

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!

***EVEN HANNIBAL LECTER THINKS OPHELIA SYKES IS CRAZY
I HOPE BIGGEST BEST BOYS BEST THE SCOURGE
BIG MATCH BURNS VS. GAGE ALL THE RAGE
STALKER? I HARDLY KNEW HER
ARTHUR, WHO'S YO DADDY?
I WATCH DEFIANCE FOR THE KIDNAPPING AND MISOGYNY
SCROW'S BOOK IS A GREAT BATHROOM READER
IF BURNS AIN'T THE FIST, HE'LL ALWAYS BE THE ARM OF DEFIANCE
WHERE IS RICK DICKULOUS?!?
DEX WAS ROBBED!!
THE SCOURGE IS JUST THE KABAL ORDERED FROM WISH.COM
THE KABAL IS EVERYTHING THAT'S WRONG WITH THIS SPORT TODAY
NEW CONSPIRACY: FAVOURED SAINTS "REMOVED" TILLINGHAST AND REPLACED HIM WITH DEB
IT'S FALL! THE NEW PUMPKIN SPICE DOOMBURGER IS HERE!***

BIGGEST BEST BOYS vs. THE SCOURGE

DDK:

Welcome everyone to DEFtv Night Two!!! And we are off, about to see The Biggest Best Boys of Dex Joy and Nathan Eye reunite for the first time since they won the Tag Party 2 competition last year. They take on Arthur Pleasant, Jack Harmen and Aaron King aka the Scourge.

Lance:

Apparently this match was just going to be Arthur and Jack against Dex and Nathan, but the Biggest Boy was not happy with how two weeks ago Arthur Pleasant shocked him with a taser and cost him the Favoured Saints title back to Rezin. Dex wanted the whole kit and kaboodle or nothing so Aaron King was added to his opponent's side.

DDK:

Nathan Eye and Jack Harmen have had their own separate issues with Eye trying his best to talk reason into Jack Harmen, but he was beaten bloody by the crazy veteran. So let's get to this grudge match right now!

The lights in the arena start to flicker on and off before simulating a blackout. The lights go out. Fans reach out for their cell phones and try to light up the WrestlePlex. The lights slowly come back in the arena, section by section until, on the big screen a cell phone battery display charges... charges... charges... and soon it's at 1000%. "BIG DEX ENERGY!!!!" is on the screen! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!!! Five bright yellow lightning bolts strike the stage and fire off massive streams of pyro as the theme kicks in!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is a handicap match! Introducing the first team. he is from Los Angeles, California and weighs in at three-hundred fifty-five pounds... "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEEEEEEXXXXXX JJJJJJOOOOYYYYYYY!!!!!! And his partner, from New Orleans, Louisiana weighing at two-hundred thirty five pounds ... NATHAN EEEEEEEEEYYYYYYYEEEEEE!!!!

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

Sparks shoot up from either side of the entrance where the lightning landed. Walking through it is the former SO-HER AND Favoured Saints champ himself and right behind him is Nathan Eye! The two best friends get ready for a big opportunity to stick it to the Scourge tonight. Eye is the first to the ring soaking in the adulation from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and Dex takes his time. Big Dex Energy holds out his fists in the air to get more cheers from the fans. Both of the Biggest Best Boys are in the ring and they wait in their corner for their opponents.

♪ "All Within My Hands" by Metallica ♪

"BOOOOOO!!!"

As soon as the Faithful certify them rotten, Aaron King, Jack Harmen, and "The Provocateur" Arthur Pleasant emerge from the Guerilla position. Each of them are wearing brand new leather "Scourge" jackets that have the words "We Are" written in bloody scratch letters and "The Scourge" written in fiery letters.

DDK:

You know, I hate to admit this but, those jackets are cool as all hell!

Lance:

I won't admit that. Ever. And nobody can make me.

Walking down to the ring in ominous succession, each member of the Scourge smirks out at the sea of Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents! Weighing in at a combined weight of 666lbs... Aaron King... Jack Harmen... and "The Provocateur" Arthur Pleasant... they are... THE SCOOOOOUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGE!!

DDK:

Is that for real?! Their combined weight is 666lbs?!

Lance: *[mumbling to self]*

208...224...234... carry the one... holy crap. IT IS.

Motioning for King and Harmen to flank Dex and Nate, Pleasant slithers under the bottom rope and into the ring. He slowly stands up as Nate Eye keeps an open one on King and Harmen!

DING DING

Arthur Pleasant and Dex Joy stand face to face from each other for the first time in a DEFIANCE Wrestling ring ... but it isn't for long because Arthur tags Aaron King unexpectedly and climbs out! King looks shocked by his leader's actions. Harmen points into the ring and tells King to "get 'at'em."

DDK:

I wish I could say I was shocked! Get in there, Arthur! You can take a taser to Dex but you can't fight him when it's a fair fight?

Lance:

I guess not! But Dex is not waiting!

Dex runs like a wild rhino and Arthur leaves the ring apron, but King is not so lucky. Dex grabs King and then throws him over the ropes into the ring. King starts tumbling around with no idea where he is and then gets run down with a running lariat!

DDK:

King didn't even know that was coming! The Biggest Boy is going to run through every member of the Scourge if that's what it takes to get at Arthur.

Dex grabs King and throws him right at the corner.

Dex Joy:

You and me, Artie! Right the fuck now! Tag your stooge!

But Arthur won't do it and instead he stays on the floor pacing with Jack Harmen watching the match. Dex gets angry when King tries to tag Jack and grabs his trunks before he can do it. He drops King with another hefty jab and then a big wind-up punch that sends King to the corner of Nathan Eye. Eye shows off some of his recent boxing training and he also hits a big right on King then he stumbles around into a samoan drop from The Biggest Best Boy!

DDK:

What great teamwork! Joy and Eye have been fighting their own battles for a while, but this issue with the Scourge brings them together again.

Dex happily gives the tag to Nathan Eye. Dex grabs King and then he holds him up for Nathan Eye to use a slingshot shoulder block to knock Aaron King down a second time. Natty Eyece goes for a lateral press on the Scourge member.

One ...

Two ...

But Jack Harmen is there to break up the cover early. Harmen stands up and he smiles at Nathan Eye to remember what he said two weeks ago about helping him be better. Eye tries to go for a punch but by the time he does Harmen backs off.

DDK:

More mind games from Harmen right there! He is a veteran with many years of experience over Nathan Eye. Eye needs to see him as he is and not as he was.

Lance:

Very profound.

Eye jabs King a few times and rocks him and then hits a back suplex. Eye nips up to his feet then jumps on his throat with a huge leg drop and tries to pin him again. This time he looks right at Harmen.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Jack Harmen:

Good! You're learning!

DDK:

Smart move by Nathan Eye.

Eye gears up to hit King with either a spear or the Starry Eyed Surprise but when he runs at the ropes Harmen tries a cheap shot. Eye sees him and stops, then takes a swing but Harmen moves again. King pulls on the shirt of Carla Ferrari and she doesn't see Arthur Pleasant grabbing Nathan's leg! Eye gets dragged out of the ring, then Pleasant hits a knee between the shoulders that sends Natty Eye colliding into the steel ring post! Dex Joy yells at Carla to pay attention but the damage has been done by the Scourge.

Lance:

Hey!

DDK:

King gets the distraction there!

Dex is livid! But the Biggest Boy can't do anything about it. Now King tags in a willing and able Arthur Pleasant. He flashes Dex an evil grin when he goes back out and tosses Nathan Eye back into the ring. The Provocateur sits on his chest and pummels the Handsome Face's handsome face with muay thai-influenced strikes! Carla warns him to stop and Arthur makes sure to stop so he can bite on his forehead!

DDK:

He's biting him! Why, just to get a rise out of Dex?

Lance:

It appears to be working though!

Carla warns Arthur again but he yells some more derogatory comment that will not be transcribed because they are not that nice. Dex is fired up like a bull in a china shop, but Eye isn't anywhere close to being able to tag out and Arthur knows it. He stands over Eye and laughs at Dex's inability to help his best friend. When Arthur grabs Eye's hair though the Handsome Face fights back with some fire of his own! He punches him in the stomach three times and then nails Arthur with an upper cut to the jaw!

DDK:

That's what Pleasant gets for taking his eye off the ball!

Dex waves his hand and yells at Nathan to make a tag. Nathan checks his forehead which will no doubt need a rabies shot then he tries to get to his corner. Dex is almost there but gets pulled down off the apron by both Jack Harmen and Aaron King and then he is chucked backwards into the barricade!!!

DDK:

Wow, did you see that?! The Biggest Boy has just been cleared from the ring thanks to those dirty tactics from the Scourge!

The former holder of both the Favoured Saints and SO-HER titles has been left laying! Eye is left shocked at this turn of events but leaves himself wide open for Narcolepsy by Arthur!

Lance:

And a buzzsaw kick for Nathan Eye! That's called Narcolepsy which is what I get when I have to be subjected to this maniac's matches!

DDK:

Arthur is going to try and win!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful rally behind Nathan after the kick-out! Once again Arthur yells at Carla Ferrari for what he is calling a slow count and shoves her, but she doesn't take kindly to hit and shoves him right back and points at her shirt!

Lance:

Be careful! He's going to do something crazy!

Arthur wants to take a swing but he stops when he sees that Harmen and King are back and Jack wants to face Eye. Arthur decides to not risk a DQ and tag Jack Harmen. Harmen comes in and he starts to kick Eye lightly to try and demean him.

Jack Harmen:

Come on! Fight! Show me what I saw in BRAZEN!

Eye can still hear it when his head is ringing then tries a clothesline ... but Harmen ducks and baits him into a bridged German suplex!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Harmen almost tricked him into that win, but Eye will not be beaten that easy.

Harmen tags in Aaron King after that and the two men do a double team move. Harmen hits a corkscrew suplex on Eye. He turns around and holds him up so King can hit a missile drop kick off of the top rope. King now makes a pin and tries to end Eye for good.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Eye kicks out and Aaron King is stunned. Arthur argues with Carla from the ring apron yet again and she's not hearing it now. King grabs the leg of Eye but when he tries to lock in his boston crab finisher, Natty Eyce rolls him up out of nowhere ... but King rolls backwards. But when he gets to his feet, he is put right back off by a Starry Eyed Surprise knee strike!

DDK:

Starry Eyed Surprise by Eye! He is hurt!

Eye doesn't see Dex at first but the big monster from California finally makes his presence felt when he steps back onto the apron looking enraged after the Scourge jumped him earlier. Arthur sees this and doesn't like it but by the time he can do anything about it a tag has been made to Dex Joy!

Lance:

I wouldn't want to be a member of the Scourge right now!

Dex Joy steps inside and then starts to go for anything that moves. Aaron King is knocked over with a massive clothesline and then he goes for Jack Harmen first with an elbow and then he throws him into the ring also! Arthur Pleasant leaps off the apron before any harm can come to him so he turns back to King and Harmen. Dex tries to pick a fight with the both of them but Harmen and then King stop him first with two kicks to his chest. They double Irish whip Dex and try to knock him down but he surprises them first by using a flying cross body to drop them both like a 7-10 split in bowling!

DDK:

Look at Big Dex Energy go! A little pay-back from earlier!

Dex runs them over but now Arthur finally wants to get involved by striking Dex with a running soccer kick to his back! Arthur cackles that he nailed the cheap shot but he is surprised to turn around and eat a discus clothesline from Dex first!

Lance:

The Scourge are scattering! Dex has turned this around big time!

All members of the Scourge have been cleared out of the ring and Dex has them lined up again. He doesn't tease the crowd like he would normally do with the Whoa-pe and instead of doing just that Dex does something he has never shown before ... a breath-taking tope con hilo over the ropes that wipes out all three members of the Scourge!

DDK:

This is insane! Big Dex Energy is flowing through this arena tonight! He just wiped out all three with that dive!

After the pile of bodies clears Dex gets up and since King is the legal man he is thrown into the ring!

Lance:

Joy has seen enough! He's about ready to end it!

Dex grabs Aaron King and then slams him into the canvas with the Dex Drive! Arthur and Harmen try to look for a way in, but Eye stands in front of Dex to keep them out of the ring to break it up!

DDK:

That big power slam might do it! Eye is back to keep them out!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

The match is now over but Dex Joy's gaze doesn't leave Arthur Pleasant on the outside of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners ... THE BIGGEST BEST BOOOOOOOYYYYYYYYSSSS!

Dex Joy doesn't look happy with this win though and his eyes don't leave that of Arthur's. He grabs a microphone from Darren Quimbey while Nathan Eye makes sure Jack Harmen does not try anything.

Dex Joy:

Oh no no no no no, Artie! We are not done. You cost me a championship and the payment for that is one big, fat unadulterated ass-kicking of DEFIANCE Wrestling's biggest dick-head! You and me, Acts of DEFIANCE!

Arthur falls to his back, laughing hysterically. Kicking his feet up to emphasize the fit of laughter, the Provocateur sits up and crosses his legs, Indian-Style.

Arthur Pleasant:

Hahaha!! YOU... want a match with *moi*?!

The fans begin chanting "*Fuck him up, Dex Joy, fuck him up!*". Arthur lets this go until the Faithful begin to become unsynchronized.

Arthur Pleasant:

Sorry, but, that'll be a *haaaaard* pass, Mr. Joy. Mainly because, you are a thief of it. SEE WHAT I DID THAAAR.

"BOOOOOOOOOO!"

Dex Joy:

Oh ... I am the thief? Pally, you think of yourself as some kind of rising star. You are talented and you are tough; I don't think anyone will deny that, but you, as a *person*, steal victories, opportunities ... hell, pally, you need to go and apologize to *every* potted plant they have backstage for stealing the oxygen they work to produce!

Laughter erupts from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful but Arthur isn't showing the same amusement.

Dex Joy:

So I'll ask you one more time, Artie. Are you going to nut up and fight me or am I going to chase you out of this building and beat a match out of you?

Looking perturbed, Arthur's eyes narrow.

Arthur Pleasant:

Really? You want a match with me that badly, eh? You'd *actually* chase me like you were chasing a rogue twinkie rolling downhill? You do realize I'm not coated in sugar or chocolate, right?

Dex actually laughs at this, but clearly it's more out of frustration for how he keeps deflecting.

DDK:

Seriously? Arthur is still fat shaming in 2021? Somebody #cancel this A-Hole!

Pleasant thinks on it for a moment.

Arthur Pleasant:

Again, ya fat FUCK... that's a *hard* pass. C'mon, Jack. Let's go. Now, considering I'M the bigger star than Dr. Diabetes over there? Play MY music!

Pleasant turns his back to Dex and Nathan, but before Arthur's music can cue up, Dex once again speaks.

Dex Joy:

Please... that's all you got, Arthur? Fat jokes?! Listen. I'm bigger than you in *lots* of ways. With this great figure of mine...

The Faithful roar at this, with some women even whistling and screaming.

Dex Joy:

...I've won more titles than you. And if you run out of here and don't accept this match ? Then all you're doing is proving my balls are bigger, too, fatty.

The Faithful laugh as Arthur facepalms. Harmen takes a moment to pull Arthur aside and tell him "His balls are at least of normal size."

Arthur Pleasant:

Okay. You know what? You're nothing if not *persistent*. And *clearly* in need of your insulin... but I digress. I'll tell you wh-

The Faithful begin to drown out Arthur once again with their derision over his lack of respect for one of the absolute best wrestlers in DEFIANCE.

Arthur Pleasant:

I'll tell you what, Dex. You want a match with me so bad at ACTS of DEFIANCE? You got it.

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

DDK:

Oh wow! It's on! Finally!!

Arthur Pleasant:

BUT...

Lance:

There's always a but in these situations, isn't there?

A crooked smile emerges from Pleasant's nasty mouth.

Arthur Pleasant:

I have two conditions, Dex.

Dex Joy:

Yeah? Flaming kendo stick on a pole inside a cage on top of Mt. Kilimanjaro? I don't care, Arthur. I'll beat your ass in ANY type of match you want pally. Name it.

Harmen's impressed and excited by Dex Joy's suggestion. Pleasant holds up his hand.

Arthur Pleasant:

Ohhh I would think *long* and hard about that, D-Cup. The first condition? Carla Ferrari does NOT officiate our match!!

Dex looks confused.

Dex Joy:

What? There aren't a whole line-up of good referees back there that'll count your ass down for the three? Whatever. Accepted.

The Faithful roar at this, which draws more laughter from Arthur.

Arthur Pleasant:

Annnnd the second condition? Hehe... hehehe.

He pauses for dramatic effect.

Dex Joy:

Well, spit it out then!!

Arthur Pleasant:

THAT STUPID FUCKING BITCH'S CAREER IS ON THE LINE!!!!

There's a stunned silence.

Dex Joy:

You can't be-

Arthur Pleasant:

-serious?! Oh, I've *never* been *more*. So let me reiterate just in case all these idiots out in the DEAFplex couldn't hear me: I win? Carla Ferrari is gone from DEFIANCE Wrestling. End of story. That means, you lose your temper and decide to use a weapon on me like the true coward we both know you are? You're disqualified, dicksauce. Carla's GONE. Your lack of cardio kicks in and you gas out three-minutes into the match and can't make it back into the ring? You're counted out, fuck wagon. Carla's GONE.

Pleasant laughs as he looks at Dex and Carla's stunned faces.

Arthur Pleasant:

What's wrong? Scared to face DEFIANCE's only PURE WRESTLER now? I told you to think long and hard about what you said, you sugar lactating, yeast infection. But hey, if you need a minute... I'll wait.

Pleasant looks at his invisible watch while he taps his foot.

Dex Joy:

First off pally you're a fucking idiot if you don't think I can't catch you. And second, you are a real fucking idiot if you think I'm going to ask Carla to put her career on the line. Your battle isn't with DEFIANCE Wrestling management, its employees or even its officials. It's with me ...

Before he can say another word, Carla jumps next to Dex and yells into the microphone.

Carla Ferrari:

I'll do it.

Dex looks at her incredulously.

Dex Joy:

No ... I'm not asking you to do that.

Carla Ferrari:

I know you aren't but I'm going to do it because *that* piece of garbage needs to learn some respect. I'm giving you my blessing to go in there and beat his ass.

The cheers are loud but Dex talks over it.

Dex Joy:

Alright. You have your match, asshole! But you're gonna *wish* you had asked for your broken glass, tables, light-tubes and whatever bullshit Tim Tillinghast hates you for.

Jack and Aaron pat Arthur on the back for what appears to be some kind of unofficial Scourge victory.

Arthur Pleasant:

So be it! At ACTS of DEFIANCE? The Provocateur is gonna lift the walking, talking, hungry-hungry hippo into the air with a Calamity Pain, and drill you into unconsciousness. And then? I get my fifty-pounds of flesh from the *worst* referee in the history of professional wrestling.

Pleasant blows a kiss to Carla, who looks absolutely disgusted.

Arthur Pleasant:

And if you thought what I did to you at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE hurt? Carla, baby... that Provocation kick you took is gonna feel like *nothing* compared to the mental anguish I put you through after beating your fucking tribute. See you soon, huge tits. Oh... and clearly, I'm talking to *you* Dex, and *not* Flatchested Ferrari.

DDK:

Oh come on!

Lance:

So disgusting. I can't wait until Dex destroys Arthur. I don't care if I'm supposed to be unbiased. Fire me. This piece of garbage needs to GO.

Pleasant throws the microphone carelessly so that it hits the end of the ramp, breaking the plastic "DEFIANCE Fist" logo that covers part of the handle. Throwing his hands in the air as if he's won, Pleasant turns and makes his way to Guerilla. Dex Joy, Nathan and Carla Ferrari all watch the rest of the Scourge leave. Harmen taking a moment to slap Aaron King in the back of the head and scold him for losing as they leave.

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2021***FIST of DEFIANCE*****Gage Blackwood © vs. Oscar Burns****UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS****SNS © vs. Lucky Sevens****SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP****Matt LaCroix © vs. Scrow****Fans Bring the Weapons Match****Lindsay Troy vs. Malak Garland****UNIFIED Tag Team Championship #1 Contendership****Pop Culture Phenoms vs. Los Tres Titanes****Conor Fuse & Deacon (w/Magdalena) vs. The Honor Society (Ned Reform & TA Cole)****New Orleans Street Fight****The Kabal vs. The Guardians****Dex Joy vs. Arthur Pleasant****Klein vs. Jestal**

AOD IS TO FAR AWAY

DDK:

Annd we're back to more action here tonight on DEFTv 160...

Lance:

Night TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

That's right! As usual "Downtown" Darren Keebler here with Lance Warner. Lance, I'm looking at our card here tonight and it says we have Stalker taking on Zac...

Lights Out.

DDK:

Well, looks like we might have something else first...

Those words go over the broadcast as smoke begins to build up on the entrance and the Faithful rise to their feet. A red light pulsates in the smoke, showing the silhouette of a man in a kneeling position. A guitar riff resonates around the arena as that silhouette raises to its feet, holding something in his hands. Raising the object above his head, it appears to be a championship belt as the red light goes very bright before fading to black.

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

♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed And Cambria♪

Red lights dance around the arena and the hooded man marches out from the smoke, skipping his usual posing and looking out across the Faithful. Instead, Matt LaCroix throws the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship over his shoulder and marches down to the ring, not even taking the time to throw his hood off of his head.

DDK:

Last time we saw Matt LaCroix, Lance, he was picking a fight with the Kabal for the attacks on him the past few weeks... but then as he was being pulled away from Crimson Stalker, it was revealed to be Scrow behind the attacks.

Lance:

And he picked the perfect time, Darren! Matt LaCroix was already restrained by security when he made that revelation and was helpless to do anything about it.

DDK:

Well it came to our attention immediately after DEFTv went off the air that a match had been signed for Acts of DEFIANCE! Matt LaCroix immediately accepted a challenge from Scrow for the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship!

Lance:

So now it's official! Scrow wanted a piece of Matt LaCroix and now he's going to get it!

Inside the ring, Matt LaCroix pulls the hood off of his head and the lights return to normal. With a microphone in his hand, he doesn't waste any time.

Matt LaCroix:

Ya sure were brave in da dark, Scrow... but when it came time ta face da Reaper you were more than happy ta hide behind Wyatt and da rest of da force. Well, I say there's no reason ta wait until ACTS ta get this ova with. I'm here. You're here. Da Faithful are here. I say ya get ya lil' backstabbin' ass out here and laissez les bons temps rouler!

The Louisiana Bloodletter takes the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship off of his shoulder and places it onto the canvas in front of him as the Faithful roar in appreciation.

FUCK 'EM UP LA-CROIX, FUCK 'EM UP! BANG BANG

FUCK 'EM UP LA-CROIX, FUCK 'EM UP! BANG BANG

Matt LaCroix:

I'M RIGHT HER...

♪ *Diabolical - Nyxx* ♪

DDK:

Matt looks like he is going to get his wish.

Lance:

Scrow has been Matt LaCroix eternal nightmare over the past few months.

The Faithful jeer as The Raven's Eye steps from behind the curtain. Dressed in his ring attire, with a copy of *The Rise of Scrow* under his arm. Scrow motions for the music to cut.

YOUR BOOK SUCKS!

YOUR BOOK SUCKS!

Scrow grits his teeth at The Faithful as they continue to disrespect his literary masterpiece at least in his eyes.

Scrow:

Matthew....Matthew....Matthew. Scrow gave you a gift and you have the nerve to not say thank you?

The Reaper of the Pontchartrain looks at where Scrow is pointing behind him and notices a copy of the book laying over in the corner. Instinctively, the champion walks over to the books and kicks it out of the ring, sending it sailing into the double-digit rows.

Scrow:

Typical, Scrow guessed it was probably too many big words for someone like you.

Scrow opens the book he brought out with him.

Scrow:

Scrow will read it for you. The infamous final chapter!

YOUR BOOK SUCKS!

YOUR BOOK SUCKS!

Scrow just stares out at the echoing of The Faithful, then is taken from their chants by LaCroix.

Matt LaCroix:

You're right about one thing, Scrow, I ain't a very cultured man. I ain't much fo fairy tales or poetry. What I am fo is kickin' your ass all over New Orleans, so if ya could put down da lullaby and come down ta da ring like a grown-ass man we finish da story right now.

Scrow:

You are not going to provoke Scrow Matthew, this is Scrow's story not yours!

Scrow gathers himself and starts to read the chapter, almost being consumed by the louder and louder chants from

The Faithful about his book sucking.

Scrow:

November eleventh, twenty-twenty! ASCENSION! The night Scrow was going to be a champion! It wasn't going to be Black Panda, it wasn't gonna be his good buddy Rezin, and it sure was not going to be Matthew LaCroix! After the match all Scrow saw was darkness! Scrow met this darkness by way of the FTW.

The Faithful cheer, and that gives Matt a smirk on his face. Scrow just looks up at Matt with a look of disgust, before resuming his reading.

Scrow:

When Scrow woke up, everything....changed. Scrow found that Matthew LaCroix was living in Scrow's shoes! He was going on getting fame and fortune, while Scrow lived the life Matthew was supposed to live after Ascension! Imagined Scrow torment when he witnessed Matthew defeating Scrow's arch-nemesis Dex Joy for that Southern Heritage Championship!

Matt steps forward and picks the Southern Heritage Championship off the canvas and raises it above his head. Scrow shouts off the microphone that was his. The Faithful cheer as Matt has the title up in the air.

Scrow:

That was Scrow's endgame, and all Scrow could do was watch as Matthew relished the goal of Scrow. So Scrow devised a master plan to make...*[looks up at Matt in the ring, and points]* YOU *[returns to the book]* will know how the darkness put Scrow on the wrong path! It was Scrow all this time turning those lights out and beating you to a bloody pulp, to the cryptic messages to everything Matthew tormented Scrow with!

Scrow closes the book and tucks it under his arm.

Scrow:

Scrow was planning on taking back his life at Acts of DEFIANCE....but you know what FUCK IT! He will take it back now!

The Faithful cheer as they are about to get a championship match, Scrow removes his jacket and heads to the ring and then suddenly stops.

Scrow:

Scrow changed his mind, No Scrow will get his payday at Acts of DEFIANCE....but if you really want a fight...

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

Matt LaCroix: *[speaking over the music]*

This is a fais do-do, Tyler. Adults are talkin'!

Tyler Fuse with Princess Desire head to the ring. The jeering continues as Tyler's music plays and Scrow just blows a kiss at Matt. Scrow gives Tyler a slap on the chest with a smile before leaving.

Matt LaCroix:

Well... if you insist.

Tyler Fuse stops halfway down the ramp to reveal a mic in his hands. He speaks stoically into it.

Tyler Fuse:

By the way, this is going to be for the Southern Heritage Championship if you're game.

LaCroix looks ready to go, nodding his head. However, Scrow stops at the top of the rampway to look back rather concerned.

Tyler Fuse:

Deal. Mark Shields, come on down.

Referee Mark Shields emerges from the back, past a confused Scrow who ends up walking behind the curtain soon after. Meanwhile, Princess Desire breaks free from Tyler's side and finds her way over to the announce team.

Princess Desire:

I'm joining. Yay!

DDK:

Uh, okay. Hi, Princess.

Princess Desire:

Hello! What a boring match coming up next, huh?

Lance:

What?

Tyler Fuse reaches the end of the rampway and rolls into the ring.

DDK:

So what's going on here? This is for the SOHER now? What about Scrow vs. Matt LaCroix? I thought this match was simply to soften LaCroix up, not take his title.

Princess Desire:

Meh.

With Scrow out of sight, Mark Shields holds the Southern Heritage Championship up for all to see before turning to show it off to Tyler Fuse.

Tyler Fuse: *[deadpan]*

It looks nice. Might have to break this one, too.

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: MATT LaCROIX Â© vs. TYLER FUSE

DING DING

The bell goes but no action follows. Tyler rests in a corner, awaiting LaCroix to make the first move. Unsure at first, Matt cautiously steps forward, hoping to meet Tyler in the middle of the ring. The indifferent Kabal member yawns and continues to lean back.

DDK:

What's going on with your husband? I thought he wanted this title match and now he looks like he doesn't care. I- I don't get either of you two.

Prince Desire:

Meh.

DDK:

You already said that.

Silence bestills the announce team while LaCroix continues to wait on Tyler Fuse. This "standoff" goes for about a minute.

DDK:

Thanks for the insight, Desire.

Princess Desire:

Welcome.

Finally, Tyler emerges from the ring post as LaCroix walks towards him. The SOHER tries for a grapple but Tyler drops to his knees and slips out. Instead of hitting LaCroix with a move, Fuse simply wanders over to another turnbuckle and takes a rest on the top padding. The champion turns, witnessing Tyler's behaviour and gives a puzzled look. However, respecting the potential for Tyler to strike at any time, LaCroix cautiously motions towards the challenger once again. This time, Fuse falls to his knees and exits the ring.

Princess Desire:

Hey, I've got a question for either of you guys. Does anyone care about Matt LaCroix vs. Scrow? Honestly now.

DDK:

I do.

Lance:

I do, too.

Princess Desire:

It's probably the lamest battle ever...

The commentators brush Desire's comments aside as LaCroix waits for Tyler to enter the ring. If referee Mark Shields was competent, he would have started a ten count but he hasn't even counted one yet. Realizing this could go on forever if he doesn't do something, Matt LaCroix charges the far ropes and looks for a suicide dive.

CRACK!

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL!?! Tyler Fuse hit Matt LaCroix with a steel chair!

Mark Shields didn't see it, as he was staring off into the crowd.

Princess Desire:

POSSUM, BABY yeah!! Let's gooooo bahahahahaha! What does Conor say? Awesome possum? Well THAT's textbook possum and somewhat awesome!

Tyler methodically drops the chair, lifts LaCroix and pushes him into the ring post! LaCroix meets the post hard before Tyler picks him up again and rolls him into the ring. The elder Fuse slowly marches up the steel steps, locking eyes with his fallen opponent as he enters and connects with a release German suplex! Replays show Tyler Fuse walking on the outside, not paying attention to Matt LaCroix. Only at the last possible second, right as the SOHER clears the ring with his dive, does Tyler grab a nearby folding chair, sidesteps and crushes it across the side of LaCroix's back.

Lance:

Tyler had to have known. He had to be watching LaCroix with his peripherals...

Princess Desire:

Hmmmmmmm, maybe? I dunno.

Tyler continues the assault on Matt LaCroix, hitting him with a few more suplexes, locking LaCroix into a sleeper before throwing him towards the ropes and dropkicking LaCroix in the right knee.

DDK:

Tyler isn't going for a pin, here. Instead, he continues to work on LaCroix.

Princess Desire:

Pin-schmin. Like I said, does anyone really care about Matt LaCroix?

DDK:

We already told you...

Fuse hurls LaCroix into a turnbuckle and comes racing in with a running shoulder block. As LaCroix wobbles out of the corner, Tyler grabs him by the arm and hits an atomic drop followed by a side Russian leg sweep. Fuse stomps away at LaCroix, working the champion into a corner before Mark Shields finally comes to and realizes he should administer a five count.

Tyler stops at four but then gets back to stomping, shouting at Mark the count has to begin at one again. The referee agrees and starts counting from the beginning.

Princess Desire:

I've been told many times Mark Shields has an ironclad contract, that's why he hasn't been fired yet. Might never be able to, for those scoring at home.

Lance:

Ironclad?

Princess Desire:

That's what I said.

Fuse lifts LaCroix out of the turnbuckle and attempts to Irish whip him across the way but LaCroix puts on the brakes at the last possible second. Tyler rushes in, LaCroix pushes off the turnbuckle and into the air as Tyler runs himself into the padding and LaCroix shoots over top of The OG Player One. The champion kicks Fuse in the chest once... twice... thrice... and then hip tosses Tyler to the center of the ring. With Tyler on a knee, LaCroix begins kicking him in the chest as stiff as he possibly can.

Lance:

It's clear Matt LaCroix has been banged up. Those kicks are connecting but they aren't as impactful as usual.

Princess Desire:

Matt ate a chair to the back of his neck, Lance! I love it, don't you!?

LaCroix pulls Fuse to his feet and hits a snap suplex. LaCroix holds on, pulls Tyler up again and tries for a falcon arrow suplex but Tyler escapes it, bounces off the ropes and connects with a flying arm clothesline.

Princess Desire:

BOOM!!!

The elder Fuse stands, hands on his hips and kicks LaCroix in the small of the back. Dragging LaCroix to his feet, The OG Player attempts a double arm DDT but LaCroix doesn't budge. Tyler tries again... and LaCroix still doesn't budge.

DDK:

Suplex by LaCroix, into a bridge!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Tyler immediately hits the ropes, ducks a LaCroix clothesline and hits a pendulum backbreaker. Tyler tries for a figure four leg lock but LaCroix kicks The OG Player One into a corner. Although Tyler doesn't hit the buckle, it gives Matt enough time to find a vertical base and hip toss Fuse when he comes racing back. LaCroix looks for a small package but Tyler rolls away and into the ropes. LaCroix follows, ducking a kick from Tyler, hoofing the challenger in the gut and then performing a head scissor takedown. Once Tyler is flat on the mat, LaCroix stands and drops his skull straight into Tyler's. Fuse shouts out, as the head-on-head impact rattles him and LaCroix is back to stiff kicking the shit out of Tyler's chest.

DDK:

It's all LaCroix here!

Princess Desire:

Hey, did you know Scrow has a shitty book out?

The commentators ignore The Princess as LaCroix hits High Tide, his half nelson suplex on Fuse. Tyler, however, wobbles to his feet, breaks free from a hip toss and bounces into the ropes.

Smack!

DDK:

Superkick by Tyler, right where he hit LaCroix with the chair!

Smack!

DDK:

A second dropkick gets LaCroix on a knee!

Smack!

DDK:

A third sends him down.

Princess Desire:

Yawn, take it home, my dear.

Tyler perches himself on the top rope, waiting for LaCroix to rise.

Lance:

Fuse might be looking for that top rope clothesline of his...

Warner is correct. As LaCroix gets to his feet, Tyler jumps but instead of hitting the clothesline, this time it's LaCroix who's playing possum, as he takes one step back and cranks Tyler in the head with a shining wizard!

DDK:

DESTRUCTION IN SPADES!

LaCroix falls to his knees for a pinning attempt but the lights go out.

Princess Desire:

HEY now! I was half-watching that match!

The lights come back on... only to find Scrow in the middle of the ring, locked into LaCroix's dragon sleeper!

DDK:

The FTW is locked on Scrow! It looks like this was a set up all along!

Princess Desire:

Bahahahaha, get bent, LaCroix!

Scrow is put to sleep as Matt LaCroix pulls the upcoming SOHER challenger off the mat and ejects him from the ring.

DDK:

NO!! LOOK OUT!

Tyler Fuse is positioned behind LaCroix, waiting to strike. The Faithful try warning the SOHER but it's too late.

Discus clothesline.

DDK:

But Tyler's not pinning!? What the hell!?

The OG Player stands. He looks down at LaCroix and next peers out of the ring, finding the location of Scrow. Finally, Tyler drops to his knees and places a palm on Matt's chest.

Mark Shields makes the count.

ONE.

TWO.

REVERSED INTO THE FTW!

Princess Desire:

That's not part of the plan!

The Faithful turn to cheers as Tyler Fuse is locked into the dragon sleeper, just like his counterpart Scrow moments ago. Tyler tries for the ropes but he's nowhere close. Referee Mark Shields slides into position and raises Tyler's

hand. It falls so he turns to the time keeper and calls for the bell!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of this match and still Southern Heritage Champion... MATT LACROIX!

LaCroix drops the submission, realizing Scrow's book is laying at the edge of the ring, likely brought in by Scrow himself during the sneak attack. Matt picks the book up, opens it and rips out the last page, throwing the hardcover print out of the ring, in Scrow's general direction.

Princess Desire:

Well, it is terribly written...

DDK:

Matt LaCroix successfully defends the SOHER against Tyler Fuse!

Princess Desire:

We didn't really care to pick up the championship, anyway.

Desire drops her headset and exits from the announce table. Meanwhile, Matt LaCroix celebrates inside the ring.

DDK:

I don't get her... or Tyler. Six months ago Tyler's breaking the Southern Heritage Championship with a sledgehammer and now he seemingly throws the match against LaCroix?

Lance:

I don't get any of The Kabal to be honest.

DDK:

Fair.

Lance:

I think this was nothing more than a set up. Mind games. Tyler was happy to throw the match if it meant he got to beat up Scrow's opponent. Then again, Fuse DID go for the cover... even if it was a palm on the chest.

DDK:

Trying to figure The Kabal out... godspeed.

The show goes to commercial as LaCroix exits the ring, title in hand, Scrow is laid out on the floor with his book beside him and Tyler Fuse slowly exits the ring with a pleased look on his face and Princess Desire by his side.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND



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TOY CULTURE

Backstage Jamie Sawyers is poised to get a few words with Better Futures Mad Prince Jestal. Alongside Tom Morrow, the clown smacks on his gum. Judging by his suit which is lime green and magenta, it would seem Jestal has slimmed up a bit, and added a bit of size to his frame.

Jamie Sawyers:

I am standing here with the man that will take on Pop Culture Phenom "Klein" at Acts of DEFIANCE Jestal! Of course, alongside him is his manager [*chorus of jeers*] Tom Morrow.

Jestal:

The first step to ridding DEFIANCE of the Pop Culture Phenoms.

Jamie Sawyers:

Jestal you seem to really believe this conspiracy theory of yours. That being that Klein was sent to break up the Toybox from within.

The jester smacks his gums as he stares at Jamie for a moment.

Jestal:

It's not a conspiracy, Sawyers. It is the TRUTH! This reject with a box on his head, injected my sister with his demon seed. He knew that if she got knocked up that the real threat to the PCP's The Toybox would no longer be just that.

Jamie Sawyers:

Why Jestal? Why would you put your sister through all this stress?

Jestal stares coldly at Jamie slowly smacking his gum.

Tom Morrow:

Because the Pop Culture Phenoms are human garbage, that's why! They'd literally do anything to get ahead! Look what they almost did to Ophelia Sykes before we liberated her! They would do this sort of thing! And Klein? He's the worst one of them all! You can't trust a guy with a box on his head! That's one level more depraved than hiding under a mask!

Jestal:

My thoughts exactly, he is a sexual predator! Someone as innocent as Dandelion could not carry such a demon inside her. It was inevitable that she would have lost that child.

Jamie Sawyers:

You are twisted Jestal!

Jestal just stares at him and blows a bubble from his gum, waits for it to pop then continues to smack the gum in his mouth.

Jamie Sawyers:

You sound like this was some sort of bad manga pornographic video. Can't you see what you are doing is just hurting your sister?

Jestal:

Dani, is fine once I take care of the man that has been causing her all this grief. Everything will get back to normal.

Tom Morrow:

That's right! Jestal will deal with Klein! Then we end this issue!

Jamie Sawyers:

She has been trying to separate you two for months now. Everyone can see she has no desire to see two people she really cares about fight it out.

Jestal:

Dani has always been that way, she has always lacked the killer instinct. I was always there to deal with what was necessary. Deep down she knows what I am going to do at Acts of DEFIANCE is for the greater good. Then we can be together again and resume our quest to get our Blondies back.

Jamie Sawyers:

Speaking of that you do realize your fellow Better Future members The Lucky Sevens are taking on the Saturday Night Specials at Acts of DEFIANCE for those championships. Have you ever thought if your crazy plans for the future involved them being the champs?

Tom Morrow:

No, Jamie, because we don't promote dissension in BFTA! We promote winners! The Lucky Sevens can beat ANY team in DEFIANCE! They were the last ones to defeat the Saturday Night Specials in a match and at Acts of DEFIANCE you'll see more of the same!

Jestal: *[snickers, while saying under his breath]*

They haven't beaten every team yet.

Jestal walks off, as Tom caught what he said and so did Jamie.

The scene shifts to another part of the backstage area where Christie Zane stands alongside Klein. She smiles for the camera as she reacts to her queue.

Christie Zane:

While Jamie had the... pleasure of speaking to the Mad Prince and the Master of Tom Morrow, I stand here with his adversary Klein. In two weeks, your very good friends are set to take on Los Tres Titanes, for a shot at the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships. Your conflict with Jestal, however, is a much deeper and personal level. I know you're a man of few words, is there anything you'd like to share with the Faithful?

Klein shakes his box from side to side in solemn fashion. He then takes a deep breath inward as Zane waits, before he reaches up and pulls his box from his head. He shakes his wavy blonde hair loose, before staring directly into the camera.

Klein:

I love your sister Jestal. Nothing I ever did was to hurt her. Or you even. Honestly, because you're so tied to Dani, I wish you NOTHING but the best. I'm sorry it's come to this.

Klein looks over to Christie, and there's a hint, a glint of frustration that is quickly masked by a fake smile.

Klein:

But here's the thing, Christie. Sometimes, life is the one that does the hurting. You and I, we can just sit back and watch. We did everything we could Christie. But... but Dani... and here I am, trying to support your sister during a time of loss and all you want is my head on a pike.

Klein turns back to the camera to address Jestal directly.

Klein:

See, I think you just wanna fight me to feel something other than loss or grief, because you know that not only did you lose your sister's kid, but you're losing Dani. If that's the case, I understand. I've only felt loss and grief myself, and I worry constantly about losing her too. But see, the only thing you think you can do to stop her leaving is just driving her further away. Whatever. The Mad Prince isn't going to have a conversation. He wants a fight, I'll give him the fight of his life. And hopefully, after ALL is said and done, we can move ON. As BROTHERS.

Klein turns to Christie and nods.

Klein:

At Acts, this ends. One way or another.

Klein nods and places the cardboard box on his head. And then, in a less than chipper than usual fashion, Klein does his trademark happy wave to the camera.

LUMBERJACK MATCH: STALKER vs. ZACK DAYMON

Lance:

Well this will be an interesting match to say the least.

Returning to Lance and Darren who are facing the camera they both seem eager to keep the litness of DEFTV 160 going.

DDK:

At UNCUT 102, Zack Daymon made an interesting if not... career threatening challenge against none other than the monster known as Crimson Stalker!

Lance:

Teresa definitely seems to think the kid is off his rocker but perhaps it's just confidence.

DDK:

You mean overconfidence right?

Lance:

Exactly... Also, Keeps due to the special Lumberjack rules that were set in place, we have things set up a bit different at ring side.

Extra camera shots are flashed through to display all of the different wrestlers surrounding the ring, the mix of DEFIANCE stars like Deacon and Uriel Cortez, and BRAZEN's Michael Van Warren are the easiest ones to catch a glimpse of but the excitement is at an all time high as both Zack Daymon and Crimson Stalker made their 'official' introductions prior to the ring being surrounded by lumberjacks. Darren Quimbey is in the ring to announce the match.

DDK:

I think I counted fifteen guys out there but there could be more. I'm surprised there were so many willing volunteers.

In total, there are actually sixteen wrestlers flanking the different sides of the ring, Deacon, Uriel Cortez, Count Novick, Nicky Synz, Sho Nakazawa, Butcher Victorious, Gulf Coast Connection Members: Titus Campbell, Crescent City Kid and Theodore Cain. That was just two sides of the ring. On the other two sides we have Michael Van Warren, Troy Matthews, Mushigihara, Ned Reform, TA Cole along with The Hallmark Journey, who were currently serenading MVW with a song of endearment that seems to have slightly irritated the young gun bodybuilder.

Darren Quimbey:

The Following Match is a Special Stipulations Lumberjack Match!! The Guardians and The Kabal have been barred from ringside! Introducing first hailing from Seattle, Washington and weighing in at 212lbs... 'SKYFIREEEEE' ZACKKK DAYMON!!!!

The Faithful gives out a small pop as one half the Rain City Ronin raises his arm while staring daggers across the ring at his chosen opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... ALSO Hailing from Seattle, Washington and weighing in at 235 lbs.... CRIMSONNNNNNNNN STALKER!!!!

Wrestleplex's audio levels of boos escalate as the mute monster of The Kabal stares back at the young Zack Daymon.

DING DING

The lumberjacks watch on as Crimson Stalker wastes no time in moving in towards Zack Daymon who leaps into action as he sprints forward and launches himself in the air with a charging shoulder!

DDK:

Crimson Stalker absorbs Zack's running attack right off the bat!

Shoving Zack Daymon back with both hands, Stalker charges in and rams him with a rising knee to the gut! Forearm to the head of Zack, followed by a right leg sweep as Stalker send the young Daymon flat against his back! FOOT STOMP! NO!

Lance:

The way Jason moves now is so different, it's slow and lethargic at times but every hit and attack he makes now seems like it has the force of death behind it.

Zack sees his life flash before his eyes as Stalker's boot comes crashing towards his face, yanking his hands up in reaction, he blocks Stalker's boot stomp and rolls out of the way. Scampering to his feet, he looks outside to all the lumberjacks as he weighs his next move.

DDK:

Stalker looks like he's toying with Zack now, just waiting to see what he's going to do next.

Crimson Stalker stares forward watching Zack's each move as the youngster breathes in, he rushes against the ropes, hops to the top turnbuckle! HE LAUNCHES MISSILE DROPKICK!

Lance:

Stalker deflects the dropkick attempt! Zack hits the mat hard but he's quick to get to his feet in the corner but CStalk is chasing him down!

DDK:

CStalk?!

The man known now as Teresa's monster pet demolishes Zack Daymon in the corner when the two collide, using his body as a weapon, Crimson Stalker simply barrels into the young Zack Daymon causing him to stumble through the ropes and fall outside. The lumberjack pit is unwelcoming for Zack Daymon as Titus Campbell and Butcher Victorious look down at the youngster. Helping Zack in, they allow him no chance to catch his breath as they forcefully shove him into the ring under the bottom ropes where Crimson Stalker is waiting for him.

DDK:

The Lumberjack request not falling in Zack's favor early on!

Jason Reeves picks up Zack, hooks him... RUSSIAN LEG SWEEP! Rolling over with methodical precision, Jason lifts Zack up again.... ZACK with a LOW BLOW!

Lance:

Brian Slater doesn't see the exchange but as Stalker tries to lift Zack up here for another Russian Leg Sweep the young man hits Stalker with a low blow!

Instant replay shows the sly exchange as the undead monster still has feelings down there, the impact of Zack's hit causes Stalker to release his grip and fall down to one knee! Zack with a swift kick to Stalker's chest! Stalker doesn't budge on the first kick however the second one from Zack sends the crimson monster careening back to the mat.

DDK:

Zack is firing himself up as Stalker climbs back up to his feet, using the ropes he's moving quite slow his eyes completely off the young... WHOA! What a KICK!

Shades of Codename: Guardian, Zack sprints against the ropes for momentum and charges back, flying through the air with a single legged dropkick! Crimson Stalker stumbles to the outside and referee Brian Slater looks on curiously as the lumberjacks of Count Novick, Nicky Synz and Theodore Cain move in as a unit to pick up the heavily breathing monster.

Lance:

The DEFIANCE lumberjacks are having a bit of trouble getting Crimson Stalker up to his feet and Zack Daymon's waited long enough.... RUNNING... SPRINGBOARD SHOOTING STAR TO THE OUTSIDE!! HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Novick manages to use his cape to get away but Nicky Synz and Theodore Cain are not as lucky, Daymon crashes into Jason Reeves on impact but in collateral he hits those two lumberjacks as well. The Faithful erupt in a chant of amazement as Troy Matthews, Mushigihara, Uriel Cortez and the Crescent City Kid come over to pick up the wreckage. Within seconds and much to the crowd's pleasure the lumberjacks do their job and roll each competitor in the ring.

DDK:

Daymon's crawling over for a win... he drapes an arm on Stalker's chest!

One!

TwNO!

Lance:

The way Crimson Stalker sits up like that gives me the freaking chills! Look at him... it's like he's in another world.

Sitting with his shoulders slumping forward and his crimson mask beating with each breath, Crimson Stalker does not move a muscle. Instead he is staring at each of the individual lumberjacks surrounding the ring, many of which have no love lost for Stalker or The Kabal.

DDK:

Zack needs to get up!

The young Daymon prodigy is climbing his way up to his feet, carefully watching Stalker's lack of movement Zack smartly uses the opportunity to regain his own composure. Brian Slater asks Stalker if he's okay but the reaction Jason Reeves gives him creeps his inner bones. A stare so chilling that it makes the veteran ref sheep backwards into a safe corner.

Lance:

Stalker climbing to his feet now, Zack Daymon's waiting for him, he charges RUNNING BULLDOG!!!... NO!

Zack Daymon's patience doesn't pay off as Stalker uses his strength to reverse Zack's attempt at bulldog, sending the young man crashing into the mat with a HEAVY BACK SUPLEX!

DDK:

Now he decides to move quickly!

Like a switch being turned on inside Stalker's head he stands up, staring down at Zack who shields himself in safety as Stalker's FOOT STOMP is executed to perfection! Rolling over in sheer pain Zack tries to squirm away but Stalker leans down, picking him up by the hair he pulls the son of his bitter rival up with pure hatred in Jason's eyes.

Lance:

Uh oh what's this?! Stalker's going to attempt that same submission hold that made JJ Dixon's arm look like it was going to be ripped from his socket!

Hooking Zack up in a Cobra Clutch, Crimson Stalker violently yanks the young gun from the ropes as he fights furiously to free himself from the madman's grasp. Stalker doesn't budge, slowly wedging his arm further into a grappling vice around Zack's neck.

DDK:

Oh man... Zack's in pain.. He's squirming to try and get free but Stalker's yanking him around like a rag doll!

Lance:

Brian Slater doesn't know what to do as he can't even ask Zack if he wants to tap, Stalker's just lurching him back and forth!

Fighting for his ability to breathe, Zack's fight or flight instincts kick in as he starts clawing at Crimson Stalker's face! Suddenly the crimson mask falls partially off his face, revealing once again his scars and nasty abrasions from escaping the 'Red Death' tank.

DDK:

Is.... is he gurgling?!?

In a sickening display, the Sanguine Saliva of Stalker starts to form at his mouth, the crimson mask falls to the ring mat as Stalker shoves Zack Daymon face down into the mat. Releasing the kid, Stalker doesn't hesitate to follow him to the ground, yanking him over to his back Stalker climbs on top of his and uses his leverage to pin Zack's arms above his head!

Lance:

OH MY GOD NO!

DDK:

Ugh.. He's.. going to spit that stuff into his face?!?

As the lumberjacks and Faithful look on, Stalker's pinning grasp on Zack proves to be too much for the youngster to squirm from as the Crimson BEAST of a monster - Jason Reeves himself bubbles over, Sanguine Saliva suddenly dripping down his chin!

Lance:

NO....

Lights OUT!

THE HEIST OF CRIMSON STALKER

DDK:

What the?!? Crimson Stalker looked as if he was about to vomit blood into Zack's mouth and now...

Lance:

You know I bought some night vision goggles just for this, hold on!

Shuffling occurs between the announcers as darkness envelopes the arena, movement can be seen all over the outside of the ring as the lumberjacks stir out of curiosity. The action in the ring is completely shrouded as suddenly the DEFIatron flickers to life.

Voice:

I want to be just like Dis when I grow up!!

The shrill voice was that of a young Jessica Reeves, the DEFIatron playing a grainy found footage film. Jason Reeves was holding her hand as the two were walking in the quiet and empty Seattle park, the father and daughter pair were seemingly being filmed by Jessica's mother, Riley. The quality of the footage left a lot to be desired but the authenticity of the candid moment seeped through the screen as the audience, lumberjacks and most importantly Crimson Stalker were caught in a trance.

Jason Reeves:

Oh yeah? Why's that? Do you want to be just like Lindsay Troy when you grow up? She's the one that made that schtick famous, you know.

Jessica Reeves:

I didn't say Lindsay Troy, Dad! I said I wanted to be just like DIS!

Jason Reeves:

Honey, it's not the costume that matters, it's what is on the inside that matters. You don't need to have a costume to be like the Queen of the Ring.

Jessica Reeves:

She can be the Queen of the Ring. I want to be....

The excitement in her voice picks up as she starts to run forward towards the park playground equipment, her arms extended outwards like she's flying.

Jessica Reeves:

THE SUPERHERO of the Ring!!

Suddenly the grainy footage ends just as Jessica ascends upwards into the air with a high jump.

Lights on!

Lance:

OUCH!!! I CAN'T! I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING!

DDK:

Take the goggles off! Guardian's in the ring!

As the crowd stares on with a burst of cheers, Crimson Stalker's diverted attention returns to the ring, no longer in a trance from the video playing on the screen he's face to face now with his daughter, Jessica 'Guardian' Reeves. Standing in her full Codename: Guardian attire, including the kendo stick strapped on her back, she stares at her father with no mask to protect the formerly 'elusive' C:G.

Jessica Reeves:

DAD! SNAP OUT OF IT, PLEASE! IT'S ME, Jessica! YOUR DAUGHTER!

Throwing her arms up in the air in a pleading motion, Crimson Stalker methodically reassembles his crimson mask to cover his scarred face back up. Stalker's mask breathing returns as he stares with a void look in his eyes at his daughter but he does not move towards her, instead he seems to be listening, for now.

Jessica Reeves:

PLEASE! Look at me! This is not you... this HAS NEVER been you! Why are you letting Teresa do...

Zack Daymon:

JESSICA WHAT THE FUCK!?!?

Jessica's attempt to dispel the trance her father is in is interrupted by her fellow Guardian Zack Daymon! Scrambling to his feet the 'Skyfire' prodigy is furious with Jessica's arrival, Brian Slater is signalling for the bell from the timekeeper and Darren Quimbey has a microphone in hand.

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

The Winner by Disqualification.... CRIMSON STALKER!!!!

Crimson Stalker let's out a raging growl as the interruption triggers his monster mode! The Faithful erupt in boos as the Hardcore Red Death erupts in Stalker's veins. His eyes bulging out of his head as he yanks Zack by the shoulder blade and hair pulling him away from Jessica who unhooks her kendo stick in defense.

Crimson Stalker:

RAWRWARRRRGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG!!!!

DDK:

Zack Daymon's OUT OF the ring!!

Lance:

He collided with Butcher Victorious and Michael Van Warren on his way out. The DEFIANCE lumberjacks were in a trance at this exchange until now!

Deacon and Uriel Cortez point upwards towards the ramp as Teresa Ames appears, with a microphone in hand she stands glaring in disapproval. The Kabal soon flood out behind her, standing in unity it appears like a war is about to take place. Crimson Stalker's handler and de facto leader, The Kabal's Queen, Teresa Ames is standing center stage alongside Tyler Fuse with the Favoured Saints Champion Rezin as his tertiary-colored Reaper trio lurking just behind them. While standing valiantly behind her Victor Vacio and a gang of Reapers looks ready to swarm the arena in shadows.

Teresa Ames:

I knew you were a liar! KABAL!!! GET ME MY PET! STALKER UN--

STATIC!!

'The Iceman' Leo Burnett appears from behind the curtains right on cue as Teresa's mic is cut into static. She begins cursing when Burnett charges forward and swings at every Reaper in sight as Tyler Fuse leads the Kabal down the ramp in a charging roar to meet DEFIANCE's lumberjacks head on.

DDK:

I don't know what Jessica has been saying to keep Crimson Stalker at bay but Teresa's very voice has triggered him!

Jessica defends herself against a rushing Crimson Stalker with her Kendo stick she's able to thwart his grapple attempt, wedging herself behind the monster she uses the wooden weapon as a choking device against him. The Crimson Mask of Jason Reeves gasping for breaths as his daughter's willpower to be the Hero seems to be overtaking even his undead-like strength.

DDK:

This is getting out of hand, partner!

Lance:

WOW! Did you see That SPEAR Tyler Fuse just got?!?

As chaos ensues outside of the ring, with Michael Van Warren doing a military roll spear into Tyler Fuse, which is brutally followed by Deacon and Uriel Cortez picking him up for a double Chokeslam on the ramp. Gulf Coast Connection locates some Reapers who are attempting to breach in through the guardrails. Troy Matthews, Mushigihara and The Hallmark Journey are all fending off Reapers from different crevices within Wrestleplex. Standing in the center of the madness on the ramp Teresa looks absolutely livid as she surveys the best route to squirm through the chaos to the ring but it's nearly impossible!

DDK:

It is absolute INSANITY at ringside right now! We need to get security out here, ASAP!

From the edge of the fracas, the Favoured Saints Champion Rezin watches the mayhem and rolls his eyes.

Rezin:

Fuck... apparently I gotta do everything myself!

He whistles sharply into the air.

Rezin:

MAGGOT!! CYANIDE!! CHARCOAL!! Make your dumb selves useful and get me to that ring!

On command, Reapers Magenta, Cyan, and Chartreuse, sticking out like sore thumbs from the other Reapers thanks to their denim patch vests, throw themselves into the crowd of brawling bodies and clear a path to the ring steps. The Escape Artist giddily charges through the mayhem completely untouched.

Rezin:

HA HA!! HAHAHA--uh??

He skids to a stop when he finds someone else already standing on the steps, blocking his path.

Count Novick:

AH! HA! HA!

AH! HA! HA!

Rezin:

Dambit... the ONE TIME I leave my chain whip back in the boiler room!

The Faithful erupt in laughter as Rezin tries to sidestep the vampire but Novick uses his cape to block him. Rezin attempts to juke the other way, but gets blocked again. While this is happening, Zack Daymon finally comes to, sees Rezin, and pounces to his feet.

Rezin:

Listen up, Brosferatu, I didn't even want to be involved in this bullshit, so just cut me some slack and--BLEGHK!!

Lance:

Zack Daymon with a BACK SUPLEX OFF THE STEPS to Rezin!! Novick leaps off the ring apron with a FLYING ELBOW DROP to follow it up!

DDK:

This is insanity.. The DEFIANCE lumberjacks have no interest in letting The Kabal get to the ring! Look at Butcher carrying Teresa!!

The original QWERTY girl's snake-like maneuvers only gets her to the opposite ring steps that spelled doom for Rezin. The Kabal Commander is picked up and thrown over the shoulder of none other than Butcher Victorious! Charging around the ring he begins singing and screaming while Teresa grapples at everything possible to get free.

Butcher Victorious:

I'm A QWERTY GIRL - IN A QWERTY WORLD!

THAT'S FANTASTIC!

The crowd's reaction causes hysteria as the fight enrages like a wildfire as all the lumberjacks are ganging up on the much smaller amount of Kabal, The Reaper Army is almost non existent as the DEFIANCE lumberjacks are piling them up like the foot soldiers that they are! Nicky Synz, Sho Nakazawa are up on the ramp joining the fight with Leo Burnett as Victor Vacio and two green reapers with their own kendo sticks appear reequipped and ready for round two.

Lance:

This is too much! OOF! No! Stalker just broke Jessica's Kendo stick, he's got his own daughter by the throat now!

Switching from the chaos outside the ring, the focus is centralized now in the middle of the ring Jessica's clawing at her Father's Crimson mouth mask as Jason Reeves has both of his hands around her throat! Jessica's scratching fingers are not enough as the oxygen escaping from her lungs becomes too much! Using her knees she makes one attempt to push against her father once more but he doesn't budge!

DDK:

DEACON'S getting in the ring! As is Uriel Cortez! Neither man has any love for Stalker of The Kabal!

Deacon moves in with a swift kick to knock Stalker back from pinning Jessica down, the Guardian rolls herself out of the ring as Deacon and Stalker stare each other down face to face.

Lance:

DEFSEC is here but they are all the way at the top of the ramp blocked off by The Kabal fighting against most of the lumberjacks!

DDK:

What is Jessica doing under the ring?!

Digging under the ring Jessica Reeves appears to have retrieved a stashed away duffle bag, yanking it around her body she opens up the zipper and pulls out... a crossbow.

Lance:

This... can't be serious!?! A Crossbow? For what exactly?!

Deacon lifts Crimson Stalker into the air.... CHOKESLAM!! Crimson Stalker's body is sent crashing like a dead weight into the canvas as Deacon stands up, The Kabal manages to get closer as Teresa Ames is on the ring apron now screaming at her pet to get up! Uriel CORTEZ BIG BOOT to Teresa's face sends her flying into Butcher Victorious yet again! Only this time Ned Reform and TA Cole are also in the mix, as the Doctor has found himself a steel chair.

Lance:

IS Ned Reform and TA Cole going to use this chaos to get a cheap shot on Deacon?!

With a steel chair in hand, Ned Reform creeps along the ring apron with TA Cole right behind him studying each move.

DDK:

Uh... Stalker just sat up.

Behind the backs of Uriel Cortez and Deacon, the monster known as Crimson Stalker sits up, unshaken from the chokeslam he just received; he stands up and readies himself as he breathes against the crimson mask. Ned Reform and Cole see Deacon's attention turn towards Stalker!

WHACK!!

Lance:

Stalker is CHARGING!!

Just as Deacon is clocked with a chair, The Crimson Fury of Stalker unloads against Uriel Cortez as he slams into the big man's back with a shoulder block, Cortez loses his balance and falls through the middle ropes. Reform and Cole look on as Deacon stumbles into a heated up Stalker! A dizzy Deacon tries to throw a chop but Crimson Stalker catches his arm!

DDK:

The two men that met in a Mausoleum at DEFCON once again face to face in the ring, Stalker's new Crimson Mask look is almost like the loss still haunts him even in his resurrected form.

Lance:

What... did you just say resurrected for? Are you a believer like me?

DDK:

Stalker with a HEADBUTT!

Ending the stare down with force, Stalker launches himself upwards to strike Deacon's face with his head, the big man stumbles against the ropes, Crimson Stalker kicks him! EVENFLOW!

Lance:

Deacon falls out of the ring and looks at that snake Ned Reform and TA Cole are going after Deacon!

DDK:

Here comes Conor Fuse from the back with more DEFSEC! Finally things are starting to clear up.

Just as things on the outside seem to be settling, a brawl on the outside breaks out as Conor charges at Cole and Reform while DEFSEC tries to clear out the rest of the chaos!

Crimson Stalker seems to have the ring to himself and right on cue his daughter appears once more in a stoic pose, pointing what looks to be a tranquilizer dart filled crossbow at her Father, the duffle bag around her body still open for easy access. A deep breath in from Jessica before she mouths the words 'I'm Sorry', tears in her eyes as time seems to stop. With the remaining lumberjacks, DEFSEC and chaos around the ring, the captivation is in the center of the ring as The Faithful watches in awe as Jessica Reeves launches the dart into her Father, Jason Reeves.

THUNK!

DDK:

This is literally the craziest thing I have ever seen. What the heck is happening right now?

Lance:

She's got something else out of that bag! Is that a grappling HOOK!?!

As if this has been a mission she was planning her entire life for, the young red head girl that wanted to be a SuperHero was doing her damndest to get Crimson Stalker away from The Kabal. Adjusting the bow to shoot off the grappling hook Jessica reaches into her bag for one last thing, a harness charging towards her father, she yanks his dead weight around enough to strap the leather harness around his arms and chest. Once satisfied she hooks herself to him as Teresa Ames finally scrapes her way in through the bottom ropes of the ring.

Lance:

DEFSEC seems to have cleared up most of it but Teresa's in the ring now and is staring Jessica down.

With a smile that could speak a thousand words, Jessica winks at Teresa as she points the crossbow upwards to shoot off the grappling hook.

LIGHTS OUT!

DDK:

This again!? Are you.. There is no Way Jessica would be able to get Crimson Stalker up into the rafters of Wrestleplex!

Lance:

I don't know Darren, Jessica seemed quite confident that she would be able to. I wonder if Teresa and her are fighting right now?! Should I get my goggles?!

Lights on!

Before Darren can answer him the house lights are back on but inside the ring stands Teresa Ames only. Confusion sets in as she looks up in the rafters but sees nothing, the heist of Crimson Stalker has been successful, he was nowhere to be found. Cameras pan out as Teresa looks on in anger and angst as The Kabal forms in the ring around her. Fade to commercials.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

FACE OFF II

DDK:

Folks, welcome back to the show. And before we get to the main event of ACTS of DEFIANCE, we will have an in-ring face-to-face between our current FIST of DEFIANCE, Gage Blackwood and his challenger, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns.

Lance:

There is absolutely ZERO love lost between these two men. Last year, shortly after Burns lost the FIST at DEFCON 2020 to Mikey Unlikely, he set his sights on Gage Blackwood and the Southern Heritage Title. Blackwood won that match but a lot of bitterness and a lot of resentment was from his side.

DDK:

We can honestly say Gage doesn't seem to be that man anymore, at least as his actions have shown since Dex Joy humbled him and took the SOHER title. But Oscar Burns has made it no secret that while he respects Gage as an athlete, he hasn't ever forgotten what they went through and doesn't seem convinced of Gage's intentions. With that said, we're going to the entrances now for this final face-off before both men meet in the ACTS of DEFIANCE main event!

♪ "The King of the Highlands" by Antti Martikainen ♪

The crowd cheers and out walks the FIST, Gage Blackwood, sporting his typical non-wrestling attire, black jeans and his trademark "THERE IS NO TOMORROW" t-shirt. With the title around his waist, Blackwood doesn't take long making his way down the ramp and into the ring. He asks for a microphone and turns to the entranceway.

Gage Blackwood:

We've done this before and we will do it again. I've said my piece by satellite interview and Oscar has said his. Now it's time to call the challenger out and tell him my thoughts face-to-face-

Gage doesn't get to finish his sentence before Oscar Burns' music blares on the PA. The crowd pops again.

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

Without any chance for Gage to get further with his speech, Burns comes out from the back. As usual for the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE, the Kiwi starts really soaking in the cheers from the crowd, first going to the left side of the stage to let The Faithful make some noise, then heading to the right side to do the same!

DDK:

Oscar Burns not letting Gage get in a word edgewise! Listen to this crowd!

Lance:

Gage doesn't seem to enjoy this interruption, does he?

He does not, but Burns takes a little extra time before he too approaches the ring. Dressed in black slacks, a dark green shirt and loafers, the Technical Spectacle finally enters the ring and then has a microphone of his own.

Oscar Burns:

DEFIANCE Faithful... if you're looking forward to this match, GCs, let me hear you!

RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

Oscar Burns:

All right, Gage. Go ahead.

Gage brushes off whatever Burns is doing and continues on.

Gage Blackwood:

You and I have done this before when I held the Southern Heritage Championship *[saying with a smirk]* -which I successfully defended- and things got rather heated between us.

Blackwood walks in front of Burns, going nose-to-nose with him.

Gage Blackwood:

No sour *graps* this time. I made it to the top of Mount Rushmore and I am the FIST of DEFIANCE. I respect you, Oscar. I don't have to like you to respect you. Aye, I'm glad we put aside our differences against 24K. If you had beaten Mikey Unlikely, I would not have interfered. You could have left with the FIST.

Blackwood pauses.

Gage Blackwood:

Now that didn't happen, did it?

The champion smirks.

Gage Blackwood:

But I respect you and because of this, you're the first wrestler I want to defend against. And you are a WRESTLER. I am a WRESTLER. The critics are saying this is a new 'era' of DEFIANCE. Entertainment has no place inside the main event of a Louisiana ring. Come ACTS of DEFIANCE, there will be no entertainment. Oscar Burns and Gage Blackwood kicking the proverbial shit outta each other. Magic, they say.

Blackwood points to the FIST around his waist.

Gage Blackwood:

The match will end the same as before, with Gage Blackwood pumping you with a double knee and a one, two-

Burns snatches the mic out of Blackwood's hands. Oscar throws away his own microphone so Burns can talk through Gage's.

Oscar Burns:

You REALLY think it's going to be so simple, GC?

Gage nods affirmatively, but Burns continues.

Oscar Burns:

But before I get to telling you how wrong you are, Gage, I want to talk about something else. A few weeks ago during your sit-down interview with Lance Warner... you told the people that you used to want everything that I have, but no longer, something to that effect, yeah? That I'm not the be-all, end-all of DEFIANCE?

Gage just waits for Burns to make his point.

Oscar Burns:

I never said that I WAS the be-all, end-all, Gage... yeah nah. But it was officially YOU who challenged ME. You can't deny that since day one, our paths to the top have been different. Those were close to your exact words when you spent MONTHS on end slandering me every time you could. You bored the crowd to death with your little hate-filled rants about how I held you down. But the truth is this, Gage... ever since day one when we set foot into this company, *I* have been the one with a target on his back. EVERYONE has wanted a piece of me since I got here. All the way from Danny Diggs. Scott Stevens, Crimson Lord, the entirety of the UTA for taking their title. Cayle Murray for taking the FIST when he had it, Kendrix... fast forward now. To you. The list goes on and on and on. But unlike you, when my back was against the wall, you want to know what I never did?

He's back, nose to nose with Blackwood.

Oscar Burns:

Not once did I whine about it, like you. Not once did I blame any shortcomings on people, like you. Not once did I spout off a bunch of bollocks and piss about how DEFIANCE owes me, because it doesn't. Sweat equity, Gage. I EARNED everything on my own. Every loss, and every win... and I have more wins than anyone in DEF, look it up... I earned them all. So if you think I'm entitled, GC, maybe I am now and that's because for five and a half years, I've earned that right because I have always been at or near the top and stayed there because of that work. You say you're on Mount Rushmore, Gage, but we both know even with the FIST, the only list you'll ever be on is another notch on Teresa Ames' bedpost.

OOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Oscar Burns:

Nobody has ever trusted a word that's come out of that mouth, nor should they. You're lying right now saying you don't want to be me... EVERYBODY comes at me because, GC, they want to be where I am! DEFIANCE's backbone! Its workhorse! Its heartbeat! Its nucleus! Call it whatever but it's true. My career is full of people trying to do it. People respect me because of what I can do in this ring and what I've done for the locker room. You, the guy who dared call me a fraud to Lance Warner? You literally called your ex-wife a cunt and beat her up in this ring, Gage. And you STILL think you're worthy of that belt?

DDK:

Wow... he's not factually wrong there, but that's the cliff notes version of what Gage has been through since DEFCON.

Lance:

Indeed. Lot more to it than what Burns is putting out there. Teresa tormented Gage for months with her obsession. That isn't Gage's fault at all.

Oscar continues pacing.

Oscar Burns:

The most insulting part of all this is you thinking I haven't learned anything about the Gaelic Storm, Gage. I'm not just Mister Match of the Year because I'm great at what I do between these ropes... it's because instead of bitching about mistakes like you, GC I study hard out and I learn. I got counters you won't see coming for both your Gaelic Storm and your Soul Breaker. At Acts, I'm going to make you look like an even bigger liar when that title comes back to the waist of someone who SHOULD be representing this company. You are great enough to win that title, Gage... but you won't be great enough to keep it from me because history shows I THRIVE under pressure. You? You'll just crack and blame everyone else around you like you always do.

Blackwood looks to the canvas, formulating a response as Burns and The Faithful wait.

Gage snatches the mic back from the challenger's hands.

Gage Blackwood: *[sarcastic]*

You really countered Mikey's sleeper so I'm sure you'll be able to counter mine.

The Faithful give a slight 'oohhhh' response but Blackwood powers through.

Gage Blackwood:

If it wasn't for me, 24K would still be here. You didn't get the job done. If I left you dangling in Mikey's finisher who knows what nonsense he would've tried against next.

Blackwood grabs Burns with his free hand and gets right into his face.

Gage Blackwood:

You might have been here for a while, Oscar but times are different now. Gage Blackwood resigns supreme. You can like me, hate me or loathe me. 'Twists and Turns', 'The Technical Spectacle', 'The Match of the Year', those are nice

nicknames, yet they don't call me 'The Noble Raider' for nothing. Am I a bitter man? Yes, I am. But I am not a bitter man like Mikey, Cayle or Kendrix who walked out of DEFIANCE the second they lost. Jay Harvey, where the fuck is he? Second his 'rival' wins it all, he leaves, too. Those are REAL bitter men. Bitter, fucking babies who are only in it for themselves, parading around like they care about the sport of wrestling. I am bitter with a purpose, Oscar. They don't call me The Noble Raider for no reason. I have never and will never cheat to win, regardless of where I stand with you OR with them *[points to the crowd]*.

The FIST smirks.

Gage Blackwood:

I won't need to cheat to beat you for a second time. Block the Gaelic Storm, be my guest. I have other weapons to take you down with.

Blackwood turns and hurls the mic into the crowd. He and Burns don't back down from one another, continuing to mouth off but the camera mics can't pick up what's being said, due to the back and forth from the crowd's cheering.

DDK:

Only two weeks to go! Blackwood vs. Burns II! I can't wait.

The situation doesn't die down but, unfortunately for the viewers at home they are sent to a commercial break.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

JACK MACE & THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. BROCK NEWBLUDD, DAVEY LARUE, & TITANESS

DDK:

We have an explosive main event coming up next! It'll be The Lucky Sevens teaming with fellow BFTA stablemate, Jack Mace, to take on the unlikely team of one-half of the Unified Tag Team Champions, Brock Newbludd, their faithful bartender at Ballyhoo Brew and former wrestler, Davey LaRue, and enlisted the help of Los Tres Titanes member, Titaness! No stranger to fighting members of BFTA!

Lance:

And what a match this could be! Will Pat Cassidy even be cleared in time with his broken arm to defend the Unified Tag Titles when they meet the Lucky Sevens at Acts of DEFIANCE? We hope to have more on that in the coming days, but for now, let's go to ringside!

To kick the intros off, Ophelia Sykes skips out onto the stage and then flashes a smile for the audience.

Ophelia Sykes:

Hello to the women who want to be me and your husbands and boyfriends who want to be *with* me!

As the jeers start raining on the spokeswoman of the Lucky Sevens she ignores it all.

Ophelia Sykes:

Lady Luck herself is going to grace you with her presence as well as introduce the three men who will be responsible for what happens to Brock Newbludd, Davey La Rue and that giant bitch Titaness! I introduce to you the BFTA hitman! He's a Killer Bear *and* he's a damn fine pro wrestler ... JAAAAAACCCKKKK MACCCCCCEEEEE!!! And I also introduce your next Unified tag team champions! Please welcome Big Money Max and Big Money Mason! They are the LUCKY SEEEEEEEVVVVVEEEEEENNNSSSS!!!

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

7 7 7

The lights come back on and the twins putting up "The Winning Hand" while wearing solid green capes! The Lucky Sevens head on down to the ring and then shed the capes while Ophelia can't help but fawn over the two muscle men. Jack Mace of BFTA is out next and he has been on a win streak lately hoping to keep it going. They get to the ring and then both Max and Mason lift Ophelia up and each plant a kiss on her cheek and then drop her on the apron. Mace rolls under the bottom rope to get in the ring first and takes a spot in the corner. The Lady Luck of the Lucky Sevens steps into the ring and then Max and Mason both climb over the ropes after her. Mace bumps elbows with Max and Mason and the triad of terror are ready to hurt somebody.

DDK:

We are only two weeks away from The Lucky Seven's chance of a lifetime... a shot at the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship.

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

A cheer rises up from the fans upon hearing the theme song of the tag team champions! While SNS is known for appearing from the crowd, they've opted for a more traditional route this time as Brock Newbludd, Pat Cassidy, and Davey LaRue walk through the curtain. All three men pause at the entrance way with Brock in usual SNS ring attire and Davey wearing his new Saturday Night Specials gear and ready for action. Pat Cassidy, his left arm still in a sling, stands behind his friends and points to them to pump the crowd up.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... introducing first, "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd and Davey LaRue... being accompanied to the ring by Pat Cassidy, The...

Quimbey is suddenly cut off by a yell from Brock and Pat, who motion for him to stop announcing for a second. They each hold up a "wait a second" finger as Davey turns back and disappears back through the curtain. When he re-emerges... he's leading a big ol' GATOR to the ring by a leash!! The crowd pops as Pat and Brock make sure to make PLENTY of room for Davey's new friend as the hungry alligator and Davey begin to walk down the aisle.

DDK:

My sources tell me that the alligator's name is Mojo, and we saw him debut on Uncut. It seems Davey has taken him on as a... pet? Mascot? Who knows?

Lance:

I'm more concerned with Pat Cassidy, to be honest... he's STILL wearing a sling from that brutal attack a few weeks ago, and the tag title match is only weeks away. Is he going to be ring ready in time to defend the titles? If he steps into the ring with Lucky Sevens with a broken arm... I don't think that ends well.

DDK:

I think if he even tries to take control of that leashed alligator with one arm things wouldn't end well, partner.

Lance:

Through the years, I've seen wrestlers walk the aisle with all manner of pets, DDK. I'm talking snakes, dogs, cats, and even a grizzly bear once. The bear was the only thing that could match the intimidation factor that Mojo is giving off right now. That reptile is terrifying.

LaRue ties Mojo to one of the ring posts and joins Cassidy and Newbludd to enter the ring. The alligator seems content to sit quietly... for now. In the ring, all three Saturday Night Specials stare down Jack Mace, The Lucky Sevens, and Ophelia Sykes who are standing on the outside as the theme music begins to die down.

DDK:

I won't even go into some of the rumors swirling about Ophelia and Pat... let's just say this match, like the tag match at the PPV, might be somewhat complicated!

If there is anything going on between Lady Luck and The Scrapper from Southie, they ain't showing it now. Ophelia is massaging the arms of both of the Lucky Sevens and grinning evilly while Pat is similarly hyping up Brock Newbludd and Davey LaRue.

The lights go black. Then a set of words appears on the DEFTron in silver...

*THE SHOW OF FORCE
TITANESS*

♪ "THE BADDEST" by K/DA ♪

The Faithful show love for one of the new kids on the block as a single violet spotlight shines on the new female powerhouse, flexing her arms, back to the stage. Wearing a purple top with silver trim, she turns to face the ring and pops The Faithful with a standing backflip on the ramp, sending a quick shower of violet and silver pyro on either side of the stage! The Faithful react well to the tall powerhouse before she heads to the ring. She looks to Mojo the alligator and looks completely nonplussed... then tries to ignore it as she greets Pat, Brock and Davey.

DDK:

The Saturday Night Specials called in a favor from Los Tres Titanes after they teamed up back at DEFCON, enlisting the help of Titaness! She's been impressive on UNCUT in recent singles outings, but tonight she's in there with some tough customers.

Seeing Jack Mace standing across the ring, Newbludd takes a step forward out of his corner to volunteer himself to start the match for his team. He's suddenly stopped in his tracks by an eager Davey LaRue. Spinning Newbludd around, the burly Cajun pleads his case to his buddy and Titaness. On the outside of the ring, Cassidy sticks his head

underneath the bottom rope to listen in, making sure to keep a safe distance from Mojo as he does so.

DDK:

Looks like Davey wanted to pull everyone in for a last minute team meeting. I'm sure there is some anxiety running through the big Cajun with his first official match in years only seconds away.

Lance:

No doubt, partner. Davey's an experienced vet but professional wrestling is not like riding a bike. It doesn't take long at all for ring rust to set in.

Breaking huddle, Davey turns to Mace and locks eyes with him while his two partners make their way out onto the apron. The Faithful let out a cheer while an excited Cassidy slaps the mat with his good hand. Across the ring, Mace rolls his eyes and flashes Davey a condescending smirk while behind him The Sevens chuckle together.

DDK:

Apparently LaRue wants to dive right into the action, Lance. He's fired up and ready to get his comeback started!

Lance:

Well, he's going to have his hands full with Jack Mace. LaRue better shake that rust off fast!

With both teams settled in and ready, referee Carla Ferrari calls for the bell!

DING DING

Still smirking at his opponent, Mace casually makes his way out of the corner while a determined looking LaRue stomps out of his. The two men meet in the middle of the ring and engage in a collar and elbow tie up. Flashing his amateur know-how, Mace does a quick go behind and picks the barrel chested bartender up off his feet. Before Davey can react, he's unceremoniously dumped to the mat with an amateur style takedown. LaRue immediately sits and Mace officially welcomes him back to the squared circle with a HARD slap to the back of the head!

BOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Stinging slap right to the back of LaRue's head and the people are letting Mace know what they think of his blatant disrespect!

Lance:

Something tells me Jack cares very little about what anyone in this arena thinks of him.

Shit eating grin spread wide across his face, Mace backs away and watches as the angry Cajun scrambles up to his feet. Davey spins around and charges back in at Mace.

DDK:

Here comes Davey with a wild clothesline...missed! He turns on a dime and tries again!

Swinging his arm out at maximum velocity, LaRue tries to take Mace's head off but misses for a second time in a row. Ducking low to get behind his off balance partner, Jack drives a forearm into Davey's back and follows it up with an impressive Belly to Back Suplex! Scrambling back up to his feet, The Killer Bear drops a killer 12-6 elbow that nails LaRue square in the chest. Clutching his chest with both hands, Davey rolls onto his side as he kicks his feet in pain. Landing a cheap kick into the small of LaRue's back, Mace drops to his knees, flips Davey onto his back, and hooks the leg!

Lance:

Early pin attempt by Mace, here. Good call to test where LaRue is at after taking his first suplex in years...

ONE!

Davey gets a shoulder up!

Flashing Carla a quick glare, Mace grabs Davey by his long beard and YANKS him back up to his feet, drawing another round of boos from the crowd. Ferrari barks a warning to Mace and he let's go of LaRue's beard to throw his hands up in innocence.

DDK:

Mace is trying to bully LaRue, plain and simple.

With Mace's attention focused on Carla, Davey lunges towards Mace and nails him in the stomach with a kick to the midsection. Not wasting a second, the burly Cajun locks his opponent in a TIGHT front facelock. With Mace squirming and struggling, LaRue looks out to the crowd...

Lance:

For the first time in this match, Davey LaRue has an advantage. Can he capitalize?

LaRue lets loose with a wild howl and proceeds to hammer Mace in the back with thundering forearms, driving him down to his knees. Keeping a tight grip on the facelock, Davey violently throws himself down to the mat...

DDK:

Gator Roll! Davey LaRue is taking Jack Mace for a ride!

With his teammates and The Faithful cheering in delight, Davey rolls Jack from one end of the ring to the other! Not letting his opponent escape, Davey finally stops the gator roll in the middle of the ring. Dizzy and confused, Mace staggers to his feet and misses the mark with a series of wild punches that hit nothing but air. Circling around, LaRue grabs Mace from behind and hits him with an Atomic Drop!

Lance:

Davey is showing his stuff!!!

Davey holds the arm of Mace out for Brock Newbludd to get the tag. He holds the hand out and then he jumps off the second rope with a big double axe handle. The Killer Bear is left feeling like his arm is snapped in a bear trap. Brock makes another tag to Davey and the two show some teamwork of theirs from a little old place called NBW. They whip Mace in the ropes and then they come back with twin shoulder tackles that put Mace on his back. Brock hits a fist drop and then Davey hits a splash! On the outside, Pat Cassidy pumps his good hand in triumph at his friend's flawless team work.

DDK:

Wow! Brock used to tag with Davey in another promotion before Davey hung up the tights momentarily.

He doesn't want to give them all the fun. The crowd cheers for Titaness and the powerful young lass. Davey holds Mace in the corner for Titaness to hit a corner big boot. Mace is seeing stars from the heel of Titaness's boot and then things take an even worse turn for the Killer Bear. Titaness shows off amazing strength of her own with a released German suplex and the crowd goes wild in shock!

DDK:

Titaness is a real star athlete! Brock is directing traffic with these three with quick tags to keep The Lucky Sevens out!

Lance:

Titaness is now tagging back out to Brock who is climbing to the top rope. He hits that signature flying elbow drop!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Brock was sure it was a three count but the referee's fingers only show two up.

DDK:

I can't believe Mace kicked out of that big elbow drop off the top! But now here comes Davey again!

Davey does not give Mace much room to move when he grabs the neck and tries a DDT. But by sheer brute force of his Jack Mace pushes Davey right into the corner of Max and Mason Luck! Brock cannot believe Mace has turned things around this fast but he has to believe it because Mason gets a tag and locks in a Winning Hand right away on Davey's skull! He keeps the iron claw hold locked firmly as he steps over the ropes and then thrashes him around in the corner. The referee starts with a five count to get him to let go of the hold. Mason lets go at the count of four and then he tags Max Luck ... then Max Luck locks in a Winning Hand of his own and does the same thing!

DDK:

Come on, that's cheating!

Lance:

They're bending the rules like they were made of putty.

Max lets go at the count of four and then grabs Davey's arm. Max starts to climb the ropes with Davey's arm hanging then he gets the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful talking as he walks the ropes halfway then brings down a massive hammer blow to the skull of Ballyhoo Brew's beloved bartender.

DDK:

Walking the Strip by Max! What is he going to do next?

Max holds a boot on Davey's throat and tries to choke him out. The referee tells him and the other members of BFTA that if they keep skirting the rules they will be disqualified so Max stops choking Davey. Instead he runs and hits a jumping elbow right to Davey's heart!

DDK:

And there is the Box Cars Elbow!!! Can the Sevens get this win before Acts of DEFIANCE?

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Davey kicks out to the surprise of the BFTA team but Max isn't going to let him get off that easy. Brock, Titaness and Pat all watch Davey get pulled back into the corner of the 7s and Mace. Mason Luck gets a tag. Mason waits for Max to set up Davey with a quick Irish whip leading to a knee from Mason. Mason spins Davey around and then Max takes his head off using a clothesline!

Max and Mason Luck:

KA-CHING!!!

They bump their elbows together and the fans are about to riot. On the outside, Ophelia flashes a mischievous smile across the ring to Pat Cassidy who waves it off like it's no big deal.

Lance:

They call that double team move Ka-Ching. For being a pair of seven foot monsters they know their way around the ropes. Ophelia is out there trying to play Cassidy. It's a shame he doesn't see what we do.

DDK:

Yeah she's incredibly manipulative and dangerous. She set up Pat to have that arm broken in the parking lot. I just

know it.

Mason gives Mace the tag after the Killer Bear holds his hand out. Mace comes in and messes with Davey with more slaps. After a nasty slap, Davey gets fired up and throws a good punch between the eyes of Mace. Mace yells out but when Davey tries to get to his partners for a tag he gets thrown on his head and shoulders with a released german suplex. Mace is on top of him trying to pin him again.

One ...

Two ...

The pinfall is broken up by Titaness with a drop kick to Mace's face! Mace reels from the shot and Titaness heads back to her corner.

DDK:

Titaness saves the match! Mace does not look happy with it either!

Mace's face is sore from the move from Titaness but he tries to shake it off and finish off Davey but before he is able Davey kicks him in the gut and lands a flowing DDT that puts Mace down!

DDK:

Davey lands a DDT and now he might have a chance to tag someone in!

Mace holds his head in pain with Davey getting to his corner... and the tag is made to Titaness! The Show of Force starts climbing to the top rope and then takes flight, knocking right into Mace with a big clothesline off the top! After he goes down, she rises to her feet and then hits a dropkick on Mason Luck's leg, knocking the giant off the corner. She moves out of the way of Max Luck and then waits as Mace tries to get back up. She tries to take down Mace with another German suplex, but he scrambles and hits her with a big back elbow.

Lance:

Titaness looking impressive, but Mace just cut her off with that elbow!

The Killer Bear turns around and then tries a powerbomb, but before he can hook her fully, she shifts her body weight and takes him down with a big hurricanrana! When she stands up, Mace is in the corner and gets rocked by a back elbow, then Titaness runs off the adjacent corner and comes back with a pump kick to the face! Mace is stumbling around but the crowd is in shock when Titaness tries to get Mace out of the corner. Though groggy, he reverses a whip. He swings with an elbow, but The Show of Force ducks under, executes a handspring, then ROCKS Mace with a massive handspring-assisted lariat!

DDK:

Oh, my Lord! Mace almost 270 and Titaness able to take him down! She calls that the Lady Lariat! Is that it?

ONE... TWO...

But Ophelia pulls on the official's leg at two! Titaness looks and sees Ophelia Sykes where hsi boot was, then tries to swing at her, but Pat comes to her aid and gets between them!

DDK:

What... what is he DOING?! Ophelia just almost cost them the match!

Brock and Davey can't believe it either, but Titaness shakes her head in confusion, but leaves herself wide open from a huge back suplex from Mace! Mace is hurt and gets to his corner just as Titaness rolls away... Mace tags to Max Luck and Titaness tags to Brock!

Lance:

Double tag and now it's Big Money Max facing off against Big Match Brock! Things are heating up here in the main

event!

Both men are quick to enter the ring, Newbludd slingshotting over the top while Max simply steps over it. Brock explodes towards the seven footer and Max flashes some suddenness of his own by surging ahead to cut Newbludd off in the middle of the ring. Pumping his legs, Max nearly takes Newbludd's head off with a Yakuza kick but Brock manages to duck underneath it at the last possible second.

DDK:

Swing and a miss by Max! Newbludd's headed for the ropes...

Lance:

Keep your eye on Mason!

Wanting to give his brother an assist, Mason takes two big steps along the apron to line up with the incoming Newbludd. Still running full speed, Brock manages to catch sight of the waiting Mason just in the nick of time and performs a crowd pleasing baseball slide right between the big man's legs to land on his feet on the outside of the ring.

DDK:

Newbludd avoids Mason's planned interference with that last second slide and now he finds himself on the outside!

Spinning on a heel, Brock grabs Mason by the ankles and yanks his feet off the apron. Unable to react quick enough, the surprised Mason awkwardly falls off the apron but manages to catch himself on the edge of the ring to stay upright. Still behind him, Brock drops low and drives his shoulder right into the small of Mason's back. The big man arches backwards in pain as Brock surges up behind him to lock him in an inverted facelock. Inside of the ring, Max rushes towards his brother while the still groggy Mace shakes the cobwebs out of his head and begins to move towards Brock.

Lance:

Here comes the rest of BFTA! Newbludd better get out of there!

With Max and Titaness closing in, Newbludd throws himself backwards and DRIVES the back of Mason's head into the thinly padded outside floor with an inverted DDT!

DDK:

Oh my! What a DDT! Mason is hurt on the outside and Brock's scrambling back up to his feet!

With Mace and Max only steps away, Newbludd races around the ring and begins to slide underneath the bottom rope to reenter. He's suddenly stopped halfway through his slide when Ophelia latches on to his foot with both hands. Swearing in frustration, Newbludd tries to kick Sykes away but her grip is iron clad!

Lance:

What the hell is this!? Get her out of there!

Eyes wide as rage takes over, Newbludd kicks with everything he has and Ophelia is sent stumbling backwards into the barricade. Rolling underneath the bottom rope to reset the count, Newbludd immediately rolls back out to lock eyes with Sykes. Letting out a shriek, Ophelia attempts to dash away from danger but Brock is far quicker and he grabs her by an arm. Spinning her around to face him, the Milwaukee Made Man grabs her by the back of the head and looks out to The Faithful for advice on what he should do next. The deafening roar he receives in response is answer enough and Brock smiles wide as he rears back with a closed fist...

DDK:

Uh oh...

Pat Cassidy uses his good arm to grab Brock's hand and prevent him from striking Ophelia! Brock turns to face his

partner, and Cassidy motions back into the ring. Brock shakes his head in frustration at Pat stopping the shot, but reluctantly grabs Mason and rolls him back into the ring. Cassidy shoots Ophelia a quick glance and she smiles back, but then they go their separate ways. Sykes turns, satisfied with escaping the danger... and then shrieks and jumps back as Mojo takes a chomp in her direction! The fans laugh as she falls backwards on her ass and then scurries away.

Lance:

Looks like her womanly ways don't work on the gator!

Back in the ring, Brock has Mason Luck locked from behind for the Shock and Awe... but he's clobbered from behind by Max Luck! Max begins firing away with right hands on Brock... but Max is attacked from behind by Davey LaRue! The ragin' cajun does a two step as he pounds away on Max... but then HE's jumped by Jack Mace! Mace barely has a moment to mount any offense before he's speared to the mat by Titaness! The fans are going ballistic!

DDK:

Clash of the Titaness! The spear drops Mace! This has broken down!

Everyone has paired off: Brock is brawling with Mason Luck in one corner, Davey and Max are trading shot in another corner, and Titaness has clotheslined Jack Mace over the top rope and to the floor! Titaness follows him outside and the two continue to brawl as they make their way up the apron. Carla sees them brawling away from the ring and yells for them to come back, but she has her hands full with the SNS/Lucky Sevens brawl that is growing in intensity in the ring. Despite her best efforts, nobody is listening to Carla and getting back to their corners to bring order back to the match. Ophelia Sykes is up on the apron now, yelling and trying to distract Davey LaRue... but LaRue doesn't see her, and when he runs off the ropes he runs right into her smaller frame! Ophelia flies backwards off the apron... but he's caught by Pat Cassidy!

DDK:

Ophelia nearly knocked herself silly there...

Cassidy and Sykes share an awkward lock as he holds her.. Finally, despite her protest, Cassidy carries her around the ring and up toward the back! Just as Mace and Titaness brawl through the curtain and out of sight, Cassidy follows with Ophelia still in his arms. In the ring, Carla throws up her hands in frustration and finally calls for the bell....

DING DING DING**DDK:**

Carla can't bring any order back to this match, so she's thrown it out!

Max Luck has got the Winning Hand on Davey LaRue, but LaRue is able to fall backwards and send them both tumbling through the ropes and to the outside. In the ring, Brock is firing up against Mason, rocking him with stiff rights and lefts. With Mason reeling, Brock fires off the ropes and rebounds at the bigger man... BUT BROCK RUNS RIGHT INTO THE WINNING HAND SLAM!!

Lance:

Mason plants Brock Newbludd!!

DDK:

If this happens at Acts of DEFIANCE, we'll have new tag team champions!

Lance:

Folks... we're out of time! We'll see you at Acts of DEFIANCE!

With Pat Cassidy nowhere in sight and Davey busy on the outside with Max, Mason Luck plants a single foot on the downed form of Newbludd. He raises his arms high and lets out a primal roar, letting Brock, Pat, Davey, and all the fans in attendance know that he's coming for the tag team champions. The last image we see is Mason's snarling face

standing over the flat-on-his back Brock Newbludd.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.