

RUNDOWN: NIGHT ONE

We see an opening highlight intro focusing on the title match feuds for Ascension...

Mikey Unlikely clutching the FIST close... followed by shots of his challenger, Elise Ares, scoring the upset victory in a six-person tag to set up this match!

Gage Blackwood, protective of the Southern Heritage Championship, along with his challenger, "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy leading a crowd chant!

The Unified Tag Team Champions The Comments Section fleeing from ringside, getting disqualified, then fleeing the arena in a Prius... culminating in a cage, trapped with their challengers, The Lucky Sevens.

And finally, the newly-created Favoured Saints Championship and the four men competing tonight!

Matt LaCroix.

Rezin.

Scrow.

Black Panda...



Then finally... we get to the arena!

Open to the arena, camera panning over the bright-eyed and excited DEFIANCE Faithful. Cut to the stage and rampway as pyro explodes from and colored directional lights flash and rotate in all the directions. The display continues as we return to the panning shot of the Faithful and all their signs!

UNCUT MY ASS

I GET MY REZIN FROM.... MY DEALER

I HAVE A FEAR OF MUSICALS NOW

MY EARDRUMS BURST AND IT'S ALL CONOR'S FAULT

DISNEY IS SUPPOSED TO BE FUN

CAPTAIN DEFIANCE

BEER IS ALWAYS THE SOUP OF THE DAY AT CASSIDYS
SIGN DU JOUR
KICK HIS ASS SEABASS
THERE'S TOO MANY SIGNS I CANT SEE ANYTHING
BATMAN RYAN BATS - THE JESTAL = DESTINE TO DO THIS FOREVER
JAY HARVEY DENT - AMES HAS ACID IN HER POCKET... LOOK OUT
I DO NOT LIKE GRAPS
1.) START UP, 2.) CASH IN, 3.) SELL OUT, 4.) BRO DOWN
SAVE THE REAPER!
I DONT THINK THIS IS ABOUT SIGNS ANYMORE
GREAT FUCKING MOVIE!
I SHIT MY PANTS WHEN THE ALIEN WALKED BY!
BUT COME ON! THE ENDING WAS TERRIBLE!
THEIR WEAKNESS WAS WATER!!
WHY ARE WE YELLING
I HEARD THE FRIENDSHIP MEMBERS LEAGUE HAS SOME OPENINGS
AVAILABLE
FREE UBER RIDES FOR FIVE STAR REVIEWS!

Cut to the Commentation Station!

DDK:

Hello, DEFIANCE! Welcome to the biggest... and we literally mean THE BIGGEST show we have done in some time! So nice, we're gonna be here twice! Two nights! Eight matches each! Grudges will be settled! Titles will be fought for! And over the course of two nights, we promise you by the time things are all said and done, DEFIANCE will never be the same again!

Lance:

We'll be doing things a little bit differently for these next two shows, folks! Two Nights! Two Title matches for each show! The FIST of DEFIANCE and the Unified Tag Team Titles will be contested for on Night Two, but tonight, we'll run down the card for Ascension Night One!

DDK:

Tonight's main event will be the culmination of weeks of battles for the first-ever Favoured Saints Championship! Matt LaCroix! Black Panda! Scrow! Rezin! In our main event, these four men will be battling it out for the right to be the first-ever Favoured Saints Champion! And don't forget in the format of this match, Rezin has the advantage of coming out last!

Lance:

I'm looking forward to that one! We've got plenty of other action on tonight's card! Scott Douglas looks to settle things once and for all against "Stalker" Jason Reeves after months of chaos and secrecy! Can DEFIANCE's Favorite Son finally put Stalker in his rear view or will Stalker finally sette this grudge against one of DEFIANCE'S best?

DDK:

The ToyBox and The Stevens Dynasty are looking to become the next contenders for the Unified Tag Team Titles! Can The Toybox get revenge for their poor ice cream truck and ruined karaoke party or will The Stevens Dynasty get one step closer to being at the top of the tag team mountain?

Lance:

Junior Keeling's career rebirth as "Brighter" Tom Morrow spawned the Better Future Talent Agency! Tonight, in a battle of the titans, the crown jewel of Better Future, Alvaro de Vargas goes one-on-one with The Sky High Titans' own "Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez! ADV has launched fireballs at Cortez himself and then put out Uriel's tag partner, Minute, out with injuries. Can he get revenge?

DDK:

Deacon and Victor Vacio will do battle in a Ladder Match! The prize? The contents of a briefcase that Victor Vacio went to great lengths to take. It is something concerning Deacon... something he and Magdalena are fighting hard for. Can The Mute Freak finally do away with Vacio or will The Lost Cause find a way to prevail?

Lance:

The ACE of DEFIANCE Scott Stevens was downright screwed over at Acts of DEFIANCE by none other than 24K's Perfection. Since then, Stevens has done all he can to get his hands on James Witherhold and tonight, he'll finally have his chance? Can Scott Stevens get his revenge once and for all or will Perfection have an ace up his sleeve to deal with the ACE?

DDK:

"The Natural One" Jay Harvey has been embroiled on a very strange, but albeit dangerous path with The Comments Section's Teresa Ames. Ames has been OBSESSED with Harvey, but when he rebuffed her advances, Ames has shown true cunning in trying to take Harvey down. After throwing a few roadblocks that Harvey has been able to get through, Ames is looking to take on and defeat the former Southern Heritage Champion herself!

Lance:

All that, but right now, we're gonna start with something HUGE to kick off two nights of Ascension action! The Southern Heritage Title is up for grabs! The dominant champion Gage Blackwood looks to carry that title into history, but he must contend with the powerful fan favorite, the seemingly unstoppable "Biggest Boy" Dex Joy! And that match is going to happen... RIGHT NOW!

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: GAGE BLACKWOOD Â© vs. DEX JOY

The Ascension match graphic runs across the feed, showing Gage Blackwood vs. Dex Joy for the Southern Heritage Championship! The Faithful give a huge response upon seeing this, meaning...

DDK:

That's right, folks! We're going to start off night one of Ascension with one of the most anticipated matches on the card! The Southern Heritage Championship is on the line. Gage Blackwood's FOUR YEAR undefeated streak for singles pay-per-view matches is on the line! The longest reigning SOHER is... you guessed it, ON THE LINE! Gage Blackwood vs. Dex Joy is opening the show!

Lance:

Wow! Incredible announcement!

DDK:

It has been an amazing couple of months for Dex Joy ever since he was named as the next major challenger for the Southern Heritage Title. He was the winner of the Tag Party 2 tournament with his best friend from BRAZEN, Nathaniel Eye. They became the BRAZEN Tag Team Champions right after and since then, his momentum has been high! The question is can The Biggest Boy be the one to do what no other person has done?

Lance:

I don't know but tonight he's going to try. No matter what Gage Blackwood has said about him or no matter what names he has called him, Dex Joy has taken it all in stride! Tonight, the talking is done!

DDK:

To the ring and Darren Quimbey...

Darren Quimbey:

This opening contest is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP! Introducing first, the challenger... from Los Angeles, California, weighing three-hundred-fifty-five pounds... he is one half of the BRAZEN Tag Team Champions ... "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOOOOOOOYYYYYYYY!

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! But for this big pay-per-view...

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

Three bright yellow lightning bolts strike the stage and fire off massive streams of pyro as the theme kicks in!

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

And walking through the sparks, Dex pumps his open hand into the air and a shower of pyro falls from the stage!

DDK:

What an entrance!

Dex is heading to the ring with some extra pep in his step, proudly wearing his half of the BRAZEN Tag Team Titles that he shares with Nathaniel Eye. He looks at the crowd and gets greeted from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful with

a great ovation!

DDK:

Dex looks like a man who is ready to be the next Southern Heritage Champion... but as we know with Gage Blackwood, the term "easier said than done" comes to mind!

Lance:

That is true. Very true.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Edinburgh, Scotland... weighing in at two-hundred-twenty-five pounds... he is the reigning SOHER... GAGE BLACKWOODOOOOD!!

Before Gage storms out, a number of men in kilts walk out, bagpipes in hand. They line both sides of the rampway as the lights dim and the DEFFlatron plays a history of Blackwood's reign on the screen.

Elise Ares, defeated.

Victor Vacio, defeated.

Oscar Burns, defeated.

Jay Harvey, yep, 100% defeated.

Then a quick montage of the matches in-between the pay-per-views, including but not limited to... "Bantam" Ryan Batts, Sgt. Safety, Titus Campbell, Levi Cole, Joe Wolfe, Hurtlocker Holt and Sgt. Safety again (yes, don't ask Gage why that bloke got TWO title matches during his reign. Thankfully, Blackwood put an end to The Sergeant's shenanigans during the second contest on UNCUT 78).

The men start playing the bagpipes, in a live rendition of his new theme.

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

Blackwood marches out, belt around his waist, wearing nothing more than his wrestling tights under a Heart of Midlothian FC designed kilt. Pyro flies as Blackwood reaches the middle of the rampway, stopping to lock eyes with Dex Joy who's in the center of the ring but then dismissing the challenger altogether.

DDK:

A major entrance for a major player in DEFIANCE. Like him or not, Blackwood has risen to the top of this company... and he may not be done.

Blackwood begins his descent down the rampway.

Lance:

Keebs, there is no doubt in my mind "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy has his work cut out for him tonight. However, the shoe is ALSO on the other foot! Gage Blackwood has HIS work cut out for him, too. It's going to be a war. This is one hell of a kickoff to Ascension!

Gage reaches the end of the rampway. He nods to one of the bagpipe players before walking up the steel stairs quickly and entering the ring through the top and middle rope. The Noble Raider hands referee Brian Slater the title as his theme song quiets down... and the crowd... does not.

"BIGGEST BOY!"

"BIGGEST BOY!"

"BIGGEST BOY!"

Blackwood holds a finger in the air and slides out of the ring. He takes a mic from Darren Quimbey.

Gage Blackwood:

AYE ya baw juggler. Let me show you what the BIG stage looks like. I'm not some BRAZEN bloke you can rack up easy victories with. Like I mentioned to ya... I'd be 45-2 too if all I did was pummel weaker talent.

Blackwood hands the mic back to Darren and slides into the ring. Dex does not look happy with the assertion.

DDK:

That's... uh, not exactly correct. Gage has fought his fair share of "lower" talent, as he would say.

Lance:

And I resent the idea of "lower" talent.

DDK:

Oh, I do, too.

Lance:

Lots of guys have taken Blackwood to the max, recently. Ryan Batts, Nathaniel Eye. Let's not forget, guys like Levi Cole and Joe Wolfe, who is no longer with this company, gave Blackwood a pretty good fight. Gunther Adler, I believe, holds a lifetime record of 4-0 against Gage.

DDK:

It's all a distraction, Lance. I don't think Gage even believes the nonsense he spews.

Joy waits in a corner while Blackwood waits in another. Brian Slater walks over to both men and speaks to them separately before getting them to come together in the middle of the ring. Joy looks ready to go and Blackwood... can't even make eye contact with the challenger. The Scot doesn't look him in the eye but he unstraps his title and starts shoving the coveted championship in his challenger's face.

Gage Blackwood:

See it. Believe it. You'll never come this close again. I choked Nathaniel out. I'll do the same to YOU.

The belt is given away to the official. Dex is fuming badly.

DING DING

The two back away from one another as the anticipation grows.

DDK:

For four years, Gage Blackwood has never lost a singles match on pay-per-view.

Lance:

Not only that, Keebs, if Gage Blackwood is victorious tonight he will surely pass Elise Ares for the longest reigning SOHER champion of all-time in DEFIANCE! There's a lot on the line here!

DDK:

What an anticipated, WHITE HOT opening contest we have to kick everything off!

Blackwood circles the ring, trying to find a way to meet Dex in the center of it. Perhaps The Biggest Boy *is* too big for Blackwood to work into a grapple... however, the champion's certainly trying to see if an opening is possible.

Blackwood moves forward but once it looks like he's going to lock up, Gage takes a step back to a chorus of boos. Dex doesn't look happy with his stalling.

Lance:

Not very *like* Blackwood to pull back and not engage here. The SOHER has faced many wrestlers who are bigger than him. In fact, Blackwood may be one of the smaller guys on the roster. At times, he certainly looks like it.

Blackwood still circles. Dex is poised for when he comes at him...

Blackwood takes another step back. More boos.

Gage lets out a huff and NOW he gets into Dex's space! Joy immediately throws Blackwood to the canvas! Blackwood isn't happy but he's not letting it get to him, not yet. Instead, the champion rises and nods his head like this time, he's got it.

DDK:

Blackwood races into Dex with another grapple and he's thrown to the mat again but Blackwood hooks both legs around one of Dex's... OH NO! Elbow drop by Joy!

The challenger whips Blackwood into the ropes and comes in with a running forearm smash! Blackwood rises... only to be hit by another running forearm smash!

And another!

And another!

AND ANOTHER!

DDK:

The Biggest Boy is a house on fire! He's fed up with Gage's overall disrespect and tired of these games!

Dex lifts Blackwood onto his shoulders and looks for a running powerslam but Gage breaks free and pushes the challenger into the turnbuckle. However, Joy applies the breaks at the last second and spins around... crushing The SOHER with a shoulder tackle!

DDK:

Joy pulls Blackwood to a knee, hammering him in the side of the face with another forearm!

Joy doesn't stop here, either. He's working Blackwood into the corner and then hip tosses The Scotsman to the center of the ring.

Lance:

The ever so resilient champion is a hard one to keep down! Look at Gage, back on his fee-

DDK:

Inside-out clothesline by Dex!

Blackwood is back up.

DDK:

A second inside-out clothesline!

Blackwood is back up.

DDK:

A third inside-out clothesline!

This time, Blackwood is breathing heavily on the canvas floor. Dex is a little out of breath, too but for much different

reasons. The pause gives The Nobel Raider the strength he needs to gain a vertical base, once again proving what everyone already knew, he can take a beating and keep on comin-

DDK:

Shotgun dropkick! I think Gage flew halfway across the ring after that shot!

The Faithful continue to get behind the onslaught before their eyes.

DDK:

Joy is perched on the second rope...

He leaps off for a crossbody block but Blackwood CATCHES the giant!

Gage can only do so much...

DDK:

Blackwood's knees buckle under the pressure and Dex has landed on top of him, hooking the legs for a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

BARELY a kickout by Blackwood!

Nonetheless, Dex is right back to it. He hurls Blackwood into the turnbuckle and Blackwood stumbles out, receiving a bossman slam for his efforts. Joy bounces off the ropes and tries for a splash but Gage rolls out of the way at the last second. The Nobel Raider is reeling. He's at a loss for what to do before he bounces softly into the ropes and looks for the missile dropkick to the face, a move that's put BRAZEN talent, including giants like Titus Campbell on the shelf after being on the receiving end...

SWOOOOOSH.

DDK:

Joy rolls out of the way... ANOTHER INSIDE-OUT CLOTHESLINE BY DEX!

Lance:

Anything Blackwood tries to throw at the challenger... he isn't connecting!

Dex Joy:

I TOLD YOU, PALLY, THIS IS A TORNADO!

Gage gets thrown into the ropes and receives an unexpected surprise when the challenger comes back in a pop-up powerbomb that not only rattles Blackwood's spine but causes the ring to shake!

DDK:

THE BIGGEST BOY IS THE **BIGGEST** HOUSE ON FIRE!! DEX JOY IS CRUSHING THE CHAMPION!

Joy hurls Blackwood to the ropes once more... following up with a powerslam!

Then a standing splash!

Then a diving elbow!

Then a tilt-a-whirl DDT!

Dex Joy:

THIS ONE'S FOR NATE.

DDK:

Joy Irish whips Blackwood into the corner, although Gage can barely get there... AND IN DEX COMES WITH HIS FINISHER, THE RUNNING CANNONBALL... THE JUMP FOR JOY.

The DEFIANCE Faithful are completely *electric* when Big Dex Energy crushes him with all his body weight! Dex rolls away after the impact.

DDK:

Is he *REALLY* doing this!?

This is followed by the swinging powerslam, The Dex Drive!

Lance:

YES!!! He's really doing this!!! The ring shaking Dex Drive!!! That's it!

DDK:

I ... I can't believe my eyes!

The crowd can't believe what they are seeing, either but Dex isn't done! The challenger looks to make sure Blackwood isn't going anywhere.

DDK:

DEX JOY IS HEADING TO THE TOP ROPE... OH MY GOD... DIVING MOONSAULT!!

Lance:

THE JOY BUZZER!

The moonsault in the style of Big Van Vader crushes Gage! The crowd is almost too shocked to count along, but some still do.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

DDK:

HOLY FAA---- DEX JOY DID IT! DEX HAS BECOME THE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION!! THE REIGN IS... OVER! THE FOUR YEAR UNDEFEATED PAY-PER-VIEW STREAK IS... OVER!!! JUST LIKE THAT!!!!

Lance:

... .. unbelievable.

Joy is kneeling over Gage Blackwood when the official comes over to hand him his first major singles title in DEFIANCE! Dex looks at the title and then hugs the belt close to his chest! The crowd is elated!!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner and the *NNNNNNNNEEEEEEWWWWW* Southern Heritage champion... he is "The Biggest

Boy" DDDDDDDDDDEEEEEXXXXX JJJJJOOOOYYYYY!!!!!!

DDK:

Gage Blackwood got zero offence THE ENTIRE MATCH!

Lance:

I'm beside myself. Never in a hundred years...

Dex Joy stands on his feet and running down to the ring now is Nathaniel Eye! His best friend and fellow BRAZEN Tag Team Champion slides into the squared circle and they engage in a big, chest bump that almost knocks Eye over! He recovers and then runs over to hug Dex!

DDK:

Unbelievable! Dex has schooled a guy that has schooled so many before him! You have to wonder what all those verbal jabs did for Dex to get ready for this contest!

Lance:

Well put! Gage dragged Dex's name through the mud, talked over him, belittled him and made an example of his friend. Tonight Dex was true to his word! He was not an iron man like Gage, he was a tornado. And he was an F5!

Finally, the former SOHER rolls to a corner of the ring. He's come-to, albeit slowly because of the pummeling he took. Blackwood's eyes are wide and he's struggling to make sense of things. Some Faithful boo in his direction but most are still celebrating with Dex Joy with Nathaniel Eye as the celebration continues!

Dex Joy:

I DID IT, PALLY! YOU DID IT, PALLY! PALLIES... WE DID THIS!!!

Dex raises both his BRAZEN Tag Team Championship and now his newly won Southern Heritage championship titles! The belt that Gage Blackwood had a stranglehold on for over a year now belongs to him!

Meanwhile, Blackwood slides out of the ring, not intending to draw attention to himself or seemingly take away attention from Dex Joy's biggest moment in DEFIANCE. The cameras only catch Blackwood walking up the ramp momentarily before they go back on the newly crowned champion.

DDK:

What an outcome! I am absolutely beside myself!

Lance:

You're telling me. If you said beforehand Dex Joy was winning, I wouldn't have laughed at that. I thought The Biggest Boy had a GREAT chance of to pick up the gold... but ONLY after a hard-fought, back-and-forth contest. T- th- this... it was something else!

DDK:

Well, Dex is right. He goes THROUGH people and he just went through Gage Blackwood! Dex has changed the course of DEFIANCE history! What a way to kick off two nights of Ascension with the brand new Southern Heritage Champion!

The massive Biggest Boy is so happy, he jumps to the second rope and almost slips! Joy stops himself and then recovers long enough to show off the Southern Heritage Championship! Nathaniel Eye climbs the ropes next to him and pats Joy's back, getting in on the further celebration with Dex!

DDK:

Want to know something else, Lance?

Lance:

What?

DDK:

We're just getting started...

GREAT-HOUND

EARLIER TODAY

The camera opens up earlier in the afternoon before Ascension takes place in the outside parking lot. Moments later, out in the distance, but inching closer to the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex comes a dark blue bus with a logo that makes the Faithful viewing this on the DEFTron to start jeering.

Better Future Talent Agency.

The bus pulls up just outside and takes a moment to come to a complete stop.

DDK (V/O):

Well, folks, this was earlier today and as you can tell by the logo on the bus... The Better Future Talent Agency arrived in grand fashion.

Lance (V/O):

And our newest interview colleague and new host of UNCUT, Chris Trutt, was there to meet Tom Morrow and company about his clients' respective matches over the course of our two-night event.

The newest interviewer for DEFIANCE, Chris Trutt, is watching the doors of the massive bus pull open. First comes Ken Ellis, waving to the adoring public outside (that's just Trutt, by the by). He clears his throat.

Ken Ellis:

Ladies! Gentlemen! Introducing... Better Future Talent Agency's magnificent Maestro... "Brighter" Tom Morrow!

Ellis steps off onto the sidewalk and behind him, Tom Morrow.

Tom Morrow:

Thank you, thank you! Johnny Microphone, get over here, please.

Trutt looks around nervously and then back to Morrow.

Chris Trutt:

Uh... me?

Tom Morrow:

Get over here! Make with the questions, moron!

Trutt sighs and then walks over to Morrow, who remains on the bottom step of the bus so he can stand high over the already small interviewer.

Chris Trutt:

Tom Morrow, welcome to the show.

Morrow eyebrows him.

Tom Morrow:

Hey... ask about the bus, first.

Chris Trutt:

(sighing) Okay, I see you have a new bus?

The Superagent slaps a hand against it and grins.

Tom Morrow:

The GREAT-Hound, Johnny Microphone. This isn't some stupid vehicle sending little booger-eaters to and from school. This carries WINNERS! CHAMPIONS! FUTURE LEGENDS! We bought and customized this party bus with state of the art confort! Champagne out the wazoo! This is the GREAT-Hound's maiden voyage and tonight, it has brought my clients in Better Future here to establish dominance!

Chris Trutt:

And tonight, you have two clients competing in two matches over the course of Ascension. Tonight, Alvaro de Vargas takes on "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez. Tomorrow, Theo Baylor takes on Brock Newbludd. What are your clients doing to prepare for these matches?

Morrow looks down on Trutt and snorts.

Tom Morrow:

Uh... The hell you mean "prepare"? As members of the Better Future Talent Agency, we are ALWAYS ready. ALWAYS looking for opportunities. ALWAYS on the hunt. Theo Baylor is a KILLER. ADV is one of the brightest rising stars making his DEFIANCE PPV debut tonight! You should be asking Cortez and Newbludd if they brought fresh pairs of underwear.

Chris Trutt:

Uh... wait, I did my homework. This is actually ADV's second PPV, isn't it? He lost to Trashcan Tim at Acts of DEFIANCE...

Morrow takes off his glasses, then lets out a heavy sigh as he rubs the bridge of his nose.

Tom Morrow:

You're an idiot.

Stepping out from the bus behind him is the towering form of Alvaro de Vargas. Dressed in a blue silk shirt, fancy blue dress jeans and black shoes, the man stands over Chris Trutt.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Chris, right?

Chris nods nervously.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Medios estúpidos... Get your facts straight, pendejo: That guy that Trash Panda Tim beat at Acts of DEFIANCE was some little pendejo from BRAZEN. That wasn't me. The man you see before you? EL. SOL. DORADO. You understand me? THIS is who I am, pendejo! The Golden Sun of DEFIANCE!

Tom Morrow:

Oh, hit 'em with the catchphrase, Alvaro.

ADV continues looking down at Trutt, practically in his face at this point.

Alvaro de Vargas:

DEFIANCE's Golden Sun! Everything revolves around me! (Morrow laughs giddily) Tonight, that giant pendejo Uriel Cortez will wish that he stayed gone when I threw a fireball in his face a few weeks ago. Tonight, I finish what I started then. Better Future will make sure that he HAS no future. He'll be back sharing a bed with his little pendejo, Minute, then they can compare BURN SCARS!

Morrow lets out a loud belly laugh.

Tom Morrow:

See? Always ready. And as for Brock Newbludd...

The last out is Theo Baylor, stepping out in a nice dark red dress shirt, dark brown dress jeans, and brown loafers. Baylor cracks his knuckles in front of Trutt and takes the microphone.

Theo Baylor:

Brock? Tomorrow, you're a dead man.

Tom Morrow:

BOOM! KILLERS! Now get the hell out of here, Talking Head #12569. Better Future Talent Agency needs to prepare FOR the future. I got plans, son. Big plans. Let's go. Ken, go open the doors.

Ken Ellis:

Sir.

He rushes ahead of the group and opens the nearest door to the building, holding it open for the rest of Better Future. ADV slips Ken a \$20 bill, Theo ignores him and Morrow smiles as we cut back to the live feed.

STALKER vs. "SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS

DDK:

OH Yes! I am looking forward to this!!

Lance:

Why's that Keeps?

DDK:

For the past two months - we've had the maniac Stalker thinking he can just show up to Scott Douglas' matches whenever he wants and turn the tides at his whim. I look forward to seeing that end tonight!

Lance:

As we saw on last week's UNCUT - Scott Douglas purposely sought out Terry Anderson to issue a challenge to Stalker for Ascension and he accepted it - with an announced stipulation that if Scott Douglas wins this match tonight that Stalker will be **BANNED** from ringside during The Finale match for the Favoured Saints Tournament.

DDK:

Without interference ... I feel Scott Douglas can walk away from this match as the victor. If that is so, then our newest DEFIANCE Champion can be crowned fairley as well!

Cut to Darren Quimbey at the ready.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for ONE FALL!

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

The Faithful pop for DEFIANCE's Favorite Son.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...from Seattle, Washington...

Scott emerges from the curtain; the same jeans shorts, same sleeveless black t-shirt. He's never been much for the over the top fanfare.

Darren Quimbey:

weighing in at two hundred and twenty-six pounds... "Sub Pop" Scottttttt DOOOOOOOOOOUGGGGLASSSS!!!

He takes a moment at the top of the stage and looks out to the Faithful before making his way to ringside. He's focused. He's been here before... too many times.

♪ "This Link is Dead" by Deftones ♪

The lights darken as the DEFIATron is lit up with a static screen of indifference. The music plays heavily over the PA system as smoke billows out down the ramp way. No fancy imagery is displayed this time as Jason 'Stalker' Reeves walks out with a sinister stare of daggers; looking straight through Scott Douglas' soul as he makes his way to the ring.

Lance:

The Faithful are letting it known tonight in this early Ascension match up that they have also seen enough of Stalker's antics over the past few weeks.

DDK:

Between video montages of his daughter pleading for help and constant interference in Scott Douglas' matches one would think there is a lot more buried into Stalker's agenda than we know.

As Stalker makes his way up the ring steps he stops at the top of them, outstretching his arms in a defiant manner as he looks side to side at the audience tonight.

Lance:

At our last pay per view we saw Tyler Fuse vs. Scott Douglas vs. Stalker - the ending saw Stalker and Tyler arguing which gave way to a Scott Douglas victory... from the look in Stalker's eyes, he looks to rectify that loss tonight.

Tossing his 'No More False Heroes' shirt into the crowd - now available for pick up at all DEFIANCE vendors and website - Stalker glares at Scott Douglas one more time before stepping into the ring.

With the house lights returning and introductions over the fans are greeted with a stare down in the middle of the ring as Benny Doyle reads off his final instructions.

Stalker:*[yelling]*

You have no idea the way you will break tonight Scotty!

Ignoring Stalker's outburst - Doyle gives his signal for the bell after a reminder of this being a single fall match up - regular wrestling rules apply.

DING DING DING!

Without a hesitation at all the bell rings and Stalker launches a frontal assault into Scott Douglas' abdomen as the grizzled veteran charges in with a running knee!

Lance:

Stalker off to a quick start!

Pulling Scott Douglas' arm into a stiff grip the man known as Stalker sends him flying into the ropes with a hard Irish whip, Douglas comes back and is greeted with a drop toe hold that sends Douglas crashing face first into the wrestling mat. With an aggressive dart up to his feet, Stalker is unrelenting as he unleashes a flurry of boots to the back of Douglas' head.

DDK:

COME ON KNOCK IT OFF!

Doyle gives a brief warning about the excessive use of force from Jason Reeves which falls on deaf ears as Stalker lifts his opponent up to his feet, with a glaring stare into the stands Stalker hooks Douglas, making him face the crowd as he pins his leg with Douglas'.

Lance:

OOF! Nasty Front Face Russian leg sweep!

Stalker: *[yelling]*

IT'S YOUR FAULT, SCOTTY!! FALSE HEROES LIKE YOU ARE WHY THE KABAL IS HERE!!

DDK:

What is this fool babbling about?

Lance:

I think The Kabal is what he refers to himself, Rezin and potentially Tyler Fuse also, but I'm not sure where Tyler's allegiance lies.

DDK:

I thought that was 'The Fallen' or whate -- OH!

With a follow up attempt to his front face russian leg sweep - Stalker is countered from a rising Scott Douglas, sending the hardcore icon reeling into the ropes with a hard European uppercut! Douglas charges in to capitalize but Stalker ducks!!

Lance:

Oh NO! Scott just fell awkwardly outside of the ring on that clothesline attempt and he looks to be in severe pain!

Sub Pop Scott is slow to drag himself up as Stalker watches like a predator from within the ring. Doyle starts the ten count and as he gets to two, Stalker slides out of the ring to provide a "helping hand" to Scott Douglas.

DDK:

There are rules!

Doyle restarts the count to a double count out once Stalker's feet hit the floor on the outside, lifting Scott Douglas up, hooking his arm...

DDK:

SNAP SUPLEX ON THE OUTSIDE!

Douglas' body vibrates with a loud thud from the impact as the crowd jeers at Stalker from the stands. Paying them no mind, he continues working on Douglas with a series of kicks to the gut which draws another warning from Doyle.

Lance:

At least it won't be a double count out.

Stalker has Douglas rolled back into the ring now and is slowly making his way to follow - however, the fans or something in the audience has his attention. Stalker's eyes are looking outward into the Faithful as he stands on the ring apron with one foot through the ropes.

DDK:

I swear this man is delusional - I don't know if he's talking to himself or what seems to be mumbling something.

The cameras switch to a closer view of Stalker standing on the ringside apron, his eyes fixated on something in the stands and for the brief moment the distraction gives Scott Douglas a window. Charging from behind Douglas hits Stalker with a hard forearm to the back of the head, dropping him almost out of the ring but Douglas doesn't let it happen, instead he hooks him and deadlifts up vertically...

Lance:

SUPLEX FROM the ring apron into the ring!

Douglas is a bit slow to follow up but nonetheless pushes himself through - picking up Jason Reeves - he tosses the man known as Stalker into the far corner. Running full steam at him Stalker is smashed into the turnbuckles with a heavy clothesline from the former SoHER!

DDK:

Oh! Stalker's reeling from that one.

Stalker stumbles out of the corner of the ring and Douglas doesn't slow down, instead he charges and yanks him down into a BULLDOG! Stalker's head bounces off the mat with a loud thud and Douglas rolls him over for a quick pin attempt.

ONE ...

TWO ...

NO!

With a harsh push up, Stalker almost launches Douglas off of him, causing Doyle to scatter quickly out of the way.

Stalker:[Yelling]

COME ON HERO! YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT! JESSICA SURE THOUGHT SO!

Douglas:

You're crazy old man!

Douglas shoots back close enough for the cameras to catch Douglas' much more refrained statement.

Lance:

Stalker with a heat of urgency now as he pulls himself to his feet after that attempted pinfall from Douglas - but Scott is quick to follow up.

DDK:

Scott Douglas is going to have to stay on him or risk giving Reeves a chance to turn the tides once more!

Douglas with a set of forearms to Stalker's head set him up perfectly for the brided Northern Lights Suplex.

Lance:

Looks like he's... trying... NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX WITH A BRIDGE!

ONE!

TWO!

THR --

NO!

Stalker at the last second kicked out harshly, nearly punching Benny Doyle on his way up. Drawing The Faithful's ire, Jason Reeves stands up like a horror movie character and wraps his hands around Douglas' neck, the two men clash with each other in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

This maniac looks like a man possessed at times, I just don't get what his motivation is from all of this. He looks crazy!

Much like a horror movie, Douglas tries to stave Stalker off but he isn't successful , the crowd chants loudly as the two battle for strength in the center of the ring.

Lance:

Stalker with his hands wrapped around Douglas' neck and.. OH! HEADBUTT!

The hit was jarring to the Favorite Son as he stumbles backwards, wasting no time Stalker knees Douglas in the gut... hooks him with a swinging NECKBREAKER! With a bit of strength and anger - Stalker nearly rips Scott Douglas' head off.

DDK:

Yikes.. That did not look pretty there.

Lance:

Stalker moving in now for a Sleeper hold...

Jason a hardcore warrior opts to challenge the will of Scott Douglas, wrapping his arm under the fallen man's chin, dropping to his knees behind him Stalker yanks the False Hero into a sitting Sleeper position. Wrenching the hold into place Stalker's leverage puts Douglas into a horrid spot, arms dangling he soon starts drifting to the technical chair swinger's submission move.

DDK:

Is he... whispering to Scott Douglas?

Stalker buries his face into Scott Douglas' shoulder and as Keebler mentioned; he seems to be speaking in Douglas' ear. Benny Doyle hovers close to check on Douglas' condition. The Faithful throw down a gauntlet of cheering for their Favorite Son and as the cheers grow louder Douglas starts to react.

Lance:

Closed fist punch to Stalker's head! And ANOTHER - The Faithful are not going to let Scott Douglas fall victim to Stalker's wrath, Darren! Not here! Not tonight!

The cheers get louder as Scott Douglas mounts a few more closed punches to Stalker's head, driving the wild man back off of him and falling to the center of the ring. Doyle starts a standing count on both men as the fans start a 'SUB POP' chant.

SUB POP!

SUB POP!

SUB POP!

Lance:

The exchange, so far, has both men laid out in the middle of the ring but The Faithful really want Scott Douglas on his feet now!

DDK:

And... THEY got their wish!

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son sits up looking into the crowd and back around his shoulder to the heavy breathing veteran wrestler.

Douglas hauls Stalker's large frame up from the mat just long enough ...

Lance:

Oh! Standing Drop Kick!

DDK:

That took more out of him then he should have offered at this point! Scott has to minimize the risks and focus on impact!

The Faithful love it, the SUB POP Chant continues, as Douglas rises to his feet before heading to the turnbuckle.

DDK:

This is exactly what Douglas needs to avoid, Lance!

Lance:

It looks like he has his mind made up, Keebs ... and OH! It pays off with dividends!

Cameras flash around the arena as Scott Douglas flies through the air in a perfectly executed moonsault. With a heavy thud Douglas connects with Stalker and both men spring violently up upon the impact.

DDK:

Truly beautiful moonsault but after the beating, he has taken here tonight... can Scott Douglas capitalize!?

Lance:

Looks he can! Cover!

ONE

TWO

THRE --

NO!

Lance:

SO CLOSE!

The Faithful let out a gasp and a huge boo as Benny Doyle's hand hits the mat for the three but he waves off the call for it saying it was only a two and a half.

Lance:

Scott's in disbelief! Stalker's shoulder looked to be down when Doyle's hand hit the mat for the three but he waved it immediately off.

DDK:

Now isn't the time to worry about what was ... Douglas has to stay on him!

As one half of Seattle's Best stands up he looks down at Stalker shaking his head at the fallen man.

Lights out.

DDK:

You're shitting me.

Keebler's microphone seems to cut off as the DEFIAtron lights up as a video feed pops onto the screen once again during a Scott Douglas match. As it is wont to do. It's a close-up shot of someone walking down a street. Dressed in all black with a cell phone pressed against their ear; they speak into it. The Faithful's boos are unable to block out the loud distracting audio.

Woman's Voice:

I know... I said I was out of this and that the games were through.. But I need your help, Scott.

It's apparent that the woman is that of Jessica Reeves as she turns to face the streets, looking both ways before crossing a path as she continues to speak into the phone. Scott Douglas stands almost befuddled in the middle of the ring. Stalker meanwhile is laying on his back.

Jessica Reeves: [on screen]

When I was Reaper ... I warned the world that they were coming, that HE would becoming. I can't stop what is happening now - only the *guardians* can.

Pausing on screen as she moves onto the street's opposite sidewalk Jessica looks in all directions as if she is being followed.

Jessica Reeves:

I am just calling you to warn you before... it happens. I'm sorry, Scott - This link between DEFIANCE and I - it's dead. No one knew why I was there... No one but my father...

As she ends her statement she pulls the cell phone away from her ear, pressing the button to save and send the voicemail.

BEEP

Voicemail Prompt:

If you're satisfied with your message, press one. To delete and re-record your message press three. To cancel this message press star.

Jessica Reeves:

Fuck!

Cursing at her phone, Jessica presses three to start the message over and truncate it.

Jessica Reeves:

Scott ...

The camera pans backward to a black sedan pulling up on the sidewalk next to her, a window rolling down from the backseat as a shadowed figure calls out.

Jessica Reeves:

Shit.

Jessica lowers the phone, ending the call.

A burst of loud static replaces the audio as the lights throughout the arena come back on causing Scott Douglas to stumble in place as the video feed is cut off and Stalker is now up on his feet behind him.

Stalker: [screaming]

Always a FALSE HERO - never there when needed!

Stalker spins Scott Douglas around in the middle of the ring... kick to gut... EVENFLOW!!

Scott's head ricochets off the mat with a hard thud from the impact DDT - Stalker pushes him over with urgency and hooks the legs.

DDK:

COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE -- NO!

With a breath of urgency, Douglas pops his shoulder up at the last split second The Faithful can't believe their eyes and neither can Stalker who refuses to accept Doyle's two count.

Lance:

Stalker is up in Doyle's face and saying he should be raising his hand in victory right now!

DDK:

He should be disqualified right now!

Stalker's argumentative stance causes Benny Doyle to slink back defensively as the crowd cheers for Douglas to

stand.

Lance:

Scott is trying his best to pull himself up now as Stalker continues to argue his case.

Doyle advises Stalker that he's heard enough and to focus on the match.

DDK:

Get him, Scott! OH wait NO not Benny!!

Like a well-laid trap Stalker's distraction was a ploy as the veteran moves out of the way upon Scott Douglas' attempted charge, the False Hero collides with the ref and sends him tumbling on his back hard.

Lance:

Scott is in shock from the impact and Benny's hard hit to the mat, Stalker's coming in to capitalize, grabbing Douglas' shoulder he spins the man, LOW BLOW!!

Scott Douglas hits the mat as the crowd boos loudly and Stalker looks on with pride at the chaos in the ring.

DDK:

Is he smiling?

Lance:

He is indeed, Keebs. Now... what's this?

Stalker is on the outside of the ring now as Douglas is lying in agony in the center of the ring.

DDK:

While the ref is away... cheaters will play.

Stalker pulls a chair from under the ring, sliding it in first before climbing the ring apron himself and picking it up.

Stalker: *[screaming]*

How's it FEEL SCOTTY?!? Being the BAD GUY? You... you are the FALSE HERO! Just like the rest of them! PROVE IT TO ME!

The hardcore maniac pushes the chair towards Scott Douglas as he attempts to push himself up with his knuckles. Giving a long stare at the fallen Benny Doyle who appears out cold, Douglas climbs to his feet to meet his villain's stare down.

Stalker: *[yelling]*

Pick it up and PROVE IT Douglas!

Scott Douglas looks at him and shakes his head in disgust.

Scott Douglas: *[yelling]*

YOU are DELUSIONAL! This Jessica shit... YOUR SHIT.. I'm done with all of it!

Lance:

Douglas is furious with the mind games here. Considering the events over the past few months, the history he has with this man's daughter, I'm sure it's something he'd like to put in his rearview mirror.

It appears Scott has other intentions, ignoring Stalker's request he opts to check on Benny Doyle's condition. Which further infuriates Stalker.

Stalker: *[yelling]*

Weakness! That's all you are.. There are NO guardians for DEFIANCE anymore - not a REAPER and NOT YOU!
YOU CAN'T SAVE IT!

Lance:

Stalker's picking up the chair now and slowly approaching Scott Douglas who's attempting to wake up Benny Doyle.

Stalker: *[verbally spitting]*

Failed Jessica... failed DERRICK ALLEN.... Failed Courtney! Failed at being a CHAMPION! You are a FAILURE,
SCOTT! The FALSE HERO stance you try and hold will....

The Faithful erupt in a chorus of cheers as Scott Douglas has heard enough.

DDK:

YES!!

In a flash of motion Keebler's excitement spurs from Scott Douglas' reaction to Stalker's spitting on his back. Using the chair in Stalker's hands, Douglas ends Stalker's verbal tirade as the Hardcore Tyrant is toppled backwards by his own weapon by DEFIANCE's Favorite Son!

Lance:

Scott Douglas just used the chair to uppercut Stalker and send him flying back to the mat with the steel chair.

Douglas:

This ENDS TONIGHT!

With disregard for rules himself at this point, Douglas picks up the fallen Stalker as The Faithful give out a loud pop!

Lance:

Scott is making sure the chair is placed on the mat perfectly while guiding Stalker's position as the man looks nearly dead at this point.

A standing ovation and cameras flashing through the arena as Scott Douglas executes the SUB POP SUPLEX directly onto the steel chair!

CLAAAAANG

Scott Douglas stands up to his feet, a hardened look on his face as he kicks the chair from the ring. The Faithful stand up to their feet as Douglas moves to get Doyle up as well.

DDK:

No way that man is going to get up from that. His face is busted *wide open!*

The cameras 'zoom in' to Stalker's face catching the blood spilling from his forehead down the side of his face. Benny Doyle is groggy but seems responsive as Douglas motions towards the fallen Stalker and goes in for the pinfall across his body!

ONE!

...

TWO!

...

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

The bell rings and Doyle slowly crawls to his feet with a three raised above his head with one hand ... hold it with the other. He looks down at Douglas and he raises the man's arm in victory.

DDK:

And like that Stalker is banned from ringside at The Favoured Saints tournament championship. Thank god! His overbearing influence has long been in need of correction!

Lance:

Also looks like Douglas has sent a clear message to Stalker and it is simply: this is over with! It may fall on deaf ears but, only time will tell.

DDK:

Agreed, Lance. Stalker is not one that gives up or gives in easily!

With The Faithful on their feet, Scott Douglas' stands up looking down at the fallen Stalker shaking his head at him.

Douglas: [yelling]

This link between us, Jason. This link between me and YOUR Family... ALL YOUR crazy shit! IS DEAD!

Lance:

Douglas doesn't seem interested in giving anymore. The Faithful want Stalker to suffer but Scott seems through with the man... with the Family!

An angry grimace on Scott Douglas' face as he stares at his fallen nemesis, the younger Seattle great coming away victorious once again. Turning to exit the ring Douglas gives a glance back to Stalker when his feet hit the outside, Jason Reeves turns to look back at him, blood-covered face and all.

DDK:

Is... he smiling?

Lance:

It would seem so ... Stalker has an EVIL grin spread across his face.

Scott Douglas shakes his head as the two stare at each other for a few more seconds before the former SoHeR makes the slow exit up the ramp.

THE TOYBOX vs. THE STEVENS DYNASTY

DDK:

Ugh... Junior Keeling has become so unbearable... but regardless, we get to our next match! Two former Tag Team Champions - one of them, being the team who made the Unified Tag Team Titles what they are now - compete for the right to be the next challengers! So with that said, let's get to the intros for our next match! Stevens Dynasty against The Toybox!

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

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

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

DDK:

Well, it's time for the long-awaited rematch between these two teams. The last time they met The Toybox had the championships. Which they lost to the two men making their way to the ring right now.

Lance:

Acts of Defiance 2019 to be exact. These teams both have a legitimate claim to the now Unified Tag Team Championships. The Stevens never received their rematch, and The Toybox never got their rematch for the titles when they were in the hands of Bo and George.

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

DDK:

The Stevens have made it a point to ruin any sort of enjoyment The Toybox has tried to create since their return here in Defiance over the last three months.

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

DDK:

You can say that first, the trio argued for their title shot instead of The Toybox, then when it was apparent that they were not going to get it turned their attention to The Toybox who wanted the same thing.

Darren Quimbey:

Being accompanied to the ring by Cary Stevens... from The Great State of Texas, weighing in at seven hundred and two pounds... BO! AND GEORGE! THE STEVENS DYNASTY!"

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

V/O Jestal:

IT'S PLAYTIME!!

♪ "Revenge of the Freaks by Mr. Strange.♪

The Faithful jump to their feet, as Jestal pops from behind the curtain tiptoeing down to the front of the ramp he tosses two objects to the side of the ramp and thrusts his hips forward driving his arms inward. Pyro explodes to the side of the ramp. Dandelion comes from behind the curtain and bops to the beat as she follows Jestal down the ramp, the siblings are in red and orange attire. Gizmo walks next to Dandelion as she follows her brother down the rampway.

DDK:

Jestal and Dandelion have tried to inject some fun into DEFIANCE once more, and the Stevens have thwarted their attempts each time. First running over their ice cream truck..Candygram with a monster truck!

Jestal and Dandelion stop at the bottom of the ramp and stare at Bo and George jawing with them inside the ring.

Lance:

They then tried to have a karaoke event for the boys and girls in the back, only for Bo and George to ruin that.

Darren Quimbey:

Their opponents weigh in at three hundred and seventy pounds, from The Funhouse!.... "The Suicidal Doll" DANDELION...."The Mad Prince" JESTAL!...THE TOYBOX!

Jestal walks up the steps and points at the Stevens and Slater to get them back. Brian forces Bo and George to back up. Jestal walks the apron and climbs the turnbuckle Dandelion climbs the turnbuckle nearest to the stairs and the siblings wave their arms back and forth in sync with the Faithful. Gizmo sits on the apron wagging his tail.

DDK:

Two teams who have their eyes on Malak Garland and his fellow keyboard warriors. Who is going to come away here tonight with the win and possibly get their chance at the Unified Tag Team Championship?

DING DING

Cary gives last-minute orders to Bo and George before dropping to the floor. George appears to be starting here along with Jestal. The Gag Chest of the siblings sits against the barricade in their corner. Gizmo is sitting on the chest watching the match.

DDK:

The size difference between these two is so lopsided you would think Jestal doesn't have a chance. George towers over Jestal at six-five, while Jestal is only five foot! You would think that would be Jestal's only disadvantage. George also outweighs the jester by two hundred and eight pounds nearly double Jestal's weight!

Lance:

You don't want to even know the disadvantages Dandelion has against both Bo and George. The Toybox however has a way of overcoming such disadvantages.

George clearly has a lot of confidence, as he stares down at the grinning Mad Prince. They lock up and Jestal floats behind George and tries with all his might to lift George up. George however is not moving an inch. Jestal continues to try until he stops....

Gizmo: *{hacks into the audio for the show}*

FART NOISE!

Jestal releases the hold and grabs the bottom of his baggy pants. George turns around and holds his nose in disgust at the clown.

DDK:

Well, it would appear Jestal tried too hard to take George down...I hate it when that happens.

Lance:

Has it ever happened to you when you sneeze so hard you let one go at the same time?

DDK:

...Ok back to the match I am sure no one wants to hear about bodily functions here.

George starts walking toward Jestal. He does not realize Dandelion has dug into the gag chest at ringside and pulled out a bull horn and is sneaking up behind George. Gizmo has gotten up on the apron with his head down and ass up wagging his tail. Bo and Cary quickly point behind George. He quickly turns around, if Dandelion's face could turn blue it would right about now as this massive beefcake could literally pick his teeth with her. The sounds of yelping from Gizmo echo. She quickly retreats, Jestal grabs George's arm and spins him around, and starts unloading with left jabs to the gut of George. None of which are having any sort of effect. After three jabs he steps back and does a jive dance and throws a right cross into the gut of George.

DDK:

Uh, Jestal might want to try something else.

Jestal slowly looks up his right hand planted on the gut of George who has a smile on his face. George quickly tries to grab Jestal but he dives through his legs and slides under the bottom rope. George who has had enough of the pranks follows. He starts to chase Jestal around the ring. As Jestal reaches The Stevens corner, Bo hops off the apron and lunges at Jestal and misses and ends up hugging George. Jestal stops and smiles which given his face paint is a smile inside a smile.

Jestal:

OH! A group hug!

Jestal goes to hug both Stevens!

Lance:

Group hug, after all, Bo, George, and Cary have done to The Toybox Jestal still wants everyone to be happy how nice.

George Stevens:

GET OFF ME YOU CLOWN!

George and Bo quickly stop embracing themselves and start to chase Jestal. As Jestal runs by Cary who is getting so frustrated with how this match has started. Gizmo has walked the apron and sits on the apron in front of the rampway. Full of absolute glee by the wagging of his tail.

Jestal:

BEEP BEEP!

Now all three Dynasty members are chasing Jestal, up the ramp, Cary stops at the bottom of the ramp. Meanwhile Dandelion has tossed two chairs and a plastic table into the ring. Jestal rounds the commentary area.

DDK:

Wait Jestal...

Jestal: *{gasping for air}*

I miss Angus!

Lance:

Hey!

Bo and George smack Lance's headset off as they round the commentary area. Jestal is heading down the ramp and Cary is in a football defender stance. Jestal dives under his legs and under the ring.

Jestal:

GIZMO...GAME MODE!

Gizmo's eyes turn green, his tail stands straight up.

Jestal:

RED LIGHT! RED LIGHT!

As George and Bo reach Cary the three look into the ring and a bright red light blinds them in place!

Jestal:

GREEN LIGHT! GREEN LIGHT!

The red light turns off and before the Stevens can get their sight back Dandelion is running and high jumps over the ropes into a Fosbury Flop colliding with all three members of the Stevens Dynasty outside!

DDK:

Dandelion with an impressive high jump into a shooting star press!

Lance:

The Stevens were blinded by the light and never saw it coming!

Jestal while Dandelion was soaring through the sky, set up the two chairs and the plastic table in the center of the ring, and a deck of cards dealt out. Dandelion is assisted by Gizmo with help from a few licks across the face. She gets to her feet and pats Gizmo on the head and slides in the ring and Jestal puts on a visor worn by poker dealers. Dandelion sits in one chair while Jestal sits across from her. Brian Slater is counting the Stevens out. Gizmo growls at The Stevens finally getting up. Bo stomps his foot at Gizmo, causing the pup to yelp and run away quickly.

DDK:

Who would have thought we would see a poker game at Ascension!

SEVEN!

George gets to his feet, Cary after staring in the ring becomes enraged. George quickly slides in and throws the table up and over the ropes to the floor. Jestal and Dandelion quickly take a powder outside and George is livid as he throws the chairs out of the ring and kicks the cards on the mat away. Jestal and Dandelion walk toward their corner smiling and soaking in The Faithful chanting loudly

*TOYBOX**TOYBOX**TOYBOX***DDK:**

I sure don't want to be Jestal or Dandelion right now.

George screams at the top of his lungs...Jestal and Dandelion giggle at how much they have gotten under his skin. The siblings return to the apron and Jestal gets in the ring, now very cautious at the really P'O'ed George Stevens. They lock up and George lifts Jestal up in a gorilla press. Gizmo gets in the ring again and starts barking at George who is staring down at the pup, his teeth clenched with Jestal high above him.

Jestal:

HEY Dani, I can see our house from here!

George launches Jestal through the sky dropping him on his back. Gizmo clearly does not like that and is growling at George.

George Stevens:

GET OUT OF HERE MUTT!

The beefy George stomps his foot toward Gizmo...causing the poor little guy to run to Dandelion who consoles

him...suddenly George's eyes widen!

DDK:

ROLL UP!

Slater is down for the count...

ONE

KICKOUT!

George gets to his feet and Jestal drop toe holds him driving George across the second rope neck first. Jestal hits the ropes and jumps on the back of George. He quickly holds his throat, Bo rushes in and Jestal drops to his hands and knees Bo stares down, and just as he looks up Dandelion uses Jestal as a stepping stone to hit a knee lift, quickly transitioning into a stunner! Cary is irate as he is on the apron arguing with Slater about how he has lost control of the match.

Cary Stevens:

DO SOMETHING! They are che...

Cary notices something tugging his pants...

DDK:

Gizmo has a hold of Cary's pants, and Cary can't reach him over the ropes.

Gizmo continues to play tug of war with Cary's pants being the toy. Suddenly Cary falls off the apron and smacks the back of his head into the mat outside the ring. George grabs the dog, this quickly catches the sibling's attention. As they try to talk down George, Bo gets to his feet rubbing his jaw.

Bo Stevens:

Throw that runt in the stands, George!

Jestal:

NO!...GIZMO BEWARE DOG MODE!

George and Bo look at each other and a voracious growl comes from Gizmo. They both look down at the dog, with sharp teeth and red eyes. George quickly drops the dog and the two quickly exit the ring in shock as now Gizmo is pacing back and forth actually guarding the ring from them entering it.

Cary gets to his feet rubbing the back of his head, The Stevens regroup.

Lance:

Boy Gizmo has caused a lot of problems for The Stevens here tonight.

DDK:

All three are clearly fed up with not just a dog but Jestal and Dandelion who are really under their skin now.

Bo has had enough and tries to hop on the apron and Gizmo attacks he quickly hops off the apron. Now they are trying to bring their case to Brain Slater.

Cary Stevens:

This dog is cheating...disqualify them, you idiot!

Brain Slater:

The dog has not done anything to cause a disqualification, nor have the Toybox.

The Stevens clearly do not like that one bit. The three discuss and Jestal snickers.

Jestal:

Gizmo...MODE RESET.

Gizmo's eyes turn back to normal, and he hops around and returns to Dandelion who carries him to their corner. Jestal crosses his arms and stares down at the Dynasty.

Jestal:

Any day now.

The Stevens return to the ring and point at Gizmo then mouth at Slater a bit. George tags Bo in, Jestal just stares at Bo before the lock-up. Jestal hip tosses Bo, he quickly hops up and gets another and then another and then another until Bo slides out of the ring and slams his hands on the apron in frustration. Jestal who is on a knee and staring back at Bo who again is getting advice from Cary.

DDK:

The Toybox have taken the Stevens so far off their game they can't seem to find their way back.

Lance:

It's hard to regain your focus when you're blinded by utter rage.

Bo slides in the ring again, the two circle once more and this time Bo gets off a knee to the gut of Jestal he then pulls him to his corner and tags George in. George slams a clubbing forearm to the back of Jestal dropping him to the ground. George picks up Jestal and tosses him off the ropes he tries a clothesline and Jestal ducks and slams on the brakes he stomps on George's foot. He lets out a growl and tries to grab Jestal who drops toe holds George once more to the mat. He quickly gets up and drops a leg on the back of George's neck.

DDK:

They almost had some sort of offense there and just like that Jestal switched it back to his favor.

Jestal picks up George and tosses him into his corner he charges in and launches himself with a leaping back elbow he is tagged in by Dandelion on impact. She hits the ropes and does the same. George stumps to the middle of the ring and Dandelion uses the ropes as a ladder before leaping off them with an enziguri to the back of George, dropping the big man to the mat again. Bo slides in and tries a clothesline and Dandelion bends backward into a crab stance. Before standing straight up as Bo turns around she horse kicks, Bo, in the gut, and grabs the back of his head, and slams it into the mat!

Lance:

Again both Stevens exit the ring. They just can not keep any sort of advantage here tonight.

Dandelion gets as excited as The Faithful are as well. Bo slides in and Dani just smiles at him. Bo tries to take a few breaths before they lock up he sends her into the corner. He charges in and she hops on the turnbuckles backflips as Bo reaches the corner. Bo again loses his cool and tries a clothesline only for Dani again to do a crab pose. He turns around and tries to throw a punch and she drops down into the splits. He looks down and tries to grab her and she crawls in between his legs, turning around and grabbing Bo's feet tripping him to fall face first!

DDK:

Cary is livid outside the ring.

Lance:

His boys just can't seem to get any type of advantage.

Bo gets to his feet, Dani hits the ropes he again tries a clothesline, and she ducks as she hits the ropes George nails her in the back of the head dropping her quickly to her face. Jestal shouts at Slater for the attack. Slater ignores the

plea. Bo picks up Dani and suplexes her over. She recoils in pain. Bo gets up and mouths off at a few jeers from the Faithful before picking up Dani and throwing her into his corner. He then turns around and talks trash to Jestal before scaring Gizmo off the apron! Jestal gets in the ring and tries to attack Bo but Slater is stopping him from doing it.

DDK:

Pay attention Jestal your sister is being choked by George in the corner!

Lance:

Looks like The Stevens finally got the advantage after all the shenanigans.

Jestal finally exits the ring, Bo turns around with a grin on his face. Dandelion is slumped over in the corner, in a lifeless doll pose. Bo grabs her by the hair and tags George in. He whips her off the ropes and George hits the ropes and throws his massive frame up in the air with a shoulder block that spins Dandelion in the air before falling on her face.

DDK:

Dandelion is in trouble, George has every possible advantage you can have over your opponent on her.

Lance:

This might end real quick here if she doesn't find a way to tag Jestal in.

George picks up Dandelion and locks in a massive bear hug. The pain on her face is apparent as she tries frantically to slam her fists into the upper chest of George to no avail as the beefcake of the Stevens squeezes even more.

DDK:

Dandelion is fading quickly here, George just completely overpowers her petite frame.

Lance:

Man George is now shaking her around like a rag doll!

Slater is there to check on Dandelion...

He starts to raise her arm...

ONE....

TWO....

DDK:

Here comes Jestal...WAIT George just dropped her!

Lance:

Why would he do that? There was no way Jestal could have been there in time to save her.

George turns around and strikes an incoming Jestal across the head, as Slater is distracted again. George picks up the lifeless Dandelion and throws her so hard into his corner her head bounces off the mat and back down. George tags in Bo.

DDK:

Cary is all smiles here, as The Stevens have the advantage here.

Lance:

She needs to get away from them quickly, it appears they are going to make her pay for making them look like fools earlier.

Bo lifts her up and drives elbow shots across the side of her head. Before pulling her out of the corner and throwing her

head between his legs. He spins around and powerbombs her to the mat!

DDK:

Dani is not moving here and Bo might be trying to end it here.

Bo covers...

ONE...

Here comes Jestal...

TWO

Just as Jestal reaches the two Bo pulls Dandelion off the mat. Jestal manages to get a shot before Slater intervenes. Bo just smiles at Jestal as he is ushered back to his corner. He reaches out and tags George back in. He picks up Dandelion and spinebusters her to the mat! George hits the ropes and as Bo moves he hits a splash on top of Dandelion! Bo quickly strikes Jestal off the apron and kicks the bottom rope to scare off Gizmo.

DDK:

Cover here!

ONE

TWO

George picks up Dandelion by the hair.

Lance:

Oh, come on you both have her beat this is not necessary!

George laughs a bit. Dandelion looks completely out of it. He tags Bo back in, He tosses her on his shoulders, and falls back in a samoan drop! Bo hits the ropes and does a corkscrew elbow drop across Dandelion!

Bo goes for the cover again!

ONE

TWO

Jestal breaks the count!

DDK:

Jestal got there just in time!

Lance:

Bo doesn't seem to be upset about it either, these two are just relishing beating up a woman here!

Bo tags George back in, he hits the ropes and drops a huge leg drop on the prone Dandelion! George now goes for a nonchalant cover.

ONE

TWO

THRE...

Jestal breaks the count again!

DDK:

This is clearly not good for the Toybox. The Stevens have isolated Dandelion in their corner, and are just beating the holy hell out of her!

George tags Bo back in, Bo now kicks at the gasping for air Dandelion. He walks over to Jestal, and jaws with him while pointing at his sister.

Lance:

Come on! Was that necessary Bo? Spitting on Jestal!

It may not have been necessary but it got the outcome he wanted as Jestal rushes in the ring only to be cut off by Slater. Bo picks up Dandelion and pushes her against the ropes, George holds her there and now Bo is mocking Jestal with his dance of punches...leading to the jiving right cross to the tied up Dandelion.

DDK:

Dandelion is limp here, and these two are just enjoying every second of it.

Jestal paces back and forth on the apron as Gizmo looks on, whelping at Dani's predicament. Bo Irish whips Dandelion off the ropes as she returns, he tries a clothesline she ducks and baseball slide kicks, George, off the apron. His face smashes off the apron!

Lance:

She found an extra wind here...

As she turns around she is turned inside out with a clothesline!

DDK:

Man Bo stopped her cold!

He picks her up and locks her head under his arms and lifts her up into a suplex she drops behind him and pushes him into the turnbuckle!

DDK:

Bo is dazed!

She spears the lower back of Bo slamming him back into the turnbuckle! She turns around and collapses as Jestal is reaching as far as he can for a tag. Bo is draped over the top turnbuckle as Cary is trying to get George back into the ring.

Lance:

She is almost there!

Just as she is about to tag Jestal, George slides in the ring and grabs her foot, and starts to pull her back toward his corner!

DDK:

She almost was there.

She flips on her back and starts to kick at George...he finally releases the grip on her feet. Slater is admonishing George to exit the ring; he is not the legal man. George exits the ring, Bo has recovered over this time period and pulls Dandelion to her feet...

DDK:

CHIN DRIVER!

Lance:

She managed to drive the top of her shoulder under Bo's jaw! Both are down!

Dandelion crawls toward Jestal as the Faithful cheer her on. Bo holds his jaw in pain and realizes she is close to Jestal he goes to tag George in....

Jestal:

HOT TAG...HOT TAG...HOT TAG!!!

Jestal is bouncing on the bottom rope constantly shouting "Hot Tag". In sequence, They both make the tags to their respective corners!

Jestal:

HOOOOOOTTTTTT....TA...

Before Jestal could finish his sentence George clobbers him with a violent yakuza kick! Jestal summersaults back into his corner...

Gizmo:

DING.....SOUNDS OF BIRDS...

The camera catches Jestal with his eyes crossed.

DDK:

Well, that did not go the way I thought it would go after a hot tag.

Lance:

Nope sure didn't.

George charges Jestal in the corner, he quickly rolls out of the ring forcing George to slam into the turnbuckles and stumble to the middle of the ring. Jestal slides back in and this time does his dancing punches...this time having an effect on George! As he does his jig and goes to throw the last punch he stomps on George's toes instead. George's hops around on foot. Jestal jumps on the back of George and tries to lock in a sleeper.

DDK:

George is trying to get Jestal off his back, it doesn't look like Jestal can lock in the sleeper.

George quickly backpedals slamming Jestal into his corner. Bo tags himself in as Jestal sits in the corner. Bo picks up Jestal and pulls him to the center of the ring...

DDK:

Bo is tripped up....Jestal is looking for the KillJoy!!!

Lance:

Bo is stuck...he has it LOCKED IN that Modified Octopus Deathlock!

George quickly gets back in the ring and Dandelion has recovered and leaps off the top turnbuckle with a missile dropkick that sends George up and over the top rope!

DDK:

Bo is in the center of the ring and Jestal continues to apply pressure to the Killjoy!

Cary hops on the apron!

Lance:

Cary has Slater's attention...BO IS TAPPING!! Turn around Brain!

Cary stops arguing with Slater as a tug on his pants is felt again...

DDK:

Gizmo is playing tug of war with Cary's pants!

and.....**RIP!**

The Faithful jump to their feet in a hysterical laugh as Gizmo now has depantsed Cary!

DDK:

Are those...Heart boxers?

Cary Stevens:

GIVE ME THOSE!

Gizmo runs around the ring with Cary in close pursuit. He runs up the ramp with Cary chasing him to the backstage area!

DDK:

Gizmo has taken Cary Stevens out of this match...by I can't believe I am going to say this by ripping his pants off of him!?

Lance:

That's a first for me too.

Jestal has released his finisher, George is in front of the ramp he looks into the ring and tries to get in only to be baseball slid by Jestal, stunning the big man, Dandelion runs the apron and launches herself with a missile dropkick with enough force to send George tumbling over the barricade to the first row!

DDK:

George looks to be taken out here.

Lance:

Jestal again doing his dancing jabs this time to Bo!

Dandelion's slow to get up still worn out by the beating she took. Jestal does his jive and clocks Bo's across the jaw! Dandelion has slowly made her way to the top turnbuckle and slowly climbs it. Just as Bo turns around Jestal falls on his back putting his knees against his stomach. Dandelion leaps off...

DDK:

BROKEN ARROW!

Lance:

George is climbing over the barricade again...JESTAL WITH THE COVER!

The Faithful: *{In unison with the count from Slater}*

ONE

TWO

THREE!!!!

The Faithful get on their feet cheering loudly for the Toybox!

DING DING!

♪ "Revenge of the Freaks by Mr. Strange." ♪

DDK:

The Toybox managed to overcome the odds!

Jestal slides out of the ring as he helps Dandelion out of the ring. George slides in the ring and takes a knee by Bo. Bo has an expression on his face like he has no idea where he is right now while he favors his lower back. Brain Slater raises Jestal and Dandelion's arms.

The Faithful are cheering loudly as the siblings, stare into the ring at a menacing George Stevens staring down at them from the ring.

DDK:

The Toybox managed to win this one. Does this give them a shot at whoever leaves Ascension with the Unified Tag Team Championships?

Lance:

I would think so. Time will tell us that answer, my friend.

DDK:

I'm getting word now ... well, I suppose we are going up to Mikey Unlikely's Suite ... ?

DEPARTURE

The camera clips to the front of Mikey's Sweet Suite with the security team standing in two rows on each side of the door frame. The door finally opens with a lead detail exiting the suite first and then James 'Perfection' Witherhold who walks out in his ring gear under a white glistening robe. They move as one unit from the suite entrance and through the corridor.

Lance:

And there's James 'Perfection' Witherhold. The sole member of 24K wrestling on night one of Accession.

DDK:

Do you hear that? It's the sound of no one caring.

The group continues on through the Wrestleplex as Perfection is talking to the camera and pointing at it but nothing is audible except for Darren, Lance, and The Faithful booing.

Lance:

I wouldn't say no one cares. Certainly Cayle Murray and Mikey Unlikely care about Perfection's match coming up.

DDK:

I'm surprised he's actually going to show up. I thought he'd just sit in the suite and argue it should be a no contest.

Lance:

I wouldn't give him any ideas, Keebs. There's still a good amount of time between now and then.

We cut back to the announcing desk at the WrestlePlex.

ALVARO de VARGAS vs. URIEL CORTEZ

DDK:

What a night we have seen on Night One of Ascension! And up next, we have what might be literally the biggest slugfest to take place on either night!

Lance:

Agreed! One half of the two-time former Unified Tag Champs, Uriel Cortez, has been out for revenge on Junior Keeling - now calling himself Tom Morrow -- ever since he turned on the Sky High Titans when both Uriel and his father, Thomas Keeling, wouldn't leave the side of the luchador Minute. Since then, Morrow has branched off into his own group, The Better Future Talent Agency. He's amassed former BRAZEN stars Theo Baylor and the hot prospect, Alvaro de Vargas as his crown jewel - again, his words.

DDK:

He threw a fireball in the face of Cortez when the partnership was revealed, then Better Future went on to injure Minute with a fireball as well as ADV's signature piledriver. Since Uriel came back, DEFsec has had a hell of a time keeping the two apart!

Lance:

And that's what leads us to now! On Night Two, we'll have Theo Baylor going one-on-one with Brock Newbludd, but first up it's going to be Alvaro de Vargas one-on-one against literally the BIGGEST man on the roster, Uriel Cortez!

The crowd pops when the familiar face of the Family Keeling Talent Agency and manager for the Sky High Titans, Thomas Keeling makes his way out.

Thomas Keeling:

Ladies! Gentlemen!

The crowd gives a big cheer for Keeling - a far, far cry from the hated man he used to be years ago.

Thomas Keeling:

Before my son comes out to bore you all to death with whatever intro he practiced in the mirror for his client, let me introduce to you MY guy...

Thomas Keeling smiles with the reception from the crowd.

Thomas Keeling:

Tonight, Alvaro, your opponent stands seven foot one... (Thomas holds the mic out)

Crowd:

AND A HALF!

Thomas Keeling:

He weighs in at 360 pounds... that's right, we're getting to a better fighting weight! And if my no good bastard son and his band of thugs know what's good for them, Alvaro will march his ass out of this arena otherwise what happens next is on his head... Please welcome... **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

♪ "Let's Go" by Run The Jewels ♪

Out from the back comes "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez... but not in a fancy suit in the little over two years he's been with DEFIANCE! Wearing tattered black jeans, wrestling boots and the new "Sky High Titans: Towering Over All Competition" shirt, Uriel storms to the ring and wants a fight. Once he gets to the ring, Uriel pushes the ropes down and steps over them to watch over the ringside area. He raises a fist to the crowd and they ROAR with approval!

DDK:

VERY pro-Uriel crowd tonight! We've seen this man come a long way in the two years he has been with DEFIANCE, starting from a well-dressed silent giant, then becoming a caring and decent human being thanks to his friendship with Minute.

Lance:

He no doubt wants revenge for his best friend and tonight, he's gunning for it, full stop.

Uriel waits as his music fades. The crowd then lets out a nice *BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO* in unison as Ken Ellis appears.

Ken Ellis:

Folks, simmer down...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ken Ellis:

Presented by The Better Future Talent Agency... "Brighter" Tom Morrow.

It gets LOUDER when Tom Morrow struts out from the back, looking hype as hell for his client's first PPV as a member of the main DEFIANCE roster and as a member of his crew. He smiles as he looks out to a hate-filled crowd, then an angered Uriel ready to wreck a fool.

Tom Morrow:

Ladies, gentlemen, please ignore whatever slander that old fossil just said moments ago... I'll have you know I rehearse NOTHING. The second I talk, that's a license to print money and that is a GUARANTEE that we are going to see Alvaro de Vargas triumph tonight.

Uriel leans over the ropes and even holds them open with his boot, daring Morrow to get closer and say something.

Tom Morrow:

Please welcome, a star so bright, you'll get burned if you get too close... that's a lesson both Minute AND you have learned the hard way, Uriel...

Cortez growls and starts getting ready to fight when referee Brian Slater tries to stop him - almost an exercise in futility...

Tom Morrow:

PRESENTED BY THE BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY... "EL SOL DORADO" HIMSELF... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

The crowd's hatred intensifies as out comes the tall, brash and cocky Cuban-American known as Alvaro de Vargas. With his frizzy hair, sunglasses, and of course his purple fire-adorned gear, he shoots Uriel a grin and mimics a small explosion with his hands. He then takes the microphone of Tom Morrow...

Alvaro de Vargas:

Hello and hola, pendejos! Excuse my languag...

DDK:

Oh, no, Uriel is DONE letting de Vargas run his mouth!

He drops the microphone IMMEDIATELY when Uriel steps over the ropes and charges toward ringside! Both big bulls

pick up right where they left off when they were last seen on DEFTv 144, battling into the crowd during a tag team match! This time, ADV goes on the offensive first and nails Uriel with a thumb to the eye!

Lance:

No! Did ADV just sucker him in?!

DDK:

I think he might have! He knows Cortez has been unleashed the last few months and he's been seeing nothing but red ever since they put out Minute! We've heard we should have an update on Minute's condition any day now, but let's get to the action!

The battle spills over towards the ring without the bell being called for. ADV reaches over and SLAMS the head of the Titan of Industry against the turnbuckle! He looks stunned now and the crowd jeers as Alvaro reaches over and picks up the microphone from Tom Morrow. He and Ellis scatter towards the opposite side of the ring as ADV gets in his face.

Alvaro de Vargas:

I TOLD you, Uriel... pedazo de mierda. Mi amigo, Mateo, Mi amigo, Mateo! You sound like a B....AHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Oh, man... that's the last straw for Uriel.

He has a hand WRAPPED around ADV's throat! He grabs the microphone and DRILLS it into Alvaro's forehead so hard that the feedback can be heard over the PA! The crowd cheers when Alvaro is rocked, allowing Uriel to grab him and then BLAST him upside the jaw with an extra stiff right hand!

Lance:

Oh, boy... this one getting vicious already and the match hasn't even started yet!

The Titan of Industry doesn't wait for Alvaro to get off his knees. Instead, he picks him up and DROPS him violently on the floor with a huge body slam! The thud in the arena is loud and now de Vargas looks hurt!

DDK:

ADV's cheap shot only seemed to get under Uriel's skin more! Now he's dominating de Vargas!

Lance:

And listen to the crowd! They want to see him get what's coming to him for all that he and Morrow have put the Titans through!

Uriel finally grabs ADV and brings the fight where it belongs - the ring. He rolls him underneath the bottom rope and then listens to the cheers of the crowd as he climbs up the ropes and steps into the ring. He looks over at Brian Slater, who then checks on de Vargas, still seeing stars. Morrow looks almost speechless while Ken Ellis hides behind him, until Morrow orders him to be the shield. Ellis relents while on the other side of the ring, Thomas Keeling is enjoying Uriel getting the edge. Brian Slater formally calls for the bell...

DING DING!

ADV is still scrambling to get off his knees, but he doesn't have to because Uriel BARRELS right into him, lifts him up over the shoulder and then slams him viciously into the nearest corner! A vicious series of knees follows and Uriel roars in his face before SMACKING him in the corner with a huge corner clothesline!

Thomas Keeling:

Good job, son! Give him the beating I should have given Junior a long time ago!

Tom Morrow:

It's TOM MORROW!

Thomas doesn't care - he only cares about watching Uriel pick apart Better Future's main meal ticket! He SLAMS a big headbutt into the face of de Vargas that rocks him, but just one isn't enough. He SLAMS him a second time, then a third! El Sol Dorado is left slumping over before Uriel picks him up by the chin, then slams another big forearm across his face. Uriel gets some cheers from the crowd as he circles the ring slowly, then comes back, CRUSHING de Vargas in the corner with a running body avalanche!

DDK:

You can just FEEL how much Uriel can't stand de Vargas for all that he and Morrow have done. Each blow he's thrown has just been vicious...

Uriel pins de Vargas with an elbow to the throat against the corner...

Uriel Cortez:

This one's for Mateo...

He pulls his hands back...

THWACK!

The crowd WINCES from the double-handed chop delivered to the chest of de Vargas!

DDK:

You can hear that shot all the way here whenever Cortez unleashes the Chop of Ages!

Lance:

And here comes another one!

De Vargas tries to get away and cradles his chest in pain, but Uriel stays on top of him and nudges him into another corner. The crowd goes quiet as Cortez looks out to them before turning to Alvaro...

THWACK!

Lance:

Oh, no, another one! That Chop of Ages is such a brutal move!

DDK:

That's exactly what ADV gets. He wanted on the DEFIANCE roster so bad for months so here he goes!

Uriel plants another hard clothesline to the chest of ADV and doubles him over in the corner. Uriel charges off the ropes as de Vargas comes slumping out of the corner and then MOWS him down using a massive flying shoulder tackle! The blow is big enough that de Vargas bounces out of the ring and then goes rolling to the floor. Uriel gets up on his knees and hears the Faithful. He tilts a finger to his ear to hear the crowd before he starts zeroing in on de Vargas.

DDK:

Wow, other than that first opening salvo by de Vargas, this one has been ALL Uriel so far.

Lance:

He's definitely become something of a runaway train lately.

Uriel rolls out of the ring to where de Vargas is stumbling. The 6'8" brawler has looked like anything but lately as he tries to stand up, but when he turns around, Uriel charges again and NAILS him with a huge running clothesline on the floor!

DDK:

This definitely won't be like the two-out-of-three falls match tomorrow night between Oscar Burns and Lindsay Troy! This one could be over very soon.

Uriel gets more cheers from the crowd (and especially from Thomas Keeling) as he picks de Vargas up. He grabs El Sol Dorado and rolls him halfway under the bottom rope to deliver some more punishment. Before he can do whatever he has planned next, Tom Morrow shoves Ken Ellis right into Uriel. Uriel slowly spins around and looks down to see the cowering form of the Better Future's gofer...

Lance:

Oh..... no....

DDK:

I'd call that an accurate statement.

Uriel grabs Ellis who pleads for his life... then gets SHOVED down to the ground! Uriel now makes eye contact with Tom Morrow, who rushes away from him as fast as he can! Thomas yells at Uriel but when he turns around...

DDK:

Oh, no, rake to the eyes by de Vargas!

The Faithful now get themselves in a tizzy as a beaten and battered Alvaro slowly starts getting up after a desperation comeback. Uriel is stunned holding his left eye while de Vargas looks out to the crowd. He finally sports a smile for the first time in this contest and then runs off the apron, crashing into The Titan of Industry with a huge Somersault Apron Dive! The crowd can't believe that one as the huge man goes flying right into the even larger man at ringside!

Lance:

OH, GOODNESS! That's ONE way to take down Uriel Cortez!

DDK:

Remember on our last pay per view? He did that same move to Trashcan Tim! He's capable of more than he's letting on, but tonight he's gotta uncork whatever moves he knows if he wants to survive Thomas Keeling's Titan of Industry!

Cortez is down on the ground and de Vargas is slow to get up, but he eventually does so with a big grin on his face... before he winces in pain. Welts are on his chest, fresh from the dual Chop of Ages. Still, he looks down at Uriel Cortez as he starts to stand. Morrow tells ADV to stay on him, so he nods in approval. He waits for Uriel to stand and then CLOBBERS him with a running big boot, cracking him in the mouth and laying him out on the floor. More jeers come out as ADV rolls under the bottom rope, then back outside to restart the count.

Tom Morrow:

You got this, Alvaro, you got this! Finish him!

Thomas Keeling tries to rally behind his own charge, but Uriel has finally been knocked silly long enough for ADV to help the bigger man up... only to rush him back first into the ring post!

DDK:

A little revenge there from Alvaro de Vargas from earlier.

Then ADV looks out to the crowd....

And BITES down on the forehead of Uriel!

The Titan of Industry cries out in pain as ADV continues chomping down until Brian Slater yells at him from inside the ring to stop!

Lance:

What kind of tactics are these anyway?

DDK:

Effective, I guess! ADV spent years as a brawler across the US, Puerto Rico and anywhere in between that will book him and he did very well. He'll hit you with anything not nailed down...

Lance:

And sometimes WITH the nailed down stuff.

Uriel grabs his forehead in pain but leaves himself wide open for El Sol Dorado to grab the back of his head and slam him down twice against the corner of the ring steps! Those shots in particular look to finally show some color...

DDK:

Uh-oh! ADV has drawn first blood!

Lance:

And now look at Tom Morrow...

ADV grins now seeing some blood coming out of the forehead of The Titan of Industry. He runs his thumb across his nose and then soaks in the jeers from the crowd.

*ADV SUCKS!**ADV SUCKS!**ADV SUCKS!**ADV SUCKS!**ADV SUCKS!*

Alvaro grins and yells out.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Tus madres me enseñaron como!

He drives a few more shots across the massive back of the Titan of Industry, then slowly gets the bigger man under the ropes. ADV then climbs back inside and now he stands over a bleeding Uriel. Thomas Keeling shows concern for the Titan of Industry in a position that he's not too familiar with... bleeding.

DDK:

I can't believe the tide has turned so much. ADV... oh, come on!

ADV grinds a boot into the head of Uriel! He tries grinding at the bleeding wound, but Uriel shoves his boot away. De Vargas returns fire then kicks him in the side twice to double him over then goes back after the wound.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Come on! Me mancha el zapato de sangre!

He jumps up and STOMPS on the forehead of Uriel Cortez again! Cortez flinches in pain and is now at the mercy of a merciless de Vargas. He inches away from Cortez, only to rush forward and CRACK him with another face kick! The Titan of Industry bounces on his back and ADV raises a hand.

Alvaro de Vargas:

IT'S GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

He holds a hand out like he kicked a goal and Morrow and Ellis both cheer on the outside.

Tom Morrow:

He slays giants! He kicks goals! Multi-sport athlete! Right there!

DDK:

There hasn't been one single pin attempt in this match yet. ADV is too busy hot dogging!

He leans over Uriel and starts pelting the giant with soft boots to the head.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Come on! Get up! Pelea conmigo, pendejo!

He then does the unthinkable to the giant...

Pats him on the head like a dog.

Alvaro de Vargas:

This is where you belong! At my feet!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Uncalled for!

DDK:

That it is! He's brash, he's annoying... but I really think my personal feelings aside, Alvaro de Vargas has something and Tom Morrow has a thoroughbred.

The cocky Cuban-American goes to grab Uriel by his hair, but when he does, Uriel breaks it up and throws a punch into his ribs. Alvaro doubles over, but quickly returns fire with another kick... then another... then another until Uriel finally goes down. ADV goes back to the corner and then rushes forward, DRIVING a huge knee lift into the chest of the Titan of Industry! He tumbles over and falls on his back, then ADV finally makes an attempt to win the match.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Uriel's shoulder rises off the mat and de Vargas shoots a quick death glare at the referee.

DDK:

He finally goes for a cover, but he doesn't get the win! Maybe less pandering.

Tom Morrow tells him to load up another knee strike and ADV nods in his direction.

Thomas Keeling:

Uriel, watch out!

He tries to warn him, but he gets caught with a second knee strike, this time to the back of the head with his signature running knee strike! Uriel goes down hard and it takes a couple moments for ADV to turn him over, but he does and then hooks a leg this time with one hand and arrogantly counts with his free hand.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

DDK:

Two of those big running knee strikes of his, but Uriel isn't giving up.

Lance:

No, he's not! He's been driven by rage the last few weeks since he came back, but he's been busted up badly.

The blood is getting bad at this point as Uriel stumbles around a bit on the ground, so Alvaro does what one should do there... but Uriel fights back again! Chop! Chop! Chop!

DDK:

No! Uriel continues to fight!

The Faithful get behind him as the giant fights back to both knees and strikes away at Alvaro. He finally rises to his feet and then doubles over Alvaro with a big knee. He runs off the ropes...

But Alvaro POPS the crowd when he catches the massive Cortez and drives him down with a Swinging Sidewalk Slam!

DDK:

ABAJO VAS! THAT'S IT!

ADV doesn't follow up right away because of his back! It clearly has taken some sort of toll on his back as he cradles it, but when Morrow tells him to hurry and cover, he nods and then heads over to The Titan of Industry.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICKOUT!

The shoulder of the bloodied Cortez rises again, but ADV finally decides enough is enough. He rubs his hands together and yells out "Eso Es!" then starts to slowly pick up Uriel while clubbing away at his back with double sledges to make sure he doesn't fight back.

DDK:

I think this is it! He's got this!

Lance:

He calls this move Ardiendo! The same piledriver that has beaten many stars thus far in DEFIANCE, including Cortez's own tag partner, Minute!

The crowd jeers as he has Uriel in the standing headscissors position and gets ready to hoist the giant. He tries...

But Uriel kicks!

El Sol Dorado slams down two more sets of double sledges across the back to try and wear him out. Then he tries again...

BACK BODY DROP!

DDK:

What a surge right there by Uriel! ADV has dominated the last few minutes after a very rocky start, but now he finally has the chance to fight back!

Lance:

And he's gonna need it! I think he needs to put away de Vargas as soon as possible!

"CORTEZ!

CORTEZ!

CORTEZ!

CORTEZ!

CORTEZ!"

Uriel is still wearing blood running down a bad cut on the side of his head, but he remains on his hands and knees while Alvaro de Vargas is still holding his back in pain, trying to get up as well. The Titan of Industry crawls over to Alvaro and grabs him by a handful of his hair...

POW!

DDK:

What a shot by Uriel! Alvaro just got ROCKED!

Lance:

Uriel is running on adrenaline at this point, but can he go on much longer realistically? He's the largest man in DEFIANCE and that big body requires a lot of oxygen to move.

DDK:

And ADV has done some damage to him.

Uriel slowly returns to his feet with Alvaro right behind him. The Cocky Cuban-American gets struck with another big chop, then a STIFF headbutt! Alvaro goes back to the corner and Thomas Keeling raises an arm for the crowd, getting them to cheer on Uriel. The Titan of Industry runs forward and crushes Alvaro with a big running elbow in the corner. He throws Alvaro out and then looks out to the crowd before slowly heading to the second rope...

DDK:

Oh, no, what is Uriel doing?

The big man is slowly perched on the second rope and when Alvaro turns, he comes FLYING off the second rope with a HUGE flying shoulder tackle and runs down El Sol Dorado! The Faithful pop huge for the rudimentary move made all the more impressive by Cortez's sheer size. The monster picks up Alvaro then and hooks him by the neck before DRIVING him down!

DDK:

Big Business! Is that it?

The Inverted Headlock Elbow Drop connects and Uriel lays his weight on top of ADV's shoulders!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

DDK:

That was a great succession of moves by Uriel, but Alvaro kicked out!

Lance:

Oh, no.... But look, I think Uriel is about done toying around!

Uriel waits for Alvaro to get up and then RIPS his Sky High Titans tank off his back, throwing it down as the crowd cheers. The bloodied but re-energized Titan of Industry grabs Alvaro by the waist...

DDK:

Oh, no! Industry Standard! I think this is... wait, no!

Alvaro gets desperate and ELBOWS the back of Uriel's head repeatedly until he lets go of the hold... then BITES the other side of his forehead! The referee orders him to stop right then and there or get disqualified and Alvaro does. He pifaces the larger Uriel!

Alvaro de Vargas:

PENDEJO!

He runs off the ropes, but when he comes back, Uriel runs right THROUGH him with a massive Spear on the return! The crowd goes nuts as Cortez rolls over and hooks another leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THR.... NO!

DDK:

No way! How did de Vargas kick out of that, too?!

Lance:

I think Morrow has seen enough!

Morrow climbs on the ring apron and starts yelling at the official, but quickly, he's down and out because Thomas Keeling has seen enough and yanks his son off the apron! Ken Ellis turns Thomas around, but the toadie of the Better Future gets CLOCKED by a right hand by Thomas Keeling! Keeling holds his fist in pain and shakes it, but Ken Ellis is out!

DDK:

He's still got it! Good on you, Thomas!

But Tom Morrow has seen enough and SHOVES his father to the ground! The crowd jeers at the ruckus around ringside as Tom Morrow stands over his dad.

Tom Morrow:

Don't you put your fucking hands on me again, old m.... AHHHH! AHHH!

Uriel has seen enough and has Morrow by both hands, THROWING him into the ring! Morrow scrambles around and then looks up at the giant in a massive panic.

DDK:

Uriel coming to his manager's aid and he's got Morrow right where he wants him!

Morrow shakes his head frantically, then tries to escape, but Uriel has him by the leg. He lets out a roar and the crowd cheers! The official yells at Uriel to let him go, but he doesn't.

Lance:

He has this beating coming, Uriel said so himself once!

DDK:

He's trying to get the Industry Great locked in! That deadly Camel Clutch!

He tries to get the knee in his back while Brian Slater orders him to let go, but Uriel doesn't... and gets **CRACKED** in the back with another running knee lift from de Vargas!

DDK:

No, no! Uriel left himself wide open! He was trying to protect Thomas Keeling!

Uriel stumbles on his knees while a distraught Tom Morrow crawls out of the ring for safety. De Vargas points at Uriel while standing over him, then runs off the ropes and **CRACKS** him with his running big boot this time! Uriel is still scrambling around after being struck twice with big shots so de Vargas now stands over him.

Alvaro de Vargas:

ARDIENDOooooooooo!

DDK:

He's calling for that piledriver... no way he hits it on Uriel, does he?

Lance:

He's gonna try!

The crowd jeers as Alvaro pops the bones in his neck and then gets ready... he **HOISTS** him up to the surprise of the crowd... then **SPIKES** him down! Uriel's body goes limp after the piledriver and the crowd can't believe the strength of El Sol Dorado.

DDK:

NO WAY! HE GOT IT! ARDIENDO! THAT'S IT!

A giddy Alvaro hooks the shoulders and slowly shoots his big, seemingly lifeless body over and and turns him over into a cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

No, no! Uriel had this won, but he took his eye off the ball once to try and save his mentor.

Lance:

True... but he was seeing red where Tom Morrow was concerned and it cost him.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

DDK:

In a straight one-on-one match, this is I believe only the second time that Uriel Cortez has been defeated. The only other time was a FIST title defense when he fought Oscar Burns early last year, but... Alvaro picked his spots and he won. That's all there is to it.

Alvaro sits up over the bloodied, battered Uriel Cortez and grins while Morrow is jumping for joy as well, despite the fact that he's doing so practically over Ken Ellis' still, KOed body.

Lance:

He won. He won this match and... oh, no, what is Tom doing now...?

Morrow stops celebrating long enough to reach under the ring and grab a pair of chairs. The crowd jeers as he slides both of them into the ring. He signals to Alvaro de Vargas to end things and he nods in understanding.

Lance:

Oh, no.. don't do this, you won the match, Alvaro. You proved you can win. Come on, get out...

DDK:

He's setting up those chairs out... what is he gonna do?

The crowd continues jeering him especially when he slowly tries to get the massive dead weight of Uriel Cortez back up. He's still beaten and bloody when Alvaro starts to set him up with what looks like another Ardiendo... He grins as he hoists him up slowly for the piledriver. And another Ardiendo on steel chairs, nonetheless...

DDK:

NO, DON'T!

Alvaro smirks...

Lights out.

...

Guerilla radio.

Lance:

Wait, what? What's going on now?

The crowd tries to light up the darkened arena with legions of phones set on flash now. They try to see what exactly is going on...

Then the lights return... and the crowd goes CRAZY! Alvaro looks around... and gets STRUCK with a Missile Dropkick to the face by a hoodie-covered figure!

DDK:

ALVARO JUST GOT CAUGHT WITH THAT KICK! WHO IS THAT?

The crowd ROARS as the hoodie comes off while Alvaro is stinging! The figure in the hoodie comes back up...

Lance:

IT'S MINUTE! MINUTE IS BACK! HE'S BACK TO SAVE HIS PARTNER!

Uriel looks up and sees what the crowd sees as the crowd is ROARING for his return! Minute quickly heads to the top while Alvaro is still in the corner... then he RUNS across the ropes and flies off with Estrella Fugaz right to the face of the man who put him out of action for a month and a half!

DDK:

ESTRELLA FUGAZ! ALVARO JUST GOT SENT PACKING FROM THE RING!

The tall Alvaro heads out of the ring, seething while holding his face! He starts yelling in Spanish and wants back in while Minute grabs one of the chairs that Morrow threw in earlier, now brandishing a weapon. Uriel starts to get up, albeit only to a knee. ADV STILL wants in, but Tom Morrow grabs a leg with a groggy Ken Ellis stumbling behind him.

Tom Morrow:

No, no, no! We're done with them! We won! That's all that matters! Let's go!

Minute challenges him to get back in the ring and a heated ADV wants it, but Morrow pleads with him again. ADV growls and then turns on his heel before raising a fist.

Alvaro de Vargas:

HE'S RIGHT! I WON! YOU LOST, PENDEJO!

ADV smiles... then winces, cause a spectacular rope running dropkick to the face is going to hurt no matter how big you are.

DDK:

Minute returns to save Uriel! Alvaro wins the match, but look what we got...

Uriel isn't back to his feet still, but he looks over at Minute... then the two embrace in a dude-bro hug that has the crowd ROARING!

Lance:

The Sky High Titans are back together again at full strength!

DDK:

Yes, they are! ADV won the match tonight, but Minute returns in the nick of time to save his massive tag team partner from certain harm.

Better Future head out with the win while Thomas Keeling gets back into the ring to celebrate the return of the dynamo luchador. Uriel uses the ropes to pull himself up and raises a fist along with Thomas and Minute as a brief video package leads to the next match of Scott Stevens versus Perfection.

SCOTT STEVENS vs. PERFECTION

After the conclusion of the Perfection/Scott Stevens video package, the camera is now on the Commentation Station.

Lance:

What was meant to be a simple return from James 'Perfection' Witherhold has of course spiraled into shameless interference by 24K, incomplete matches, and a tension that has escalated between himself and Scott Stevens.

DDK:

I'm jealous of Scott Stevens.

Lance:

Really? After all he has suffered?

DDK:

He has the opportunity to sock Perfection square in that never shut mouth of his! It's only been a couple of months since Jimmy's ridiculous return to DEFIANCE and the Faithful already want him gone. Maybe he should take note and leave.

Lance:

Fair point but will a defeat from Scott Stevens tonight pave the way to a departure of Perfection?

DDK:

Are you kidding? Perfection would find some excuse as to why his loss is not legitimate or some trash. The guy lives in his own delusional world of dumb.

The Wrestleplex darkens.

"A TEXAS SIZE ASS WHOOPIN IS COMING BOY!"

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

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

Plays throughout the arena.

DDK:

The music of the man who has been salivating since Perfection cost him the FIST of DEFIANCE is about to get his chance right now.

Lance:

You got that right Keebs. At this point I don't know who Stevens would want to mess up more than Perfection.

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

DDK:

Stevens looks focused.

Lance:

As he should he's been waiting for months to get his hands on Perfection.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first.....from The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 256 pounds...He is....SCOTT!
STEEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!

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

DDK:

The support the Faithful are showing him has been amazing and it doesn't seem to be letting up anytime soon.

Lance:

He has always said you either love him or hate him and this is evident.

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

Lance:

Stevens is primed and ready to go! The Faithful are on their feet and to your point, Keebs, sick of James 'Perfection' Withhold. They want to see Stevens put the lickings on Perfection and this is their chance!

♪"Perfect Gentleman" by Helloween♪

The crowd quickly responds with jeers as the one and only Perfection exits from behind the curtain. A single gold spotlight focuses on him as he raises his arms accepting the crowd's reaction to his wonderfulness as the music plays on.

♪There is no doubt about it
I'm one of kind, baby
I am le d'Artagnan de coeur
As you may see, candy.♪

DDK:

Stop with the crap and get to the ring already you clown!

Perfection makes his way towards the ring taking his time to mess with Faithful near the front. He walks up the stairs to enter the ring. He poses for all to see flexing and smiling those pearly whites.

Darren Quimby:

Hailing from Hidden Hills, California

♪And I'm talking with my eyes
and I walk in different styles♪

Darren Quimby:

Standing at six feet tall and weighing in at two-hundred twenty-two pounds...

♪I'm a genuine man♪

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

♪Yes I am
I am a perfect gentleman
Yes I am

*I am a perfect gentleman
Yes I am, I am, yes I am
(perfect)~♪*

Darren Quimby:

PERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRFECCCCCTTTTTIIIONNNNNNNNN!!!!

He poses for all to see flexing and smiling those pearly whites before taking his sweet time to get down to the ring.

Lance:

There haven't been many personalities like Perfection in this industry, and I may be one of few to say this tonight, but I'm actually thrilled to see him perform, Keebs. I'm told he will not invoke any 24K members and will wrestle Stevens one on one.

DDK:

I'll believe it when I see it. I don't take this loser at his word.

James is still arguing with people in the front row before he starts his ascent up the stairs.

DDK:

One thing is true, you're definitely one of the few who are thrilled tonight because we know the outline of Perfection. Cheat, run, and quit if he's not winning. Nothing to be that excited about.

Perfection stands on the outside of the ring and yells at Hector Navarro that Stevens needs to be backed up before he dares enter the ring. This takes a moment as Stevens is pumped up and Perfection is taking his time. He decides to run his hand through his hair to fix it as the music fades out allowing us to hear him yell at the front row still jeering.

Perfection:

Shut your damn mouths! I want a fair match, *Unfaithfuls*! Okay?!

Perfection wipes his feet on the apron before finally getting into the ring.

DING DING

James grabs the top rope and slowly walks the ring instead of circling with Stevens.

Lance:

Perfection being cautious and walking along the ropes.

DDK:

Because he doesn't plan to truly engage Stevens anytime in our lifetime.

Witherhold lets go of the top rope for a moment to taunt Stevens.

Lance:

And Stevens makes a short charge that has Perfection ducking between the top and second rope!

DDK:

Coward.

Navarro instantly steps in which creates a smile on the face of Stevens who mocks the behaviour. Perfection looks none too amused by the game Scott is playing as he shouts at Hector Navarro that he needs to back Stevens again. This leads to Stevens again mocking but this time it's James' request that Navarro separate them.

Lance:

I'm not sure who is the one playing mind games here.

DDK:

You act like Perfection has a mind.

Witherhold slips back inside the ring and motions for Stevens to move forward and tie up with him. Stevens is more than willing and both charge in for the advantage.

Lance:

Big knee to the gut of Scott Stevens with that bad faith tie-up from Perfection!

DDK:

Some would call it advantageous- I call it being a dirty wrestler especially when Perfection does it.

THWACK!

James follows up with a big knife edge chop to the chest of Scott Stevens that plants him to the canvas. Perfection then comes in with a quick boot to the side of the Texans head, then another which has Stevens roll to all fours. James takes two steps back and comes in with one more heavy boot to the side of Stevens head before quickly pulling him back up to his feet by the hair and Irish whipping Stevens into the corner.

Lance:

Some heavy control here from Perfection early on!

DDK:

Because he fights cheap and dirty, then blindsides in a good faith test of wrestling. This guy is the "Greatest Conartist On the Planet Bar-None".

Perfection makes his way over to the corner and lands a stiff forearm before grabbing Stevens by the top of the head, turning close to the ropes, and jaw-jacking the crowd which of course leads to a chorus of boos. This gives Stevens a moment to react and rake the eye of Witherhold who holds it and spins out slightly from the corner.

DDK:

That's right! Pay that dirty garbage forward, Scottie!

Lance:

I think we should be advocating for both competitors to play by the rules, Keebs.

DDK:

Screw the rules as long as it leads to Perfection losing!

Stevens steps forward and returns a short chop of his own before grabbing Witherhold by the head.

Lance:

Stevens has his bearings and leads in with a hard right! A second and a third!

This has Perfection stumbled back and Stevens pounces with a fourth shot to lay down Witherhold but it's blocked at the last second. Witherhold counters with another forearm and then pushes Scott back into the ropes. With the momentum James turns around, reaches back, and grabs Stevens by the back of the head.

Lance:

Witherhold looking for a running snapmare attempt off the ropes it looks like!

Stevens uses his free hand and pulls back on Witherhold's hair which makes him groan out in pain, Scott spins out, hooks his arms under Perfection, and drops forward.

DDK:

Backslide attempt by Scott Stevens!

One!

Two!

Lance:

Perfection kicking out right at the two! Now... well. He's rolled out of the ring which is expected.

Hector begins the count out immediately.

One!

The Faithful respond accordingly.

Faithful:

"Little Jimmy"

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

Two!

And so goes the exchange between Perfection and the front row as he makes his way towards the steps.

Three!

DDK:

This shouldn't be allowed!

Four!

Lance:

It's not. That's why he's being counted out as we speak.

Five!

DDK:

No, I mean Perfection should be disqualified the second he steps out of the ring. It's a serious waste of our time.

Perfection makes his way back up the staircase after his customer service exchange with the Faithful.

Six!

DDK:

Oh for the love of all that's holy! Get in the ring already!

Again James is requesting Hector Navarro to hold Stevens at bay before he'll gracefully reenter the action. Perfection then slowly cleans the bottom of his boots on the apron and going as far to check the soles as well.

Seven!

Lance:

If there is one thing Perfection has shown tonight it is that he is great at taking his time.

DDK:

And wiping his boots on the apron.

Lance:

That as well.

Eight!

DDK:

God, just end this already.

Stevens is tired of Perfection's nonsense, bounces off the closest ropes, and comes in like a dart spearing Perfection through the middle and top rope so both end up on the outside. This leads to a quick succession of punches that reign down from the mounted Stevens. The Faithful explode from their seats while Stevens pummels down on Perfection who can do nothing but cover up with his arms. Navarro stands in the ring with his hands up and disappointedly begins another ten count which the fans join in on.

One!

DDK:

You idiot! Now you restarted the count!

Two!

Lance:

True, he did restart the count but what an impact with that move from Scott Stevens! He doesn't want this to end on a count out! He wants every piece of Perfection and he's getting it right now!

Three!

Scott rolls off Perfection and with his new found energy pulls him back to his feet. Stevens drags Perfection towards the front row he was talking smack to.

Scott Stevens:

Fucking big mouth, right?!

Four!

The Faithful all cheer and agree. Stevens then slaps Perfection right across the face which sends him to the floor. The Faithful now pops even harder as Stevens picks Perfection back up, lays in a forearm of his own, and slams Perfection's head into the very spot he wiped his boots.

Six!

Stevens pumps up the crowd, a different image than when he first came in. While bolstering his support with the Faithful he rolls Witherhold back in the ring.

Seven!

A quick tug on the head of Perfection so it's under the bottom rope and hanging on the edge of the apron and James is

met with a downward elbow. Perfection reels and rolls back to the inside of the ring as Stevens continues to pump up the Faithful.

Eight!

Lance:

The tides are changing for Scott Stevens!

DDK:

Until that weasel Perfection cheats.

Nine!

As Stevens gets into the ring ending the count, Perfection is somewhat back to his feet. He turns around to face Stevens who is sprinting at him with everything he has.

Lance:

Big shoulder tackle from Scott Stevens!

Perfection hits with a bang while the Texan looks down at Witherhold and smiles before rushing to the ropes again. Witherhold is starting to get up as Stevens bounces back. This causes Witherhold to drop down and Stevens jumps over.

Lance:

Smart move from Perfection.

Scott hits the ropes and comes back for a return but Perfection has scrambled to his feet in the middle of the ring ready. Witherhold is positioned and in the process of hooking under Stevens' closest armpit.

DDK:

Witherhold looking for a big hip toss on Scott Stevens' return!

Stevens slams the breaks on his momentum and uses his free hand to brace off Witherhold who has his arm partially trapped.

Lance:

Stevens has blocked Perfection!

James immediately drops down and transitions into a drop toehold that he quite literally holds by locking his legs together and pulling back on the toes and ankle of the Texan. He is showing no mercy while using his bodyweight to pin down the leg and hip of Stevens.

DDK:

Oh god no- not this!

Lance:

Not what?

Stevens tries to grab Perfection by the head but Witherhold responds with a quick elbow to the back of Scott's neck while keeping the hold with the other arm.

DDK:

So, are you ready? When I was by the water cooler, I heard from Christie that Perfection said in a group text with Mark Shields, who screen-shotted it and sent it to Chris Trutt. Right?

Witherhold begins to jam his elbow into the spine of Stevens to generate more pressure and leverage to the leg.

Lance:

Right?

DDK:

Okay- who then told that girl Kristie Bellis or whatever..

Perfection is still working the toehold to the unamusement of the Faithful who begin jeering.

Lance:

Can you get to the point please?

DDK:

Why? Perfection is doing a whole lot of nothing! He's wasting our damn time! AGAIN! Anyways, Christie said that Jimmy would do this. That he would "literally turn a drop toehold into" into what he calls it, from what she heard, the Gapers Delay.

Witherhold decides to again antagonize the row closest to him as he drags on the Gapers Delay.

Lance:

Perfection renamed a drop toehold to the "Gapers Delay" as we sit here and talk about what is quite possibly wrestling's version of a gapers delay?

DDK:

Huh. More reasons to hate him I guess.

Stevens tries to reach back towards Witherhold once more but James just keeps readjusting himself and continues to hold the Gapers Delay with Navarro standing over the two.

Perfection:

Ask him if he submits damn it!

Navarro looks confused

Perfection:

I SAID ASK HIM!

Navarro:

Over a toehold?

Lance:

It seems like a logical question by Perfection to ask given the amount of time he's held that hold.

DDK:

I side with the sentiments of referee Hector Navarro- tap out over a toe hold?!

The crowd has had enough of the Gapers Delay, a solid four or five minutes of Perfection working a toehold has them up in arms booing. Stevens begins to rock and turn his body which leads to him getting to his back.

One!

Stevens quickly adjusts his shoulders as Perfection has let go of the leg and is working up to his knees. Stevens upkicks and catches Perfection who is barely up but quick to return a swift kick to the calf of the worked leg on Stevens. James then goes to grab Stevens and bring him back to his feet.

Lance:

Schoolboy roll up from Scott Stevens!

ONE!

TWO!

THR---

DDK:

NO! Only a three count damn it! So close for Scott Stevens with Perfection being caught off guard there and barely making it out!

Stevens is now back to his feet and not putting much pressure where Perfection was working. He pulls up Witherhold by his blonde hair while throwing in a sharp knee to the chest of Perfection. He then throws James' arm around around his neck and hits a snap suplex.

Lance:

Stevens is favoring that leg a little but seems to be fighting through it! I'm positive Perfection felt that one!

Scissoring his legs Stevens keeps hold of the suplex and hits a second one. The Faithful are again rallying behind the Texan. Stevens scissors over again setting up for a third suplex. This time he holds Perfection up vertically to the roar of the Wrestleplex.

Lance:

Perfection getting massive hang time here!

With as much force as he can muster Stevens brings Perfection back down with a monstrous thud. He then rolls backwards, grabs Perfection by the legs and wraps him into a sharpshooter.

DDK:

Arachnophobia! He's caught Perfection in a series of moves and is going for the kill!

Stevens begins to lean back and really apply force on Witherhold's lower back who is screaming out and reaching for the ropes. Stevens looks behind and goes to adjust the Arachnophobia which causes Perfection to scream louder and reach underneath in a crude attempt to hold Stevens' ankle as a block.

Lance:

Perfection trying everything here to escape!

DDK:

Break his back!

It's taken a while but finally Witherhold ditches the block as it is getting him nowhere but stuck with back pain. With one last push he stretches out for the bottom rope and is able to grab onto it which is met by a monstrous response of boos. Hector Navarro begins to count and Stevens lets go at the very last second.

Lance:

Scott Stevens is starting to test the waters of Hector Navarro.

DDK:

As he should! Lord knows Perfection will.

Perfection uses the ropes to carry himself up into the corner and goes between the ropes. He begins to tell Navarro to back Stevens off which is ignored by the Texan who instead rushes in and leaps towards Perfection.

Lance:

Big body splash into the corner!

Perfection ducks out at the very last second.

DDK:

And Scott Stevens has crashed into the turnbuckles.

James spins back towards the Stevens corner slowly while holding his back. He then throws up a kick to Scott's stomach before rocking to his back foot and launching forward with a hard chop to the chest of Stevens.

THWACK!

The Faithful respond after with a large booing.

Perfection:

Hey! You don't do that to me you dopes!

Perfection goes in with another chop and gets another loud set of boos. He leans near the top rope to yell at the crowd again.

Perfection:

STOP THAT RIGHT NOW!

James winds up and comes in with another heavy chop and receives another round of boos. This time the booing is loud enough that it makes Witherhold break from the corner and yell at Navarro for the disruption occurring from the Faithful.

Lance:

Someone should tell Perfection that Hector has zero control over the reaction from the Faithful with us tonight. Here or watching from home.

DDK:

Karens like Jimmy are gonna complain just to complain.

Perfection comes back around and lines up another chop in the now light red chest area of Stevens but as he comes in the Texan blocks and grabs Perfection by the base of the neck. With a flash he reverses Witherhold in the corner.

THHHHHHHWAAAACCKKKKKKCK!!!!!!!!!!

This time Stevens lands his own chop. One that is so hard it throws Witherhold back into the turnbuckles and gets a large pop from the Faithful.

DDK:

Jezzzzzus!!!! I wouldn't be surprised if Perfection has a fractured rib from that one!

The redness on Witherhold's chest is tenfold that of the Texan. Perfection is doubled over as he walks parallel with the ropes and into another corner. Stevens is in hot pursuit he powers up and...

THHHHHHHWAAAACCKKKKKKCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

He connects with another massive chop that has Perfection bump into the corner, pop up to his feet holding his chest, and yelling out in pain. Another massive pop from the Faithful.

Lance:

Perfection looks like he's spent too much time in the California sun after those!

Stevens throws a couple of punches into Witherhold before grabbing him and setting him up to sit on the top turnbuckle while continually throwing a shot or two to James' sides. Stevens then throws an uppercut that sends Perfection back.

DDK:

He accepted this fated, Scott! Do what needs to be done! Go higher! To the top!

Lance:

The crowd is starting to get up to their feet! I think they know what's coming here!

Stevens steps on the bottom rope and blocks a frantic punch from Witherhold. A quick return to the Californian sat on top. Stevens throws another for good measure before mounting the second turnbuckle and hooking Witherhold around the neck.

DDK:

Second rope Superplex!

With a large boom both hit the canvas as Perfection pops up for a moment and holds his back before rolling to his stomach.

DDK:

Not as high as I wanted but acceptable. Kudos, Scott!

Lance:

Acceptable to all but Perfection right now my friend!

Stevens uses the ropes closest to him to start the slow climb up back to his feet. As he gets back up his hand begins to slap the top turnbuckle loudly while the Faithful join in by clapping to the beat. Stevens then raises his right arm in the air high as the Faithful take over.

Lance:

Stevens is calling for The FIST!

Perfection begins to make a slow climb back up to his feet with his back turned to Stevens. Scott is in the corner prepared and ready to attack. Witherhold begins to turn around to corner facing Stevens and as he does the Texan runs towards Perfection, jumping in the air with a fist coming forward.

DDK:

GOODNIGHT!

Before The FIST hits its target Perfection moves and turns to the ropes in a short burst. Witherhold then bounces off them and chop blocks Scott Stevens mid-stumbling with no one for The FIST to connect. Stevens hits the canvas holding his leg as Perfection scrambles up, grabs the injured leg, and yanks Stevens to dead center of the ring. James spins around with the leg and falls to his butt before locking in a very deep figure four on Stevens.

Lance:

Picture Perfect!

DDK:

What was possibly the end here for Perfection has turned into a horrible situation for Scott Stevens. Absolutely horrible. The guy barely knows where he is right now!

As Perfection is working the Picture Perfect, Stevens can be seen trying his damndest to scoot closer to the ropes. He's gaining every little inch he can which causes Perfection to start throwing hammer fists to Scott's thigh. The Faithful are rallying behind Stevens with his hands near the ropes.

Faithful:

"Let's go Stevens!"

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

The Faithful cheer on as Scott is on the cusp of grabbing the ropes but they're too far out of reach and the Texan can't get Witherhold to budge another centimeter. With the pain increasing Stevens covers his face and lays back.

One!

Two!

Thr....

Lance:

NO! Scott Stevens' getting dangerously close there!

Stevens is now beginning to power himself over to reverse the Picture Perfect which has Perfection looking super nervous and shaking his head.

Lance:

He's going to do it!

Little by little they start to turn over to their sides and then finally over to their stomach which causes Perfection's head to snap back and cry out.

DDK:

He's reversed-

As quick as he locked in the Picture Perfect James lets it go in a scramble and the reversal drops.

Lance:

Stevens with a beautiful escape!

Perfection and Stevens both roll to their backs but it's Witherhold who brings his knee up to his chest and kicks forward with all his might catching Stevens right in 'the goods' with his heel.

DDK:

ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

James then wobbles to his feet. Stevens is buckled over on the canvas while Perfection is now quickly contesting what had just happened with Hector Navarro who is furious.

DDK:

Get the hell outta here! Disqualify him, Hector!

Lance:

Perfection is apparently arguing that he was trying to kip-up for the cameras and pizzazz but slipped. I'm not too sure about that.

Navarro is warning Perfection about his action but not throwing him out for it.

DDK:

What a load of trash!

Without skipping a beat Perfection once again grabs Stevens by the leg and drags him to the center of the ring and applies the Picture Perfect once again. Witherhold rocks back and forth smiling as he tells Navarro to ask Stevens if he quits like he's a broken pull-string doll. Stevens is shaking his head and refusing to submit.

Lance:

He will not surrender!

James is now on his palms and elevating the pressure of the figure four. James is putting everything he has into it until finally Stevens falls to his back and begins to hit his hand on the canvas. The Faithful begin jeering loudly and the sound of the bell is hardly heard over them.

DING DING DING

DDK:

This is the greatest injustice ever. I hate 24K, I hate Perfection. I hate all of them, Lance! And you know what? I've already grown tired of Perfection. Scott Stevens had this in the bag.

Lance:

You've been tired of Perfection since he's come back.

DDK:

Exactly.

Darren Quimby:

Ladies and gentlemen here is your winner by submission via Picture Perfect-
PERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRFECCCCCTTTTTIIIONNNNNNNNN!!!

The jeering and booing continue as Stevens tends to his knee and his nether-regions. Perfection is on his feet getting his arm raised while blowing kisses to the Faithful.

Lance:

Unfortunately it looks like Perfection will squeeze by on this one.

DDK:

I can't believe this. How can Hector Navarro let that blatant cheap shot stand?!

Lance:

He gave perfection the benefit of the doubt.

DDK:

What a load of hot garbage- whatever! I had high hopes for Scott Stevens tonight. At least we know he will rise from this unlike Perfection.

Lance:

You look pretty upset, Keebs.

DDK:

I'm ready to talk about something else. Let's move on from this travesty please.

We cut back to the announcing desk with Keebs and Lance.

Lance:

Surely! We've got a video package, then we get to our next match! Deacon versus Victor Vacio in a Ladder Match!

A MONTAGE

At one time, this was a match.

The words fade to backstage, in a hallway. The Deacon carries a mallet in his left hand. A moment later, the mallet leaves Deacon's hand and flies across a room, the video slowing, allowing us to follow it through each rotation until you can make out its target - Victor Vacio. Terry Anderson pulls the Lost Cause towards him so that the hammer narrowly misses Victor & obliterates the glass window in the office's door.

Magdalena (Voiceover):

Vacio had brought the mallet to the ring at Maximum Defiance 2020. It had been a message for the Deacon, a message not quite understood.

Abruptly, the feed cuts to a previous time and battle between the Lost Cause & the Mute Freak

Vacio:

Take it!... Take it! Take it!

And the Deacon did, gripping it in his massive hand. He'd scanned the Faithful, their deafening cheers for him to end Victor Vacio. Then, he turned to Magdalena, but then, as now, she had no idea what to tell the Mute Freak, and so she remained silent, hopeful the Deacon could make the right decision. And he did. When he locked on the John 11:12 elevated Cobra clutch, it ended that battle decisively, the video showing Vacio's hand laying limp as Deacon's exhausted arm is raised in victory.

At one time, this was a personal battle.

Magdalena:

It seems like a lifetime ago...

Everything fades to voices and sounds, echoes of a time from before.

"Don't feel like you need to overstay your welcome," Leah had told the Deacon in the hospital.

He stayed silent.

Magdalena had tried not to listen, she really did, but stationed just outside the room - voices carried, especially in the tiled hallways.

"You can't go," Leah said, her voice a hoarse whisper.

"I," he said then paused. It wasn't her harsh look that caused it. He paused so frequently; it was a part of his charm. Most of the time it was to think of the correct word, but somehow, this time, Magdalena suspected he knew the word he was going to say.

"I have to," he whispered.

But Magdalena also knew he didn't want to say it.

"No, you don't," she continued. "We can find another way."

"T'is is t'e door t'at opened," he continued. "I walk t'rough it."

"There's other doors," she said. "You walked into Chicago and now into here."

"Not...", he paused again. "You know, T'e world...not as it was."

"No," she pleaded. "It's not. Seven years ago you didn't have a family."

Magdalena had fought the urge to walk away, give them space, but ... that Victor Vacio. He had locked her into this as much as everyone else had been locked into theirs by the situation.

"Seven years ago, you could go and risk your life against those monsters. Hell, I've seen some of the monsters you fought seven years ago. They weren't like this monster - they didn't come into your private life."

"I--"

"You can't do this to us," she continued.

"Can't," Deacon got out.

"Can't what?" She screamed. "See what this is doing to your family?" And her cries grew to sobs. I heard the thunk & knew she'd pounded her forearm into his chest. I didn't need to see them to know that he held her and took it. Again.

Once again, everything goes blank as a wind blows, picking up the dust that eventually forms into the words--

At one time, Deacon had a family to fight for.

Magdalena:

But lifetimes are but a vapor.

Those words disappear just as they formed, replaced by ghostly images & echoes similar to the prior section.

"I'll stay with Jack until morning," Leah had said. "You can sit with him tomorrow before you go back... there." She spat the last word out.

"Leah," Deacon said. "I--"

"Don't." She stated then turned on her heel.

Magdalena didn't look up until she felt the iciness in the room subside, and the silence begin.

When Magdalena did glance up, she saw the stoic, blank, rage-filled expression of the Deacon, biting his lip furiously, as water streaked down his face.

What do I say, Magdalena wondered, then decided to at least offer some encouragement. "You tried--"

And found her words echoing off those same tiled walls, the Deacon vacating the room.

The echoes disappearing, leaving the phrase--

At one time, Magdalena thought it was all a show for the fans.

The shattered glass clanked to the ground as the Deacon made his way to where Victor Vacio stood, almost mocking the 7 foot Deacon who'd nearly taken his head off with the mallet.

At one time.

LADDER MATCH: DEACON vs. VICTOR VACIO

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, this has been brewing for months. Victor Vacio. Terry Anderson. The Deacon. And that case that holds... what?

Lance:

It's a good question Darren, but whatever it is, it's clear that Deacon has fought ferociously to get it out of Vacio's hands.

DDK:

And we have so many other questions - what is Terry Anderson's involvement?

Lance:

He likes handcuffs.

DDK:

While that may not be the most startling revelation, I don't think that's it... in this case.

Lance:

But one thing we do know - if Deacon doesn't get to it first, we will be seeing what IS in that case carried by Vacio and Anderson.

The Gregorian chant begins. The crowd pops, and though the cheers continue, the Gregorian chant does not ... replaced by--

"When the lights go up and the game is on--

"Are you ready for me cause I'm ready for you!"

♪ "Game On" by Disciple ♪

...crashes through the sound system just as Deacon steps onto the rampway - no monk robe, no mask over his mouth. Magdalena meets him on the stage, her white hair hanging loose, her red tips stark against the black leather skin-tight bodysuit with several handcuffs adding a bit of reflective chrome. Holding tape in one hand, The Deacon wraps his other hand with the tape while he power-walks to the ring, Magdalena doing all she can to keep up in her heeled boots. Finishing taping the hand, he tosses the tape into the crowd. With several ladders set up at ringside, the Deacon grabs one in each hand and throws them into the ring, nearly hitting Big Brian Slater, the referee who got "lucky" to draw this match.

DDK:

I'm not sure I've ever seen the Deacon quite like this.

Brian Slater: [Shaking his head]

These start the match outside.

Slater tosses one out of the ring and goes for the other one. The Deacon grabs it.

Lance:

This is going to--

♪ "Funeral Music" by Chopin ♪

...starts to play and the cheers and excitement turn to a running faucet of boos. Vacio steps out from behind the curtain and the Faithfuls' displeasure intensifies. Vacio's new standard of black mask, black tights and a black sports coat remains here tonight ... and so does the black Hailburton briefcase cuffed to his wrist.

DDK:

And there it is folks ... the case that will be hung high above the ring containing ... well, we aren't sure.

Vacio slowly makes his way to the ring as Terry Anderson slips out from behind the curtain and trails behind.

Lance:

We are not, but it is very important to Deacon that, whatever it is, doesn't become public information.

Vacio heads up the steps to the ring, holding short for a moment, leary of Deacon on the outside. Ladder in hand. Slater warns Deacon off as if that would stop him. Terry Anderson makes it down to ring side and as Victor enters through the ropes, Terry follows.

DDK:

The Deacon is obviously ready to take Vacio's head off and retrieve that case but ... he knows he can't do that properly if it hasn't been raised high above the ring.

Inside the ring, Terry produces the key and unlocks the shackle affixed around Vacio's wrist and the shackle around the case's handle. Terry deposits the shackles into his suit jacket pocket, fumbling with the slack chain adjoining each end.

Slater calls for the hook to be lowered as Terry holds the case with his outstretched arms as a makeshift table. Vacio clicks the double latch and opens the case, on the outside Deacon instinctively steps forward, Magdalena encourages him to stay the course.

A bird's eye shot gives us a quick look inside the case. A mallet sits atop the confidential folder in question. Vacio takes hold of the mallet and closes the case.

With the latches secure, Vacio hands the case to Slater, who places the handle on the hook.

DDK:

There it is folks! That black Haliburton being raised high above the ring ... and this one will be literally the winner takes all.

Lance:

Or the winner tells all... but how will that mallet come into play!?

With the case now in place, Deacon enters the ring as Vacio hands off the mallet to Terry Anderson who makes his exit in a hurry.

DING DING**DDK:**

And these two don't wait for the bell! Deacon charges at Vacio who slyly drops to the canvas to roll under the bottom rope.

Lance:

He knows better than to take Deacon straight on.

DDK:

And Deacon's staying with him. Notice which corner Vacio slipped out, though.

Lance:

The one with Terry Anderson who isn't handcuffed to anything tonight meaning he can create some mischief, but with the Deacon in full chase, it seems he has zero fear of Anderson.

DDK:

But he might want to - Terry has been anything but a straight shooter. Who knows what he'd be willing to do tonight.

Lance:

We don't even know why he's with Vacio.

DDK:

And the Deacon doesn't care. He plows right through Anderson and--

Which is exactly what Vacio wanted, a momentary distraction, quickly taking advantage by throwing an upright ladder into Deacon--

Lance:

and "the Idol" Terry Anderson! Why does that guy stick with the Lost Cause?

DDK:

It is truly baffling.

Vacio grabs the ladder from the ground as the Deacon works his way up to a knee. Vacio might be smiling under the mask, or sneering, as he explodes forward with the ladder like a battering ram. Deacon's hands snatch the ladder, causing it to screech to a halt. The once battering ram becomes a bulwark, and the Lost Cause becomes a crashing wave.

Lance:

Victor is down! And the Deacon is sizing him up with that ladder.

DDK:

He's got BAAAD intentions, Lance.

Darren doesn't need to be psychic to guess that, and he'd have to be deaf to miss the roar and the crash when Deacon slams the top of the ladder into Vacio's chest. And again. And again. And--

Lance:

Again. And again! And again! And again! And--

Terry Anderson grabs the ladder.

DDK:

I don't like the look in the Deacon's eyes right now.

Lance:

Neither does Terry!

Anderson lets go and with one final warcry, the Deacon sends the ladder into Victor's chest one final time (for now). Content with the damage caused, the Deacon throws the ladder over the top rope and into the ring before Deacon grabs the top rope and climbs to the apron and back into the ring.

Lance:

He's not wasting any time here! Deacon sets the ladder up under the briefcase, and at 7 feet tall, it's not like he has to climb all the way to the top.

DDK:

And Vacio knows it, or at least Anderson does, pushing for Victor to get into the ring before Deacon can make the climb.

Lance:

Whatever pain Vacio is from those repeated shots, he is pulling himself up by the apron.

But instead of climbing into the ring, Vacio springboards onto and then off the top rope, crashing into the ladder to tip it over, sending the ladder, and the Deacon to the mat.

DDK:

The Lost Cause's toughness has never been in question.

Lance:

Just his sanity!

DDK:

And his fashion sense.

Lance:

I don't know - he has good taste in briefcases, now hanging above the ring.

DDK:

Indeed.

Deacon gets into a sitting position in the corner. Vacio takes the end of the ladder and nails Deacon with it before placing it against the Deacon's chest. Vacio then turns back to his corner.

Victor Vacio:

¡el martillo!

DDK:

Oh, come on! Why does he need to do this? This is a ladder match.

Lance:

We thought... well knew, this would come into play!

As Magdalena jumps and shouts to warn Deacon, Vacio goes to the corner and takes the mallet from Terry Anderson.

Lance:

Maybe they should've done a Mallet on a pole match.

DDK:

No, Lance.

Lance:

Bu--

DDK:

Just no.

With the mallet, Vacio swings it against the end of the ladder, crashing it into the Deacon. Holding his midsection and the edge of the ladder, Deacon rolls outside the ring, pulling the ladder along so it sits on the bottom rope. Magdalena comes to the Deacon, helping him move further away from the ring. Vacio drops the hammer as he admires his handy work.

Lance:

Deacon trying to get out of the way here.

With a running leap, Vacio flips over the top rope.

DDK:

And HERE COMES VACIO!

Lance:

The Deacon's caught him though.

DDK:

Thank God - cause Vacio wasn't all that focused on who he hit.

Lance:

I smell a powerbomb in his future, and Vacio does too. He's fighting for all he's worth with solid rights to send the Mute Freak to the ground.

The Deacon turns with a spin. Vacio goes with the momentum, sending the Deacon head first into one of the ladders still standing at ringside, with Big D's head landing on the second rung of the ladder. With a wave, Vacio instructs Terry Anderson to come closer.

DDK:

What is this snake doing?

Lance:

Whatever it is, I'm--oh

DDK:

Yeah, he's got the mallet, people. Someone stop him!

Terry does have the mallet in his hand, and when Vacio asks for it, Terry stops and looks at the hammer for a moment.

Victor Vacio:

Ahora!

Terry hands it over and Vacio turns, not to see the Deacon but to see Magdalena standing there, defiance written on her face.

DDK:

Someone needs to tell her.

No one does, and she probably wouldn't listen if they did, but she (and everyone in the arena) heard Victor's backhand across her face that sent her sprawling out of the way. Vacio's mask doesn't show the sneer, but his face staring at Magdalena does. He turns back to the Deacon and--

Lance:

Deacon is up and he has--

DDK:

That Mallet straight to the chest. Deacon staggers back. Brian Slater is heading out of the ring, grabbing Vacio and spinning him toward Slater.

Lance:

Maybe he should've done that before Magdalena.

DDK:

He's on the job now.

Lance:

But it's not like he can disqualify Vacio.

DDK:

And this is why we have Brian Slater here. If a disqualification isn't an option, then forcing them to play within the rules is. At the very least, he's been giving Vacio what for and the Deacon time to reco--

The Deacon lunges to his feet and grabs Vacio.

DDK:

Cobra clutch!

With Vacio's surprise, he drops the mallet.

Lance:

Deacon's got it cinched in and you know what's next?! Deacon elevating Vacio off his feet! He's got the John 11:12 fully locked in. Vacio is struggling, fighting, but you can already see the fight going out of him!

Terry scurries to Vacio's rescue but as Vacio enters the final "death throws" and his leg, on the upswing, catches Anderson. Terry falls to the ringside mat and the shackles fall from his jacket pocket.

DDK:

And at this early point in the match, the Deacon's strength is still full. He can hold Vacio there until--

Lance:

I think the Lost Cause is out!

DDK:

And I think the Deacon doesn't care - he's holding it, and inside the mask, you can't really tell if Vacio is starting to turn blue.

Lance:

But his feet aren't moving. I think he's done!

DDK:

It's quite an interesting situation that he fell for the same move again.

Lance:

This time, however, the Deacon still has to get a ladder set up and climb it to retrieve that mysterious briefcase.

With Vacio bone still, the Deacon releases the hold, letting Victor drop like a sack of flour.

DDK:

He is OUT!

Terry rushes to Vacio's side attempting to wake up the masked man.

Lance:

And the Deacon has a ladder and is heading in!

The Deacon tosses another ladder into the ring, climbing in himself to set the ladder up directly beneath the briefcase.

DDK:

He's making the climb, and as we said earlier, it's not like he has to make it to the top.

Lance:

And he's certainly not taking his time. The Deacon is reaching and HE HAS THE CASE! One more step and he'll be able to--

Terry Anderson hits the ring and shoves the ladder, sending Deacon crashing first into the ropes and then rebounding onto the canvas.

DDK:

Come on! Someone's gotta do something about Anderson out there!

Brian Slater gets in Anderson's face and the old PI holds his own for a moment until Magdalena gets behind Terry, a bloody smile crossing her face, matching the red tips on her white hair. With a pair of shackles in her hand.

Lance:

Magdalena has the shackles!

She latches one cuff around his wrist and the other around the ladder that's just been pushed over, securely locking Terry Anderson to the ten foot ladder before Magdalena pushes it over the top rope and to the ground below, taking Terry Anderson tumbling over the top rope with it.

DDK:

Hoisted by his own petard! So to speak.

Lance:

Bit of a stretch.

DDK:

Shut it, Angus!

Lance:

What?!

DDK:

Sorry, flashbacks. Terry Anderson is down and LOCKED to that ladder!

Vacio stirs on the outside as Brian Slater urges Magdalena out of the ring. At the same time, Deacon pulls himself up with assistance from the ropes.

Lance:

Deacon still has a shot here! He just needs to get one of those other ladders into the ring and make that short climb!

Fresh to his feet, Deacon dumps his large frame between the middle and top rope, landing on the apron and swinging his long legs down to the ringside mat. As if he could hear Lance, his eyes are dead set on a ladder at the base of the rampway.

DDK:

VACIO!

Victor comes flying into frame with a forearm to the back of Deacon's head but only glancingly. Deacon stumbles forward from the force of Vacio's body but turns on a dime, ready to fight back. Deacon leans low and throws an uppercut to the smaller man. Sending the previously attacking Victor Vacio staggering back. Deacon makes chase as Vacio finds the apron abruptly. Trapped and no time to react, Vacio eats another of these low set uppercuts before Deacon grabs the masked man by the wrist ...

DDK:

Irish whip into that standing ladder!

Lance:

NO!

Vacio leaps to the second rung and toes up on the third before leaping backward with a back elbow.

DDK:

The Deacon taking the BRUNT of that blow!

Vacio recoils off the big man, spinning and hits the ringside floor. The Mute Freak stumbles back catching himself on the apron, hand over his mouth, slumped. Vacio pulls himself back to his feet... he looks at the ladder ... at Deacon ... and the mallet laying at his feet.

Lance:

What's he have in mind now?

DDK:

Whatever it is, it won't be good for the Deacon.

Vacio bends over and picks up the mallet, walking toward the Deacon.

Lance:

Referee Brian Slater is back on the job - he's certainly earned his money tonight!

Slater between Vacio and Deacon; who has recovered enough to hold himself upright with one hand on the apron. The Lost Cause puts the mallet on the ring apron. Slater grabs it (AGAIN!), but Victor puts his hand over it, forcing the ladder to stay.

Victor Vacio:

Eres malvado, diácono. Entonces tu decides a quien realmente sirves Porque ya se la verdad.

Victor sends a hard elbow into Slater's face, dropping the largest referee on the roster, and clearing the way for Vacio to turn from the Deacon, leaving a ladder and the mallet within easy reach.

Victor Vacio:

¡escoger!

Lance:

This is the most bizarre thing ever!

DDK:

Well, to be fair, this is DEFIANCE so...

But it's certainly one of the most bizarre - Vacio facing away from his enemy, and when he puts his arms out as if being prepared to be crucified, the message seems more clear.

Lance:

Why would he do that?

DDK:

With his mind?

Lance:

But he did it at their last match. It makes no sense.

DDK:

Don't think on it too hard, Lance.

Lance:

Well, Deacon is - you can see his eyes going from the Lost Cause to a ladder to the mallet and then back again.

DDK:

But he's not switching his gaze now.

Lance:

I see that. The look in Deacon's eyes. He's-- He's--

CRAAAACCCCK

The crowd erupts when what happened is registered. The Deacon had used the mallet, slamming it into the back of Vacio's head.

DDK:

Good God! Somebody call a paramedic! Deacon just plum took Vacio's head off with that mallet!

Lance:

And he's not through!

Deacon holds the mallet against Vacio's head, and with a primal scream, pushes all 320 pounds against Vacio's visage. Brian Slater pulls on Deacon to no avail, the Deacon driving forward with all his weight until Magdalena stands over Vacio and puts her hand on Deacon's tear-stained face. He pauses, dropping the hammer which Slater quickly grabs and tosses it way up the ramp. Deacon turns from the hammer, from Vacio ... from everyone and looks up to locate the briefcase hanging high above the ring. But though the victory is clearly a possibility, the Deacon's face changes and he turns back to Vacio. Anger becomes rage. Rage becomes confusion. Confusion becomes sadness. And sadness causes exhaustion. The Deacon drops to one knee and then another and then lunges his fist back and straight down into the concrete before burying his face in his hands.

Magdalena:

It's not over, Deacon. You've gotta end this.

Using the security railing, the Deacon pushes himself to his feet and staggers, half-drunken, to the ring apron before rolling back into the ring and going to the ladder, half the speed he's moved so far for the whole match.

DDK:

He's spent. The Deacon is spent, but Vacio is suffering outside the ring. This may be his best moment to get that briefcase and end this.

Lance:

Whatever THIS is.

DDK:

And to leave that question forever in the air - Victor Vacio going to the grave with whatever he holds in that dark soul over the Deacon like Damocles sword. The Deacon's got the ladder in position.

One foot placed on the rung, the Deacon pushes up. Another rung. Another push. And closer. Rung. Push. Closer. Rung. Push. Closer. Each step, the crowd grows with anticipation.

DDK:

And though this has clearly drove Deacon to greater lengths--

Lance:

Or greater depths.

DDK:

It's well within his reach. One more step and--

Vacio staggers into the ring, yanking and pulling on the rungs to climb to the top of the ladder. Each step causing him to blink, shake his head, clear whatever cobwebs remain until he reaches the top and--

Lance:

Deacon with a punch.

DDK:

I know they tell you not to ever punch down, but I'm pretty sure it's allowable in this case. Another punch! Vacio grabbing Deacon's eyes and then bouncing the Mute Freak's face off the top of the ladder!

The next motion gets a HOLY \$@and% moment as Vacio springs forward two more rungs, flips over the top of the ladder AND...

DDK:

OH MY!

The Deacon catches Vacio on the fall down with a thunderous powerbomb that drops the ladder to the mat and leaves Slater staggering into the turnbuckles to stay upright.

DDK:

I--I-- that's a big body that just crashed ten feet to the mat!

The chants echo, and not "I BELIEVE" in that moment.

HOLY SHIT

HOLY SHIT

HOLY SHIT

Vacio lay on the mat near Deacon, neither stirring for several long moments as the crowd cheers. It starts to diminish as Vacio struggles to get up on all fours. A short moment later, Deacon rolls over and slowly starts to do the same. Sitting, Vacio punches Deacon once, twice. Kneeling, Deacon returns with one of his own. If you'll remember, there's been a ladder sitting in one of the corners between the 1st and 2nd rope for most of this match. Vacio may not have remembered, but he did find it, and with a swift kick - one end of the ladder went out, the other end came into the ring like a pendulum until it made a sudden stop--

Lance:

Holy!

DDK:

That... was Deacon's face.

The part of Deacon's face that had been covered with a mask in DEF before tonight started sewing a new one, this one spun in blood.

Lance:

He might've lost a tooth there.

DDK:

Make that teeth!

The Deacon lay still on the mat, his hands around his face, blood seeping between his fingers as Vacio gets to his feet. Victor stomps Deacon repeatedly then adds a few knee drops for good measure before dragging the ladder he'd just used to take Deacon's teeth out and slamming it down onto the Mute Freak. He turns and grabs another ladder, picking it up and throwing it on top of Deacon as well. Almost in a trance, Vacio slips outside the ring and grabs another ladder, tossing it into the ring. Naturally, it also lands on the Deacon. With yet another ladder, and one more toss (this time not hitting Deacon), Vacio climbs back into the ring. He takes the one ladder and sits it up beneath the briefcase before making the climb.

The crowd pops with each step closer, a small contingent chanting I BELIEVE even as Deacon losing this most precious match defied belief, but something else defied not only belief but logic. A couple of steps below the top of the ladder, well within at least an attempted reach for the briefcase, Vacio turns and looks down at the bloody Deacon laying in the midst of several metal ladders. It's possible the Lost Cause actually smiles.

DDK:

What is he doin--

Vacio leaps. Deacon moves. Vacio finds metal ladders a whole lot stiffer and that much more painful than a standard wrestling mat.

OHHHHHHH!!

The Faithful reacts and the wrestlers breathe, both catching their breath and trying to recover from the two latest big moments of the match. They stir, first the Deacon and then Vacio. Using the ropes, Deacon rises to his feet. Using the corner, Vacio does the same, still clutching his back. The Deacon lunges, crashing all 320 pounds into Vacio's frame. Deacon hefts the lighter Vacio straight into the air, Gorilla press. Vacio struggles and grasps the top rope, pulling himself free and to the apron. The Deacon hits an elbow that knocks Vacio off the apron to the floor below.

Lance:

The hits just keep coming. Vacio is outside the ring, but Deacon isn't finished. Deacon grabs one of the errant, bent, abused ladders and lifts it overhead.

DDK:

This is usually the part that Terry Anderson comes in for the save

Lance:

Terry's busy dragging his ladder around ringside!

DDK:

You would've thought they would've kept a key closer.

Lance:

I'm pretty sure Magdalena has it and I'm sure she's not sharing.

KLAAAAANNNNG!

Deacon tosses the ladder down onto Vacio who crashes to the concrete. Anderson drags the ladder attached to him closer to Vacio in an attempt to help. The Deacon takes off running.

DDK:

What's he thinking?!

Lance:

MY DEATH IS GAIN!!!!

The Deacon soars over the top rope and crashes down, taking out Terry Anderson and landing on Victor Vacio. As

expected, the crowd erupts, those cheers eventually coalescing into a chant of ...

I BELIEVE

I BELIEVE

I BELIEVE

...that seems to, if not energize Deacon, at least give him the spark needed to roll off of Vacio and find a concerned Magdalena. With a knowing nod, she mouths something, and after confirmation, she takes one of the sets of handcuffs on her outfit and hands it to the Deacon. The Mute Freak snatches Vacio's arm, attaching the cuff.

DDK:

What in the? --

Frantically, Vacio pulls and tugs, trying to free his hand. The Deacon holds it firm.

Deacon:

T'row up what you want t'row up against me...

The Deacon slaps the metal cuff onto the same ladder attached to Terry Anderson.

Lance:

He's--

Deacon:

But when you mess wit' t'ose around me, t'at is when you... I ... have problem!

The Deacon throws a straight elbow to Vacio's face.

Lance:

I'm...

DDK:

Mute?

Lance:

Yeah.

Deacon backs toward the apron. The referee, Brian Slater, leaps out of the ring, shouting first at Deacon. The Mute Freak shrugs and rolls into the ring. Magdalena is Slater's next target, but the spry twenty year old only crosses her arms as Deacon puts the ladder in position.

Vacio realizes Deacon is starting to climb and pulls on his arm. The ladder clanks, and clanks, and clanks more and more as he frantically starts to realize that he can't get free...

And that the cheers mean that the Deacon's got the briefcase.

DDK:

THE Deacon has the CASE!

♪ "Game On" by Disciple ♪

The theme blares, and this time, people pay a lot closer attention to the lyrics. Even Darren.

DDK:

It was right there before the bell folks ... "When the bell rings out and the fight is on, are you ready for me, cause I'm

ready for you!"

Deacon drops to his knees holding the case tight to his chest as Magdalena enters the rings and places a hand on the bloodied and beaten Deacon.

Lance:

... and The Deacon was ready! Vacio through everything he had ... his body included, at the not so Mute Freak and ... it wasn't enough!

On the outside, Vacio rages pulling against the shackle and the ladder, Terry Anderson struggling to find his footing with all the jostling.

DDK:

But in the weeks to come will the Deacon's actions come back to haunt him? Will that mallet ... that hammer ... plague him!?

Lance:

Time will tell, Darren but what we do know now ... whatever is in the black briefcase is safe and won't see the light of day!

HE LOVES ME... HE LOVES ME NOT...

The pay-per-view broadcast transitions to the backstage area, but there's not much going on in this quiet area of the arena.

DDK:

What's going on here?

A few stage hands and wardrobe crew gab by the watercooler until a womanly figure lingers in the shadows nearby. The broadcast zooms in from afar. She seems troubled. She paces back and forth near a production crate.

Lance:

Who is that?

A shred of light glares against her body, revealing her to be none other than the Keyboard Queen, Teresa Ames. In her hand, she holds a solitary red rose.

Teresa Ames: [Faintly]

He loves me... he loves me not...

She picks at the flower petals delicately, playing a game schoolyard kids are accustomed to.

Teresa Ames: [Faintly]

He loves me... he loves me not...

Petal after petal, the rose is steadily plucked bare.

Teresa Ames: [Faintly]

He loves me...

She tugs the last petal from the stem.

Teresa Ames: [Faintly]

He loves me **not**...

She stops pacing. The last petal flutters to the concrete floor. She grips the lifeless rose stem with both hands in a quiet fury.

DDK:

Uh-oh. I guess he loves her not...

The side of Teresa's face can't help but twitch.

Lance:

Darren, it's Teresa Ames versus Jay Harvey and that match is next!

The broadcast transitions to the ring but not before Ames gives a scorned stare into empty space.

JAY HARVEY vs. TERESA AMES

Suddenly, the lights dim in the arena.

DDK:

Welcome back to ringside, folks. It would appear we're ready for our next match!

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Teresa Ames walks out on stage with a sour look on her face as she is met with an equally hostile response by the crowd. She saunters down to the ring and notices Catalina, Jay Harvey's beloved wife, in the front row.

Lance:

Is that Catalina? What exactly is Ames looking to do?

Ames peers over the guardrail and stares at Catalina's hand.

Teresa Ames:

What size ring do you wear, honey? You know what? It doesn't matter because I'm daintier than you. You might want to think about pawning that thing after I make Jay buy me a huge rock.

Ames smiles devilishly before scooting into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is set for one fall and a twenty minute time limit. Introducing, from Joliet, Illinois, weighing in at an amount significantly less than Catalina Harvey, TERESA AMES!

Ames claps as she deposits a few bucks into Quimbey's pocket.

Lance:

Well that wasn't rude at all...

♪ "Bullet Holes" by Bush ♪

DDK:

Did I see that right?!

Lance:

I think you did, Darren!

DDK:

Listen to this crowd, Lance!

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

DDK:

This could be the biggest match in Jay Harvey's entire career, Lance. He's fighting for his family, to keep them together. Something I think he'd never have to do.

Lance:

Right you are, Darren. This has been a very interesting turn of events. You always knew Ames was up to something and if she wins tonight, Harvey has to file for divorce and his life as he knows it, will be over.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina... he is "The Natural One" Jaaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaarrveeeeeyyyyy!

Jay Harvey walks around ringside and stops by some fans. He notices Catalina and their son Thomas in the crowd! Harvey gives them both kisses and hugs his son. The fans next to them cheer as Harvey then gives what appears to be his Mother a kiss as well.

DDK:

Catalina is in attendance, Lance. Catalina was a staple next to Harvey for many years.

Lance:

Harvey and Catalina both have changed very much since his first run in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Jay's mother is also in attendance. Teresa has made many claims and there's a lot riding on the outcome of this match.

Lance:

Indeed, Darren. Teresa wants Harvey to get a divorce if she is able to defeat him tonight. This is right out of a Jerry Springer episode, Keebs.

Harvey gets up onto the ring apron and poses for the crowd. They go wild as he pumps his fists, getting them more fired up! Harvey enters the ring, tosses his leather jacket to the side and stares down Teresa Ames. Now aware that the woman beside Catalina is Jay's mom, The Keyboard Queen walks over to the ropes and has more to say to the prominent women in Jay's life.

Teresa Ames: *[Shouting to ringside]*

Hey, can I call you my mother-in-law after this? We can get together for Sunday tea on my porch once your son is mine. We can laugh at all the things you hated about his first wife.

Catalina and Jay's mom exchange looks at each other before looking at Ames with disgust. Benny Doyle is dead center of your screen. He looks over to both DEFIANTS to make sure they are ready... and they are. Let's do this.

DING DING

The match begins and immediately Teresa Ames gets into the face of Jay Harvey! She points her finger in his face and is just letting him have it! He is letting her speak her mind, allowing the verbal onslaught to continue.

The crowd is tensing up, just waiting for Harvey to fire back in some way. Ames stomps her feet and continues the barrage of obscenities and the like.

Teresa Ames:

Are you even listening?! Do you hear me, Jay?! I WANT A DESIGNER RING! WITH A BIG ROCK!

Jay just smirks and then BAM! Ames just wound up and slapped Harvey square in the face! Ames is wide eyed and so is Harvey! Harvey puts his hand to his face and locks his angry eyes upon her.

BEAT HER ASS!

BEAT HER ASS!

BEAT HER ASS!

Teresa goes in for another slap but Harvey catches her hand! The crowd is roaring with anticipation of what Harvey will do next. He tosses her over his shoulders and plays to the ravenous crowd. Ames is screaming and wanting to get put down.

DDK:

Harvey has Ames up! Jay Harvey could only deal with Teresa Ames and her abuse for so long, Lance!

Lance:

I'm surprised he even lasted that long, Keebs!

DDK:

SAMOAN DROP BY HARVEY!

Lance:

Listen to this crowd!

Harvey flattens Ames and the crowd is loving it. Ames is seen crawling over to the corner, checking to see if she broke a nail. When she gets there she leans her back against the bottom rope. She is winded and trying to regain her composition. Harvey is up and wastes no time getting back into things.

He rushes Ames looking to land a Wake Up Call Knee Strike but Ames covers up her face. Harvey stops and waits. Ames peeps behind her hands and gets flicked in the nose by Harvey! She holds her face and looks at her hands to see if there is any blood.

Harvey is all smiles as he walks toward the middle of the ring. Ames like a wild animal bounces out of the corner and attaches herself to Harvey's back! She has got a Choke Hold on Harvey! He tries swinging her off of him but to no avail.

He moves backward into the corner and begins slamming Ames into the turnbuckles behind them.

BEAT HER ASS!

BEAT HER ASS!

BEAT HER ASS!

DDK:

The Faithful are very eloquent here tonight!

Lance:

They want what they want, Darren! Oh! Harvey swings Ames overhead and crashes to the mat!

DDK:

Harvey hits the ropes... BIG DROPKICK TO THE BACK OF AMES' HEAD!

Teresa's momentum forces her to the outside of the ring. The crowd erupts in a massive boo as Ames' Comments Section cronies come down the ramp. Harvey spots them and keeps his eyes on both Garland and Bates.

Benny Doyle has no idea the Tag Team Champions are ringside as he checks on Ames who is still on the outside of the ring. She is holding her neck and preoccupying the Referee as her teammates try to even the playing field.

Malak Garland tosses the chips and dip he is holding aside and gets up on the ring apron as Cyrus Bates looks ready to slide under the bottom rope. Harvey darts his head toward both men. Harvey makes a rush toward Garland as Bates is seen sliding into the ring. Harvey quickly turns around and lands a beaut of a Dropkick that sends Bates down and out of the ring!

Garland makes his way into the ring and Chop Blocks Harvey in the leg. Garland slithers out of the ring, back to his chips and dip on the apron as Ames finally "comes to" and re-enters the ring. Benny Doyle is the definition of confusion as he sees the Tag Team Champions at ring side.

Ames jumps all over the interference and rushes Harvey who is still down at a knee. Ames connects with a Single Leg

Dropkick that makes Harvey hit his chest against the middle rope. Ames gets the attention of Benny Doyle, pretending to have something in her eye.

With the Referee's back turned the other members of the Comments Section go to work on Harvey. The crowd is roaring with boos as Malak Garland grabs Harvey by the back of the head and begins choking him against the middle rope! He even crushes up some chips and tosses them at The Natural One.

DDK:

You knew it was just a matter of time before these schmucks got involved in this one!

Lance:

Garland is choking the life out of Jay Harvey!

DDK:

Garland moves out of the- OH WHAT A RUNNING BOOT BY CYRUS BATES!

Lance:

Jay Harvey is out!

Harvey falls down to the mat and Ames suddenly gets her vision issue resolved. Doyle sees Harvey down and runs over to Garland and Bates who play dumb, now sharing chips and dip. Ames the opportunist goes for the pinfall as the boos rain down.

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

All three members of The Comments Section can't believe Harvey kicked out! Ames makes her way to her partners and they have a discussion on what to do next. Benny Doyle calls for them to break it up so the match can continue.

Ames is all smiles and loves what Garland just told her. She goes to the adjacent corner, on her way she gives a little wave to Catalina. Cameras by ringside get Catalina's reaction and... it's not good. Catalina is visibly frustrated by the tactics of The Comments Section.

Back to live action where Ames is slapping at her right knee. She has a good laugh at the thought of putting Harvey away with his own finisher. Harvey has been brutalized but is not giving up! He makes his way toward the middle of the ring.

Ames jolts toward Harvey- HARVEY CATCHES AMES! HARVEY HAS AMES! EXPLODER SUPLEX INTO THE TURNBUCKLES! THIS CROWD IS LIT!

DDK:

Jay Harvey... I don't even know if he knows where he is but what an Exploder!

Lance:

The moxy of Jay Harvey! He isn't going down without a fight, Darren!

Teresa Ames rolls out of the ring and to the outside. Garland and Bates are right there to aid their partner. Malak offers her some chips. Harvey too rolls to the outside. Benny Doyle yells at Bates and Malak to give them space. Harvey walks right past Bates and Garland, who keep their distance... for now.

Harvey pulls a classic Jay Harvey move and picks Ames up and Body Slams her down on the mat outside the ring, right in front of Bates and Garland. He's egging the Tag Champs on to attack him to give him an automatic victory.

Ames holds at her back in pain. You can see on the faces of Cyrus and Malak they want to do something about it.

Lance:

I'm shocked that Malak Garland and Cyrus Bates aren't jumping all over Harvey right here!

DDK:

The end game is to ruin Jay Harvey's life! They get involved in front of the Referee and that doesn't happen!

Jay Harvey gets Ames vertical and sends her back into the ring under the bottom rope. Jay Harvey gets into it with Bates and Garland before smashing the personal sized tray of chips and dip out of Malak's hands. Teresa Ames again has Referee Benny Doyle distracted and his back turned to the outside.

Harvey is right in the faces of both men and they all start throwing fists. Garland gets tossed into the guardrail as Bates and Harvey duke it out. Bates gets the upper hand and goes for a Clothesline- IT'S DUCKED! SHOT OF REALITY ON CYRUS BATES! THE CROWD IS ON FIRE!

Out of nowhere Malak Garland smashes Jay Harvey in the head with a chair he snatches from under the ring! Harvey is rocked but still up! Garland goes for another attack with the chair and... HE GETS SUPERKICKED IN THE FACE BY HARVEY!

Both Garland and Bates are down! Harvey turns and HE GETS CROSS BODIED BY AMES WHO CAME OFF THE TOP ROPE!

Lance:

THERE ARE BODIES EVERYWHERE!

DDK:

Let's take another look at that!

The replay of Teresa Ames flying off the top rope hits your screen!

DDK:

Ames putting her body on the line!

Lance:

What mayhem!

I think Benny Doyle has given up at this point. He starts counting both DEFIANTS out.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ames is the first one to stir. Benny Doyle continues to count but is really staggering the time between. Ames comes to and slides into the ring. Harvey is coming to himself.

FOUR!

Lance:

Jay Harvey is- wait, Harvey- looks like he's having trouble getting back into the ring.

FIVE!

We cut to the outside camera which catches Malak Garland holding onto the left leg of Jay Harvey.

SIX!

SEVEN!

Harvey tries with everything in his power to escape Malak's grip but it's just not working!

DDK:

Not like this! Harvey's life is going to get destroyed by these sons of bitches!

Lance:

Insult to injury, in so many words, Darren!

EIGHT!

Harvey stomps his free leg down on the face and chest of Malak Garland and is able to break himself free!

NINE!

DDK:

JAY HARVEY BEATS THE COUNT!

Lance:

Jay Har- TERESA AMES WITH THE DDT! SHE'S GONNA STEAL THIS!

ONE!

TWO!

HARVEY KICKS OUT BEFORE THREE!

Ames is pulling her hair out in disbelief! The crowd is rocking right now! Ames goes back to the drawing board and hits the ropes! She comes back and... hits the patented Jay Harvey Springboard Moonsault?! She goes for the pin once again!

ONE!

TWO!

HARVEY'S FOOT IS ON THE BOTTOM ROPE!

DDK:

Teresa Ames is beside herself! She thought she had this!

Lance:

Ames again trying to use Harvey's own moves to put him away!

Ames is furious, as she should be. She has given her all to defeat the former Southern Heritage Champion! Benny Doyle checks on Jay Harvey to make sure he is alright to continue on. Just then Malak Garland and Cyrus Bates get up on the apron.

Lance:

Haven't these guys done enough tonight?!

DDK:

Harvey has stopped them at every point, no matter what they threw at him.

Cameras cut to the outside, Catalina is holding her son tight as Harvey's mother has her arm wrapped around Catalina.

DDK:

That's what Harvey is fighting for! That's what keeps Harvey trooping on, Lance!

Lance:

We have seen a whole nother side of Jay Harvey since his return. You never stop fighting for your family, Darren! You do everything for them!

Back to in ring action! Benny Doyle is up and cuts the other members of The Comments Section off from getting into the ring. Teresa Ames makes her way to the corner and begins arguing with Doyle. Jay Harvey is coming to! He has pulled himself to a vertical base via the ring ropes.

Harvey is seeing stars and rushes the corner. Doyle turns around as does Ames. She gets out of dodge as Harvey narrowly stops from cracking the Referee upside the head. Ames gets momentum going and comes at Harvey in the corner... HARVEY MOVES OUT OF THE WAY! REFEREE BENNY DOYLE IS DOWN! AMES JUST DROPKICKED BENNY DOYLE! THE REF IS DOWN!

Like snakes, Garland and Bates enter the ring. Harvey goes after both men but the numbers game is too much for Harvey. All three members of The Comments Section are viciously attacking Harvey who is dropped down to his knees.

DDK:

NOT LIKE THIS!

Lance:

Three against One, Darren! Harvey could only handle them for so long!

Cyrus Bates is signaled to get Harvey up. Bates does so and sends Harvey into the ring ropes. Bates looks to Spinebuster Harvey- HARVEY JUST DDT'D BATES! HARVEY STILL HAS LIFE!

Malak grabs a chair- HARVEY JUST WAKE UP CALLED THE CHAIR INTO GARLAND'S FACE! THE CROWD IS NOW LIT-AF! HARVEY TURNS AROUND- TERESA AMES WITH A WAKE UP CALL OF HER OWN!

Teresa Ames sent a knee right through Harvey's face! But Benny Doyle is still down! Teresa Ames stands tall in the middle of the ring! She stands over Harvey's fallen, beaten, bruised body! The crowd feels like it has had the air sucked right out of them!

DDK:

That homewrecker is gonna win this, Lance!

Lance:

Harvey put in a valiant effort, Darren!

DDK:

Jay Harvey is going to be a puppet in the show for Teresa Ames!

Teresa Ames locks eyes with Catalina who sits ringside.

Teresa Ames:

THIS! THIS IS MY MAN NOW!

The crowd lets out a roar of boos as Teresa Ames drops down to the mat to give Harvey a kiss, square on the lips! Ames goes to the nearby corner and slaps at her right knee like a schoolgirl doing something forbidden. She's going to end this with Harvey's own finisher! Catalina has had enough! She jumps the guardrail and slides into the ring. The crowd is going wild!

DDK:

Catalina is in the ring!

Lance:

Catalina is no stranger to the wrestling ring! A former Women's Champion in different promotions!

Catalina and Teresa Ames are face to face! The war of words has begun! The two hot blooded women are nose to nose. Harvey rolls to the side as the two fiery women continue to battle verbally! Ames begins putting her finger in the face of Catalina.

Catalina smacks her hand away and Ames persists. Catalina smacks her hand away again and Ames is getting more irate. Ames smiles. She leans in for... a kiss!? Teresa teases a kiss to Catalina! Some of the men in the upper sections of the arena GO WILD for this.

DDK:

Did Teresa just pucker up... TO CATALINA?

Lance:

Ignore it. It's all mind games, Darren!

Right then, Catalina sends her forearm into Ames' face! Ames takes a swing but Catalina ducks it and hits Ames with an Inverted Atomic Drop! The crowd lets out an audible *OOF!* as Ames falls into a corner.

Lance:

Catalina UNLOADING on Teresa!

Catalina continues to strike Ames in the corner. Harvey's wondrous wife irish whips Ames into the adjacent set of turnbuckles, following everything up with a release dragon suplex!

The crowd is going crazy! Harvey is up! Ames groggily stumbles to her feet. Catalina watches as Harvey hoists Ames up across his shoulders!

GAME OVER!

Harvey sends his right knee into Ames' face! Benny Doyle is coming to but only sees Harvey pinning Ames! Catalina counts along with the crowd.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

It's over! Harvey did it!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match... "THE NATURAAAAAAL ONEEEEE" JAAAAAAAAAY HAAAAAARVEEEEEYYYY!

♪ "Bullet Holes" by Bush ♪

Harvey's music begins playing, the crowd is going ape shit, and this whole saga is put to an end... for now! Teresa rolls out of the ring and congregates with her keyboard comrades.

Lance:

What a match, Darren!

DDK:

Let's go back, folks! Let's take a look at what transpired here!

Another replay. The slap, the interference, the Crossbody, the knockdown of the Ref, etc.

Lance:

Jay Harvey defied the odds here at ASCENSION! He took on all three members of The Comments Section!

DDK:

Not only did he do that, he beat them at their own game! We see here, Catalina just couldn't stand it anymore! She got involved and finally evened some of the odds that her husband, the father of her child, had gone through!

We go back to the ring where Harvey and Catalina embrace. The crowd is loving it!

Ames stares over at Jay's mom who is with her grandson. The Cute N Qwerty Gurl can't help but screech in agony.

Teresa Ames:

I was so close to making your son and grandson my family. *Mine*. Do you hear me?

Malak and Cyrus try to calm Teresa down as they backpedal, defeated, up the ramp.

Teresa Ames:

MINE! MINEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! THOMAS AND JAY SHOULD BE MINEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

Mascara runs down her face. Harvey makes his exit from the ring and goes over to his son. He picks him up and gives him a huge hug as Catalina is not far behind.

DDK:

It would appear Ames is taking this like a very bad breakup! Look at her! She's throwing a fit!

Lance:

Maybe she should go after *single* guys next time?

Ames seethes at the mouth. Her chance at capturing Jay all for herself is gone. The fans along ringside let them have it as they watch the Harvey family celebrate.

We go back to the Harvey's, a loving family who can rest easy tonight. The fans are eating it up, we stay on them for a moment longer before moving on with the show.

FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: MATT LACROIX vs. REZIN vs. SCROW vs. BLACK PANDA

Darren Quimbey stands ready and waiting in the ring with a mic in hand. Nearby, referee Hector Navarro stands holding the new Favoured Saints title, seen outside of its display case for the first time. Quimbey smiles proudly to the camera as he makes the opening announcements.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... it is time for the MAIN EVENT of the first night of Ascension! The following contest will be a Favoured Fourway for the NEW Favoured Saints Championship!

The Faithful cheer as Navarro hoists the belt over his head to show everyone the prize on the line.

The camera cuts briefly to an angle catching the executive skybox, currently occupied by the top brass of Favoured Saints Financial. We can see interim CEO of DEFIANCE David Danielson, the chairman of the board Thomas Brown, and multiple other board members looking down on the ring with a clear view of the action while clapping proudly along with the Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

The rules of the Favoured Fourway match are as follows: the two first-round losers of the tournament will begin the match. At the ten minute mark, the third participant who lost in the final round will enter. Finally, at the fifteen-minute mark, the winner of the final round will enter. Any participant who loses by pinfall, submission, or disqualification shall be ELIMINATED from the competition, until a final participant is declared WINNER and inaugural FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION!

♪ *Diabolical - Nyxx* ♪

The lights turn off. A raven appears on the Defiatron first with a close up of its eye. It blinks a few times and quickly is followed by a collage of moments Scrow has been in the ring. From the strikes to said Defiants as Scott Douglas, Oscar Burns, Dex Joy, and finally, the kill shot to Carny Sinclair at MAXDEF! The various clips repeat after Scrow's logo flashes on the screen. The Deftron entrance video illuminates the stage where Scrow stands in a scarecrow pose. Scrow comes to life, he slowly heads to the ring staring down but his eyes look up through his burlap mask. Just behind him, his entrance video is on repeat.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first making his way to the ring from the Fields of Torment ... "The Raven's Eye" SCROW!

The camera stays focused on Scrow's face while the lights flash on and off giving off a horror like vibe. He reaches the ringside area he walks toward the steps and climbs the steps. He walks the apron and pulls back on the top rope and launches himself over them flipping and landing on his feet in his scarecrow pose. Hologram birds fly from the ceiling and land on his arms for a few seconds and then fly off as he raises his head and removes his mask.

DDK:

Another... creepy entrance here by Scrow. Unfortunate to start the match out first here but from a man that's so unorthodox, I'm not sure it'll make much of a difference. They're not going to know what to expect out there anyway!

Lance:

Does he even feel pain? Does any of this matter?

DDK:

He might just like it, Lance. I'll tell you one thing though, a man who we know for sure feels pain is Matt LaCroix. There have been some rumblings about his health and availability for this match. He's been largely absent since his huge match against Black Panda at MaxDEF, only appearing for a couple of run-ins backstage and what had to have been a disappointing match against Rezin.

Lance:

I'm hearing he's been in the arena all night with that injured ear bandaged up. He's kept mostly to himself. We won't really know until this match gets star...

Lights Out.

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

Darren Quimbey:

And his...

PHRRRRRT!

The brushing of a microphone cuts through "The Dark Sentencer" as Scrow snatches the Microphone from Darren and shoves him down. Taking the attention away from the stage, Scrow points to the outside of the ring. Meanwhile, the song continues to play. Smoke begins to rise from the entrance.

Scrow:

Beat it, Darren!

Darren scurries off, now bathed in red pulsating lights. Scrow looks over his shoulder toward the entranceway and notices Matt has yet to come out.

Scrow: *{in a soft sinister voice}*

Matthew.....

Scrow turns around and drops to his knees sitting on them as the red lights continue to pulsate against the smoke to the music.

Scrow:

Matthew.....Matthew....

A silhouette rises in the smoke before Matt finally appears to a loud pop from The Faithful, bursting through the haze. He wastes no time dropping his hooded black denim vest to the ground and marching to the ring. Seeing his ear still bandaged up, Scrow stands on his feet.

Scrow:

Come on! GIVE IT TO HIM!

Matt pauses at the end of the aisle and rips the bandage off his ear to a roar from the Faithful. Southern Strong Style slides in the ring as Scrow's eyes grow wide and he drops the microphone. A smirk creeps across the face of Scrow as referee Hector Navarro signals to start the match.

DING! DING!

Matt double leg takes down Scrow and unloads on the head of Scrow. He quickly flips Matt around and does the same to Matt. LaCroix clearly covers his ear during the strikes as he reverses it once more and again unloads on Scrow. Eventually, The Raven's Eye flips Matt around and unloads on him once more.

DEFIATRON reads

9:55

The two tumble to the outside. The fans are on their feet already watching this brawl unfold.

DDK:

Their back to a vertical position.

Lance:

Look at those stiff strikes, sheesh I can feel them back here.

DDK:

These two have not been in the ring together yet, but man if this is what it would be like it clearly would have the aura of a barn burner!

Scrow tries to irish whip Matt but Matt reverses it and Scrow collides with the steel steps!

CLANK!

DEFIATRON reads

9:30

DDK:

Here comes Matt!

Southern Strong Style rushes and slams his knee into the skull of Scrow, ricocheting his head into the corner of the steps! LaCroix hypes himself up, as Scrow tumbles over.

DDK:

Is that blood?

Scrow is seen spitting blood out of his mouth while he tries to regain his composure.

Lance:

Matt hit Scrow square on the jaw, and is the first one to strike blood here tonight at the main event of night one of Ascension!

DEFIATRON reads

8:40

Matt looks back toward Scrow who has gotten to his feet holding his mouth. The Unhinged turns around and stares at Matt, his mouth covered in blood. He smiles at Matt...

DDK:

Matt knocked Scrow's tooth out!

Lance:

Wow, just goes to show you just how deadly both these men's strikes can be.

Matt smirks and walks over to Scrow the two exchange blows once more Navarro has gotten to EIGHT!

DDK:

Scrow with backhanded blow stuns LaCroix!

Scrow quickly slides in the ring as Hector is about to say TEN! Matt quickly slides in just in time!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, FIVE MINUTES have elapsed!

DEFIATRON reads

3:00

Scrow stomps away at Matt as he fights to get back to his feet. He finally manages it and the strikes fly back and forth between the two. The Faithful are enjoying every moment of this.

DDK:

These two just seem like they just want to have a bar fight right now.

Lance:

I think Matt has the advantage; he has already knocked Scrow's tooth out with that knee strike into the steel steps.

Scrow rakes the eyes and pushes Matt into the ropes and whips him across the ring, Scrow hits the opposite ropes and charges back at an oncoming Matt driving his knee into the gut of Matt in a kitchen sink! Matt flips over Scrow's knee. The Unhinged wastes no time and locks in a reverse chinlock.

DDK:

Scrow has now taken this match to the mat here. Scrow appears to want to slow this down a bit.

Lance:

Ten minutes is a long time here. The Faithful may not like it, but you still have to worry about the other two fresh men not yet a part of this match. Black Panda who comes out next is going to be a handful and he will be fresh!

DEFIATRON reads

1:59

The jeering from The Faithful continues as Scrow just mocks them while he holds the reverse chin lock now on his stomach.

DDK:

The Faithful want to see some action and Scrow is not giving it to them.

Lance:

They sure are making their feelings known. The boo birds are loud in here.

DEFIATRON reads

1:20

Matt finally tries to get out of the hold, as he gets to a vertical base and drives a few elbows into the gut of Scrow. The Raven's Eye breaks the hold and Southern Strongstyle hits the ropes and launches himself at Scrow with a flying crossbody! Scrow quickly kicks out before a count can be made.

DDK:

Scrow quickly rolls out of the ring. We are coming up to forty-five seconds here. Soon Panda will be making his entrance into this match up.

DEFIATRON reads

:45

Matt rolls out of the ring and Scrow quickly eye rakes Matt and then throws him hard into the steel steps knocking the top of them off!

Lance:

Scrow quickly takes back the advantage here.

DEFIATRON reads

:30

Scrow picks up Matt and tosses him in the ring and pulls him halfway out of the ring. LaCroix is positioned with his injured ear hanging off the apron.

Lance:

This is going to be bad if Matt gets hit here.

DEFIATRON reads

:10

DDK:

Scrow is lining him up.

Lance:

Oh man, I don't like that look in his eyes.

Scrow charges and nails a Yakuza Kick right into the injured ear of Matt. LaCroix shouts in agony falling to the floor holding his bleeding ear. A few Faithful are chanting the remaining time.

The Faithful:

5....4....3

Scrow slides in the ring and removes his gi which is drenched in blood now. He waits for Black Panda.

The Faithful:

2....1!

♪"Unstoppable" by E.S. Posthumus ♪

Panda walks out onto the stage.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, TEN MINUTES have elapsed! Announcing the third entrant in the Favoured Fourway, hailing from Fukushima, Japan, HERE IS... THE NEXT-GEN KAIJU... BLACK PANDA!!

Panda enters the ring, and Scrow quickly puts his hands up.

DEFIATRON reads

5:00

Scrow:

Whoa...whoa there big guy. Listen Scrow knows you have wanted your revenge against Matthew. How about you let Scrow help you.....buddy?

With a sinister smile on his face. Panda notices Matt trying to pull himself up with help from the apron. Panda looks at Scrow and nods. Scrow sinister smile opens up showing his bloody teeth and the missing tooth Matt knocked out. Scrow steps to the side letting Panda have the first shot.

Panda walks by him and the smile quickly goes away as Panda gets out of view.

DDK:

Scrow just hit Panda from behind!

DEFIATRON reads

4:00

Lance:

Uh oh, I don't think he should have done that.

Panda stands straight up not phased by the blow he turns around to Scrow who has his hands up shaking his head like he never hit him.

DDK:

The Black Bastard is not happy, it seemed all Scrow did was anger this monster!

Scrow tries to escape and Panda grabs him by the hair before he can. He throws him with velocity into the turnbuckle! The Raven's Eye shouts in agony stumbling out of the corner...not far though...

Lance:

Panda with a head of steam just crushed Scrow in the corner!

DEFIATRON reads

2:59

Panda lifts Scrow up and nails a massive powerslam! Quickly going for the cover here!

ONE

TWO

Shoulder up!

Scrow gasps for air as he turns to his side. Matt is back on the apron and the two look across the ring to each other. Scrow rolls out of the ring and falls onto the floor outside the ring holding his ribs.

DEFIATRON reads

1:30

DDK:

These two have some unsolved issues to settle here, and with Scrow out of the match for the time being, they're all alone.

Lance:

Here we go!

The two rivals unload with lefts and rights to each other. Panda gains the advantage as he knocks Matt down with a devastating haymaker! Panda picks up Matt and sidewalk slams Matt to the mat! He quickly goes for the cover!

The Faithful:

ONE...TWO...

The Faithful cheer as Matt kicks out.

DEFIATRON reads

:45

DDK:

Panda better get ready cause The Favoured Sinner is on deck here.

Panda drives a few elbow shots to Matt in the corner. Before whipping him across the ring to the opposite turnbuckle and with a full head of steam smashes Matt in the corner with his massive frame!

DEFIATRON reads
:30

Matt lifted up in a gorilla press. Panda walks the ring with Matt high above him in an impressive display of power.

Lance:

Where is Panda gonna drop Matt?

DEFIATRON reads
:05

Panda throws Matt over the top ropes to the floor before turning to the entranceway awaiting the final entrant into the match Rezin.

The Faithful:

5....4....3....2...1!

♪"Threnody for the Victims of Hiroshima" by Krzysztof Penderecki"♪

Atonal, chaotic music comes pouring through the PA as strobes light up the stage and the DEFiatron flashes through a montage of horrifying images--maggots, buildings on fire, jackals in a feeding frenzy, piles of bones, the atomic bomb, vultures picking at carrion, pillars of black smoke...

DDK:

What the hell is HAPPENING right now?!

♪"I Have A Prepared Statement" by Whores."♪

The screen suddenly goes to black and the music abruptly switches right to heavy noise rock riffage. Emerging from a wall of thick smoke covering the curtain is the final entrant, REZIN. The self-proclaimed "Favoured Sinner" has chosen to commemorate his first DEFIANCE Pay Per View appearance by showing up slathered in a black, viscous substance.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, FIFTEEN MINUTES have elapsed! Announcing the final entrant in the Favoured Fourway, from Indianapolis, Indiana, HERE IS... "THE ESCAPE ARTIST"... REZIN!!

DDK:

The time has come for the last competitor to join the match, and... what the hell is covered in?!

Lance:

Looks like they remembered the tar, but forgot the feathers?

DDK:

In any case, at least Rezin is thankfully ALONE, thanks to the efforts earlier in the night by Scott Douglas! But this match has already waged on for fifteen minutes, and the Escape Artist looks even CRAZIER than ever as he comes into this war completely fresh!

Rezin lingers at the top of the ramp for a moment, his face a horrorshow of eyes, teeth, and hair as he stares into the battle taking place in the ring. Then he bursts down the ramp into a sprint, screaming at the top of his lungs like an intoxicated berzerker...

Rezin:

YYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH--**BLGHK!!**

...until he suddenly slips and falls flat on his face, sliding the last few feet on his belly until his entire top half disappears below the apron. The Faithful ERUPT in laughter.

Lance:

Well, THAT was underwhelming... wait a sec, where did he go?!

Hector Navarro peers over the ropes looking for the final entrant, but Rezin has seemingly crawled his way under the ring. Back in the ring, Scrow charges Black Panda, but Panda side-steps and gives him an extra push to send him between the turnbuckles and shoulder-first into the steel post!

DDK:

With Scrow out of the way and Rezin suddenly MIA, Panda and Matt LaCroix are alone once more.

Lance:

No doubt, he's been harboring some vengeance since Acts of DEFIANCE!

Shaking out the cobwebs, LaCroix tries to get up, but Black Panda is already there with a pair of elbow strikes to the neck to keep him staggered! Scooping him off his feet, Panda drives LaCroix down HARD across the knee with the backbreaker! He follows up with the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT

DDK:

Matt LaCroix has taken a good deal of punishment since the very start of this match, but somehow, he's continuing to hang on!

Panda begins to get LaCroix back up, but Scrow comes out of the corner with a flurry of strikes to the back of the head. When Panda covers up, Scrow jumps on his back and tries to lock in a modified sleeper, but the stronger Next-Gen Kaiju dumps him over the ropes to the outside.

Lance:

It's almost like these two are fighting to be the one to take Matt LaCroix apart! But at least the Southern Strong Style has a moment to recover!

LaCroix catches Black Panda off-guard as he turns away from the ropes with some shots to the mid-section! With a head full of steam, Matt pushes back to his feet and gets some speed as he runs off the ropes. Panda attempts to cut him off with the LARIAT...

DDK:

LaCroix DUCKS the clothesline slips behind--HIGH TIDE!! What a way to get back into this match!

With the Faithful cheering hard in support, LaCroix gets back to his feet and scans the ring. Scrow and Rezin are nowhere to be seen. It's just him and a slowly recovering Black Panda. Sensing the moment of opportunity, Southern Strong Style throws himself back into the ropes...

DDK:

Matt LaCroix looking for the SHINING WIZARD--but Black Panda just BURST TO HIS FEET and caught him SPINEBUSTER!!!

Black Panda looms over Matt LaCroix as he prepares the next move. LaCroix comes to, but instead of looking up to him, he looks PAST him. Everyone's attention suddenly goes to the other corner of the ring, where a dark, grinning

gargoyle has perched itself...

DDK:

Hold the phone, it's REZIN!! ON THE TOP ROPE!!

Lance:

WHERE DID HE COME FROM?!

Sensing the crowd's surprised reaction, Black Panda turns around, but it's too late. Rezin flips forward as he dives off the top turnbuckle and executes a perfect Dragonrana that sends him hurtling through the ropes to the outside.

DDK:

MY GOD, what a REZINRANA! The Escape Artist formally enters the Favoured Fourway in style!

Rezin pops to his feet and celebrates his feat by taking a twirl with his arms held out to his sides, though The Faithful are rather nonplussed by the sneakiness of his otherwise impressive acrobatics.

Lance:

Now I'm beginning to wonder if that tumble during his entrance was intentional or not! He was down under that ring the whole time, just waiting for the right moment to explode into the action!

Meanwhile, Scrow pulls himself back into the ring with the help of the apron, quickly noticed by Rezin. The two exchange a blank stare at one another before both breaking out into evil smiles.

DDK:

Oh no, don't tell me... these two maniacs are WORKING TOGETHER?!

Lance:

Can't say I'm surprised after their parley orchestrated by Stalker at the last DEFtv! He may not be out here, but his influence on this match will nevertheless be felt as his "beast" Rezin has an ally in Scrow!

Their heads turn to the recovering Matt LaCroix, as he readies himself for a double onslaught from the two psychopaths. Undeterred, LaCroix tells them to bring it.

DDK:

Matt LaCroix will NOT back down, but this is probably the worst possible scenario in which could possibly find himself!

Scrow and Rezin are immediately on him, forcing him into a corner as he tries to cover up from a two-pronged storm of punches, kicks, and chops. Hector Navarro tries to break it up, but as soon as he pulls one off, the other freely jumps back into the onslaught.

Lance:

What does Matt LaCroix even do in this situation!? These guys are too crazy to give him even a moment of air!

Rezin and Scrow finally let up and a double irish whip puts LaCroix into the opposite corner. Rezin whips Scrow in after him, who crushes the Southern Strong Style against the turnbuckles with a jumping knee strike!

DDK:

These two working together may very well change the scope of this match! It's no longer every man for himself!

Scrow signals something to Rezin and promptly drops to his hands and knees. The Escape Artist comes running and uses Scrow as a springboard for some added elevation to smash LaCroix in the corner with a senton splash! Scrow makes the cover as LaCroix falls to the mat.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Effective tandem maneuvers from Scrow and Rezin! Could we be seeing something in the making here tonight?

DDK:

I dread to think of the possibility...

Outside the ring, Black Panda has recovered, and quietly watches the action unfold. Scrow directs Rezin to the top rope as he peels LaCroix out of the corner, and immediately drops him with a falling legsweep with a leg drop across the back of the head for added effect!

DDK:

Rezin is going back up top while Scrow keeps ahold of Matt LaCroix by the leg! He's got nowhere to go!

LaCroix tries to roll out of the way, but Scrow doesn't give him an inch, leaving him open as Rezin dives off the top turnbuckle and crashes down across his chest with his trademark high-altitude REZINSAULT!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--NO!!

Lance:

Matt LaCroix stays alive, even after that massive moonsault! Right now, he has got to think of something to get back into this fight!

Rezin begins to get LaCroix back up until Southern Strong Style suddenly surprises him with a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

DDK:

Damnit, he almost had him there! But Rezin is still fairly fresh after sitting out those first fifteen minutes!

Back on his feet, Rezin comes at LaCroix with a wild right, but Matt catches him by the arm and reverses it into a hammerlock! Scrow runs into the ropes for an assist but goes over them instead as a recovered Black Panda pulls down on the top from where he's standing at ringside.

DDK:

There goes Scrow to the outside, thanks to Black Panda!

Lance:

He could have sat there and watched the two of them pick apart his rival, but he probably knows he'd be better off in the long run splitting these two apart before they become too much to handle!

Panda assaults Scrow on the ringside floor with clubbing blows to the back and head! Back in the ring, Rezin deftly reverses the hammerlock then rolls LaCroix back to the mat with a crucifix pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--SHOULDER UP!

Lance:

Matt LaCroix must be running on pure desperation at this point!

The faster Rezin gets up first but whiffs on a hook kick as LaCroix keeps rallying his energy. With Rezin staggered, LaCroix wrangles the arms and lifts him onto his shoulders before running to the corner...

DDK:

LaCroix with the BOURBON STREET BOMB--NO, Rezin reverses into a hurricanrana before he can get there! That would have been huge!

LaCroix's head smashes into the turnbuckle before Rezin rolls him back into a double leg cradle pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!!

DDK:

LaCroix KICKS OUT and ROLLS THROUGH with a pin of his own!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--REZIN SCISSORS THE FACE!

Lance:

Near fall thereafter the quick reversal! Matt LaCroix is proving he can keep up with Rezin's speed, but for how much longer?

LaCroix is back up, but having already lost so much stamina, he's just two steps behind Rezin before taking a boot to the gut and a devastating Facebuster DDT! Rezin hooks the leg for the pin...

ONE!

TWO!

THR--LACROIX KICKS OUT!

Rezin:

AH CUH-MAWWN!!

The Faithful continue to cheer wildly in support of LaCroix, who still fights through the pain and exhaustion to get to his feet! But he doesn't see Rezin coming at him from the blindside with a spinning heel kick that nearly takes his head off as he gets up!

Lance:

HOLY MOTHER OF GOD, A SPINNING CLOVEN HOOF KICK by Rezin! That HAS to be it for Matt LaCroix!

Rezin:

HA-HAAAA-HAHAHAHA!!

Rezin is all smiles and arrogance as he caps it off with a standing moonsault to go right into the cover!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THRE--LACROIX POPS THE SHOULDER!!

The Faithful pop hard as Rezin jumps to his feet in disbelief.

Rezin:

DAMNIT, WHY WON'T YOU JUST DIE ALREADY?!

DDK:

Matt LaCroix simply REFUSES to be put away, and you can see Rezin now growing ever desperate!

Rezin wanders the ring blabbering like a homeless man and tearing at his hair in frustration. Looking desperate and furious, he begins climbing the turnbuckle once again. But attention shifts as a body gets rolled into the ring...

Lance:

Black Panda just rolled Scrow back into the ring! He really did a number on the Raven's Eye on the outside during all that back-and-forth action!

Rezin hesitates on the top rope while he watches Scrow gets back up on rubber legs as Black Panda slides into the ring after him. Scrow tries to catch him with the RAVEN'S CALL--but Panda ducks, and counters by putting Scrow into a military press.

DDK:

RETROVERTIGO ON SCROW!! That could be ALL SHE WROTE for the Raven's Eye!

From the top turnbuckle, Rezin looks between the prone body of LaCroix and Panda, as the latter goes for the cover. Out of desperation, he comes diving off as the ref makes the count...

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--!!

DDK:

REZIN TAKES OUT REFEREE HECTOR NAVARRO!

Lance:

He probably felt he had no other choice! Panda had Scrow pinned on the far end of the ring, and as a result, the official took an absolutely sickening diving leg-drop across the back of the head before he could get to the count of three!

DDK:

Still, you never, EVER strike the official! That's just LOW! Black Panda looks absolutely livid! But still, Rezin keeps his ally alive in this match!

Back on his feet, Black Panda grabs Rezin by the throat and lifts him off the mat! Rezin's legs kick the air as he struggles to breathe until he counters by gouging the eyeholes in Panda's mask! Before he can recover, Rezin slaps

on an inverted facelock and flips over...

DDK:

Rezin goes INTO THE VOID, and Black Panda goes down with him!!

Lance:

It's too bad he took out the ref, otherwise he could easily eliminate the Next-Gen Kaiju out of this match!

With Black Panda taken care of, the freshest man in the ring surveys the situation and goes over to Scrow to resuscitate his ally. Scrow slowly comes to and both men redirect their attention to Matt LaCroix, pushing him off the ropes with a double Irish whip as soon as he gets up!

DDK:

Looks like Rezin and Scrow are going right back to where they left off, working over the weakest man left in this match!

LaCroix snaps to it as he comes off the ropes. He ducks a roundhouse from Scrow... ducks a hook kick from Rezin... ducks for the third time as Scrow comes in with a backhanded chop, and Rezin gets hit instead!

DDK:

MISFIRE from Scrow! It was unintentional, but LaCroix may be onto something!

Rezin reels, spastically rubbing the feeling back into his nose. He laughs it off, then he wildly pounces at LaCroix with an open-palmed strike, which he ALSO ducks, and the Escape Artist instead hits his would-be ally Scrow right in the face!

Lance:

And a MISFIRE from Rezin! That's tit for tat!

Scrow shakes off the blow and glares back. The two men seem to forget about LaCroix as they stare at each other with increasingly crazed expressions.

Lance:

Uh oh... could this alliance already be breaking down?

Their faces simultaneously spread into maniacal grins. Then all at once, they are tearing into each other with strikes and kicks, laughing and screaming like a pair of madmen.

DDK:

REZIN AND SCROW ARE GOING AT IT!!

Lance:

I don't know if this means the end of their alliance, or maybe the two of them are just exploring their common bond of masochism, but Matt LaCroix looks relieved that this problem has seemingly solved itself!

DDK:

Don't speak too soon, Lance... Black Panda is back up!

LaCroix turns around as is met with a SHARP HEADBUTT by Black Panda to put him back to the mat. Scrow and Rezin are too caught up in their impromptu sparring session to notice. Black Panda walks over like a huge, bear-shaped Terminator.

DDK:

DOUBLE CLOTHESLINES take out Scrow and Rezin! Black Panda has come back with a vengeance!

Scrow is quickly back on his feet, but Panda grabs ahold of Rezin by the leg and uses his might to SWING him off the mat...

Rezin:

AAAAHHHH!!

And Panda takes out Scrow using Rezin like a CLUB! Matt LaCroix gets back to his feet and tries to run into Panda from behind, but the Next-Gen Kaiju senses him coming, and keeps ahold of Rezin's leg...

Rezin:

AAAAHHHH!!

With Rezin once again being "volunteered" as a weapon, Panda takes out LaCroix! Panda still has ahold of Rezin as he takes note of where Scrow is laying and hooks both legs...

Rezin:

AAAAHHHH!!

And Panda SLINGSHOTS Rezin right onto the chest of Scrow!

DDK:

Look at the sheer STRENGTH of Black Panda on display as he whips Rezin around from pillar to post like a ragdoll and absolutely clears out the ring!

His attention again goes back to LaCroix, who is struggling against the ropes to get back onto his feet. Panda lifts Rezin up once more, scooping him over his head and launching him like a lawn dart in LaCroix's direction!

Rezin:

AAAAHHHH!!

Matt LaCroix ducks, but nearly gets buzzed by Rezin being TORPEDOED out of the ring! Rezin doesn't quite clear the barricade, but instead crashes down onto it waist-first and nearly gets broken in half. He remains draped there in agony while ringside Faithful take the opportunity to pepper him with popcorn and bits of trash.

Meanwhile, Black Panda charges into LaCroix with a low kick and wrangles him into a Package Piledriver with crushing impact!

DDK:

NEXT-GEN DRIVER from Black Panda to Matt LaCroix! That could be IT for Southern Strong Style, but there's nobody to make a pinfall!

Panda looks to the downed official, who is slowly coming to, but then Scrow runs in from behind with knee to the small of the back! Scrow puts Panda's head into a front facelock, jumps into the air, and drives him headfirst into the mat with a falling DDT!

DDK:

Scrow is so far staying in control of the man that beat him back at DEFtv 142! But where is his lunatic ally Rezin?

On the outside, Rezin has managed to pull himself off the barricade but is now wandering around the ringside area in confusion. His hands are compulsively trying to flick on a lighter that isn't there, and he frantically requests one from the ringside audience members.

Rezin:

Gotta light? Hey, you, GOTTA LIGHT?! C'MON, I NEED FIRE!! GIMME FIRE!!

Lance:

Normally, this would be the point in the match where Stalker would "fire him up" so to speak, but without him out here tonight, Rezin looks absolutely LOST in finding his spark!

Back in the ring, Scrow has Panda up and against the ropes after a series of stiff kicks to the chest. He quickly runs across the ring, rebounds off the opposite ropes, but Panda counters with a back body drop on the return to send him to the outside and crashing into Rezin!

DDK:

Scrow to the outside, taking out Rezin for good measure, and now Black Panda once again has Matt LaCroix right where he wants him!

Lance:

After all, he's been through, LaCroix can't possibly defend himself at this point!

Seeing his opening, Black Panda wrangles LaCroix off the mat before setting him into an inverted facelock. The Faithful suddenly CHEER when LaCroix kicks off the ropes and floats over back onto his feet, putting Panda right into the DRAGON SLEEPER!

DDK:

EFF-TEE-DUBBLE-YOO!! YES, HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!!

LaCroix lowers to a knee and buries it into Panda's back. Panda does everything in his power to fight the hold, but Matt has it locked in tight, bending the Next-Gen Kaiju back into a surfboard stretch! Only then does he realize the official is still lying on the mat!

DDK:

What a way for Matt LaCroix to come back FIGHTING in this match! But referee Hector Navarro still hasn't recovered from that blatant legdrop he took earlier!

Panda's arm looks as though it may go limp... but then Scrow and Rezin slide back into the ring and pounce onto LaCroix with stereo dropkicks, breaking the hold and sending Southern Strong Style sprawling to the mat. The Faithful jeer loudly!

Lance:

It was almost too good to be true! Now, these two maniacs are back in control of things!

Rezin commands Scrow hold the Southern Strong Style steady as he springs to the top rope, begins making raspberry noises with his mouth to imitate rocket propulsion, and dives off with the MISSILE DROPKICK...

DDK:

Dropkick from the top MISSES THE MARK! LaCroix broke free and Rezin hit SCROW INSTEAD!

As Rezin blubbers over his folly, Matt LaCroix snatches him from behind with an inverted facelock and lifts him up for the BRAINBUSTER--but Rezin lands on his feet and clamps on a classic Cobra Clutch sleeper hold!

Lance:

Rezin with the CABRO CLUTCH on Matt LaCroix! I don't think Matt has the energy to last through this one!

DDK:

And the timing couldn't be any more perfect! Look to Hector!

Navarro is coming to, and Rezin can see it. Going in for the kill, Rezin scissors LaCroix's ribs and falls onto his back, clinching in the hold even deeper. LaCroix, completely exhausted by this point, can't fight his way out and looks to be fading...

"LA-CROIX!! LA-CROIX!! LA-CROIX!! LA-CROIX!! LA-CROIX!!"

The shot cuts to the Favoured Saints skybox. There is a look of legitimate concern on the faces of the executives.

DDK:

Come on, Matt! These fans are behind you! You can't let it end like this!

His eyes bulging and wild, Rezin grits his teeth and shakes his head to block out the Faithful as he continues to squeeze without mercy. LaCroix tries one last-ditch effort to twist himself free, but the legs squeezing down on his ribs won't allow it. Matt's face begins to turn purple.

The official finally comes to and looks up. LaCroix fights it a moment longer...

...then his eyes finally roll back and he goes OUT like a light!

Lance:

That's it! Matt LaCroix is OUT!

The official sees what's happening, and gives the signal to the timekeeper to ring the bell...

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

No... not like this!

The WrestlePlex is flooded with jeers as Rezin lets go of the lifeless Matt LaCroix and pops to his feet, cackling victoriously and pumping his arms into the air as if he'd just won the lottery. Hector Navarro, groggy but back on his feet, leans through the ropes to explain something to Darren Quimbey...

DDK:

What a sad ending to Matt LaCroix's journey...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... as a result of DISQUALIFICATION due to STRIKING THE OFFICIAL...

Lance:

WHAT?!

The joy on Rezin's face suddenly melts into dread.

Darren Quimbey:

REZIN... HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

The Faithful EXPLODE as the Escape Artist throws a tantrum by thrashing his arms around in every direction. He immediately gets into Navarro's face and angrily argues his case, but the official is buying none of his bullshit and tells him to get the hell out of the ring.

DDK:

YES!! What a TWIST! Matt LaCroix is STILL ALIVE in this Favoured Fourway, and Rezin is OUT!!

Lance:

Hand it to Hector Navarro for knowing EXACTLY what's going down in this match!

DDK:

Rezin may not like it, but regardless, karma has finally caught up to the "Favoured Sinner"!

Amidst the argument, Rezin suddenly finds himself spun around from behind and looks up to find the mask of Black Panda looking down on him. He only has time to let out a croaky scream before Black Panda presses him into the air...

Rezin:

AAAAHHHH--**BLGHK!!**

DDK:

RETROVERTIGO!!! No Stalker to save him this time!

As Panda drops Rezin from the press, he kicks him in the face so hard it sends him flipping over and CRUNCHING into the mat in a painful looking headstand position. The Faithful POP HARD! Panda lifts his lifeless body off the mat and flings him over the ropes to the outside like a discus.

DDK:

That's sweet revenge for Black Panda after he was screwed over by Rezin and Stalker at the last DEFtv... but now the Next-Gen Kaiju has his sights on eliminating the weakened Matt LaCroix NEXT!

Lance:

LaCroix still hasn't shaken off the effects of that cobra clutch!

Scrow pulls himself up with help from the ropes. Inside the ring, Panda has gorilla press Matt up in the air!

DDK:

Panda may be looking to eliminate Matt here he has him up in The Retrovertigo!

Panda drops Matt and does indeed nail the RETROVERTIGO! Matt is out, Panda tries to go for a cover, and out of nowhere Scrow is back in and spins Panda around...

Lance:

RAVEN'S CALL! Panda never saw that roundhouse kick to the side of his head!

Scrow quickly covers Panda hooking the leg!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... BLACK PANDA... has been eliminated!

Scrow without hesitation pops off Panda and covers Matt who has not moved.

ONE

TWO...

TH....!

Matt gets the shoulder up!

Scrow runs his hands through his hair, in the background Panda is slowly recovering outside the ring. The Raven's Eye gets to his feet turning to Matt who is in his hands and knees.

DDK:

Scrow don't do it!

Scrow charges and punts Matt in the bad ear!

Lance:

Scrow is out of control here! Matt is seriously injured here. He hasn't been able to stand. His equilibrium has to be all out of whack.

The camera catches Scrow leaning over the top turnbuckle with a bloody sinister smile on his face.

Scrow:

It's over Dex time to fall from grace.

DDK:

Did he just say Dex?

Lance:

I thought I heard that too, does he not realize he is in the ring with Matt LaCroix?

Scrow rolls a prone LaCroix over and goes for the cover!

One

TwoT....

Matt grabs the bottom rope!

DDK:

Matt may be out of it here but his instincts are still there.

Scrow is livid as he argues with Hector. Matt is trying to check his ear. After a few seconds of arguing with Navarro. Scrow moves back to Matt. He picks him up and Irish whips him into the corner and on his return locks a sleeper, he quickly moves his leg over Matt's leg forcing him to fall face first, Scrow quickly sits on the lower back and pulls back with the sleeper still firmly locked in.

DDK:

HUSH! Scrow has it locked in that modified camel clutch sleeper!

Lance:

Matt is in the center of the ring too!

Scrow:

SLEEP DEX! SLEEP DEX!

Matt tries frantically to find something, anything to get this hold broke. His feet are nowhere near the ropes his hands are not either. Navarro is right there to see if Matt is going to give here.

DDK:

Oh man, Matt is fading again here, he has nowhere to go.

Scrow with a crazed look in his eyes starts laughing.

Scrow:

Finally! I have you beat Dex!

Lance:

Scrow has lost it here, he keeps thinking Matt is actually Dex Joy.

Matt can barely keep his eyes open. They finally shut and Hector starts to raise his arm...

One

Two

Th...Matt holds the arm up! Scrow is shaking his head in shock then his expression turns to anger. The Faithful cheer loudly! He applies the hold with more force!

The Faithful clearly behind Matt.

Matt slowly pulls himself toward the ropes, he reaches but still can not grab them.

DDK:

Matt has been in Scrow's Hush submission a long time here. Does he have enough to reach that rope?

The Faithful continue to encourage Matt on, but he is fading yet again. His fingertips can touch the ropes but he still is not quite there yet.

Scrow:

SLEEP DAMN YOU!

Matt's eyes continue to get heavier. Navarro again starts to raise his arm.

One

Two

Matt's eyes spring open like he just woke up from a nightmare and grabs the bottom rope!

The Faithful cheer loudly, Scrow however is not releasing the hold.

Hector Navarro:

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

Scrow finally breaks the hold and is getting a mouth full from Hector. Matt is pulling himself with help from the bottom rope across the mat and to the outside of the ring. Scrow continues to argue with Hector.

DDK:

Matt barely escaped Scrow there. These two have been going at it now for nearly an hour. fatigue clearly has set in for both.

Lance:

Scrow has been known to have a tremendous amount of stamina, but even he looks winded.

Matt has pulled himself to his feet outside the ring. He can barely stand but the barricade is now holding him up. Scrow shoves Hector out of the way and sees Matt in a prime position; he hits the ropes...

DDK:

Suicide dive!

As Scrow dives through the ropes Matt collapses unable to hold himself up. Scrow hits the barricade in an awkward way!

Lance:

He missed! Boy did he pay for it! That landing looked bad Darren.

Hector Navarro:

One....Two.....Three....Four..

The Favoured Saints brass watch on from the skybox.

Hector Navarro:

Six....

Lance:

Neither man has moved here. Scrow may be out cold after that nasty collision with the barricade.

A clip replays in slow motion of Scrow hitting the barricade with his right shoulder and neck bent in a nasty position upon impact.

Hector Navarro:

Eight....

Mr. Danielson doesn't look too happy as both men still have not moved.

Hector Navarro:

TEN!!!

DING DING!!!

The Faithful are booing loudly at this outcome! Navarro and Quimbey are discussing what to do. Mr. Danielson is on the phone. You can tell just by his body language he is not happy.

Scrow and Matt are moving but not by much. The Faithful continue to show their distaste for that ending. It's deafening how loud the jeers are.

Suddenly Brain Slater runs out and slides in the ring. Now the two refs and Quimbey are having a discussion. Matt has dragged himself up with help of the ring post. Scrow still has not moved much.

Slater leaves, and Darren Quimbey tries to calm The Faithful down.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen if you please calm down, I have just been informed by the CEO of Flavoured Saints Financial this match will continue with no count-outs!

The Faithful jump to their feet in cheers. Matt has managed to get back into the ring while all this discussion about the match was happening. He stumbles into the corner near the ring bell area. Scrow has managed to pull himself up with help from the apron. Matt is gasping for air and favoring his ear. Hector is checking on him and LaCroix does not care what he has to say to him. Scrow slides in the ring and staggers to his feet and falls into the corner across from Matt. Scrow tries to stretch his neck and shoulder.

DDK:

These two men have given it everything here tonight. But it appears there will be a winner here tonight!

Lance:

Someone is walking home with gold, but just WHO will it be?

Scrow shakes his head and slowly walks toward Matt, who returns the favor but you can clearly see Matt is not walking straight here. The two get face to face and start shouting back at one another their foreheads pressed together. The Faithful love every second of this...Scrow quickly retaliates with a knife-edge chop that knocks Matt to a knee, he gets up and returns the favor. Scrow shouts in pain holding his chest. He returns the favor with another, the two quickly respond back and forth. Scrow quickly stops the circuit and eye rakes Matt, both men's chests are beet red. Scrow pushes Matt off the ropes whipping him across as Matt returns...

DDK:

Scrow is looking for Hush again...

Matt quickly ducks behind...

Lance:

Belly to Back suplex by Southern Strong Style!

Both men lay lifeless on the mat, The Faithful clearly shout for Matt to try and motivate him to pin him. After a couple of minutes, Matt tosses his arm over but Scrow is not there...

DDK:

I don't think Matt knows where he is anymore, He thought Scrow was on his left but he is actually on his right.

Lance:

Matt may not like it but it may be best if Hector calls this match. He could have a concussion and who knows what else with his ruptured ear that has been focused on throughout this match.

Matt realizes The Unhinged is not where he moved his arm and looks to the other side to see Scrow laid out. Matt manages to drop his other arm on top of Scrow.

ONE

TWO

THR....

Scrow gets the shoulder up, as "Awws" echoes from the Faithful.

Matt gets to his hands and knees gasping for air and trying to shake the cobwebs out of his head. Scrow rolls over on his side, holding the back of his head. Matt gets to his feet and stumbles about still not able to stand straight. Scrow pulls himself up to his feet with help from the ropes. He quickly gets a burst of adrenaline and drives a kick into the chest of Matt dropping him quick!

DDK:

Scrow with a lethal strike, but it clearly did not have its usual force behind it.

Scrow stumbles over and falls down with his back over Matt.

ONE

TWO

...REVERSAL!!

Matt grabs Scrows arm with his arm and his free leg and flips him over into a pinning combination!

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Both men are spent! It looks like they are just going off pure instinct now!

Lance:

What a match!

Scrow manages to get to his feet, as does LaCroix. Scrow charges in a football tackle driving Matt into the corner turnbuckle. Matt groans in pain and then tries to lock in a headlock. He spins out and Matt is trying to position Scrow...

DDK:

Matt is trying to lock in the FTW!!

Lance:

I think Scrow knows it too as he is fighting to block the attempt here.

Matt struggles to turn Scrow over to lock in the dragon sleeper. Scrow quickly spins Matt around again and drives him back into the turnbuckle over and over until Matt breaks the headlock. Scrow staggers out of the turnbuckle shouting in pure frustration he turns around and charges and Matt is able to move out of the way! Scrow slams chest first into the turnbuckle!

DDK:

Matt with a roll-up here!!!

ONE

TWO

THR..

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Scrow barely got out of that one. Neither man is going down here, Scrow did mention they would have to kill him to walk out with the championship here tonight. The way this is going he has been a man of his words. Matt just can't keep Scrow down for three.

DDK:

Neither can Scrow.

Scrow quickly gets to his feet as Matt turns around...

DDK:

RAVEN'S CALL!!!

Lance:

Matt ducked!!!

DDK:

FTW...FTW...FTW!!!!

Lance:

Matt saw an opening when Scrow spun around. Scrow is in no position to get a rope break either!!!

Scrow is trying frantically to find a means of breaking the hold. Matt is shouting loudly for him to tap...The Faithful are shouting it as well!

DDK:

Scrow has nowhere to go and Matt has it locked in!

Scrow positions his legs into a table like position in a last-ditch effort to break the hold. Matt continues to pull back on the dragon sleeper.

Lance:

What is Scrow doing here?

Scrow is slowly crab-walking back...Matt is inching back as Scrow tries to push him back into the corner. He suddenly falls and Matt is able to reposition the hold.

DDK:

Scrow is fading here...

Again The Unhinged pops to his feet in that same crab position! He continues to push Matt back inch by inch...Hector finally notices Matt's foot is under the bottom rope and tells Matt to break the hold!

Lance:

Scrow pushed Matt back far enough to get him to put his foot under the rope. Say what you will about how unpredictable Scrow is but right there is a veteran move!

DDK:

He had no way of getting out of the move so he made Matt be the one to have to break the hold. Smart on the part of Scrow, but the damage has been done.

Scrow is coughing trying to get his breath as Matt has his hands through his hair in desperation. Matt gets to his feet and picks up Scrow and tries to spin him around again looking for FTW!!

DDK:

Scrow with a knee shot into the gut of LaCroix! Scrow staggers out into the center of the ring holding his neck still trying to gasp for air. Matt takes a few deep breaths and moves in and grabs Scrow...

DDK:

Matt is looking for Coup D'etat!

Matt lifts Scrow up...

Lance:

REVERSED! Scrow is looking for Hush again!

Matt reverses Hush going behind Scrow again...

DDK:

Matt looking for another belly to back suplex here.....NO FTW...FTW!!

Scrow waves his arms flailing once more...

Lance:

Scrow is stuck right in the center of the ring!

Hector checks on Scrow who continues to refuse to quit. Matt with his eyes closed and an expression of desperation on his face pulls back further. Scrow continues to fight to find a way out.

DDK:

Is Scrow gonna manage to get out of this again?

Lance:

It looks like he is fading real fast here, the more he is struggling the more energy he is using up.

Scrow arms start to slow down as Matt can sense victory mere moments away. The Faithful are on their feet. Scrow stops moving and Navarro checks on him. Suddenly Scrow tries to kick above his head striking Matt in the upper chest.

DDK:

Scrow is somehow trying to get Matt to break the hold here with those strikes he is known for.

Lance:

Matt seems to be struggling to hold the hold.

Matt pulls back in a last gasp of breath...Scrow stops kicking and Hector notices he is out...

DING DING!!!

Matt drops Scrow and falls on his face, draped over Scrow's motionless body.

DDK:

MATT LACROIX DID IT! HE IS THE INAUGURAL FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION!!

Lance:

What a match!!

♪"The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed And Cambria ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match and THE FIRST INAUGURAL FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION....SOUTHERN STRONGSTYLE...MATT LACROIX!!

The brass of the Favoured Saints clap with approval from their skybox.

Navarro comes in with the championship, but Matt looks to have passed out himself. Hector motions for DEFMEDICAL to rush to the ring.

DDK:

Both men are out, Matt is walking out of here with gold but man he was in a war!

DEFMEDICAL rush the ring a few are with stretchers, as they check on both competitors. They check Matt's eyes with a flashlight and set up the stretcher, one slides in for Matt and it looks like Scrow is getting a neck brace put on. The Faithful are on their feet with a standing ovation for both. Both men are loaded on their respective stretchers. The Faithful give a standing ovation, as the new championship is put on Matt's stomach as he is rolled out of the ringside area, soon followed by Scrow.

DDK:

Both men clearly were unable to walk out on their own. We hope to give you guys updates on their condition at defiancewrestling.com.

Lance:

Both men clearly deserved that championship, LaCroix just had enough left in the tank to survive it.

Halfway up the ramp LaCroix slowly raises the championship up from the stretcher to a loud pop.

DDK:

What a night it has been here at ASCENSION!

Lance:

We still have another night of action to go!

DDK:

We sure do Lance, so for Lance Warner, I am Darren Keebler...we will see you tomorrow night for the finale of ASCENSION! Good night everybody!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.