

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!

PURE SIGN

PURE FAN

IMPURE ARTHUR

BURNS AND STEVENS TEAM! DOGS AND CATS LIVING TOGETHER! MASS HYSTERIA!

I DIDN'T PAY TO SEE THOSE SKY HIGH TITANS!

I DID PAY TO SEE SNS, THOUGH! BALLYHOO DAT!

BOX IS BACK BABY!

BOX A MFERS EARS, BOX! (OR WAS THAT HENRY KEYES?)

I DRINK MALAK GARLAND'S TEARS! DELICIOUS, DELICIOUS TEARS!

TAG TITLES! BEER! VIDEO GAMES!

WHAT MORE DO YOU NEED?

TILLINGHAST IS A BITCH

CAN GOD GET ME BETTER SEATS?

JFK MUST DIE!

BRONSON FOX TALKS FUNNY

JAY HARVEY WAS ROBBED

MALAK SITS WHEN HE PEES

MIKEY OWES ME 2000 DOLLARS

GOD HATES US ALL

MALAK STANDS WHEN HE SHITS

DEACON GOT RAPTURED

STALKER GOT LEFT BEHIND

THE CHAOS DOESN'T STOP!

just a giant blown-up photo of Boxer stabbing Cayle in the forehead with the Spike

DAVE SELTZER GIVES THE SPIKE ZERO STARS, WOULD NOT SPIKE AGAIN(edited)

just a giant blown-up photo of Boxer stabbing Troy in the forehead with the Spike

WE WANT WAR(CHAMBER)

LT IS THE NEW ACE OF DEFIANCE

I FOUND BOX ON TWITCH.TV

just a giant blown-up photo of Boxer stabbing Arthur's face (photoshopped on top of Troy's body) with the Spike

THESE OTHER SIGNS SUCK

KEN D RIX MUST DIE

I CAME FOR MIDGETS!

MORE LEG SLAPPING

DEF FOOD IS LIT!

MIKEY WEARS A HAIRPIECE

I MADE OUT WITH LINDSAY TROY AT A BAR

ARTHUR PLEASANT IS A MORE STABLE SCROW AND A LESS COOL STALKER

I THINK DEACON DIED

I THOUGHT THIS WAS A WRESTLING SHOW

JAY HARVEY IS NUMBER 1!
PAT CASSIDY NEEDS AA
THIS SHOW IS MEWTWO AF
NO! YOU SUCK!
I DON'T SUCK. THAT GUY SUCKS!
\$10 BLOWJOBS
I AM MORE PUNK ROCK THAN REZIN
I'M STEAMPUNK NOW! (USED TO BE PUNK ROCK)
BRONSON BOX VICTIMS: WHO'S NEXT?!
YOU SHOULD SEE A DOCTOR IF IT BURNS, STEVENS (SEE WHAT I DID THERE?)

...and to the announce team once again.

DDK:

Hello everyone. I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and this is my partner, Lance Warner.

Lance:

Hello!

DDK:

On the heels of an amazing Night One! We are back with more LIVE DEFtv!

Lance:

And we are back with even more action! Tonight the recently returned Bronson Box teams up with Reinhardt Hoffman to face off in tag team action against Gulf Coast Connection!

DDK:

Not to mention, one on one action ... the Former Southern Heritage Champion Gage Blackwood in one on one action with Cyrus Bates!

Lance:

And much more!

DDK:

Indeed, Lance... speaking of the Southern Heritage Championship ...

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: DEX JOY © vs. THE D

Lance:

Darren I gotta say the first night of DEF TV One-Fifty was nothing short of amazing but tonight we're going to be kicking off this show with the Southern Heritage championship on the line! Dex Joy has had no shortage of competition for this title! He has recently defeated both Tyler Fuse and Ryan Batts at Defiance Road then beat The Deacon on Uncut! But tonight could very well be his toughest match yet when he takes on The D!

DDK:

The D has scored two big wins in singles action over two of DEFIANCE Wrestling's most successful FISTS! He defeated Oscar Burns on the Uncut Awards Show and then he recently defeated Cayle Murray! He also beat Ryan Batts for this shot on One-Forty-Nine!

Lance:

The momentum is on the side of The D and it's up to him to capitalize. Can he follow in his partner Elise Ares's footsteps to win this title tonight or will The Biggest Boy still be champion when he faces his rival Scrow at DEF-CON? We'll all find out!

Darren Quimbey:

The next match will be contested for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage championship!!!!... Up first, he is the challenger ...

♪ "Return of the Mack" by Mark Morrison ♪

Darren Quimbey:

From Hollywood, California, weighing in at 176 pounds... THE DDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!!!!!!

As the opening lyric crescendos, the D steps out from the backstage area, arms out stretched. He then pops his collar and smiles, then does a quick 360 pivot. 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. Flex wears his finest three piece, looking imposing if not disheveled and out of place. He still holds a cardboard sign that says "Elise, call us!," but it's seen better days now, as it's the same one he was holding last DEFtv. The D stomps his way to the ring and looks determined to bring some gold to the ranks of the Pop Culture Phenoms.

DDK:

The D -- despite his very name -- is a veteran of almost twenty years but he hasn't held a singles title in DEFIANCE Wrestling.

Lance:

And even with Elise Ares missing, he has to take this chance where he can get it. He earned it. Now it's up to him to make it happen!

The D is in the ring and his music cuts out to make way for the champion. The lights in the arena start to flicker on and off before simulating a blackout. The lights fully go out. Fans reach out for their cell phones and try to light up the Wrestle Plex. The lights slowly come back in the arena, section by section until on the big screen a cell phone battery display charges ... charges ... charges ... and soon it's at 1000%. "BIG DEX ENERGY!!!!" is on the screen!

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

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the champion ... from Los Angeles, Cali... weighing in at three-hundred fifty pounds ... HE IS THE BIGGEST BOY ... DDDDDDDDEEEEXXXXXX JJJOOOOOOOOOYYYYYY!!!!!!

With the entire DEF-Tron lighting up the arena in a shade of bright green, Dex Joy is standing on the edge of the stage with the new Southern Heritage championship and wearing a new "DANGER: HIGH VOLTAGE!!! BIG DEX ENERGY!!!" shirt! Dex is now on his way to the ring with the title around his waist. Scrow is on his mind but he plays

up to the crowd and then gets cheers that nearly blow the roof off!

DDK:

Dex is in the ring now! The D gives up so much size to Dex but you can't account for heart and speed! The D has both!

Lance:

And Dex wants to have this title for DEF-CON against Scrow. Is he all here mentally for this defense?

The referee is now raising the SO-HER title and both men are nose to nose. The D looks up at Dex and Dex gives him a smile back ... but when the bell rings his face is now all business.

DING DING

Flex Kruger supports his friend right at the bell on the outside by waving the "Elise, Call Us!" sign and also trying for more cheers for The D! The cheers seem to be split among the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful with The D raising a hand and then Dex doing the same.

DDK:

The reactions are split down the middle but I have a feeling tonight that this match -- as much as you might hear the expression -- the fans are going to win in this contest no matter who takes the SO-HER.

Lance:

I do believe that, too! The D is ... is he trying to lock up with Dex?

Dex decides to oblige and wants The D to grapple with him, but The D much like his name sake has a mind of his own. The D moves out of the way of Joy's bear-like arms and then comes around the other side to grab him in a side head lock. The Netflix A-Lister is able to keep Dex trapped for all of three seconds when The Biggest Boy picks him up and then throws him across the ring ... but The D lands on his feet and takes a bow!

DDK:

Wow! That was an impressive landing! Dex was going to toss him away but The D shows off his agility!

The former holder of multiple tag team and trios titles in DEFIANCE Wrestling goes after Dex and tries another head lock but Dex isn't having it and tries a back drop suplex to shake him off ... but unlike Taylor Swift people actually want to see The D not get harmed and he does a backflip and lands behind Joy and then hits the champion with a drop kick under the chin. The D does take a second to pose just from the sheer joy of showing up Dex Joy.

Lance:

Uh ... oh no ...

DDK:

Oh no is right!

The D turns around and gets the last thing he would expect and that is Dex Joy grabbing the back of his neck and shooting him into the ropes. Dex Joy lays flat on the mat and then gets back up when The D comes a-runnin' his way and leaps over that with a leap frog jump and then hits a shoulder on the way back. The D gets knocked down and he looks up at the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheering for Dex pumping a fist at all sides of the arena!

DDK:

The D showed off his fancy foot work but we know Dex can do a lot of these quicker moves. His agility is unreal!

Lance:

That's what has made him both such a great fighting champion and a powerful champion at that!

The D retreats to a corner and Dex is the first to make the next move by heading at the corner but he slips quickly

between the ropes and then Dex hits nothing but the corner. The D jumps up and he surprises Dex from the corner with a huge jump kick. The kick hits the SO-HER between the eyes and The D goes to the top rope and then takes flight using a huge springboard wheel kick to knock Dex off of his feet for the first time!

DDK:

That was a great series of moves by The D out of the corner! Are we going to see a title change on tonight's historic show? The D makes the cover!

One ...

Tw ... nope!

Dex not only kicks out but he throws The D off him with a big forceful shove. That does not stop The D from getting up and using another quick drop kick from the corner to knock Dex through the bottom rope. The SO-HER is on his feet and he is reeling at this moment in time. Flex Kruger continues to wave his sign and the fans clap for The D about to take flight once again. He gets ready and he launches himself through the ropes right at Joy with a tope, but the blow is only enough to knock Dex into the guard rail without knocking him off his feet!

Lance:

The D just went through that rope with the quickness but he didn't knock Dex down!

DDK:

I see that! What's he going to do now?

The D gets back into the ring again but he doesn't stay there long. Dex Joy sees him coming with a huge flipping tope con hilo over the ropes and that move is finally enough to drop The Biggest Boy!

DDK:

Listen to this crowd! They love Dex but The D has been endearing himself to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful especially how much he stuck up for Elise when they fought against 24K!

Lance:

But can The D get Dex back into the ring in time?

The D does have a big spot of trouble trying to get Dex's massive frame over the ropes and inside. He tries to get him back inside the ring but Dex won't budge at first.

The D:

Oh come on!

He tries again but Dex pushes him. The D does a backwards roll to his feet but when he is back up he gets the last thing he expects on the floor and that is a *Shot gun drop kick!!!*

DDK:

No way! The D had things in hand just moments ago but Dex just took over! He is hurt but I don't doubt that The D got the worst of that!

Lance:

I agree 100%

Dex hits the mat back first which never feels great but The D is slumped over near the guard rail on the outside. Dex gets up and the crowd cheers as he carries The D back to the ring and uses a press slam to throw him between the bottom and middle rope back inside. Dex Joy goes right in after The D and he tries to cover and retain the Southern Heritage title.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

The D just kicked out from one of Dex Joy's signature moves but he can't take many more big power moves like that!

Lance:

The D can take a pounding but he can always come right back. Stop laughing Darren.

Darren can be heard laughing at the unintended double entendre over commentary with Dex putting the Netflix A-Lister in the corner. Two big open-hand chops really hurt the D but not as much as the following move out of the corner where he takes the leading PCP member out of the corner using a spinning belly to belly suplex!

Lance:

Another big move right there! I think The D's ribs just got crushed there!

DDK:

And I think we could really see Dex Joy retain!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Joy can't believe it but The D has just kicked out again. He is starting to wonder what it will take to put The D away for good and retain the title.

DDK:

Dex tries to get the D for some other move ... but wait! No! The D flips over! He is trying for a sunset flip!

He tries but it is nothing short of a Herculean task. Not only does Dex not budge, but he grabs The D by the neck with his bare hands and before your minds go in the gutter he is back in the air! Dex tries a Dex Bomb, but the Netflix A-Lister gets lifted over and lands behind Dex. Joy is too slow to turn around when The D goes at him using chops and punches. Joy boots him away using a kick to the chest but that only pushes him back for the ropes and The D goes low using a kick to Dex's knees to give himself an opening.

DDK:

The D finally gets an opening he needs ... why are *you* laughing Lance?

Lance's turn now. The D sees Flex giving him a big thumbs up in between his sign waving before he readies a big attack towards Dex. The truly unfortunate part is that Dex gets him first ...

DDK:

The Dex Bomb! He gets it that time!

He hits the pop-up power bomb! Dex falls into a cover but doesn't hook a leg and uses a lateral press pin.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Dex should have hooked the leg there!

Lance:

Yeah that might have been more difficult for the D to kick out of ... but I think Dex feels like he can wrap this up!

Dex Joy gives the double thumbs up to the crowd before they both come down to show the end is near. The D gets picked up before he knows it and then gets set up for the Dex Drive! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful can't believe it when The D manages to wiggle his way out and land before he can complete the slam. Dex turns and gets nailed in the face with a big knee strike. That blow rocks Dex enough as before Dex can react, another drop kick to the leg drops him to his knees. The D grabs the arms and then hits the big double upwards boots to the jaw --- the A-Lister!

DDK:

The A-Lister from the Netflix A-Lister!

Lance:

But he isn't going for a pin?

DDK:

No! He's going to the top rope! He's going to make sure Dex *stays* down!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful can feel a title change in the air tonight like a Phil Collins hit! The D flies as high as his body will go and he comes down across Dex's body using The B-Movie!

DDK:

From A-Lister to B-Movie! Will that one-two combo win the Southern Heritage championship?

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cannot believe how this has turned out but Joy's arm has indeed gone up before the three-count and The D's heart sinks.

DDK:

How did he even kick out of that? That's unreal!

Lance:

I don't know but The D is close to winning this championship! He feels it too!

The DEF-Plex is completely invested in how close things have gotten between the champion and perhaps his most gutsiest challenger yet. The D kicks Dex when he tries sitting up then grabs his neck. He tries to hit the Contractual Obligation legsweep faceplant but Dex shakes him off by grabbing him and just using a variation on a biel and sends the D crashing hard into a corner.

DDK:

No! Dex had The D's Contractual Obligation scouted out!

Lance:

And now a clothesline in the corner! Now where is Dex taking him?

Dex Joy has the D lined up where he needs him to be and the crowd knows what is coming next. The D is about to be Indiana Jones and Dex is about to be the famous boulder ready to smash him ...

Lance:

Here comes the Jump for Joy ... NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The D is quick enough to scoot out of the way and that is enough for Dex to crash hard into the turnbuckles.

DDK:

Wow! The Jump for Joy in the corner almost never misses, but he did that time! And now could The D be our next

Southern Heritage champion with this opening?

The D's life almost flashed before his eyes but then gets a bright idea and then heads to the middle rope. The fans don't know what's coming next and neither does Dex as he tries to stand. The D takes flight with a leap and then *FLIPS* Dex over into a flipping pile driver in the middle of the ring! The crowd is going bananas, bonkers and anything else crazy starting with a B!

DDK:

MY GOD!!! WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!?!

The D can't even believe that he pulled off what he just did but he is going for the kill and the SO-HER is within his grasp!

One ...

Two ...

THRENOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Not a single fan in the DEF-Plex is sitting now after the *very* last second kick out by Dex Joy! The D head sinks to the mat but he can't give up now that he's so close to the prize.

DDK:

I don't even know where he pulled that move from but he still has Netflix Money! And I think that's what he's going for next!

Lance:

Yeah!! That was two and nine-tenths by Dex and I don't think he has another kick-out in him if this hits!

The D does not give Dex any breathing room. Slowly he has him by the neck when Dex tries to get up and then leaves himself wide open. He swings for Netflix Money but Dex throws him across the ring before he can hit the rotation. The D lands on his feet before but Dex explodes like a massive rocket!

DDK:

Dexy's Midnight Runner! The D just got *launched*!!!

Dex's neck is killing him right now but the big beast is riding on adrenaline when he sees The D lined up in the corner ...

DDK:

JUMP! FOR! JOY!!!

The leaping corner cannonball splash finally hits where it needs to! It takes Dex an extra second or two but he pulls The D out from the corner and hooks a leg and a shoulder to prevent any rope breaks!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

Dex slaps his hand against the mat in a fit of excitement but his neck is still gonna be throbbing for the next few days. Joy is elated to have retained!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner ... still your Southern Heritage champion ... DEXXXXXXX JOOOOOOYYYYYYY!!!

DDK:

What an amazing contest this was! Both of these men have been on DEFIANCE Wrestling career highs right now and I truly believe The D was just one move away from winning this! But Dex had just a little bit more in the tank than we thought and he put his foot on the pedal until he came through with what I have to call his closest defense yet.

Lance:

Dex Joy now takes the Southern Heritage championship to DEF-CON where he will put the title up against Scrow.

Dex Joy does not take this match or the title win lightly though. The D is still unsure of the number of the truck that just hit him but that truck-like man is grateful for the match as he lays the title down and offers his hand in appreciation for the match. Flex does not know what to do other than wave the Elise sign around but The D takes a moment. The D nods, accepting Dex's hand and shakes it. When they part, the D stumbles as Flex keeps him upright.

DDK:

This was just the opener too! I can't wait to see what the rest of this show has in store for us folks so stay with us!!!

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON

NIGHT 1 & 2 LIVE from the **LAKEFRONT ARENA** on *Wednesday, April 28th and Thursday, April 29th!*

CARD AS IT STANDS...

MAIN EVENT
FIST of DEFIANCE

Mikey Unlikely © vs. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS
Fuse Bros. One © vs. The Comments Section

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP
Dex Joy © vs. Scrow

REDEMPTION

We cut over to the interview stage where Christie Zane stands next to 24K star Perfection. The Faithful around the area and in the DEFplex are making sure to let Witherhold know he is unwelcome. It doesn't bother him at all. In fact, it's emboldening Perfection. He smiles wide, enjoying the heat and adjusting his 24K lapel pin on his suit jacket to sit perfectly centered.

Christie Zane:

I am standing next to one fourth of DEFIANCE's own 24K, Perf...

James wastes no time in asserting himself.

Perfection:

They know who I am, princess!

Christie nods with a sense that this interview, like many before it, might spiral out of control at any moment.

Christie Zane:

When we...

Zane's cut off again by James grabbing her wrist which has Christie react with her head reeling back. Witherhold then pulls the microphone and Zane closer.

Perfection:

I'm sure you're about to ask why I'm here and talk about when we last spoke. Well, don't you fret my little spinner...

James taps Christie on the cheek lightly.

Perfection:

Because I have an announcement! Following the tremendous victory which was on full display last DEFtv by my fellow men and 'Yours Truly'. You know the one where we were challenged beyond belief by those three outstanding local talents?

Christie rolls her eyes.

Perfection:

You know the one. Anyways, I couldn't help but think that 'Yours Truly' has been left out of the mix on a few things! All of my good, dear friends got a piece of the Pop Culture Phenoms while I had been distracted by the likes of Scott Stevens and... Conor Fuse.

/rank /rank /rank

Perfection lets out a very audible sigh over the microphone.

Perfection:

You 'SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH' when a MAN is talking, boys! NOW! After JFKayle unequivocally defeated PCP on the big stage I've decided to do something new. Something different. Ask me what it is, Christie, before these dames' loins explode from oversaturation of 'Yours Truly'.

Christie Zane:

What possibly could....

She's cut off again.

Perfection:

I'm SO glad you asked! I'm going to give PCP a chance to redeem themselves, Christie! I have a heart, I care, I want them to feel like they can earn your respect back, Unfaithfuls! So, in the spirit of all things men, I will be giving them one on one opportunities against the pinnacle of pure wrestling and talent- M. E.!

James puts his pointer finger up.

Perfection:

That spells "me", schleprocks!

James throws a thumb towards himself.

Perfection:

One last thing before I depart and leave you parched for more Perfection!

He puts up the hand he just used for the thumb as a "stop".

Perfection:

Guys... Phenoms, I know and I get it. After being cleanly swept by men with beautiful faces, which is something I can say isn't so much true anymore for your talkative little flapper, Elise Ares.

The Faithful boo at the attack on Ares.

Perfection:

Incels, honestly... her face isn't even worth being on your bedroom ceiling after that match- that I can tell you.

Perfection smirks.

Perfection:

I figure the Pop Cultural Phails... need some pity! Elise's friends more than anyone else. I mean honestly, how will they CARRY on without her?! So sad, isn't it, Christie?!

Christie Zane:

What exactly-

Perfection:

SUCH A TRAGEDY! Imagine it, Christie! Your whole life spent busting your ovaries in that ring. Pushing yourself to be one of the best. Signing a contract with the best... DEFIANCE!

He makes an explosion gesture with the free hand.

Perfection:

And then POOF! In flash of a manly and well constructed boot by 24K your entire catalog of work, matches, and professionalism are reduced down to one thing- your dopey little face.

His hand goes over his heart as he gives off small sarcastic looks of sadness.

Perfection:

Poor and ONCE beautiful Elise is now just a memory under Cayle and Kendrix's boots. Just another victim to the king of career enders- not having the look.

Christie looks at James up and down and just when she's about to utter a word-

Perfection:

Unlike me of course! I AM the look, Christie! I see you eying me, undressing me! Not gonna happen, Water Cooler

Babe.

Christie's eyes go wide.

Perfection:

Anyways- Elise Ares, that poor, busted faced broad. Ah, well! The show goes on despite her, and 'Yours Truly' has decided to give someone with a more presentable mug their shot at redemption.

James gives us those pearly whites.

Perfection:

So, to keep with the theme of *faces*, 'Yours Truly', Perfection, will *face* off with PCP's very own, a true challenger...

He pauses to try and build it up.

Perfection:

O-Face!

Perfection taps Christie on the cheek lightly one last time before blowing kisses at the Faithful and walking off the interview stage.

Lance:

Is this tonight?!

DDK:

I don't see Perfection, of all people, wrestling the same night he makes an announcement about a match.

Lance:

I just got word you are wrong, my friend! We are getting Perfection verses O-Face tonight!

DDK:

I'm so thrilled about it. Yay. Joy and things. Perfection. Woooo.

PERFECTION vs. O-FACE

Lance:

Over the past few months we have seen a few different sides of Perfection, but giving away matches on free TV and against people he doesn't have to isn't one of them.

DDK:

Because he's probably pulling everyone's leg. \$100 says he doesn't even come out.

♪ "Perfect Gentleman" by Helloween ♪

Perfection walks out onto the ramp with a giant smile on his face and a water bottle in one hand. The DEF Plex descends into a chorus of boos that only result in James putting his arms out to soak it in.

Quimby:

The following match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, hailing from Hidden Hills, California!

PERFECCCTTIIIIIIIOOOONNNNNN!!!!!!!!!!

Lance:

Well, we were promised a match of redemption by Perfection tonight and it seems he's keeping his word. You owe me \$100, Keebs.

DDK:

We never shook on it! This entire thing stinks to high heaven anyways. Does anyone really believe this bait & switch artist? That he's giving redemption matches? It's a ruse!

Perfection makes his way around the ring checking the ropes. He motions Mark Shields out of his way before laying across the top turnbuckle facing the entrance ramp while occasionally taking sips from his water bottle.

♪ "Adrenalize" by In This Moment ♪

Green lights fill the darkened WrestlePlex as "In This Moment" heralds the arrival of the least prominent member of the Pop Culture Phenoms.

Quimby:

His Opponent....

James is audibly picked up over Quimby's mic.

Perfection:

NO ONE ASKED YOU, QUIM-BERLY! I Get the hell out of my ring!

Perfection sits up in the turnbuckle to argue with Mark Shields about the interruption while flicking water from his bottle, behind Shields' back, at Quimby.

Lance:

It seems you can't expect anything less from Perfection.

O-Face slowly paces herself towards the ring, biting her lip as she looks down the aisle towards Perfection with a hesitant smirk. Behind her, The D, and Flex Kruger join her, the former putting his hand on her shoulder and giving some words of encouragement before she slowly stalks down the ring.

DDK:

The D may be a little worse for wear from his epic encounter with Dex Joy for the SoHer just moments ago, but it's his girlfriend Lance. About to face Perfection. So, the D and Flex accordingly will accompany O-Face, who has had a few matches on BRAZEN in recent months.

Lance:

I think it's safe to say her wrestling career has just begun...

DDK:

I'm not so sure about a match with Perfection here, either. She's still in what I'd call a learning phase of her career.

Lance:

Oh I agree, but there's something... off-putting about her. Always has been. I can't quite put my finger on it, but behind this sultry, seductive, goth girl persona... I... I can't place it.

DDK:

I know what you mean. There are unknown intentions in those emerald eyes, but I think there is only so much the rest of the Pop Culture Phenoms can do here to help out. They might just be herding the sheep to slaughter.

The Pop Culture Phenoms begin to enter the ring but are reminded they're not involved in the match as O-Face makes her way around the ring. Perfection points with the water bottle and starts hollering at Shields to keep her away from his corner. Flex Kruger is particularly nervous as the bell rings.

DING DING DING**Lance:**

I can just FEEL something is off tonight. I don't know if it's dread or O-Face's general chaotic demeanor... but things just feel... terrible.

Right off the bell Perfection lowers himself from the turnbuckles and sets the water bottle in the corner. Grabbing the top rope he circles the ring with O-Face.

DDK:

How long until shenanigans happen? Thirty seconds? A minute maybe?

Witherhold ushers O-Face to come tie up with him as he lets go of the top rope and moves to center. O-Face gives a shrug like "why the hell not" as both competitors' arms go up. Perfection wastes no time, throwing an uppercut that sends O-Face stumbling back.

Lance:

And the first offense of the bout goes to Perfection!

DDK:

Hopefully that ends quickly or O-Face is going to be in for a long match.

James grabs O-Face and sends her to the ropes. On the way back he slams his knee into her stomach, and with that O-Face turns over on herself. Witherhold throws a few boots down on the head of O-Face. He now more methodically picks his shots as O-Face crawls towards the D at ringside.

Mark Shields:

That's ten!

Perfection:

That's eight you incompetent baffoon! Learn to count!

Shields doesn't dispute it and James throws in two more shots for good measure.

Lance:

Perfection seems to have confused Mark Shields.

DDK:

Is it that hard though?

Witherhold pulls O-Face up by her hair high enough that he can slap her right across the face.

THWACK!**Lance:**

That is no way to treat a lady! What is wrong with you, sir?!

The Faithful erupt with booo's. James then reaches back down, pulls O-Face up by the hair, and again with one fluid motion...

THWACK!

The D is screaming at Mark Shields to regulate the match in some fashion which causes Witherhold to mouth something back in his direction. O-Face begins to climb to her feet while holding her cheek but Perfection is already on the hunt and hits a snap DDT. In a flash, Witherhold is sitting up and smiling at the front row.

Lance:

And now Perfection is again exchanging words with The D which have the Pop Culture Phenoms looking rather worried.

Witherhold walks the ring as O-Face is shaking out the cobwebs and she gets to one knee. Perfection notices this, runs to the rope, bounces off, and connects his boot to the side of O-Face's head that makes her spin back down to the canvass.

Lance:

Not sure what any of this is accomplishing, especially for Perfection.

DDK:

It's so he feels good about himself. Mark Shields should end this match right now. Mercy rule or something.

Perfection slowly begins to pull O-Face to her feet, a sharp knee to the gut, he hooks her arms, and begins slowly spinning away...

Lance:

PHOTO FINISH!!!

DDK:

Good! Now it's over and he can go away!

James puts his foot under O-Face and lifts her body so she's on her back. With the same foot he pins her.

One!

Two!

Lance:

No! Perfection has taken his foot off O-Face!

DDK:

The heck is the point of that?! You were going to win, numbskull!

James takes his time and walks back to the corner where he started, grabs the water bottle and perches back up in his favorite place to lay- the turnbuckles.

DDK:

Oh get out of here!!! Can he do this?! Can he seriously waste our time like this?!

Lance:

Well he's doing it.

James takes a few more sips of water before he notices O-Face starting to come back around. This makes Witherhold toss the water bottle over his shoulder, come down from the turnbuckle, and boot O-Face in the back of the head. Perfection then helps her back to her feet before sending her into the turnbuckle he was just relaxing at.

Lance:

I don't think O-Face even knows where she is right now.....

Perfection grabs the arms of the barely conscious O-Face.

Lance:

GLIMPSE OF FAME! GLIMPSE OF FAME AND O-FACE'S HEAD JUST BOUNCED OFF THAT TURNBUCKLE PADDING LIKE A RUBBER BALL!

James again sits up, rolls to one knee, and throws his arms up expecting massive praise. That's when the Faithful pops loudly and Perfection smiles even wider. It's not Witherhold they are cheering for.

It's The D- jumping on the apron, lifting up the top rope, and stepping his foot in the ring to defend O-Face.

Lance:

Shields' has stopped him! The D is now forced on the apron and is screaming at Mark Shields to end this match.

DDK:

Because this isn't a match! This is Perfection abusing someone for no reason!

Perfection has finally realized that there is commotion going on behind him.

Perfection:

Hey! HEY!!!! That's interference! HEY YOU DOPEY LOSER, MARK!! INTERFERENCE!!!!

Shields turns around and Perfection begins admonishing him to the point Shields has his hands up.

Perfection:

Either throw them out or you disqualify her damn it!

Shields then turns to The D and makes the universal gesture that PCP are thrown out from ringside. The D can be seen holding his head in shock. The D begins to storm the ring but Flex Kruger holds him back. The Pop Culture Phenoms are LIVID!

Lance:

I can't believe it! Mark Shields didn't even give them a warning!

In the corner, O-Face has been using the ropes to climb back up. Perfection is directly behind her waiting for O-Face to turn around and right when she does...

DDK:

Perfection just raked O-Face's eye! Just one match in your life, James, JUST ONCE can you fight fair?!

Lance:

What has me nervous is there's no one here to protect O-Face if the rest of 24K decide to get involved, Keebs.

While O-Face holds her wounded eye Perfection points down at her yelling before he throws a hard boot to her ribs. Picking O-Face back up to her feet, Witherhold takes hold of the back of her head and begins to walk while running the PCP member's face across the top rope.

Lance:

One of Perfection's favorite uses for that top rope.

DDK:

That and hiding under it like a coward.

James presses O-Face into the ropes and Irish Whips her. O-Face hits the opposite side and bounces back with Perfection positioned in the center of the ring.

DDK:

Oh, no. Stop!

Witherhold then connects with a drop toe hold. The Faithful erupt in the opposite direction, with the DEFplex boo-ing so loudly James has to shout at Mark Shields.

Perfection:

IT'S ALL OVER! ASK HER!

Lance:

Gapers Delay!

Boooooooooooooooooo!

DDK:

Wonderful. We get to waste a solid five plus minutes over nothing! Can I take a bathroom break?

Lance:

Perfection is asking again if O-Face has quit, and same as your bathroom break- the answer is 'no'.

DDK:

Of course the answer is 'no'! It's a stinkin' drop toe hold damn it!

Witherhold begins to send back elbows to the base of O-Face's neck as he continues to work the toe hold. An elbow, then some nasty comments hurled to the Faithful in the front row. Rinse and repeat.

Lance:

It just occurred to me that Perfection set this match up, Keebs.

DDK:

We know that, buddy.

Lance:

Without a time limit...

DDK:

OH GOD! WE ARE GOING TO BE HERE ALL NIGHT?!

James is enjoying every second of delaying. That's until the lights cut out and the DEFplex is illuminated by phone screens.

Lance:

Technical difficulties?

DDK:

If so that might be for the best... DEFsec really needs to get out here and do something about this. Does anyone know if we are on ai...

♪ "Grito Mundial" by Daddy Yankee ♪

Purple lights of various shades flash around the DEFIATron and a roar comes from a small section of the crowd. As the lyrics kick in the lights begin to dance a woman appears at the entrance wearing a sequined purple mask. Bursting through the curtain with matching top and tights, the camera has trouble focusing on the woman as she sprints down to the ring, taking Perfection off guard. He drops O-Face to the mat and squares up as she slides into the ring!

DDK:

IT'S AMETHYSTA! AMETHYSTA IS HERE!

Lance:

Who in the hell?

Perfection swings wildly and misses the Violet Luchadora as she leaps into the air and springboards back, catching a confused 24K member off guard as he turns around and she lands a breathtaking tornado DDT! James scrambles to find his ground as Amethysta kips up to her feet and takes off once again, this time planting Perfection with a spike hurricanrana as he struggles back up to a knee. Clearly out of it, Perfection rolls out of the ring trying to find solace.

Lance:

What is going on here in New Orleans?!

DDK:

I have no idea but I'm loving every bit of it!

The Faithful roar as Amethysta sprints to the top rope, but her opponent quickly staggers away from her, causing the Faithful to jeer in disappointment.

Lance:

He's seen enough, Darren. He's waving off that masked woman. Amethysta you say? Has she been here before?

DDK:

Indeed she has, Lance. Amethysta won a BRAZEN Battle Royal as a member of their international exchange program to earn a Southern Heritage Championship opportunity against then champion Jay Harvey! She ended up winning the championship, and having the longest Southern Heritage Championship reign in DEFIANCE history!

Lance:

Wait, wasn't that Elise Ares?

DDK:

Amethysta was revealed to be Elise Ares before the match took place, but this Amethysta could be anyone, Lance. She's shrouded in mystery! It could be ANYONE under that mask!

Amethysta jumps down from the top rope and checks on O-Face as the medical team lead by Iris Divine make their

way past a retreating Perfection. He continues to make a big scene about blowing off the “sneak attack” from the luchadora, as his screams about “Try that again when I’m FRESH” are drowned out by the replaying of Daddy Yankee. As O-Face gets back up to her feet, she goes to hug the Violet Luchadora who instead jumps back avoiding human contact and runs over to the top rope to celebrate with the Faithful!

Lance:

Well, I think I’ve seen enough to make a guess.

DDK:

Perfection might’ve not realized what he was up against in Amethysta, Lance, but he certainly sent a message loud and clear to the Pop Culture Phenoms.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

KEEP TALKING

EARLIER TONIGHT is at the bottom of the screen. We are outside the WrestlePlex where the sun is that perfect place before dawn. A Towncar pulls up and fills your picture. The back door opens and out steps Jesse Fredericks Kendrix. He pats his head to ensure his hair is perfectly in place.

Kendrix is handed his duffle as he shoos away the driver. Kendrix rocks a brand new leather jacket and designer jeans. He takes off his sunglasses, puts them inside his jacket, then switches around to another pocket only to reveal another pair of sunglasses, this pair way more obnoxious than the last.

He marches forward then a quick cut to Kendrix now inside the arena. An eerie feeling takes you over. Why is Kendrix wearing women's sunglasses? Why do I need to pee a little? Kendrix continues on as the cameras roll. Out of nowhere, Kendrix is jolted to the side!

Jay Harvey comes into the frame and begins attacking Kendrix, the man who cost him his shot at immortality. Kendrix drops his bag as he tries to get back to his feet. Harvey intercepts him and tosses him into a group of PA cabinets!

Kendrix realizes who is going after him and goes on the offensive. Harvey takes a few shots from JFK but squashes that before it goes any further. Harvey is laying into JFK, deservedly so. Before you can really enjoy the attack DEFiance Security breaks things up.

DEFIANCE Official:

Get 'em back! Get 'em back!

Harvey is foaming at the mouth and Kendrix swipes trying to get at Harvey. Both men try kicking, throwing arms, whatever they can to try and break free and kill each other!

Jay Harvey:

Your ass is mine, Kendrix! You hear me?!

Kendrix:

You had it coming, Bruv! Let's go!

Both men try to break free of security but there's no budging. Harvey tries pushing Security off of him to no avail.

Jay Harvey:

Keep talking! I'll break your goddamn jaw! Get off me!

Security does their damndest and is able to get both men out of there in one piece. The production truck cuts from the back to Darren Keebler and Lance Warner live at their commentary table.

DDK:

That was the scene earlier today here at the WrestlePlex, folks! Because of this backstage scuffle between Jesse Fredericks Kendrix and Jay Harvey, DEFiance CEO Daniel Davidson has made it official... Tonight we will see JFK go one on one with Jay Harvey!

Lance:

What a match! That is a match fitting of one of the historic one-hundred-fiftieth episode of DEFtv!

DDK:

Absolutely, Lance! That match is still to come, don't go anywhere, folks! Coming up next... Bronson Box and Reinhardt Hoffman take on the Gulf Coast Connection in tag team action!

We fade out and go on to the next segment.

THE DEATH OF DEACON

DDK:

Well... are we here or on yet...?

Resuming from commercial the DEFIANCE cameras are showing the arena in a darkened setting, cameras flashing wildly as we have just returned from commercial.

Lance:

I have a feeling I know who's about to come on.

DDK:

Does the silence, darkness and live journal gothic vibes give it away, Lance?

Lance:

I see someone enjoys Cayle's references.

V/O: *[booming]*

CHANT HIS NAME ALL YOU WANT. Praise the Hero that he was, do your best to look around in the darkness clouds, but I promise you, finding him will not be the journey you'd thought it would be.

As the DEFarena lights flicker on, Stalker is standing in the middle of the ring - a mic in his hand and a painting display standing next to him. The picture on the stand? None other than Deacon of course.

Stalker:

Deacon is who the fans seek is it not? To see the Masked Mute Freak who tried to be the HERO DEFIANCE needed, but he failed - didn't he? Just like he failed at DEFIANCE ROAD! DEACON is gone - RAPTURED as they call it. Whatever the case may be you can consider him 'DEAD!'

The words echo through DEFarena like 'Chino' screaming into the microphone at a concert, Stalker was on point as the manipulator maniac he was known for. Jason 'Stalker' Reeves moves chaotically around the display picture in the ring, pulling out a familiar 'zippo' lighter from his pocket - Stalker begins to light the picture on fire.

DDK:

Seriously? This guy is CRAZY!

Lance:

Considering the events of the last show I am honestly not surprised by him lighting Deacon's picture on fire, Darren.

With a devilish smirk on his face, Stalker addresses the crowd on the microphone while watching the flames burn alive Deacon's portrait.

Stalker:

The Kabal - they won, like they always do. And.. my war... my WORLD will help us... we will continue to win

A pause as the flame of the portrait begins to dissipate, Stalker kicking over the display stand like a piece of trash, he stomps out Deacon's picture while The Faithful watch on in silence.

Stalker:

But to ensure that the winning never stops for The Kabal, I'll have to revisit a 'False Hero' who got away.

Stalker paces the ring as he almost foams at the mouth in excitement.

Stalker:

Scotty boy... Scott Douglas! Months ago you thought that you could simply walk from me. Walk away from our history but tonight. At DEFIANCE TV number one hundred and FIFTY! I challenge you to face me once more - to step into the

squared ring, under my rules, my world and FACE the darkness you refuse to become.

Jason Reeves pauses as the crowd lets out a jeer of displeasure.

Lance:

Scott Douglas is not scheduled to appear tonight and...

Before Lance can even finish his sentence Scott Douglas makes his presence known.

♪ "Smiling & Dying" by Green River ♪

Scott Douglas:

Reeves!

The crowd and music goes silent as DEFIANCE's Favorite Son stands at the top of the ramp under the DEFIatron, a microphone in hand he begins pacing towards the ring. Douglas' eyes never leave that of his challenger of the evening. As Scott Douglas makes his way to the ring, The Faithful are absolutely hanging off every word of the former SoHeR champion.

Scott Douglas:

At Ascension, when I beat you in the middle of the ring, under YOUR RULES. I told you - that I was through. Hard stop. I made it clear that night, that your whole 'self destruction circle' syndrome was not going to swallow me whole.

Lance:

These two men have a lot of 'out of the ring' history, more than those at DEFIANCE even realize. However - ever since Stalker has arrived at DEFIANCE, he's cast a looming shadow over not only ALL heroes but Scott Douglas in particular.

DDK:

Scott settled that score at Ascension, Stalker is now attempting to beat a dead horse for a grab at the climb that Douglas has been on since LEAVING Stalker in the dust. If I was Scott - I'd walk away from this and focus on DEFCon.

Douglas lets the moment sink as the two men stare at one another; eye to eye.

Scott Douglas:

But...

DDK:

Scott don't... but this....

In anticipation yet again the crowd is left waiting as Scott Douglas paces the ring while keeping his eyes glued on Stalker who stands motionless like a monstrous killer.

Scott Douglas:

But... I know you. I know your... bloodline. That look in your eyes - I can't have that hunting me down over the next month while I am preparing for the most important opportunity in my DEFIANCE tenure! Of ALL people Jason - *you* ... should respect that enough to stay out of my way!

There is a hint of anger in Scott's tone as the Favorite Son gets within spitting distance of Stalker, the two men are staring inches from each other's faces as the crowd's excitement builds up. Stalker gives a glance to the crowd, as does Scott Douglas, but neither man raises a fist to the other, instead Douglas' mic returns to his lips.

Scott Douglas:

I can't afford to be looking over my shoulder the whole way to DEFCon ... So, I'm not doing this to appease you, Jason.

I'm doing this to make certain ... you leave me the hell ALONE!

Stalker:

If you would just fucking listen and look at how you betrayed...

Scott Douglas:

STOP! STALKER!!

The former SoHeR champion Douglas stands toe to toe with a Master Manipulator in Stalker, whose eyes are glazed over after his first words are overridden by a uniquely fired up Scott Douglas.

Scott Douglas:

Enough! With the NONSENSE! I'm here and I'm always prepared to put on a show and last I checked ... I have NO match tonight!!

The Faithful let out a small pop.

Scott Douglas:

So, instead of incoherently accusing me of some contrived ... convoluted ... paranoid BULLSHIT - how about you shut your mouth ...

*SHUT YOUR MOUTH STALKER! *clap clap clap**

*SHUT YOUR MOUTH STALKER! *clap clap clap**

*SHUT YOUR MOUTH STALKER! *clap clap clap**

DDK:

YES!! Finally!! This needs to be a consistent cheer!

The announce team and Scott Douglas both let the crowd have their day, Stalker meanwhile paces back away from Scott Douglas and nods in silence for him to go on.

Scott Douglas:

I'm going to offer you a one night deal - for DEFIANCE 150, Scott Douglas verses Stalker in a 'Stalker's Rules' match. A rematch from Ascension - a rematch most thought they'd NEVER see and for ... good reason.

A pause for effect.

Scott Douglas:

But this time ... when I win ... you walk away from me, plain and simple.

Stalkers' eyes widen.

Scott Douglas:

I'll offer you my hand to shake, just like we will shake on this agreement and Jason, I mean this... You walk away once and for all. No more callouts, no more surprise attacks - you'll accept defeat and walk away.

Tension passes through the building as a hushed breath of air is taken in by The Faithful, Scott's arm is now extended out in anticipation of a handshake.

Scott Douglas:

Agreed?

Scott Douglas asks as Stalker cracks his neck, unusually quiet for the first time in a while, Stalker's eyes never left Scott Douglas. The scarred human wrecking machine stood idle like a waiting titan, ready to strike down the guardian that stood in front of him.

Stalker:

What happens when I win?

DDK:

Ha.. You are talking about taking on Scott Douglas the man who I think is the only one capable of unseating our current FIST.

Lance:

I don't know, Keebs.. Stalker's attitude in the ring with Deacon at our last show made me feel like he is capable of doing ANYTHING. Perhaps even beating the number one contender for The Fist.

Stalker staring at Scott Douglas.

Scott Douglas staring at Stalker.

The crowd eager and waiting for either man to come to blows but rather - Douglas pulls the mic back up to his mouth and while keeping his hand out in anticipation for a handshake he responds to Stalker's question almost reactionary without thinking.

Scott Douglas: *[shrugging]*

I will join The Kabal.

DDK:

WHAT?!

Before another word can be spoken Jason 'Stalker' Reeves reaches out and accepts Scott's hand in a handshake. Both men stare into each other's eyes before a video package hits the DEFIATron displaying a side by side visual with Stalker vs. Scott Douglas with the words 'Main Event' written under it.

Lance:

I honestly was not expecting something like this to happen tonight, Darren. Both Scott Douglas and Stalker were not scheduled to appear tonight and now we have a surprise main event that will pit both of these men against one another in a rematch from Ascension!

DDK:

On top of that we have some 'implications' on the outcome of the match and I'm not sure if Scott Douglas is thinking clearly ... *'joining'* The Kabal? - Stalker will go to the ENDS of the earth to win if he has the stake of putting Scott Douglas under his thumb! With everything Scott Douglas has on the horizon, I just don't think it is worth it!

Lance:

I'd have to agree, Darren! But ... with Mikey Unlikley's DEFCon stipulation in play... is this a case of Scott Douglas with his back against the wall!? Acting out of sheer desperation and, quite frankly ... not thinking clearly!?

DDK:

Time will tell! We've got plenty of more live-action coming up between now and then, Lance.

Lance:

Indeed we do! Specifically ... next up, the newly returned Bronson Box!

BRONSON BOX & REINHARDT HOFFMAN vs. GULF COAST CONNECTION

We cut back to the ring where the Gulf Coast Connection are already in the ring. Clad in street clothes Theodore Cain is looking absolutely thrashed, giving what looks to be one heck of a pep talk to his two more able bodied compatriots. The masked Crescent City Kid looks more or less ready for action but poor Aaron King looks like absolute hell in his plastic face protector, covering the still tender burns inflicted upon his person by Arthur Pleasant.

Lance:

Talk about a group of guys who could stand a week or two off. Between King face and Cain's... well, nearly everything, these guys are looking pretty wilted.

DDK:

The Provocateur Arthur Pleasant really did put the Gulf Coast Connection through their paces, partner. That can't be denied.

The three men in the ring, the announcers, all patter and conversation stops and the man in black starts starts to croon and the opening chords of "God's Gunna Cut You Down" thrum across the arena. Out first is the long and lean "Gentleman German" sporting a black and gold ring jacket stating as much across the breast. Reinhardt Hoffman looking as focused as ever stops short and looks back towards the curtain...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen making their way to the ring, representing The Conclave, REINHARDT HOFFMAAAAN AND BRONSOOOON BOOOOX!

The Original DEFIANT takes a few confident stomps from behind the curtain to stand shoulder to shoulder with his long time sparring partner and friend. The two men share a nod before making a beeline towards the ring and the clearly rattled Gulf City Connection. It's not long before Boxer stomps up the steps, Reinhardt rolling under the bottom rope and the two grapplers are standing an arms reach from their opponents.

Lance:

Hah, look at Cain high tail it. I bet he's never been so happy to feel like utter physical garbage.

Theodore Cain gives his tag team partners a hopeful thumbs up before gingerly bailing to ringside. After the **DING DING** Crescent City Kid starts off against Hoffman, obviously wanting to spare his still charred tag team partner as much ring time as possible. As much as everyone expected going into this contest that Hoffman and Box would immediately take the lead, that ends up not being the case.

DDK:

Look at Crescent City Kid go, Lance!

Maybe it's fight or flight, maybe it's pure luck but the masked Kid immediately manages to take the calculated German technician off his game and away from the friendly corner and a clearly irritated Bronson Box.

DDK:

Well this is unexpected, look at Crescent City Kid go!

Lance:

He's gotta' stay on him, Keebs. If he loses this momentum Hoffman will be on him like a steel trap.

As though on cue, CC Kid turns and responds to a small "GCC" chant led by his partner Theodore Cain at ringside. That's all it takes for Hoffman to pick the leg, slide into a tight side headlock and quickly make his way back into his corner for the tag.

Lance:

Hoo-boy.

Reinhardt only lets the side headlock go after Boxer has a nice hearty handful of Crescent City Kid's goatee. Referee Buffalo Brian Slater feigns admonishing Boxer knowing full well there's little to no chance of The Wargod doing a goddamn thing he doesn't want to do. Not a fight even he wants to pick. Let's just call it referees discretion, shall we...

DDK:

Crescent City Kid is absolutely at The Wargod's mercy here, partner!

Bronson backs Kid into the corner and proceeds to absolutely light the young grappler up with a repeating series of open hand chops and sharp neck snapping European uppercuts. The wild repetitive assault goes on for so long it begins to whip the faithful into a frenzy. Second after second, blow after blow CC Kid's chest gets more and more red and his eyes more and more glazed over. Just like that Bronson stops... Crescent City Kid slumps down onto his ass like a sack of mashed spuds.

The STARMAKER reaches down and snatches up Kid's wrist.

Lance:

GOOD LORD!

The pure haggis fueled momentum with which Bronson whips Crescent City Kid from a sitting position, across the ring and into the opposite turnbuckle is almost inhuman. As CC Kid squirms Boxer slowly struts over, standing over his fallen foe with an odd, confident little look. He reaches down and grabs a violent handful of Kid's mask and in one nasty motion shoves Kid stumbling towards his partner. Kid instinctively tags out to a shocked Aaron King.

Lance:

God I bet King's wishing Pleasant had done more of a number on him. He might have gotten Cain's place at ringside tonight.

DDK:

It really was a toss up by the DEF medical staff, really neither man should be stepping in the ring tonight. It speaks to the toughness and resilience of this trio.

Box leans forward on his knees and motions for King to "be a man" echoing the same sentiment he gave Christiano on the last edition of DEFtv before... well, go watch the tape back. It isn't pretty. We catch Aaron King give a small sign of the cross before stepping through the ropes, checking his plastic face protector as he does.

Lance:

I can't imagine how much wrestling with those burns and that awkward face protector must impede your ring game, Keeps.

As King starts circling Boxer looking for his best access point it's clear the face protector is bothering King. Battling through, the scrappy young King shoots in and manages to take Boxer's leg, taking the massive Scotsman off guard. In an effort so valiant Aaron King should get a goddamn medal, he actually manages some legit chain wrestling with the former two time FIST of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Would you look at that!

As Boxer takes the mount position he tries and fails to lock on the iron claw with his vicious Red Right Hand thanks to King's face protector. The momentary misstep from The Wargod allows King to escape to the friendly corner and tag a reluctant Crescent City Kid back into the match. His chest blistered and bleeding from Bronson's previous assault, Kid approaches the lockup with obvious reluctance.

Theodore Cain from ringside:

YOU GOT THIS BRO!

Boxer thwaps Kid to the mat with an effortless double leg takedown, immediately RAINING down several stout forearms across his chin. The camera catches Theodore Cain cringing at ringside as Boxer wrenches Kid to his feet in the foreground. It all happens so fast we barely have time to process Aaron King shouting “look out idiot” before Crescent City Kid’s limp body is hucked over the top rope into Theodore Cain.

DDK:

THE SHEER STRENGTH OF BRONSON BOX, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

Lance:

Cain has broken ribs among a host of other injuries Keebs, that HAD to hurt!

Kid lands in such a way that it’s obvious he’s stone cold out of it. The ringside medic shakes his head “no” after a quick cursory assessment of Kid’s condition. Upon accessing the situation Buffalo Brian Slater turns to Aaron King.

Referee Slater:

You’re all you boys have left, kid.

Slater motions for King to step in and continue the match. Aaron King looks back at the pile of thrashed humanity that is his Gulf Coast Connection tag team partners with... disappointment? He breathes a heavy sigh and steps back through the ropes to face the music. Over the next few minutes Boxer and Hoffman make no less than five quick tags, each time twisting poor Aaron King’s neck into new violent directions.

DDK:

The tag team continuity between Box and Hoffman is impressive.

Lance:

Whilst not a normal tag team combination by any stretch, Box and our resident Gentleman German have decades of history having come up together on the oft brutal European indie circuit.

The final tag of the match sees Bronson confidently snap off several of his pet backbreakers, leaving the already busted Aaron King laying in a heap at center ring. The Original DEFIANT approaches his prey, reaches down and with one hand violently SNAPS off King’s plastic face protector and hucks it deep into the fifth row leaving Aaron’s still very raw burns exposed.

Lance:

Someone’s going home with a unique souvenir tonight!

DDK:

IRON CLAW! Red Right Hand to the charred visage of Aaron King! MY GOD!

The STARMAKER digs the gnarled fingernails of his fabled Red Right Hand into the burned flesh of Aaron King’s face. Deliberately positioning his fingers over the worst of Arthur Pleasant’s handiwork. The shrill scream that escapes Aaron King’s lips is truly unspeakable.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The Faithful eat it up.

Aaron King lasts a mere breath in the Wargod’s clutches, tapping out as soon as he can piece the synapses together to do so.

DING DING DING

The blood thirsty reaction from the Faithful reminds us all where that particular term came from. Boxer gets to his feet, Hoffman hops in the ring and joins in getting his hand raised by Brian Slater. But even Hoffman acknowledges his partners viciousness, dropping to one knee and clapping up at Bronson with a winners smile. Boxer takes the time to humiliate young King even further by literally booting him from the ring to ringside.

Bronson Box yelling just so loud:

JOIN YER' FRIENDS, LAD! AMBULANCE IS LEAVIN' SOON!

DDK:

Another absolutely dominant performance from The Wargod. With him at the helm, I'm curious to see just what all The Conclave can accomplish going forward.

Lance:

Something tells me Gunter, Gin and Rhys won't be far behind. It's not a secret Bronson has always had his finger on the pulse of the young talent here in DEFIANCE. There's a lot of young men and women down in BRAZEN that look at Boxer like a... well, a God.

DDK:

That's a scary scary sentiment, partner.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

Subscribe to DEFonDEMAND today! DEFY CABLE!

RESTRAINING ORDER FORTHCOMING

The crane cam zooms in on Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Folks welcome back to ringside!

Darren quickly puts a finger to his earpiece.

DDK:

I'm being told we're heading backstage immediately. Let's take a look at what's happening.

The broadcast feed transitions to the watercooler once again. Teresa Ames seems to be tampering with the dispenser until she notices the camera is hot on her.

Teresa Ames:

There you are.

Her gaze fixates on none other than Gage Blackwood, in full ring gear, who regrettably walks by.

Teresa Ames:

Where ya going, hot stuff?

Blackwood points beyond her.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, lass, to the ring. I have a match with one of your associates. Had I known you would be here, I would have taken another way.

Innocent and harmless, Teresa shoulders up nice and close to Gage.

Teresa Ames:

What-ever do you mean my big hunka hunk?

She giggles unsettlingly. Gage doesn't have time to interact for this nonsense.

Gage Blackwood:

Look, Teresa. I am CLEARLY telling you that I am not interested. The craziness you've shown over the past two weeks is too much. Also, I have much bigger issues at hand like 24K and putting my career back on track. I don't have time for these silly games.

Without hesitation, Ames allows her demeanour to deteriorate into unstable territory.

Teresa Ames:

I am not done with you, Gage. I will not get over you. This isn't the end of us. We will be soulmates because we are meant to be together! So, if you don't return my texts and my calls, then mark my words that I will find you! I will be in your life in some capacity no matter what! I'll date someone you know or someone that looks like you! Just know, I will be connected to you FOREVER!

Tension fills the air. Ames returns to the bubbly person she was moments ago.

Teresa Ames:

Okay so, good luck on your upcoming match! Go get 'em tiger! I'll be watching.

Blackwood walks onward.

Teresa Ames:

I have a match to get ready for, too.

Teresa's evil smile is the last image on screen.

GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. CYRUS BATES

The ring sits empty as everyone awaits the start of whatever comes next.

Darren Quimbey:

This next contest is a one-on-one match with a twenty minute time limit!

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

The crowd erupts in cheers as The Noble Raider and noted tactical wrestler, Gage Blackwood walks out on stage.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Edinburgh, Scotland, weighing in at two-hundred-twenty-five pounds, GAGE BLACKWOOD!

Gage makes his way to the ring with much fanfare.

DDK:

Well, Lance, Gage Blackwood is set to square off against Cyrus Bates in mere moments and I'm not sure which direction we should go here.

Lance:

Darren, let's start with Gage. He's been stalked by Teresa for the last few weeks and things have gotten weird. Teresa asked him to a movie date, only for her to find him already at the theater with Kristie Bellis, a DEFIANCE sales representative who's been well known backstage.

DDK:

Then Ames threw an unopened can of soda at their heads!?

Lance:

Everyone is lucky she missed.

Blackwood rolls into the ring and awaits what's to come.

Lance:

If issues with Teresa aren't enough, everyone needs to remember what's going on with the other two members of The Comments Section right now.

The lights dim.

♪ "Savage" by Megan Thee Stallion ♪

The deep bass-bumps drop throughout the arena.

DDK:

What is going on here?

The brand new individual theme song for Cyrus Bates blasts through the arena as The Bellicose Brawler walks out on stage alongside wheelchair bound Malak Garland and Mark Shields while both seem to be passing money between each other.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Forth Worth, Texas, weighing in at two-hundred-forty pounds, CYRUS BATES!

Mark Shields has a huge grin on his face as he collects the paper from Malak.

DDK:

I was going to say something about the oddness of no referee inside the ring.

Lance:

Seems like Malak is making no bones about letting everyone know he's getting the referee in his back pocket.

DDK:

That theme music too, though... I think the cool kids would say it 'hits different.'

Bates' large pectorals seem to bounce along with the bass of the song before things die down and he gets in the ring. Malak wheels to ringside and finishes paying off Shields before the referee gets in the ring.

DING DING

DDK:

And we are underway, folks!

Low blow!

Lance:

Bates comes charging in with a blatant kick to the groin right in front of everyone! Gage is down and Mark Shields isn't doing anything but counting his money in the corner!

DDK:

I think Malak wants to use Gage and send a message to Fuse Bros. One! Or maybe he's doing this for Teresa, who knows!

Gage doubles over in pain. Bates grabs his opponent and nails a gut wrench powerbomb!

Lance:

Big impact!

The crowd tries to rally behind Gage as Malak spins around in his wheelchair, swiping the air in an attempt to thwart their energy.

DDK:

Bates picks Blackwood up...

The Noble Raider gets a few abdomen shots in before being shoved into the corner. Bates goes for a splash but misses! Gage stumbles to the center of the ring and nails a spinning spinebuster! Mark Shields finally stashes the wad of cash in his back pocket and taps Gage numerous times on the shoulder.

Mark Shields:

I'm going to disqualify you because I don't like you!

Gage pushes Mark which the crowd loves. Blackwood turns his attention back to grappling with Bates.

Lance:

Somehow, I don't think this is going to end well.

The two studs lock horns as Mark Shields is fuming in the corner. He might be drunk. He might be high. Who really knows but he is pissed Gage pushed him so he decides to walk in nice and close to the two titans brawling.

WHACK!

DDK:

Shields goes down!

Lance:

He got caught with an inadvertent back elbow from Gage Blackwood! What was Mark thinking walking in like that?

Shields lays out cold on the canvas as Malak helplessly watches on from the safety and comfort of his wheelchair. Gage Irish whips Bates off the ropes and looks for a heel kick but Cyrus catches him... and lands a float-over belly-to-back suplex!

Blackwood crashes to the canvas as Bates marches in. He hurls Blackwood to a turnbuckle but the former SOHER charges right back out with a flying forearm smash! Bates stumbles abound and Blackwood knocks the bigger man to a knee with a missile dropkick. A second missile dropkick has Bates on both knees!

Gage bounces off the ropes and crushes The Bellicose Brawler with the double knee strike!

GAELIC STORM!**DDK:**

Bates is out and Gage is covering!

Lance:

Malak *could* get in there and break things up if he suddenly gains the will to walk again but I think that's asking too much!

Noticing Shields is within arms reach, Gage takes it upon himself to grab Mark's arm and slam it down to the canvas as the crowd counts along.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

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

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner by pinfall, GAGE BLACKWOOD!

DDK:

A rather quick win for Gage, getting him back on track! And a victory against a former Tag Team Champion!

Lance:

Paying off Mark Shields really blew up in Malak's face! What a waste of money!

Blackwood rolls out of the ring and raises his own hand in victory as he exchanges a very brief glance with Malak. The broadcast shows a quick cut-in of Teresa Ames watching the action on a monitor backstage. Her face isn't seen.

DDK:

Many, many layers to this, Lance. In the words of Malak, I guess there's 'lots to unpack' here for sure!

The broadcast cuts to commercial as Gage Blackwood walks to the back, victorious.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

KEEPING PROMISES

The camera is back to the two-man team of Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

Lance:

It has been one heck of a night. Dex Joy logged another successful defense during the opening of our show against The D. And after being looked over by Iris Davine he will be handling an interview shortly with Christie Zane.

DDK:

And what a fight that was! From what I've heard earlier today Dex is going to address his match with ... uh oh?

Lance:

What's that partner?

Keebler listens to a voice in his headset.

DDK:

Folks I am being told that we are going backstage right now ... and we have a fight breaking out! We are trying to get a camera back there right now.

Moments pass and it is backstage where Dex is trying his best to fend off an attack with Scrow jumping on him and throwing punches to the neck that had been dropped on by The D and an incredible flip piledriver in the opening match.

DDK:

Fans, as you can see Dex and Scrow are going at it! They aren't going to wait until DEF-CON are they?

Lance:

We both knew this was going to happen eventually! There's absolutely nothing but bad blood between these two! Scrow targeted Nathaniel Eye to force a title match out of Dex Joy at DEF-CON!

During the fight backstage, Scrow drives a stiff kick into the chest of Dex, quickly followed by a vicious clothesline sending an already winded Dex into a production crate... He gets on top of Dex and unloads.

DDK:

Dex has already had a match here tonight. Scrow had to blindside him during the commercial break!

Scrow measures Dex and boots him to where he falls right into a table! He tosses the items from the table off of Dex and grabs him by the hair and drags him down the corridor.

Lance:

Well, this has moved to the loading dock. Scrow has been all over Dex.

A boot to the gut, quickly followed by an elbow across the injured neck from earlier in the night.

Scrow:

It should've been Scrow! He should be a champion NOT YOU!

Scrow fires a few shots to the back of Dex ... but the larger Joy finally cuts him off by blocking a punch and then hitting a head butt between his eyes! Scrow gets stunned and Dex manages to shove Scrow off.

Dex Joy:

YOU SHOULD HAVE PUT IN THE WORK INSTEAD OF COSPLAYING A BATMAN VILLAIN, YOU GREEDY ASSHOLE!!!

DDK:

Ooooh, a stiff shot from Dex there!

Dex goes on the offense! Driving a combination of fists and elbow shots across the dazed Scrow.

Dex Joy:

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE INJURED MY BEST FRIEND!

Lance:

Man, they are getting awfully close to that loading dock.

Dex swings again wildly but Scrow ducks and drives a knee into the gut of Dex and then follows with a stiff kick to his chest. Then one up in the face, he grabs the back of Joy's head and drives one shot after knee shot into the gut, and torso area.

DDK:

Scrow driving Dex back...

DEX REVERSES!

Dex hip tosses Scrow into some loading dock boxes! Joy clears a path and is huffing and puffing that can be heard down the corridor with DEF-Sec likely about to break it up at any second. Before he can ground Scrow ...

Lance:

Yellow Mist! Dex is in trouble!

Scrow maneuvers through the boxes and reaches Dex and drives blow after blow across the screaming Dex. While he tries to rub his eyes.

DDK:

Man Scrow with a sneaky attack there. Dex is having a hard time defending himself here.

The two move once more back to the opening loading dock. Joy manages to get a knee lift into Scrow's gut stopping him for a moment. Dex reaches for Scrow but misses. The Raven's Eye slips to the back of the blinded SOHER. He drives a stiff elbow to the back of Joy's sore neck. This drops the Biggest Boy to a knee.

Scrow:

You are not gonna win this time!

Scrow picks Dex up and spins him around...

DDK:

SCROW JUST TOSSED DEX JOY OFF THE LOADING DOCK!

Lance:

Get some help out here!

A camera catches Dex writhing in pain on his back on the cold concrete floor. While Scrow looks down from the dock with a sick smile on his face he makes a gesture that he is coming for Dex and for the Southern Heritage title.

DDK:

This psychopath needs to be stopped!

Lance:

You're right! This obsession with Dex Joy has grown out of control!

DEFMED and DEF-Sec finally arrive and rush past Scrow who seems satisfied with his work. The camera gives a side face view of Scrow.

Scrow:

Now stay down.

Scrow is starting to walk away. Seconds pass with no answer and when he is satisfied with what he has done ...

Dex Joy:

SCROW!!!

Scrow's eyes widen. He turns around. By this time security and more, medical have rushed to the scene. The camera at the bottom of the dock shows Dex still severely injured but still ready to try and fight. He can barely sit up but he still shoves a medical trainer aside.

DDK:

What?!

Lance:

I don't believe this! He's getting up ... or trying to get up! He wants to keep fighting Scrow that bad?!

Off-camera voices:

That's enough Scrow....stay down Dex...hold it right there Scrow...Dex, we are trying to help.

But Scrow is not done and he starts attacking anyone close to him as DEF-SEC is trying to restrain him. Dex Joy is doing much of the same and is being blocked by DEF-SEC and DEFMED staffers.

DDK:

Scrow is attacking the security! He wants to finish the job!

Lance:

Dex is shoving and doing the same as well! How is he standing!?

Scrow hops off the loading dock after clearing a path for himself. The two adversaries who will meet at DEFCON stare down one another. Blood is dripping from the gash from Dex's side. He could care less, he is a bit wobbly but he is standing SOMEHOW. Eventually, DEF-SEC and DEFMED get the two men apart but due to time constraints, the camera goes back to the announce table.

DDK:

This is absolutely unreal! How is a match supposed to keep two people who hate each other this much apart?

Lance:

I don't know!

DDK:

Folks we are being told we have to cut away from this to get to our next match while security and medical try to do their job but we promise that we'll try and have an update for you soon!

TERESA AMES vs. ALAN GOLDSTEIN

The crane cam zooms around, showing all the exuberant Faithful in attendance.

Darren Quimbey:

This next match is set for one fall and a twenty minute time limit!

♪ "The Ending" by Papa Roach ♪

Teresa Ames confidently walks down to the ring in her typical red combat suit with fishnet accents. Her solitary strut intimidates the front row fanboys.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Joliet, Illinois, weighing in at an undisclosed amount, TERESA AMES!

DDK:

Now it's Teresa's turn to be in action tonight, Lance.

Lance:

We saw Gage Blackwood defeat Cyrus Bates earlier on and one has to wonder what, if anything, has that done to Teresa's psyche heading into this match.

♪ "Original Saw Theme" by Hollywood Composers ♪

The entirety of Screen 7 walks out on stage to a mild amount of jeers.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing her opponent, being accompanied to the ring by "Horror" Hector Harris, "Extra Butter" Gilbert Rogers and "Free Refills" Berry Chernobyl, from Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada, weighing in at one-hundred-twenty pounds, "STICK FLOORS" ALAN GOLDSTEIN!

Alan spits water at the perfect moment as the fearsome foursome march to the ring.

DDK:

Folks, I'm being told that Teresa specifically asked Favored Saints to book this match against Alan Goldstein over what took place on last UNCUT.

Goldstein enters the ring and stares down Teresa.

Lance:

For those of you who might've forgotten, or didn't see it, it was Alan who was the ticket taker at the special Screen 7 movie night and I guess the interaction between him and Ames really rubbed her the wrong way.

Ames looks over to Berry on the outside and gives him a quick wink. A camera shot can't help but show him smirking like there's something more there.

DING DING

However, the two competitors are alone in the ring without a referee. Teresa and Goldstein look into different directions. Suddenly, Mark Shields comes RUSHING down to the ring from a fan aisleway. He's got pizza cheese hanging off his collar but that doesn't stop him from sliding into the ring in time.

Mark Shields:

Go! Go! I'm good!

The two fighters shrug before engaging. Ames UNLOADS on Goldstein until he crumples to the mat.

Lance:

Teresa is hammering Alan with no end in sight!

Mark Shields picks at his teeth in the corner as Teresa Ames destroys Goldstein. She lifts him up and military press slams The Slender Man to the canvas. Then she judo throws the Screen 7 member across the ring!

DDK:

Impressive moves by Teresa!

Ames runs in and delivers a knee to Alan's gut. She follows up with a brainbuster and is simply seething at the mouth.

Lance:

Alan looked confident before the match but since the bell rang, it's been all Teresa.

The Cute N Qwerty Gurl applies a front chancery and wrenches on Alan's neck before turning over and seemingly hanging Alan up in a neckbreaker choke!

DDK:

Alan's out!

Mark Shields is too busy to check on Alan so Teresa releases the hold and contemplates how to hurt her opponent next.

Lance:

She's stalking her prey!

Ames propels herself off the ropes and nails Alan with a running double knee strike!

GAELIC STORM!

The crowd reacts with shock at the homage to Gage.

DDK:

Did she just!?

Lance:

Teresa just SQUASHED Alan Goldstein with Gage's Gaelic Storm!

Ames rises to feet and laughs maniacally. The rest of Screen 7 look on to the ring with concern.

Lance:

Alan isn't even moving! Do something, Mark!

Teresa walks over to Shields and whispers a few inaudible things into his ears before refocusing on Goldstein. She drags The Slender Man to his feet and flattens him with a vicious back elbow shot!

CTRL + ALT + ASLEEP!**DDK:**

That's it! It's over!

But instead of going for the cover, Teresa front mounts Alan and furiously ravages him with punches. Mark Shields barks orders for her to get off but they are ignored.

Mark Shields:

I will attempt to count to five and if I magically make it there, then I will disqualify you even after what you just offered to me!

Teresa is incensed. All she sees is red. She continues to throttle Alan Goldstein in the middle of the ring! The man can't even defend himself anymore.

DDK:

Teresa's gone ballistic. Stop the match!

Shields somehow manages to count to five and then calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

Lance:

Teresa has lost it. She's all over the place.

♪ "Original Saw Theme" by Hollywood Composers ♪

Alan's theme song hits as Mark pulls Teresa's off with all his might.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this match due to a disqualification and referee stoppage is ALAN GOLDSTEIN!

Ames doesn't care. She continues to scream and screech from within Mark's overly handsy grasp. Teresa tries to wriggle free because she wants to kill Goldstein but Mark holds her tight.

DDK:

I don't even want to know what's going on in that head of hers right now, Lance.

Things FINALLY calm down as the rest of Screen 7 enter the ring to check on Alan. "Horror" Hector Harris has a mic in hand in an attempt to address the situation.

HHH:

Teresa, Teresa!

A camera shot shows Ames, still in Mark's arms, crying uncontrollably.

HHH:

What's going on with you, girl?

A moment passes.

HHH:

Listen, we here at Screen 7 also saw how Gage Blackwood mistreated you at the movie theater! Especially Berry!

Chernobyl smiles.

Teresa Ames: *[Shouting off mic]*

GAGE IS THE LOVE OF MY LIFE! HE CHEATED ON ME WITH ANOTHER WOMAN! HE'S MORE CONCERNED ABOUT MATERIAL OBJECTS LIKE GOING AFTER BELTS THAN BEING WITH ME! IT'S BOTH SHATTERING AND HURTFUL! I NEED AN OUTLET!

Her cries are cringeworthy. Hector rubs the back of his neck with concern.

HHH:

You know what? You ARE undervalued. He IS overlooking you! Your points ARE valid. I AM hearing you. Screen 7 is with YOU!

The crowd begins to boo at the potential alliance.

HHH:

Gage is a no good, useless clown who used to be a good wrestler but now he's terrible. You have our **support**.

Harris outstretches a hand that Ames eventually accepts. Berry slings a limp bodied Alan Goldstein over his shoulder as all five people head to the back together, leaving Mark Shields in the ring.

Mark Shields:

So, I'll see you at eight?

The broadcast goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: CONOR'S SCREAM LAND

YOU CHOOSE AT CONOR'S SCREAMLAND! Only on DEFonDemand!

KENDRIX vs. JAY HARVEY

Darren Quimbey is smack dab in the middle of your screen. The crowd is going crazy due to the upcoming match.

Carla Ferrari is just behind Quimbey off to his left, which is your right... right?

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled with a fifteen-minute time limit...

♪ "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:

Harvey has a chance at retribution at the man who took him out at DEFIANCE ROAD and effectively cost him the FIST.

Lance:

Things have been boiling over between these two ever since Harvey won that title shot. JFK pulled no punches, he took great pride in telling Jay exactly who was behind the attack at DEFIANCE ROAD. Earlier tonight security had to tear these two away from each other!

DDK:

After seeing that Daniel Davidson the CEO of DEFIANCE made this match official. This is the first of our Main Events here on DEFtv One Fifty! Two of the biggest stars in DEFIANCE go one on one!

Lance:

This is a Pay Per View caliber match, Darren! This is the second matchup between the two, with Harvey winning the first.

Having made his way to the ring, Jesse climbs the turnbuckle, flicks his wrist toward the Faithful in a rather derogatory fashion, and points both index fingers at his 24k t-shirt. Through the lights, a figure is seen just behind JFK. The crowd is roaring because they know who it is.

Lance:

Jay Harvey is in the ring! He's not gonna waste any more time!

DDK:

Get him, Jay!

Kendrix is abruptly brought down off the middle turnbuckle and cracked right in the face by a Jay Harvey right hand. Jesse drops to the mat and Harvey is on him like white on rice. The crowd is on fire as Harvey unleashes hell upon Kendrix!

JFK is trying to cover up but Harvey is just not stopping his assault. Carla Ferrari quickly calls for the bell.

DING DING

JFK's music has come to a halt and Harvey continues to just beat the ever-loving shit out of Kendrix. Referee Carla Ferrari quickly gets between the two and gets Harvey away from his opponent. Harvey rushes Kendrix again and starts unloading lefts and rights!

The crowd is absolutely loving the ass whopping they are witnessing. Harvey moves from fists to vicious knees into the

rib cage and abdomen of JFK. Harvey soon transitions into a Rear Naked Choke and is trying to take all the oxygen away from Kendrix's brain!

Kendrix is super close to the ropes and is able to grab the bottom rope with his right hand. Carla Ferrari gets involved due to Harvey's refusal to break the submission.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Harvey finally lets the hold go, allowing Kendrix to slither to the outside of the ring. He needs to try to get some air back into his body and gather his thoughts to get back into the match. Carla Ferrari essentially tells Harvey to cut the shit as Harvey soon turns his attention back to JFK

Lance:

Harvey has to keep his emotions in check here, otherwise, he could be looking at a disqualification.

Harvey rolls to the outside and Kendrix is off! Harvey gives chase and the crowd is on fire! Kendrix runs around the ring toward the entrance ramp and suddenly stops. He turns and goes for a Clothesline BUT HARVEY LANDS A BIG BOOT INTO KENDRIX'S ARM!

ONE!

Kendrix grabs at his arm to ease the pain but Harvey is too fast, snatching the arm up, extending it, then leaping and slamming his knee squarely into JFK's bicep!

TWO!

Lance:

Jay Harvey is like a man possessed here tonight!

DDK:

Without a doubt, Lance! Jay Harvey was cheated by Kendrix! Jay Harvey feels he should be the FIST of DEFIANCE right now! Kendrix screwed him out of history and he's gonna make him pay!

THREE!

Harvey isn't letting up and now rolls Kendrix back into the ring. JFK crawls for a bit toward the middle of the ring before turning back toward Harvey. Kendrix is on his knees, pleading with Harvey, which gets a chuckle from "The Natural One". The crowd wants brutality and Harvey aims to please.

Kendrix raises his hands in desperation to beg for mercy. Harvey grabs at Kendrix's left hand and starts pulling it backward!

Jay Harvey:

You've got more to worry about than a goddamn hangnail!

Kendrix is in agony right now! Harvey is trying to snap Kendrix's hand clean off from the wrist!

Kendrix tries to take some shots at Harvey but he is able to stomp Kendrix down all while keeping extreme tension on JFK's hand. Harvey keeps pulling back on Kendrix's hand and slowly lowers it down to the mat.

THUMP!

DDK:

Ufff! Jay Harvey stomping on the hand of Jesse Fredricks Kendrix! He could have just broken his hand!

Lance:

Kendrix and 24k have been a thorn in Harvey's side for months and months! They deserve everything they get if you ask me!

Kendrix holds his injured hand close to his chest and before you can blink Harvey has taken off, now bouncing off the ropes and connects both feet onto JFK's chin via a Dropkick! Harvey isn't fucking around and immediately goes for a Snapmare and BITTER PILL! THE BRIDGING REVERSE CHINLOCK SUBMISSION!

Harvey is trying to choke the life out of Kendrix! Carla Ferrari is right there to see if JFK is going to tap out or say "I quit". The crowd is loving everything they are seeing and you know The Faithful, they have to chime in.

TAP!

TAP!

TAP!

Ferrari is in the middle of the action with a close eye on Kendrix's hands to see if he taps. Kendrix uses all his might and will to try and inch closer and closer to the ropes. Harvey is keeping maximum leverage on the choke and can see Kendrix is getting too close to the ropes.

Harvey rolls, keeping his grip on JFK, and reapplies the Bitter Pill but now right in the middle of the ring!

DDK:

Kendrix has nowhere to go! He's in no man's land!

Lance:

Jay Harvey is choking the life out of JFK!

Harvey keeps pulling back, more and more. Kendrix kicks his legs out in a final desperate attempt to break free but it looks like he's about ready to pass out! The crowd goes from cheers to boos though as Perfection is seen running down the entrance ramp! Harvey catches the 24K member coming to the ring and lets the submission go.

Lance:

Oh, what the hell?! Just let JFK take his beating like a man, James!

DDK:

Perfection looking to get involved in this match! It was just a matter of time I guess.

Harvey cuts Perfection off before he can get into the ring! The two struggle and Harvey is able to grab Perfection around the head in a Guillotine like choke. Harvey uses his immense strength to yank Perfection to the point where his legs are laying on top of the middle rope.

Harvey drops Perfection down with a DDT that gets the fans on their feet! Perfection rolls to the side and exits the ring. Carla Ferrari goes toward Perfection telling him to get the hell out of here and to go back... to the back! As she does this Harvey is standing behind her and-

BOOM!

DDK:

LOW BLOW BY KENDRIX!

Lance:

JEEEEESUS!

Harvey bends at the hip, holding his injured testicles as Kendrix comes from behind and rolls him up! Carla Ferrari turns to see the pin attempt and goes to count it!

Lance:

Kendrix has the tights! Kendrix has the tights!

And he drags his feet against the canvass for extra leverage.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING**DDK:**

THIEF! KENDRIX AND 24K ARE A PACK OF THIEVES!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match by pinfall..... JAY EFF KAYYYY! KEEEEEEEEEEEEENNDRIIIIIIIIX!

JFK's music begins to play as he grabs at his neck, still recovering from the chokehold, and quickly gets out of dodge. Upon his exit, Perfection grabs hold of him and the two make their way back up the ramp. We cut back to Jay Harvey who is sitting on his ass, staring daggers at Carla Ferrari.

Jay Harvey:

He had the tights, Carla. He had my tights!

Carla Ferrari:

I didn't see it!

Jay Harvey:

He had my tights!

Carla Ferrari:

I didn't see it, Jay. I swear. I didn't see it!

Harvey shakes his head and slams his hand on the canvas. The crowd is pissed more than Harvey is. The crowd throws trash at Perfection and Kendrix who just got away with murder. The boys in the production truck go to a highlight package.

DDK:

Well, folks... Jay Harvey once again got screwed over by Kendrix.

Lance:

This match started with a bang, Harvey attacking Kendrix during his entrance and it was all Jay Harvey in this one.

DDK:

Harvey had this one in the bag until Perfection got involved, got a DDT, and was taken out before he could do anything and that was all an opportunist like JFK needed.

The feed focuses on Kendrix tending to his hand and breathing heavily while being held up around the shoulder by Perfection.

Lance:

That gave Kendrix the opening he needed to get the upper hand and ultimately pick up the victory here on DEFtv One Fifty.

We go back to Harvey who is still stewing over what just occurred. We stay on him before moving to a commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON

NIGHT 1 & 2 LIVE from the **LAKEFRONT ARENA** on *Wednesday, April 28th and Thursday, April 29th!*

CARD AS IT STANDS...

MAIN EVENT

FIST of DEFIANCE

Mikey Unlikely © vs. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS

Fuse Bros. One © vs. The Comments Section

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP

Dex Joy © vs. Scrow

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. STALKER

Cut back from commercial.

We land on the commentation station.

Lance:

After an action packed night - tonight's Main Event is sure to cap us off at the heights we have not seen in quite a while here at DEFIANCE! Stalker has managed to convince Scott Douglas to accept his Stalker's Rules match and he did so without much effort at all.

DDK:

I'm still concerned a bit after seeing Scott Douglas' ire, I don't know if the man is thinking clearly accepting those type of stipulations - on top of if he loses tonight he 'promised' Stalker he would join The Kabal via a handshake agreement.

Lance:

And if we know anything about handshakes, Douglas will always keep his word no matter the scenario. Stalker on the other hand - we will have to see. Let's go to Quimbey who is standing in the center of the ring.

Camera switches to Quimbey who is indeed in the center of the ring with a microphone in hand.

Darren Quimbey:

For the Main Event of the evening the following match is scheduled for One Fall... It is a special stipulation match that follows Stalker's Rules.... Introducing first....

♪ “This Link Is Dead” by Deftones ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Seattle, Washington and weighing in at 235 pounds.... He is.....

[illegible]

The Kabal's video package plays with a strong focus of Stalker's insane presence he has while controlling the other members of The Kabal. Stepping out from behind the curtains sporting his 'No More False Heroes' t-shirt, Stalker walks with purpose with a steel chair in his hand towards the ring. His eyes are glassed over with a look of determination and after sliding into the ring Stalker quickly pulls off his overshirt and tosses it into the crowd. Outstretching his arms as the arena's lights flicker between a crimson red and a dark black glow. Gripping the steel chair in his hand, Stalker stares down the entrance ramp as he awaits his long time nemesis.

Darren Quimbev:

And his opponent from Seattle, Washington! Weighing in at two hundred at twenty six pounds ...

♪ “Smiling & Dying” by Green River ♪

The Faithful are up to their feet and the pop is a big one. They know who and they know what is coming ... and they chant along.

Darren Quimbey:

... DEFIANCE'S ...

... *DEFIANCE'S* ...

Darren Quimbey:

... FAVORITE ...

... FAVORITE ...

Darren Quimbey:

... SON!

...SON!

Darren Quimbey:

... "SUB POP" ... SCOTTTTTT DOUGGLASSSS!

Scott appears from behind the curtain as the Faithful cheer wildly to show their support. The former Southern Heritage Champion heads down to the ring, slapping a few hands but his eyes remain locked on the ring and the main in it.

DDK:

Scott Douglas made it clear earlier tonight - that Stalker's 'hunt' for him ends - no matter the outcome of tonight's match. Considering the lengths Stalker stooped to attack Deacon last week, I can only imagine that he has some additional tricks up his sleeve for tonight.

Like clockwork the camera switches to Stalker who's produced a mic in the ring while holding onto the steel chair he's had since arriving, in his other cold hearted hand.

Stalker:

Scotty boy - you didn't think we would have this rematch without a special guest to watch the action, did you? Oh man, you really have no idea who you are fucking with.

DDK:

What in heck does... oh no...

♪ "Impious Pyre" - Savage Souls ♪

The Faithful levy DEF Arena with the loudest boos of the evening, as The FIST makes his presence known at the top of the entrance ramp. Pacing back and forth with a smile on his face, he stands just outside of the curtains, Mikey points to Scott Douglas before signifying that he will be watching him this evening.

Lance:

Wait a minute... he's not...

DDK:

This nightmare continues to get worse.

Much to the dismay of Keebler and Lance - Mikey Unlikely makes his way to the announcer's table, the jeering of the crowd subsides a bit as Scott Douglas tries to shake off the appearance of his DEFCON opponent.

Mikey Unlikely:

Thank you guys for having me! Two weeks in a row! I feel like we're a natural team Darren, Lance! It's like I told Stalker after he made this challenge - I couldn't just WATCH this match backstage. I had to be out here and see it up close and personal! This is going to be great!

DDK:

The front row tickets I heard run a pretty decent price, I'm sure you could have afforded them.

Mikey Unlikely:

BUT! You wouldn't have been graced with my wonderful commentary this evening would you? What's a great wrestling match without banter from close friends?

DDK:

Close Friends? I...

Lance:

Benny Doyle seems ready to get the match started - let's focus on this huge Main Event we have guys - no bickering!

For the second show in a row Stalker starts off the match with a chair in his hand, Scott Douglas eyeballs him from the other side of the ring. Slightly unnerved from Mikey Unlikely's dramatic introduction as special commentator on the match, his focus seems to drift from the man he's set to face in the main event. Final instructions or lack thereof are given by referee Benny Doyle and the bell is rung!

Lance:

Stalker wastes NO time! Charging right after Douglas with that steel chair in hand!

Douglas is nimble enough to escape the first wild swing, but the second wild swing from the chair wielding maniac Stalker is met with a brunt arm block by Douglas.

CLANG!**DDK:**

Douglas winces from the chair shot but luckily it's now on the ring mat and out of Stalker's deadly hands.

Wrapping up in a grapple exchange both men fight for leverage in the center of the ring, Stalker winning the early bout by kneeing Douglas in the groin! The wind is yanked straight out of the number one contender's windpipes as he drops to his knees.

DDK:

Using the lack of rules already to his favor, Stalker's Rules are always going to be a determining factor for any opponent stepping into his so-called 'World'.

Lance:

Doing your research, Keebs, I like that.

Mikey Unlikely:

Seemed perfectly legal to me boys. Love a good sound strategy!

Showing a side by side cut of the commentators featuring Mikey sporting The FIST across his shoulder and the in ring action where Douglas is now clearly on the receiving end of a beat down from Stalker. Laying flat on his back after receiving a brutal closed fist punch while on his knees recovering - Douglas receives a follow up boot to the FACE from Stalker!

Mikey Unlikely:

BOOM~! After Stalker puts away Scott Douglas here, we might as well change the group name to 24Kabal! Just merge everyone together! I'm great with groups. Look at Jason's face - he's not going to let this night end with Douglas walking away victorious. I couldn't be happier.

Lance:

Can't disagree with that! OUCH!

Using the reacquired chair - Stalker opens it up in the center of the ring, pulling up a dazed Douglas he whips him into the ropes only to be sent flying FACE FIRST into an OPEN chair with a DROP TOE HOLD!

DDK:

Man the metal seat of that chair just crumpled from the impact! Stalker is on his feet and he's foaming like a monster. Douglas may have bitten off more than he can chew here tonight!

Mikey Unlikely:

This is why I NEVER look under the bed. If you look under the bed you get monstered. Everyone knows that.

DDK:

"Monstered"? What does that mean...

Mikey Unlikely:

Where the hell is that Frapp I ordered? Surely they will know I'm out here.

Stalker looms around Douglas as he is slowly motivating himself to the corner, watching on like a predator, Stalker refuses to pounce just yet. Benny Doyle checks on Scott but Stalker is quick to shoo him away, kicking the former SoHeR champion face first into the mat. With a limited rulebook, Stalker's free reign on Scott Douglas puts him at a severe disadvantage.

Lance:

Look here now, Stalker lifting Douglas up, is he going to attempt a SUB POP SUPLEX?

Mikey Unlikely:

YASSSSSS QUEEEN! DO IT.. NO!!

Mikey's excitement is quickly withdrawn as Douglas blocks Stalker's attempt to lift him, hammering Jason's ribcage with a solid punch, it forces him to release his grip as he stumbles backwards in an attempt to recover.

DDK:

Douglas with a sign of life here... He dives forward... CLOTHESLINE!

Jason turns into a vicious head chopper that sends him almost full circle into a spin. Lying flat on his back, Stalker is looking up while Douglas hovers on one knee letting the Faithful's cheers pour energy back into him.

DDK:

Douglas getting back to his feet ... He has to stay on Stalker! Jason Reeves is not one you want to give even the slightest chance!

Lance:

Not to mention... what is on the line!

Stalker stirs as Scott makes it back to a vertical base and makes his way, albeit labored, toward Stalker. Scott meets Reeves nearly to his feet, Scott pulls him the rest of the way and shoots him off into the ropes. Reeves on the returns throws up a big boot, but Scott Douglas sees it coming.

DDK:

Douglas ducks!

Stalker finds his footing as he hits the ropes chest first and steadies himself. He turns around and ...

DDK:

HUGE DROP KICK!

Stalker stumbles back and with the help of ropes remains on his feet, though off balance. He struggles to get his feet under him until he lands back first in the corner. Douglas rushes in with an elbow but doesn't waste any time. Douglas whips Stalker out of the corner but Stalker is able to reverse it. Scott Douglas runs directly into Benny Doyle as Doyle attempts to reposition himself.

DDK:

OH!

Doyle is hit with enough force that he falls through the top and middle rope to the apron, first, and quickly to the floor.

Mikey Unlikely:

That Benny Doyle, unlucky guy. It seems almost every time we're in the ring together he catches a blow to the face! It's unprecedented. You really hate to see it, Christie!

Scott Douglas, concerned and apologetic, leans between the ropes checking on Benny Doyle.

DDK:

This is exactly what he wants! Don't take your eyes off of the --

Stalker approaches Douglas from behind and with a swift kick ...

DDK:

For the love of ...

Lance:

LOW BLOW!

Douglas writhes in pain, hands affixed to his crotch as Stalker snatches him from behind with a hand full of hair, dragging Scott Douglas to the center of the ring.

Lance:

FRONT FACE RUSSIAN LEG SWEEP!

DDK:

The Russian Leg Sweeps ... brings back memories.

Douglas' face ricochets off the canvas as Stalker shows a surge of energy, rolling directly out of the ring and looking under the apron.

DDK:

With Benny completely out of it, not sure what Stalker is looking to accomplish here, other than more chaos!

Mikey Unlikely:

He's doing my job for me, Darren. Now ... I may or may not have told Big Stalk here that there's 20,000 reasons for him to make sure Scott Douglas doesn't make it DEFCON!

Lance:

Did you tell him it was Mikey Money?

Mikey Unlikely:

No comment.

Douglas is slow to recover, as Stalker nimbly pulls a table out from under the ring and proceeds to slide it inside of the ring.

Lance:

Stalker has made it clear all evening that he's pulling out all the stops to make sure Douglas loses.

Posting the table up in the center of the ring, Jason Reeves catches Douglas in just enough time before he can recover, setting the former SoHeR back to the mat with a hard boot to the face. Wiping the sweat from his face, Stalker reaches down and pulls Douglas back up to his feet.

Stalker:

YOU ARE DONE!

Screaming in his face, Stalker follows up the verbal barrage with a european uppercut, Scott Douglas stumbles back and Stalker hooks him, **FRONT FACE SUPLEX ONTO THE TABLE!**

Mikey Unlikely:

OOF! What a beautiful move! That's how we do it down here in the Big Easy, Douglas! Guys, this is getting good. Where's your popcorn?

Using his elbow to ensure Scott Douglas doesn't leave the table, Stalker delivers a series of near knockout blows to the back of Scott's head! The Faithful are stunned in silence as Stalker manipulates Scott Douglas to the center of the table in the center of the ring.

Lance:

Jason Reeves is not known for his aerial moves, but he looks to set the bar a bit higher tonight!

Mikey Unlikely:

Not known for his aerial moves? Do you DO research? Cause I do! This man is the KING of the moonsault AND Frog splash AND maybe a tope suicida, don't test him! I'm not going to limit this man to what we've seen before!

DDK:

How... do you know - Nevermind. Come on, Scott! He has to get up folks!! Too much on the line here tonight!

The Faithful are behind Keebs, but it's not enough to stir Douglas. Who - much like Benny Doyle - is still attempting to recover from this brutal contest. Jason 'Stalker' Reeves, climbs the top ropes as Douglas remains unmoving at the center of the ring. Ascending to the top turnbuckle, Stalker stands straight up - extending his arms out before he **FLIPS!**

Mikey Unlikely:

MOONSAULT! I TOLD YOU DARREN!

CRASH!

Cameras flash as Stalker executes a perfect looking aerial Moonsault from the top ropes, shattering on impact with a **CRASH!** The table splinters into three pieces! Wood and debris fly everywhere as The Faithful react in a loud **WOOOO!** Sound.

Lance:

Stalker is slowly crawling towards Douglas' who is completely covered in wooden table pieces!

Mikey Unlikely:

This is it! It's all over! Scott Douglas is about to join the Kabal and not even make it to DEFCON. I wonder who I'll face now that it's not this idiot?

Indeed, Stalker was on a direct path to victory, Scott Douglas the number one contender for the FIST lies motionless as Stalker manages to drag himself on top of Douglas, hooking his leg, Stalker covers. The problem? Benny Doyle is still shaking the cobwebs free on the outside.

DDK:

Irony... Stalker is poised for a victory but his actions earlier may have cost him!

An instant replay is shown of Stalker reversing and whipping Douglas across the ring, into an unsuspecting Benny Doyle who got knocked hard to the outside. Back on the main action, Stalker's face says it all, with Douglas' leg hooked he's looking for the pinfall to be counted but there is nothing.

Mikey Unlikely:

COME ON! Where's Klien!? Where's the replacement REF!?

DDK:

Replacement ref?

Slamming the mat in anger, Stalker is furious with not getting the pinfall counted for his secure victory. Yelling out - Stalker stands up and leaves a fallen Douglas and moves to the corner of the ring where Benny Doyle has just reentered.

Lance:

Jason Reeves is furious with Doyle, who is already under a verbal barrage from the hardcore maniac!

Yelling at the veteran official does not make matters fall into favor for Stalker, in fact things only get worse as Jason Reeves turns around to find Scott Douglas has recovered in the opposite corner.

Mikey Unlikely:

GET HIM STALKER!

Seeing his opportunity start to slip, Stalker charges like a bull seeing red, flying into the corner with a full body press but... he MISSES!

DDK:

Douglas manages to pull himself out of the corner in the nick of time! But Stalker caught himself... he spins!

Turning to face DEFIANCE's Favorite Son, the man known as Stalker unleashes a hard, over shot clothesline, Douglas ducks it!

Lance:

Douglas has Stalker gripped from behind, but Stalker is fighting back!

Stalker, fighting for his life, unloads a hard back elbow to Douglas' face, it causes him to loosen his grip and Stalker spins behind the man and grips him for a german suplex! Stalker... tosses him but DOUGLAS backflips and lands on his feet! Stalker hits the mat hard but is quickly back up! He can't believe his eyes as he goes for another OVER extended clothesline on a running charge!

DDK:

Douglas ducks again! He hooks Stalker, BACKSLIDE PIN! BACKSLIDE PIN!

Completely out of nowhere, Douglas hooks Stalker's arm, follows it up with using his other hand to leverage Stalker down for a backslide pin! Doyle quickly hits the mat for the count!

ONE!

TWO! ...

STALKER KICKS VIOLENTLY!!!

THREE!!!!

Mikey Unlikely:

NOOOOOOOOOO! What the hell! Stalker you son of a....

Doyle's in disbelief, Douglas is in disbelief as he scampers up to his feet, Stalker is incensed with anger as he rolls up to his knees and looks at both Benny and Scott Douglas in absolute shock. He holds his fingers up signifying the count for three with a tilt of his head.

DING DING DING

The bell rings finally, and Doyle steps over to raise Douglas' hand in victory while The Faithful explode in cheers!

♪ "Smiling & Dying" by Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner ... "SUB POP" SCOTT ... DOUUUUUUGGLAAAAAASS!

Mikey Unlikely:

I think it was a fast count, Benny is on the take. You heard it here first! I'm going to break this news wide open! I'm telling everyone! E!, The Grammys, Kanye... everyone!

CODENAME: GUARDIAN

As the crowd's excitement dies down and Scott Douglas' music fades out, Stalker is still arguing the integrity of the three count he was ruled down against from Benny Doyle. Benny's ears have taken enough of Stalker's bickering and he exits the ring much to the dismay of Stalker, who turns and sets his attention on the man waiting for him.

The man who just pinned him under a special stipulations match. More specifically the stipulation that upon losing, Stalker would shake Scott Douglas' hand and walk away from 'hunting' him any longer.

Scott Douglas:

Jason! We have an agreement - that was a great fight, let's shake on it and just settle this shit right here... tonight! I have no qualms with you, Stalker or even Jessica. A man's word is all that he has ...

Extending his arm forward, Scott Douglas waits in anticipation for Stalker's acceptance. The two men stare at one another, Stalker wipes away the sweat from his face as he looks Scott Douglas up and down.

Mikey Unlikely:

I bet it's a trick! I bet Douglas is going to pull his hand away at the last second!

DDK:

Yeah - cause that seems like something, Scott would do.

Mikey Unlikely:

None of us know what Scott is capable of doing - earlier tonight he almost joined The Kabal! This is not a man of sound judgement.

DDK:

I... You know what...

Lance:

I think... Is Stalker going to do it? Is he going to shake Scott Douglas' hand as promised? The man has obsessed over Scott Douglas for months, only diverting his attention briefly to eliminate Deacon from DEFIANCE's roster.

And now - after losing once again to Douglas, Stalker is offered the winner's hand in sportsmanship. Scott stands in the center of the ring still breathing heavily and partially holding his tender ribs, his arm's extension causing a strain but a sign of respect paints Scott's face.

Stalker: *[shrugging]*

Sorry.. Scotty boy...

The lifeblood of the arena goes from deathly silent in anticipation to erupting in a chorus of disapproving boos as Stalker low blows Scott Douglas. A swift and harsh, unsuspecting kick to the groin. Douglas' eyes go bulging out in surprise, the expectation of receiving a handshake back painted on his face.

Mikey Unlikely:

YES! Number TWOOOOO! Oh how the turntables have... You love to see it!

DDK:

You're deplorable.

Stalker yanks Scott's hair into his hand, forcing the hurt winner of tonight's Main Event to his knees.

Stalker:

You... you think I was just going to let you WALK into a FIST CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH UNSCATHED YOU FUCKING PUNK!?

Letting out a shrill whistle, Stalker's hand motions in a signal towards the back, the Faithful's boos grow increasingly louder as like a funnel of The Kabal storms the ring in full force.

Mikey Unlikely:

Reaper 1.. Reaper 2.. Rezin and Victor! Wow The Kabal are all out here looking to get some of this False Hero! I wonder if they're going to split the prize money, or if he's going to screw them all? What do you think?

DDK:

REALLY?!? Lance.. I honestly can't believe Scott Douglas agreed to this match in the first place - he had to see this coming.

Lance:

Well as much as Mikey knows about The Kabal's nicknames for Scott Douglas - he's right about one thing, they are all looking for a piece of Douglas!

As boos reign down from the very top of DEF Arena The Kabal arrives in the ring in full force! Orange Reaper drives a running knee into the back of Douglas which flattens him into the mat! Yellow Reaper, doesn't hold back and runs in with a low drop kick to Douglas' face as he tries to crawl away. That is the death blow for DEFIANCE's Favorite Son. Rezin casually steps through the ropes last to round out the group, smirking like the Goat Bastard he is while he looms over Scott like a vulture picking at carrion.

Stalker: *[mic in hand]*

Scotty boy... This isn't about you. This is to make sure that everyone knows who controls shit around here. And that man is me! Hold his arm out, Victor!

Mikey Unlikely:

Last week, Stalker focused on another False Hero's arm, in Deacon. He looks to continue that same path of good! Hell break everyone's arms, just stay away from 24K! Why do you think we don't share a dressing room with this freak?

Lance:

Please tell me you are drunk, Mikey... Where is anyone? Scott Douglas is going to be gone just like Deacon. We won't even have a contender for the FIST at DEFCON!

DDK:

DEFSecurity should be here to break this up, no way they can let this stand!

On cue, a troop of DEFSec comes jogging out from backstage, with Head of Security Wyatt Bronson leading the charge. Even referee Brian Slater has come out to assist. Stalker spots them from in the ring, and can be seen handing over the Zippo.

Stalker: *[whispering]*

Go do what you do best!

Rezin gives a blatantly obvious WandaVision wink as he hops over the ropes, slips over the barricade, and makes his way through the crowd to the southeast corner of the WrestlePlex. While en route, he inexplicably swipes a foam fist off some poor kid's hand.

Lance:

Wait a second... what is Rezin doing? Where is he going?

DDK:

Something is going on here, but I can't tell what! Right now, Scott Douglas needs help!

DEFSec surrounds the ring, but Vacio and the Reapers keep anyone from getting inside. Stalker surveys the scene with a sick grin on his face, kneeling over Douglas.

DDK:

The Kabal are keeping security at bay for the time being, but they can't hold this out forever!

Lance:

I'm not so sure about that, Keebs... do you see what I see?

DDK:

What is... wait, IS THAT SMOKE?! Something is happening out there in the crowd!

The crane-cam smash zooms to the corner of the WrestlePlex past the seats... where REZIN is standing in front of the DEFIANCE merch zone. The foam fist he took earlier from a fan is now raised into the air on his own hand.

And it is on fire.

DDK:

GOOD GOD!!

Rezin:

You normies wanna see something DEFIANT?!

The Escape Artist turns to the merch counter and chucks the flaming foam fist into a rack of t-shirts.

DDK:

NOOO!! THAT MANIAC IS TRYING TO BURN THE MERCH TABLE DOWN!!

Vending staff flees the scene as the fire slowly begins to grow as it burns through the official brand merch. The Faithful gasp in surprise, and a twinge of panic washes over the entire building. Rezin cackles maniacally, holding his arms out as if to put his work on display.

Lance:

This has gotten out of hand! Now we have a REAL problem on our hands!

In the ring, Stalker is cackling maniacally as well. DEFSec, seeing the greater threat to the safety of fans and staff, abandon the ring and make a mad dash through the crowd, some snagging fire extinguishers from under the ring.

Rezin:

AWWWWW YEEEEAAAAHHH, WHO'S THE MOST PUNK ROCK MUTHAFUGGA IN DEFIANCE NOW, YOU BISHES!! WHO'S THE--*BLEGHK!!*

The tandem of Brian Slater and Wyatt Bronson tackle the **FUCK** out of Rezin before no less than a dozen DEFSec members armed with fire-extinguishers douse the entire merch zone into a cloud of carbon dioxide. As quick as it began, the fire is promptly put out, and everyone breathes a sigh of relief. The security continue to struggle with throwing Rezin out of the building while others continue to stamp out the charred remains of DEFIANCE merch.

DDK:

Oh THANK GOD!! That could have been a serious emergency! Thankfully, DEFSec are specially trained in fire safety for incidents just like this!

Lance:

You said it, Keebs... unfortunately, that little show of chaos has diverted DEFSec away from the massacre happening in the ring!

Mikey Unlikely:

Obviously, they need to intercept the bigger threat! Hope everyone's okay from that fire!

DDK:

Stalker knew... he... Wow... this is... NO!!

As the chaos ensues in the far part of the WrestlePlex, the inside of the ring is a different horror scene, Vacio has beaten Scott Douglas into an immovable object. Armbaring Scott Douglas' out like a dead weight, Orange and Yellow Reaper are ensuring that no Security or anyone interrupt what is about to happen.

Stalker:

One thing that DEFIANCE had yet to learn about me... The one thing that... everyone seemed to forget.. Is I.. CONTROL things. I am the puppet master..

Mikey Unlikely:

That's true... He is... I am too, but he also is too as well.

Stalker:

I am the one that decides who gets to face Mikey Unlikely for The FIST! Scotty... I ALWAYS get to decide who gets an opportunity in MY WORLD. And Scott. I didn't lie earlier....

DDK:

What... What does that mean?

With a shout of utter rage, Stalker raises a steel chair high in the air, just handed to him from Orange Reaper - and suddenly as the chair is headed down to break the arm of Scott Douglas the lights go out.

The DEFIatron bursts into a loud burst of energy, static filled white lines.

Mikey Unlikely:

What's the screen doing? Hey... it's light out and my mic works!?! The FIST comes with privileges!

DDK:

That's not what makes you special, Mikey.

Lance:

I can't see what's going on in the ring with the darkness but the screen, this is different. Could it be.... The Guardians?

DDK:

The Who?

Mikey Unlikely:

The What?

VoiceOver: *[on the DEFIatron]*

Enough is Enough, Jason.

The voice on the DEFIatron is very familiar, that of like Codename: Reaper. But, it's a tone difference that makes the call out to Jason stand out.

V/O: *[modified voice]*

We've been watching you, Reeves. All your career, your chaos, your madness... Deacon and Jack - this is for them, your darkness... Stalker's world... It ends now. Welcome - to The Kabals end. Welcome - Codename: Guardian.

Shadows move quickly in the ring, but it seems to distract Stalker long enough as suddenly a beam of light shines brightly down upon him. Shielding his face with the chair he wielded in a thwarted attempt to break Douglas' arm.

Mikey Unlikely:

Who's that tal...

Before Mikey Unlikely can finish his statement a BURST of pure white light hits the center of the ring, it's so astonishingly bright that it acts almost like a shield to Scott Douglas. Similar to Deacon's intervention last week, Douglas is seemingly protected right now as The Kabal seem unable to see directly into the cone of light that encircles Scott Douglas in the center of the ring.

Lance:

I'm.. not sure what's happening.

As the DEFarena lights flood back on, The Kabal members remaining in the ring surround a fallen Scott Douglas, but now someone is hovering over him, like a protective Guardian.

Mikey Unlikely:

What the shit is this?

DDK:

Language, Mikey!

Mikey Unlikely:

What do you mean, language? Storm Shadow just showed up out of nowhere and you want me to watch my language?

The Kabal attempts to wrangle the masked hero, who is dressed in all white, away from protecting the fallen Scott Douglas. Instead, the Heroic fighter spins into a tight circle, springing themselves into the air and kicking Victor Vacio flush with a hard Enziguri kick!

Lance:

WHAT A BARRAGE of hits!!!

Codename: Guardian, tightly twisting their fists into a tight punch, knocks back both Orange and Yellow Reaper. Landing deftly on their feet, the masked hero withdraws a white kendo stick, as they ready themselves in a defensive position. Orange Reaper storms them first but is easily leg swept by the White Guardian.

CRACK!

With a fierce yell, the Guardian ricochets the wooden kendo stick against Orange Reaper's protected face. Howling in pain - Orange Reaper rolls to the outside of the ring to recover - meanwhile Yellow Reaper charges forward.

Lance:

Not sure what's happening but this masked hero just ducked Yellow Reaper's clothesline... DROPKICK!

Straight out of the street fighter playbook, Codename: Guardian springs up and single leg drop kicks Yellow Reaper out of the ring.

Mikey Unlikely:

I knew it! Scott Douglas planned this all along! Probably snuck a ninja under the ring last night! He's capable of anything.

Switching cameras to the announcer's table, Mikey leans back to peek under his desk, it's obvious that he's looking for something. Perhaps Ninjas, or shurikens. You never know. In the ring, the only man now left standing in the ring is Stalker - who looks on in disbelief as he stares at the white-masked combatant.

Stalker:

Who... Who are you?

Codename Guardian: *[voice modified]*

Your nightmare!

With a violent burst of speed forward, Guardian uses the white kendo stick to bash Stalker on the bright side of his bald head. Cracking with a thunderous pop, The Faithful let out a resounding cheer. Stalker stumbles backward but keeps his feet as he looks on in confusion, the look of amazement on his face before... CRESCENT KICK! Like a flash of white light, Guardian charges forward, leaping into the air, and kicks Stalker sideways with a kick against his chest.

Lance:

Stalker's down! Stalker's down! This... Guardian? Just cleared the ring of the entire Kabal!? I can't believe it!

DDK:

Douglas is finally coming too, I don't think he realizes just how much of a predicament he was in.

Scott Douglas pushes himself up to one knee, fist on the mat as he looks up to the masked white hero. He shakes his head as he slowly stands up, The Faithful's cheers suddenly making the night turn around. Codename: Guardian stalks the ring ropes, brandishing the kendo stick as a weapon to fend off any attempts to reenter the ring, but there are none. Instead Stalker signals his men to follow and they slowly retreat up the ramp.

Mikey Unlikely:

YOU HATE TO SEE IT LANCE! I just can't believe it. Douglas has backup!? Since when!?

DDK:

Lance - Can we just call it a night?

Lance:

Scott Douglas looks on to The Kabal but the crowd is more interested in seeing who is this... 'Guardian' person?

As the cameras pan up, Scott Douglas and Codename: Guardian face one another, the look on Scott's face is that of gratitude. Scott moves forward with a nod but Guardian stops him at the ropes, leaning in there is an exchange between the masked hero and DEFIANCE's Favorite Son. In the center of the ring, they clasp each other's hand in a brief handshake as the copyright appears.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.