready for him.

As he stands in the ring, one hand on the back of his head and the other rubbing his jaw, he makes eye contact with Dex Joy who continues with the Faithful in giving Matt LaCroix a respectful ovation. Southern Strong Style, on the other hand, simply hangs his head in disappointment before shaking it accordingly. He begins to stagger his way out of the ring as the scene fades.

COMMERCIAL: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE*CARD AS IT STANDS***UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS**

The Comments Section © vs. SNS

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP

Dex Joy © vs. Matt LaCroix

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RICK DICKULOUS vs. CRESCENT CITY KID

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall! Introducing first, weighing four-hundred-twenty-five pounds... RICK DICKULOUS!!!

♪ “Face Fisted” by Dethklok ♪

Rick marches out, eyeing the man already in the ring, the Crescent City Kid.

DDK:

I don't like where this match is going.

Lance:

Hasn't even started, Keebs.

DDK:

I'm aware.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent-

Rick enters the ring and knocks into Quimbey. The giant immediately looks at ref Mark Shields and asks for the bell. CCK agrees.

DING DING

DDK:

And Rick comes charging in with a big boot to the Crescent City Kid but CCK rolls out of the way. The Kid comes back with a couple of chops to Rick's chest...

Lance:

Chops aren't going to work here.

DDK:

Pretty sure CCK realizes that now as he bounces off the ropes, leaps into the air

WHAM.

Dickulous hammers a wicked right fist into Crescent City Kid's chest as the masked star collapses to the mat in a heap. Rick slowly paces over, peels CCK off the mat and gorilla presses him.

DDK:

Rick is showing off his strength...

Rick lets go of The Kid, as the surfer lands on Rick's shoulders. The big man screams as he builds a head full of steam around the ring, the entire time having the Crescent City Kid laid across his right shoulder.

Ring shaking powerslam follows.

ONE.

TWO.

FOOT ON THE ROPE.

The Faithful cheer but Rick fumes. He immediately snatches CCK by his mask and puts him into a choke hold. Rick

marches around the ring again, this time with CCK dangling by a thread.

DDK:

Sitout spinebuster slam!

ONE.

TWO.

RICK PULLS CCK'S SHOULDERS UP!

DDK:

What the hell!?

Lance:

I guess he's mad from the foot on the ropes.

The crowd continues to boo as Rick takes the Crescent City Kid and headbutts him all the way to a corner. The headbutts continue, many, many times but since it's referee Mark Shields, no five count is administered.

DDK:

Rick Irish whips CCK into the buckle across the way and comes charging in with a BIG SPLASH!

Crescent City falls to the canvas.

DDK:

This match is OVER Rick. Just pin the boy.

Rick doesn't. Instead, he hits CCK with a release German suplex.

And another.

And another.

And another.

Someone from the crowd shouts "STOP, STOP HE'S ALREADY DEAD" to which Rick shrugs it off. The giant body slams Crescent City in the center of the mat and then lands a powerful leg drop. Finally, Rick ends things with the Misery Whip.

DDK:

Keep him down for the count, man.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match via pinfall... RICK DICKULOUS!

Lance:

Well, the strong man showed his colors tonight, that's for sure.

Rick pushes off of the Crescent City Kid as he gets to his feet, allowing referee Mark Shields to raise his arm as the scene goes backstage.

REAPER RED BECOMES YOU

We are greeted with Courtney Paz standing outside what appears to be The Kabal's secret entrance down in WrestlePlex's boiler room.

Courtney Paz:

Tyler, come on man! We don't have much time - you said it yourself we need to be down there quickly, catch this Guardian by surprise and make a fool of him. What are you doing that's taking so long?!

Courtney's plea goes unanswered as she huffs in frustration. Pulling out her cell phone, she accesses her Facebook page and glares at the screen.

Courtney Paz:

Freaking Teresa still hasn't accepted my friend request. How does she expect to get to know us better if I can't even connect to her on her preferred platform!

The conversation is one sided as Courtney is still standing outside of the gloomy looking doorway. With the door still sealed tight a loud shuffling can be heard from the other side.

Courtney Paz:

Finally, Tyler! Come on, the match is about to start!

Unfortunately the door doesn't open. Instead, Courtney Paz is still left in silence and unjoined by the mysterious and silent Tyler Fuse. Putting her phone back in her business skirt, Courtney shifts her glasses on her face before frustration boils over and she reaches for the door, yanking it open in the process.

Lights out

Courtney Paz:

What the hell..?

Staring into the dark hallway, the lights around Courtney suddenly shut off, leaving her and the viewers in darkness. Movement can be heard as shadows loom towards the camera and is accompanied by a pair of red glowing eyes.

Reaper Red: *[Voice modified]*

We warned the Guardian that it would be over if they continued to pursue us. Now The Kabal gets to unleash... me.

Courtney Paz:

Yeah, that's all well and good but you got about two minutes to get to the ring... and Tyler, you didn't take it, did you?

As Reaper Red approaches the camera, the lights flicker back on behind the frame of Tyler Fuse, supposedly now in the costume of Reaper Red. The question falls on deaf ears as a growl emanates from behind Reaper Red's costume, before they walk forward and off camera.

Courtney Paz:

Tyler... Did you? Answer me!

Calling for her fellow Kabal mate, Courtney's requests for answers go off camera as she attempts to chase down Reaper Red as we cut elsewhere.

CODENAME: GUARDIAN vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT

Lance:

I'm not sure what to make of what we just witnessed Darren, but I have to say - if Tyler Fuse really did ingest Reaper Serum as he looks like he did, I don't want to be on the bad side of him when he dons the costume.

DDK:

..... This all sounds a little too weird to me. Are these guys just making up things as we go? Super Serum - Reaper Serum? Are they suped up wrestlers is that what makes The Kabal so nuts? Everyone is on a spooky serum?

Lance:

Well for one thing Codename: Guardian surely can't be pleased to know that Tyler Fuse is eagerly awaiting to hunt him down in the Reaper Red costume!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match up is... set for one fall. Making his way to the ring first.....

DDK:

Not if this man has anything to say about it. Arthur's been nothing but a distraction for Codename: Guardian ever since the Kabal's special battle royale!

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Under The Midnight Sun in Utqiavik, Alaska..... standing six feet three inches tall and weighing 207lbs THE PROVOCATEUR....ARTHUUUUUUR... PLEEEEEASAAAANT!

Lance:

Codename: Guardian and Arthur Pleasant had quite a clash at last week's UNCUT and this rematch is supposed to set the record straight according to Arthur Pleasant. He immediately demanded a rematch with Codename: Guardian here tonight!

DEFIACTN Replays show the quick pinfall winning counter Codename: Guardian managed to pull off at last week's UNCUT. This sets off a quick cheering reaction from The Faithful but it's quickly set to fizzle as Arthur's slow appearance from the Guerilla position is met with a loud chorus of boos from The Faithful.

*WE DON'T LIKE YOU!
PLEASE SHUT UP!
WE DON'T LIKE YOU!
PLEASE SHUT UP!*

♪ "Danse Macabre" by Saint-Saens ♪

Violins screech through the DEFplex as "Danse Macabre" plays over the sound system. Moments later, The Provocateur himself, Arthur Pleasant, emerges from Guerilla. He stand in his usual pose: arms out, sick smile plastered on his pale, evil face, and his eyes closed as he absorbs the hatred from the capacity crowd.

Arthur Pleasant opens his eyes and starts cackling at the vitriol being thrown his way from the Faithful.

DDK:

God. This guy is beyond sick. I've never encountered someone who, every single time he makes an appearance, I am legitimately creeped out by.

Lance:

I second that. One-hundred percent.

♪ "Fake Fool" by Khz ♪

As Benny Doyle watches Arthur's antics from a safe spot in the ring, the lights dim down as C:G's music comes alive in Wrestleplex. The word 'CODENAME:' appears in solid and impactful looking black letters on the DEFIAtron. Below it, a strange code appears, a random set of numbers, but before anything can be made of it, the numbers start flipping into letters until the word 'GUARDIAN' appears below it.

POP! FIREWORKS!

A burst of white pillars of fireworks run down the ramp as Codename: Guardian appears amongst the mist, once again brandishing the white kendo stick, Codename: Guardian walks with heavy purpose towards the ring, hoping to follow up his previous victory against Arthur Pleasant with another.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, hailing from parts unknown and weighing in at one-hundred-and-ninety-six pounds... CODENAME: GUARDIAN!!!!!!

Lance:

You have to believe that tonight will be a different story, Arthur Pleasant seemed utterly convinced he was going to walk away with a victory at UNCUT but perhaps he overprepared for that match up.

DDK:

Does he really... ever... prepare? He seems more like a 'wing it' cause i'm a nut case type guy.

Benny Doyle is attempting to start the match but Codename: Guardian is hesitant to step inside of the ring, Arthur's presence against the ropes is gives Guardian a brief pause when suddenly...

Lights out.

V/O: [Mr. Fear]

Codename: Guardian you were warned and now you will face the consequences for continuing to pursue The Kabal!

The Faithful get up to their feet as the house lights turn into a Crimson Red!

♪ "Rocket Skates" by Deftones ♪

Lance:

Is that.. That's Reaper Red's music!?

As Codename: Guardian contemplates entering the ring, one of the original 'Reaper's introduction music is played over the DEFIAtron. The video package for 'old school' Reaper Red plays throughout, showing various victories over high profiled DEFIAWNING stars. Suddenly, the ramp way lights up with red pillars of fireworks lining down towards the ring.

DDK:

I don't think The Kabal are going to let Guardian go away quietly, they've been throwing different distractions and attacks at the white ranger for weeks now. This looks to be another one!

As Arthur Pleasant sneers at the scene from within the ring, Guardian is in full defense mode, standing in the ominous red lights as they stare upwards at the rampway. A fully masked Reaper appears at the top of the rampway, with a black kendo stick in hand - they stare down at the white masked hero who intercedes in EVERYTHING the Kabal does.

Lance:

Guardian's not waiting around for a fight!

Charging up the ramp, Codename: Guardian isn't interested in sitting around and waiting for an attack. However,

Codename: Reaper Red is waiting for them.

DDK:

Reaper Red clobbers Guardian with a hard clothesline as the two meet at the top of the ramp!!

With a hard charge forward, Guardian attempts to take out Reaper Red but is instead sent down hard to the rampway with a clothesline. Reaper Red stares down at his victim with a look in his glowing red eyes that simply screams 'hatred'. With a loud grunt Reaper Red yanks Guardian up to their feet, hooking the masked warrior up... FRONT FACE RUSSIAN LEG SWEEP!

Lance:

Holy shit! Guardian's body just ricocheted up from that rampway like a ragdoll! I don't think they were ready for Reaper Red's aggression!

Arthur Pleasant looks on in excitement as C:G is dragged down the rampway by their costume, The Faithful attempt to cheer him to collectiveness but Guardian is nowhere near saving as Reaper Red hooks them....

DDK:

EVENFLOW ON THE RAMP!

Cameras flash as Codename: Guardian is hooked up under the arm of Reaper Red and driven down with a hateful force. Guardian's head collides with the rampway from the heavy force of the DDT and the crowd's excitement is cut out completely.

Lance:

I'm not sure if after that Guardian will be able to continue.

Reaper Red picks up the ranger and points out the destroyed embodiment of DEFIAНCE's masked hero.

Reaper Red: [voice modified]

They aren't worth the words they spew....

A disgusted statement as Reaper Red rolls Codename: Guardian into the ring. Arthur Pleasant backs off as Benny Doyle is unsure of whether or not to ring the bell.

DDK:

This is not a fair contest.

Lance:

I don't think Arthur Pleasant cares too much, he's already asked Benny Doyle to ring the bell!

As Guardian shakes the cobwebs out of their head, Doyle looks to them to see if they want to continue, stupidly so the masked hero shakes their head yes. Attempting to steady themselves in the corner Benny Doyle gives the signal for the bell and the match kicks off!

DING DING

Arthur Pleasant RUSHES C:G with a foot extended... but Guardian side-steps and Arthur goes flying into the turnbuckles, spilling awkwardly onto the mat!

DDK:

There's life in him yet!

Lance:

Come on, kid! Dig deep!

Codename: Guardian grabs Arthur's arm and brings him to his feet. Pulling him to the opposite turnbuckles from where they stand, C:G follows Pleasant to the other side and nails him in the back with a stiff clothesline. Pleasant falls to the mat in a heap as Guardian grabs Pleasant by his feet.

Using all of his strength, Guardian falls back, catapulting Pleasant head first into the post!

RAAAAAA!

As Pleasant spills back, Guardian rolls him up!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE-

NO! Pleasant kicks out just before the three-count, deflating the DEFplex from all excitement. Guardian pounds the mat, still reeling from the vicious onslaught of Reaper Red. The Faithful begin rallying for Codename: Guardian to get to his feet.

DDK:

Oh man, this place is electric right now!

Lance:

Come on, Guardian! You can do it!

As Guardian gets to his feet, he turns and is met with a DEVASTATING single-legged dropkick that folds him inside out.

DDK:

Dammit.

Lance:

Provocation.

One.

Two.

Three.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match via pinfall... ARTHUUUUUUR.... PLEASAAAAANT!

Lance:

What a devastating kick from Arthur Pleasant and Guardian just could not recover. There is no way he was in shape to actually fight the Pure Wrestler after what we witnessed from Tyler Fuse's onslaught.

DDK:

You mean 'Reaper Red'? Even Tyler at his most hateful presence has rarely escalated things like he did tonight, striking another wrestler before they could even get to the ring to compete! It's cowardly.

Lance:

Cowardly or not, it cost Guardian this match up and Arthur Pleasant seems overly pleased with himself as is now

officially getting his hand raised by Benny Doyle in victory!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

THE AUDACITY

The camera is backstage and is focused on a DEFIANCE WRESTLING Banner. Christie Zane steps in front of the camera and as professionally as possible announces the next guests...

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen we're joined at this time by...

Before she can say anything the FIST display case is placed inches from the camera lens and it becomes clear who's joining her. As it is pulled back we see all of 24K. Cayle Murray, Jesse Kendrix, Perfection, Mikey Unlikely and Jack Hunter... one man looks odd however.

No, not Jack Hunter, he always looks like that!

Mikey Unlikely's face is completely wrapped in white bandages. Only his nose and mouth are seen, he wears dark black sunglasses over his injured face and mummy like wrapping. A little bit of his hair sticks out over the top.

He holds out the FIST case but otherwise remains as stoic as possible!

Christie Zane:

Guy's what happened last week with the likes of Jay Harvey, Gage Blackwood, and Oscar Burns?

Kendrix is fired up and eager to speak.

Kendrix:

Listen Yeah!? What those three buffoons did two weeks ago on DEFTv is not only immoral, but it's ILLEGAL! Christie Zane, you of all people should know, you can't have people interfering in matches around here! If we let one person do it then soon everyone is going to be doing it. DEFIANCE is run too well to be disparaged by the likes of these idiots! I for one am not going to let it stand! It's utter complacency!

Kendrix dramatically slams his fist against the backdrop in frustration. James Witherhold steps forward next.

Perfection:

THIS IS UNACCEPTABLE!!!! Look at this manly man's face- you can't even see it! Is DEFIANCE going to let these three OUTLAWS run wild all over the place just doing whatever they see fit? Aren't they going to hold these dopey losers accountable? How will we ever get a clear and decisive winner to any match if people can do whatever they want without repercussion.... clearly something we never do! We have attorney's on standby waiting for us to press charges or sue Blackwood, Burns, and Harvey! We're strongly considering those actions!

Jack Hunter moves forward for his rousing speech, but Cayle Murray places a hand on his shoulder and pulls him back to the background.

Cayle Murray:

It's unfair, it's unjust, and quite frankly it cannot stand, Crystal! We're the greatest group of wrestlers to ever be assembled in the history of things behind assembled. We're the well-oiled machine of well-oiled machines. The greatest men who ever lived! We claw and we fight and we tear down each and every wrestler set before us, it's incredible! But when people start throwing wrenches into the machine, that's not a good vibe, Chrissy. Not a good vibe at all.. So let me give a hint to the three stooges of DEFIANCE - the fake William Wallace, cosplaying "graps" nonce, and, uhh... the other one - you suck. And you will die!

That's a lot of bullshit for Christie to take in one go. However, it's not her first time. She's a seasoned bullshit veteran these days, especially when it comes to 24K.

Christie Zane:

Gentlemen, be that as it may...

Kendrix:

LOOK AT MIKEY'S FACE, CHRISTIE. JUST LOOK AT IT!

Jesse points Zane's attention towards the heavily bandaged FIST of DEFIACTE.

Kendrix:

Do you know exactly how much money this company is losing out on right now while the world is denied the beautiful face of Mikey Money?! Did you not see the ratings from last DEFtv's MAIN EVENT!?

Jesse takes out his calculator and frantically taps away at the keys prior to shoving the result in front of Christie's face.

Kendrix:

Lots. Lots of money is the answer. You hate to see it, Christie.

Jesse shows Perfection and Cayle the figure. They shake their heads disgusted at the loss of revenue.

Jack Hunter:

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Make it say BOOBIES! Turnips.

Everyone in the room ignores Jack Hunter.

Finally it's time for the champion to speak. He moves over to the microphone and gets right on top of it. I'm talking make-out sesh close. His voice is soft, he seems to struggle to find the words.

Mikey Unlikely:

You know, when I became Champion, many many years ago... I knew there would be challenges, I knew there would be obstacles, I knew there would be tough opponents! Never once did I think I would be beatdown gang style within the hallowed halls of the DEFplex. This is my home. This is the house that The Bruvs built...

The fans boo loudly at Mikey but he can't hear them through all the gauze.

Kendrix:

WE BUILT THIS HOUSE DAMMIT! I've always said that.

Mikey Unlikely: *[whispering]*

Yea but I said it first. Christie, I'm hurting... I'm covered in lacerations, contusions, and fractures. I'm not sure I'm going to be able to defend THE FIST for months at this point! It's going to take a long time for me to mend, so in the meantime I'm just asking everyone to give me some space while I heal.

The men of 24K slowly back away from the champion, giving him space. Except for Jack Hunter who stands there unknowingly like a dork.

Christie Zane:

MONTHS!? Mikey if I may be so bold, what we saw you go through last week was rough, but it really wasn't anything you would encounter outside a typical wrestling match.

That's it.

Mikey Unlikely:

I SAID IT HURTS! CHRISTIE I MADE MY WAY OVER HERE FROM THE NEAREST HOSPITAL WITH THESE BANDAGES. I'VE BEEN LAID UP FOR TWO WEEKS STRAIGHT!

Finally Jack Hunter speaks!

Jack Hunter:

HAHAHAHA! Yes. After I, Jack Hunter, The Street Fighter, AKA The Superbest, AKA Lil' Broozy, AKA Yung Contusions, AKA The Undefeatin'gibbled 1239 HASHTAG NEW STREAK, did the thing, until the thing was done, I did another thing, yes, and that thing, was this... I tied him up. Like a cow. I hate cows, see. Cows equal piss.

Hunter holds up the pharmacy receipt for all the gauze. Mikey's head drops in place. Clearly flustered by the gaffe.

Mikey Unlikely:

Murray, if you would do the honors?

Cayle shakes his head then nods and grabs Jack by the shoulders. He "not so gently" leads him out of the shot. Then we hear a crash and Cayle Murray comes back alone shaking the dirt off his hands.

Mikey Unlikely:

As I was saying, I've been laid up for weeks, but I'm a manly champion Christie... I couldn't let a single edition of DEFTv go by without my gorgeous face on it. I couldn't leave every single DEFIANCE faithful member sad and upset about not seeing me here tonight. So here I am!

Chrisie Zane:

We can't see your face Mikey, it's covered!

He chuckles and nods towards Christie...

Mikey Unlikely:

Of Course! My fault, I forgot!

He removes the sunglasses from his face and stands proudly. No more of his face can be seen however, it's all wrapped up.

Christie:

Mikey, the gauze...

He snaps his fingers remembering that as well. He breathes heavily and reaches up and slowly starts to unwrap the medical bandage. He takes his time and winces twice. Finally as he's making the final laps (Jack really tied it on there), we can see his face. He pulls off the bandages completely and we see a small cut about 1/2 inch long under one eye. Everything else looks fine.

Mikey Unlikely:

LOOK AT ME! I'M A MONSTER NOW! LOOK WHAT THOSE NORMAL COFFEE DRINKERS DID TO ME! I DON'T KNOW HOW I'M GOING TO GO ON! CHRISTIE YOU HATE TO SEE IT!

24K cover their eyes in disgust while Christie tries to look shocked but keeps giving knowing glances to the camera.

Mikey Unlikely:

It's unbelievable! Tonight we want some payback! We want some revenge! We want A FAIR FIGHT! I've had enough Christie, so I'm going to do something about it! I'm going to send Cayle Murray and Perfection out there tonight to show TWO of those idiots what's what! I'm going to show them...through Perfs and Murfs why you don't mess with 24K!

The camera cuts to an already-ready graphic for tonight's main event. Murrfaction vs Oscar Burns and Jay Harvey! The crowd goes undomesticated!

REMEMBER THAT

We come back from commercial to see "The Natural One" Jay Harvey and "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns smack dab in the center of your screen. The crowd can be heard cheering as the two good guys begin to chat.

Jay Harvey:

I'm sick and tired of this... These guys are terrible. Night after night. The games and the jokes. It needs to end.

The Team Graps Cap nods in agreement; the events of the last few weeks are very much fresh on his mind.

Oscar Burns:

You're right, GC... Every week, we've had to endure the Fools Gold Arseholes just patting themselves on the damn back like they run the place... I had Mikey right where I wanted that ponce, too... not that I didn't appreciate the help from you and Gage. But I gotta be the one that undoes all that he and 24K have done... too much has gone on because I lost that title.

Jay Harvey:

Alone it can't be done, Oscar. The only way to beat them is with numbers of your own. Despite our past, put that on the side and cave these guys' skulls in.

Mulling his words over, Burns does take it into consideration.

Oscar Burns:

True, GC, very true. Look, I know we used to have a rocky past when you were all "evil UTAH Mormon taking over the DEFIANCE" but I've seen you bust your ass off since you've come back and I respect you, Jay. Long as you have my back now against these pricks, you can consider your back watched as well. This won't stop until they get what's coming to them for all they've put DEFIANCE through!

Harvey shakes his hand... but when Burns goes to leave, he grips tighter.

Jay Harvey:

No one wants to see these stooges pay more than me. Today we fight against a common enemy. But Oscar...

Burns turns toward Harvey.

Jay Harvey:

Tomorrow, WE will be enemies. Remember that.

Burns doesn't know what to make of that but he exits, leaving Jay Harvey alone. He turns to his left and the camera pans with him. He is stopped. A little more right reveals Bronson Box in fresh 4k high resolution.

Bronson Box:

He's still a little firecracker, ain't he?

The two aren't far from each other. Neither man is moving back. Bronson is clad in his gear, a placid expression on his face.

Jay Harvey:

Bronson... Nice to see you back.

The Wargod chuckles and starts winding off his wrist tape.

Bronson Box:

The two of you plottin' and plannin' to take Unlikely and his rat bastard friends down warms my heart, boy'o. Listenin' to ya' I'm not exactly convinced yer' prepared to do what it takes actually takes to do the deed.

Jay Harvey:

Don't forget I've had your number in the past. I'm not backing down from them... and I sure as hell aren't backing down from you.

Bronson puts on a big smile. He likes the attitude from Harvey.

Bronson Box:

There's a difference between winnin' and gettin' rid of them twats fer good... if yer' truly interested in seeing the LAST of Mikey Unlikely... well, you and sparky know where to find me, lad.

Box leaves Harvey with those finals words. We stay on Harvey before cutting to the next piece.

SCOTT STEVENS vs. AARON KING

As we come back from commercial we see Darren and Lance ready to call the action.

DDK:

Up next ladies and gentlemen is Arthur Pleasant's lackey, Aaron King, taking on the former FIST of DEFIANCE champion, Scott Stevens.

Lance:

Harsh words, but never truer words.

♪ "Danse Macabre" by Saint-Saens ♪

DDK:

Oh boy. So he's coming out to Arthur's theme music now, eh?

Lance:

It appears that way, yes. Can't say I'm surprised considering he's a part of this "Scourge" now.

The horrific screeching of violins cut through the Lakefront Arena like a rusty, dull knife through flesh as "Danse Macabre", the classic orchestral piece written and composed by Camille Saint-Saëns and condensed into a much more frightening version for entrance theme's sake, plays throughout the arena. Soon thereafter enters Arthur Pleasant, The Provocateur himself, from the Guerilla position. And behind him, is Scott Stevens' opponent for the evening, Aaron King.

Arthur stares dead ahead at Scott Stevens as Aaron King stops his "leader" from going ahead.

Aaron King:

Don't worry, Arthur. I got this. Let me handle him!

Pleasant nods, leaving behind traces of a smirk as Scott Stevens sits on the middle rope, holding up the top rope, inviting Arthur Pleasant into the ring.

DDK:

Scott looks like he's ready for Arthur now!

Lance:

After hearing the challenge on DEF Radio put out by Arthur, I think it's safe to say that Stevens more than accepts. He's ready to pound his face in right now!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first to this match....from New Orleans, Louisiana and weighing in at 232 pounds!...AARON!
KIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIING!

Booooooo!

DDK:

Man. It's a sad state of affairs when Aaron King is receiving boos. What have you done to yourself, Aaron?!

Lance:

Amen to that, Keebs.

DDK:

It's a shame that this isn't what it appears to be on the surface. On the surface this seems like a chance for Aaron King to mix it up with a former FIST and possibly reinvigorate his career. But through the veil of deceit lies Arthur Pleasant simply sending a pawn out to rough up his enemy.

Lance:

Smart strategy Keebs because if King can wound the lion than it will be easy pickins for a jackal like Pleasant .

King doesn't pay attention to the crowd as he makes his way down to the ring. Arthur, meanwhile, heads back behind Guerrilla, allowing King to face Stevens. Seemingly alone.

DDK:

King appears to be all business tonight.

Lance:

He has a job to do tonight Keebs and that's put Scott Stevens down for good.

"A TEXAS SIZE ASS WHOOPIN IS COMING BOY!"

The slow bellow of the guitar hits as the video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag with the words "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. The jeers that had once filled the arena quickly turn into cheers. The Faithful know who is about to walk out and they are letting him know it by chanting his favorite chant as the final image that is displayed across the screen and that message reads in bold, capitalized letters... **SCOTT STEVENS** as

♪ "Dead Man Walking" by Crucifix ft. The Lacs ♪

Plays throughout the arena.

DDK:

The thorn in Arthur Pleasant's side is here and the expression on King's face says it all.

The wait is finally over as a spotlight shines towards the top of the entrance ramp and Scott Stevens appears from behind the curtain, and as soon as he makes his way to the edge of the stage golden pyro begins to rain down behind him as he raises his right fist high into the air.

DDK:

Stevens looks to be in a foul mood tonight Lance.

Lance:

I thought that is how he normally looked.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent.....from The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 256 pounds...He is....SCOTT!
STEEEEEEVEEEEEENS!

As Stevens makes his way down the ramp he just smirks and shakes his head at the vocal bashers and fist bumps his supporters.

DDK:

Stevens is looking to continue to get in under the skin of Pleasant here tonight with a victory over Aaron King.

Lance:

Arthur's mind games with the Texan haven't worked so far because Stevens' answer for everything has been a fist to the face.

Stevens slowly makes his way around the ring completely focused on the task at hand until he reaches the nearest set of ring steps and proceeds to enter the ring. Once inside, Stevens goes to the nearest corner and ascends the ropes; looking out amongst the crowd before raising his fist into the air once more before dropping to the canvas as the former FIST shows no emotion as he stretches out on the ropes waiting for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

And here we go.....

King and Stevens come out of their respective corners and begin to circle one another. Stevens and King lock up and Stevens immediately uses his power edge has he throws King to the canvas.

DDK:

Stevens sending a message to King early that he can't beat him when it comes to strength.

Lance:

Not many people can Keebs. Stevens is one of the strongest wrestlers there is.

King smirks and gets back to his feet and calls for Stevens to lock up again causing Stevens to shrug. As the two go to lock up once more, King stuns the former FIST with a European uppercut.

DDK:

Stevens was rocked by that uppercut!

Stevens staggers backwards and King follows the attack up with a running dropkick to send him into the nearest corner. King measures Stevens before sending a sickening echo throughout the arena with a knife edge chop.

Crowd:

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Stevens grits his teeth in pain and another chop has him letting out a grunt of agony.

Crowd:

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

King starts to deliver the chops in rapid fire session before delivering a few kicks to the ribs of the Texan and dropping him to a seated position with a reverse spinkick.

DDK:

Spinkick to the mush.

Lance:

That probably didn't taste too good.

King builds up a head of steam and hits the ropes to deliver a massive running knee to Stevens' face causing the Texan to hit the canvas face first.

DDK:

Running knee! This could be it!

King pulls Stevens from the corner and makes a cover.

One.

Two.

No!

Stevens powers out.

Lance:

There is still life left in the Texan!

King continues the assault as he begins to target the body with stomps and Stevens does his best to cover up.

DDK:

Aaron King is showing no mercy here tonight.

King waits for Stevens to get to a seated position and delivers a running kick to the spine causing the Texan to writhe in pain. King doesn't stop there and delivers a running kick to his chest before he begins to rapidly kick in Stevens' chest with a flurry of kicks.

Lance:

I don't think I've seen anyone bring it to Stevens like this in a long time.

King takes a step back to deliver a superkick to the side of Stevens' head and the former FIST crumples to the mat.

Cover.

One.

Two.

DDK:

This has to be it Lance.

Thre.....

NO!

Lance:

Stevens got the shoulder up!

King gets to his feet and pulls Stevens up and goes to whip him but Stevens doesn't move. He tries again and the Texan still doesn't budge. King tries a third time, but a devilish smile forms across Scott's face as he pulls him in and delivers a massive, ring shaking Spinebuster.

DDK:

SPINE ON THE PINE AND THE TABLES HAVE POSSIBLY TURNED!

Stevens shakes the cobwebs out before jumping to make a cover.

One.

Two.

Thr....

NO!

Lance:

King gets the foot on the bottom rope!

Stevens shakes his head in annoyance and yanks King to his feet and pulls him closer to deliver a clothesline, but King ducks underneath and reaches behind him and delivers a neckbreaker.

Lance:

And just like that the momentum swings back to King's side.

King picks up Stevens and the Texan sends a right hand to the stomach of King. Aaron grunts in pain and delivers a shot to the back of Scott's head causing him to drop to a knee. King grabs Stevens and the Texan quickly reverses a DDT attempt to a Northern Lights Suplex.

One.

Two.

No.

DDK:

Stevens showing his wrestling ability and it almost picked the victory there.

Stevens gets up and reaches down to pick up King, but Aaron quick kicks Stevens in the face causing him to stagger back. King runs at Stevens and the Texan quickly grabs King and tilt-a-whirls him upside down.

DDK:

Scorpion Driver coming up?

King wiggles and slips behind and grabs Stevens by the neck.

Lance:

Stevens just got stabbed in the back.

King shakes the cobwebs and goes to pick Stevens up, but he gets driven face first.

DDK:

TOXIC STING! TOXIC STING! TOXIC STING!

The crowd goes furious cheering for the Texan to capitalize on the situation, but both men are down and the official begins their count.

One.

Two.

Three.

Four.

Five.

Six.

Seven.

Eight.

Stevens starts to push King on his back.

Nine.

Cover.

One.

Two.

NO!

Lance:

KING KICKS OUT!

Stevens can't believe King kicked out and his expression turns angrier than normal and gets to his feet and places King between his legs.

DDK:

Stevens' looking end put the exclamation point on King here.

Lance:

HIGH FLYER!

DDK:

Aww what the hell is this? I knew Arthur had an ace up his sleeve!

Sure enough, Jack Harmen is sauntering out from the back, talking trash at Scott Stevens.

Suddenly, the crowd screams for Scott Stevens to turn around as Arthur Pleasant has jumped the guard rail and slid into the ring!

Before Stevens can even turn around, Arthur walks up to Aaron King... and pokes him in the eyes!

DDK:

What the hell?!

Referee throws his hands up at Arthur asking him, "What're you doing?!", before calling for the bell.

Lance:

That son of a... he just purposely had Aaron King win this!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match via disqualification... AAAAROOOOON.... KIIIIIIING!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

It's almost as if Scott Stevens has a sixth sense about him as he turns around, leaps, and NAILS Arthur right across the jaw with a Superman Punch!

DDK:

The FIST! Hahaha! It's like he KNEW he was there!

Just as Jack Harmen climbs into the ring, Stevens smartly exits, laughing at the Scourge and their failed attempt to unleash a beating on him.

Lance:

Stevens is too savvy and too learned as a ring veteran to fall for such antics!

Stevens grabs a microphone as he heads to the time keeper's area.

Scott Stevens:

You think I give a shit that you just had your lackey "win"? Please. We both know it was only a matter of time before I put him away, so go ahead and take this "win". Your boy there obviously needs it more than I do!

The Faithful laugh as Jack and Aaron both help Pleasant to his feet after getting rocked by The FIST.

Scott Stevens:

Oh, and I heard your little radio interview, Arthur. You want to face me at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE in a Three Stages of Hell match?! You're ON!

Barely able to stand on his feet, Arthur scowls at Stevens who lightly jogs around the ring and up the ramp, making his exit from the Scorge's shoddy attempt on his well-being.

DDK:

Well there you have it, folks! Stevens has accepted Arthur's challenge from DEF Radio this past Wednesday!

Lance:

Three Stages of Hell? The possibility of Arthur being mauled twice in one match? Sign me up, Keebs!

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

YOU AND I

The locker room. A man turns around to reveal himself and it's Gage Blackwood. He is still in his street attire. A door can be heard opening, this causes Blackwood to turn. Jay Harvey comes into the frame. The two don't say a word and they just hold their ground and keep their eyes on the other.

Harvey looks Gage up and down then chuckles.

Jay Harvey:

Listen... You and I... we don't like each other. Children that haven't been born yet know that.

Gage Blackwood shakes his head, knowing his words to be true.

Jay Harvey:

For months and months I tried to put 24k down like the vile dogs that they are and... I couldn't do it alone.

Blackwood isn't exactly sure where this is going.

Jay Harvey:

The Phenoms... Lindsay Troy... we couldn't do it on our own.

Harvey gets real close to Blackwood. He doesn't budge. This is getting a little uncomfortable.

Jay Harvey:

The enemy of my enemy... Gage. I know you are trying to act like the old Gage right now. I'm not falling for it. You are still the same guy who tried to run me over with a car. You are still the same guy who used an exposed turnbuckle to keep the SoHer away from me.

Gage looks off to the side and then back to Jay.

Jay Harvey:

I will stand with you because I want to put all of 24k into six-foot by two-foot boxes. Just know two things though.

Blackwood moves his lips to speak but Harvey won't allow it.

Jay Harvey:

One... I will never fall for your bullshit. Two... I just don't like you. Understand? You may have everyone else fooled but not me.

Blackwood is stunned by Harvey's words but realizes it is to be expected.

Gage Blackwood:

Bullshit? Aye pal, the bullshit is all on your en-

The Noble Raider stops himself by putting a hand to his own mouth.

Gage Blackwood:

DEFIANCE was founded on the idea of *wrestling*. Mikey Unlikely is not a wrestler. Kendrix is mediocre. Cayle Murray was a wrestler but decided to phone it all in. Perfection? The jury's out on that.

Blackwood nods to himself.

Gage Blackwood:

Oscar Burns is a wrestler. I am a wrestler.

Blackwood sighs heavily before he continues as if he doesn't want to say the words but knows them to be true.

Gage Blackwood:

Jay Harvey is a wrestler. Get these baw jugglers out of DEFIANCE, aye. Then we can go back to hating each other if you and I so desire.

Blackwood extends his hand and Harvey just stares at it for a moment. Harvey scoffs and looks Blackwood in the eye for a second before leaving the room.

Gage Blackwood:

And we have one more wrestler to add...

Fade.

MURRFECTIOН vs. OSCAR BURNS & JAY HARVEY

DDK:

Here we go with tonight's main event! We have seen 24K try and impose their will on the careers of Gage Blackwood, Jay Harvey and Oscar Burns since they have been fighting to get the next shot at the FIST. Tonight, it's a BIG one. For the first time ever, "The Natural One" Jay Harvey teams with "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns to take on 24K members Perfection and Cayle Murray!

Lance:

Harvey had some pointed words for Burns earlier tonight about going after the FIST. Both men want that title, as does Gage Blackwood, but tonight they have united against 24K. We'll see who comes out on top on this huge main event!

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ *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 has that big match feel, Lance. The crowd is pumped for this!

Lance:

They sound like they are ready to explode! Jay Harvey coming to the ring. An unlikely alliance so far with Burns, Harvey, and Gage Blackwood.

DDK:

Absolutely. They have a common theme. They are all sick and tired of Mikey and his Stooges.

Harvey starts to make his way down the ramp and then stops. He turns back and his music stops.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner... from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 237 pounds... "**TWISTS AND TURNS**" < OSCAR BURNS!

♪ *"Raise Your Flag" by MAN WITH A MISSION* ♪

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:

Oscar Burns teaming with Jay Harvey. There's definitely a level of respect there, but you gotta wonder how much of it is driven by both men wanting to be the FIST of DEFIAНCE?

Lance:

The enemy of the enemy is my friend, as the old saying goes. I think they'll have each other's back as long as 24K continue to be a threat.

♪ *"Gold" by Sir Sly* ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... representing 24K, at a combined weight of 445 pounds... they are the team of Perfection and Cayle Murray... they wish to be referred to you UNFAITHFULS as... **MURRFECTIОN!**

DDK:

Murrfection? Oh, gag me.

Lance:

Every combination of them has some name. Hollywood Bruvs are Mikey and JFK. JFKayle for Kendrix and Cayle Murray. Murrfection. Oy.

The two men saunter out to the ring. Cayle and Perfection look as smug as ever and then circle around the ring. Harvey and Burns both look like they want to strike, but Cayle yells at Hector Navarro to get them back before they even entertain the idea of heading to their corner. Once they get there, it's Cayle starting for his team. Harvey wants to start and Burns stands back from his corner, ready for the action to begin. Once both sides are set, the bell rings...

DING DING**DDK:**

This crowd is on fire!

The roar of thousands can be heard for miles. Jay Harvey and Cayle Murray stare back at each other. They both take in the moment before getting to business. They circle for a few steps before Cayle Murray cold cocks Oscar Burns and sends him down to the floor!

BOOO!

Burns is out and Cayle Murray gets warned by Referee Navarro. Jay Harvey heads over and leans his body through the middle and top rope to check on Oscar Burns. His back is turned and so is Navarro's. Perfection comes out of nowhere on Harvey's blindside and sends his fist right into Harvey's face!

Harvey is down, rolling on the mat. Cayle Murray sees this and goes on the attack. Murray proceeds to kick Jay Harvey right in his ribs! Harvey drops to his back and Cayle Murray grabs at his legs. He is going for a Sharpshooter but Harvey is fighting it! Harvey is able to bring his legs in and catapult Cayle across the ring.

Murray is close enough that he is able to bounce off the nearby ring ropes. Harvey isn't far behind. We cut to the outside to see Oscar Burns coming to a little bit on the outside of the ring. Live action goes back inside the ring. Murray comes back toward his opponent and **EXPLODER SUPLEX!**

Lance:

Jay Harvey is looking to end this right now!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Cayle Murray kicks out at two!

Lance:

Harvey looking to steal a victory!

Murray is on his knees and realizes he needs to get out of there. He snaps up and tags in his teammate Perfection.

Cue the boos. Anyway, Perfection storms in and puts Harvey into a Side Headlock. Harvey is at a knee but not for long. Perfection tightens up on Harvey's head and neck but Harvey moves the two back toward the ropes.

Harvey is able to push Perfection off of him and toward the direction of Cayle Murray. Perfection is able to stop in enough time that the 24k jerks and exhale a deep breath that they avoided disaster. Perfection turns around and is immediately rolled up by Jay Harvey!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NOOOOO!

DDK:

Perfection kicked out! Jay Harvey sent crashing into Cayle Murray!

Lance:

Oscar Burns is still on the outside. Mayhem!

Speaking of Oscar Burns, cameras pick the former FIST getting back to the ring apron. You can tell he's still not right. Cayle Murray on the outside is feeling the woes of the crash with Jay Harvey. We go back to live action inside the ring.

Harvey ducks a Clothesline from Perfection. Harvey brings his opponent close and breaks a couple of forearm shots off on his face. Witherhold is shook and Harvey sees his shot! He locks eyes with Oscar Burns who wants into the match!

The crowd is going wild. Harvey reaches in for the tag but Perfection grabs his wrist! The play a tug of war for a moment before Witherhold Irish whips Jay Harvey across the ring! He's about to bounce off the ropes when CAYLE MURRAY HITS HIM FROM BEHIND!

Lance:

I don't think the ref saw that, Darren!

DDK:

Cayle Murray from the floor just sent a devastating European uppercut to the back of Jay Harvey!

Lance:

Oscar Burns is pleading with Referee Hector Navarro about the cheap shot by Cayle Murray!

Harvey is down on the canvas in pain. Perfection is all smiles as he sends both hands through his hair. He wipes the sweat off of them onto the beaten down Jay Harvey. Cayle Murray makes his way back onto the apron. We cut to Oscar Burns trying to keep the crowd going!

Perfection grabs Jay Harvey by the head and tosses him into the 24k corner. He lands some stiff blows to Jay's ribs and back. Harvey is covering up the best he can.

TAG!

Cayle Murray is back in the match and he wants to destroy Jay Harvey! Murray is a flurry of fists and feet but Harvey is covering up. Murray spins him around and just goes after his back. Harvey is in the corner and it doesn't look like 24k is going to let him leave it for a while.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Murray takes it to its limit and then he tags in Perfection.

TAG!

Perfection is back in the match and he too follows suit and goes after Harvey's back!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Perfection lets Jay Harvey drop to the mat. Harvey is injured and the crowd is all boos. Perfection doing Perfection like things starts jawing at a fan along ringside.

DDK:

Perfection getting into things with the fans in the DEFArena.

Lance:

The fan is holding a sign that Perfection obviously has an issue with.

DDK:

No one likes being told they suck, Lance.

Back to it! Jay Harvey is crawling toward his corner. He needs to take in Oscar Burns! Perfection finally turns his attention back to his opponent who is getting closer and closer to the corner. Perfection races over and clutches Harvey's right leg!

Harvey goes from his stomach to his back and kicks Perfection away from him, crashing into the ropes! Harvey is back to trying to get to his corner! Burns and the crowd are about to lose it! He's almost there!

Cayle Murray enters the ring and gets the attention of Referee Hector Navarro just before Harvey tags in Oscar Burns! The crowd erupts as Oscar hits the ring! Hector Navarro turns around and tells Oscar Burns to get out of the ring!

Lance:

Referee Hector Navarro didn't see the tag!

DDK:

That was perfect timing by Cayle Murray! He knew exactly what he was doing!

Hector Navarro tells Oscar he didn't see the tag but Burns isn't happy! Harvey clutches at his back, unsure as to what is going on. Perfection is back into the fold and he sends a shoulder into Harvey's lower back! He continues to work on his back with a few more shoulders and then drives him over his knee with a big backbreaker!

DDK:

That's one of the most frustrating things about 24K... they don't NEED to do the things they do. They all clearly have talent. All of them have held World Titles, three of them the FIST itself, but... they are who they are.

Perfection then makes a tag to Cayle and the two work well together when Witherhold plants Jay with a DDT! He rolls through and preps Jay up for Cayle to land a STIFF Penalty Kick to the chest! Jay gets doubled over when Cayle goes for a cover, eyeing Burns the whole way.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... SAVED BY BURNS!

Burns comes in and elbows Cayle in the back of the head, then angrily throws a few more elbows smashes as a receipt! Navarro warns Burns to get back to his corner and he does while Cayle checks his lip, then yells at Oscar to get the hell back to his corner and play by the rules.

DDK:

These men have REALLY been under the skin of even more composed grapplers like Oscar Burns. 24K are serious and they know how to push the right buttons.

An angered Burns is back in his corner, stewing and ready to get in the ring at the first opportunity. Jay is still hurt and reeling from the DDT/PK combo when Cayle tries to end things. He grabs Jay by the neck... but before he can do anything, Jay DROPS him with a surprise Shot of Reality! The single knee facebreaker sends The Faithful into a frenzy and Cayle staggers back into his corner as Harvey makes a break for it.

Lance:

Harvey takes advantage of the referee ejecting Burns and nails the Shot of Reality... but no! Perfection tags back in!

He tags Cayle as he groggily rolls out of the ring. Harvey is on his feet when Perfection tries to get to him... only to eat a massive superkick to the face! Perfection goes down in a heap!

DDK:

HARVEY FIGHTS OFF 24K... TAG TO BURNS!

And with that, the crowd comes alive as Burns heads into the ring! The superkick from Harvey sends Perfection flying into the opposite corner and that's where Burns unleashes a NASTY running European uppercut to the chin! He then goes to the outside and sees Cayle Murray trying to rest over the barricade... only to get ROCKED with another running European Uppercut to the chin, knocking him flat on the floor! The Technical Spectacle absorbs the monster response from the crowd before he goes back inside the ring!

Lance:

That's a HUGE receipt for Murray for attacking Burns at the start of the match!

The man arrogantly calling himself Perfection is still seeing stars and it gets worse when Burns nails a huge running high knee in the corner followed by unleashing an exploder suplex of his own on Witherhold! He hops back to his feet and then points at the turnbuckle before heading up top. He climbs up and then the crowd knows what's coming next...

Oscar Burns: (and the crowd)

SWEET AS!

And then he takes flight the Sweet As Knee Drop!

DDK:

Sweet As Knee Drop on the chest of Perfection! Is that all?

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Perfection kicks out, much to the shock of the crowd and Burns himself!

DDK:

Close one by Burns, but Perfection kicks out!

Lance:

He's feeling it, though! He might be closing in on the win!

Burns runs a thumb over his throat and then tries to lock Perfection in the original Graps of Wrath - the same Octopus Stretch that Mikey Unlikely tapped out to two weeks ago - but Perfection rolls through and tries to fight it! Burns rolls through THAT, but before he has it on, Cayle snaps back into action and then aids his partner by entering the ring and breaking up the submission attempt by nailing the Starbreaker! The running knee to the head dims Burns' lights!

Lance:

No! Big move by Cayle! He saves Murrfection from certain defeat!

DDK:

NO! HARVEY HAS SEEN ENOUGH!

After landing his shot, Cayle sees Harvey coming and tries to throw him out of the ring, but Harvey reverses the whip and sends him through the ropes! Murray crash-lands on the floor then The Natural One takes flight with a huge plancha to wipe him out!

Back inside the ring, Perfection is up now and has a groggy Burns scouted as he's still reeling from The Starbreaker, then NAILS him with a Shining Wizard strike! The blow levels Burns and Perfection goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

Burns now kicks out and Perfection goes nuts, slapping the mat and yelling at Navarro. He tries to end the former two-time FIST quickly by hooking both arms...

DDK:

Are we going to see the Photo Finish... NO! Burns shoves him away into the corner!

Lance:

He runs at Perfecti... NO! NO! HE PULLED NAVARRO IN THE WAY!

Burns is stunned when Perfection does what he does best and makes the ref take the running European Uppercut instead of him! Oscar realizes his error and checks on him, but he gets a low blow by Perfection!

DDK:

No! Low blow! There's no ref and... oh, lord, not again!

Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix both come zooming down the ramp! Jay tries to get back in when he sees them coming, but a desperate Murray grabs him and throws him into the ring post on the outside, then slowly joins in the ring for the four on one stomping of Oscar Burns!

Lance:

AND HERE COMES GAGE! GAGE HAS SEEN ENOUGH!

Gage tries to slide in and catches an unsuspecting Kendrix with rights, then Mikey! He continues swinging, but the numbers game becomes too much for him as well while Navarro is still rocked.

DDK:

This unreal! It's four on three! I thought I heard rumblings of Gage Blackwood looking for help on our last UNCUT... but...

The lights go out. The crowd responds as they do.

Lance:

What's--

DDK:

I don't know. I hope 24K doesn't have something planned.

Lance:

I'd say they don't but--

Male Voice:

Seven years was too long.

An explosion of white pyrotechnics briefly illuminates the arena, blinding many in the crowd. They don't need to see though; everything goes back to blackness in short order.

Female Voice:

Then again--

Lights around and above the ring put an intense glow all around the ringside area then swivel to illuminate the entrance.

Magdalena stands, microphone in hand, next to Chris Shepherd, the Deacon's manager for over a decade. She gives the older manager a sideways glance and a smirk to him and then the crowd.

DDK:

It's Magdalena, and the former manager of which can onl--

Magdalena:

Nearly two months was evidently too long as well. I Believe...it's time we get rid of that fool's gold sitting in OUR ring!

The lights finally show the ring. Standing in the middle, towering over everyone, already dressed for combat, is the Deacon. The Faithful ERUPT as the 7' and 320-pound behemoth swings on anything "gold" that moves! He grabs Perfection and HURLS him across the ring with tremendous force! Cayle tries to run in and gets a HUGE big boot to the face for his troubles!

DDK:

DEACON IS BACK! WAS THIS WHO GAGE SOUGHT OUT FOR HELP?!?!

Gage gets back in and SPEARS Mikey Unlikely through the ropes and Deacon NAILS Kendrix with a huge chokeslam! They all get packing out of the ring!

Lance:

Navarro finally coming around after Deacon clears the ring!

Perfection still sees Burns down and then tries to go for broke and whips him across the ring... but Harvey is back and makes the blind tag. Perfection tries another kick, but Burns ducks, then CRACKS him upside the head with the Hard Out Headbutt! The blow rocks Perfection and then he stumbles right into a MASSIVE Wake-Up Call from Harvey! He goes for the cover and the crowd counts along!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **TWISTS AND TURNS OSCAR BURNS AND JAY HARVEY!**

DDK:

They did it! They did it! DEFIANCE has finally had enough of the likes of 24K and now they've got Deacon on their side! Burns and Harvey get the win!

An uppercut-drunk Navarro staggers up just enough to hold up the arms of Harvey and Burns as "Bullet Holes" plays. Deacon and Gage Blackwood join the men in the ring, watching the remnants of 24K stagger up the ramp. Cayle helps a hurt Perfection make it back up the ramp while Mikey limps up with Kendrix in tow.

Lance:

After months of 24K imposing their will on DEFIANCE, DEFIANCE has had enough! And it looks like Gage recruited a HECK of a big gun in Deacon!

Oscar and Jay both watch on in awe of the presence of Deacon as he and Gage Blackwood watch them leave.

DDK:

A HUGE win for Jay Harvey and Oscar Burns tonight! Folks, The Faithful are on their feet right now that this all-star group has opposed 24K!

The two sides stare one another down and then both Harvey and Burns take a turnbuckle and celebrate the big occasion. The Faithful go nuts!

Lance:

I'll take this one, Darren! For "Downtown" Darren Keebler, I'm Lance Warner! Good night and thanks for joining us!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.