

## RUN DOWN



Bright colorful lights roll across the arena as the Faithful go wild! The DEFtv opening video is plays 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!

**LITTER RENTALS INCREASE BY 1000%  
24K ALL SLEEP IN THE SAME BED  
LEGEND HAS IT TIMMY IS STILL TALKING  
BOOK ARTHUR VS TILLINGHAST... WAIT NO DON'T  
SCOTT DOUGLAS WORKS AT HOME DEPOT  
I ROCK 26 INCHES  
ALL OF YOUR HEROES ARE DYING!  
UNCUT IS LIT BITCHES!  
ARTHUR PARKS IN HANDICAPPED SPOTS  
ARTHUR USES MART CARTS JUST SO THE ELDERLY HAVE TO WALK  
ARTHUR NO SHOWED MAKE-A-WISH WITH THE BAREFOOT CONTESSA  
WHY ISN'T THERE ANY MORE NUTTER-BUTTER AT THE CONCESSION STAND?  
IS IT JUST ME, OR DOES THE AIR SMELL "CLEANER" IN HERE?  
TELL ME A LIE AND SAY THAT YOU WONT GO  
PIPESH WERE MADE FOR SCHMOKE, NOT SCHDEAM!  
WELCOME TO AMES' WORLD!  
URIEL CORTEZ IS DEFIANCE'S MAITRE 'D AND SHOWED ALVARO TO HIS TABLE  
GO SEE YOURSELF OUT  
DEFIANCE IS NOT STALKERS WORLD  
I SAY YES!  
IS THERE A MRS. FEAR? CALL ME BBY**

Cut to the announce team.

**DDK:**

Welcome back everyone to DEFtv! It's episode 153, Night 2 and once again we've got a quite show lined up for you here tonight!

**Lance:**

Indeed, Darren! And what a Night One we had! Arthur Pleasant pulling off what some would call an upset over former FIST holder "Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy! We had Ophelia Sykes do the unthinkable and turn her back on the Pop Culture Phenoms to join the Better Future Talent Agency! After successfully locking in four defenses of the Favoured Saints Championship, Matt LaCroix vacated the title to challenge "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy for Southern Heritage Championship!

**DDK:**

And more to come on that in a minute. Let's look at what we have in store for you tonight!

**"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS vs. NATHANIEL EYE****Lance:**

One of BRAZEN's most decorated stars and best friend to Dex Joy makes his return to active competition, but as a member of the roster! Now a member of the DEFIANCE roster, the former BRAZEN Champ and BRAZEN Tag Team Champion Nathaniel Eye takes on a perennial contender for the Southern Heritage title looking for another shot... "Bantam" Ryan Batts!

**CODENAME: GUARDIAN vs. SCROW****DDK:**

The enigmatic Codename: Guardian made a very impactful impression on the Kabal! Tonight, the Guardian's crusade continues when he takes on Scrow! Scrow is coming off the fight of his career against Dex Joy for the Southern Heritage and though he came up short, you CANNOT discount Scrow. At all. Codename: Guardian better have eyes in the back of their head.

**FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: ??? vs. ???****Lance:**

Matt LaCroix vacated the championship last night, but you will NOT be waiting long at all to have a new champion! DEFIANCE management have been impressed with the dearth of hungry young talent all across DEFIANCE and wanted to quickly give that opportunity out again! Tonight, two opponents have been chosen by management to compete for the vacant title and will look to follow in the footsteps of LaCroix. Who will compete for the title? We will find out... at match time!

**#1 CONTENDER to FIST: OSCAR BURNS vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. JAY HARVEY****DDK:**

And our MAIN EVENT... three of DEFIANCE's top stars! A man many say should have become champion back at DEFIANCE Road in "The Natural One" Harvey. The man who held the Southern Heritage Title for days just shy of a year, Gage Blackwood. And the man who Mikey took the belt from over 400 days ago, all the way back at DEFCON 2020 and who hasn't had a shot since... the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns! We've heard that management have been trying to reach the current FIST of DEFIANCE Mikey Unilkely about this match, but he and his PR team have been ducking their calls.

**Lance:**

Shock of all shocks.... anyway... we're gonna look to top Night One with tonight's card, so without further adieu, I say let's get to... *[sighing]* Scotty Flash...

## **(SCOTTY) FLASH IN THE PAN**

We kick from the commentary team of Lance and DDK up to the ring where the theme song of DEF Radio is dying out and Scotty Flash is on the scene! Inside the ring, Scotty has asked for a microphone and is getting a mixed reaction from the crowd. Scotty's nose is overly bandaged up, a ridiculous neck brace around his neck.

### **DDK:**

Of course at DEFCON Scotty Flash decided to stick his nose in the main event!

### **Lance:**

...And he caught one on the nose for his troubles! Scott Douglas put a microphone right between the eyes!

Inside the ring, the murmur has died off and Scotty Flash is ready to speak!

### **Scotty Flash:**

Faithful of DEFIANCE, I stand before you a beaten, assaulted, VIOLATED man. At DEFCON, the entire world witnessed a desperate, sad, wayward soul attack an innocent, untrained, handsome radio host... and I will have my legal retribution! But I have to say just how great it is to be here, live, and in-person, even in this state. Is it just me... or do things feel a little different in DEFIANCE?

He sniffs the air gingerly at first, and then with vigor. He tries wafting the scent closer to his taped-up nose.

### **Scotty Flash:**

Do you smell that!?

The crowd boos a little.

He smiles before hitting them again with it.

### **Scotty Flash:**

The air just smells a little bit cleaner, a little SWEETER, this evening at the DEFFlex! I wonder if it got a deep clean while we were at the Lakefront Arena for DEFCON? OR! Or.....

With a shrug, he leaves them waiting for the punchline.

### **Scott Flash:**

Or the smell of old sweaty balls is finally gone from DEFIANCE! I'm not the only guy who left Night Two a beaten, assaulted, violated man... That's right, Scott Douglas is GONE from DEFIANCE, DONNIES & DONNETTES! He is GONE... JUST LIKE I SAID HE WOULD BE! JUST LIKE DEEP DOWN YOU *KNEW* HE WOULD BE! You HAD TO KNOW that Scott Douglas would LET YOU DOWN!

The crowd boos very loudly now, trying to drown out the braggadociousness. Scotty exaggeratedly jolts, grasping his neck brace, almost certainly feigning pain. He has lost whatever support he might have had from the live crowd when we walked out.

### **Scotty Flash:**

HE'S GONE! FINISHED! FINITO! AU REVOIR! NEVER COMING BACK! DONE FOREVER! And guess what, everybody... I'm the only person in this arena who is ever going to see Scott Douglas again... because I WILL SEE HIS SWAMP ASS IN COURT!

### **Lance:**

Well, this is just sad, Scotty Flash not afraid to talk trash now that the man has left the building...

Flash clutches his neck brace again for a moment before clutching his nose.

**Scotty Flash:**

Let's be real... I'll probably be forced to SMELL it, too! It's just like I sang on DEF Radio's DEFCON Hangover, available on-demand at DEFIANCEWRESTLING.COM, ...you are NEVER... EVER... GOING TO SEE SCOTT DOUGLAS EVER AGAI--

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

**DDK:**

WOAHHH! What's This!?! Is Scott Douglas going to make one last appearance!

The fans explode into applause! Inside the ring, Flash looks terrified. He's shaking his head left and right and looking for someone to help him.

Through the curtain comes Scott Doug...las?

Wearing Scott Douglas-like clothes comes the FIST of DEFIANCE Mikey Unlikely with the championship around his waist for once. After the fans realize the jig is up they begin to boo loudly.

**Lance:**

Of course, he would do this tonight! Mikey's M.O. has always been to pour salt in the wounds.

Soon the entirety of 24K comes through the curtain and all of them stand together on stage. The crowd boos in full force now.

**DDK:**

Once again 24K out here to take over the show. I don't think these fans want to see this right now. Let us have some time first...

As they make their way to the ring, the theme changes over to "GOLD" by Sir Sly. Mikey makes his way inside and grabs the microphone from Scotty after a quick bro hug.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

Scotty Flash! The man who proved his allegiance to 24K at DEFCON. Give it up!

They do not in fact "give it up."

**Mikey Unlikely:**

I think that we have to super seriously consider Scotty Flash as the next member of 24K, you guys!

The crew seems to nod and agree with Unlikely. Perfection thinks it over before winking at Flash.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

He can't be any worse than Jack Hunter...

JFK leans in.

**Kendrix:**

I've always said that.

**Cayle Murray:**

Yea but I said it first...

Even Jack Hunter seems to agree which sets the crowd off.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

We do appreciate you Scotty and rest assured your contributions will be remembered. Meanwhile, I have a message for the faithful... I'M STILL THE FIST, I DID IT! I WON! I KICKED SCOTT DOUGLAS OUT OF DEFIANCE! HAHHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Everyone in the ring laughs and celebrates. Everyone goes insane in the stands.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

This is the end of the road DEFIANCE, this is the end of the road for The Faithful. I've beaten every single contender that you have set before me. I have retained my championship time after time after time. It's time we fully take this place over. We're going to change the name of DEFIANCE. To 24K Wrestling! What do you think!?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

**Mikey Unlikely:**

I have the most talented wrestlers in DEF already on my side. I've got JFK, I've got Perfection, I've got Cayle Murray, I've got Jack... Jack.....Scotty Flash! Who else do we need? I've knocked off every other legend, I've knocked off every up and comer. A few have come close, but at the end of the day, you only get ONE SHOT to take down the top of the game and I'm sorry to say DEFIANCE has failed. We're too strong together for any one of you to take down. We're too smart, we're the next step in professional wrestling and quite frankly we'll always be a step ahead...

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

The Faithful cheer as Gage Blackwood emerges from behind the curtain, mic in hand. Not one to play up the crowd, his theme dies quickly and The Noble Raider raises his mic.

**Gage Blackwood:**

Aye, Mikey. Let me be the first outside of your team to congratulate ya, pal. That's a mighty fine FIST run you have going.

Inside the ring, Mikey paces around, looking at his crew like "who the hell is this guy"?

**Gage Blackwood:**

The four of you, all four of you are very talented.

In the ring, Scotty Flash steps forward, doing a quick headcount, skipping Jack, before gingerly poking his head back towards the microphone.

**Scotty Flash:**

Uh, you said "four"? ...did you forget about me?

Blackwood clears his throat.

**Gage Blackwood:**

You four are very talented. I'm not here to dispute anything you've said except...

Blackwood pauses.

**Gage Blackwood:**

You haven't gone through everyone, I've never had a title shot and you're nowhere near as skilled as you think you are.

Blackwood pauses, again.

**Gage Blackwood:**

I agree with you, aye, every challenger should only get ONE championship title opportunity. It would be painful to see

someone go for the FIST time after time and **fail**. Similar to when I first started in DEFIANCE and an outside group infiltrated this organization, trying to change the company's name to the United Toughness Alliance. It was incredibly painful to watch one man's army lose over and over and over when THAT piece of hardware [*pointing to the FIST*] sat across that man's shoulders [*pointing to Cayle Murray*]. The leader of the UTA organization tried to do everything he could, triple threat matches, rallying crazy old lunatics, even throwing random, baw juggling trash wrestlers at the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Blackwood smacks his hands together. Inside the ring, Mikey is pacing back and forth a little harder.

**Gage Blackwood:**

A year later, UTA is dead and buried but their leader still remains in DEFIANCE. He sees his best friend and former Bruv win the FIST. He tries to capture it but, yet, again, he's unsuccessful. I'm rambling and I tend to do that when I'm angry.

For a final time, Blackwood pauses.

**Gage Blackwood:**

The long story short is I agree with you, all DEFIANCE talent should only get ONE opportunity to capture the top prize in this industry. Tonight's main event is a triple threat, me versus Oscar Burns versus Jay Harvey and the winner goes to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE to face you.

Back in the ring, Mikey's losing it. "WHAT!?" He mouths and kicks the bottom ropes. He slaps Jack Hunter across the face.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

You can't do that! You don't make the rules around here! I'm the champion and what I say goes! Ask Scott Douglas.

*BOOOOO.*

Gage pulls a rolled-up piece of paper from his back pocket.

**Gage Blackwood:**

Signed, sealed and delivered by DEF management! You don't have a choice, *Mikey...*

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

The Faithful have something to truly cheer and bust out loudly in applause and appreciation.

**DDK:**

What an announcement! Tonight's main event is going to determine who faces Mikey at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

**Lance:**

We're going to see Jay Harvey, Oscar Burns and Gage Blackwood go at it. Who are the people going to pull for!?

**DDK:**

24K cannot be pleased with this turn of events. They were ready to party the night away as they usually do. What a night we have in store for you folks!

**COMMERCIAL: DEFRadio**



*Need MORE Scotty Flash? Tune into DEFIANCE RADIO!*

## ONE FOR ALL

Off the commercial break, Gage Blackwood emerges through the curtain and works his way past Gorilla. However, before he can get back to the locker room, The Noble Raider walks right into Jay Harvey, standing in wait.

**Jay Harvey:**

Mr. Serious... I like it.

Blackwood doesn't reply.

**Jay Harvey:**

One of the better promos you ever cut, Gage. With all our history one thing has never changed... I just don't like you. I mean you did try and run me over with a car.

Harvey continues.

**Jay Harvey:**

Tonight is my night. I had my shot taken from me and this is my shot to right that wrong. Oscar had his turn. You had your year with the SoHer. It's my turn.

Before Gage opens his mouth he turns to see "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns approaching. The Faithful can be heard going crazy for the appearance of everyone's favorite technical Kiwi. He stares down both Harvey and Gage... a little longer on Gage, specifically, remembering their own troubled times over the Southern Heritage Championship.

**Oscar Burns:**

How's it going, GCs? A little match tonight to see who gets the next crack at Mikey, eh? I think that we can all agree... Mikey is the BLOODIEST shitbag that's ever held that title. No denying that.

Unanimous cheers fill the background as Oscar approaches Jay.

**Oscar Burns:**

Harvey, you're right. You've come a long way to earn the shot you had and you likely SHOULD be champion right now had it not been for that ponce, Kendrix. And Gage...

He goes back to staring a hole through Gage.

**Oscar Burns:**

GC, I still owe you for the many, many knees to my head you gave me last time we fought over the SoHer. But well before either of you were even in contention for this title, I did have that belt... twice, in fact... and after over a year of not even being given a rematch, it's MY time to earn it and steer this ship right again before Mikey and his fools' gold arseholes sink the promotion I call HOME.

Jay Harvey looks to Oscar and then to Gage.

**Jay Harvey:**

May the best man win...

Jay walks off as Burns shoots Gage another intense look. The former FIST leaves as well and the scene quickly fades.



## TROY MATTHEWS vs. CRISTIANO CABELLERO

**DDK:**

Welcome back to DEFtv, fans, and we have something going on in the ring...

**Lance:**

Oh, no, not again!

The camera cuts to the ring, where Cristiano Caballero is, once again, forced himself into the center of attention, with a microphone he no doubt took from a reluctant Darren Quimbey.

**Cristiano Caballero:**

I AM ONCE AGAIN here in this same old DEFIANCE ring, in this SAME OLD cesspit of a port town some far sophisticated Europeans once called New Orleans, before it went to complete SHIT...

And of course, the boos are in full force.

**DDK:**

Second verse, same as the first. Last time he was out here and cutting down the Faithful, he ran afoul of a returning Bronson Box, so clearly this is a man who isn't familiar with the idea of learning his lesson.

**Cristiano Caballero:**

And looking at all these SAME OLD sweaty pigs who walk into this trough of an arena, in the hopes of sampling a mere TASTE of beauty and GREATNESS, like ME! Cristiano Caballero! Well, you pathetic SLOPBUCKETS will get that taste, because tonight, I will show YOU, and I will show DEFIANCE, that I am WORTHY of EVERYTHING this company has to offer!

The jeers don't stop, with a sizable portion of the audience in attendance audibly calling for the man in the ring to shut up. In less-than-polite terms.

**Cristiano Caballero:**

I'm talking about being promoted as a MARQUEE TALENT! I'm talking about championship matches! I'm talking about...

*"I'm talkin' about the DEATH of rock n' roll..."*

That interruption from the speakers doesn't come from a live voice, but an introduction to a ripping guitar and intensifying distortion, as the arena entrance is awash in a sea of light.

♪ONE!♪  
♪TWO!♪  
♪THREE!♪  
♪FOUR!♪

♪ "Kiss of Death" by Alec Empire ♪

As the roaring mix of electronica and punk rock blares into the arena, a familiar face darts onto the stage like a bullet, a look of intensity and excitement etched on his face.

**Lance:**

Is that...

Meanwhile, Darren Quimbey, having apparently gotten his microphone back, gets to work.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Making his RETURN to the DEFIANCE ring, he hails from Blackwood, New Jersey, and weighs in at two hundred two

pounds! This is...

**DDK:**

The Slayer of Giants is BACK!

**Darren Quimbey:**

TROY! MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAATTHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEWWWWWWWWWS!!!

After five years away from the world of DEFIANCE Wrestling, the former World Trios Tag Team Champion looks remarkably different; once known for his colorful hair and gear, he has reverted to simple, short black hair, and black-and-green two-tone shorts. But as he slaps hands as he rushes to ringside, he still has that explosive aura that helped define him as a fixture of the squared circle.

**Lance:**

The last time Troy Matthews was in a DEFIANCE ring, he left on the brink of death, but it seems that he hasn't lost that spark of life one bit!

He hops onto the ring apron, waving a pointer finger at the Faithful, before smiling, placing a hand on his chest, and mouthing the words "for me?" as they show appreciation for a returning face.

**Lance:**

Having known him for quite some time, I know he has been through a lot in the past five years, but one thing I can say tonight is that if nothing else, he is a SURVIVOR. That sobriquet, "Slayer of Giants?" It's more than just a marketing gimmick. He's faced hardships that would stop lesser men in their tracks, and even if his win-loss record didn't always reflect it, he has stood down anything in his way and NEVER backed down.

As Troy steps between the ropes and returns to the mat, Caballero, seemingly unimpressed, yanks the microphone back, and calls out to his apparent opponent.

**Cristiano Caballero:**

Oh, wow. If that's not proof of how low the bar is to wrestle here, we have some never-was whose only appeal he ever had was that Japanese bomboncita who would come out here with him sometimes. Though perhaps... maybe if she sees you getting utterly humiliated by a REAL man, maybe she'll latch onto someone who can make her feel like a real woman for once!

That insult draws a big "oooooooohhhhhhh" from the crowd, but Troy himself stares at Caballero with a look, not of anger or offense, but an inquisitive "oh no he didn't" expression. He snatches the mic from Caballero and puts it to his own lips.

**Troy Matthews:**

...so YOU'RE the "sleazy scuzzbucket" who was trying to hit on Saori backstage even after she told you no, like, six times!

Caballero's expression starts to fade, almost as if he's trying to figure out whether he fucked up or not... but a shot to the face with the microphone robs him of the chance, as he drops to the mat like a sack of flour. Troy turns to referee Hector Navarro and asks him to ring the bell. The former Fishman Deluxe obliges.

***DING DING***

Wasting no time, Matthews closes in on the staggering Caballero, blasting him onto his back with a precision dropkick to the face! The returning Matthews takes a moment to soak in the crowd's energy, as Caballero tries to pull himself back to his feet by the nearby ring ropes.

**DDK:**

And it looks like Matthews hasn't lost much in his absence!

As he calls for Caballero to get up, Matthews goes back onto the offensive, peeling the aristocrat from the corner and getting him in a clinch, unleashing a series of Muay Thai knees to the ribs, which makes Caballero yelp audibly! Matthews shoves Caballero back into a corner, before locking on a side headlock, and rushing out with a bulldog onto the center of the mat!

**Lance:**

It's worth noting that Matthews is now the age of FORTY, and while he doesn't show his age much, he is clearly wrestling a more conservative, grounded approach. Given the injuries he's faced in the past, that makes sense.

As Caballero writhes on the mat, the former Jersey Devil slams his fists to the mat, slowly rising back up in a dramatic fashion, foot by foot, soaking in the crowd's cheers, before leaning up against the nearby ropes, egging Caballero on to get back up. Caballero makes it back to his feet, which leads Matthews to bounce off the ropes, toward the center of the ring...

**DDK:**

A unique variation on the throat thrust there, as Matthews did a bit of a discus spin there, before striking Cristiano Caballero's throat with his fingers!

This move leads to Caballero dropping to his knees, favoring his throat, and coughing a bit! As he manages to come to, he cranes his head up, looking into the eyes of his opponent, who smiles, waves, and with a "buenas noches!"

*THWACK!!!*

...unleashes a sharp roundhouse kick to Caballero's temple, sending him down to the mat like a sack of flour!

**Lance:**

I think he kicked Caballero's head into the cheap seats with that one!

**DDK:**

I'm being told that Matthews calls that the Blackout, but is it enough for the win?

Troy covers...

ONE

TWO

THREE

***DING DING DING***

♪ "Kiss of Death" by Alec Empire♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner... TROOOOOOY... Matthews!

As Troy's hand is raised in victory, the returning DEFIANT looks down at his opponent, who is starting to stir, only to open his eyes and look dead into Troy's. Matthews gestures with his head, as if to signal "do something" like a threat, but Caballero sheepishly (and wisely) rolls under the ropes, making a SPLAT onto the ground before retreating.

**DDK:**

And what a victory for the returning Slayer of Giants, and, what's this, he's calling for a microphone?

Indeed, Matthews asks Quimbey if he can borrow the DEF house mic, and Quimbey obliges.

**Troy Matthews:**

Thank you, DEFIANCE... it's good to be back.

A pop from the appreciative crowd draws a smile from the self-proclaimed Jersey Devil.

**Troy Matthews:**

I wanna take a moment to talk about the past five years, if I may. Five years ago, I left this ring on the verge of death. Forget WRESTLING again, doctors were wondering if I would still be alive for long.

A hush falls over the arena as Troy clearly starts to get more serious.

**Troy Matthews:**

I was in a bad, bad place back then. I won't mince words, I was headed toward the grave the way things were back then. I was being driven by the wrong ambitions. It threw a wrench into a lot of things; my career. My relationship with the love of my life. My health. And as I laid on that bed at University Hospital, while doctors were wondering if I would need dialysis for the rest of my life, I knew that if I made it out of there alive, I would have to make a lot of changes.

A chuckle. He points to his head.

**Troy Matthews:**

Which is why you see I switched to basic black. Not that the hair color was ruining my life, but because I wanted to have as few reminders of that life as possible. And... well, I did it. I struck gold elsewhere, I travelled the world... but every fight, every victory, every success... my mind would always come back to New Orleans. Back to DEFIANCE.

As Troy is in the middle of his post-match interview, the Faithful start booing loudly as two familiar faces come running down the ring.

**DDK:**

What the hell do they want?!?!?

**Lance:**

That's a good question Keeps!

**Troy Matthews:**

And after all that traveling, I came back here, to tie up loose threads, to see how far I can REALLY go here without the burdens of the past, and toAUGH~

Bo clotheslines Troy Matthews and begins raining down right hands to the side of Troy's face before dragging him to his feet and whipping to his cousin who delivers a massive.....

**DDK:**

TEXAS SIZE SLAM! THIS IS UNCALLED FOR!

The man with the plan, Cary Stevens, reaches down and picks up the microphone that Troy was using earlier.

**Cary Stevens:**

Troy Matthews, no one gives a shit where you have been.

The crowd boos and begins to chant the Stevens' favorite chant.

**Cary Stevens:**

We are sick and tired of scrubs and has-beens coming into this company and we continue to be pushed to the side. No more!

Cary shouts as kneels down next to the unconscious Troy.

**Cary Stevens:**

You want your spot back you're going to have to go through us.

Cary informs Troy as he drops the mic as the Stevens Dynasty pose in the ring.

**COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE**



*Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! [DEFIANCEWrestling.com](http://DEFIANCEWrestling.com)*

## "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS vs. NATHANIEL EYE

**Lance:**

Coming up next we have two men who are definitely on the hunt for a big win tonight. "Bantam" Ryan Batts lost during the DEFCON Pre-Show to a returning Kerry Kuroyama. On the flip side of that, Dex Joy's best friend Nathaniel Eye made a return to action as a member of the DEFIANCE Wrestling roster!

**DDK:**

That is right! He returned from a three month layoff after Scrow put him on the shelf at DEFIANCE Road but because of his stellar work in BRAZEN as a former holder of the Tag Team and the BRAZEN championships, not to mention BRAZEN Star of the Year for 2020 ... he was promoted to the main roster!

**Lance:**

And even though Batts has lost recently he is a very skilled and dangerous competitor. We will see who wins out in a battle of promising young talents rising within DEFIANCE Wrestling.

**DDK:**

I am looking forward to this one so let's see what both competitors have!

♪ "The Last Garrison" by Enter Shikari ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing in at two-hundred-four pounds... "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!

The lights in the arena flash rapidly in shades of red as out from the back, Ryan Batts out in his thigh-length trunks and a red version of the "Bantam" logo on the left side. Black knee pads and boots with dark red kick pads to round out his new attire as he waves a black and red rally towel overhead on his way to the ring. He throws it to the crowd and then heads to the ring at a rapid pace. He slides inside and then does a front flip to his feet to pop the crowd. Batts looks more determined than he usually is.

*YOU CAN'T STOP ME!!!*

♪ "You Can't Stop Me" by Andy Mineo ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

And now his opponent ... he is from right here in Baton Rouge, Louisiana and he weighs in at two-hundred thirty five pounds ... "THE HANDSOME FACE" NATHANIEL EYYYYYYYEEEEEEEE!!!!

The crowd is very happy to see Nathaniel Eye who is now rocking the all crushed-velvet-like attire and new theme music. The cheers from the crowd get a little louder from the ladies when he takes off his Eyes Up Here t-shirt with the arrow pointing up. He throws the shirt into the crowd and he shows off his eight-pack abs. After he gets done counting each one he struts down to the ring to the sounds of his entrance music and then jumps on the apron. He looks incredibly proud of the response, but Batts looks ready to fight.

**DDK:**

Nathaniel Eye has the size and the power but Batts has the mat skills and the aggression. We will see who has the edge.

**DING DING**

Eye and Batts circle up and it is Batts acting as the aggressor first! He goes right for the leg of Eye and then uses a take down to get him to the mat before he switches over and then snaps on an arm bar.

**DDK:**

That was fast! Eye is trying to get out quickly but Batts is on him like a pitbull!

**Lance:**

Batts is going to win on the mat game. Eye is more of a power based flyer so he'll need to delve into either of those styles.

Eye does use his power he crawls to the ropes and gets a foot out. Batts does let go but the Handsome Face gets back up and when he does he is taken down with an arm drag. Once again Batts uses an arm bar takedown and now Eye finds himself back where he started.

**Lance:**

It's a real pleasure watching Ryan Batts work where he can submit you or kick you.

**DDK:**

And now he has the fujiwara arm bar on him.

The arm is cranked back and Eye is locked in but he decides to try some quick thinking and gets himself up to roll forward out of the hold. He starts to get up when Batts throws his signature kicks and hits his leg. Eye almost topples after a really hard shot and Batts hits elbows now.

**DDK:**

Batts hits the kicks and elbows now!

When Eye is stunned from the kicks and elbows Batts takes a run for the ropes. But when he does that Eye surprises him by leaping over him. On the way back Eye gets the fans cheering for him when he leaps a second time and when Batts comes back again he catches a drop kick on the chin! DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful cheer Eye when he nips up to his feet after the move!

**Lance:**

Finally Eye has the advantage. Batts is up and Eye delivers another drop kick and now Batts ends up on the floor.

**DDK:**

That was impressive! But Batts made a mistake giving Eye that space to move around. And I'm feeling it will get worse.

Eye jumps out to the apron and Batts is trying to turn around and when he does he eats a cannon ball off the apron from The Handsome Face!

**Lance:**

He wipes out Ryan Batts with that cannon ball! Perhaps a nod to his best friend Dex Joy?

**DDK:**

It looks that way. Eye now putting him back in the ring.

Nathaniel Eye gets ready by standing on the apron. Batts gets up and then eats a slingshot shoulder tackle that almost takes him out of his boots. Eye hurries over and goes to pin Ryan.

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*no!!!*

**DDK:**

Great moves by Eye. He didn't get the win there but he has the edge now. Now he is putting Batts into the corner.

Eye runs at him and hits a running knife edge chop. Batts cringes from the shot and then takes a few more good knife edge chops. He looks at referee Carla Ferrari and then winks for fun. Eye twists Batts's arm around he throws Batts off to the other side of the ring. Eye gets ready and runs forward ... but he misses a spear in the corner and hits the ring



post instead!

**Lance:**

Oh my word! He just hit that post ... and he's just given Ryan Batts a weakness to exploit!

**DDK:**

He sure did! There is a double knee arm breaker by Batts too! He's gunning for that arm! Many people have tapped to the Fastest Arm Bar in the West and Eye might be another one!

Eye is grabbing his arm and shoulder and with that obvious weakness now in play Batts uses some of his kicks to go after the arm. He hits a few more kicks and then hits a senton on the arm when he is down. Batts kicks the arm again and then he tries to spoil the DEF TV return of Nathaniel Eye.

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*No!!!*

**DDK:**

Eye has just kicked out! That one mistake trying to spear Ryan Batts in the corner is haunting him now.

**Lance:**

Yeah that arm is a target now! More kicks to the arm!

Batts continues kicking and stomping the arm much to Eye's chagrin. He is hurt and can't follow up when Batts kicks him again. Eye tries to fight back and throws a punch and then a chop with his good hand. But when he tries to get Batts up for a snap suplex he turns it around and now before he knows it Eye is on the mat being dropped with a sitting arm bar!

**DDK:**

Ryan Batts knows these submissions from A to Z especially if he uses the arm! And this one looks extra deadly!

**Lance:**

Yeah it does! Every move Batts does builds to the next. Nathaniel Eye is gonna have to try something else!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful watch the clinic that Batts puts on with the dangerous seated arm bar pulling back on the arm of the Handsome Face. The Louisiana wrestler is trying to stand on his two feet but Batts grabs that arm and uses some quick thinking to roll him up with a la majistral.

*One ...*

*Two ...*

Eye kicks out but then he leaves himself open for another kick to the head. Eye folds over from the kick and then Batts gets to make the crowd say whoa with a dead lifting german suplex!

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*No!!!*

**DDK:**

That was so impressive! Eye kicks out of that incredible suplex that Ryan Batts likes to use but he has been in control this whole time.

**Lance:**

Batts has the arm again ... what is he going to do?

He tries using a kimura lock but when Eye can feel the hold start to close, he punches his way free. Batts comes back using a big elbow and then another kick and Eye is left rattled in a corner. Batts tries his luck but that is when Nathaniel pushes Batts into the ropes. As he bounces back he is taken over with a release german suplex of his own! And when Batts gets hurt and tries to stand up he is brought back down to earth using a huge spear from the right shoulder!

**DDK:**

You called it Lance! You said it was either power or flying by Eye and the power it is!

**Lance:**

I can be right once in a while! Batts is down and so is Eye. That was smart on Nate's part to use the good shoulder that hasn't been worked on!

The official starts counting to ten with both men not answering the count immediately. It is Ryan Batts first to start and try and right behind him Nathaniel Eye is doing the same.

*One ... Two ... Three ... Four ... Five ... Six ... Seven ...*

Batts gets up first and he tries to use a tiger suplex but before he can hit the move Nathan breaks free. The Handsome Face stuns Batts with three elbows then turns around and slugs him with another elbow. That shot staggers him and Eye then launches into the corner with a flying corner forearm. He throws him to the other side and another flying corner forearm hits and then a DDT for Batts. The cover goes after.

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*No!!!*

**DDK:**

Eye is all over the place with these moves but Batts wants this win so bad too.

**Lance:**

Are we going to see Eye-Popping?

Eye lifts Batts by the neck into a reverse swinging STO set up. However before he fully completes the move Batts is able to reverse the hold and then he finally scores with the tiger suplex!

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*No!!!*

The Handsome Face kicks out right before the hand hit the mat a third time and rolls over. Batts doesn't know how he kicked out and a wave of surprise overtakes him.

**DDK:**

I thought that was it!

**Lance:**

I did too! The tiger suplex is such a great move but he has more moves he hasn't used yet.

Ryan goes for the arm again but Eye won't let him have it and boots him away. Batts hits a kick and then tries Batter Up ... but when he does Eye surprises him with the Starry Eyed Surprise! The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful get shocked when Batts gets hit out of the sky!

**DDK:**

That running knee the Starry Eyed Surprise is such a tide turning move and he just turned Batts inside out with it!

Eye's arm is still feeling sore but he does ride the adrenaline then climbs for that top rope. He is up there and points up by yelling out the name of his move and takes flight ... EYE'S UP HERE!!!

**Lance:**

The diving guillotine legdrop called Eye's Up Here! He has won his last two Uncut matches with that move! Will this be three?

*One ...*

*Two ...*

*Three!*

**DDK:**

YES IT IS!!! Nathaniel Eye scores his biggest win yet since graduating to DEFIANCE Wrestling's main roster! He pins Ryan Batts!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Your winner ... NATHANIEL EYYYYYYYYEEEE!!!

The Handsome Face's arm hurts when Carla Ferrari tries to raise it so he takes that away and gives her the right arm so she can do her duty. Eye wants to offer Batts a hand but young Bantam rolls out of the ring without any reaction to him. He looks upset with the loss and ignores any help when he gets out of the ring.

**DDK:**

Batts clearly disappointed with this loss ... but Nathaniel Eye has just been out of the gate swinging. And ... I think we're gonna hear from him.

**Lance:**

This is the first we have heard from Nate since he came back. What does he have to say?

Eye gets cheers from the fans and a few whistles as he flexes his pecs for fun.

**Nathaniel Eye:**

DEFIANCE Wrestling ... It has been a great month or so since DEF-CON ... and I am pissed that I had to miss it. Scrow took away four months of my career that I can never get back so I have spent the last few shows trying to make up for lost time. I think after tonight ... I'm not gonna lie. I am feeling really good about the work that I put in! Ryan Batts is a hell of a competitor but tonight *my* hand got raised!

More cheers come out for the man who has just relocated to Louisiana. His arm is still sore and he holds it close.

**Nathaniel Eye:**

Dex Joy avenged me against Scrow at DEF-CON and for that I will always be grateful ... and if Dex needs my help with anything then I will be there for him. But now that I have graduated from BRAZEN and now I'm walking among the roster I have looked up to for this last year, it's time for me to find my own way. I achieved everything I wanted to do in BRAZEN as the champion! Tag team champion with Dex! The BRAZEN Star of the Year! And now I'm ready to reintroduce myself to you all as my own man!

He looks at the camera and flashes his face.

**Nathaniel Eye:**

DEFIANCE Wrestling ... my name is Nathaniel Eye and I want to one day make *this* handsome face *the* face of this company! And I will do that one match at a time!

The Handsome Face puts the microphone down and takes the cheers before heading up the ramp.

**DDK:**

A big win and an even bigger statement by Nathaniel Eye! He's best friends with Dex Joy but now he is on his own and looking out for his own career!

## PUNISHMENT

Behind the door leading to Den, Chris Trutt spoke of and Scotty Flash was interested in on ninety-three. Scrow, Hive, and Tyler Fuse stand in a debate.

**Scrow:**

Scrow is going to be the one that eliminates Guardian!

**Hive:**

Fear wanted Tyler though.

Tyler stares at a ravenous Scrow. He does not respond, and let's Scrow get it all out.

**Scrow:**

*[Looks at Hive]* Stalker wanted Scrow to deal with it, *[then back at Tyler]* so that is EXACTLY what Scrow is going to do!

Tyler puts his hand out to the door, letting Scrow go. The two exchange a tense stare before Scrow opens the door and slams it behind him.

**Tyler Fuse:** *[deadpan]*

You can do whatever you'd like.

Scrow enters the boiler room with Hive. He looks around for a second and Rezin is nowhere to be seen. He hits the elevator switch, pressing the floor-one button. While in the elevator...

**Hive:**

It is unwise to disobey Mr. Fear, Scrow.

Scrow stares coldly at Hive, still agitated by Tyler.

**Scrow:**

Scrow will not take orders from someone who he does not even know WHO he is!

Hive takes a deep breath.

**Hive:**

Ok, and do you think he is happy as well?

**Scrow:**

How would Scrow know he is out vacationing in Seattle. Probably too caught up in his shady business practices to even have watched DEFCON.

DING...

The door opens, and the duo is met with Ravanna with a group of Reapers behind her, Cyan, Lavender, Lime, Maroon.

**Ravanna:**

He was.

Scrow steps out of the elevator, Hive stares around them. This is not going to end well she thinks to herself.

**Scrow:**

What do you want Ravanna, Scrow has a job to do for his leader!

**Ravanna:**

No, what Scrow's job is to do is to finish Red and Black Deaths!

**Scrow:**

Stalker is stable at the moment, as for your boss's Black Death it's a deathwish waiting to happen. You don't think the cash flow coming into The Kabal would be put into jeopardy should something happen to him do you?

**Ravanna:**

You do not cross the heads of The Kabal. Your little crusade for one expendable asset is not going to go down. You have made the heads disappointed and for that your punishment.

Ravanna snaps her finger. The Reapers start to approach as she steps back past them. Standing in front of a corridor blocked from camera view. Scrow looks at the Reapers, then suddenly shoves Hive into the elevator.

**Hive:**

HEY!

Scrow hits the ground level button, before Hive can get out of the elevator it closes. Scrow puts his hand on the elevator, before looking over his shoulder toward the Reapers, and gets ready for a fight.

Inside the elevator:

**Hive:**

Scrow...SCROW!

She pounds on the door, hearing a loud scuffle before it slowly fades as she goes down in the elevator.

**Hive:**

Damn it Scrow, you are going to be the end of us.

She reaches the boiler room again and quickly pushes the floor-one button to get back up to Scrow and Ravanna.

**Hive:**

Come on hurry the fuck up!

DING....

The doors open and Hive quickly steps out as Scrow nails a Raven's Call on Lime Reaper, the rest are laid out. Scrow's breathing is light, almost like it was not even a challenge to him.

**Hive:** *[saying to herself, while she looks at the carnage]*

Well, he did learn something from that One "V" training.

Hive's eyes widen and a smirk comes across her face soon after. Lime is face-first on the floor, Maroon is covered in packing cases, Lavender is crumbled up against the concrete wall covered in metal polls. Cyan is holding his knee in immense pain. She looks toward Ravanna who looks as stoic as Tyler Fuse always seems to be.

**Ravanna:**

Disappointments, did you ever wonder why he went to Seattle?

Scrow just stares at Ravanna not answering her.

**Ravanna:**

So he could corner the market on steroids. Which has allowed us to upgrade our Reapers.

**Scrow:**

Upgrade?

Ravanna snaps her finger, out of the darkness that the camera could not capture stands a behemoth reaper. With a big difference, his build is that of Mr. Olympia Ronnie Coleman. Dress in black from the feet up to the waist with a black tank top, the biggest difference is the mask, the traditional style all but gone, replaced by a black beanie, with grey ray-ban square sunglasses. Unlike previous looks from Reapers this one, the lower half of the face is exposed.

**Ravanna:**

This is the first of more to come, I present to you Reaper the Grey!

Scrow looks up at this man standing a good six foot six, in deep African skin tone. Hive is shocked at the size of this man.

**Scrow:**

So you think some big muscle-bound scab is gonna stop him from ending the enigma of Codename: Guardian?

Ravanna puts her hand over her mouth with a giggle, before pulling out her phone and pushing a few numbers.

**Ravanna:** *[talking into the phone]*

Yea, it was exactly like you expected....*[she puts her hand over the receiver]* Oh hun do me a favor and show this boy some respect. *[she returns to her call]*

RG slams his fist into the palm of his hand with a grin while cracking his knuckles.

**RG:**

With pleasure.

Scrow with a kick in the gut bends the reaper forward. He then quickly goes for a Raven's Call, only for RG to put his center block of a forearm up to block it. He quickly drives a gut punch into a stunned Scrow, which if this were a cartoon his insides would be popping out the back of his chest, his eyes would be pale white. However this is not a cartoon, and Scrow quickly falls to the floor.

**RG:**

Little lady if I were you I would keep your fine vanilla ass right there.

Hive stops quickly.

**RG:**

Well boy shall we continue?

He palms Scrow's head like if it were a basketball! He picks up Scrow and slams his face into the concrete wall. Then presses down with pressure.

**RG:**

Fear is not to be defied, kid. It's time for some discipline to be administered down to its subjects!

Scrow is shouting in utter pain, after a few minutes of his skull being pressed like a walnut. RG lets him go. Scrow falls like a sack of rocks holding his skull. RG flips him on his back and starts to drive those concrete breaking clubs called his fists into the skull of Scrow all that is seen on camera is the velocity of the clubbing blows raining down on prone Scrow.

**Ravanna:** *[while on the phone]*

There is definitely a future in steroids boss.

**Hive:**

Enough, ok he won't take the match.

RG looks over his shoulder, Ravanna goes to respond but a weak Scrow interrupts.

**Scrow:**

The h...

RG stomps on Scrow's chest and presses down with his foot on his chest.

**RG:**

Not now kid the ladies are talking it is rude to interrupt.

Scrow gasps for air.

Ravanna looks at the monitor in the hall and Guardian is waiting for his opponent in the ring.

**Ravanna:** *[while on the phone]*

Boss, I will give you a full report after tonight. *[She hangs the phone up]* Ok Miss. Hive he can have his match with Guardian. Grey do mamma a solid and help our little Raven's Eye to the ring so he can have his match with Guardian.

**Hive:**

Wait a minute he is in no condition to take out Guardian!

RG picks up Scrow and tosses him over his shoulder. She follows RG as he heads to the ring.

**Ravanna:**

Well, call this Fear's way of saying don't cross him. When he said Mr. Fuse is the one to take Guardian out, that is what will happen. Now come along dear this should be fun!



**COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND**



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## **CODENAME: GUARDIAN vs. SCROW**

No music is heard, but Ravanna enters the Wrestleplex for the first time and behind her is Reaper the Grey, with Scrow over his shoulder, and bringing up the rear is Hive.

**DDK:**

After what we just saw Scrow is in no condition for a fight here tonight.

**Lance:**

Damn all that look at the size of this guy! If this Reaper is a sense of what this group is going to do with their henchmen Defiance could be in for a rough ride.

If you could see under Guardian's mask, their face would be painted in confusion, much like their stance in the ring, waiting cautiously to see what happens next.

**DDK:**

The Guardian wanted a member of The Kabal, but I think not like this.

**Lance:**

A wounded animal can be dangerous. Although after what we just saw backstage I think this is just taking the wounded animal out back to put the final bullet in its head.

Ravanna points in the ring, and RG sets Scrow down...

**DDK:**

This Reaper is gorilla pressing Scrow!....He just tossed him in the ring like dead meat!

**Lance:**

Man, the freakish strength.

Ravanna walks around the ring, and points at Darren. Grey tosses Darren out of his seat.

**DDK:**

HEY WAIT A MINUTE!

**Lance:**

I guess Ravanna wanted a seat.

Grey takes Quimbley's chair and sets it up next to the barricade so Ravanna could sit, the behemoth Reaper crosses his arms as he stands next to her. Darren gets up and realizes not to agitate the situation. So he stands next to the time keeper. All while this has been happening Hive stares in the ring at Scrow, pulling himself up with help from the ropes.

**Lance:**

Keeps do you think Scrow can even compete after what we just witnessed?

As we return to action Scrow is coming to in the corner of the ring, while Codename: Guardian has been patiently awaiting their opponent, but The Kabal have their own plans for The Kabal's Talented 'Death Strain' alchemist.

**DDK:**

Reaper 'Grey' eyes, seemed to be the one that was able to put Scrow in his place, but for whatever reason Stalker's current status has caused this group to go into a bit of a tailspin.

**Lance:**

What we saw next was Scrow being carried out here, essentially being 'offered' to Codename: Guardian, perhaps to

see if offering a less than formidable opponent would curtail Guardian's desire to fight Scrow tonight or pursue The Kabal further.

**DDK:**

It definitely does not appear to be the case, Lance. Guardian doesn't seem interested in leaving the ring, in fact he's nodded towards Brian Slater to ring the bell.

Scrow is barely conscious but is climbing to his feet, somehow.

**Lance:**

Codename: Guardian's debut in singles competition came against none other than Scrow's 'leader' Stalker. Because of Guardian's 'magic' or whatever you want to call it, Stalker ended up who knows where at this point. Potentially gone for good in DEFIANCE. Scrow seemed very interested in avenging his leader - only to be curtailed by his own group.

As Brian Slater attempts to check on Scrow, the crazed chemist pushes him backwards.

**Scrow:**

SCROW will KILL Guardian! For what you did, did to Scrow's friend.

Guardian cracks their neck as they adjust the white ranger-like costume one last time in the corner, Brian Slater signals for the bell and we are off!

**DING DING****Lance:**

Codename: Guardian wasting no time as they are all over Scrow!

Whipping Scrow around the ring like a rag doll, the comparative light weights are fluid in the exchange but Scrow's earlier beating, makes him easy to manipulate. Bouncing off the ropes from a hard irish whip, Guardian leaps in the air and catches the former hunter of Dex Joy with a HARD CROSS BODY!

**DDK:**

Wrapping up the legs here for a quick pinfall attempt!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Scrow's able to kick out of the hard pinfall attempt from Guardian, which seems to draw the ire of the white masked hero.

**Guardian:** *[voice modified]*

WHY do you serve them!? Look at how they treat you, *Shage!*

Using Scrow's real name seems to trigger something in the man as he looks up at DEFIANCE's vigilante.

**Scrow:**

What do you know about The Kabal and how they treat me... would you treat Scrow any better?!

The question makes Guardian pause, long enough for The Faithful to react with a loud jeer as Scrow connects with a HARD Leg Sweep!

**Lance:**

Storm Shadow didn't see that coming!

**DDK:**

Not at all! And Scrow's quick to want to capitalize as he springs from the ropes! LEG DROP across Guardian's mask which looks like it hurt more than it should have!

Guardian thrives in pain while attempting to hold their mask against their face, a shock of pain overtaking the wrestler as Scrow uses this moment of leverage to catch his breath.

Outside the ring Ravanna answers her phone again, completely bored with the match it would seem. Hive continues to encourage Scrow to fight.

**Scrow:**

SCROW IS A GOOD MAN!

**Lance:**

RUNNING KICK to the CHEST of Guardian!

Flipping now back onto their back, Guardian can't brace themselves quick enough as Scrow demolishes their chest with a follow up STOMP! The protective costume is in no way able to absorb the brute force of such anger! STOMP! STOMP!

**DDK:**

Scrow's anger is on full display here.

**Scrow:**

SCROW IS JUST TRYING TO HELP STALKER!

With a loud and angry shout Scrow lifts his leg one last time, much higher, in an effort to stomp the sheer life out of Guardian's mask. But, this stomp is caught!

**Lance:**

Guardian BARELY saves their face from being caved in!

The Faithful react with a loud burst of cheers as Scrow stumbles around the ring towards the buckles after Guardian whips Scrow's leg out from under him, Guardian climbs up, staring at Scrow from across the ring the Faithful let out a gasp! Spring BOARD One Legged Missile Drop Kick!

**DDK:**

WOW! Running to the ropes... GUARDIAN Springs off of them, turning around in mid air to catch Scrow with that Flashy Drop kick!

**Lance:**

Keeps, this crusader for heroes has an obvious set of skills not seen before here in DEFIANCE. It's hard to imagine who could actually be hiding underneath that costume after all!?

Brian Slater hovers over both wrestlers, while trying to give them a standing count. Scrow is shaking the cobwebs out of his mind while Guardian ascends fully up and ready to follow up on their cruiser action moves. A white blur in the ring, as Guardian darts at Scrow, shoulder charges his ribs as he attempts to push himself up and is wrapped into a cradle like pin afterwards!

ONE

TWO

**DDK:**

SCROW with another kick out! The beating he took earlier at the hands of his own comrades will have to take its toll at

some point!

Guardian is obviously frustrated as the white masked combatant huffs upon standing up to their feet, yanking Scrow up with a handful of hair, Codename: Guardian attempts another pinning attempt, NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX, with a BRIDGE!

**Lance:**

Slater is late to the count as that suplex was almost completely OUTTA nowhere!

ONE

TWO

THR-NO!

Ravanna hangs her phone up, staring at her watch.

Scrow with a last second burst of energy rips Guardian away from him as the former pursuer of the SoHeR, looks up with fire in their eyes at Codename: Guardian. Guardian scampers to their feet, ready to follow through again.

**Scrow:** *[coughing]*

Is that the best you got!?!?

Guardian lunges downwards at Scrow with a falling elbow drop but Scrow rolls out of the way! Using the ropes Scrow manages to pull himself up on the ring apron.

**Lance:**

Scrow and Guardian meet at the ring ropes!

**DDK:**

Exchanging punches is a more appropriate definition!

Reeling back Scrow manages to catch Guardian flat footed as Scrow connects with a solid close fist punch against Guardian's mask! Another Punch! Guardian's attempts to wrangle Scrow back into the ring fails as Scrow beats Guardian back!

**Lance:**

What.. Scrow yanking Guardian closer to the ropes now.... Hooking him over the top rope.

**DDK:**

I don't like the looks of this!

With a shocking gasp, The Faithful react as Scrow lifts Guardian up with perfect athleticism, a whoosh of Air is let out of the building as cameras flash wildly and Guardian crashes into ring apron from the well executed Suplex. Brian Slater rushes over to check in on the wrestlers as Guardian tumbles to the floor on the outside.

**Lance:**

The way Guardian hit that mat with a thud, there is no way there costume absorbed any of Scrow's punishment!

A sense of pain, encouragement and anger paints Scrow's face as he starts talking himself up in the middle of the ring.

**Scrow:** *[coughing]*

Scrow would make Stalker proud with that... Scrow would make the Lord proud with that... WHY... why can they not LET SCROW BE!?!?

Screaming out in sheer anger Scrow launches himself against the ropes, bull rushing his entire body against the ropes he slingshots like a bullet across the ring!

**Lance:**

SCROW Just dove through the middle ropes and sent Guardian crashing to the floor again! Breaking up Brian Slater's ten count!

Ravanna looks to her right at the fallen fighters. Grey wants to get involved, but she puts her hand up stopping him. Hive has a smile on her face as she looks at her student with pride.

Once again the competitors are in recovery mode. Scrow is up to his knees, winded but thrilled with his capabilities of taking down The Guardian.

**Scrow:**

See! You See! Scrow is the best, Scrow is a good man!

**DDK:**

Scrow is a loon, he belongs in The Kabal! From the looks of it treating him like a disobedient pet only makes him more excited to represent them.

**Lance:**

I don't think that's the case, Keebler. Scrow is different...

**DDK:**

You can say that again.

A bit of fury and anger on display again as Scrow catches his breath long enough to pull the weakened Guardian up to their feet, being rolled into the ring, just in time to break the double count out, The Faithful let out a rousing set of cheers to get this match where it needs to be, back in the ring!

**Lance:**

Scrow.. He looks like he wants to end this!

Scrow's hint of anger painting his face, causes his movements to be slower and more painful. Still favoring his body from Reaper Grey's earlier beat down, he picks up Guardian and lets out a violent scream in the White Ranger's void like face!

**Scrow:**

KILL THE GUARDIAN!!!

Leaning back Scrow sets himself up, RAVEN'S CA-- NO! Guardian DUCKS the round house kick from Scrow, which catches him completely off foot! Guardian drop kicks Scrow in the back! Which sends him curtailing forward into the buckles!

**DDK:**

Guardian With a HUGE FLYING SPLASH into the corner and that just Squashed Scrow against the top turnbuckle! He's stumbling away from the corner, oblivious to his whereabouts!

**Lance:**

Guardian's catching their breath but not... not FOR LONG!

Excitement kicks up in the air as Scrow stumbles around facing first the center of the ring, as Guardian runs past them, they spring upwards onto the top turnbuckle,

**Lance:**

LIGHT FROM ABOVE!!

A bright circular spotlight shines down on the turnbuckles for a split second as Guardian poises themselves on the top turnbuckle, before anything can be made from it the Guardian launches themselves into a seeking moonsault! Landing in one deft motion behind Scrow, Guardian manages to NAIL him with a REVERSE DDT in the center of the ring!

**DDK:**

Guardian goes for the cover!!

ONE

TWO

THREE!

**Darren Quimbley:**

The winner...*[Darren stops mid sentence when Grey tosses his chair at him]* Guardian...Codename Guardian won it. I want a pay raise after this!

There was no desperate kick out from Scrow, only the void of his motionless body. The beating he was given earlier in the night played no benefits to him here as his breathing is shallow and low as Guardian stands above his fallen opponent. As Brian Slater raises The white ranger's arm, the crowd's mixed reactions to Codename: Guardian's win give a sense of unease at the events that just transpired.

*LIGHTS OUT!*

**DDK:**

Oh come on..

**Lance:**

Hey at least our mics are on.

A blurry mask appears on the DEFIAtron, blackness shrouds it before suddenly a red light starts to slit through the eye sockets. It becomes clear soon after that the mask in question is that of 'Reaper Red'. The voice taking over the Wrestleplex sounds familiar to the ear, one at the very top of the chain of The Kabal. That voice was of Mister Fear.

**V/O:** *[modified voice]*

Codename: Guardian it is a pleasure to finally address you personally, I'll be quick with my warning, as The Kabal has more important matters to attend to. The Red One is in the shadows ready and waiting - you of all Guided Hand members knows that means. Vengeance and blood is ready at the simple push of a button, pursue us further and we'll be forced to unleash the serum. If you decide to follow your path further, Hero maker, you will be forced to watch all of DEFIANCE burn to the ground at the hands of pure vengeance. FEAR IS HERE!

WrestlePlex is painted in a crimson red glow of lights as Codename: Guardian looks on from the ring, kendo stick in hand ready to keep on fighting as we fade to commercials.

**COMMERCIAL: UNCUT**



*Your bi-weekly source for all things DEFIANCE! Tune in, for the UNCUT, NO HOLDS BARRED DEFIANCE!*



## MISSION STATEMENT

Once the Crimson red lights fade away, Guardian exits the ring, looking back at Scrow and then at Reaper Grey, they decide that Scrow is not a hero worth saving. Not right now. Backing away up the ramp, Codename: Guardian turns their back on Scrow. Grey gets on the apron, holding the ropes open for Ravanna. Hive has already entered the ring and is tending to Scrow. Ravanna once again points right at Darren Quimbey.

**DDK:**

Boy, Darren is quite the popular guy here tonight.

**Lance:**

Yea, we better get a pay raise before him. That's all I have to say about that.

Grey grabs Darren by the jacket collar, fear planted all over Quimbey's face. He promptly hands the microphone to Grey. He releases his jacket and straightens it before slapping his bear-like paw on his chest with enough force to force Darren to fall back to sit in his chair. Grey turns around and slides in the ring and hands the microphone to Ravanna.

Ravanna sets her briefcase on the forearms of Grey and opens it. She takes the microphone she had held between her armpit. She pulls out a manilla folder from the case.

**Ravanna:**

Your next mission from The Kabal. Try not to screw this up as you did with Dex Joy!

She drops the folder on top of Scrow and Grey opens the ropes for her. As the two walk up the ramp, Grey holds onto the briefcase. Ravanna once again is back on her phone talking to someone.

Hive grabs the manilla folder and opens it while Scrow is on his side. She pulls out what looks like a photograph but only for her eyes.

**DDK:**

That looks like a photo, who has The Kabal marked next for Scrow?

**Lance:**

Judging by Hive's face, it looks like it's someone she is not very thrilled about.

## FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: ??? vs. ???

### DDK:

Last night, folks, we saw a match that had been very much hinted at come to life when the former Favoured Saints Champion Matt LaCroix vacated the championship to do exactly what it was meant to do... earn the right to face the Southern Heritage Champion Dex Joy! And that match is going to be taking place... at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

### Lance:

I cannot wait for that! But as for the Favoured Saints Championship, what will become of the title? When a competitor makes four successful defenses and announces their intention to cash in for a Southern Heritage Title shot, the title goes vacant where new competitors will be selected to crown a new champion. With that in mind, folks...

The camera is now fixed on the Favoured Saints Championship resting on a pedestal at ringside with referee Benny Doyle standing by.

### DDK:

Tonight, two competitors have been selected! Who will become the new Favoured Saints Champion? Well, you won't have to wait long because this match will take place... RIGHT NOW!

The bell rings to signify the next match to come. Darren Quimbey is ready.

### Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall! The match will be held to determine the next Favoured Saints Champion!

The crowd pops as they await the arrival of the two men set to square off...

The lights go black and the arena is now enveloped in darkness... soon, one gold and silver spotlight shines on the stage...

♪ "Chase Me" by Danger Mouse feat. Run The Jewels and Big Boi ♪

And where the two spotlights meet, Minute raises a hand in the with two fingers, then takes in a nice applause from The Faithful. As the lights return, Titaness poses next to her stablemate with her back turned to the ring while behind him, "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez stands and raises a fist while sporting a black eye on his left side -- a reminder of his violent confrontation with Alvaro de Vargas on UNCUT.

### Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Tijuana, Mexico... accompanied to the ring by Titaness and Uriel Cortez, weighing in at 164 pounds... he is representing Los Tres Titanes... **"TITAN DE LOS CIELOS" MINUTE!**

Minute bumps fists with his stablemates and they head to the back as Minute DASHES toward the ring like a missile, then slides into the ring with the quickness. He leaps to his feet and looks out to the crowd. Minute then stands over the corner and looks down at the Favoured Saints Championship, ready to try and go for his first singles title.

### DDK:

HUGE opportunity for Minute! He had a great year between DEFCONS despite some career setbacks with Tom Morrow! Pinfall victories over Oscar Burns, Elise Ares, two times Unified Tag Team Champion with Uriel Cortez! He won big in that eight man tag by putting Tom Morrow behind him and even scored a big win over David Hightower on UNCUT 93. Let's see who Minute faces.

Minute paces as he waits for his opponent...

♪ "The House Jack Built (instrumental)" by Metallica ♪

The music plays and the crowd JEERS... and out comes a very well-built man wearing silver trunks, knee pads,

wrestling boots and a black overcoat with a hood over his face. The hood comes up and out comes a sinister-looking Mace. He smiles at the ring as Minute looks on, visibly angry about having to deal with another Better Future member.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent... from Grewelthorpe, England, weighing in at 268 pounds... he is "**A DAMN FINE PRO WRESTLER**"... **JACK MACE!**

**DDK:**

Ooooooh boy. Former BRAZEN Champion and not to mention his last singles victory in that ring? He choked out his mentor and former two-time FIST Oscar Burns. Though he wasn't victorious during Night One, he held the distinction of wrestling both nights and won his tag match with Jestal during Night Two.

**Lance:**

And we're being told just now... no seconds will be allowed at ringside for this match, especially after what happened last night with the PCP and Better Future. Los Tres Titanes and Better Future are all barred from ringside to ensure we have a clean winner. Great call by DEFIANCE management.

**DDK:**

Indeed.

Minute gives up a lot of weight and height to the power technician but he inches towards Mace anyhow. Mace shoots a cold snort down at the luchador and referee Benny Doyle is handed the Favoured Saints Championship. He holds the title overhead and then hands it off to ringside. As both competitors eye one another, the bell rings.

***DING DING***

...And Mace charges! He tries a clothesline, but Minute not only ducks under the clothesline, but also does a roll to a front flip back to his feet! The Faithful pop as The Burly Brit turns around and tries another one, but Minute is already running underneath him to go for the ropes. When he approaches Mace, he fakes him out by moving off to the side and then hangs on the ropes, daring the big man to hit him! He flashes Mace the middle finger.

**DDK:**

Wow! Minute already off 100 miles an hour and no love lost between Los Tres Titanes and Better Future!

**Lance:**

If he's gonna have any hope of winning the title, he'll need to stick and mo... OH!

Mace charges a third time, but Minute slips through the ropes and sends The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler slipping through the middle rope and out to the floor!

**Lance:**

There he goes, Darren! Minute has to stick and move, just like you said.

When Mace starts to stand, he sees Minute coming at him with a wrecking ball-style dropkick through the ropes, catching him in the mouth! An angry Mace storms around, but Minute is already back in the ring and launches himself right at Mace again with a HUGE high-speed suicide dive...

**DDK:**

Oh, no... OOOOHHH!

The crowd cringes! Mace not only catches Minute in mid-move, but he shifts it from a bearhug into a HUGE vertical suplex on the floor! Both men are down, but Minute clearly gets the worst of it!

**Lance:**

That strength advantage by Mace is certainly going to bode well for him, not to mention he's far better on the mat than

similar wrestlers his size.

**DDK:**

Minute is down and now Mace throws him back into the ring. What's he planning next?

**Jack Mace:**

This title is mine, you utter twat! MINE!

With both competitors back in the ring, Mace picks up Minute in a belly-to-back position but simply SLAMS him down with a huge release facebuster. Minute bounces off the mat and Mace goes over for the first cover of the match and hopes for the Favoured Saints Title!

*ONE... TWO... NO!*

**DDK:**

Shoulder up! Minute definitely had the right idea at the outset of the match, but Mace caught on quickly. Two big moves and Mace almost won the Favoured Saints title!

**Lance:**

Very true! Now what's he gonna do?

Mace circles over Minute, who now tries to stand with The Faithful cheering on the high-speed luchador. The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler grabs hold of Minute again and this time underhooks both arms... then HOLDS him up in the air. The crowd jeers as Mace smiles and talks trash while holding Minute up.

**Jack Mace:**

You wanna fly so much, wanker? Here you GO!

Then dumps him on the ground with a huge double arm suplex! Minute thrashes about the mat in pain while Jack sits up and rubs his hands together like he's already become the new champion. Mace slowly crawls over and covers again.

*ONE... TWO... NO!*

Minute kicks out again, but Mace doesn't betray emotion and stays focused on punishing his smaller opponent. He grabs Minute and then pulls him up to a seated position. He BEATS on his back with a huge series of clubbing forearms to wear him down, then picks up Minute and drives him down with a huge scoop slam. One isn't enough, so he does it again and throws him right down with a second one!

**DDK:**

He's got a target all picked out in that back! It's gonna be hard for Minute to fly like he wants to.

The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler stops being so technically sound when he puts his boot against Minute's chest so the luchador can't get any more air. Benny Doyle tells him to stop choking Minute and when Mace doesn't, he starts a count of five. He waits until four... then finally backs off. The TJ Tornado is left coughing for air while Mace looks down and continues to laugh.

**Lance:**

Mace is just bullying him in that ring now... oh, no... This is gonna end up bad.

Minute is on the ground when Mace grabs him by the waist and then holds him up with little to no effort. He grins before getting ready to use a German suplex... but The Faithful CHEER when Minute flips and lands on his feet just barely, stumbling into the corner as Mace falls to the mat!

**Lance:**

NO! The deadlift German suplex backfired!

Before Mace knows what hit him, Minute springs back as he sits up and nails a dropkick to the back! Mace is down and now The Littlest Flippy-Doo finally has a chance!

**DDK:**

Wow! Minute not only landed on his feet, but he caught him with a dropkick to the back... running Shooting Star Press on Mace! Cover!

*ONE... TWO-KICKOUT!*

Mace kicks out again and sits up, nursing his jaw and looking pissed. Minute looks at him and clearly wonders what he's gotta do next.

**Lance:**

Wow! Minute trying to go after the legs and the head of Mace, but Jack just powered out. Both men want this title!

Minute tries to go on the attack with another kick, but this time Mace grabs him and HURLS The TJ Tornado into the nearest corner! He bounces right out and eats a STIFF forearm to the face! The crowd now jeers as Mace stands over him, ready to try and wrap things up by bringing the first bit of gold to Better Future Talent Agency.

**DDK:**

Just one shot and Mace turns the tide! What's he planning now?

He grabs The Littlest Flippy-Doo by the arm and then tries to pull him up... but Minute still fights! He throws a slap to Mace and then a kick to the leg... but Mace absorbs the shots and spins him around before hitting another big forearm that sends Minute flying into the corner again, then holds him up with a half-nelson and then DRIVES him down with a massive backbreaker!

**DDK:**

OOH! Half-Nelson Backbreaker! Did you see Minute bounce?

Mace goes over and hooks the leg again.

*ONE... TWO... THR-NO!*

The shoulder BARELY comes off the mat, but The Faithful cheers on Minute when it does! The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler shoots Benny Doyle a look that suggests he'd flay him alive for the cover if he could.

**Lance:**

How did Minute kick out of THAT?

**DDK:**

I don't know! But I know both men want that Favoured Saints Championship! They'll do what they have to in order to get it!

The camera moves over to the Favoured Saints Championship back on the pedestal before going back to the action. Mace grabs Minute and then throws him into a corner with intent to hit another forearm. Instead, Minute reaches up and hits both boots into Mace's chest to save himself. Mace stumbles back, then charges again and catches Minute with a shot to the rib cage!

**DDK:**

He's trying, but Jack Mace just doesn't stop coming! He's hellbent on winning that Favoured Saints Title!

**Lance:**

And now another whip! And Mace followed right behind him!

As he tries again, Minute quickly slips between the ropes and Mace misses a knee in the corner! He hobbles around while The TJ Tornado finally has a chance.

**DDK:**

No! Mace's leg gets caught! Minute has a much-needed opening!

And he uses it when he leaps onto the top rope and RUNS with the quickness across the ropes, getting an audible gasp from the audience as flies off mid-way and hits Jack with Estrella Fugaz to the back of the head!

**Lance:**

YES! THIS IS IT! MINUTE HAS MACE ON HIS BACK AFTER ESTRELLA FUGAZ!

With Jack Mace laid out and The Faithful going crazy, Minute then leaps out to the apron holding his back. He grits his teeth and then takes flight with a springboard...

**DDK:**

MINUTE DETAIL! HE'S ABOUT TO WIN THE CHAMPIONSHIP!

Minute hooks the leg after the Springboard 450 Splash!

*ONE... TWO... THR-KICKOUT!*

**Lance:**

NO WAY! NO WAY! MACE KICKED OUT! THAT'S HOW MINUTE JUST BEAT DAVID HIGHTOWER ON UNCUT LAST WEEK!

The Faithful become deflated quickly when Minute's big finisher fails him as Mace gets the shoulder up off the 2.9 count! Minute pleads with Benny Doyle that it was three, but Doyle holds up two fingers.

**DDK:**

Now what does he do? Minute has more in his bag of tricks, but the Minute Detail might have been his best shot.

Seeing no other choice, Minute gets up and rolls out to the apron again as Jack Mace starts to finally sit up. He waits for the big man to get back to his feet and measures him up. When he does, he takes flight with a huge springboard dragonrana called Salto De Fe... but Mace catches him!

**DDK:**

NO! SALTO DE FE GETS BLOCKED!

And with that, Mace tries to lift, but Minute leaps over and lands on his feet behind Mace. He springs off the ropes again, but Mace catches him...

**Lance:**

JACK DROP SUPLEX!

The big release ura-nage suplex drops Minute like a bad habit and Mace smirks as he kneels over and hooks the leg...

*ONE... TWO... THR-HAND ON THE ROPES!*

Mace looks over and in the heat of the moment, makes a HUGE mistake with Minute's hand grabbing the bottom rope! He growls and yells at the official that was a three-count, but Doyle ain't budging and the match continues.

**DDK:**

Minute just saved himself from defeat! I have to wonder if Morrow was here, he might have warned Mace about the ropes there!

**Lance:**

Good call, partner! Mace is a great technician, but in the heat of the moment, it's easy to forget where you are in that ring!

Mace yells a string of nice British curses, then snatches Minute by his mask. Minute barely has any fight in him left when the former BRAZEN Champion tries to turn him up to his feet. He goes to lock in the Jack Of All Holds, but before he can get the headlock fully locked in, the wiry Minute slips between his legs and kicks off the ropes. Mace turns and tries a clothesline, but Minute ducks then follows him off the ropes before leaping up and SPIKING Mace's head into the mat with a huge springboard Tornado DDT to the delight of the crowd!

**Lance:**

Interceptor! Now where is Minute going?

After dropping Mace, Minute hobbles over through the ropes again, then slowly heads up top. The Minute Detail failed him once... but when he gets to the top, he looks out... then DRIVES himself right into Mace's chest with an INCREDIBLE 630 Senton, catching a collective gasp from everyone in the arena!

**DDK:**

NO WAY! A 630 SPLASH FROM MINUTE! RIGHT IN THE CHEST OF JACK MACE! IS THAT GONNA BE ENOUGH?

The Faithful go BANANAS as Minute crawls over and hooks one of Jack's legs!

*ONE...*

*TWO...*

*THREE!*

***DING DING DING***

Minute crawls off quickly and lands on the mat, pounding the canvas with a fist out of sheer joy!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner... and the NNNNNNNEEEEEEEWWWWW Favoured Saints Champion... **MINUTE!**

**Lance:**

We HAVE to call that a big upset! Jack Mace beat down Minute throughout this match, but in the end, Minute survives and now he wins his first singles title in DEFIANCE!

**DDK:**

Indeed it is! Mace almost had this one in the bag, but that one mistake cost him and Minute found his opening! And now, one of the best high flyers in DEFIANCE is now the third person to hold the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship!

Minute is handed the championship and holds it close as a frustrated Jack Mace holds his chest and rolls outside the ring, shoving away a trainer in process as he takes a deep breath. The camera then pans toward the ring again where Uriel Cortez and Titaness are coming down to celebrate with their friend.

**DDK:**

What a whirlwind month it has been for Los Tres Titanes! They vanquish Tom Morrow at DEFCON, Cortez defeated

ADV on UNCUT in a brutal Falls Count Anywhere match tonight... Minute becomes the new Favoured Saints Champion!

Titaness helps Minute up and Cortez motions for the Favoured Saints Title. Minute Titaness now helps a beaten and sore Minute up while the massive Titan of Industry needs to get to a knee level to be able to put the belt on Minute's waist for him. After some work, Minute wears the title proudly and can't hide the smile beneath his mask. He poses with the championship as Titaness flexes behind him and Uriel does the same behind her, creating a photo-op for The Faithful!

**DDK:**

Now the REAL work begins! Can Minute successfully get to four defenses to earn a shot at the Southern Heritage Championship? We'll find out in the weeks ahead!

Los Tres Titanes pose in the ring as the scene heads... backstage?



## EVERYBODY SUCKS AND EVERYTHING IS AWFUL

Backstage.

Cayle Murray is *pissed* - and stood before a nondescript wall near 24K's private suite with his favourite interview.

**Christie Zane:**

Ladies and gentlemen, I am here with a man who wasn't booked to compete tonight, Cayle Murray...

The interviewer's delivery is flat and unenthused. Understandable, given the bullshit 24K (and specifically Cayle) typically put her through in spots like this.

**Christie Zane:**

... who I understand has something to say.

Zane puts the microphone under Cayle's mouth.

**Cayle Murray:**

"Something to say"? Did Abraham Lincoln have "something to say" when he took the podium at Gettysburg? Or what about JFK in Berlin, June 1963? Way to tee it up, Christie. Jesus. Is that how you'd introduce Winston Churchill in the House of Commons?

As the last of his sarcasm leaves his mouth, Murray snatches the microphone away from Christie. For her part, Zane looks more than happy to part ways with the Scot, rolling her eyes before walking out of the shot.

**Cayle Murray:**

A bloody disgrace, just like tonight's main event.

Just thinking about the match makes the former FIST scoff. He isn't dressed to compete tonight, decked out in a black 24K bomber jacket, but talks and carries himself as if he's willing to leap into the nearest fight.

Which, as we know with Cayle Murray, isn't always the case.

**Cayle Murray:**

I get it. DEFIANCE needs to find Mikey another bug to squash. That fossil Scott Douglas just got Old Yeller'd so let's line up the next no-hope sack of shit, see if they last any longer...

He smiles.

**Cayle Murray:**

DEFIANCE says the FIST means something. Read the advertising copy, it'll call it the most prestigious belt in all of wrestling, no matter the company, country, or continent. Nothing can compare to the glittering FIST of DEFIANCE and its mighty legacy! Other belts be damned!

A shake of the head. A scoff.

**Cayle Murray:**

... and then you look at the lineup and realise those claims are as empty as the space between Elise Ares' ears. Oscar Burns? Jay Harvey? Fucking *Gage Blackwood*?! Are you taking the piss? What kind of bollocks is this, and what gives any of these three dorks the right to even *think* they're worthy of being in this conversation?

His face is reddening, now. Clearly, this issue irks Cayle. This anger isn't for show.

**Cayle Murray:**

Let's check the résumés for a second. Oscar Burns, whose biggest claim to fame is fluking his way past the less-good version of me when I was already three-quarters of the way out the door in 2018, lost the biggest match of his career to

Lindsay pissing Troy, went on a month-long sulk, started hanging out with professional battery-licker Scoot Stoovins, and boom... potential title shot!

Murray throws up an over-exaggerated thumbs up and Cheshire Cat grin, still clasping the microphone with his free hand.

**Cayle Murray:**

Jay Harvey lost to Mikey one quarter, couldn't beat Kendrix the next, lost to me *TWICE*, and that prick's in the mix as well! And don't get me started on that walking bagpipe joke Gage Blackwood, a man so stupid, I bet I could con him out of £100,000 for a wild haggis hunting license if I called him up with a fancy salesman voice... and another *FUCKING LOSER*. God...

He takes a second to calm himself down a bit, controlling his breathing.

**Cayle Murray:**

Who's running this clown show? Really. Show me the person that sits down, looks at this troupe of unwinnables, and decides "yeah, that's who I want fighting for the FIST of DEFIANCE". Please. I'm begging you...

Murray clasps his hands together with the microphone in the middle.

**Cayle Murray:**

Meanwhile, who's that standing over there? Is it, perhaps, the *second* longest-reigning FIST of DEFIANCE ever? A guy fresh off beating Oscar Burns' undisputed superior, Lindsay Troy, cleanly and decisively at DEFCON? A man who just beat Jay Harvey on two consecutive shows? Who permanently broke Elise Ares' face and sent the Pop Culture Phenoms packing back to the circus? And, you know, ended the high-level, mainstream wrestling careers of Bronson Box, Eric Dane, and Curtis Penn before single-handedly repelling the WrestleUTA invasion...

Cayle presses a finger into his chest, mouthing the word "me."

**Cayle Murray:**

Facts are facts, dickheads, and nobody on this roster has a better record than me. I *am* The Most DEFIANT. That I've been back for almost a year and this sham of a "promotion" hasn't even thought about throwing me these bones is a fucking disgrace, and you know what? I'm done. I'm done watching literal *losers* who aren't even fit to lick my boots leapfrogging me.

He tightens his gaze.

**Cayle Murray:**

Reparations are coming. Count on it.

Cut.

## HIGHER THAN THE HIGHEST

The feed goes to a shoulder-mounted cam backstage in pursuit of junior reporter CHRIS TRUTT, who appears to be honing in on a set of voices that seem engaged in a fiery argument. The uproar gets even louder as he rounds a corner and steps through the door of the video production room...

“...I’m telling you again, psycho, I’m not doing it! Don’t make me call DEFSEC on your ass!”

“DEFSEC?! HA!! I’ve SMOKED scarier shit than those knuckle-draggers! Bring on your stormtroopers then, you damned totalitarian, you!”

The camera goes in after Trutt, and we can see a lowly video technician seated at a row of channel mixers and monitors playing various angles of live feeds of the WrestlePlex arena, and another man looming menacingly over him.

**Chris Trutt:**

What in tarnation is going on here?!

The standing man has his back to the camera, but there’s little mystery as to who it could be based on the denim battle vest covered in patches, with the infamous “Circle R” taking up the backpiece, and the all too familiar bald spot lined with an unkempt skullet marking the top of the head.

REZIN twirls around to face Trutt. The center of his face is an absolute mess of gauze and bandages. Two straws are jutting out from his nostrils to keep his breathing passages open. He can speak normally again, but everything is a nasally wheeze.

**Rezin:**

TRUTT!! Of COURSE! Only YOU would say something that stupid! Hey help me out here, will ya?

**Chris Trutt:**

What’s the problem?

The Escape Artist points sharp and accusingly at the production assistant, who’s just trying to do his job.

**Rezin:**

Remind this ignorant NORMIE of his place in the food chain, and tell him to do the Kabal’s bidding already!

Trutt looks to the video technician for an explanation, perhaps because he’s the only other sane person in the room who can reasonably give one. The tech sighs begrudgingly. He looks annoyed by this disruption.

**Tech:**

He wants me to patch a signal from the outside into the live feed. Or something. I told him I’m not authorized to do that.

**Rezin:**

And I told YOU, that EYE don’t ANSWER to AUTHORITY!! Now PATCH the damb signal, so my bosses in the Kabal can stop hassling me!

**Chris Trutt:**

“Bosses in the Kabal?” So wait, you DO answer to at least SOME authority!

The Escape Artist shakes his fist threateningly in the reporter’s face.

**Rezin:**

One of these days, Trutt... WUNNA DEZE DAYYYZZ!!

He turns his fury back to tech, before keying it back a notch and opting for a less blunt approach.

**Rezin:**

Look, buddy... get on the level with me here! I don't give a damn about any of this spooky Kabal stuff any more than you do! But business is business, and churches don't burn for free, know'nsayin'? All I'm asking for here is a measly three--TWO minutes, tops! You know the drill by now... lights go out, creepy music plays, mysterious voice speaks from the Big Brother big-screen. And BOOM, that's a wrap! C'mawn, where's the harm in that? I mean, like, how is that any less shitty from any other late-night television these rubes watch?! Bro, have you seen the consumerist crap they put on these streaming services lately?! It's like the Disney corporation is practically screaming, "DEAR CHINA, PLEASE BUY OUR BABY YODA PLUSHIES!" I mean, at least this isn't a shill-job! This is ART, dude! And you could be THE ONE who makes it happen!

The tech rolls his eyes. He isn't buying it. Breathing heavily through his nose straws, Rezin looms in close once more, a sneer forming on his face.

**Rezin:**

Okay then, let's get real here, and let me just ask you a question: Do you think this is really worth it? Do you know what the Kabal can really do to your small, miserable life? I don't have to hurt you to make your every waking hour a living hell. All I have to do is keep coming back. Is that what you want? More quality time with ME? The ol' DOPESMOKER? You wanna know the level of scumfuckery I get to, bro? Lemme give you a hint... I know all of Kat Dennings' bodyguards by name. AND the flavour of her mace. This is not the hill you want to die on, my dude. So just patch us in, and I will kindly fuck off, and you can get back to wasting away your boring, predictable life in this dead-end job. Cool?

The tech takes one look at Chris Trutt standing over there, who has been living such an existence over the past several episodes of UNCUT. There's trauma in the young reporter's face... trauma that no professional wrestling backstage interviewer should ever have to experience in a lifetime. Defeated, the tech groans and rubs his eyes. He knows, deep down, these lunatics are only going to keep annoying him to no end.

**Tech:**

Look, if I just put whatever stupid thing you have through the DEFIAtron after the commercial break, can you just leave me alone for the rest of the night? And every night after? PLEASE?

**Rezin:**

Bro, I'm gonna forget this conversation ever happened within the next fifteen minutes or so. Where am I, anyway? Is this the merch booth? Oh well, fuggit, we makin' this happen or not?

The tech shakes his head, both in submission and revulsion, as he holds out his hand.

**Tech:**

Fine, then... give me the thing I need, or whatever.

The Goat Bastard pulls a small object from his vest and hands it over to the tech.

**Tech:**

...this is a vape pen. With a tiger printed on it.

**Rezin:**

O shid, hang on, that was the wrong pocket...

Rezin quickly snags that back from the tech's hand and hands over a small black electronic device with the Kabal logo etched into it. It looks like an antenna attached to a flash drive. Again shaking his head in that pitiful way, the tech plugs it into the port at his station and goes to work.

**Tech:**

...okay, you're in. Now PLEASE LEAVE.

Taking a puff off his vape pen, Rezin turns to leave...

**Chris Trutt:**

Well, Rezin, I suppose you got the job done, but now I'm curious as to what the Kabal has to say to DEFIANCE! Care to fill us in?

Rezin doesn't answer. He's staring off into space...

**Chris Trutt:**

...uhh, Rezin?

Or rather, he's staring at something off camera. Vape smoke slowly pours from the nostril straws protruding from his bandaged nose. His eyes seem to widen in ever escalating shock and rage. We pan over to another line of monitors, showing highlights and replays of the action from the previous match. He moves in on one in particular...

**Rezin:**

What... in.. the... flying... FUCK...?!

It's locked into an endless loop of Minute performing his absolutely amazing 630 degree splash on Jack Mace to win the vacant Favoured Saints Championship. Through the straws poking through his bandaged nose, we can hear angry, high-pitched breaths.

**Rezin:**

Hey, BOOTLICKER... slow this video down, NOW!!

Sighing again, the tech complies and drops a slider. The video goes into slow-motion. With his wheezy breathing intensifying, he gets within inches of the screen, finger following the circular motion made by the high-flying former tag champion as his body gracefully twirls through the air. Slowed down at this speed, we can see that Minute's form is impeccable, from launch to landing.

**Rezin:**

Tell me something, Trutt... am I just HALLUCINATING here, or did I just see this guy pull off a whole entire SIX-HUNDRED AND THIRTY DEGREES while separated from the ol' terra firma?!

**Chris Trutt:**

I mean, I'm not quite ruling out that you're hallucinating right now, but yes, I can confirm that Minute performed a 630 Splash to win the Favoured Saints Title just minutes ago! It was a magnificent moment, if I'm being honest!

**Rezin:**

HHWWHAAT?! Mag-NIFICENT?! THIS... is MEDIOCRE, if anything! THIS... THIS is some BUSH LEAGUE SHIT, man! I could pull off basic ass moves like this in my SLEEP!

Rezin looks absolutely triggered right now, as he restlessly paces back and forth muttering unintelligible curses and rants, even more incoherent than normal thanks to the lump of bandages on his nose. Trutt, by this point, looks used to this routine.

**Chris Trutt:**

What's the problem NOW, Rezin?

**Rezin:**

THE PROBLEM?! The PROBLEM, Trutt, is that I already LOST the title of the MOST PUNK ROCK IN ALL OF DEFIANCE to that STEAM STOOGIE, HEN'RY KEYYEES!!

He angrily points to the camera.

**Rezin:**

Next time, Keyes... NEGGZZ TIIMME!!

He goes back to Trutt.

**Rezin:**

So WHAT ELSE do I have to go out there and hang my hat on?! What's my SHTICK here in DEFIANCE, if I can't be the most PUNK ROCK?! Can I be the PYROMANIAC?! Nah, cause Alvaro's got the fireball thing going for him. How about being the creepy, edgy HARDCORE MIND-ASSASIN?! Nope, Arthur's got that vibe down pat. Maybe the mentally unhinged ultraviolent PSYCHOPATH?! Whale shucks, my boy Scrow has cornered the market on that. So where does that leave ME, Trutt?! What's my DEFI-DENTITY, Trutt?

**Chris Trutt:**

Uhm... is it being a crazy Central Park hobo? Because if so, I think you're nailing it.

**Rezin:**

NO, Trutt! I may not be the most PUNK ROCK anymore... but what I AM... is the **HIGHEST!!**

**Tech:** (snorting)

Yeah, we know...

**Rezin:**

There isn't ANYONE in all of DEFIANCE--or in ALL of professional wrestling--that can BLAZE THE SKIES like the ol' Escape Artist! My SICK-ASS AERIAL MANEUVERS defy the forces of logic and gravity in ways that ALTER people's perception of REALITY!!

He puts his hands against Trutt's temples and massages them lightly. Trutt remains frozen in sheer confusion.

**Rezin:**

Even THIS pea-sized mind of yours, Trutt, would be split in TWAIN upon the sight of my SKYWALKING STUNTS!

He twirls back to the monitor, still showing the Minute 630 splash on a slow-motion loop.

**Rezin:**

But THIS PIPSQUEAK?! HE thinks he can get HIGHER than the HIGHEST MAN IN ALL OF DEFIANCE?! HA!!

He snorts-scoffs, sending disgusting gobs of mucus and blood shooting through the straws. It sprays literally everywhere. Trutt's face twists into disgust when he sees the mess that has become his shoes.

**Rezin:**

Before that twerp was even in sniffing distance of that Favoured Saints Championship, I was making that strap something worth WINNING by tearing through this federation as the FAVOURED SINNER of DEFIANCE!!

He grabs Trutt by his riotous red DEF logo tie and yanks him in close.

**Rezin:**

I didn't even LOSE that Favoured Fourway legitimately... your company and its stupid RULES eliminated me from that match for being TOO FUGGIN' PUNK ROCK to HANDLE! Now YOU tell ME, Trutt! How come I NEVER GOT A PROPER SHOT for that title!?

**Chris Trutt:**

I mean, um... did you ever ask for one?

**Rezin:**

.....TFF--FWF--wait, WHAT?! NO!! I mean--you can?--hang on--GRRRRRAAAAWWWDAMBIT, TRUTT I HATE YOU!!

**Chris Trutt:**

Yes, you have made this clear many times.

Rezin shoves the reporter to the side and overtakes the view of the camera.

**Rezin:**

LISTEN UP, ya scum! Just so we're all clear here, EYE am the greatest HIGH-FLYING talent in all of DEFIANCE! REZIN!! ME!! NOT that diminutive dimwit MINUTE! I don't CARE if he's the Favoured Saints Champion... the way I see it, he's nothing more than a POSTER BOY for a friggin' BANK! You people think you want FLIPPY DOOS? Well I'm FLIPPY DOPE! And the NEGGZ THYME you see the mental mindfuck known as the ESCAPE ARTIST in that DEF ring, I'm gonna DEFY the laws of gravity so fuckin' hard it'll make all your pea-sized BRAINS flip six hundred and thirty degrees straight up your FAT ASSES!! Now that's what EYE call INTO THE VOID!!

Continuing to wheeze through his makeshift breathing apparatuses, Rezin storms out of the production room. Chris Trutt is left in absolute bewilderment, while the production tech turns back to his station like this is just another day working at the asylum known as DEFIANCE Wrestling.

**Tech:**

Going to commercial in three... two... one...

**COMMERCIAL: MAXDEF 2021**



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## WHO WANTS TO CLIMB THE LADDER?

As we return from commercials we are greeted not with an overshot of Wrestleplex, but rather a focused shot on the DEFIatron, which appears to be showing some form of weird countdown in red numbers.

**DDK:**

I swear if this is something Arthur Pleasant related I'm out of here.

The Faithful stare on in curiosity when suddenly a weighted voice is heard booming throughout the arena.

**V/O:** *[Mr. Fear]*

This... is... a... message... from... The Kabal.

A chorus of boos erupt as the DEFIatron's video package crackles to life with a vivid display of wrestlers all over the world training for and participating in what looks to be a 'special' type of tournament. Various imagery of chaos ensuing wrestling matches: Inferno Ropes, Multiple Cages, Weapon Gauntlets and Barbwire.

**V/O:**

The warriors that we choose are battle tested, grinded into machines, honed into perfection. The Kabal is far reaching and far more powerful than any DEFIANCE presence The Faithful have EVER SEEN!

The glorious events and chaotic imagery plays over in a rolling set of images while upbeat music continues the vibe until it all comes to slow crawl. The imagery fading into grey and white stills of pain, misery and ill fortune.

**V/O:**

But with all armies we must find... new blood. We must provide opportunities for those dark enough to rise and accept our challenge and our offerings. So that is what is coming for all of you to witness.

From dark and gloomy imagery it switches to imagery of power, money and fame. Private airplanes, luxury suites, bodyguards and all the elements you would NOT typically see accompanying that of The Kabal. However, it goes to show that nothing has ever been what it seems with The Kabal, has it?

**V/O:**

For One Hundred Thousand Dollars, we will see 8 wrestlers come together in the OPENING events of The Proving Grounds. This chance is for whoever wants to show they are Worthy enough to be in The Kabal, whoever is worthy enough to let their Dark side win for once, whoever is worthy enough to PROVE that they should be at the top of the chain. Money, power and control. What more can you ask for?

With that the images stop displaying on the DEFIatron until the words 'The Proving Grounds' are displayed in a mix of red and black lettering. As the words linger, the Faithful let out a mixed reaction of boos.

**DDK:**

This is an interesting recruiting pitch, to say the least. Money and power lures many people to do things they typically would not.

**Lance:**

It will be an exciting moment for UNCUT 94 for sure. I personally can't wait!

**DDK:**

Well you can keep on waiting for that because i'm more excited about what's next. Oscar Burns vs. Gage Blackwood vs. Jay Harvey to see who exactly is next in line for Mikey Unlikely. Let's head to the ring!

## #1 CONTENDER to FIST: OSCAR BURNS vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. JAY HARVEY

### DDK:

After two blockbuster nights of DEFtv, we've reached the main event of night two and with that we have a #1 contender's match for the FIST of DEFIANCE... the former two-time FIST "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns, the second-longest running holder of the Southern Heritage Title, Gage Blackwood... and of course, the man who many say SHOULD be the FIST had it not been for JFK... Jay Harvey!

### Lance:

Three men who have been wanting this chance for some time. Gage has never had a chance at the FIST. Burns himself has not had one since he lost the FIST to Mikey at DEFCON 2020 and Jay Harvey who recently was cheated out of the title at DEFIANCE Road.

### DDK:

And right before this match, we saw that VERY tense standoff between all three competitors. Both Harvey and Burns have sordid histories with Gage Blackwood so tonight makes things all the more interesting. Any one of these men are worthy of battling Mikey Unlikely for a shot at the FIST and this may come down to who wants it more... let's go to Darren Quimbey for the intros.

And to Darren Quimbey in the ring now.

### Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a triple threat match set for one fall and it will be for the #1 Contendership to the FIST of DEFIANCE! Introducing first...

♪ "Bullet Holes" by Bush ♪

The drum and bass pulsate as screechy guitars of the intro ring out through the WrestlePlex. The vocals kick in and the song is in full swing and assorted lights move around the arena. Jay Harvey's name appears on the DEFTron and the crowd erupts!

### Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina, weighing two-hundred-thirty pounds... he is "The Natural One" Jaaaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaaarveeeeeeyyyy!

"The Natural One" Jay Harvey steps out through the curtain and onto the ramp. Harvey raises his arms into the air as he looks out into the sold-out crowd.

### DDK:

Here comes Jay Harvey... someone who has a rightful claim to being in contention for the FIST of DEFIANCE.

### Lance:

One hundred percent, Darren. If Kendrix didn't attack Jay before his match at DEFIANCE ROAD, this match might not be taking place... Listen to this crowd, Darren! They are showing their love for "The Natural One"!

### DDK:

Jay Harvey is one of the fan favorites, Lance. He is going against some of the toughest competition to date.

### Lance:

Gage Blackwood? Oscar Burns? All at the same time? The definition of tough, Keeps.

Jay Harvey walks up the ring steps and onto the apron. He lays his back against the top rope and extends his arms out. The fans are still going wild!

Jay Harvey enters the ring and goes to the nearest corner to climb the turnbuckles. Jay holds his right arm into the air as he stands on the second rope. It's not long before he hops down and comes to a halt in his corner.

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

**Darren Quimbey:**

From Edinburgh, Scotland, weighing two-hundred-twenty-five pounds... he is The Noble Raider... GAGE BLACKWOOD!

Blackwood emerges from the curtain to a loud response. He marches down the rampway and slides into the ring.

**DDK:**

Gage is very serious here. He's not wasting a second.

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

**Darren Quimbey:**

And from Wellington, New Zealand... weighing two-hundred-thirty-seven pounds... "TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!

The Technical Spectacle makes his way out and the response is THUNDEROUS! Sticking with the classic orange wrestling gear and the yellow "I LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt, Burns heads down to the ring. Oscar looks at the surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters. He warms up in the ring and with the Faithful responding in kind! He raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope before he takes off his t-shirt and tosses it into the crowd. He turns to face both Harvey and Gage, both men looking like they are ready to throw down to earn the right to punch one Michael Unlikeable square in the nose.

**DDK:**

All three men in the ring for this one. This crowd is going NUTS and they haven't even laid a finger on one another yet.

**Lance:**

It is crazy! Quite possibly one of the biggest matches in some time! The winner here earns the right to battle Mikey Unlikely for the FIST!

**DING DING**

The match begins and all three men haven't moved. The fans are on fucking fire causing the three to look out into the sold out DEF Arena. Harvey says something to the other two that microphones can't pick up. The three walk toward the center of the ring and share words.

Harvey points to each man and then down at the canvas. Blackwood and Burns kind of shrug their shoulders and the three just start throwing fists! Blackwood gets knocked down to the mat leaving Oscar and Jay to continue the fist fight.

Burns is able to get a few knees into Harvey's gut, making him drop his head down. Oscar then pushes Harvey into the nearby ropes and Irish Whips him across the ring. Oscar puts his head down giving Harvey a perfect opportunity to drop him with a DDT!

Harvey goes for the pin but Blackwood is able to break it up before a One count! Blackwood takes Harvey by the head, hits consecutive forearm shots to Jay's face before tossing him to the outside. Blackwood turns his attention to Oscar who instantly drops Gage to the mat and locks in a grounded cobra twist!

**DDK:**

Burns going right to the submission game! Questionable for a triple threat, but you gotta do what you can!

**Lance:**

Gage trying to fight his way out!

**DDK:**

And... no, Harvey is back!

Gage Blackwood is struggling in the hold until Jay Harvey comes back into frame and pulls Burns' leg, breaking up the hold. Harvey brings Oscar to the outside and the two trade uppercuts. The fans cheer as the Natural One and The Technical Spectacle slug it out on the outside! Cameras catch Gage Blackwood who is feeling the effects of the submission still, holding his neck but gritting teeth.

**DDK:**

And I don't think they know that Gage is back up... LOOK OUT!

We cut back to the outside with Burns and Harvey and OUT OF NOWHERE GAGE BLACKWOOD CRASHES INTO BOTH MEN WITH A SUICIDE DIVE! Burns is down! Harvey is down! Blackwood stands over both men! Holy shit this crowd is going wild!

**Lance:**

Let's take a look at that again!

**DDK:**

Gage Blackwood taking out both men with that suicide dive!

After the replay finishes, Blackwood grabs Jay Harvey and sends him into the ring. Oscar Burns took the brunt of the damage and is still down on the outside. Gage Blackwood is on Harvey like white on a snow storm. Blackwood drops repeated elbows on Harvey's back. Jay is clutching his back as he tries to escape the attack. Blackwood hoists Harvey up and then drops him down with a northern lights suplex!

ONE! TWO-- NO!

**DDK:**

Great on Blackwood trying to win early, but no cigar there!

Harvey breaks the cover, but Gage recovers a bit faster as both men try to stand. He peppers The Natural One with a set of stiff forearm shots and then whips him off to the corner. Gage follows him in, but Harvey gets the boot up and sends him for the ride. He whips The Noble Raider off the ropes and floors him with a back elbow on the return. Gage tries to sit up, but Harvey ain't having that and CRACKS him in the jaw with a big basement dropkick!

**Lance:**

Now it's Harvey's turn! Cover!

ONE... TWO... Burns?

The Faithful cheer when Burns breaks up the cover by PICKING Harvey up in a gutwrench then slamming him down with a suplex!

**DDK:**

Twists and Turns back in and... he just broke up the cover by pulling Harvey off right into the gutwrench suplex! And he's not done!

Harvey tries to struggle, but Burns keeps hold and then slams him with a second gutwrench! He rolls over and completes the trifecta with a third gutwrench suplex before he goes into the cover on his own!

ONE... TWO... NO!

**DDK:**

Incredible way to break up a pinfall by Burns, but even greater resiliency by Harvey!

**Lance:**

These three are just so good in that ring. This one may just come down to who makes a mistake first.

Burns tries to pick Harvey up again, this time with a German suplex, but the Natural One has had enough suplexes for one day and elbows Burns in the jaw until he lets go. He turns around and pelts Burns with more punches and then CRACKS him under the jaw with a huge superkick! Burns stumbles on his feet and then Harvey takes him down with a jumping neckbreaker!

**DDK:**

Harvey takes down the former two-time FIST! Is that it?

ONE... TWO... ROYAL TATTOO BY GAGE!

**DDK:**

Wow! What a way to break things up! Not just breaking up covers, but trying to maximize damage at the same time!

**Lance:**

And Gage boots Harvey out of the ring! Now Gage going right for Burns!

The Noble Raider grabs Burns by the neck as he starts to get back to his feet and then takes Burns down with a snap suplex. He rolls through and takes The Technical Spectacle with him and then hoists him up, IMPRESSIVELY holding the slightly bigger Kiwi up over his head before dropping him with the second suplex.

**Lance:**

Burns with a taste of his own medicine from earlier... MIDLOTHIAN HANGOVER! He hits the rolling release suplex and now a cover!

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

Burns kicks out at the last second!

**DDK:**

No! Burns hasn't gone this long without competing for the FIST! He doesn't want to give this up now!

Gage then decides enough is enough. He measures up Burns and then tries an Olympic slam, but The Technical Spectacle reverses the move with an arm drag, catching Gage and sending him across the ring. When he gets back up... THWACK!

**DDK:**

GOOD LORD! Gage got blasted with the hard out headbutt! He goes staggering into the ropes!

Burns can't follow up immediately as he falls to a knee, but when Gage hits the ropes, it's an eye for an eye for The Natural One as he comes back and CRACKS Gage against the ropes with #MarvelousDropkick!

**Lance:**

Burns doesn't even see the #MarvelousDropkick by Harvey, but after Burns got the hard out headbutt, he got clobbered by Harvey!

**DDK:**

But he sees him now! Bridging dragon suplex on a stunned Gage! Burns with the cover!

ONE... TWO...

**DDK:**

NO! Springboard moonsault by Harvey to break up the bridge! Unreal! Now Harvey with the cover on Gage!

ONE... TWO... THRE-KICKOUT!

The Faithful are on their feet after that succession of moves! All three men are down with no one gaining ground!

**Lance:**

I gotta think that had those precious seconds not been used to get rid of Burns, Harvey may have gotten the win there!

**DDK:**

But he's not giving up! Look!

Harvey then goes over to Burns! Burns tries to fight back with an uppercut and nails one. He tries a second, but The Natural One blocks it, then DROPS Burns with the Shot of Reality!

**DDK:**

Shot of Reality! Now Harvey has another chance to win! Is he going to get the chance to avenge his loss at DEFIANCE Road? COVER!

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

The Joint Chief of the Joint Locks kicks out and Harvey can't believe it, but both men are down and he has a chance to end things for good! Burns can barely move after being downed, but Harvey waits... Burns is near the ropes when Harvey has him in his sights...

**DDK:**

WAKE UP CALL! WAKE UP CALL TO THE SIDE OF THE HEAD! THAT'S IT!

**Lance:**

I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT!

He nails the move flush and goes to roll Burns away from the ropes... but when he does...

**DDK:**

NO! OUT OF NOWHERE! GAELIC STORM BY BLACKWOOD! HE TAKES OUT HARVEY WHEN HE LEAST EXPECTED IT!

Gage CRACKS him with the running double knee strike to the head and The Natural One goes down like a ton of bricks, but Gage can't follow up immediately after everything he endured a bit ago. All three men are down now...

And the mood changes instantly as the DEF-Plex fills with JEERS!

24K HITS THE RING!

**DDK:**

NO, NO, NO! COME ON!

The official has no choice but to call for the bell as Mikey goes right after Jay, stomping him with boots! Cayle makes a beeline for Oscar Burns and delivers some good old mudhole-walking while Perfection and JFK drag Gage out of the ring and SLAM him into the barricade!

**DDK:**

Bullshit.

The 24K brethren are merciless as The Faithful begin to fill the ring with garbage. Mikey drills knees into Jay's temple and then hits him with Roll Credits. Cayle slowly lifts a broken Oscar Burns to his feet, latches onto his waist and drives Burns' skull into the ground with a devastating Piledriver. The crowd gasps at the sight of Burns' head ricocheting off the mat.

Mikey signals for Kendrix and Perfection to throw Blackwood into the ring. The limp body of The Noble Raider lays at Mikey and Cayle's feet. The FIST leans down and shouts into Gage's ear before applying his arched Boston crab, Mikey's MDK finisher, The Backstory.

Cayle slides into "referee" position. Murray lifts Blackwood's already unconscious hand and starts slapping it against the mat.

**Cayle Murray:** *[to the time keeper, while frantically waving his hands in the air]*

RING THE BELL! IT'S OVER!

**Lance:**

This is utter nonsense.

Kendrix punts Harvey in the side of the head for good measure. Perfection says the field goal was off to the left so Kendrix punts Burns' head, too.

**Perfection:**

Still missed, buddy!

Kendrix scoffs, it's not his national sport.

Garbage continues to fill the ring as Mikey finally drops the Boston crab. 24K stand over the three fallen bodies.

**DDK:**

I've had ENOUGH of this group thinking they run this joint.

Mikey stands arm-in-arm with his teammates. Cayle rests a boot overtop of Burns and the DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right hand corner.

**Lance:**

One day these guys are going to bite off more than they can chew. And I for one hope it's soon!

**DDK:**

Another sickening display of power from this super group of wrestlers. Ladies and Gentlemen, this has got to end... For Lance, I'm Downtown Darren Keebler... Tune in next week I'm sure these three men will have plenty to say about this.

***THIS.***

***IS.***

***DEFIANCE.***