

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!

WHAT A NIGHT THAT LAST NIGHT WAS, EH?

NO MORE TROYS

I-FEEL-YA-SYKES

ADV - TIGER IN THE RING, AND THE BEDROOM AND OWNS A TIGER! TRIPLE THREAT

A SCARY CLOWN CAME OUT SO I BLINDFOLDED MYSELF

NERD REFORM

WELCOME TO DEBTV

FUTT THE KABAL

I LIKE FRIES

DEBonDEMAND

READ THE ROOM

OKAY KAREN

OKAY CHAD

NED ISN'T REFORMED

DEBSCENSION: RETURN OF THE DEB

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEB

UNDEB

DEBCUT

ARTHUR THINKS LINK IS ZELDA

DEB RADIO

DEB DOES DEFIANCE

I LOVE SCOTT STOOVINS

STALK HER NO MORE

TITANS ON PCP!



And to the announce team.

SNS vs. RCR

Lance:

In our opening contest tonight we have an up and coming tag team The New Rain City Ronin set to square off against the Unified Tag team champions, The Saturday Night Specialists, in a non-title match.

DDK:

Definitely going to be a hotly contested match up. Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett - while green in the ring are hungry and fired up for any opportunity they can get and I've heard they've been training extra hard for this match.

We cut to Darren Quimbey who is standing dead center in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first, weighing in at 435 pounds.....they are Leo Burnett and Zack Daymon....THE! NEEEEEEEEEEW! RAAAAAAAAAIN! CIIIIIIITY! ROOOOOOOOOONIN!

♪ "Get Got" by Death Grips ♪

"The Iceman" Leo Burnett and "Skyfire" Zack Daymon appear at the top of the ramp, the DEFIatron is lit up with an updated package of some of their recent DEFIANCE work, along with their alliance with Jessica 'Guardian' Reeves. The Faithful give a cheering reaction as both eager wrestlers make their way to the ring. Zack Daymon, the more outgoing tag team member, slaps a bunch of fan's hands along the way, pumping them up for what is sure to be an exciting match up!

Lance:

They definitely look ready for this opportunity - a big time opportunity for this team and a great chance to make a name for themselves tonight if they can come away with the victory.

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

The Faithful come unglued!

DDK:

But they've got a tall order tonight!

Everyone's favorite Unified Tag Team Champions are walking through the sea of fans who part to make way for the proprietors of Ballyhoo Brew. Sporting just two of the five tag belts tonight, Brock Newbludd is the first to hop the barricade, shooting the nearby camera a wink before rolling into the ring. Pat Cassidy follows him, pausing in front of the camera and filling the entire frame as he pretends to use it as a mirror to straighten his beard. Both members of SNS are up on opposite turnbuckles, holding the belts high for the cheering crowd. As they climb down and the music fades out, Cassidy, as usual, motions for a mic.

Pat Cassidy:

NEEEEEWWWW OOOOOOOO-LAAAANNNS!

POP!

Pat Cassidy:

I'll be honest with you: I'm not sure if our opponents tonight are even old enough to drink, so maybe I'll skip that part?

There's a ripple of lauhgter through the crowd and Cassidy shrugs.

Pat Cassidy:

Anyway... WE ARE...

YOUR! SATURDAY! NIGHT! SPPPPPEEECCIIIIALLLLSS!

Cassidy hands the mic off to Brock.

Brock Newbludd:

BALLLLLLLLYHOOOOOOOOOO...

The Faithful:

DAT!!

Brock tosses the mic back to Quimby and Cassidy shoots him a nod before taking point in the SNS corner outside the ring.

DING DING

Leo Burnett and Brock Newbludd are set to start off the match and Leo immediately charges in at the sound of the bell ring! He catches Brock flat footed and is able to sneak in a few forearm shots to the Suplex Machine before whipping him hard into the ropes!

DDK:

Brock ducks a HARD clothesline from Burnett!

The early action caught Brock flat footed at first, but not now as the veteran ducks The Iceman's clothesline. Bouncing off the ropes on the rebound Brock Newbludd launches himself in the air with a driving shoulder to take down Burnett!

Lance:

What a hit! And The crowd really loved seeing that - Brock is eager to follow it up and show this rookie tag team why they are the UNIFIED Tag Team Champions!

Picking Burnett up with ease, The Innovator Brock Newbludd hooks Burnett and hoists him up into the air! The Faithful stand up and cheer as Brock's impressive strength is put on full display - Zack Daymon watches helpless as his partner's vertical positioning leaves him extremely vulnerable! BRAINBUSTER!!

DDK:

Each time Brock is in the ring he impresses me with something slightly different, that delayed Brainbuster is going to give Burnett a headache later on!

Opting to tag his partner in, Brock moves to the favorable corner and gives a tag in to his partner - 'Black Out' Pat Cassidy!

Lance:

Burnett is woozy as he is trying to get up and man what an OVATION for the other half of the tag team champions on that tag in!

The Faithful unload with a roarious reaction as Pat Cassidy moves in to take over for his partner, scooping up Burnett he pushes him against the ropes and performs an Irish WHIP! Burnett runs into the ropes but manages to hold on to them instead of rebounding, catching Cassidy off guard. Burnett is on the friendly side of the ring and makes a quick tag to his partner "Skyfire" Zack Daymon!

DDK:

Well then! Wasting no time...what a FLYING Crossbody!!

Using the ropes as leverage Zack Daymon springs up and launches himself off the ropes catching Cassidy straight across the chest as the young dynamic tag team finds their footing against the champs!

Lance:

Zack Daymon quickly going to work with a submission type move here!

Daymon wedges his knee into Cassidy's back while yanking him up harshly off the mat, the Dojo mentality of making his opponent tap kicks in as Daymon yanks both arms behind Cassidy's back and tries to stretch and break the champion in half.

Zack Daymon:

RAWRGGG!!!!

DDK:

If Cassidy spent last night drinking he's going to be miserable right now in the ring, I don't think he was expecting to be put into a freaking torture rack!

Figuratively speaking of course, but as Hector Navarro checks in on Cassidy, his eyes say that the move definitely feels like torture!

S-N-S!

S-N-S!

Lance:

Fans are really trying to get Cassidy motivated to get out of this early predicament but Zack Daymon just SMASHED Cassidy across the chest!

With a quick forearm, Cassidy gets wrecked by a strong looking blow by Zack Daymon who by releasing Cassidy's arm for only a brief moment, was able to keep his attempt to motivate himself at bay! Daymon wastes no time in resuming the hold! And Now Brock Newbludd is eager to see his partner break free as he starts rileing the crowd up some more.

S-N-S!

S-N-S!

DDK:

Cassidy's leg is shaking!

Indeed the pain was getting to Cassidy but so was the love from the fans as he reaches back and NAILS Zack with a closed fist!

Lance:

Annd.. ANOTHER! Cassidy has Daymon reeling back now and he's druding himself up to his feet - Cassidy charges, STRONG CLOTHESLINE!!

DDK:

Black Out just turned Daymon inside out with that clothesline and now both men are on the mat!

Propping himself up on his elbows and shaking his head, Cassidy battles through the lingering effects of the torture rack enough to locate his partner's outstretched hand. With Brock and The Faithful rallying behind him, The Scrapper from Southie begins to army crawl towards The Specials' corner.

Lance:

Cassidy's digging deep! Will it be enough to make the tag!?

With only a couple of feet separating himself and Brock's hand, Cassidy powers up and lunges forward to make the tag. Behind him, the groggy Daymon pops up to his knees and catches sight of Cassidy.

DDK:

Here comes the tag! NO! Daymon grabs Cassidy by an ankle!

With only an inch to spare, Daymon denies his opponent the tag by latching onto Pat's ankle with both hands. Rising up to his feet, Zack applies an ankle lock!

Lance:

Not only did Daymon stop the tag, he managed to apply an ankle lock! Wrestling is all about momentum and that move just kept it on RCR's side. Cassidy's in trouble now!

Cassidy cries out in pain as Daymon torques on his ankle and begins to drag him back towards the middle of the ring. Cassidy grits his teeth and pushes his upper body off the mat as he screams 'NO!' at Navarro. Keeping his upper body propped up, Cassidy catches Daymon off guard by tucking his chin to his chest and performing a forward roll! Unable to maintain his grip, Skyfire is forced to break the hold as he stumbles forward towards his opponent's corner.

DDK:

Cassidy with the impressive escape and now Skyfire is in Newbludd's sights!

Rearing back, Newbludd nails Zack squarely in the face with a STIFF forearm! Stunned from the blow, Skyfire changes directions and stumbles back towards Cassidy. Still on his knees, Black Out shoots an arm between his opponent's legs and takes him to the mat with a School Boy pin!

Lance:

Cassidy with the roll up and Hector's there for the count!

ONE!

TWO!!

SKYFIRE KICKS OUT!

The force of Daymon's kick out works in Cassidy's favor as he's sent careening towards Newbludd and this time he's able to make the tag!

DDK:

Tag is made! Cassidy showed some great ring awareness and now here comes Brock!

Slingshotting over the top rope, The Innovator bursts ahead in a wild sprint towards Daymon. Up on his knees after having successfully kicked out, Skyfire can't react fast enough and Newbludd nails him in the face with The Face Melter!

Lance:

Face Melter! Brock connected with his signature Shining Wizard and now he's got the leg hooked!

ONE!

Over in RCR's corner, Burnett scrambles up top and immediately leaps off!

TWO!!

Soaring through the air, "The Iceman" stops the pin attempt cold by hitting Brock squarely in the back with an impressive Diving Leg Drop!

Lance:

Burnett is quick to get back to his corner without much hassle and Zack Daymon is stumbling up to one leg as is Brock!

Zack Daymon charges in, launches a clothesline but Brock DUCKS it! Both men spin around, DROPKICK from Daymon! Instead of making the smart play to tag in his partner, Daymon rolls Brock onto his back for a pinfall attempt while Burnett is yelling for a tag!

ONE!

T!NO!

Brock Newbludd with a hard and quick kick out catches Daymon off guard. Stumbling up he finally makes his way to Burnett for a tag.

Lance:

Brock grabs Daymon's ankle!

Brock literally yanks the young man from his partner as Zack Daymon falls face first to the mat. The Faithful let out a big pop in reaction to the takedown from Newbludd! Daymon spins around and kicks at him but it misses.

DDK:

Brock up to his feet and Daymon's ready for him.... Brock with a kick to the gut, spins the youngster around, GERMAN SUPLEX! WITH A PIN!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

Zack Daymon kicks out... but barely! Leo Burnett is absolutely wild with energy and wanting to get into the match but Daymon looks cornered as Brock Newbludd stands up and moves in on the younger generation of wrestling.

Lance:

Zack punches up at Brock but he's completely focused now. Knee Lift!

Daymon rocks backward as Brock hooks him up again, lifting Skyfire up The Innovator hooks him for a double underhook suplex, but Daymon bull rushes forward, SPINEBUSTER!

DDK:

Oof! Daymon Lifts Brock up and sends him crashing with a quick spinebuster but both men are down!

Daymon is in control when he turns to see Leo Burnett reaching out his hand and calling for the tag. Daymon shakes his head to say "not yet." He lifts Brock back up to his feet and sends him off the ropes. Daymon looks to take Brock's head off with a clothesline, but Brock ducks and rolls around Daymon - hooking him with a surprise school boy!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Brock Newbludd caught a quick one on Zack Daymon!

Leo is shaking his head in disappointment as he enters the ring. Zack Daymon is also back up with his hands on his

heads in disbelief at that unexpected ending. Brock and Pat are in the ring, and they allow Hector Nevarro to raise their hands for the cheering crowd.

DDK:

Zack Daymon made one mistake... and it was a minor one... but Brock Newbludd showed us why he's one of the craftiest wrestlers in the game by taking immediate advantage.

The Saturday Night Specials approach The New Rain City Ronin and extend their hands in respect. Daymon shakes Cassidy's hand while Burnett shakes hands with Brock. After some brief words of encouragement by SNS, RCR exit the ring, leaving the champs in the ring to showboat a little more for The Faithful.

SINGLES NIGHT

Suddenly, the DEFtron comes to life, causing the cheers of the fans to die down and both Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy to stop in their tracks. Random on-screen occurrences after wins tend to not herald great things after all. Both Saturday Night Specials are looking toward the big screen.

On the screen... it's Ballyhoo Brew! The Saturday Night Special's own bar is hopping as it typically is on show nights for its DEFonDRAFT special. Among the crowds of fans drinking, eating, and watching the action on the big screen TVs... we focus on one particular patron in particular.

Sitting at the bar with a cocktail in front of her is one Ophelia Sykes.

She's dressed to kill in a fancy black dress and her hair done up all glam style. She is ready for a night on the town. Ophelia runs her fingers around her cocktail glass and stirs the drink absentmindedly. She pretends not to notice the camera until she catches it out of the corner of her eye and she gives the camera a sly smile.

Ophelia Sykes:

Oh. Hi there, boys.

Cut back to SNS for no noticeable reaction from either of them. Back to the screen.

Ophelia Sykes:

Here I am, at this lovely establishment... all by my lonesome. I just watched you guys kick some ass, and I gotta say... I liked what I saw. One big handsome Irishman in particular seemed to be fighting a little extra hard tonight, didn't he? Maybe he had some extra motivation?

Cut back to Pat Cassidy, who is leaning on the ropes looking forward. Again, no visible reaction. Back to the screen.

Ophelia Sykes:

Anyway, I'll be here till closing. It'd be a real shame if I had to sit here all by myself, don't you think? Especially when there's... one person in particular I'm hoping to see. I'd hate to sit here all by myself and drink so much that I... black out.

Ophelia lifts the toothpick from her drink and eats the cherry. Slowly. She winks at the camera.

Ophelia Sykes:

Stay safe, boys. I'll be here.

The tron fades out. Back to the ring where the fans are generating a buzz that sounds slightly amused. Brock points and laughs at that display like that's the most obviously stupid thing he's ever seen. Cassidy... is still looking at the screen. He hasn't moved. Brock roughly pats him on the shoulder and Cassidy snaps back to reality. He joins Brock in laughing at how stupid that was, but when The Innovator turns away, Cassidy's expression betrays something else going on in his mind.

DDK:

Well... Ophelia Sykes is clearly trying to bait Pat Cassidy here... but is he taking it?

Lance:

Hard to tell, partner. Hard to tell.

HELP ME HELP YOU

Jamie Sawyers stands in the backstage area getting ready to speak with his guest. He smiles to the camera and begins as the light comes on.

Jamie Sawyers:

Hi everyone! I'm Jamie Sawyers and right now at this time we have one of DEFIANCE Wrestling's rising stars ... Nathan Eye!

Rousing cheers erupt in the background and even louder reaction from the girls when Nathan Eye walks up to the set and shakes Jamie's hand.

Jamie Sawyers:

Nathan thanks for joining us tonight.

Nathan Eye:

Pleasure to be here, Jamie. I'm gonna make this short and sweet. I'm not down with what happened two weeks ago when Arthur Pleasant spent a whole show talking himself to death so now I'm eager to take it out on Aaron King.

Jamie nods his head.

Jamie Sawyers:

And I definitely won't keep you to that. I had some questions about during that attack. Let's look at the footage ...

FROM DEF TV 157:

Arthur and Harmen are both trying to keep Dex down but a familiar (and handsome) face runs to the ring with a chair in hand! Arthur hears the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful reacting and sees Dex's best friend -- "The Handsome Face" Nathaniel Eye running to the ring! Arthur sees him coming and leaves the ring! Harmen is about to leave when Eye slips inside. Harmen catches glimpse of Eye and tries to take a step toward Joy, but a reluctant and hesitant Nathan holds the chair out, pointing toward Jack.

Nathan Eye:

Don't make me do it Jack!

Harmen takes a moment, chuckles once to himself, and then blows a raspberry toward Nathan Eye. He slips outside of the ring and rushes to the side of Arthur Pleasant as Aaron King limps behind them. Eye stands next to Joy to make sure nothing else happens to the big man of DEFIANCE Wrestling. Dex is nursing his jaw but he sits upright and looks back at Arthur Pleasant who takes a powder into the crowd with Harmen and King behind him.

Then the camera is back on Jamie and Nathan.

Jamie Sawyers:

You hesitated to hit Jack Harmen even when Dex Joy might have been in danger. What happened there between you and Jack?

Eye gets offended by the question and stares Jamie down.

Nathan Eye:

First off, Dex is fine thanks for asking. And I'd never let anything happen to him. If Jack tried anything then he'd be getting some dental work with that chair.

Jamie Sawyers:

My apologies. I wasn't trying to imply anything. I was more curious about what stopped you from wanting to use the chair in the first place.

Nathan answers back.

Nathan Eye:

Look ... when I was in BRAZEN there was a time when I was there that things were hard for me. It took time to find out what kind of man I am. People like Scrow and others were coming at me just because I was Dex Joy's friend and I was always a target for whoever put Dex in his crosshairs at one point. But Jack Harmen helped me through some things and I owed him something. Me not cracking him with that chair was his one chance. Next chance I get if he keeps this up ...

But he doesn't get to finish because Aaron King rushes into the set, grabs Eye and then throws him right into the background of the set! Sawyers scatters when Aaron jumps on Nathan and punches away at him with right hands while he's down on the ground!

Aaron King:

Don't worry about Arthur or Jack, asshole!

He keeps punching away until DEF-Sec arrives on the scene and starts to pull Aaron off of him. Eye is hurt as King starts to be dragged off.

Aaron King:

You're dealing with me Nate! Me!

King gets separated and then stomps off on his own with Nate on the ground still hurt from what just happened!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

MY PET

DDK:

Well folks we have had an interesting start to tonight so far and things are about to get a bit more weird. Teresa Ames is on the interview stage with none other than Chris Trutt!

The scene switches to a slightly freaked out Chris Trutt who is standing idly by with a microphone in hand. As the camera waits for him to introduce his current interview guests, Chris' attention is drawn not towards the Kabal's new fiery leader, Teresa but rather her stoic and monster-like guardian, Crimson Stalker.

Chris Trutt:

Uh.....

Teresa Ames: *[annoyed]*

Aren't you supposed to say something like - 'Hey Everyone, Chris Trutt here with the new fearless leader of The Kabal and TOP Female of Deb's list, Teresa Ames!'? Introduce me already, for crying out loud!

Teresa gives a sly wink to the camera, as if to say 'Everyone knows who I am already.' Chris Trutt on the other hand, is still in zombie mode, as Stalker's crimson mask breathing has completely hypnotized the usually weird but flamboyant wrestling reporter.

Chris Trutt:

Uhh.... Stalker?

Teresa gives Chris a side eye look before stroking her hand across the bald head of Jason 'Crimson Stalker' Reeves.

Teresa Ames:

Chris, honey, my pet doesn't talk. He does bite though.

Chris Trutt:

Your... your pet?

Teresa Ames:

Read the room, Chris! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? Have you not been watching UNCUT? Does your late night binge sessions with the 'proper' Favoured Saints Champion Rezin make you have a foggy memory?

Chris Trutt:

I mean I guess... I lost my phone again, do you by chance know if Rezin has it?

The annoyance on Teresa's face escalates as she snatches the microphone out of Chris Trutt's hand.

Teresa Ames:

Enough of your pandering ass wasting our time. The Kabal doesn't waste time anymore, Trutt. You see? That's the fucking point and maybe download the find my phone app while you're at it.

Swallowing hard, Chris Trutt tries to get the courage to reach back out for the microphone but as soon as his hand extends outwards even slightly, Stalker's breathing intensifies and Chris Trutt immediately shrinks back as Teresa steps forward addressing the camera directly.

Teresa Ames:

At UNCUT 100 - Rick Dickulous made the mistake of turning his back on a HUGE opportunity! The Kabal doesn't just offer exclusive bounties to anyone! Rick had the nerve to NOT only turn the money and power down that we offer but, that BIG prick thought he could get away with hitting me?! Are you kidding me? READ THE ROOM, RICK!

Teresa's eyes light up in excitement.

Teresa Ames:

What did he get for his transgressions? A one on one match with the Star of my Collection! And... after Crimson Stalker ripped him to shreds during the MATCH of the NIGHT, Rick could do NOTHING but surrender himself to the Shadows.

The fiery Keyboard Queen looks at Crimson Stalker and then back at the camera. Chris Trutt tries to encroach in the frame as well with an awkward looking shuffle but Teresa gives him a look that makes the shy reporter stop in his tracks. Crimson Stalker stares at him with blank eyes, his red mask moving ever so slightly with each intake and exhale of breath.

Teresa Ames:

But enough about the life changing course that Goth Rick is going through. Let's focus on what's NEXT! You see, ever since Crimson Stalker has been cleared by DEFIANCE medical, we have had an open contract for DEFtv 158 but... not one has been WILLING to step up to take on MY ADORABLE PET!

Sneering with a grin that oozes with a power trip, Teresa looks at Crimson Stalker and her voice suddenly turns lower.

Teresa Ames: *[slight whisper]*

Don't worry Stalker... we will find someone for you to destroy. The HEROES of DEFIANCE have no heart, so we will just have to find our...

Chris Trutt:

Hey look it's Scott Stevens!

The former FIST Scott Stevens suddenly appears behind Trutt who gulps as he looks at Crimson Stalker's reaction. The Michael Myers type monster immediately acknowledges Scott Stevens and almost steps towards him but Teresa places a hand on his chest. Chris Trutt, with his magic hands, produces another microphone, which Scott Stevens immediately relinquishes from his the junior reporter's grip.

Teresa Ames:

Hold on... my pet, let's hear what 'Shredded' Scott Stevens has to say. Let's read the room.

Holding what looks to be a contract in his hand, Scott Stevens becomes the center of attention on the interview stage.

Scott Stevens:

Keep a muzzle on your dog while the men are talking.

Stevens says as he points to Teresa who goes ballistic as the Faithful cheer the former FIST.

Scott Stevens:

I've come out here because I heard you haven't had any competition. You haven't had anyone with the balls to step up to face you at DEFtv 158.....until now.

The Faithful burst into cheers at the Texan's statement.

Scott Stevens:

This contract I have in my hand is signed, sealed and delivered.

Stevens shoves it into Stalker's chest before stepping face to face.

Scott Stevens:

Be careful what you wish for Stalker because when you call out the big dogs you may just get the biggest and baddest on the block.

Stevens leans closer and Stalker balls up his fists ready to attack.

Scott Stevens:

I can easily smell fake monsters a mile away and you have the stench of Count Novick all over you.

The Faithful laugh..

Scott Stevens:

See you tonight.

Stevens states as he drops the microphone and backs away without taking his eyes off of Stalker.

LOS TRES TITANES & PCP vs. THE DUNSON CLAN

DDK:

Things have heated up in the tag team division in BIG, BIG ways ever since The Saturday Night Specials won the Unified Tag Titles! We saw the Lucky Sevens win the Battle Royale a few weeks ago and out of that, another budding rivalry between The Pop Culture Phenoms and Los Tres Titanes!

Lance:

These two teams exchanged words after Los Tres Titanes defeated Screen 7, including both teams telling one another what they have been through... leading to a Next Contender's Match, Two out of Three Falls! Los Tres Titanes vs. PCP! The winner will earn a future Unified Tag Title match after Acts of DEFIANCE! But now... let's get to the action with the Dunson Clan in the ring now!

The camera cuts to BRAZEN's First Family. The oldest member of BRAZEN, Paul Dunson, talks to nephew Finn, and sons Todd and Richie with "Turn the Page" by Metallica playing.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is an eight person tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first... the team of Paul, Finn, Todd and Richie... **THE DUNSON CLAN!**

The kiddos have their marching orders and get ready for their opponents as their music fades.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... first, accompanied by "The Show of Force" Titaness... weighing at a combined weight of 503 pounds... "The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World" Minute... and "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez... **LOS! TRES! TITANES!**

♪ "RISE" by Mako, Glitch Mob and The Word Alive ♪

The group name forms in a cursive gold with diamond-themed pattern. And with that... A LOUD explosion of gold pyro now goes off and behind Titaness, wearing an open sleeveless coat with a silver and gold towel draped over his massive neck and white thigh-length trunks, stands Uriel Cortez! And along with that, Minute is back in his white and gold LTT-themed gear! Minute leaps into the ring with a front flip and then does several front kip-ups across the ring before landing on his feet to a huge pop from the crowd! Titaness stands on the ring apron and flexes for the crowd while Uriel raises a hand, ready to chop someone. They enter the ring and Uriel and Minute wait for their opponents.

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

The trademark pink and cyan lights kick in with the vocal. Immediately the Faithful go to their feet as the PCP Star logo forms on the tron. Then, on cue, The D, Elise Ares, and Flex Kruger swag their way out from the backstage area playing up the crowd desperately trying to get a bigger reaction than LTT!

Darren Quimbey:

And their partners... accompanied by FLEX Kruger... hailing from Hollywood, California. Weighing at a combined weight of 298 pounds... "The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style" Elise Ares... and "Netflix's Most Wanted" The D... **THE POP! CULTURE! PHEEEENOMS!**

Ares drops her high fashion jacket to the floor, revealing her always attention-grabbing ring gear as The D and Flex Kruger flank her with... t-shirt guns? Firing them into the crowd, the PCPs gain favor from the Faithful on their way to the ring. In the crowd a lucky fan unrolls their shirt that says "The D came and all I got was this t-shirt." As they approach the ring, Flex and The D drop their t-shirt cannons and hold the ropes for Elise on the apron as she suggestively enters the ring. With all sides now in the ring, Flex and Titaness both stare down one another on the outside while Uriel, Elise and Minute all take turns to see who wants to start... but Hector Navarro randomly points to The D (the wrestler, you sickos) and he starts off from Todd Dunson.

DING DING

Right away, Todd Dunson rushes right at The D and then kicks away followed by a few chops against the ropes, looking to make his dear ol' Dad, Paul, proud. He looks proud and then whips him across the ring. He tries for a dropkick, but The D hangs on and Paul crashes to the mat! The D then runs past him as Todd goes for a dropdown, then comes back and then nails With Everything! After nailing the spinning heel kick, he kips to his feet and pulls Todd to the corner. He tags in Elise and the two work in tandem and each take turns stomping away at Todd with The Blacklist!

DDK:

Right away! Great teamwork by the PCPs! That's what has made them so great as either singles or tag team players in DEFIANCE all these years!

Minute and Uriel watch while Flex points at Titaness on the outside and points at his bicep, mouthing "bigger than yours!" Titaness scowls as Elise lays into Todd with a few kicks. In all the stomping he tries to push her back and then tries a superkick, but Elise lands a matrix evasion-type move, wowing the crowd! She pops back up and nails one of her own, rocking Todd! But before she can make another move... Minute tags himself in!

Lance:

Wow! Minute makes the first move!

Elise doesn't look happy with the move, but Minute leaps into the ring with a springboard, then lands and does another front kip-up to his feet to show off for the crowd! The rest of the Dunson Clan has to watch the Most Interesting High Flyer in the World school Todd with some STIFF kicks to the legs. Todd blocks one and grabs the leg, trying to throw Minute backwards, but the agile luchador backflips and lands on his feet to the cheers of the crowd! He jumps up and catches Todd with an enzuigiri, then dazzles the crowd by leaping to one rope, spins over to the other side and then comes off with a leaping missile dropkick!

DDK:

Both teams showing off now... and now the tag goes from Minute to Uriel! What's next for Los Tres Titanes!

The Dunson Clan watch in horror for Todd as the massive Uriel Cortez gets in. As Titaness points at her brain and mouths to Flex "bigger than yours!", The Titan of Industry steps over. Uriel slams Todd down, then helps Minute with an aided standing Minute Detail splash to pop the crowd! He rolls out of the ring as Uriel grabs Todd, then pulls him up with one hand before... THWACK! He NAILS Todd in the corner with the Chop of Ages!

DDK:

The Chop of ages! Los Tres Titanes and PCP both showing great work with their partners!

Lance:

And now Uriel looks like he wants to take it home?

Uriel holds his hand out and calls for the Chop of Ages MAX... but The D climbs up the ropes and takes that to mean he wants the tag! Uriel looks angry with that and stares down The D, but he keeps up on the ropes to look Uriel at eye level... then jumps down. But before he can, Uriel spins him around and jabs him with a finger.

DDK:

Oh, dear... things might be breaking down for the team. Navarro intercepts and is telling Uriel he has to go back to his corner!

The D waves goodbye to Uriel, shouting "I got this!" Uriel protests. Elise and Minute yell at one another, as do Flex and Titaness on the outside. But as this goes on, Todd weakly rolls over to his corner to tag in big Finn Dunson. He steps into the ring and when The D turns around, he nearly gets BLASTED out of his boots by a huge running shoulder tackle by the former football star! The Faithful jeer as Finn beats on his chest!

Paul Dunson:

Come on, boy! Get him over here! Celebrate after we win!

Finn nods and then puts the boots to The D on the mat before going after him with a big flurry of elbow drops. Flex blames Titaness for what happens while she mouths back "we're not even in the damn match, you roidhead!" As The D gets beaten down by Finn, he pulls The Netflix A-Lister to the corner and tags Richie.

DDK:

The Dunson Clan have an opening and if they're going to pull off this upset tonight, this is the best way to do it! Single them out while PCP and Los Tres Titanes duke it out!

Finn and Richie both beat down The D with boots in the corner, but Hector orders Finn to leave. And while Finn argues with him... BOTH Richie and Paul Dunson put their boots on either side of The D's head and try and choke him out behind the ref's back! Finn finally leaves while Richie runs off the ropes and hits a corner slingshot dropkick! He raises his hands to cheers from the crowd while Paul Dunson tags himself in and then tries to steal the win!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Lance:

Kickout by The D! And there's proud papa Dunson trying to milk off the work his kids did.

Paul Dunson slows things down and then locks The D and hits a big hangman's neckbreaker! He then goes into a tight facelock/hammerlock combo while taunting Elise, Minute and Uriel. On the outside, Flex has a table for some... stupid reason and starts to do curls with it, asking Titaness "can you even lift br... sis?"

DDK:

Oh, good lord... Flex and Titaness have been tossing barbs, but meanwhile, The D is still trapped! Can he get out of this hold?

Lance:

He's trying to get up! The Faithful are willing him!

The Netflix A-Lister fights to his feet and elbows Dunson in the chest until he lets go... but when he runs, The Golden Opportunist PULLS him down with a hairpull takedown! The Faithful jeer as Paul cackles and then tags Todd Dunson... beaten and battered, but wants in. They both pick The D up and then try a whip, but at the last second, he moves around and pushes Paul into Todd, who almost bumps Hector Navarro! He doesn't see when The D splits to hit the double DICK-PUNCH-AH! Both Dunson Clan members crumble to their knees!

DDK:

Two for the price of one! The D takes down Paul and Todd! Can he get to his corner?

Minute, Uriel and Elise all have arms outstretched while Todd and Paul crawl out to their corner. Richie tags in, but he's too late. As Elise tries to tag... Minute gets the tag first!

Lance:

Another stolen tag by Minute... but a HUGE springboard dropkick rocks Richie Dunson!

Minute pops back to his feet as Richie gets kicked right into a corner. The TJ Tornado runs forward and then hits a running double knee strike to the chest! The blow knocks the wind out of him, but Minute isn't done as he sweeps the leg. He runs a circle and then comes back with a huge running knee strike to the jaw! As Richie gets rocked, Minute then runs off the ropes and nails The Interceptor, planting Richie down on the ground to cheers from the crowd!

DDK:

The Tornado DDT connects! Minute might have this wrapped up!

Uriel looks on proud as his partner gets ready for an attack. He leaps off the ropes... but Elise tags in just as he bounces off the ropes and nails Richie with the handspring enzuigiri! The blow cracks Richie, but Hector tells him to leave the ring! Elise smiles and then points to The D who leaps in to help... then they CRACK Richie with their combo

finish, Drive-By at the Roxy! The D does a dive through the ropes and takes out Paul and Todd as Elise covers Richie with a smirk on her face.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

Elise throws the limp leg of Richie away and then has her arm raised by Navarro. Minute stares down his fellow lucha libre practitioner.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **LOS TRES TITANES AND THE POP CULTURE PHENOMS!**

DDK:

What a statement made by Elise there! She stood by enough and let Los Tres Titanes take too long.

Lance:

Wait, look! Finn is in! And he's got Elise in his sights!

Finn tries to attack Ares and she sees it coming! She moves out of Finn's way... but Uriel NAILS him with the Chop of Ages MAX across his throat, spiking him to the canvas! Uriel looks at Elise, now joined in the ring by The D. Minute nods at his partner and climbs the ropes.

DDK:

Elise and The D win with the Drive-By at the Roxy, but Minute and Uriel have one of their own!

Uriel stands near the corner, then tells PCP to watch... then Minute leaps from the top turnbuckle, onto Minute's shoulders, then off with a HUGE Thirty Story Splash onto Finn Dunson for his troubles! After the landing, Minute slowly gets up and holds his ribs as the PCP stares one another down!

Lance:

Big win for Los Tres Titanes and PCP, but they'll be on opposing sides when it comes to Acts of DEFIANCE! Two out of Three Falls to earn a future title match!

DDK:

Indeed! I'm looking forward to that and it could be a sleeper match of the weekend!

The PCP start to leave the ring and Los Tres Titanes do the same... but when they both see Titaness and Flex, the latter is still curling with the timekeeper's table.... And Titaness is doing the same with the ring steps!

DDK:

Wow... this feud is getting all out of hand every which way with them!

Titaness and Flex both drop their respective items and then yell at one another as prevailing heads try and get them to cool down as the show rolls onward.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE Live

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FLIRTIN' WITH DISASTER

A huge, lumbering man leads like a massive pace car for three other much smaller men.

Jack Harmen.

Aaron King.

Arthur Pleasant.

The Scourge moves down the backstage corridor, nearly to the loading dock area when all four men stop on an account of Yuri putting up his massive arms to stop them.

Yuri Reznikov:

Da. Mr. LaCroix. May I help you, *malen'kiy mal'chik*?

Only one man stops this train of terror. Matt LaCroix.

Before DEFIANCE Wrestling's very own Southern Heritage Champion can even say anything, Arthur steps under Yuri's massive arms, Mr. Zappenstein in hand, to come face to face with one of many enemies in DEFIANCE Wrestling.

Arthur Pleasant:

Well hello, Matthew. To what do we owe the pleasure? Hm?

He twirls the shock stick around like a baton, grinning ear to ear.

Matt LaCroix:

When I went out there an' I told the world that if anyone backstage wanted a shot at the Southern Heritage Championship, I wasn't hard to find. I expected someone else's music to play... hell, I wanted it, but when those lights went out and someone jumped me from behind. Only one man came to mind.

The Louisiana Bloodletter adjusted the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship on his shoulder, staring down his former adversary.

Matt LaCroix:

If ya wanted to play, all ya had to do was ask. I'd be happy to fight all y'all with the lights on. Even dat big bastard over dere.

Arthur chuckles while Harmen and King look concerned. Yuri looks... like Yuri. Arthur skips forward a few feet, clicking his heels in the process.

Arthur Pleasant:

Oh Matthew... if I wanted to play with you again, you wouldn't be standing here in front of the world, reassuring everyone that you're this "fighter". No, sir. Hehe. You would be laying down in a ditch somewhere with that championship of yours shoved so far up your ass that you'd think you were wearing a gold grill on your teeth.

Arthur chuckles, knowing too well that he's getting a rise out of a man he knows so well.

Arthur Pleasant:

But, here's the thing... friend. It was not I, nor he (points at Harmen), nor he (points at King), nor even HE (points at the Russian Nightmare), that took you out during your little open challenge. However, I do appreciate you allowing me to rent the space in that head of yours still after all this time. Hahahaha.

The champion sighs through his teeth and shakes his head.

Matt LaCroix:

I was taught as a youngin' ta never trust a crocodile's smile. If your lips are movin' you must be lyin'... but humor me: if you tried, would you be the one doin the title shovin'... or would it be one of dem?

Southern Strong Style points at the men who surround him.

Matt LaCroix:

I ain't got nuthin' ta prove ta you, cher. We already danced an' figured out that you couldn' even wipe your own ass without help from your boys... and ya still lost. But the offer still stands... if ya lookin to laissez les bons temps rouler, we can take this ta the ring and I can remind ya what happened last time y'all tried.

Pleasant looks back at the Scourge and chuckles with that provocative sliminess again.

Arthur Pleasant:

First of all, my three seashells over there do a fine job of wiping my ass. I wouldn't have anyone else do it any other way. Not even myself.

Jack Harmen:

Uhhh...

Aaron King:

Waaait a s-

Arthur Pleasant:

Secondly? You say you have nothing to prove to me, yet here you are, trying to bait me into having a one on one match with you, without my own brothers by my side where they clearly belong. I'm sorry Matthew but I have to ask... what kind of a Louisiana bred moron do you think I am?

Pleasant takes another step towards LaCroix.

Arthur Pleasant:

But, I'll tell you what. Since you obviously need to get your aggression out after being embarrassed by some mystery person in front of your stuuuupid Faithful, I'll bite. Let's dance one more time, Matthew. And this time, you won't get away with some fluke win because you tied my hands behind my back. This time, you'll lose. This time, you'll leave the DEFplex ten-pounds lighter. Now how does that sound, (mockingly) brudder?

Suddenly, the Southern Heritage Champion finds himself flanked on each side by Aaron King and Jack Harmen. Matt snarls a bit as the massive mountain of mother Russia stands tall behind him. He takes the Southern Heritage Championship off of his shoulder and drops it to the floor before looking back at Arthur Pleasant.

Matt LaCroix:

Alright. Allons.

As the words leave his lips a stiff elbow lands right across the chin of Pleasant, staggering the Provocateur as the Scourge swarm in. LaCroix shoves King away with a kick before Harmen pulls him back into the grasp of the near seven foot tall Russian monster, who tosses Matt into the nearby concrete wall with a smack. Matt falls to a knee, but shoots back up before an army of black shirts flood the scene pulling them all into different directions. The champion flails his arms trying to grab a Scourge member but all he finds is Wyatt Bronson who pushes him back and hands him the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship.

Matt LaCroix:

Ya can't run fa too long, Pleasant! Tha Reaper is comin' for ya!

Arthur Pleasant just laughs in the distance as DEFsec pulls them away. Wyatt Bronson puts his hand on LaCroix's shoulder in an attempt to calm the champ down.

Wyatt Bronson:

What's with the aggressive approach, champ? You're letting this thing get into your head.

Matt LaCroix:

I ain't no weak bitch! They gunna have ta learn the hard way if they too dumb ta know any betta.

Wyatt Bronson:

You can't beat the piss out of all your problems, kid.

Matt LaCroix:

I ain't no kid.

Wyatt Bronson:

And I ain't no babysitter. Go take a walk champ. Cool down. Quit giving them the satisfaction.

The Reaper of the Pontchartrain throws his championship back over his shoulder and turns away from the rough Texan. Wyatt Bronson turns around to gather his men back together to put out the next fire as LaCroix disappears back into the WrestlePlex.

A SATURDAY NIGHT SIT DOWN

Backstage in the DEFIANCE locker room. Pat Cassidy sits in front of the lockers on the bench and is taking off his wrestling boots. His tag team partner, Brock Newbludd, moves into frame and plops down next to him.

Brock Newbludd:

Oh, how the turn tables! Am I right, bro?

Pat Cassidy:

What's up buddy?

Brock barks out a laugh.

Brock Newbludd:

Can you believe how stupid Morrow's goons think we are? Like that chick is gonna pop up on the screen all skankafied and eat a cherry and throw you a wink and you're just gonna run down there like a moron? I mean, come on.

Cassidy continues to untie his boot, not looking Brock in the eye.

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah. Tell me about it.

Brock raises an eyebrow at his partner.

Brock Newbludd:

Cause this is obviously a trick, right? Trying to get in your head? Ahead of our match with them?

Cassidy responds but still doesn't look Brock's way.

Pat Cassidy:

For sure, man. For sure.

Brock's eyes narrow.

Brock Newbludd:

Good, cause after all that Malak crap we're too smart to let some mind games get in the way of the belts, right? We're definitely not gonna fall for their crap, right?

Cassidy slides off his boot. He stands up. Brock stands up with him. Cassidy puts his hand on Brock's shoulder.

Pat Cassidy:

You don't gotta worry about me, buddy. Mind's like a steel trap. Nobody's getting in here.

Cassidy points to his head and then smiles before walking off screen. Brock watches him go with a raised eyebrow and reaches into his pocket to pull out his phone. Hitting a few buttons, Newbludd stares at the screen as the unmistakable tone of a Facetime call plays.

Brock Newbludd:

C'mon...pickup pickup pickup...

The ringing cuts out and Brock's screen fills with the smiling face of his girlfriend, and Pat's sister, Siobhan Cassidy.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Hi babe! What's up? You never call during shows...

Brock Newbludd:

Hey, are you still bartending?

Siobhan Cassidy:

Yep! About to wrap up my shift and hop over to the other side of the bar. That Ophelia is still here, though. She just keeps staring at me and smiling...

Brock Newbludd:

Yeah, she's kinda creepy. Listen, I need you to do something, like right now.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Ok...what?

Brock Newbludd:

Grab a cherry and hold it up so I can see.

Siobhan produces a cherry and gives her boyfriend a confused look as she holds it up next to her face for him to see.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Ok...now what?

Brock Newbludd:

I need you to say something sexy and eat the cherry. I know it sounds weird, but it's important...

The matriarch of Clan Cassidy gives her boyfriend a confused look.

Brock Newbludd:

I'll explain later. Just do it, please.

Rolling her eyes, Siobhan sticks the cherry in her mouth and slowly pulls the stem out with a seductive look in her eyes.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Something sexy...

Brock stands up and nervously runs a hand through his hair.

Brock Newbludd:

Yep, that's hot....ah shit...

Newbludd suddenly snaps his head towards the locker room door that Pat had just walked out of, concern etched across his face.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Hello? Brock? What's wrong?

Brock shakes his head and looks back to his phone.

Brock Newbludd:

Listen Chevy, your brother's gonna be showing up there real soon. Just keep an eye on him until I get there. We might have a stage five creeper in Sykes...I don't know...something doesn't add up...

Siobhan Cassidy:

Oh relax, Brock. I don't think either of us should really be getting involved with my brother's love life. I think we've caused enough trouble in that department.

Newbludd sighs and nods his head in agreement.

Brock Newbludd:

Yeah yeah, you're probably right. See ya tonight, then?

Siobhan Cassidy:

I can't wait. Smooches! Mwah!

Newbludd smiles and opens his mouth to talk but stops himself. Turning his back to the camera, Brock puts his chin on his chest and lifts his phone up close to his mouth.

Brock Newbludd: *[whispering]*

...Smooches...see you tonight...mwahmwah...

With that, Newbludd hangs up the phone and turns back around with a sheepish grin. The camera zooms out to reveal that Brock isn't the only person inside the dressing room. Sitting across the room on a folding chair is none other than "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy. Grinning from ear to ear, the former SOHER lets out an exaggerated cough and Newbludd quickly turns around in surprise.

Brock Newbludd:

Oh fuck! Hey! Dex! Whaaa...what's up dude? Forgot you were sitting there. You good?

Still smiling, Dex leans back in his chair and folds his arms behind his head.

Dex Joy:

Smooches? Did my ears just hear the hard drinkin', hard fightin' Brock Newbludd say smooches?

Brock's face instantly turns red and he tries his best to give Dex a nonchalant smile as he shrugs his shoulders.

Brock Newbludd:

Smooches? SMOOCHES!? Oh man, c'mon! Nope, that's crazy talk. Don't know what you're talkin' about, bud. Smooches! Shit! THAT'S a good one!

Nervous sweat begins to run down Brock's forehead as he lets out an exaggerated laugh and swipes his gym bag off the floor. Throwing it over his shoulder, Newbludd quickly makes his way towards the door. Opening it, Brock chuckles again and gives Dex a wave, making sure to avoid locking eyes with the big man as he does so.

Brock Newbludd:

You're a funny guy, Dexy baby. Hey, you have a great night!

Newbludd makes a move to exit but Dex stops him with another cough.

Dex Joy:

Hey Brock, good seeing you too, pally! MWAH!

Newbludd's face turns white and he frantically exits the room while Joy busts out in laughter. Not a second after the door completely closes it opens again and Brock sticks his head in.

Brock Newbludd:

Free drinks for life at Ballyhoo. Whatever you thought you just heard stays in this room. Deal?

Wiping the tears from his eyes, Dex gives his friend a thumbs up.

Dex Joy:

Deal, pally, deal.

NATHAN EYE vs. AARON KING

DDK:

A couple of weeks ago we saw Dex Joy and Nathan Eye ruin the party for Arthur Pleasant after putting on an exhausting and self-serving ceremony celebrating his tenure. During the party crashing Nathan Eye helped out Dex Joy and now we have this match! It will be Nathan Eye taking on Scourge member Aaron King!

Lance:

Nathan Eye gave his thoughts about this match and about Jack Harmen joining the Scourge. He looked up to Jack Harmen and he helped him out when both were in Brazen but it's clear that Harmen isn't this Harmen. And Aaron King is out to hurt Nathan Eye! He better be on his guard tonight.

♪ "Danse Macabre" by Saint-Saens ♪

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. Aaron King comes out from the back.

Darren Quimbey:

This next match is set up for one fall. Representing the Scourge and at weighing in at two-hundred thirty-four pounds ... AARON KIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGG!!!!

DDK:

I'm betting Arthur Pleasant gave Aaron King his marching orders tonight to hurt Nathan Eye!

Lance:

And he attacked him during his interview earlier, but we found out Eye was okay enough to come out and have this match happen.

Aaron King is now in the ring and he looks ready to finish what he started in the backstage area with Nathan Eye.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... now residing in New Orleans, Louisiana, weighing in at 235 pounds... he is He Who Can't Be Stopped... he's NATHAN EEEEEEEEEYYYYYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

YOU CAN'T STOP ME!!!

♪ "You Can't Stop Me" by Andy Mineo ♪

The crowd pops! Coming out for the next match is Nathan Eye. He holds the back of his head from where Aaron King threw him against the wall in the backstage area but he looks more than ready to fight. He runs to the ring ... but when he gets there Aaron King is already kicking him before he can stand up.

DDK:

That was shortsighted on Nathan Eye's part!

DING DING

The match gets off on a bad foot for Nathan Eye when Aaron King is stomping on his back. Jeers rain down from the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful but the Scourge member does not care. He picks up the Handsome Face and then lands blows onto his back and then a whip across the ring to where King can nail Eye with a drop kick to the face. Right away he goes into a pin attempt.

One ...

Two ... No!!!

The Handsome Face is back up, but Aaron King is still staying on attacking his back. He pulls Nathan up into a seating position and then kicks him three times in the back.

DDK:

Already, Nathan Eye is at a big disadvantage! Aaron King has picked a target and he is sticking with it in the back.

Lance:

He really is. This kid wants to make a name for himself and Nathan Eye is coming off a big win over Ned Reform on PPV and then took Oscar Burns to the limit a few weeks ago. A win over Nathan will look good for him.

King picks up Eye and then tries to grab his side to use a backbreaker but Nathan fights out of it with elbows. He switches it up to knife edge chops to King and uses an Irish whip. Aaron King spins it around and it's Eye who ends up going for the ropes but he manages to leap over king with a leap frog and then rushes off the other set of ropes with an explosive flying shoulder tackle!

DDK:

Nathan Eye is an athletic marvel in that ring! And then there's a drop kick of his own!

One of DEFIANCE Wrestling's best drop kicks takes down the Scourge member. Now feeling it again and riding on the adrenaline, Nathan Eye has Aaron King where he wants him. He hits a big clothesline and he goes over the top rope with ease. After he gets knocked out from the ring the Handsome Face waits for him to turn around and then he takes flight off the top rope using a somersault plancha that wipes out King! The move lands, but Nathan Eye's back still is hurt from what King tried to do earlier tonight and he's paying for it.

DDK:

A big move there by Nathan Eye! But how much did that move make things worse?

Eye doesn't get right up but when he does, he notices Jack Harmen coming out on top of the ramp. He has himself a seat.

Lance:

And there's Jack Harmen. Wonder what he thinks of Nathan Eye trying to reach out to him like this.

DDK:

I think we can never assume what Jack Harmen thinks. That's the only thing I know for sure.

Nathan Eye grabs King but the hesitation on his part gives King a chance to surprise him. He runs him backwards and rams his back into the ring apron! Before Eye can have a chance to even reel from the first shot King turns him around and throws him into the barricade behind him. Nathan falls to his knees while Aaron King looks up at Harmen and then gives him a nod for the assist.

DDK:

That's all you needed to know.

Harmen gently claps in suport of King as he puts Eye back into the ring. Aaron King starts to climb up the top rope and when Eye gets up King hits a missile drop kick off the top rope!

DDK:

Aaron King has some top rope prowess as well! Can he score the win?

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The former baseball player kicks out of King's pin attempt but that does not deter King any with bringing more pain

and punishment. He kicks him in the back a few more times and then goes for a back breaker. He finally scores with it and then throws on a quick half crab attempt. He cranks on the back of Nathan Eye and Harmen is just watching the match.

Lance:

This is great work on the part of Aaron King. He works over that back and it's going to be a lot harder for Nathan Eye to be upright.

The leg is being pulled back, but Nathan Eye gets support from the fans to fight back so he continues on and moves toward the ropes. When he is about to get close, Aaron King pulls him back. He tries to get back to the leg but this time, Eye rolls him up.

One ...

Two ...

King kicks out but when The Handsome Face gets back up, Aaron King snaps him back down with a snap powerslam. King goes right into another pin fall attempt.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Eye escapes the submission and almost takes it, but Aaron King counters with the snap powerslam.

Lance:

Harmen is still watching this. Eye touched on it a little bit earlier tonight but what connection does he have with Jack Harmen in Brazen?

Harmen watches King try and wrap the match up with a high angle boston crab but at the last second, Eye gets a foot in his face three times until he lets go. King staggers back but when he steps forward Eye powers up and then knocks him out with an extra powerful KO right hand!

DDK:

Starry Eyed Surprise! Did you see the way Aaron King crumbled?

Lance:

Nathan Eye has been incorporating his boxing background into his matches and that has paid off! Where does he go next?

Aaron is left seeing stars swirl over his head and Harmen almost looks impressed. Nathan Eye gets back up and then stands up in the corner. His back hurts but he shakes up and then nails a big flying forearm off one set of ropes, then he comes back and hits a second time. Eye picks up Aaron off the canvas after the two shots and hits a pair of boxing jabs. Aaron King gets whipped again and then planted with a 180 degree spine buster but his back is sore and he can't follow up!

DDK:

Big series of moves by Eye! But can he follow up? King did a number on his back.

Lance:

He's gonna try! What's he doing here?

The Handsome Face grabs onto the legs of King his back hurts ... but he wants to try something new and this has the fans puzzled ... until he starts to try and let his energy take over and lock in the legs into a giant swing!

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE***FIST of DEFIANCE******Gage Blackwood © vs. Oscar Burns*****UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS****SNS © vs. Lucky Sevens****UNIFIED Tag Team Championship #1 Contendership****Pop Culture Phenoms vs. Los Tres Titanes**

THE NEXT BEST SELLER, "THE RISE OF SCROW"

♪ Diabolical - Nyxx ♪

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen...."The Raven's Eye" Scrow!

Scrow walks out in a pair of black boots, jeans, a Turn Back shirt, and a black leather coat. He still has that monocle from DEFTV 157 on. He steps in front of the curtain and proudly raises The Rise of Scrow above his head like it were a championship. As usual, he is greeted with a chorus of boo-birds. He soaks it in and then walks over to the interview stage and takes his position next to Jamie.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well, Scrow we are back at it again. I suppose you want to take this time to plug this book of yours.

Scrow:

Can you hear how much these people can not wait for *The Rise of Scrow* to be available for them to blow their minimum wage job checks on.

Jeers continue. Clearly nothing of any sort that anyone in The Wrestleplex has any desire to buy this book. Or for the gull to talk down to people with a minimum wage job.

Jamie Sawyers:

Scrow I have to say, from the passages you have read, this book seems to be nothing more than an attempt to make yourself feel relevant in Defiance.

Scrow brushes his hair behind his head, shocked at that kind of response from Jamie.

Scrow:

How could you even say something like that? What Scrow has written is the truth!

Chants of BULL SHIT echo now in the Wrestleplex. Scrow smiles at The Faithful before returning his glance back at Jamie.

Scrow:

These people don't share your thoughts.

Jamie looks at The Faithful who continue to chant "Bullshit" and showing their dislike for the Mad Scientist of The Kabal.

Jamie Sawyers:

From the sounds of it Scrow, you may need your hearing checked.

Scrow's smile disappears as he stares with a stern glare at Sawyers.

Scrow:

Scrow's hearing is fine. *{he tilts his head away from Jamie}* Perhaps Scrow can help you clear the wax from inside your ears. *{looking back at Jamie with a look that sends shivers down the spine of Jamie}* What do ya say Jamie would you like Scrow to help you?

Jamie shakes his head, which seems to change Scrow's demeanor back to a warm smile toward him.

Jamie Sawyers:

So I suppose you are going to plug yet another one of your passages from this book of yours, aren't you?

Scrow:

Actually, he was not, but if you really want Scrow would gladly give you and all these people another nibble of *The Rise of Scrow*. {in a stern voice} You want that don't you Jamie!

Jamie not wanting this interview to get physical humors Scrow.

Jamie Sawyers:

By all means, Scrow let's hear it.

Scrow opens his book and Jamie rolls his eyes.

Scrow:

He saw that Jamie.

Jamie, like a kid caught with their hand stuck in a cookie jar, tries to act interested.

Scrow:

Ah, here is one! "Scrow knew that if he allowed Dex Joy to tag in that he would undoubtedly lose the match for him. Scrow knew Dex was no match for either one of Team Hoss. So Scrow endured the handicap match. He took a beating, but at the end of the day, Scrow would raise his hand in victory! It was not over there, as The Biggest Loser Dex Joy would confront Scrow for not giving him a chance in the ring. He was careful not to overstep his bounds. Until Nathaniel Eye came out. The best friend of Dex had to plead and beg Scrow not to hurt his friend. At the wishes of his best friend, Dex Joy tucked his tail between his legs and quickly exited the ring before Scrow made him regret it."

Jeering gets louder. Scrow looks over to Jamie.

Jamie Sawyers:

Come on, you are twisting what happened when you teamed with Dex Joy!

Scrow closes the book and grabs Jamie by the throat and pulls him close.

Scrow:

Are you calling Scrow a liar? If you are that would be bad....very bad...bad...bad...BAD!

Jamie quickly shakes his head, before Scrow releases his grip on his throat Jamie coughs and gags for a few moments. Scrow quickly takes the microphone from him and looks down at Jamie.

Scrow: {sarcastically}

BYE...

Scrow kicks Jamie in the ass and pushes him off the interview stage. Scrow turns to the camera again and composes himself and leans the book against his bicep.

Scrow:

You can get the full story, when you buy *The Rise of Scrow* available September 16, 2021! Make sure you go to TheKabal.com and put in your preorder!

Jeers continue.

Scrow:

THANK YOU....now on with the show!

DDK:

The absolute gull of this man. His book seems to be nothing more than a retelling of his career in Defiance only where HE is the hero of the story and no one else.

Lance:

One has to wonder just what else he has written in that book.

DDK:

You can't be getting curious about this obvious fantasy world of a book can you Lance?

Lance:

I don't know. Call me intrigued as a color commentator.

The show continues

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: MATT LaCROIX Â© vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT

DDK:

Well folks, it's now time for one match that I've especially been looking forward to. A rematch between Matt LaCroix and the man he defeated at DEFCON '21, Arthur Pleasant.

Lance:

If I'm being honest? After Arthur's comments on DEF Radio a few months back, I'm surprised this one hasn't happened sooner. Calling LaCroix's win in that ladder match a "fluke" were some pretty daring "fightin' words".

DDK:

That's just it, though. They were words. Something tells me that Arthur didn't want a rematch against the Louisiana Bloodletter. If he did? The Southern Heritage Champion would've no doubt offered one. It's just the kind of competitor he is.

Lance:

I couldn't agree more, Keebs. Let's take it down to Slater and DQ!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall, and is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

The lights go out, almost as if on cue.

♪ "All Within My Hands" by Metallica ♪

The snaretastic, divisive Metallica song hits the DEFplex's speaker system and the lights fade up a little, bringing a spotlight to the entrance. Arthur Pleasant's scarred and pale frame emerges from the guerilla position with Jack Harmen, Aaron King... and a really, really large man.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way down to the ring first is the challenger. From Under the Midnight Sun in Onion Key Voyager, Alaska... weighing in at 207 lbs, he is the PROVOCATEUR... ARTHUUUUUUUR... PLEEEEEEEASAAAAAANT!!

DDK:

Wait, onion... key voyager?

Lance:

All these months later and poor Darren still has trouble pronouncing that town.

DDK:

Wait, who in the hell is THAT?!

Lance:

Oh God. I believe that's... Yuri Reznikov. To go back to that episode of DEF Radio again, Yuri made his first appearance there. Arthur did remark how he's going to be bringing him along as a "bodyguard".

DDK:

Convenient timing.

Making his way down to the ring, the fans lay into Arthur with uninhibited vitriol. Pleasant simply ignores them as he focuses on the ring ahead of him. Dead-eyed and unhinged-looking like Jack Torrence, The Provocateur pulls himself up onto the apron while the Scourge surrounds the right, left, and backside of the ring. Turning his back to the entrance, Arthur eyes Brian Slater with a crooked smile.

DDK:

Ugh. I can't fathom the idea of this man becoming a champion in DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Nor can anyone else, from the sounds of this crowd!

Lights Out.

The Faithful roar as smoke begins to rise from the entrance. A red light flickers to life as the guitar begins to resonate through the WrestlePlex. Inside the smoke is a silhouette of a man kneeling, who then rises to a standing position holding a championship in the air over his head.

It begins with them... but it ends with me.

♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed And Cambria ♪

Bursting through the smoke, Matt LaCroix holds the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship high over his head and pulls the hood back on his vest emphatically with his free hand. Looking down at the ring, the Louisiana Bloodletter's eyes scan the ringside area before throwing the championship over his shoulder and marching towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, hailing from New Orleans, Louisiana. Weighing in at 242 lbs, he is the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship. The LOUISIANA BLOODLETTER... MATT... LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACROIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIX!

DDK:

Matt LaCroix is hyper focused, Lance. All these men surround the ring and he's walking right towards them... unflinching. Unwavering. He's here to make a statement.

Lance:

He's walked down this road before. He's gone to battle against Arthur Pleasant in the Scourge. He knows that he can't let the Provocateur get him off of his game... but has he already?

DDK:

Well something has surely thrown the champion off of his game. As he stands on the apron holding that championship in the air, he knows he barely got off two sentences before he was attacked in the dark by a mystery attacker. Matt LaCroix has made it clear that he's willing to fight anyone who wants a piece, and someone is taking advantage.

Lance:

Is that someone Arthur Pleasant?

DDK:

He says it isn't! If you can believe a word that comes out of that guy's... LaCroix is tossing the title to Brian Slater and we're not wasting any time, Lance! They're squaring up!

DING DING

Arthur and LaCroix meet face to face in the center of the ring. Inches from each other's noses, the jaw-jacking begins. Pleasant pushes his head forward, face-washing LaCroix's forehead with his own. Naturally, the Faithful "Ooooooh!"s as LaCroix chuckles to himself. Composing himself, LaCroix simply throws a punch that knocks Pleasant on his ass!

DDK:

Whoa! What a HUGE right hand!

Pleasant folds his legs in, sitting Indian Style while LaCroix begs for Pleasant to make a move. However, Pleasant shoos LaCroix away, motioning that he wasn't quite "ready".

Lance:

Oh give me a break! Arthur's the one that egged Matt on here!

The crowd boos this mercilessly as LaCroix puts his hands up, acquiescing to Pleasant's demand for him to give him space. LaCroix attempts to go in on Pleasant... but the Provocateur rolls to the outside!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

With his hands on hips, LaCroix shakes his head.

DDK:

Matt is clearly showing signs of frustration already. He cannot let Arthur get into his head in this one.

Lance:

Agreed. We can all say what we want, chant what we want, and think what we want about Arthur Pleasant, but he's known as the Provocateur for a reason.

As Brian Slater begins the count, Pleasant very calculatedly walks past Yuri Reznikov, putting the new toy in Matt's eye-line before LaCroix shoves his way past Brian Slater and jumps towards Arthur Pleasant off the apron. Chaos ensues. Matt LaCroix blindly throws haymakers towards Pleasant who uses Reznikov as a human shield while Aaron King tries to climb over the ropes to block Brian Slater's point of view. The massive bodyguard hurls Matt LaCroix into the barricade like a sack of potatoes, leaving him prone to Pleasant and Harmen to rain kicks down on him.

DDK:

This is just a gang fight, Lance! Arthur Pleasant had no intentions of facing Matt LaCroix in the ring tonight one-on-one! Brian Slater is having enough of it, too!

Lance:

There it is! He's thrown the Scourge out from ringside.

And it doesn't take long for the massive Yuri Reznikov to step up to the 6' 6" DEFIANCE official. Standing eye-to-eye, Yuri tries to intimidate Slater as King now joins Harmen and Pleasant in lifting LaCroix up off the ground and tossing him into the ring steps and slamming his head into the pole before tossing him back into the ring. Now that the damage is done, Yuri walks away leaving Arthur Pleasant in the ring with a beaten, battered, and pissed off Southern Heritage Champion. The Reaper of the Pontchartrain claws his way to the legs of Pleasant, fuming and trying to grab his leg. The Provocateur shoves him off with his other foot and quickly measures and executes a precision buzzsaw kick to the temple!

DDK:

And there it is! Narco.... NO! LaCroix caught the leg!

Lance:

I think Matt LaCroix is running on pure rage and vengeance right now, Darren! There is no other reason why that man isn't unconscious.

The champion sweeps the other leg out from under Pleasant and begins savagely stomping on the knee of the leg he previously captured. The Faithful go banana as LaCroix then locks Arthur Pleasant into the Peacemaker! The Provocateur manages to reach out and grab the ropes, causing Slater to start a five count... and right at the count of five LaCroix releases the hold. Slater moves in to warn LaCroix, but DEFIANCE's First Favoured Saint instead pounces on Arthur Pleasant, raining hammerfists and elbows to the back of his skull before Brian Slater rips him off of the challenger. As he's being pulled off you can hear LaCroix shouting:

"YA WANTED TA FIGHT? FIGHT ME YOU BITCH!!!"

Arthur Pleasant just laughs, holding his knee as LaCroix screams. The champion is then admonished by DEFIANCE

official Brian Slater in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Matt LaCroix needs to get a hold of himself, Lance! He's playing right into Pleasant's plan! If he keeps this up... we might see a new champion tonight.

Lance:

Don't will that into existence, Darren. Please. But I agree that it seems like all the head games are finally starting to take their toll on Matt LaCroix. How long can he keep this up?

The champion is looking to find out, as soon as Arthur Pleasant reaches his feet LaCroix charges past Slater and dives at the challenger, only to meet a face full of turnbuckle. Southern Strong Style stumbles backwards after impact only to get a rolling elbow to the back of his skull. Matt drops down to a knee and Arthur begins to rub his face back and forth across the ropes. Slater calls for the rope break, but turnabout is fair play and he doesn't break until five. The break is forced and Pleasant gives a parting push to the side of LaCroix's head with his boot.

DDK:

Now he's just continuing to poke the bear.

Lance:

Well why fix what isn't broken, I suppose. It's given him control of this match.

Pleasant grabs Matt LaCroix by the hair and drags him to the middle of the ring. LaCroix swings to try and get another shot in but fails. The Provocateur then hooks him up for a pump-handle piledriver that he calls Insomnia. As he lifts the champion, the Louisiana Bloodletter grabs the challenger by the neck and falls backwards off of his shoulder! Matt is unable to land on his feet and instead ungracefully falls to his back while maintaining the dragon sleeper! The Faithful jump to their feet as LaCroix wraps his legs around the torso of Arthur Pleasant.

DDK:

THE FTW IS LOCKED IN! THE FTW IS LOCKED IN!

Lance:

I don't think Arthur has much time left, Darren! This looks like it's the EN...

Lights Out.

Suddenly everything plummets to darkness. Quickly the Faithful pull out their phone flashlights to try and get a glimpse of what's going on. All sound is cut. There is no commentary or ringside commotion on the broadcast. Only the void with little phone fireflies slowly coming to life when suddenly everything comes back on. Like a bent hose being untangled light and sound flood the arena.

DDK:

...sting one. We're back on air.

Lance:

Oh no.

In the middle of the ring, Brian Slater looks on in confusion as Matt LaCroix and Arthur Pleasant both lay face down and unconscious. On the back of the champion is the Southern Heritage Championship once again draped across his back. Once again the darkened tron scribbles to life with what appears to be white scratches which turn into writing. It reads:

*"A descent into madness is how this tale ends.
A champion fails his city.
A neglected adversary takes their rightful place upon the throne."*

The medical team is now checking on both men who meekly refuse treatment while remaining separated by Wyatt Bronson and DEFsec.

DDK:

What does any of this mean?

Lance:

The only thing we know for sure is that this man must be from Matt LaCroix's past... and it isn't Arthur Pleasant.

DDK:

Who else could it be? Kerry Kuroyama? Black Panda? God forbid Dex Joy... there's no way!

Lance:

Just like Matt LaCroix, we're going to have to wait to find out. If this person wants the Southern Heritage Championship, Darren... they'll have to stake their claim eventually. Matt LaCroix is going to put it up every chance he gets. If they want to take it before someone else, they're going to have to make a move.

DANGEROUS LIAISON

We're backstage in the parking area of the Wrestle-Plex. Christie Zane has a mic in hand and is sprinting through the parking lot with the camera trailing behind her. We see why: she's catching up with Pat Cassidy, who has his gym bag in hand and looks to be making a hasty exit. Cassidy notices Christie coming his way and seems to mentally curse his luck before he stops to turn toward the DEF interviewer.

Pat Cassidy:

Oh, hey. Christie. What's up?

Christie, slightly out of breath, approaches.

Christie Zane:

...where are you going?

Cassidy's brows furrow.

Pat Cassidy:

Uh. I'm leaving. My match is over. That's still allowed.

Christie Zane:

Yeah. But... where are you going?

Cassidy drops his bag and folds his arms.

Pat Cassidy:

I'm going to the bar.

Christie smiles.

Christie Zane:

Ah-HA!

Pat Cassidy:

"Ah-ha?" What "ah-ha?" I own a bar so I'm going there. Breaking news, huh? There's nothing weird about that. No need for any "ah-ha" from any backstage interviewers.

Christie points at Pat.

Christie Zane:

You're sure dressed a little nicer than your usual post-match attire. And your hair looks all combed. And is that...

Christie sniffs the air.

Christie Zane:

...cologne?

Cassidy narrows his eyes. He is not amused.

Pat Cassidy:

You got a question, Zane?

Christie Zane:

You're going to see *her*, aren't you?

Cassidy shakes his head. His expression changes from annoyed to amused.

Pat Cassidy:

My my. Jealousy doesn't look good on you, Christie. If you wanted to come out with me there's plenty of better ways to ask.

Christie looks ready to snap back with something sarcastic... when suddenly her expression changes. She looks over Cassidy's shoulder. We see Max and Mason Luck - The Lucky Sevens tag team who happen to be in line for a tag title shot - lumbering into view. Max is cracking his knuckles while Mason grins with evil intentions. The humor is gone from Cassidy's face. He makes sure to step between Zane and the giants.

Pat Cassidy:

I think you'd better go.

Zane doesn't have to be told twice. Cassidy cracks his neck and walks right up to the pair of brothers as they share a laugh.

Max Luck:

You see this fucking guy here Mase? Thinking Lady Luck wants to waste her time with this dip-shit?

Cassidy looks over at Mason and he can't hide his laughter.

Mason Luck:

Blood's gone somewhere else, huh, Pat? Don't worry ... it's gonna be in this parking lot here in a sec.

Cassidy nods.

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah. I suppose I should've known, huh boys? Oldest trick in the book. Guess I'm totally...

We'll never figure out what the rest of that sentence was going to be, cause Cassidy suddenly and without warning clocks Max Luck right in the face! With Max caught off guard, he turns and begins to unload with right hands onto Mason! Cassidy is able to hold his ground for a good five seconds before the brothers get on the same page and begin to brutally beat The Scrapper from Southie down with vicious clubbing blows. Pat goes from throwing hands to using his hands to cover up as he's punched and kicked. He falls to the floor and the brothers refuse to let up.

Mason Luck:

Get him up! Get him up!

Max Luck:

We're gonna show you what happens when you put your dirty ass hands on a lady!

Pat tries to fight again with what little energy he has, but Mason puts a kick to his chest and then Max slugs him a few more punches. They both drag him up to a nearby car about two spots over and then swing the door open. They put more boots to him and then open the car door ... THEN SLAM THE DOOR SHUT ON HIS ARM TWICE!!!

Pat screams out in anguish! He reels on the ground and Max and Mason exchanging giddy high fives. The giant twins look down at him in agony.

Max Luck:

Still got jokes now you little asshole?

Pat doesn't say anything other than clutching his possibly broken arm with him.

Mason Luck:

I got one ... I'll tell it to you later but it ends with us crippling you both and taking those pretty unified tag titles in the process.

Mason and Max Luck both leave the parking lot and leave an injured Pat all by himself. Cassidy is holding his arm and tapping his head against the pavement as he tries to suppress cries of frustration and pain. From off camera, we hear...

???:

We need some help here!

As we fade to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT 100

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CRIMSON STALKER vs. SCOTT STEVENS

Lance:

Earlier tonight during an attempted interview by Chris Trutt, Scott Stevens interrupted an excited Teresa Ames to accept an open challenge for tonight by none other than Jason 'Stalker' Reeves.

DDK:

Wasn't much of an interview, the crazy girl is on a power trip. After The Kabal basically kidnapped Rick Dickulous, Teresa seems to think all of DEFIANCE is too scared to take on 'Crimson Stalker'.

Lance:

You are right, Darren. Ever since MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, Stalker has been under the guise of a new monster like persona 'Crimson Stalker'. Seemingly resurrected from the dead, he's shown to be a force to be reckoned with now that he is back in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Scott Stevens made it clear he's not scared of any monster, vampire, frankenstein or otherwise.

The scene switches to the middle of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The Following match is the MAIN EVENT FOR THE EVENING! And is set for one fall!

Introducing first Hailing from Seattle Washington, weighing in at 216 pounds he is..... STALKER!!!!

♪ "This Link is Dead" by Deftones ♪

The lights in the arena turn to a dark crimson red as Teresa Ames, along with her pet - Jason 'Crimson Stalker' Reeves, head to the ring. Teresa is wearing her 'No More False Heroes' Kabal t-shirt while leading Stalker, dressed in his normal ring striped pants and black wife beater his additional Crimson Mask feature is the most exotic change to the former 'Hardcore Icon' Jason Reeves.

Lance:

It's very disturbing to see a wrestler who loved nothing more but to rip his opponent to shreds on a microphone be completely muted like this.

DDK:

Do you really think - Stalker feels that way? That man has spewed nothing but insanity since he stepped foot in DEFIANCE. Resurrected monster or not - he's a pawn for The Kabal's overall game just like the rest of them.

Lance:

Wait... what?

DDK:

Nothing.. Lance. Focus on the match.

Crimson Stalker steps through the ropes to enter the ring with Teresa Ames behind him, the pair looking towards the entrance way in anticipation of Scott Stevens entrance.

"A TEXAS SIZE ASS WHOOPIN IS COMING BOY!"

A THUNDEROUS POP FROM THE FAITHFUL!

DDK:

OH MY! What an ovation from the Faithful here tonight!

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 Faithful did not expect this and not a

single one of them is sitting. They 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:

Scott Stevens, who wiped the floor with Count Novick at Uncut 100 is looking to do the same here tonight.

Lance:

You got that right, Keebs. Stevens isn't afraid of no man, woman, child, or monster.

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.

Darren Quimbey:

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

STEEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!

As Stevens makes his way down the ramp he just smirks and shakes his head at the vocal bashers and fist bumps his supporters. In the ring, Stalker is pacing back and forth like a caged animal.

DDK:

Stalker looks like he wants to maim the former FIST.

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.

Mark Shields seems completely inept and ill prepared for this match as he finishes giving match instructions to both men. Stevens nods in his direction while Crimson Stalker simply stares daggers at his opponent.

DING DING**Lance:**

Stalker charges across the ring directly at Scott Stevens!

Stevens ducks the incoming clothesline from Stalker and counter's the monster's opening attack with a forearm shot against his head, quickly pacing it up with an uppercut that pushes Stalker into the far corner! Stevens pursues Stalker into the corner and continues his assault!

DDK:

Scott Stevens is not here to play games with Crimson Stalker and he's already taking it to him in the corner!

Lance:

Mark Shields doesn't even mind that Stevens has Stalker hemmed up with those punches to the ribs and face. Teresa is already riled up on the outside!

Camera switches to Teresa Ames who's screaming at Mark Shields to break it up as Stalker is seemingly absorbing blow after blow from the veteran and former FIST Scott Stevens!

DDK:

Stalker with a bit of life shoves Stevens off of him but Stevens right back into the corner, grabbing his arm... OH! What a reversal!

Attempting to launch Stalker into the other corner, Stevens' Irish whip attempt is countered by a hard and short clothesline from Stalker which makes Stevens hit the mat hard. Crimson Stalker hovers over Scott Stevens like a beast before kicking him in the forehead on his attempt to get up. Mark Shields sends a verbal warning to Stalker which falls on deaf ears as the Frankenstein construct boots Stevens in the face one more time before leaning over and picking him up off the mat.

Lance:

Stalker hooking Stevens now in the ring, RUSSIAN LEG SWEEP!

Rotating over, Stalker stands up again, keeping Stevens along with him and hooks him again, RUSSIAN LEG SWEEP! The back to back moves throw Stevens through dreamland as the Dynasty leader gets hooked once more, lifted by Stalker and driven into the mat AGAIN with a Russian Leg Sweep!

DDK:

Nasty set of moves by Crimson Stalker. Scott Stevens looks out of it from that combo and Stalker does not seem satisfied one bit.

Crimson Stalker hovers over the heavy breathing Scorpion for a moment before leaning over and picking Stevens up off the mat. The slow movements from Stalker gives Stevens a brief window and he takes it! The Angry Texan nails Stalker multiple times in the gut before leveling him to the mat with a spinning DISCUSS CLOTHESLINE!

DDK:

Stevens showing signs of life here!

Following it up with a BIG time leg drop! Crimson Stalker suddenly finds himself on the Angry side of this Texan! FOOT STOMP! And ANOTHER!

Lance:

Scott Stevens is absolutely drilling Stalker with some boots here but now he's picking him up... whips him into the ropes, Stalker DUCKS another clothesline but Scott Stevens is ready anyways... as the two spin to face each other and grapple!

DDK:

Stevens with the leverage here... SHOVES Stalker into the corner!

Big time Chop from the Angry Texan! The Faithful let out a big reaction to the former FIST locking Stalker into the corner, kick to the gut, UPPERCUT! Forearm SMASH against Stalker's face! Stevens whips Stalker across the ring into the far turnbuckle and Stalker takes the impact from the hard whip CHEST FIRST!

Lance:

Quite a show of ring awareness and strength from Scott Stevens, he roughed Stalker up in the corner and used his strength to send him cratering into the turnbuckle! Stalker looks completely out of... uh he sat up.

DDK:

His eyes are flush white my word what is wrong with him!?

Scott Stevens approaches Stalker with a head scratching grin before BOOTING the wanna be movie monster in the face with Ruthless aggression. Unwilling to allow Stalker a moment to catch his breath, Scott Stevens mounts the Crimson mask wearing Jason Reeves, The Faithful count along as Steven waylays into Stalker's head with a series of mounted closed punches!

ONE!....
TWO!....
THREE!....
FOUR!....

Lance:

Mark Shields is offering a warning to Stevens now!

But Scott Stevens brushes him off as he stands up, pulling the dead weight of Stalker along with him. Teresa Ames is livid on the outside of the ring - seeing her Pet take a beating like this was not in her plans for tonight's main event. The Angry Texan doesn't seem to care as he whips Stalker into the ropes, he leans over for a Spinebuster... BUT Stalker stops and DROPKICKS Stevens in the lower leg!

DDK:

That took the sails out Stevens there!

Stalker with a heartbeat suddenly lifts Stevens up harshly and tosses him into the nearby corner, wasting no time he charges at him and runs into him a LIFTING KNEE! Stevens doubles over in the corner but Stalker hooks him, SNAP SUPLEX! To the center of the ring Stalker rolls through the move and lifts Scott Stevens up again - SNAP SUPLEX! The impact is even harder this time as Teresa yells at Stalker from the outside!

Teresa Ames:

Modify it BABY!

With a methodical approach Stalker rolls himself up to his feet once more and with Mark Shields watching on in a dumb founded state, Crimson Stalker hooks the Angry Texan's leg... FISHERMAN SUPLEX! With a bridge!

Lance:

Shields is slow to react and getting an earful from Teresa about it!

ONE!!

TWO!!

NO!!!

Stevens kicks out with force and rolls quickly up to one knee, catching a breath while Stalker's more sinister slow approach continues to creep out the Fans and announcers alike.

DDK:

Are his eyes changing color? What is Teresa doing at ringside knocking on the ringpost?

Teresa Ames:

He's ALREADY boring me, my pet... show him no mercy and give him the SANGUINE SALIVA!

Lance:

What... what did she just say?!

DDK:

What.. is a Sangrita of saliva... wait what?

Mark Shields looks confused towards Teresa Ames, shuffling to see if she needs help his back is turned towards Stalker and Scott Stevens confronting each other in the ring. Stalker's eyes turning a flush red as his breathing intensifies... his Crimson Mask suddenly a focal point as red liquid stars to drip down from Stalker's mouth and drip down his Black wife beater t-shirt.

Lance:

Is Stalker bleeding in the ring!?

The Faithful let out a quizzical reaction to the dripping of blood but Scott Stevens doesn't know what to make of it, as Crimson Stalker's red eyes suddenly bulge... BLOOD SPIT!!

DDK:

UGH!! STALKER just SPIT BLOOD ALL OVER SCOTT STEVENS FACE! That Crimson Mask was used like some sort of trajectory spitting thing oh my god! It's disgusting and all over Stevens' face!

The Angry Texan is completely thrown off from the red liquid now dripping all over his face, the pouring of what looks like a 'blood mixture' just oozes down his face as Stalker moves quickly in! Knee to the GUT! Crimson Stalker hooks the stunned Scott Stevens.... MODIFIED COBRA CLUTCH SUPLEX!!

Lance:

That should have been a disqualification but Mark Shields is too busy looking at Teresa's phone with her on the outside! Good Grief PAY ATTENTION Shields!!

Teresa's previous distraction escalates as she is able to distract Mark Shields long enough for the blood spit exchange, now with Shields focusing on the ring action Stalker is lifting a dreary and dizzy Scott Stevens.

DDK:

Mark Shields doesn't even see the blood dripping from Stevens' face or Stalker's mouth... Stalker hooks the former FIST..... EVENFLOW DDT! No... come on not like this!

Stalker pushes Scott Stevens flat on his back and ensures the bloody remains of his distraction is out of Shields sight as he presses his arm against the man's face in the pinning attempt.

ONE....

TWO....

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

Teresa Ames is absolutely ecstatic.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen your winner by pinfall, STALKER!!!

THWACK!!

Teresa Ames snatches the microphone out of Quimbey's hand, aggressively shifting past the surprising rudeness of The Kabal's unpredictable leaders.

Teresa Ames:

Just like The Guardians.... Just like Rick Dickulous... Another one of your precious HEROES is DONE FOR! When... When is DEFIANCE ever going to learn that WE RUN THE DAMN SHOW NOW! READ THE ROOM, PEOPLE!

Scott Stevens is surprisingly helped up and out of the ring by a confused Mark Shields who's trying to figure out where all the blood has come from. Both men look eager to get backstage to DEFMED as Teresa Ames enters the ring to raise the hand of her pet in victory. Crimson Stalker meanwhile is standing silent and still in the center of the ring, his 'Crimson' Mask proving true to its name as it still drips with blood.

Teresa Ames:

NONE of your HEROES can stop what is standing before you!

Teresa Ames proudly raises Stalker's arm in victory, the 'No More False Heroes' t-shirt and mindset on full display to the fans of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Well folks, I'm not sure if that's exactly true but we appear to be....

Lights out.

DDK:

Oh now what? The Kabal are already out in the ring!

Lance:

Well our microphones are live.. I don't think...

A giant white spotlight shines down from the rafters as the DEFIatron sparks to life, a maskless Jessica 'Guardian' Reeves stands in full white costume. The Kendo stick laced firmly on her back, surrounding her are The NEW Rain City Ronin, along with Rocko Daymon. The Guardians all seem fashioned now in similar white costumes to fit their more unified look for this statement.

Jessica Reeves:

Teresa Ames...

The spotlight bothers Teresa as she tries to feign the ability to hear but it's soon obvious that she is frustrated with her now dead microphone.

Jessica Reeves:

If you THINK that revealing my identity would stop me? Or stop The Guided Hand from dismantling the Kabal? Did you really think that we would STOP coming after you TERESA? You can put your control over my father on display all you want but you are nothing but a weak figurehead with a strong bodyguard. The Kabal - they don't trust you, they trust Stalker. Your hooks into his behaviour is the only reason you get to parade around like you DO!

The words boom from the DEFIatron and Teresa Ames has literally lost it in the ring screaming at the fact that she can't trash talk Jessica's monologue.

Lance:

Teresa Ames is furious and she's even more furious that she can't send Stalker after his own daughter!

Jessica's direct message continues and becomes more of a challenging statement than anything else.

Jessica Reeves:

At ACTS of DEFIANCE we will prove that once and for all that The Kabal don't support you and you are nothing but a weak little BITCH. Your reign as The Kabal's top dawg is going to be a short-lived and failed experiment by Mr. Fear and the rest of the Cerebrus. The Codename will always reside within me - mask or not and regardless of them keeping the book from us. My purpose will continue to be the LIGHT that no one else in DEFIANCE will stand up to become.

Crimson Stalker's silence is deafening as he stares into the DEFIatron screen, being addressed by his daughter seems to have no effect as Teresa Ames crosses her arms in the ring, doing her best now to avoid the obvious, this message is not going away. She pulls out her phone to check it as an attempt to ignore the speech from the leading Guardian.

Jessica Reeves:

The dream was given and the heroes were told to 'Save the Reaper' but no one came - so, I'll continue the fight with us Guardians alone, just like we have done from the start. The Kabal we challenge you to a fight to finish this War forever. A fight in the streets of New Orleans. Because our vendetta against each other has risen to a point of such violence that we are no longer willing to let you - or anyone else in The Kabal put DEFIANCE in any more danger than you have in the past. We will settle this once and for all and even if that means we have to rip Rick Dickulous from your evil hands, We Will. Because this is no longer just a fight for revenge it's a fight for freedom. Free The Monsters. Free The Reaper. NEVER say the pledge!

Static.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.