

SHOW OPEN

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

Signs and excitement everywhere!

MURIEL NEEDS LLB

I WANNA GET SHITFACE DRUNK WITH CASSIDY & NEWBLUDD

MAN NIGHT 1 WAS CRAZY!

TOM MORROW IS THE NEW NICK FURY

TAKE ME ON YOUR AIRSHIP, PIRATE MAN

WE WANT MORE ELISE

SHOOT US A T-SHIRT!

REZIN STORMED THE CAPITOL

TOO SOON! (I brought this sign just in case I saw something inappropriate)

WE WANT MORE OF THE NICE FUSE

BEAT UP TOM MORROW TONIGHT!

PUDDINGS FEARS HUNTER

IMPEACH UNLIKELY!

THIS IS A JAY HARVEY SIGN

WHERE'S SCOTT DOUGLAS?!

WHERE'S MY REFUND, WARM EMBRACE?

LINDSAY TROY VS KASPAROV

WTF ARTHUR

PRAY FOR AARON KING

FOLLOW MY TIKTOK TIGER KING

HERE COMES EL SOL

DDK:

Welcome to Night Two of DEFtv 148 and we have a LOT of action including Jay Harvey taking on Reinhart Hoffman coming up momentarily and later tonight, former two-time FIST "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns taking on the crown jewel of Better Future, Alvaro de Vargas and a whole lot more!

Lance:

Indeed, partner! But first, we're going to take a look at earlier today as DEFIANCE interviewer Jamie Sawyers met up with Better Future Talent Agency at their... ugh... the Great-Hound.

DDK:

He wanted to get a few words at the end of DEFtv 147: Night One. Burns finally turned his nose after weeks of turning his back on Better Future, but he was viciously attacked and left bloodied after a shot with the ring bell. We'll go to that footage now.

EARLIER THIS AFTERNOON

The lower chyron appears on screen as Jamie Sawyers stands outside where the gaudy party bus known as the Great-Hound has just pulled up for Night Two. As he gives them a second, Jamie turns back to the viewers.

Jamie Sawyers:

Folks, I'm Jamie Sawyers and I'm here to get a word with Tom Morrow and Alvaro de Vargas regarding his match with Oscar Burns. The challenge was laid out on UNCUT and Oscar accepted, so we'll see what they have to say.

And of course, Better Future's members milk the entrance like assholes. Outside, The Lucky Sevens step out first. Mason enjoying champagne like always with Max drinking his usual whiskey, neat while both brothers rocking nice green tailored business suits from the nearest, fanciest big & tall store no doubt. Behind them, Better Future's enforcer, Theo Baylor steps out behind them, smirking to the camera as he adjusts the cuffs on his own blue jacket.

Tom Morrow:

Make way, folks, make way!

After he's off the steps, Tom Morrow walks out and holds out the same ring bell that Alvaro showed off on UNCUT. And of course... the crown jewel himself. Wearing a blue silk dress shirt, khakis, and dressing like a million dollars... or got a really good deal at Target, who knows? Sawyers approaches the group, ready to get to brass tacks.

Jamie Sawyers:

Tom, we were hoping to get some words. Big opportunity here for Alvaro de Vargas tonight!

The smile from Morrow's face disappears.

Tom Morrow:

I'm sor... I'm sorry. Did you say "big opportunity for Alvaro de Vargas?"

Jamie looks a bit nonplussed, but shrugs.

Jamie Sawyers:

Yeah. Really big opportunity. He's going up against a former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE after he refused to be the new centerpiece for Better Future Talent Agency. A win will make his career ton...

ADV reaches over Morrow and rips the microphone out of Jamie's hands! Jamie jumps back an actual foot or two on the sidewalk. Behind Morrow, Max and Mason have a laugh and Theo Baylor has a look that reads "you messed up."

Alvaro de Vargas:

PENDEJO. CÁLLATE. ESCUCHA.

Morrow then taps Jamie on the arm.

Tom Morrow:

Shut up and listen, DEFIANCE Talking Head #6. If you move or speak out of turn, Theo's gonna make sure that you're asking questions without teeth. Understood?

Sawyers nods, knowing he doesn't have much of a choice. Knowing that, Alvaro de Vargas looks right at Sawyers and jabs a finger into his chest repeatedly as he talks.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Let me correct you on something, pendejo. Oscar Burns? He's one of the biggest names in DEFIANCE, but Mister Match of the Year? Mister Wrestler of the Year? The same one that hasn't won a single match in almost two months... the only one he's won was because of ME? I would have been proud to call him mi compañero de equipo. My teammate. But no... he wasn't going to be the centerpiece of Better Future Talent Agency. I am El Sol Dorado de DEFIANCE! I am the sun! Everything. Revolves. Around. ME.

ADV turns to the cameraman behind Sawyers filming, speaking directly to his opponent.

Alvaro de Vargas:

I know you're loved in DEFIANCE, pendejo, but let me tell YOU something about ME. You've been here durante algunos años... several years. You've been wrestling something like twelve, thirteen years? I'm coming up on ten years, Burns! Diez años! And I didn't go to Japan or Europe. Wherever the hell. I didn't get to learn that fancy Europe mierda. Dónde demonios has estado. And I was a tall wet-behind-the-years rookie who had to put himself through barbed wire! Tacks! Flames! This body was SCARRED. I had to do all that for anybody to give a damn! Where I learned, it was eat or be eaten and eventually, I learned to eat well, Burns. But I've never stopped being hungry... Todavía tengo hambre. I'm STILL hungry. And that's how I got to be here today.... Because I never stopped getting hungry. But you, Burns? You got lazy after you fell off the top of the mountain didn't you? Es porque tienes miedo!

An evil grin.

Alvaro de Vargas:

I'm still hungry while YOU are growing afraid. Huelo miedo en ti, Oscar. You KNOW your time on top is winding down with every passing show. That's why you were going to join us until you realized you don't have what it takes to be on top any more. You don't have "it" Burns. So while MY star rises, let me tell the (more air quotes) "Faithful" to watch what I do to the falling star in the ring tonight. Make a wish, pendejos!

He shoves the microphone back into Sawyers' chest. As he tries to keep his feet on the ground and not fall back, Morrow and the rest of the group look at Sawyers.

Tom Morrow:

Shoo.

Sawyers takes the hint and walks off as we go back to current time.

JAY HARVEY vs. REINHARDT HOFFMAN

HOW BOUT THIS?

Harvey is heard breathing into the microphone as he paces the ring. The crowd dies down a bit to hear what the man in the middle of the ring has to say. Reinhardt Hoffman is seen walking on the side of the ring, making his exit down the ramp.

Harvey looks out in the crowd, the sweat rolling down his face.

Jay Harvey:

For the last month, I've felt like I had a target on my back. For the last month, I've been attacked and bloodied. Then... two weeks ago-

Harvey stops everything.

Harvey:

I got some payback!

The crowd roars! They know exactly what he is talking about.

DDK:

Jay Harvey put the champion on his back just two weeks ago as we went off the air!

Harvey:

Mikey Unlikely... you have made it your personal mission to piss me off! That ended two weeks ago! Now it's my turn!

The crowd is on their feet!

Harvey:

You don't think I have what it takes?! You don't think I'm prepared to sit on the top of the mountain?! Why don't you get your ass out here and I'll show you everything I got!

~♪ Gold by Sir Sly ~♪

The crowd turns from cheers to boos as Mikey Unlikely, Perfection, and Kendrix of 24k make their way to the top of the entrance ramp. Mikey Unlikely is holding the case with the FIST in one arm and a microphone in the freehand. The FIST OF DEFIANCE is pissed, that much is clear.

Mikey Unlikely:

Listen here you little shit... I know what you're trying to do! I know you want me to come on down there one on one when you're warmed up and I'm not even in athletic gear. I'm not stupid Harvey. You think you get this far....

He holds the FIST up in the air.

Unlikely:

...without learning from your mistakes? The champion should never put himself at a disadvantage, and that doesn't change tonight. What YOU have to think about is....

Harvey cuts off Unlikely, doing everyone watching in the crowd and at home a huge favor.

Harvey:

Shut it! Just shut your mouth! I've let you talk enough!

The crowd is roaring once again! Harvey paces the ring and stares down at 24k. Mikey is in shock!

Harvey:

I think you've had one too many frappe's, Mikey! I've listened to every word you have said. You have talked about respect, you have talked about maturity, you have talked about lacking that killer instinct... How dare you talk to me about respect!

Harvey is feeling it.

Harvey:

I grew up in this business! I love this business! I AM THIS BUSINESS!

The crowd is getting loud!

Harvey:

You were the one who was spitting in the face of every person who held the FIST before you, not me! How dare you talk to me about maturity! I'm not the one playing grab-ass in elf costumes with his Three Stooges!

The crowd is on fire. The two other members of 24k come in on Mikey and all begin talking to each other. Mikey is embarrassed and it shows as he puts his pouty face on.

Harvey:

... And how DARE you talk to me about the killer instinct! You know if you didn't have those monkeys up your ass Twenty-Four Seven, I'd have put my foot up your ass weeks ago!

Mikey holds back the other members of 24k.

Harvey:

Let 'em go! My stitches are gone... My knee is feeling fine. Come on!

Unlikely:

Jay Harvey, you are biting off more than you could ever chew with that request. It's quite clear you lack the proper appreciation for the situation you currently find yourself in. Four and a half on one is a hell of a predicament.

Lance:

Who's the half?

DDK:

Jack Hunter, for sure.

Unlikely:

This championship has been in my possession for over Three Hundred days... I am breaking records, taking the world by storm, defeating every challenger fairly in the middle of the ring.

Lance:

Oh, come on...

Unlikely:

I'm not falling for it. You're not going to use me as a tool to escalate yourself, Harvey, I INVENTED THAT MOVE! So as far as you getting your hands on me... You simply aren't good enough.

Harvey can't help but chuckle as the fans boo Mikey's comment. Kendrix and Perfection are seen "Ohing" Mikey's sweet burn.

Harvey:

You don't think... I'm good enough. Well... let me prove it to you. Yeah... How bout this?

Harvey has a big smile on his face.

Harvey:

How bout you choose one of those two idiots to face me later tonight?! I just had a match... You guys have been kicking my ass a lot so... this is the perfect opportunity for you! I'll take on any of the Stooges, I owe each one of them a WAKE UP CALL!!

The crowd is roaring again! Kendrix and Perfection don't appreciate harvey calling them idiots, obvs.

Harvey:

If I lose, you were right, I'm not good enough... and if I win, I get a FIST of DEFIANCE title match at DEFIANCE ROAD! If I win 24k is barred from ringside so I can kick your ass and they will be forced to watch!

The Faithful keep getting louder and louder. 24K starts crowding around Mikey, each asking for a shot at Harvey.

Harvey:

Come on, show some faith in the guys that watch your ass! You are so certain I don't have what it takes! Why don't YOU prove it! Teach me that lesson, Mikey! Let's do this!

24k look around the arena as the crowd can be heard down the block!

Harvey:

How bout it Mikey?! How bout it?!

The three members of 24k huddle up for a few seconds, Perfection looks back at Harvey ... and begins to laugh hysterically. The fans aren't pleased.

Unlikely:

Alright, Harvey, you got yourself a deal... If you can beat Jesse Frederiks Kendrix tonight, one on one...

Kendrix is looking mean as Perfection pats him on the back.

Unlikely:

Then at DEF ROAD, you get that shot. Now... If you do not beat JAY EFF KAY, well that's a different story. If you don't beat Kendrix this evening, you become the assistant to Jack Hunter! How bout that?! Haha!

The crowd boos and we cut back to Harvey in the ring. Harvey knows this is the only way for him to get his hands on Mikey Unlikely.

Harvey:

Whatever I have to do to get you one on one without your boys helping you out... I'll do. You got a goddamn deal.

Harvey drops the mic as his music hits. 24k is all smiles as we stay on them before cutting back to Harvey.

DDK:

What a Main Event! It comes at a price... for both Jay Harvey and the FIST of DEFIANCE Mikey Unlikely.

Lance:

Jay Harvey is a confident man but this may not have been the best decision!

DDK:

Folks, it's official later tonight we will see Jesse Frederiks Kendrix go against Jay Harvey. Jay Harvey needs to win to get his shot at Mikey Unlikely and the FIST of DEFIANCE. If JFK wins... Jay Harvey will be Jack Hunter's assistant!

Lance:

Harvey is at a disadvantage already competing tonight. Harvey wants this and will do whatever it takes to get at Mikey!

DDK:

That's later tonight but coming up next...

A graphic for the upcoming match hits your screen. A split of Cayle Murray and The D.

DDK:

We will see Cayle Murray take on The D.

Lance:

The war going on between JFKayle and PCP, mainly against The D has been a must-see!

DDK:

Absolutely, Lance! That match is next, don't go anywhere!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD



Don't miss the DEFIANCE ROAD, only on DEFonDemand!

OLD ACQUAINTANCES WE WISH WE COULD FORGET

The camera pans to the locker room and when the camera happens upon a certain Kiwi, the crowd goes CRAZY!

There's no doubt in the Faithful's minds any longer about where Burns' head is at as he starts lacing up his new white and gold-colored wrestling shoes. He hears a knock at the door, but he doesn't take his gaze off his shoe.

Oscar Burns:

Come in, Chris.

The door opens as none other than DEFIANCE's newest, youngest and probably most nervous interview walks up to The Technical Spectacle as he finishes lacing.

Chris Trutt:

Uh... hi, Oscar. So you have a few minutes?

Burns nods as he starts slipping into his other shoe

Oscar Burns:

Here, GC. You sound awfully munted whenever you got that microphone in your hand. How about I steer the ship, eh? I guess what you're gonna say and if I'm right, I'll go ahead and tell you what I think you're here to ask about. Sound good?

Chris Trutt:

Um... what is munted?

Oscar Burns:

Drunk. I'm pretty sure I've had this conversation before with someone... anyway. You're here to ask about my noggin, yeah? I took a ring bell to the dome, Alvaro de Vargas made me bleed and he's been acting like the bee's knee since, right?

Trutt just nods along and Oscar points to where the cut was .

Oscar Burns:

Well, after he was shooting his mouth off on UNCUT, the muppet challenged me to a match. I accepted, got checked out to make sure I wasn't concussed, made sure the stitches healed, all that stuff Iris gets paid for. How'm I doing, GC?

Chris Trutt:

Yeah! I WAS gonna ask about that!

Burns gives a half-smile.

Oscar Burns:

Thought as much. Oh... and you wanna hear what I think about what he said earlier? That I'm afraid? That before he cheated when I didn't ask him to against Scott Stevens, my last win was against Conor Fuse was October 28th, 2020... but who's keeping track? That I'm afraid, I'm a falling star and my best days are behind me? Can I handle the jandal any more? Something like that?

Trutt nods again.

Oscar Burns:

Well, let me address those concerns... because the FIRST thing that Alvaro is gonna learn is that even though things haven't gone my way lately... all it takes is just ONE match to turn that all around. Just one, GC. And Alvaro, I hope Tom Morrow has a window in his stomach so you can see this while you have your head lodged up his ass... but thank you. Between the DEFy Awards and this recent issue you have with me... thank you, GC. You gave me a new purpose

that maybe I haven't had since I lost the FIST.

He grins.

Oscar Burns:

Maybe in that four months of battling Lindsay Troy, I put a tad much focus on just putting on the best matches. Despite the fact that I've been dropping falls, I'm STILL the talk of the locker room for being DEFIANCE's best performer while Alvaro isn't even mentioned on anyone's BREATH except his. While you're out there having big ones on the turps with a group of the world's tallest bootlickers, I'm representing this locker room, Alvaro, being the best damn wrestler I can be and STILL going cause I don't call it quits and that's what I'm doing from here on out! Being the best damn representative of this locker room! Showing people the GOOD that can still be achieved through hard work and busting your ass night in, night out! Being what I should have been all along! And THAT... is DEFIANCE's Hardest Working Wrestler!

He starts to leap up from his seat as the Faithful hang on his every word, now 100% in his corner.

Oscar Burns:

Alvaro, you're right. I did almost fall for what Morrow was selling, but not any more. I'm telling you right now, tonight, I'm ending this thing as soon as it started. Unlike you, I DON'T need help. I don't...

Burns stops and turns. Chris turns around soon thereafter and almost panics when another former champion enters the locker room...

Scott Stevens. Everyone's Favorite Texan. The crowd can be heard cheering as he turns to Trutt.

Scott Stevens:

Leave.

Trutt doesn't have to think twice, feeling a wave of tension thicken the air quickly. As he leaves, Burns and Stevens are nose to nose.

Scott Stevens:

Well, well, well.

Stevens looks over Oscar Burns.

Scott Stevens:

If it isn't my old friend.

Stevens says as Burns and the Texan don't move a muscle.

Scott Stevens:

How you been?

Oscar Burns:

(rolling his eyes) Stoked. Just stoked now that you're here.

Scott Stevens:

Like a give a damn how you feel.

Stevens says bluntly as Burns looks ready to go and the former FIST smirks.

Scott Stevens:

Looks like you've been getting too big for your britches. I'll be more than happy to bitch slap you back to reality if you want?

Stevens asks as Burns shakes his head.

Oscar Burns:

I know you'll TRY, you ponce... but I'm not happy with how our last fight went down, either, so how about this: tonight, I deal with my current scheduled Giant Asshole. Then once I'm done with that, I'll deal with YOU, the resident Giant Asshole. How's that grab ya?

Scott Stevens:

Oh, don't worry, we're gonna settle up for that. What you have going on with those idiots is your problem, but I'll tell you this right now... if you don't take care of that shit stain Alvaro.....I WILL!

Stevens says sternly as he points to himself.

Scott Stevens:

If you get in my way you'll be next on my shit list.

The Texan remarks as he turns to leave while Burns goes back to getting ready for his match, putting his mind somewhere else.

MANLY DOCTORS

Backstage.

A rare change of scenery for JFKayle tonight, as they stand just outside the Sweet Suite rather than the promo stage, their Manly Man Open Challenge series seemingly shelved for now.

Actually, “stand” might not be the operative term here. Kendrix most certainly isn’t doing that. Though Cayle is completely upright, JFKayle’s English half is sitting up in the *actual hospital bed* these men have wheeled out into the corridor. It looks like he’s wearing his ring attire beneath the overly-starched white sheets (for that real hospital feel), as a pair of shiny wrestling boots peek out the bottom. Jack Hunter holds a fake IV drip by JFK’s head and is making the most obnoxious sound every couple of seconds.

Jack Hunter:

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

DDK:

Well, I was wondering when we were about to get our weekly dose of these guys... and here they are, backstage for a change!

Lance:

The setting doesn’t matter, Keeps: they’re still going to make me wish for a couple of pencils to push up my nostrils. Just what the heck is Jack Hunter doing?!

DDK:

I *think* he’s supposed to be the heart rate monitor...

While Lance audibly facepalms in the announce booth, ‘The Superbest’ just keeps on beeping. Cayle, meanwhile, looks smugger than the smirking face emoji - and that fucking emoji is the smuggest thing in the universe. He’s decked out in trademark colour vomit ring attire, with gold being the dominant colour, naturally. Murray receives the arriving Christie Zane with a scowl, looking at a watch that isn’t there.

Cayle Murray:

You’re late, Christine.

Christie Zane:

It’s Christie.

Cayle Murray:

That’s what I said, Charlene.

Kendrix:

You deaf or something, Carly?

Cayle Murray:

Classic Chris, this.

Kendrix:

Damn, I hate Carrie.

The 24K duo share a laugh as if this is the wittiest thing they’ve heard all week, before Cayle turns his focus back to Zane.

Cayle Murray:

Sorry, Charles... you were saying?

Christie Zane:

I--

Jack Hunter:

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

The tenured DEFIANCE interviewer side-eyes Hunter, who is staring dead ahead, paying the human beings no attention whatsoever. The big idiot won't stop making that stupid bloody noise though.

Christie Zane:

What's he doing?

Kendrix:

He's my IV drip. I need him for... you know, medical stuff.

Cayle Murray:

Dripping, mate.

Jack Hunter:

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Christie Zane:

Yeah, look. I'm talking through that noise. You guys specifically asked for this interview. Lose Hunter or lose the spot.

The bedridden JFK is incredulous.

Kendrix:

WHAT?! You can't get rid of my doctor stuff!

Cayle Murray:

Would you turn off a patient's life support machine so coldly, Clara?

Kendrix:

The IV stays! I will literally die.

DDK: [mumbling]

... wouldn't be the worst thing.

Lance:

DARREN!

DDK:

Sorry.

Jack Hunter:

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Christie takes another look at Hunter. For a brief moment, she considers persisting with the interview despite the obvious distraction, but no. These 24K jerks don't deserve that, so she takes her first step away.

Cayle Murray:

O!

Zane stops.

Cayle Murray:

Alright, alright.

Cayle turns over to Jack.

Cayle Murray:

Superbest!

Jack Hunter:

Beep?

Murray thumbs towards the Sweet Suite's door.

Cayle Murray:

Best fuck off, eh? Chucky's getting ornery.

Jack Hunter:

Beep beep.

Cayle Murray:

Thanks chief.

Jack Hunter:

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!

The sheer volume of Hunter's last beep forces Zane to stuff her fingers in her ears, wincing. He disappears into the suite, slamming the door behind him, having handed the IV drip to JFK, as Kendrix points a finger at the interview.

Kendrix:

Have it your way, Zoon, but I warn you! If I die, I'll sue you for *EVERYTHING!*

Cayle Murray:

All the bloody money. Look how injured he is!

Kendrix:

Injured as fuck.

Cayle Murray:

100 injureds out of 100!

Kendrix:

So injured I'm basically an actual hospital.

Cayle Murray:

Injured as fuck.

Kendrix:

I said that first.

Cayle Murray:

Yeah but I've always said that.

A pause. A moment of sheer confusion.

Kendrix:

You've broken the matrix, bruv.

Fortunately for 24K, while Christie Zane has absolutely no time for their foolishness, she's a professional - and willing to get on with her job regardless. She cuts right into it.

Christie Zane:

Gentlemen, over the past few weeks we've seen you, JFK, on crutches, in a wheelchair and wearing a halo neck brace. However, on each separate occasion you have miraculously and instantly recovered once confronted into action.

Kendrix and Cayle get their smug on, proud of the recoveries.

Christie Zane:

My question to you Jesse is why should we believe you're injured now ahead of your singles match with Jay Harvey?

Kendrix looks on aghast while Cayle simply shakes his head at the very notion that JFK is faking injury.

Kendrix:

Listen, Yeah, Zany Zane?! I am appalled and hurt and... appalled, at this terrible, terrible accusation. I have never faked injury during my time as a professional and manly man athlete.

Cayle is holding his heart, still recovering from the accusation.

Kendrix:

You see, Zaneyo? You can't just walk in here and question my credibility like that. Cayle is about to faint! Here you go bruv.

Jesse hands the IV drip to Cayle who takes a sip out of it to clear his head.

Kendrix:

Now, I don't need to prove anything to you but for the record, as you can see, I am in a bad way here. Earlier on in the sweet suite, JFK successfully chugged an entire Oreo Frappe in under three seconds. That Christie is a new world record!

Cayle Murray:

Champion!

Kendrix:

So I celebrated the record, which, before you ask and question me, was timed with an actual working stopwatch by the longest reigning FIST of DEFIANCE himself, Cayle Murray.

Cayle shows off his non-watch right in front of the interviewer's face which sends Christie taking a couple of steps back to regain her personal space.

Kendrix:

I celebrated the record with a manly man high five with Cayle. However, my aim was not so good as I was recovering from the sugaryness of the Frappe... and because Cayle is a manly man, manly man high fives are extremely dangerous if not connected properly.

Jesse shows off his apparent broken hand, which looks very very red indeed.

Christie Zane:

So you're saying you have a broken hand from a high five?

Jesse and Cayle look at each other and start laughing the ridiculous claim off.

Cayle Murray:

Crusty, you really need to get some new contacts, because glasses do not suit you. If you look closer, you can actually see that the high five damaged one of the veins in Jesse's wrist. This particular vein is connected directly to Jesse's heart... which our doc has told us could explode at any minute!

Christie rolls her eyes at the claim.

Cayle Murray:

This man puts his body on the line each and every damn week, Crusto. It's people like you who give this industry a bad name. You literally bay for blood like the savages in the stands. For Shame!

Kendrix closes his eyes and drops his head to the side.

Kendrix:

It's getting dark, Cayle...this is the end...

At that moment the official DEFIANCE doctor, Iris Davine, makes her way on the scene. She looks less than impressed.

Iris Davine:

Quit it, Jesse. I need that bed for people with actual real injuries. And quit stealing medical equipment from me every week!

Jesse springs up to a seated position on the edge of the bed getting in Davine's face.

Kendrix:

BUT I'M LITERALLY DYING, LOOK AT MY HAND, JEEEEZ!

Iris Davine:

That's red paint and veins aren't that green. That's paint too.

Cayle Murray:

Woah woah woah, hang on a second there, missy. I have you know 24K has their own doctor. We don't recognise your authority, Dr. Nick! And oh look, here he is now! DOCTORRRRRRRR!

Murray bellows towards the Sweet Suite, his hands cupped around his mouth like Jack Hunter would do when mooing. Speaking of Jack Hunter, out he comes... only to fall right on his face as he attempts to cross the threshold. Landing with a dull *thud*, the 'Superbest' somehow isn't concussed and is able to rise up, adjusting the stethoscope around his neck.

Yes, Jack Hunter is now dressed as a doctor.

Cayle Murray:

Now isn't that just the manliest doctor you've ever seen?!

Kendrix:

Tell 'em, Doc! Tell 'em about how I'm LITERALLY DYING!

Jack Hunter:

Yes hello.

Lil' Broozy is wearing a lab coat that's at least five sizes too big and has a clipboard in one of his hands. Blue scrubs lie beneath the coat and on his body's lower half. For some reason, he shoves a thermometer down his own ear before addressing the gathered crowd.

Jack Hunter:

You see, sillymen, I, Jack Hunter, AKA The Superbest, AKA The Little Bruiser, AKA Yung Contusions, AKA Lil' Broozy, AKA The Street Fighter, am here to tell you, the men who are silly, that my excellent great buddyfriend, Jeremy Kendrix, needs to do the bed, because you see, if you do not let Jeremy Jesse do the bed, he will do the death, and yes, I know this because I am a doctor, you see, a doctor of stuffs and things, and as a doctor, a real doctor, I can tell from looking at this thermarmalde...

Jack takes the thermometer out of his ear and licks it. Even Cayle and Jesse cringe at this.

Jack Hunter:

... that I am right and you are wrong, yes. Also you are bad at doctoring. BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Cayle Murray:

How'd you like that, eh?!

Rather than waiting for a response from the DEF doc, Cayle realises he, Jesse, and Jack are operating on borrowed time. For once, he gets right to the point.

Cayle Murray:

Right, listen up. PCPs! You guys are bloody annoying. We've beaten the literal piss out of you at every juncture, yet you won't stop bleating on and on and on and on... so I'll tell you what. Even though you have done nothing to deserve this, and even though we totally owned The D last week, I'll make you a deal. If one of you beats me tonight, my fellow manly man and I will give you a match at DEFIANCE Road. Pop Culture Phenoms vs. wrestling's greatest active tag team, JFKayle. Sound good?

He pauses for a split-second.

Cayle Murray:

Of course it does! This is the DEFIANCE equivalent of Scrooge McDuck inviting Bob Cratchit over for a swimming session in the money pit. And to sweeten it up, I'll even let you decide which one of you has the honour of losing to the longest-reigning FIST in DEFIANCE history tonight!

Kendrix:

You're so generous, Cayle!

Cayle Murray:

I'm basically Mother Teresa.

The unimpressed Christie Zane gets a look.

Cayle Murray:

Okay, we're done.

Iris Davine:

I'm still going to need that bed back.

Cayle Murray:

NOPE!

Kendrix:

LADS, HIT THE GAS!

Murray and Hunter do just that, getting behind JFK's bed, pushing hard, and taking off down the corridor. Rather than following them, the camera stays focused on Davine and Zane.

Iris Davine:

I don't get paid enough for this job.

Christie Zane:

I'm with you.

We head to ringside.

CAYLE MURRAY vs. THE D

DDK:

So uh, I guess we're about to see Cayle Murray facing off with an unknown member of the Pop Culture Phenoms... but who will it be? We know Elise Ares isn't in the best of ways at the moment, so I guess logic would dictate The D stepping up.

Lance:

And you heard what JFKayle called The D two weeks ago! Elise's baggage handler, essentially. D put up one hell of a fight in that tag match but there's only so much you can do when your tag team partner is Jack bloody Hunter.

DDK:

You're not wrong, Lance. Nonetheless, let's kick this puppy off.

♪ "I'm Better Than Everybody" by Lakutis ♪

The most annoying piece of shit song you've heard in your life starts blasting out through the PA system as puffs of gold confetti start shooting up from the edges of the stage. Perfect white sparks fall from the tron, adding a touch of grandiosity to the sight of Cayle Murray emerging from the backstage area, pushing Kendrix's hospital bed down to the ring with Jack Hunter - who is still dressed like a doctor.

Jack Hunter:

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Lance:

OH FOR THE LOVE OF---... calm down, Lance. Calm down. It's just what they do. Don't get annoyed by it...

DDK:

Have JFKayle reduced you to talking to yourself? You okay, buddy?

The 24K trio make their way down to the ring slowly, careful not to let Kendrix's bed go so that it doesn't go careening into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall! Making his way to the ring from the Geo City, he weighs in at 220lbs and represents 24K... this is 'STARBREAKER'... CAYLE MURRAY!

Murray hops into the ring, waiting for his opponent. Kendrix and Jack are forced to wait outside because, you know, it's kinda hard to get a hospital bed into the ring. Casual as they come, Cayle lounges across the ropes in one of the corners, his back resting across one top rope and his feet up on the other, taking it easy.

Lance:

Who's it going to be Darren? Is it going to be the D?

DDK:

You want the D.

Lance:

Yeah I do. Elise is in no condi-WAIT! No! I mean...

♪ "Return of the Mack" by Mark Morrison ♪

As the opening lyric crescendos, the D steps out from the backstage area, arms out stretched. He then pops his collar, crosses his arms, and leans back into the awaiting back of Elise Ares. Elise is dressed in her finest non-wrestling attire, but it's still somewhat loose fitting to provide ample flexibility. The D however, looks stiffer than a board, dressed in a fine three-piece suit. When the chorus hits, The D reaches up, tears off the suit like he's a stripper and stands

there in his traditional PCP outfit, this time with a bit of gold trim added. The D stomps his way to the ring, Defiance's leading lady poorly "swooning" over him for show as she follows.

No sooner have the Pop Culture Phenoms made it to the ringside area than Kendrix suddenly leaps to life out of his hospital bed, throwing the sheet aside and diving at Elise Ares! Elise hits the deck as soon as JFK's flying body collides with hers. The entrance music cuts as Cayle charges across the ring, wiping The D out with a dive through the ropes before The D or any of the Faithful can tell what has happened.

Jack Hunter? He just keeps on beeping.

DDK:

Awful! Another ruse from JFKayle, as Kendrix jumps out of the hospital bed. Turns out nothing was wrong with him all along!

Lance:

Colour me surprised! You know, I'd say PCP should have seen this coming, but even though they are clearly the sympathetic party in all of this... they've never exactly been the sharpest, have they?

DDK:

They have a very specific kind of smarts. A type of smarts that may look stupid...

Lance:

But not Jack Hunter stupid.

DDK:

Only Jack Hunter is Jack Hunter stupid.

JFKayle share the briefest of Gluefists on the outside before Cayle keeps the urgency up, rolling The D into the ring. The bell rings as Cayle works his opponent over quickly. While JFK keeps Elise neutralised on the outside, and Jack Hunter does Jack Hunter things, Cayle spends the match's first half-minute smothering D with stomps, ground and pound, and general nastiness. He hauls D to his feet, throws him headfirst into the turnbuckle, then sits him at the bottom run and dashes across the ring to come back with a face wash. D is then dragged into the middle of the ring, his shoulders put to the mat with the 24 Karat Clutch!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Murray pulls D up and slaps him across the face. This seems to power up his opponent, who blasts back with a couple of blows of his own before whipping Cayle across the ring. Cayle counters by dropkicking D's knee on the rebound. When D gets back to his feet, Murray goes for a roll-up with a handful of tights!

ONE!

NO! Hector Navarro breaks it up.

DDK:

Good spot from Hector, there, noticing the handful of tights before Murray could score a serious advantage!

'Starbreaker' gets right in the official's face, mouthing off as if it's going to change anything, allowing The D to sneak in with a roll-up of his own!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Hector breaks it up again!

Lance:

D had his feet on the ropes!

DDK:

I think Cayle is about to learn that the PCPs' bag of tricks is just as deep as his - maybe even deeper!

Both competitors get back to their feet. Murray is talking mad trash. The D winks. D blocks his attempted eye gouge and goes for one of his own. When Cayle goes for the Dick Kick, D throws one at the exact same time, and the end result is two adult males harmlessly booting the undersides of each other's thighs. "Fuck it," they shrug, dashing towards opposite corners to undo the turnbuckle pads in a race to see who can mess with the other the quickest.

The answer? Cayle. He abandons this midway through and instead pulls D around, unleashes a slap, then spits right in his face. Hector shouts at him for this but can't do much more than that as jeers rain down. Murray is all over D again, knocking him down to the mat with disrespectful slaps including an ugly series of grounded elbows. He gets back up, circling his opponent's downed body, enjoying the vitriol from the fans as Kendrix applauds from ringside.

DDK:

Never mind fighting dirty, it looks like Cayle wants to fight disgusting tonight! He just shot a big glob of saliva right in his opponent's eyes.

Lance:

And now he takes control. Despicable, Keeps!

A dominant Murray period follows. He spends a good couple of minutes grinding D down on the mat, keeping him trapped in a tight headlock for most of it. When D fights through it, Murray adjusts his angles just enough to stay in control, whether that means a twist, a flex, or a turn. At one point he digs his knuckles into D's forehead and grinds away. D eventually fights to his feet, jabbing Cayle in the ribs, as he goes, but Cayle finds enough room to adjust the hold, put him on the deck with a takeover, and keep working the neck. A crank here, a twist there, a stiff elbow shot everywhere! The pressure is relentless, stifling, and draining. For The D, it must feel like an eternity.

DDK:

When shenanigans don't work, Murray turns to good old-fashioned wrestling. I'd argue that the wrestler he is today is even more dangerous than the one he used to be. He has always been an excellent pure wrestler, but with the looser morals he has even more avenues to victory.

Lance:

Objectively, you aren't wrong. It doesn't exactly make for compelling viewing but tactics like this are as effective as it gets. Hell, Perfection has made a career out of doing this!

Spurned on by the slapping of the canvas by Elise, the D starts to fire back out of the wear down hold. Elbows to the gut allow D to slip out into a go behind, but Cayle hooks the top rope to prevent a roll up. D rolls through, sizing up Cayle. Kendrix reaches in and drags Cayle out before the D can attack, as Cayle thanks his Bruv. D is none too happy inside, races off the far side ropes and baseball slides into Kendrix, knocking him into the guardrail. Cayle turns incredulously as the D lands on his feet, firing lefts and rights at him and backing him into the steps. Cayle grabs the D's tights and yanks him backward so his face and upper chest smack into the turnbuckle with a sickening thud. Cayle slides in, and starts to show boat, demanding his hand raised as the official makes the ten count.

Hector keeps an eye on the recovering JFK to make sure he can't get any retribution, as the D uses the apron tarp to drag himself back into the ring at 8. Cayle doesn't relent, stiff elbows and knees lead into another wear down spot.

DDK:

Cayle really dictating the pace here. When the D tried to accelerate, Cayle put on the brakes.

Lance:

The D is going to have to be both quick and careful if he wants to take the win tonight.

Cayle uses hair pulls and light eye gouges in such a way that Hector knows it's happening, but doesn't see it happening, so Cayle and JFK keep pleading ignorance. Elise tries to shout from the outside but her testimony is not taken as evidence.

DDK:

Folks, we're going to take a quick commercial break. Cayle Murray is in control of the D, and we'll be right back!

The scene fades to break as Cayle further wrenches in a wear down submission.

[COMMERCIAL BREAK: DEFROAD](#)



Don't miss the DEFIANCE ROAD, only on DEFonDemand!

[CAYLE MURRAY vs. THE D](#) (cont)

We fade back in. Cayle Murray has a different wear down submission on the D. The D lies face down on the mat with Cayle's knee on the back of his neck, as his legs lightly and limply kick the mat in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

We are back from break, and it has been all Cayle Murray. Cayle has cut down the quicker D and make sure to keep this match at his pace.

Lance:

Squidboy is a phenomenal wrestler, Darren. I just wish he was going after Mikey rather than sucking up to him.

It's here where Elise hops onto the apron, shouting at Cayle. Hector rushes to intervene, as on the opposite side, Kendrix and Hunter are livid, shouting at Hector to do his job. Cayle looks up curiously, and then smiles at Elise. He walks over, holds one hand over his eye and takes a wild swing, missing purposefully. When he turns around...

DDK:

Inside cradle!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout. Cayle is up quick this time and goes for PK, but D spins out of the way at the last moment. He keeps spinning to an upright position and quickly hooks Cayle, dropping him with a neckbreaker to wild cheers. Elise points toward JFK's neck on the outside as the D hops on top for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout by Cayle. The D hooks Cayle from behind in a russian leg sweep, but Cayle switches into a rear waist lock. He spins the D, looking for a stiff elbow, but the D ducks underneath. Spinning, he forces Cayle to lift him.

DDK:

Destino! But Cayle lets the D loose and the D has to slip out behind, off the other side, WITH EVERYTHING (Crescent kick)!

Lance:

Cayle's spit flies into the second row!

The D quickly climbs up to the top rope, but Kendrix is there and grabs the D's ankle. The D tries to kick himself loose while Hector scolds JFK. This gives Murray enough time to quickly hop onto the second turnbuckle pad and BAM.

DDK:

STARBREAKER! The D slumps on the top and just collapses in the corner!

Lance:

Look at how pompous Murray looks right now!

DDK:

The undoing of so many souls, Eric Dane's patented and stolen knee just knocked the D into next week!

Elise pleads with the D on the outside, screaming and shrieking for him to get up.

ONE!

Murray throws one hand in the air, counting alongside the pin.

TWO!

The D gets a boot on the bottom rope! But Kendrix tosses it off!

DDK:

Kendrix, doesn't matter! Hector Navarro is breaking the pin! He saw it! He saw the foot on the ropes!

Murray looks at Hector like "Now? Now's the time you start doing your job?!" before lifting the D off the mat. The D tries two limp right hands to Cayle's gut, only for Murray to slam his elbow square into the D's jaw. Dazed, the D falls to his knees in front of Cayle.

WE WANT THE DEEEE-EEEE~!

DDK:

The Faithful here are firmly behind the D here Lance. An odd sight to see, Cayle Murray, hated.

Cayle rushes off the far side, PK (Punt kick to Chest). The D tumbles like a ton of bricks. Cayle takes a moment to nod to Kendrix in satisfaction, before placing a single boot onto the D's chest.

Kendrix and Hunter count along. Well, Hunter tries, God bless him. He loses count somewhere between 7 and 3.

ONE!

TWO!

The D gets a shoulder up. Cayle slaps his hands three times at Hector, teaching him to count. Cayle lifts The D off the mat, and slaps him once across the face.

On the outside, Kendrix starts barking orders at Hunter, psyching him up.

Cayle irish whips the D toward the ropes as Jack Hunter looks at Kendrix. Hunter no look reaches and grabs an ankle, causing a trip. But JFK looks shocked and shouts at him to stop!

DDK:

Reversal by the D, and Hunter trips Cayle!

Lance:

Look at that lad, happy as a clam, and he doesn't even know what he did!

Cayle face plants off the ropes as Kendrix shouts at Hunter to look what he did. Hunter cries as he sees Cayle clutching his face. As Cayle recovers, worried about a broken nose, the D does a split.

DDK:

Da Dick-Punch-Ah! Shades of Johnny Cage! Hector Navarro is none too pleased!

Lance:

And stunned, the D hops onto Cayle's shoulders, rights and lefts! Cayle is trying to dump him outside!

As Cayle gets closer to the ropes, the D is able to spin on his shoulders and rolls forward into a victory roll. Hector slides into position, and the D hooks the tights for extra leverage!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The D quickly releases the pin and, eyes wide, rolls out of the ring. Kendrix bee-lines inside, chasing him off as the D joins Elise on the outside. Elise's eyes bug out in shock and joy as she rushes up and hugs the D.

DDK:

The D WINS! First, the D defeats Oscar Burns cleanly on the last show of 2020, and now, he's defeated the longest reigning FIST!

Lance:

And the big thing? Cayle and JFK don't get the night off! At DEF Road, it's JFCayle vs. PCP, and I can't wait!

Cayle Murray, in the ring, can't believe it. He sits up, looks angry at Hector Navarro, and complains of the tights being

hooked. Kendrix shouts at him and wonders if he's as blind as Elise is.

Meanwhile, on the ramp, The D never takes his eyes off of Cayle and Kendrix, while Elise celebrates around him. Flex Kruger and O-Face rush from the backstage area to greet D on the ramp, Flex playing a large accordion as O-Face tosses glitter at both the D and Elise. The D simply raises his one hand high, fist clenched, with the other gently rubbing his empty waist.

DDK:

Folks, DEF ROAD --

Lance:

- is going to be LIT!

DDK:

We'll be right back!

The last shot is from the side profile of the D, smiling as Elise is draped off one side. In the distant background, Cayle and Kendrix discuss strategy as Hunter tries to punish himself, but seems to fail even at that.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

THE FLY, THE BEE, AND THE SPIDER

DDK:

Welcome back, ladies and gents!

Lance:

What a fantastic show it's been so far, and we still have m- *[interrupted by the sound of Gulf Coast Connection's theme]*

♪ "Surf City" by Jan & Dean ♪

As soon as the opening lyrics "Twoooo girls for eeeeeveryyyy booooooy" hits the Faithful let out a unanimous cheer. Theodore Cain immediately emerges from the Guerilla position with a look of utter rage!

DDK:

Holy crap! I don't think I've ever seen Theodore Cain look as pissed off as he does right now!

Lance:

Given how Crescent City Kid and Aaron King were both taken out by Arthur Pleasant in back-to-back weeks, I would be pretty damn upset too.

DDK:

One has to wonder if this is a good idea. Coming out to the ring. Arthur may very well have something up his sleeve for a third week of unprecedented violence, too.

Cain slides into the ring and immediately asks for a microphone.

Theodore Cain:

Cut the music.

"Surf City" fades immediately.

Theodore Cain:

Firstly, I just want to thank the Faithful out there for all the love and support they have given both CCK and Aaron in recent weeks.

The Faithful clap out of appreciation for the entire Gulf Coast Connection.

Theodore Cain:

And while CCK is nearly 100%, I'm afraid I have some bad news about Aaron King. I recently spoke with the Doctors and I am sorry to say that Aaron has third-degree burns on his shoulders, back, and about a third of his face. Skin grafts are currently being discussed.

The entire WrestlePlex falls silent with the horrible news.

DDK: *[in a low, solemn voice]*

My God. This is not good.

Lance:

I don't even know what to say about this. I hope everyone out there watching is sending prayers right now.

Theodore Cain:

That said, this brings me to why I am about here. ARTHUR!! What you did, you son of a BITCH?!

A huge pop echoes for Cain's sudden intensity.

Theodore Cain:

It was DISGUSTING!! And frankly? It was a new low that I've never even witnessed from someone before. How anybody could be capable of something like that is beyond me. Lighting a man in the middle of a match on FIRE?! WHY?! WHY, ARTHUR?! What kind of sick, self-gratification do you get from trying to burn a man alive?! This is a wrestling ring. WRESTLING!! RING!! A sacred place where competitors of all genders, races, and religions come together as a community to try to best one another!

DDK:

Here, here!

Lance:

Amen!

Everyone in attendance is yelling and clapping for Cain at this point.

Theodore Cain:

Sure, some of us might not like each other and, yeah, some of us have even had blood feuds with one another. But what you did at UNCUT, Arthur? Come on, man. That was... it goes *beyond* what DEFIANCE is all about. I mean, I don't even know if I can properly convey the right words to describe the heinousness, the viciousness, or the sheer evil behind it. But what I can properly convey to you is this: DEFIANCE is NOT some "Our Next Act" circus production to host your sadistic idea of fun and games, Arthur!!

The Faithful continue cheering as Cain has gone red in the face with anger. In fact, he nearly quivers with rage.

Theodore Cain:

And that's why... that's why I must do what I'm about to do. ARTHUR?! I challenge YOU. To a MATCH. At DEFROAD!!

The Faithful **roar**. Cain raises a finger and chuckles.

Theodore Cain:

But not just any match! No, no, NO. I challenge you...

Trailing off, Cain exits the ring between the ropes. Reaching under the ring skirt, Cain pulls out a table.

Then a trash can.

Then a ladder.

And finally... **a surfboard wrapped in barbed wire!**

DDK:

Holy Christ!! Is that-

Lance:

- a surfboard wrapped in barbed wire?!

Cain slides the surfboard into the ring, barbed wire facing up, and picks the microphone up from the mat.

Theodore Cain:

... TO A HARDCORE MATCH!!!

The Faithful ERUPT as Cain motions for Arthur to make his presence known, hunkering down, ready for a fight.

The lights suddenly go out.

WHOOOOOOOOOSH!!!

A great inferno appears on the DEFIatron.

“AHHHHHHHH!! ARGGGGGGGH!!”

Screams coming from Aaron King are played on loop throughout the WreslePlex, sending chills down the spines of the Faithful. Every person in attendance has no choice but to listen in on the horrors from UNCUT 84 as if it were happening all over again... and again... and again.

♪ “It Is Raped” by Nine Inch Nails ♪

The screaming of Aaron King is supplanted by the dark, disturbing instrumental, sending the Faithful into a chorus of boos. Theodore Cain looks out at the stage area, ready for a fight... when three figures emerge. The same three masked figures from UNCUT 84 appear. Like before, one tall and muscular (wearing the Richard Pryor mask), one medium height and quite stout (wearing the Don Rickles mask), and one smaller with an effeminate figure (wearing the Joan Rivers mask). More importantly, each figure holds a glass box.

One filled with flies, held by “Pryor”.

One filled with bees, held by “Rickles”.

One filled with spiders, held by “Rivers”.

DDK:

OH. HELL. NO.

Lance:

Well, I don't see a severed head. Progress, I guess.

DDK:

If that box of friggin' spiders opens up, I'm DONE!!

Lance:

But the bees are okay?

Arthur Pleasant finally emerges from the Guerilla position. His head faces down as his stringy hair sways back and forth with each measured step. The man known as the Provocateur slowly raises his head up high, extending his arms out as far as he can.

DDK:

Oh joy. It's Arthur.

Lance:

He better not release those spiders.

DDK:

Sorry, but I'm more concerned with the bees. Anybody in the WrestlePlex could be allergic to a bee sting, and I'm not sure we have enough EpiPens to go around!

Arthur painstakingly saunters down the ramp, smirking as he makes eye contact with the waiting Theodore Cain.

DDK:

I really hope Cain gets his pound of flesh here!

Lance:

He needs to be careful, though. Arthur is cagey, dangerous, unpredictable, and sick.

Cain doesn't dare to take his eyes off Arthur. In fact, he hasn't even blinked the entire time Arthur has made his presence known. Once Arthur reaches the outside of the ring, he rolls under the bottom rope. "Pryor", "Rickles", and "Rivers" follow him down the ramp with their respective glass boxes, ostensibly awaiting instructions. Cain, erring on the side of caution instead of simply going after him, gives Arthur some space as he watches the Nameless Three on the outside.

The Provocateur crookedly smiles at his counterpart, inaudibly saying something that unearths a scowl on Cain's face. Looking a bit circumspect at whatever Arthur said to him, Cain shakes his head. Chuckling, Arthur pushes one of his lapels and the entire WrestlePlex can suddenly hear his noxious breathing and sloshing saliva. Apparently switching on the same lapel-attached microphone he had been speaking into for weeks now, Arthur speaks.

Arthur Pleasant:

Oh, Teddy. Teddy, Teddy, TEDDY! Do you... do you really want to challenge... ME?!

Cain yells, "*You're goddamn right I do!!*" loud enough in Arthur's direction that his lapel mic can pick up the words for the entire audience to hear.

Arthur Pleasant:

No. No I... I don't think you do. I think what you want to do is challenge yourself. See, my friend... you look at me and see, in your plainest, sanest conclusion... is a sicko! Haha! A twisted nonconformist who just does erratic things on a whim!! This scares you, Teddy. Frightens you to your core, even. You've never seen anything like me before. You said so yourself! And what is it about human nature and us always wanting to... face our fears? Hm?!

Arthur looks outside and clicks his tongue at "Pryor". Nodding at Arthur's signal, "Pryor" slides the glass box of flies under the bottom rope and into the ring. Bending a knee, he places a hand on top of it and raps his fingers curiously.

Arthur Pleasant:

The Fly. A symbol of SIN. And why would that be, Teddy? Would you care to guess?

Cain just stares uncomfortably at the box of flies.

Arthur Pleasant:

No? Well, allow your bestestestestest friend Arthur to enlighten you! See, the fly lives a frivolous, baseless life. It buzzes from one location to the next, promiscuously and inconsequentially. It is, in its most magnificent reductionism... free. And humans hate those that are free of responsibility and accountability. It's in our nature. For centuries, the church of hypocrisy has given the devil a face, and its face is the fly.

The Provocateur points at Theodore Cain.

Arthur Pleasant:

You, and the rest of the DEFIANTS back in that locker room, represent THE FLY.

Arthur clicks his tongue a second time and "Rickles" slides in the box of bees. Hornets, to be exact. They swarm so loudly in the glass box that Arthur's lapel mic even picks it up.

Arthur Pleasant:

The Bee. A symbol of PROSPERITY. Bees bring forth amazing things when they stick together, Teddy. Among those things are wealth and good luck. So many great things have been built on their backs. These Faithful out there? The ones who watch endlessly, week after week, bestowing upon you that paycheck in which you seek? Those IDIOTS out there in la-la land, hanging onto my every word out of morbid curiosity? Hoping that you will-

"BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Arthur Pleasant:

-hoping that you will shut me up so they can go back to enjoying their little wrestling show? These FAITHFUL represent THE BEE. And what you should know, Teddy... is that they PROSPER off the SINS of the DEFIANTS!

"Please-Stop_Talk-Ing!"

Clap, clap, clapclapclap.

"Please-Stop_Talk-Ing!"

Clap, clap, clapclapclap.

Arthur laughs fiendishly at their unceremonious request.

Arthur Pleasant:

See, Fly? The bees are raging for your sins to drown me. Hahaha. So stupid!

The chants turn to another wave of boos as Arthur continues, much to the chagrin of the capacity crowd and Theodore Cain. Arthur clicks his tongue for the third time, thus bringing "Rivers" forward. She slides the box of spiders under the bottom rope and Arthur kneels down next to this glass box like he did the previous two.

Arthur Pleasant:

As I was about to say? Finally we arrive, at last, to... The Spider! It has many representations. Among those? Creativity. Power. Illusion. In dreams, it is even said to represent fear. All important and introspective, sure, but where its ultimate symbol truly lies is in that of ALL CREATION. Life... and Death. And The Spider? Well, The Spider is-

Without warning or hesitation, Arthur darts ahead with frightening speed and NAILS Theodore Cain in the face with a foot fully extended, hitting a ferocious looking single-leg dropkick!

DDK:

DAMMIT! He just caught him with one of his signature moves: Provocation!

Lance:

I HATE this guy! He lures you into a false sense of security and then BAM!

The Faithful rain down the boos upon Arthur as he gets back to his feet. With the remaining member of Gulf Coast Connection on dream street, Arthur kneels beside him. Laughing in all his sick and twisted glory. He picks him up by the hair on his scalp sets Cain up in a fireman's carry.

DDK:

This could be **Calamity Pain!** We haven't seen it yet but according to-

Lance:

-WAIT! He's... letting him go?!

Arthur peers out into the Faithful and just... laughs. He then sets down Theodore Cain back on the mat with much comfort and care. Pointing at himself...

Arthur Pleasant:

I... am... THE SPIDER! Soon... you will ALL find yourselves strung up in my beautiful web of pain and suffering. Paralyzed... drained... and disposed of. Prepare as you must, and fail as you will, DEFIANCE. The Scourge has descended upon you!

Arthur looks over at the surfboard covered in barbed wire and nods his head with satisfaction.

Arthur Pleasant:

I accept... my sweet little fly.

While Pressing a button on his microphone, Arthur retreats to the outside where he and the Nameless Three slide out of the ring, leaving all three glass boxes in the ring for Cain to stare at.

DDK:

I... don't... even know what just happened.

Lance:

This Arthur Pleasant guy is quickly showing DEFIANCE that he is a danger to all.

DDK:

Here's hoping Theodore Cain kicks his freakin' ASS at DEF ROAD!!

Lance:

I hear you.

OPPORTUNITY ONLY KNOCKS ONCE

Darren turns toward Lance.

DDK:

Lance, I understand that earlier this week, you sat down with two former Southern Heritage Champions, "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas and Gage Blackwood.

Lance:

That's correct, Darren. I attempted... and I use that word strongly, to moderate a face-to-face meeting with the pair leading up to their inevitable clash at DEFIANCE Road 2021. I won't spoil it but needless to say the tension between Douglas and Blackwood is high!

DDK:

Let's go to that now.

Lance nods as we cut to the pre-taped segment.

Open on a tight shot of Lance as he introduces the guests.

Lance:

Joining me here tonight, Scott Douglas and Gage Blackwood.

The camera pans back to reveal each sitting to the left and right of Warner.

Lance:

I'd like to thank both of you for taking the time to join me just ahead of your match at DEFIANCE Road.

Douglas turns his glance to Lance and nods. Blackwood doesn't acknowledge Lance and instead stares intently toward Scott Douglas.

Lance:

Obviously, this match is a big one for each of you; as it decides the next official challenger for the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Blackwood's got something to say. You can see it on his face and his patience with the formalities are running thin.

Lance:

So, let me start by --

Blackwood raises his hand to cut off Warner. Lance stops immediately and allows The Scot to speak. Blackwood's gaze still fervently affixed on Scott Douglas, he lowers his hand and launches into it.

Gage Blackwood:

So let's call a spade a spade... when I called you out a month ago, Scotty, I told you we'd be wrestling for a chance at the DEFCON main event and the FIST of DEFIANCE but nothing has happened between us since and that may have lessened the impact of our upcoming match. But aye, I also can't help it when I'm attacked by a guy who doesn't WORK HERE anymore... and he leaves me -almost- unable to compete. The key word is almost because I promise you, Scott, come DEFIANCE Road you are going to get everything I have left. I've been sitting on the "sidelines", waiting for my chance at the FIST for a long time. I've earned my stripes and climbed up the ranks, aye. I held the Southern Heritage Championship for almost a full calendar year, just like you. I'm not here to quip about the few days I held it longer than you have, that's pointless. If there's one thing I hate, it's people who need to get their shots in subtly...

Scott Douglas:

Well, at least we can agree on that.

Scott takes a beat, hoping his notion of common ground may lighten the mood. It did not but before he can continue, the ever talkative Gage jumps back in.

Gage Blackwood:

I have to give you all the credit in the world, Scott. There is no sarcastic bone in my body that doesn't acknowledge it was my match against you, Ascension 2019, that made me a star. No one believed in me, not on that level anyway... until I proved it against you and I beat you. I'm going to beat you again and prove I can take it one step further. The last step to take in DEFIANCE. Not just DEFCON. Not just the FIST. Both. The FIST at DEFCON... the biggest event in the wrestling industry with the biggest prize up for grabs.

Scott smirks.

Scott Douglas:

We may have more in common than either of us previously thought.

Scott shoots a glance toward Lance, who takes it as an opportunity to interject and moderate this, so far one sided, debate.

Gage Blackwood:

Before I beat you, I held a nice little role in the mid-card. Not that there's anything wrong with that... but it's where I was. After I shocked DEFIANCE and pinned you square, clean, I defeated Elise Ares for the SOHER and it was a climb to the top. Come the pay-per-view, I'll beat you again and history will repeat itself. Except it won't be for the SOHER and it won't be Elise Ares who's next in line. It'll be for the FIST and the worst wrestler in this company... the "entertainer". The man who has no right to hold onto a belt that should celebrate wrestling... Mikey Unlikely.

Again, Scott smirks at yet another agreeable point. Lance finally finds his moment to hop back into the verbal fray.

Lance:

... and speaking of Mikey Unlikely --

But Lance is again cut off. This time by DEFIANCE's Favorite Son, albeit it a bit more politely than Gage's previous interruption.

Scott Douglas:

Sorry, Lance.

Scott motions toward Lance, apologetically.

Scott Douglas:

Look... Gage, I get it. You're fired up. You've been here a handful of years, you've busted your ass and had a hell of a run with the Southern Heritage Championship. You feel like you're ready, you feel like you deserve it ... that you've earned it.

Scott takes a beat.

Scott Douglas:

I get that. If my ego was any bigger, I'd probably feel the same way.

Gage grimaces. Scott doesn't give him a chance to retort.

Scott Douglas:

But it isn't. Obviously, yours is.

Gage's eyes narrow. Douglas holds his hand out, motioning for Gage to hold on.

Scott Douglas:

Before you go off all half cocked... I'll openly admit that's not a bad trait to have in this business. It can and obviously has taken you places, Gage.

Blackwood leary of where this is leading, gives a subtle nod in agreement.

Scott Douglas:

But as they say, pride comes before a fall.

Gage jumps from his seat but Douglas is ready and meets him in the middle. Nearly chest to chest and face to face, to two stare down one another as Lance inches his chair backward.

Scott Douglas:

...you want to repeat history, you want to go through me once again, this time on your way to the FIST. The FIST at DEFCON? There are no distractions that could take away the *impact* of this match for me!

The tension builds as the pair stare one another down, waiting - silently almost daring the other to make the first move. Finally, feeling his point proven, Douglas eases and Gage follows suit. Lance stands and positions himself in the newly created space between the soon to be competitors.

Lance:

Guys, cooler heads have prevailed if we could all just take our seats and continue this --

This time Lance cuts himself off, his words falling on deaf ears, as both Gage Blackwood and Scott Douglas exit the frame at opposite sides.

Cut back to the announcers and then the match graphic for DEFIANCE Road:

**#1 CONTENDERSHIP TO THE FIST of DEFIANCE
WINNER TO FACE FIST CHAMPION AT THE MAIN EVENT OF DEFCON
"SUB POP" SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD**

DDK:

Two weeks, Lance.

Lance:

It's going to be something.

"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS vs. ALVARO DE VARGAS

DDK:

And here we go for our next match, Lance. Alvaro de Vargas goes one on one against Oscar Burns! This issue has gotten so complex over the last couple of months with Better Future Talent Agency trying to court Oscar Burns. And they had him... they almost had him till last week when Morrow and Alvaro did the one thing Burns asked him not to do and that was cheat.

Lance:

He wasn't going to win like that. He was fine with Morrow's guidance, but they went too far and now, we heard both men. Alvaro says he's going to make Burns pay for his disrespect and make his name off the former two-time FIST. Burns stated he's going to put his focus on bettering the locker room.

DDK:

And don't forget what Scott Stevens had to say to Burns about this match. They've been rekindling their issues as well. With that, let's go to ringside for what's promising to be a fight!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing from Wellington, New Zealand... weighing in at 237 pounds, he is **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

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

Burns makes his way out and the response is THUNDEROUS!

DDK:

WOW! THERE'S NO CONFUSION ANY MORE! BURNS PROVED HE WON'T BE SWAYED BY MORROW!

Wearing a brand new gold and white "I LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt and matching colored gear, Burns heads down. Oscar looks at the surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters. He warms up in the ring and with the Faithful responding in kind! He raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope before he takes off his t-shirt and tosses it into the crowd. The music fades as out comes Ken Ellis, then holding a hand out to present... Tom Morrow.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

An irate Morrow stomps forward on the stage and taps on his ear, signalling for Ken Ellis to put his earpiece in his ear. He switches it on and then stares right down at Oscar in the ring, who looks ready for a fight.

Tom Morrow:

Burns... Alvaro said all he needed to say earlier tonight. So without further adieu... Presented by Better Future Talent Agency! EL SOL DORADO! **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 Oscar a grin and mimics a small explosion with his hands, then heads toward the ring.

DDK:

By far the biggest match in Alvaro de Vargas' young career. He's a big brawler through and through. Technically unpinned and unsubmitted since joining DEFIANCE on the main roster.

Lance:

Burns wants to slap that smirk off his face, just look at him.

Oscar does indeed pace the ring as Alvaro gets to ringside. He steps onto the apron and then into the ring. He takes

off his shirt, sunglasses and necklace, handing them over to Ken Ellis and when he turns...

RUNNING ELBOW BY BURNS!

DDK:

Before the match has even started! Burns all over Alvaro! And can you blame him?

Burns continues RATTLING off elbow smashes in the corner as Alvaro tries to shove him away. He finally gets an opening and shoves him off, prompting Carla to try and get in the middle of the two big men. She tells Burns to get back, but she can barely contain the angry former two-time FIST. She quickly checks on de Vargas, who is holding his jaw. He still wants to fight.

Alvaro de Vargas:

RING THE BELL, PENDEJA!

Carla shrugs...

DING DING!

Burns is right on him again the corner with a running European uppercut! The crowd goes apeshit and the dyslexic fans go shitape as Burns rattles the bigger de Vargas with more elbow smashes to the head!

DDK:

Oscar not giving de Vargas as chance to fight back! He's had two weeks to think about what de Vargas did, bashing him over the head with the ring bell and busting him open!

Lance:

No, he did not!

The crowd cheers on The Technical Spectacle as he backs off a few feet, then comes running again with a HUGE running European uppercut in the corner, chin-checking the Cocky Cuban again. Burns grabs the left leg of de Vargas and then before the tall wrestler can do anything, Burns SNAPS him down to the mat with a huge dragon screw!

DDK:

Oscar not messing around tonight! Between Alvaro and Scott Stevens getting in his face earlier, he's all fired up!

Morrow and Ellis look worried for the well-being of Better Future's crown jewel as Burns STOMPS away at the knee several times! He continues to stomp on the joint before he crosses the knee over his own, then falls to the mat! El Sol Dorado cries out as Burns stands up and drops the knee a second time!

Lance:

All of Alvaro's talk of fire, but Oscar seems to be the one bringing it tonight!

DDK:

He's already chopping down the big man's leg!

The crowd cheers Burns as he stands up and yells out "one more time" before he drops the knee again across de Vargas' shinbone! Alvaro arches up in pain as Burns grabs the leg and then goes right to a figure four. He has the hold locked up and cranks back fully by waving his hands against the mat to make it more difficult for Alvaro to possibly turn it over! He's not thinking about that right now as Burns contorts the leg and even throws a couple extra shorts from his free hand into Alvaro's knee!

DDK:

He is PUNISHING Alvaro tonight!

Morrow starts grabbing the ropes, telling Alvaro where to go! He hurriedly manages to pull the weight of Burns with him and doesn't have to go too far before he gets to the ropes! Carla Ferrari tries to tell him to break it up, but Burns actually milks the extra couple seconds before letting go.

Lance:

I can't believe it! We almost never see Burns do things like that until recently, but Alvaro has pushed him.

The Faithful cheer Burns as Alvaro limps back to his feet and tries to hide in the corner, but Burns won't let him. He goes for Alvaro's leg in the ropes, but Carla Ferrari tries to put a stop to that, telling Burns he can't be doing that while Alvaro is in the ropes. Burns takes his eye off ADV for a second allowing him to hit a thumb to Burns' eye! The crowd boos when Burns takes a knee, then Alvaro palms the back of his head and **THROWS** him out to the floor!

DDK:

Just like that... he finds an opening and turns the tide. That's great ring awareness by Alvaro!

Lance:

That's definitely the tutelage and experience of Tom Morrow, no doubt.

Alvaro takes a few seconds to make sure he can walk well enough after the work Burns has done. After he does that, he rolls to the floor. He goes to pick up Burns, but Oscar manages to land a good elbow smash. The blow rocks Alvaro for a second, then he **CLAWS** the eyes of Burns! Carla reprimands him again, but he doesn't care. Especially when he picks up Burns in a belly to back suplex and then **SLAMS** him as hard as he can on the ring apron! This educes a collective groan from the Faithful as de Vargas now has the laugh.

DDK:

Absolutely vicious slam by de Vargas! He just rocked Burns with that belly to back suplex-type move against the ring apron!

Lance:

And looks like he's not done! He rolls underneath the ropes to restart Carla's count.

Once Alvaro does that, he picks up Burns and simply **DRIVES** him down on the floor with a huge body slam! A rudimentary wrestling move, but a deadly one on the floor after what Burns just took! He cringes in pain and Alvaro doesn't give him a chance to bounce back. He stands up...

SMASH!

And sends Burns hard into the barricade! Burns collapses to a knee, but Alvaro isn't done as he leads him to the ring again and tosses him inside. Morrow tells him go for the kill as Alvaro rolls in after him and tries the cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Big moves by de Vargas! None of it was pretty, but it looks like he's showing he can work a body part, too!

Lance:

Yeah, big series of moves to that back! Definitely little finesse or technique, but it works.

Alvaro de Vargas now stands over Burns and nudges him with his boot across the head, talking trash in Spanish (just imagine it's like all the curse words) and holds his arms out, absorbing the Faithful's jeering. He picks up Burns from the mat and measures him up before he **ROCKS** him with a huge right hand. After The Technical Spectacle hits the mat, Morrow slaps the ring apron and yells at ADV to finish the job. He nods and then picks up Burns before setting him by **HURLING** him right in the ring corner with a running snake eyes thrown into the corner!

Lance:

Cuban Missile! Clever name, sure, but it's deadly too!

DDK:

Alvaro with another cover on Burns after dragging him out of the corner.

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Burns gets the shoulder up, but now Alvaro going back to the offensive!

ADV climbs on top of the chest of Burns and goes to town with right hands! The crowd jeers as he continues laying into him until he stops, then throws a STIFF headbutt while he's grounded! Oscar falls back to the mat and Alvaro grins as he stands up and puts his boot down on Burns' forehead, grinding it until Burns shoves it off.

Lance:

This isn't the type of opponent to do this to, Alvaro. You wanted this match, finish the job.

DDK:

Absolutely.

El Sol Dorado de DEFIANCE stands over Burns and then grabs him by the neck, looking for Abajo Vas. He grabs him and then tries taking him up for the chokeslam... but Burns POPS the crowd when he leaps up and takes down de Vargas with a surprise hurricanrana!

DDK:

Hurricanrana by Burns! He's definitely not a flyer, but we saw him use that move to surprise Lindsay Troy when they fought at Ascension!

Lance:

And now Burns trying to get back into the match! He's got a chance!

Morrow freaks out from Burns as he stands up slowly, holding his back in pain. He measures up de Vargas who is on his knees, then CRACKS him with a knee to the head, then a jumping enzuigiri to the side of his head! De Vargas is left seeing stars especially when Burns gets up, hits the ropes and hits a sliding European uppercut under the jaw! De Vargas gets laid out and Burns is now feeding off the crowd!

DDK:

Listen to the Faithful! THIS is the Burns they wanted!

Burns looks out to the crowd and then heads to the ring apron. He goes up top and it's been a bit, but they know what's next...

Oscar Burns (and the crowd):

SWEET AS!

Then lands the flying knee drop across the chest of de Vargas! The crowd pops major as he tries ending de Vargas!

ONE... TWO... THR... NO!

DDK:

How did de Vargas kick out of that?! I thought that was it!

Burns does not look that surprised, but to prolong the punishment ADV deserves, he's happy for now that he kicked out. He grabs the leg and looks for the Graps of Wrath I, but before he can fully lock in the Octopus Stretch, de Vargas simply hits a HUGE hip toss to throw Burns over. When he gets back to his feet, he holds his back and when Burns

starts to stand, de Vargas CRACKS him with a massive discus clothesline!

DDK:

Big shot! That's it!

De Vargas goes for the cover with no hesitation after Burns drops!

ONE... TWO... THR... KICKOUT!

The shoulder of Burns coming up might as well be a middle finger to an angry de Vargas, but he starts to get up. He sets up Burns in the piledriver position.

Lance:

No, no! Ardiendo! He's going for the big piledriver!

He tries to get Burns up, but when he partially lifts him, Burns kicks his legs frantically until he drops him. He tries again... but The Technical Spectacle grabs him and sweeps a leg out from under him... GRAPS OF WRATH III!

DDK:

Rolling heel hook! The Graps of Wrath III! He's got de Vargas! He's... wait! WAIT!

Sure enough, Scott Stevens zooms down to the ring with chair in hand! Morrow panics when Burns looks up and Alvaro kicks the Technical Spectacle away before clocking him with another right!

DDK:

What's he doing?!

Once inside, Stevens DRIVES the top of the chair into Alvaro's chest in full view of the referee! Burns shakes the and freaks out when Carla calls for the bell! Stevens JABS Alvaro in the chest two more times while an apoplectic Burns wonders what the hell just happened.

DING DING DING!

DDK:

What is Stevens doing? It looked like Burns may have had that match in hand, but Scott wasn't waiting! He told Burns earlier if he didn't take care of his problems, he would.

Lance:

Looks like he ain't waiting!

Burns gets up and SHOVES Scott back before he can do anything more to Alvaro... Meanwhile, Carla has Darren Quimbey make the announcement as Alvaro escapes.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, as a result of a disqualification... your winner... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

The crowd boos! Morrow raises Alvaro's hand, but before Scott can do anything more to the Cocky Cuban, Burns spins him around and makes him drop the chair before he pushes him away.

Oscar Burns:

What the hell are you doing?! I had him! I had him!

Scott angrily turns away... then leaps back and CRACKS Oscar across the mouth with The Fist! That definitely gets a mixed reaction as he lays out Burns with his superman punch!

DDK:

Stevens lays out Burns! He's been wrapped up in the middle of this issue the last several weeks with Better Future attacking him and Oscar and he's about had it!

Lance:

I don't know if he's still sore about Burns being helped into that win or not.... Since these two crossed paths, it's been nothing but chaos!

As Stevens starts to grab the chair, Morrow waves at the entrance ramp and out comes Theo Baylor running towards the ring!

DDK:

Theo is sprinting to the ring trying to get the drop on Stevens!

Lance:

Theo Baylor helped lay out Scott Stevens two weeks ago and Scott hasn't forgotten that, either!

The crowd boos the enforcer of Better Future as he rushes in! Scott meets him with stomps and the two start to fight while Morrow and ADV watch the ensuing brawl. With Oscar still laid out on the outside, the crowd buzzes as the two big men exchange right hands. Theo starts to get the better of the exchange with a big elbow that rocks Scott, but when he tries to grab a leg, Scott HEADBUTTS him in the chest! Theo gets rocked, then Scott DRIVES him down onto the chair he first brought into the ring...

Lance:

Toxic Sting on the chair! I think Theo is done!

After taking a second to revel in the cheers of the crowd who don't like Better Future, Stevens looks at Baylor with hatred in his eyes, then out to de Vargas, Ellis and Tom Morrow. ADV wants to help, but after his scrap with Burns, he can only watch. He then sports a grin as he rolls out of the ring and quickly grabs the time keeper's chair.

DDK:

Stevens has bad intentions in his eyes. Theo and de Vargas have been nothing but thorns in the side of Scott Stevens as well and this is payback, plain and simple for how DEFtv 147 ended for Scott!

The Texan points towards Morrow and Alvaro as he lifts the chair high into the air...

Scott Stevens:

ALVARO!!!!

Scott screams.

Scott Stevens:

THIS ONE'S FOR YOU!!!!!!

He SMASHES the chair over Theo's head, sandwiching him beneath the chair he's laying on!

Lance:

OH MY GOD!

Stevens doesn't stop there as he does it not once, not twice, but thrice!

DDK:

WE NEED EMTS AND DOCTORS OUT HERE NOW!!!!

Morrow as the Texan gives them a glance before slowly slashing his throat towards them. ADV wants to go back, but

Morrow shakes his head and pulls him back. Burns is still laying near the barricade, VISIBLY upset with out things have turned out while Scott holds out the chair, daring the crown jewel of Better Future to get inside.

Lance:

We're gonna take a commercial break, but... Theo's gonna need help. We'll hope to get this entire situation sorted soon enough.

DDK:

And Burns is NOT happy with this.

By now, ADV growls and keeps trying to go back to finish what got started, but de Vargas gets pulled back by both Morrow and Ellis, who tell him they need to go. Burns leans against the guardrail on the outside, eyeballing Stevens as the scene heads to break.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



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I CAN'T HAVE THAT

We are backstage, seconds before tonight's Main Event. Christie Zane stands right next to the man of the hour, Jay Harvey. Harvey looks determined and his face lacks that patented smile we are accustomed to seeing.

Christie Zane:

Jay... you are moments away from going one on one with Kendrix. This could be one of the biggest matches in your entire DEFIANCE career.

Jay Harvey:

Christie, I have to correct you.

Harvey's eyes lock on the lens in front of him.

Harvey:

This isn't the biggest match of my DEFIANCE career... this is the biggest match of my ENTIRE career! You see if I lose this match, I lose it all! If I lose this match... it means Mikey was right!

Harvey looks down at the ground, then at Christie.

Harvey:

I can't have that.

He gestures toward the curtain behind him.

Harvey:

I'm gonna walk down to that ring. I'm going to show Kendrix, Mikey Unlikely, 24k, everyone in this arena... That when the stakes are at their highest, Jay Harvey rises to the occasion! When the deck is stacked against me, I come out on top!

Harvey chuckles and looks Christie right in her eyes.

Harvey:

I told Mikey I was gonna make him eat his words. I told Mikey I was gonna prove that I truly have what it takes, that I AM good enough... so I'm gonna do exactly that.

Harvey nods at Christie and turns toward the curtain to make his way down to the ring.

KENDRIX vs. JAY HARVEY

♪ *Bullet Holes - Bush* ♪

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

Lance:

There is so much riding on this one, Darren. The Natural One, Jay Harvey knows if he picks up the win tonight he will go onto DEFIANCE ROAD to face Mikey Unlikely for the FIST of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

And it would be One on One, Lance. No 24K interference to save their boy!

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina... Weighing in at Two Hundred and Thirty-Three pounds...

The crowd cheers as Harvey walks down the aisle, holding his hands out to slap the fans along the sides of the ramp. Jay Harvey walks up the ring steps and onto the apron. He lays his back against the top rope and extends his arms out getting a great reaction from The Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

He is "The Natural One" Jaaaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaaaarrveeeeyyyy!

Jay Harvey enters the ring and goes to the nearest corner to climb the turnbuckles. He holds his right arm into the air. It's not long before he hops down and comes to a halt in his corner. He tosses off his leather jacket.

♪ *"Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip* ♪

The lights go out in the arena as the opening lead up blares out over the PA System. Lights flash black and white as the camera pans the center of the stage by the ramp, we immediately see Kendrix appear at the top center of the stage with his back facing the ring wearing the latest #24K t-shirt with 'JFK' and 'Bruv' emblazoned on the back as well as his trademark JFK green and gold ring tights with green boots.

DDK:

Here stands Mikey Unlikely's hand-picked obstacle to make sure Harvey versus Unlikely at DEFIANCE ROAD doesn't go ahead. JFK, Jesse Fredericks Kendrix.

As the track's marching style drumming picks up the pace and the line "no one likes us but we don't care" hits, he rotates his neck twice to stretch it before slicking his hair back with both hands. Returning his arms down back to his sides he ever so slightly turns his body over to the left. The camera zooms in up close as he tilts his head to peer over his left shoulder, sporting a smug smirk on his face.

Lance:

Harvey has got to be on his toes here, Darren. Despite the jokes, despite the fake injuries and showmanship, this former FIST of DEFIANCE has many a trick up his sleeve as well as being a nasty and ruthless in-ring competitor. He would just love it if he causes Harvey to be Jack Hunter's assistant.

As the shot returns to the center of the stage, zoomed back out fixed on Kendrix, Red-colored pyro, explode from the ramp as the chorus kicks in;

"If the bad times are coming, let 'em come!"

JFK puts his weight on his left foot as he spins around quickly to face the stage and begins to make his way down the ramp with purpose towards the ring,

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from London, England and weighing in at Two Hundred-Eighteen pounds!

He climbs up onto the 2nd turnbuckle in the corner closest to the entrance ramp. Looking around at all the fans nodding his head he looks down proudly at the 24k logo on his shirt and pats the palm of his hand against it.

Darren Quimbey:

JFK...KENDRRRIIIIIIX!

"If the bad times are coming, let 'em come!"

He jumps down from the turnbuckle, turning round in one motion. Chucking his shirt to the outside he walks to the center of the ring, rotating and stretching his neck before flicking the wanker gesture Harvey's way.

DING DING

The crowd is going crazy as Kendrix and Jay Harvey circle each other. Kendrix goes for a Single Leg Takedown but Harvey tries to defend it, keeping himself from falling down. Harvey is able to swing Kendrix around and slam him down on the mat.

Harvey mounts Kendrix and begins raining down fists. Referee Benny Doyle gets in the picture but isn't forcing Harvey to stop just yet. Harvey gets up and is fired up! The crowd is loving it! Harvey turns his attention back to Kendrix who chops at Harvey's left leg.

Kendrix pops up, keeping Harvey's leg in hand. Kendrix drops an elbow on Harvey's left knee! Kendrix is back up and drops another elbow, then transitions into a submission on Harvey's knee. Harvey is able to get Kendrix in a Choke Hold from behind!

Lance:

Kendrix with the Knee Bar! Harvey with the Sleeper!

DDK:

Kendrix is like a shark to chum going after Harvey's leg!

Referee Benny Doyle is right in the mix looking to see if either man is going to quit. Kendrix is able to push backward and get Harvey's shoulders on the mat.

ONE!

Harvey is able to get his shoulders off the mat while keeping the Sleeper on. Kendrix starts smashing the left knee of Harvey! Harvey holds on and grimaces at the pain from those shots. Harvey keeps his right arm across Kendrix's throat and swings his free hand, cracking Kendrix in the chest! Several blows later Kendrix finally releases Harvey's leg.

Both men try to get up and Harvey dives in his opponent's direction, cracking JFK in the back of the head with a European Uppercut! Kendrix holds the back of his head and rolls toward the ropes. Harvey is slow to get to his feet. He takes off, definitely not 100% on that left leg. Harvey comes at Kendrix and cracks him in the side of the face with a Dropkick!

Kendrix drops neck first across the bottom rope. Harvey is seen rolling out of the ring and is now on the outside. Harvey pauses, getting himself right, trying to fight off the discomfort from his leg.

Lance:

What's Harvey gonna do here?

DDK:

Harvey shaking off the pain... Wait, what's... #MARVELOUSDROPKICK!

Lance:

That's gonna be trending!

Kendrix is knocked back and rolls around on the mat. He holds his face as Harvey sits on the ring apron.

Jay Harvey:

That was for you, Mikey!

The crowd is on fire as Harvey is in complete control. He slides under the bottom rope to see Kendrix on his knees, begging Harvey to stop his onslaught! Harvey rolls his eyes as the fans continue to rock the Wrestle Plex! Harvey grabs Kendrix by the throat, forcing JFK to a vertical base!

The crowd continues to cheer as Harvey cocks his right hand back. Referee Benny Doyle starts his Five Count but it doesn't even start before Kendrix pokes Harvey in the eye. Those cheers turn to boos as Kendrix goes to work. We cut backstage to see the members of 24k watching the action and cheering on Kendrix.

He chop blocks Harvey's left leg, knocking him down to the mat. Kendrix starts laying the boots to Harvey. He stomps Harvey from the back and now focuses back on the left knee. Harvey is heard yelling in pain but Kendrix continues. Harvey rolls to face Kendrix, who grabs both of "The Natural One's" legs and drops a left elbow right on Harvey's knee.

DDK:

Kendrix just targeting that knee!

Lance:

It's a smart move. Take away Harvey's speed, his power, and his ability to go up top. I don't like that I just gave Kendrix a compliment.

DDK:

Sometimes in this business, you need to be objective. Even if it involves someone in 24k.

JFK lands his last of three elbows to Harvey's knee. Harvey is in agony! The crowd is booing like a sumbitch as Kendrix is back on his feet, gloating over his actions. He points back toward his opponent, laughing as Harvey crawls toward the ropes in hope to get himself back up.

Kendrix stalks Harvey, slithering toward him. JFK lies in wait, as Harvey pulls on the middle rope to get his upper half off the canvas. Kendrix rushes him and cracks Harvey in the back of the head with a brutal looking Big Boot! Harvey drops back down to the mat and Kendrix keeps his offense moving.

Kendrix grabs at Harvey, holding him in a Side Headlock position, he yells out and takes the two across the ring executing a Running Bulldog! Kendrix goes for the cover but doesn't hook the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

HARVEY WITH THE SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

Kendrix did not like the speed of the count from Benny Doyle.

Lance:

What does he expect? He didn't even hook Harvey's leg.

Kendrix slaps his hands together with rapid-fire trying to get Benny Doyle to hurry things up. Doyle holds two fingers up and isn't budging. Kendrix gets back to his feet, taking his time as he looks down at his opponent. Kendrix hits the ropes and comes back at Harvey, leaping in the air and dropping his right knee down on Harvey's left leg!

Harvey clutches his left knee and roars in agony! A mix of boos and cheers is heard as the Kendrix haters and Harvey lovers battle it out in the sold-out arena. Kendrix does his trademark "wanker" gesture getting a rise out of The Faithful!

DDK:

Don't forget what is at stake here folks! If Jay Harvey wins, he faces Mikey Unlikely at DEFIANCE ROAD for the FIST of DEFIANCE! If Jay Harvey loses he is going to have... going to have to be Jack Hunter's assistant.

Lance:

I wouldn't wish that on my own worst enemy. I don't even want to think about what the job duties would even be.

Kendrix can be heard laughing as he goes toward the middle of the ring. He calls out for Harvey to get up and continues to laugh. Harvey once again is slow to pull himself up via the middle rope. Kendrix is seen behind Harvey, anxiously waiting for him to get fully to his feet.

Lance:

Harvey showing that never quit attitude!

DDK:

Kendrix keeps knocking him down but Harvey keeps getting up!

Lance:

Harvey is back up! Here comes Kendrix!

DDK:

SUPERKICK! KENDRIX JUST SUPERKICKED JAY HARVEY!

Lance:

This could be it!

Kendrix dives right onto Harvey for the cover and this time hooks the leg! Referee Benny Doyle is right there!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NOOO!

DDK:

JAY HARVEY KICKED OUT! I DON'T KNOW HOW HE KICKED OUT!

Lance:

THAT MOXY!

Kendrix is up and grabs Referee Benny Doyle by his stupid, stupid zebra colored shirt and holds up three fingers, while Doyle holds up two. The crowd is on fire, showing their love for "The Natural One"! Kendrix is still jawing with Benny Doyle but pats Doyle on the chest and returns his attention back toward his opponent.

Harvey is still down on the mat but not for long. Kendrix leisurely picks Harvey up and looks to be going for The Bell

End BUT HARVEY TURNS HIM AROUND AND HITS A NECKBREAKER! Harvey struggles but is able to get back to his feet meeting Kendrix face to face! Kendrix swings wildly but Harvey ducks!

Harvey snatches JFK up and sends him crashing into the turnbuckles via a Exploder Suplex! The crowd is getting louder and louder with each Harvey maneuver! Harvey is finding strength somewhere through all the pain and is back up before Kendrix.

We cut backstage to see the door of 24k's Sweet Suite fastened closed via a broom handle. We go back to live-action.

Lance:

24K are locked in, Keeps! And now Jay Harvey is showing real life!

DDK:

Jay Harvey throwing fists! A title shot is on the line here and it seems like JFK is going to have to stop this from happening all on his own!

Harvey lands lefts and rights as Kendrix tries his best to block the flurry. He's able to throw a right that connects, rocking Harvey! Kendrix now goes for a left that Harvey ducks- SNAP RELEASE DRAGON SUPLEX!

Harvey goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KENDRIX KICKS OUT!

The massive Ohhh shakes the ground the DEFarena sits on. Jay Harvey can't believe it and checks with Referee Benny Doyle to make sure it was a two count. Doyle confirms and Harvey is forced to go back to the drawing board. Harvey, still showing signs of the abuse on his leg, limps slightly as he pulls Kendrix back to his feet.

Harvey is laboring as JFK looks to not even know where he is right now. Harvey goes for an Irish Whip and sends Kendrix crashing into- NO! Kendrix just stops before smashing into Referee Benny Doyle! Harvey comes up from behind Kendrix who moves out of the way as- WOOO! JAY HARVEY JUST CRACKED BENNY DOYLE IN THE FACE WITH A RIGHT HAND!

Doyle crashes to the canvas and Jay Harvey immediately goes to check on him. The crowd is roaring once again as Jesse sees his spot, drops, and Low Blows Harvey from behind! The boos fill the DEFarena as Kendrix turns his opponent around.

DDK:

THE BELL END! KENDRIX JUST LAID OUT JAY HARVEY!

Lance:

But there's no ref! Kendrix has this won but Benny Doyle is down!

We cut to the 24K Sweet Suit once more, Perfection and Cayle are trying to pry the door open as Mikey watches the action unfold before his eyes, anxiously counting his own three count to no avail.

On his knees beside his foe, JFK holds his hands through his hair in frustration but quickly rolls himself out of the ring and flips the apron.

DDK:

He's got a chair, Harvey!

Lance:

Ever the opportunist, JFK looking to make the most of Doyle's injury.

Following the crash of the chair to the mat, Harvey begins to stir with JFK just willing the Natural One to his feet, the agitated crowd knowing exactly what's waiting for Jay.

♪ "Bad Blood" by Taylor Swift feat. Kendrick Lamar ♪

DDK:

Wait a minute! That's Elise Ares' music.

Stopped in his tracks, JFK makes his way over to the ring ropes closest to the entranceway. The Faithful go banana as Ares jumps the barricade on the far side of the ring and hops up onto the apron. She jumps up onto the top rope, bracing herself before making her presence known...

Elise Ares:

HEY BBY!

Her voice cuts through the cheers right when the music cuts.

Lance:

She's behind you!

As if he heard Lance, right on cue, Jesse turns his attention to check on Harvey and figure out where that voice came from. His eyes go from the mat to the ropes just in time to see the photo opportunity of a lifetime for the Faithful as the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE goes soaring through the air. Kendrix instinctively swings the chair towards Ares trying to defend himself...

DDK:

AMETHYSTATION!

Lance:

The Superman Punch connected via the chair, JFK is down and Harvey is up!

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style pops up to her feet to stand over JFK and wave at him.

Ares:

Bye-bye.

As she goes to leave, she stops momentarily, she and "The Natural One" extend knowing glances before she smirks and nudges Benny Doyle with her foot before she rolls out of the ring. Ares waves bye to Jay Harvey also before she disappears into the Faithful, never taking off her now typical huge sunglasses. The Faithful are still on their feet in anticipation as Jay Harvey assesses the situation.

DDK:

Jay Harvey! This is his time! Put him away, Jay!

We cut to 24k's Sweet Suite once again and finally, the most hated group in DEFIANCE has broken the door and the obstruction! They are on their way to the ring!

Lance:

Jay Harvey needs to act quick! The cavalry is coming!

Harvey anxiously waits for Kendrix to start stirring! The crowd is rocking and can feel the end coming! Referee Benny Doyle is showing signs of life! Kendrix is on all fours, seeing stars! Harvey rocks in place waiting for his moment, he

sees it and takes off!

Lance:

WAKE UP CALL!

DDK:

COVER HIM, JAY!

The vicious knee connects flush with Kendrix's cheek! Harvey hooks the leg and bangs his head, hoping and praying Benny Doyle starts counting! Doyle sees Harvey covering Kendrix!

ONE!

TWO!

24k bursts through the curtain!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Jay Harvey looks down the aisle and sees 24k coming to the ring! Harvey quickly makes his exit from the ring just before Perfection can get a hand on him! Cayle Murray tends to Kendrix while Perfection and Mikey Unlikely yell out to Harvey!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match by pin fall... "THEEEEEEE NAAAAAATURAAAAAAAAL OOOOOONEEEEE" JAAAAAAAAAY HAAAAAAAAARVEEEEEEEY!

Jay Harvey goes up and over the barricade and cuts through The Faithful!

DDK:

HE DID IT!

Lance:

Jay Harvey will take on Mikey Unlikely for the FIST of DEFIANCE at DEFIANCE ROAD!

Mikey can't believe it! Kendrix is still loopy as Murray tries to knock some sense into him. We cut to the crowd where the fans and Harvey are going ballistic!

Lance:

Jay Harvey with a huge victory! Elise Ares getting some payback! 24k finally getting a taste of their own medicine!

DDK:

Jay Harvey among The Faithful!

Jay Harvey is deep in the crowd, celebrating with his people! He looks toward the ring, catching eyes with his opponent at DEFIANCE ROAD! Harvey gestures around his waist and the crowd loses it! We cut back to the ring and Mikey looks like he's seen a ghost!

DDK:

Let's take a look back, folks!

A replay hits your screen.

Lance:

We now know our Main Event for DEFIANCE ROAD! Jay Harvey goes one on one, and I mean that! One on one with Mikey Unlikely for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

DDK:

24k will be barred from ringside, giving Jay Harvey a fair shot at Mikey Unlikely! I can't wait to see Jay Harvey get his hands on Mikey!

Lance:

I'm sure Jay Harvey can't wait either!

We go back to the crowd to see Jay Harvey balling his fist and raising it into the air. The crowd begins to chant!

*FIST!**FIST!**FIST!**FIST!*

The DEFIANCE logo appears at the bottom of your screen. The boys in the trailer cut back and forth from Mikey and Harvey. One looks like it's the worst day of his life and the other... on top of the world.

THIS.***IS.******DEFIANCE.***