

SHOW OPEN

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

Signs and excitement everywhere!

I AM VORRIED

UBER SHOULD FIRE JASON REEVES PROBABLY, RIGHT??

PROBABLY

FILL ME IN FILLMORE

RICK DICKULOUS = FULL FRONTAL BRUTALITY

NOLA HATES REZIN

TILLINGHAST LESS, FILLMORE

DUDE, HOW MANY REVIEWERS DOES DEF NEED?

BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK... THEN MY TV GOES CLICK.

GIVE TIM HIS STARS BACK, ARTHUR

"IT WAS THAT BITCH, HENRY KEYES" - Joe Exotic

GET PAID, CARLA

CARLA FOR FIST

I HEARD ABOUT THIS SIGN ON DEF RADIO

IF I KNEW ALL I HAD TO DO TO TAKE CARE OF THE KABAL WAS CALL THE COPS, I WOULD'VE DONE IT AGES AGO

WAIT THE COPS ARE HERE!? HIDE MY STASH!

SCROW IS THE SCRANTON STRANGLER

DON'T TELL KUROYAMA ABOUT THE VAMPIRE OR I SWEAR

DOES FILLMORE ENJOY A NICE SODA?

TEEHEE FILLMORE SUCKS

IS HE RELATED TO MILLARD?

THERE'S NO SLOW MODE IN A CROWD!

SHARON! YOU KNOW WHAT YOU DID

I'M DREADIN' IT

**TITANESS FAN HERE. END OF SIGN.
MY FAVORITE MASTODON SONG IS "MARCH OF DEFIANCE"
CRIMSON STAAHLER FEARS BOSTON
I AM A MAN WHO FARMS!
DONT PISS OFF THE FARMERS
BEWARE THE TRASHMASTER
GIMME THE SKINNY ON TEAM CHIMMY
I WANT TO BE ONE OF DEB'S DIMES
I WOULD DRINK FROM RICK'S TOWEL
IT SOUNDS LIKE AN AFTERNOON SPECIAL, MAN
UNDEFEATIFIABLE**

DDK:

Welcome everyone to Night Two! And if it's anything like Night One, we're in for another great show.

Lance:

It won't be.

DDK:

What?

Lance:

I'm kidding. Thought I'd try out a new persona.

DDK:

You gave up on that rather easily.

Lance:

I'm not Angus.

DDK:

Thank god.

THE REIGN OF THE FAVOURED SINNER HAS BEGUN

The arena lights dim. On the DEFIATron, a plain view of a desolate desert landscape slowly fades into view. Then, with a sudden flash of light, the MUSHROOM CLOUD of a nuclear explosion appears on the horizon.

♪ "Apocalyptic Havoc" by Goatwhore ♪

Every metal-head, heshier, knuckler-dragger, and scumfuck in the DEFArena throw up HORNS as New Orleans-based extreme thrash 'n' roll grinds through the PA. A cloud of SMOKE billows out of the entry-way, and anticipation builds within the crowd.

"ALRIGHT!!"

Stepping through the curtain are three tertiary Reapers--Cyan, Magenta, and Chartreuse--decked out in patch-covered battle vests made of denim, leather, and camo, and wearing t-shirts representing a who's who of the NOLA metal scene: Eyehategod, Crowbar, and Soilent Green. The trio form a line at the head of the ramp and stand there with their arms crossed, looking intimidating.

DDK:

Are those Reapers?!

Lance:

Well they got the masks, but if you ask me they look more like punks out of a Mad Max movie.

Finally, a shape bursts through the curtain and whirls around the row of Reapers like a dervish on speed, and coming to a stop in a Christ pose at the head of the ramp is none other than REZIN! The Faithful welcome DEFIANCE's Favoured Sinner with mostly jeers. *Mostly...*

Rezin is a ball of white hot energy as his wild face whips around to random corners of the DEFArena, eyes wide and teeth grinding. He pulls throws open his battle vest, partly to show off the vintage Exhorder cut-off t-shirt he's rocking, and mainly to reveal the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship around his waist.

Outrageously, he's wearing the belt UPSIDE-DOWN, either out of sheer incompetence or as a DEFIANT act of sacrilege. After a beat, he spins around and throws his thumbs over his shoulders to show off the new and improved patch taking up the back of his vest: an INVERTED FLEUR DE LIS over the words "FAVOURED SINNER" scrawled in a splotchy, messy font.

Rezin and his crew start down the ramp as a unit. The Reaper trio walk with single-minded, unwavering focus, while the Goat Bastard contrarily pinballs between them and the barricade like a frothing, cackling madman, goading fans and getting heat at every possible opportunity.

DDK:

It looks like we're kicking off this second night of action with a visit by our newly crowned Favoured Saints Champion, "The Escape Artist" REZIN, fresh off his title win over previous champ Minute at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Am I hearing things, or are there a few people actually CHEERING this scumbag?

At some point, one fan reaches out for a high five, prompting Rezin to reach into his pants and scratch himself before returning it. The fan is unsure how to react.

DDK:

Well, even ignoring his association with the Kabal, we all know the so-called Favoured Sinner is hardly saint. Yet in spite of that, his wild, unorthodox charisma and "punk rock" attitude seems to be slowly winning over the appeal of the Faithful, one battle after the next.

Arriving at ringside, Rezin spots a sign being held over the barricade: "NOLA HATES REZIN". With a point of his finger, Reaper Cyan snatches it out of the fan's hands and hands it over to the Favoured Saints Champion. With a snap of his other finger, Reaper Magenta hands him a fat, black Sharpie marker. The Escape Artist quickly scratches a few letters out and hands the newly improved sign over to Reaper Chartreuse, who holds it up for the camera to see while Rezin points and mugs: "NOLA HATES REZIN".

The Reapers split and post up on the steps, apron and turnbuckle, flanking Rezin as he slips under the ropes, gets to his feet, and unstraps the belt from his waist. Then, chomping down on the top plate of the title, he hooks his arms through the top set of ropes and rolls himself backwards, suspending himself in an inverted Christ post with the likewise upside-down title still clenched in his maniacal grin, giving the camera a perfect close-up of his grizzled and grotesque face.

Lance:

Whether we like it or hate it, Keebs, I think the reign of the Favoured Sinner has finally begun in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

You may be right on that, Lance. And from what we've come to know about Rezin in the year he's been here, it's sure to be an out-of-control roller coaster ride with a lot of unexpected dips and turns! The only thing we can do is hold on tight and hope for the best, cause I'm sure it's gonna be a hell of a ride!

Rezin and his crew take the ring. One of the Reapers has retrieved the mic from ring announcer Darren Quimbey, and hands it over to the Escape Artist.

Rezin:

ARRIGHT, YA SCUM, let's just get this out of the way! YES, I was the one that smoked that blunt with Sha'Carri Richardson! Michael Phelps was also in the rotation! Turns out, kids, winners DO use drugs!

He slaps the upside-down face of the Favoured Saints Championship secured back around his waist to emphasize the point.

Rezin:

Not that it's any surprise to ME! For years, I was overlooked by this sport's hoity-toity cream of the crop, written off as a fool and a fuck-up... never worth the time or effort to be given serious consideration as one of the absolute BEST to ever blaze up the ring! But despite the opinions of those sheep, I never stopped working to prove the haters wrong! They DENY, so I DEFY!

Glaring into the nearby camera on the apron, he points back up the rampway to the back.

Rezin:

Even NOW, after being a part of this company for a little under a year, setting this muthafuggin' ring on FIRE with some of the best, most entertaining wrestling you normies have seen in your life, half of that locker room still won't even acknowledge me! To them, I'm just some sideshow attraction... a mere circus clown...

He unstraps the belt and holds it up to the camera as he leans in, grinning daringly from ear to ear.

Rezin:

Well acknowledge THIS, you stuck-up bitches! A piece of this company now belongs to ME!!

He looks at the Fleur de Lis logo on the face of the belt, representing the brand logo of DEFIANCE's investment firm, and he lets out a sardonic chuckle.

Rezin:

You think Favoured Saints Financial is happy to see their brand name around the waist of a dopesmoking daredevil anarchist?! You think they want THAT as the spokesperson to a BANK?! HA!!

He cackles, pointing up to the owner's skybox.

Rezin:

Those suits hate me more than anyone else, because I won't let them SELL ME! I don't push their t-shirts! I don't push their watered down PG "product"! Which means they can't profit off of me, and the work I put into this ring! Nor should they, because they're nothing but PARASITES who could give a flying fuck about professional wrestling! To them, this company is an investment!

The self-proclaimed Favoured Sinner of DEFIANCE returns the Favoured Saints Championship around his waist, once again upside down. Now it's clear he's doing it intentionally.

Rezin:

But for ME? DEFIANCE is a BATTLEFIELD! I don't give a shit about selling any product, because every time I'm in this ring, I bring to YOU -- the FAITHFUL -- the only damn product you normies deserve! A product so pure, so REAL, that many of you still don't know what to make of it! I give you only what this company's very NAME promises to deliver!

His grin is scary huge by this point as he proudly sticks a thumb into his chest.

Rezin:

I strolled into this company you call DEFIANCE, and I showed the world what being a DEFIANT *actually* looks like! It ain't the ass-kissing company darling! It ain't the swag-pushing poster boy! It's ME!

He tugs on his unkempt beard, eyes filled with fury.

Rezin:

...the GOAT BASTARD!!

He slaps the face of the belt once more.

Rezin:

...the FAVOURED SINNER!!

He begins tearing off his patch vest, overtaken with adrenaline and energy.

Rezin:

...the MOST MUTHAFUGGIN' PUNK ROCK SUM'BISH to ever tear up the squared circle!

He tosses the vest on the mat and begins compulsively dropping elbows onto it.

Rezin:

OWW!!

Rezin sits up and sees a Black Flag pin stuck in his elbow. Clearly, he didn't think that one through. Regardless, he pulls the point of the pin out of his arm as he quickly gets to his feet. Reaper Cyan has a roll of duct tape on hand that the Escape Artist immediately uses to wrap up his elbow and seal up the wound. Also not well thought out, but still punk rock as fuck. He brandishes the mic once again.

Rezin:

See THAT?! That's what I'm talking about! Being a DEFIANT means being a REBEL! Being UNCONVENTIONAL! Going against the grain, just for the FUCK of it! And in case this belt wasn't proof enough for you, that's exactly what I am all about!

He walks up to the ropes and leans into them so hard his feet leave the ring, practically frothing at the mouth at this point.

Rezin:

Y'all are looking at the man who has re-DEF-ined what it means to be DEFIANT in this modern age of wrestling! And so long as I hold the brand around my waist, there ain't anyone -- ANYONE AT ALL -- in this whole federation who could say otherwise!

He again points accusingly into the camera.

Rezin:

TONIGHT... I'll be defending this title for the first time against my ancient arch nemesis, HEN'RY KEYYESS!!

The crowd pops at the name mention, but Rezin snarls indignantly and shakes his fist at the heavens.

Rezin:

HANK! You already took one belt from me! But tonight, DEFIANCE's power of PUNK ROCK is in the corner of the ESCAPE ARTIST! PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DOOM, my dude!

He motions for his crew as he makes to exit the ring, and they follow by command. The music kicks in again as Rezin and his company of Reapers exit back up the way of the ramp.

DDK:

Profound statements made by the new Favoured Saints Champion Rezin, as he celebrates his title victory at Maximum DEFIANCE to open the show tonight! As he said, in tonight's main event, he will put that title on the line against none other than his rival from DEFCON, the Airship Pirate HENRY KEYES!

Lance:

Given how their last match went down, tonight's main event is sure to be a barn-burner. I can't wait, Keeps!

SEEKING A BOUNTY HUNTER

♪ "This Link is Dead" by Deftones ♪

DDK:

Uh oh...

As The Faithful stand up, WrestlePlex's Arena lights go out, the DEFIatron lights up with a custom video package for 'Crimson' Stalker. As the rampway runs flush with a deep crimson red color the arena lights also flicker to life featuring the same crimson glow.

Lance:

After nearly 3 months away from DEFIANCE wrestling, Jason 'Stalker' Reeves made his return to us at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! His... return was something to remember....

Trailing off the young announcer's voice is caught in obvious distraction as Teresa Ames leads the way through a curtain. Wearing a 'No More False Heroes' Kabal T-shirt she stands like a proud leader of the beast that stands in silence behind her.

DDK:

He looks like a damn monster!

Wearing a makeshift torn mask, made of the same red cloth given to him by Teresa Ames, Jason 'Crimson Stalker' Reeves, stands behind his controller in silence.

Lance:

It's my understanding that Jason 'Stalker' Reeves has not yet been cleared to compete in a sanctioned match. Whether or not that means we will see him cause chaos right now.. I'm unsure. Teresa looks to have the former leader of The Kabal in the palm of her hand!

The Faithful unload on the Kabal's self appointed five star general. With a sensual smirk across Teresa's face she waves to the crowd and heads towards the ring, soaking in the negative attention while signaling Stalker to follow along.

DDK:

Stalker was always an odd character but seeing him in a silent, methodical mode like this is extremely unsettling. He looks 'lost' in his eyes.

With a mic in hand Teresa waits for Stalker's theme music to die down, sporting her new pet's only DEFIANCE t-shirt, she stares with authority into the crowd of DEFIANCE television 157.

Teresa Ames:

Welcome... to the world of The Kabal as directed by Teresa Ames!!!!

The shrill and sheer excitement in her voice is kind of ear wrenching at first, but she finds a way to calm herself while continuing to soak in the boos from the crowd.

Teresa Ames:

You see... Mr. Fear promised you all a different experience going into MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, and that DIFFERENT experience was... unfortunately a blonde and inadequate representative of The Kabal.

Shrugging her shoulders The Keyboard Queen and wife of Gage Blackwood pauses to take in a breath, looking back at Stalker with a smirk on her face. She was now the leader of the most powerful stable in all of DEFIANCE. The look in her eyes said volumes about how powerful she felt right now.

Teresa Ames:

But here we are in a new... BRAND SPANKING WOOD era... of ME! You're... fucking... saviour...

Pointing out to The Faithful the growing reaction of boos only gets louder as she stares down The Faithful fans of DEFIANCE heroes.

Teresa Ames:

Tonight I have a special... request, as ordered by Mr. Fear. You see there is now a void in DEFIANCE that The Kabal will graciously fill. With 24K all but wiped away from the locker room the question exists... who exactly runs the show? Who exactly do the BAD guys want to flock to?!

The Faithful rip into her with a chorus of boos.

DDK:

I think the only person that is interested in joining The Kabal is the one with a microphone in hand right now. She proved that over these past few months - she's built for The Kabal and they were definitely eager to welcome her in.

Lance:

Darren, if you actually WATCHED UNCUT like I do, you'd realize that Teresa Ames' leadership is more hostile than pleasant.

DDK:

Who cares? They are all a bunch of clowns.

Teresa Ames:

I'll tell you who runs the show, The Kabal does. So when we come knocking you better answer! So, with that being said we would like to offer a CASH prize, to one SPECIFIC individual. An individual worthy of being listed under The Kabal branding, the strongest person DEFIANCE has to offer..... RICK DICKULOUS!!!

The Faithful don't know how to react to Teresa's statement so they levy her with a hail of boos.

♪ "Face Fisted!" by Dethklok ♪

Lance:

Rick Dickulous wastes no time in coming out here when his name is called. Something tells me he might have been expecting this.

DEFIANCE's strongest man looms like a giant at the top of DEFArena's rampway, he has a microphone in hand as he eyeballs the small lady in the middle of the ring.

Rick Dickulous:

Clearly The Kabal listened to my recent interview with Scotty Flash...so? Make this worth my while.

As Teresa's grin doesn't disappear, her excitement only grows as she peers out into the Faithful.

Teresa Ames:

If you say... it... they will come! Yes... Ricky boy. Cash is on the table. 50 thousand DOLLARS to be exact!

The Faithful let out a boo as Teresa announces the cash amount.

Teresa Ames:

The bounty... as they say is Codename: Guardian. The task is simple really, accomplish what the rest of us in The Kabal have not been able to.

Teresa points behind her to Crimson Stalker.

Teresa Ames:

Except for this guy... but Iris won't clear him to compete. So, I'm impatient and I want my GUARDIAN HEAD NOW!!!

The spastic reaction from Teresa Ames causes Rick to pause briefly before replying, but the giant has his interest levels piqued.

Rick Dickulous:

You want to pay me fifty grand to dismantle the White Power Ranger? What's the catch?

Teresa coyly crosses her fingers behind her back, in hopes that no one sees it. The Faithful see it, but Rick is not as observant.

Teresa Ames:

No catch, Rick. We promise. A briefcase is being prepped backstage just for you! In fact the Favoured Saints already approved the match up against Codename: Guardian.... We just need a suitable fighter to eliminate the DAMN BUG!

Rick Dickulous:

Fifty grand, no catch, just be your exterminator? Sign me up. In fact, I'll go find a goddamned Orkin uniform if you're gonna pay me fifty grand if you want - not like I haven't ever done any cosplay in the bedroom before.

Lance:

WOW! Rick Dickulous has no issues taking out the masked hero of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

For Rick he probably sees this as easy cash, a way to get an extra vacation day or maybe even to funnel it into a new commercial!

Teresa Ames:

Mr. Fear was right about you. Easy on the eyes.... But more importantly easy to come to terms with....

Teresa flashes Rick a flirty smile from within the ring, but it suddenly turns into a serious but threatening stare.

Teresa Ames:

Do not fail us, Rick. For if you do, there will be a LOT more on the line for you to lose than a chance at some cold hard cash.

Rick Dickulous:

You just make sure you have that money ready for me. Because I assure you that while I may not look like Liam Neeson, I do indeed have a very particular set of skills, skills that make me a nightmare for people like Codename: Guardian. I'll expect to see you, and my money, later on tonight.

With that, the massive Canadian turns and disappears back through the curtain as the shot cuts to Teresa Ames' face covered ear to ear in a sickening grin before motioning to Crimson Stalker to exit the ring.

DDK:

Rick Dickulous is working with The Kabal? This is exactly what DEFIANCE doesn't need, partner.

Lance:

I wouldn't so much say working with The Kabal as I would looking out for himself. You heard Teresa Ames, no catch. Mind you, if history is what we should be going on, we both know there's most definitely a catch.

DDK:

The question is: how will Rick Dickulous react? This will either be one of the greatest achievements of The Kabal, or it could backfire horribly in their faces!

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. JUSTIN SANE

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

The shot fades in as music is already playing through the PA and KERRY KUROYAMA is standing in the ring, dressed ready to compete and quietly conversing with official Benny Doyle as he stretches out his joints.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, our first contest this evening is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, standing in the ring, he weighs in at two-hundred and forty-four pounds and hails from Seattle, Washington... KERRYYYYYY KUROYAAAMAAA!!!

DDK:

The action is about to get underway with our first match on this second night of DEFtv Episode 157! As we were backstage, "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama, never one to be made to wait, promptly made his entrance to the ring!

Lance:

Kerry's had some strong showings as of late since he took time off and reinvented himself so to speak. Although if you recall, Dean, there was an incident last week at UNCUT that happened backstage involving Scott Stevens.

DDK:

Let's take a look once more...

Picture-in-picture replays a few seconds of last week's installment of UNCUT, showing Kuroyama attacking Stevens from behind in the middle of his interview. Standing presently in the ring, Kuroyama's face barely shows any emotion; only cold, methodical determination.

DDK:

No doubt about it, that attack was completely unprovoked, and I can only speculate as to what was going on in the mind of Kerry Kuroyama at that moment.

Lance:

Seems like the only thing on his mind right now is this match that's about to take place.

All too familiar tribal drums fill the DEFarena. Chugging guitar comes in next and falls in time. The fans know exactly what to do once the tension steadily builds to the moment the vocals kick in.

"OOH-WA-AH-AH-AH!!!"

♪ "Down With the Sickness" by Disturbed ♪

Tearing through the curtain as the main riff hits is the seven-foot giant JUSTIN SANE. His hair is dyed an absurdly bright shade of lime green, and he is likewise wearing matching colored eye contacts. He moves down the rampway with a smile that suggests nothing less than absolute self-confidence. Some of the Faithful are on their feet, but most of them are going to the concession stand.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, from MURDER CITY... he weighs in at an astounding three-hundred and thirty-five pounds... HE IS, JUSTIIIIIN SAAAAAANE!!

DDK:

We have Justin Sane tonight on DEFtv on loan from BRAZEN, and what a physical specimen he is! He's as big as a GRAIN SILO!

Lance:

Careful, Keeps... lawyers may be listening in.

Sane pumps his fists into the air as he scales the steps to the apron, getting a lukewarm reaction that doesn't seem to register to him, as early 2000's nu-metal is drowning out all sound in the arena. He steps through the ropes and flashes a smirk in Kerry's direction, who can only roll his eyes in that "get a load of THIS guy" kind of way. Doyle doesn't wait around as he cues for the bell.

DING DING

Kuroyama begins circling as Sane confidently walks to the center of the ring and stands there like a statue with the same smirk on his face, daring Kerry to make the first move. Kerry does so, shooting around behind him and wrapping up the arm. Sane scoffs at this effort, until Kuroyama drops down and sweeps the leg to bring him to the mat.

DDK:

Kerry with the first takedown in this match as Justin Sane is coming into this contest under the perception that he apparently can't be touched!

Lance:

That doesn't seem to be the case now.

DDK:

Kerry's now scissoring the other arm with his legs, just hyperextending that wristlock! Sane finds his feet... and Kuroyama immediately rolls him back over to the mat into a crucifix pin!

One!

Sane sits right up after only a single count!

Lance:

And in doing so, he puts himself right into the perfect position for Kerry to further capitalize with the Katahajime!

As soon as Sane sits up, Kerry wraps up the head into the chokehold with his legs now scissoring the torso. Justin Sane only chuckles as Kuroyama continues relentlessly squeezing down on his head. Then the chuckling stops as his face begins to turn red. Sane rolls to one side, but can't out-position Kerry. He rolls to the other side and finally finds his feet.

DDK:

Sane trying to power out of this submission attempt... trying to get back to his feet--but DROPS to a knee!

Lance:

He's still wearing that confident smirk, but if only he could see how purple his face is turning right now...

DDK:

Sane back up on his feet, with Kerry dangling on his back... now he charges the corner--NO!! Kuroyama drops off right as he collides with the turnbuckle!

Sane connects hard in the corner, his face practically blue by this point. He is noticeably struggling to breath as he turns around, and Kerry runs in and nearly takes his head off with a YAKUZA KICK. One of Justin Sane's electric green colored contacts falls out. Kuroyama leaps upon him...

DDK:

Kerry nearly knocked Justin Sane into next Tuesday with that corner kick, and now he's got him around the head... BIG BULLDOG right out of the corner! He keeps control of the head as Sane still tries to push himself off the mat!

Lance:

Is he truly impervious to pain?

DDK:

I'm not sure, but Kerry Kuroyama proves he's not impervious to gravity as he DROPS HIM with a hard Side Russian Leg sweep... and goes right back to the KATAHAJIME!

Sane this time struggles with a bit more frantic urgency as Kuroyama locks in the choke with the BRAZEN talent on top of him, again scissoring the torso and being mindful to keep his shoulders off the mat. Justin reaches out, but is nowhere close to the ropes.

Lance:

A second sleeper attempt by Kuroyama. Against a stronger and larger opponent, Kerry appears to be strategically trying to drain his opponent of strength and stamina. If Sane doesn't eventually go unconscious from this, at the very least, he'll be significantly slowed down as his conditioning is further weakened.

DDK:

Justin Sane is no longer all overconfident smirks, as he realizes that his opponent Kerry Kuroyama has outmaneuvered him in every way thus far! Even now, as his face again begins to darken, I think he's beginning to realize that he is in serious danger of losing tonight!

Lance:

Even so, he's refused to tap until this point. I don't think tapping is allowed when you're someone as awesome as Justin Sane.

Suddenly, like an unstoppable and inhumane monster with no pain receptors in his body, Justin Sane sits up, as if remembering that he's too cool for this. He works his way over to his feet, stands up, and immediately drops back to the mat, crushing Kerry beneath him.

DDK:

Sane falls to the mat, and Kerry gets CRUSHED beneath three-hundred and thirty-five pounds to break the hold!

Lance:

Was that a deliberate move, or did he drop to the mat because he finally lost consciousness?

DDK:

I can't tell, Lance... those colored eye contacts make it hard to tell how he's really doing.

Lance:

Why the hell is he even wearing those? Wouldn't that compromise your vision?

DDK:

Uhh, because maybe he thinks it looks cool?

Lance:

If you ask me, doing something that risky is just... stupid.

DDK:

Would you say it's JUST... INSANE?

Lance:

...nyuk nyuk nyuk, Keebs.

Kuroyama slowly recovers as Sane works his way to his feet, breathing heavily but seemingly unaware or unconcerned with minor things like respiration at this point. He goes straight to the corner and begins climbing the turnbuckle. Watching him from his place on the mat, Kerry looks absolutely stupefied.

DDK:

Where the HELL is he going?!

Lance:

I have no idea, Dean, but... I don't think we can expect a guy named "Justin Sane" to make sensible choices in the ring.

Kerry is pushing himself off the mat as Justin positions himself on the top rope. It is a somewhat amazing sight, seeing a seven foot tall giant positioned so high. Sane pumps his fists into the air before launching himself off the top rope with...

Lance:

You gotta be kidding me...!

DDK:

MY GOD, HE'S GOING FOR THE SHOOTING STAR CORKSCREW PRESS!!!

Unfortunately, a seven foot tall, three-hundred pound plus man hurling himself off the top rope and contorting through the air expectedly moves with all the grace of a baby grand piano flung from a catapult. Kerry shuts down that nonsense with a swift and uncompromising KICK right to the back of Sane's head while still mid-air. All three-hundred and thirty-five pounds of the giant come pressing down on his head and neck as he crashes sickeningly into the mat!

DDK:

GOOD GOD, looks like I spoke too soon! Justin Sane went HARD into the mat!

Lance:

He's barely moving after landing on his head... I think he may finally be out, Keeps!

Sane is on rubber hands and legs as he tries to push himself off the mat in vain, working off muscle memory, but it's clear he's knocked himself loopy. Again, Kerry rolls his eyes as he moves to finish things off, pulling Justin to his feet by the head and scooping him off the mat.

DDK:

Look at the POWER of Kerry Kuroyama, lifting the giant off the mat... and MY GOD, RIGHT INTO A MICHINOKU DRIVER, AGAIN putting all that weight down on the head, neck, and shoulders of Justin Sane!

Lance:

Incredible feat of strength! If Sane didn't knock his lights out after that botch, then that move certainly did!

DDK:

Kerry rolls Justin Sane over, straddles the chest, double leg cradle for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!! This one is over!

DING DING DING

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by pinfall... "THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG" ... KEERRYYYY KUUROOYAAMAAAAA!!!

Even as Doyle holds up his arm, Kerry is moving to leave the ring. He rolls through the ropes and grabs his robe from the timekeeper, signalling for a towel from one of the ring crew which gets tossed to him. He makes his way back up the ramp like a man on a schedule while Doyle checks on the unconscious Justin Sane in the center of the ring.

STEP UP, OR GET OUT

DDK:

A strong showing tonight by Kuroyama, who continues to display a remarkable level of determination whenever he competes. But after events that occurred a week ago, there are still questions on a lot of our minds about his current career trajectory.

Lance:

Our man Jamie Sawyers is down there now, hopefully to get some of the answers to those questions.

Sawyers is standing by on the interview stage as Kuroyama powerwalks back up the rampway, toweling off the sweat. The reporter waves for his attention before he can walk to the back.

Jamie Sawyers:

Kerry! Do you have a minute?

Kuroyama seems to groan at the prospect of an interview, but nevertheless walks over to Jamie to do the deed.

Jamie Sawyers:

Kerry, last week at UNCUT, we all witnessed you attack Scott Stevens during his interview promoting his return to the ring. Completely unprovoked, I might add.

Kerry doesn't say anything. He instead continues to stare at the reporter with his hands on his hips, impatiently waiting for him to get to the question.

Jamie Sawyers:

I guess all of us are wondering, what motivated that act of assault? It doesn't seem like you, to act in that way.

Kerry sighs and nods, conceding to that point.

Kerry Kuroyama:

You're right, Jamie... it's not like me to do that kind of thing. I think most know that I'm the type that prefers to leave the aggression there between the ropes.

He tilts his head to the side. The look on his face doesn't show remorse in any regard.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I guess you could say I just overheard something that triggered me a bit, and I briefly lost my head. Not my proudest moment, but what's done is done.

Having given his statement, Kerry turns to leave. But Jamie can sense the lack of sincerity and isn't letting him off the hook that easy.

Jamie Sawyers:

Something "triggered" you? What could Scott Stevens possibly say to push you over the edge like that.

Kuroyama stops in his tracks and lets out a long, drawn-out sigh. He turns back to Sawyers and holds out his hand for the mic. Reluctantly, Jamie hands it over, and Kerry walks to the edge of the stage in full view of the Faithful in attendance and the millions more watching at home.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I'm going to say a few things right now, to all of you. Things that might upset some of you when you hear it. And I don't mean to upset anyone, but at the same time, the only thing I owe you is the truth, and sometimes truth can be a harsh and bitter thing to accept. But I'm going to say it now, officially on the record, so I hopefully won't have to have my time wasted needing to answer for myself again in the future.

He stays silent for a beat, allowing only the sound of the anxious fans to fill the arena. They hang on his every word.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I may have come here from Seattle, but DEFIANCE is the home of "The Pacific Blitzkrieg". The ONLY home. I say that with absolute sincerity. When I first came here, I was the protege of a mid-talent solipsist who thrived on his own preachy bullshit. Rocko Daymon wanted to build me in his image, to succeed in all the ways he failed.

He sneers. It's probably the most emotion he's shown all night.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Then as soon as he had a paycheck in his hand, he fucked off to piss it away up his arm, and left me here in New Orleans to fend for myself. For reasons like that, I don't consider myself to be a product of Seattle's Dojo anymore. I am a product of DEFIANCE, through and through.

He gets a small smattering of applause from the Faithful who are inclined to agree, but pushes forward with his speech.

Kerry Kuroyama:

And it should be no mystery to any of you what I'm working toward right now...

He holds up his clenched FIST, in case it wasn't obvious enough.

Kerry Kuroyama:

To be the greatest professional wrestler in the greatest wrestling company on the planet has always been a distant dream of mine. As it should be for every man and woman in that locker room. Every second I breathe, I work toward bringing myself closer to that goal, because to me, there is no greater achievement in this sport. There is no greater honor than to have that distinction, to be the front and center star of this company that I love and cherish.

Another quiet smattering of applause, but then Kerry looks directly into the camera with all seriousness.

Kerry Kuroyama:

So forgive me... but when I hear Scott Stevens say he's putting himself on a path to get back at the FIST, all I can hear is empty bullshit.

Many in the crowd turn on the long-time DEFIANCE talent upon hearing this statement. But Kerry keeps his focus on the camera, speaking to only one man.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Let me be clear on something, Scott... in my eyes, being a former FIST gives you a unique distinction in this company. To a contender like me, being a former FIST carries a certain level of prestige and excellence that represents this federation as the greatest on the planet. It doesn't simply mean you carried a big belt at some point in your career; it means to belong to this sport's undeniable *elite*.

Wearing the standard sour milk face, he shakes his head disappointedly.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I don't harbor anything against you personally, Scott. But after watching you get your ass handed to you by that garbage-wrestling attention whore Arthur Pleasant and his fuckwit cronies, it was clear as day that you are NOT among this federation's elite. Not anymore, anyway. Much less are you in any position to be talking about taking back the FIST.

He briefly glances and points to the ring he just competed in before his eyes find the camera again.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Trash like that has no place in our ring, Scott. I don't feel I should have to remind you of that. And yet, despite your

"elite" status in this company as a former FIST, you let them tarnish that title you once held by allowing those punks to walk all over you. You let them tarnish this company--*my* company.

Again, he shakes his head. His teeth are clenched as he makes every effort to hold back the full extent of his anger. The very notion is clearly unacceptable to him.

Kerry Kuroyama:

If there's one thing we all learned at Maximum DEFIANCE, between watching you get outplayed by that untalented, unoriginal wannabe edgelord, and watching the Queen of the Ring get outmatched by a creep in a Halloween costume that uses his "chemistry" to make "monsters", it's that being a former FIST of DEFIANCE doesn't mean *jack shit* anymore.

He gets the heaviest amount of jeering from this statement, but it's low and brooding. Deep down, too many of them possibly feel that he's not entirely wrong.

Kerry Kuroyama:

As far as I'm concerned, the two of you lost the status of elite the moment you became part of the clownshow that has been perpetually dragging this federation down as of late. The two of you should take a cue from a few other former FISTS like Cayle Murray, Kendrix, and that wannabe celebrity hack that you couldn't get beat, Mikey Unlikely, and consider just hanging it up. Save yourselves from the shame and humiliation of slowly falling from grace, and save the rest of us from the agony of having to sit through it as unwitting witnesses to the follies of your pride.

Some audible "ooohs" rise out of the crowd, but Kerry looks ready to double down on the boldness he's putting on display tonight.

Kerry Kuroyama:

So Scott, when I heard you at UNCUT, talking about how you're ready to right the ship and climb up the ladder to once more compete for that title--the very title I have *my* sights on--I was determined to remind you, in the only way I knew that you'd actually listen, that talk is cheap, and at the end of the day, only the results matter.

He points into the camera.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I'll show you how *I* get results, Scott. By doing the very thing you couldn't get done at Maximum DEFIANCE.

Kuroyama shifts his attention away from the camera and glances out over the crowd, now speaking to DEFIANCE as a whole.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Right here and now, I am laying down the challenge to Arthur Pleasant, at UNCUT 100!

Suddenly, the crowd's attitude changes, and they cheer at the prospect of seeing the Pacific Blitzkrieg against the Provocateur. Kerry nods with conviction.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I want that untalented, unoriginal, all-style-no-substance "wrestler"-in-name-only in that ring, in a basic, boring, bread-and-butter vanilla-as-it gets professional wrestling match. I'll get the results that matter, by showing the world that while a fake-ass edgelord mentally trapped in the year 2008 can get lucky against two former FISTS of DEFIANCE, he'll be exposed for the fraud he is as soon as he goes up against a *future* FIST like me.

His eyes, filled with indescribable fire, again find the camera.

Kerry Kuroyama:

And as for YOU, Scott? You're going to be sitting at home, watching me do what you couldn't get done, and you're going to realize that all that talk about taking back the FIST was just words, and nothing more. And you're going to

understand only then that the forearm I put into the back of your head a week ago was the wake-up call your career has sorely needed these past three years since the belt was taken from you.

He takes another step toward the camera, his face now filling the entire frame. His eyes burn with the grave determination of a man who believes fully in every word he says.

Kerry Kuroyama:

STEP. The FUCK. UP... because I will *not* allow you to tarnish the prestige of this company anymore.

He turns to exit as the production booth takes the cue and begins playing his music again. Kerry hands the mic off to Jamie, who looks completely stunned in the wake of these comments. Without another word, or even acknowledging the mixed crowd reaction, Kuroyama steps through the curtain and heads backstage.

DDK:

Powerful and profound words spoken tonight by "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama! He definitely isn't sugarcoating his thoughts and opinions to the greater DEFIANCE universe, and I don't think these fans quite know how to react!

Lance:

Those were some controversial statements to be sure, and I'm not sure I'd be inclined to agree with every point, but Kerry Kuroyama spoke like a man with absolute conviction in his beliefs. We know now that his attack on Scott Stevens was motivated by his reverence for the federation's top prize and the object of his desire, the FIST of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

I would not say that Scott "tarnished the prestige" of the FIST with his valiant performance at Maximum DEFIANCE by any means, but regardless, Kuroyama made it clear tonight that he has no tolerance for anyone he deems unfit to be among the DEFIANCE elite. But what will happen at UNCUT 100, when he meets Arthur Pleasant in the ring? How will the Provocateur respond to these comments?

Lance:

I guess we'll have to wait and see, Keebs, but it's a match I'm eagerly anticipating. And I'm sure Scott Stevens will have an interest in watching it as well.

DDK:

I'm told we're still scheduled to take comments from Stevens later tonight, and if he heard everything that was just said, I can't imagine he'll be too happy!

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT 100



NEXT WEEK LIVE!

A CAREER RETROSPECTIVE

The lights go out.

DDK:

What? Uh... what's going on?

Lance:

I don't know, but that's my leg, Keeps

DDK:

Yeah well... THAT isn't my leg, Lance!

Lance:

Oh come on! Get these lights back on already!!

A spotlight comes on in the center of the ring where Jack Harmen and Aaron King of the Scourge are sitting on steel chairs.

Jack Harmen:

Ladies and gentlemen, Children of Certain Ages... Welcome! To a Special moment.

Aaron King:

That's right, Jack! Tonight, we give you, the Faithful...

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Harmen looks around and scratches his head. King just shakes his.

Jack Harmen:

Wait. WHY would you boo yourselves?! Sorry, Aaron. Please continue.

Aaron King:

As I was saying... we give you, the Faithful... a celebration...

Jack Harmen:

... of the career of OUR best friend, THE Leader, and YOUR Provocateur... ARTHUR PLEASANT!!

Harmen starts to clap as King joins in. The Faithful do not.

Jack Harmen:

I know, I know... it's almost too much to bear right now. It's going to be an emotional rollercoaster for everybody seeing the awe inspiring moments of Arthur Pleasant's Hall of Fame career, but... just hang in there, folks. Please. You owe it to the man who has sacrificed so, so much every week for all of you. To make this place BETTER. To make this place... WORTH, ANYTHING. (Boos) Sometimes busting his Pure Wrestling ass eight days a week...

"AR-THUR-SUCKS!"

"AR-THUR-SUCKS!"

"AR-THUR-SUCKS!"

"AR-THUR-SUCKS!"

Aaron King:

It's okay to be wrong, everybody! I was SO wrong for such a long, long time in letting Gulf Coast Connection hold me down. But it was HE, Arthur Pleasant, who opened my eyes! And if you let him? He can open your eyes, too.

Jack Harmen:

Arthur Pleasant, the man who defeated legends like... Theodore Cain!

Aaron King:

Codename: Guardian!

Jack Harmen:

Uh... the greatest High Flyer of all time, LEGIT, ME!

Aaron King:

Trashcan Tim!

Jack Harmen:

Rick Dickulous!

The crowd isn't quite sure how to react to that one.

Jack Harmen:

(quickly and softly) With absolutely no assist.

Aaron King:

The Smelly Pirate Hooker, Henry Keyes!

Jack Harmen:

The absolute worst person in the history of the world... the High Queef of DEFIANCE himself, LindsEEEEEEy Troy!

"BOOO!!!"

Jack and Aaron laugh heartily at that one. As the fans rain down their displeasure at the disrespect for their High QUEEN of DEFIANCE, eventually they simmer down and Jack and Aaron continue.

Aaron King:

Without any further ado... the man who will one day break Eugene Dewey and Mikey Unlikely's number of days as FIST of DEFIANCE... COMBINED!

Jack Harmen:

ARTHUR....

Jack Harmen & Aaron King:

PLEEEEEEEEEEEASAAAAAANT!!

♪ "All Within My Hands" by Metallica ♪

Pyro EXPLODES out from the entrance and travels all the way down the rampway as Metallica's snare drum classic plays over the DEFplex speakers. The lights blast on, revealing a ring covered with a blood red rug and a box with newspaper style "gift wrapping". There's plants in each corner of the ring; which would be impressive if they were not deprived of water, sunshine, and life itself.

Moments later, Arthur Pleasant emerges from the Guerilla position to a San Francisco Symphony styled chorus of boos. Waving his hands in the air like conductor's batons, Pleasant looks ahead and puts his hand to his heart, mouthing the words "Thank you." to his Scourge brethren.

DDK:

I might actually be sick. As in, I might physically vomit.

Lance:

I just can't... EVEN... with this guy. He's been here for what? A little more than 180 days and he's having a CAREER RETROSPECTIVE?! Words like "HALL OF FAME" are being thrown around?

Arthur continues making his way down to the ring, where all of a sudden a blast of what sounds like confetti being released throughout the DEFplex.

DDK:

What the hell is that?!

Lance:

Is that...

Millions of smiley faces that resemble Arthur's tattoo on his left pectoral rain down upon the audience, Jack, Aaron, and Arthur as he walks to the ring. With smileys stuck to their skin, Keebs and Lance can be heard spitting out the "confetti" and blurting out muffled, slightly annoyed profanity as they cover their mics. Pleasant steps through the ropes and holds his arms out for Jack and Aaron. All three men embrace in the middle of the ring as *All Within My Hands* fades out and is supplanted by the deafening boos of pretty much the entire state of Louisiana.

"SHUT THE FUCK UP! SHUT THE FUCK UP! SHUT THE FUCK UP!"

Almost as if on cue, Arthur grabs the microphone given by Aaron King and speaks into it.

Arthur Pleasant:

GUYS. Oh. Em. GEE! I can't believe you guys went all out and did this! Is that... is that a Peace Lily over there?

The camera focuses on the once beautiful and now completely dead looking Peace Lily sitting malnourished in its vase turned grave.

Arthur Pleasant:

What a gorgeous looking plant! And over there! Is that a Chinese Evergreen over there?! How did you guys know that's my favorite plant?!

Jack waves his hand, chuckling a bit.

Jack Harmen:

Arthur, man. Forget about the plants! I got enough trees for Rezin in the back. Tonight? We have something much more special to show to you. Guys in the truck? RRRRRROLL IT!!

The lights dim a bit. There's a slow, fade-in theme that hits the speakers of the DEFplex. Soon after, a quote appears on the DEFIAtron as "We Are Young" feat Jonelle Monae plays.

*Give me a second I I need to get my story straight
My friends are in the bathroom getting higher than the Empire State
My lover she's waiting for me just across the bar
My seat's been taken by some sunglasses asking 'bout a scar and...*

"Mankind Is The Virus And I'm The Cure." - Mother Teresa

The quote digitally alters into another one.

*I know I gave it to you months ago
I know you're trying to forget
But between the drinks and subtle things
The holes in my apologies, you know
I'm trying hard to take it back*

"We're All Gonna Be Like Three Little Fonzies Here." - Gandhi

This one alters into a third quote.

*So if by the time the bar closes
And you feel like falling down
I'll carry you home...*

"I have had it with these motherfucking snakes on this motherfucking plane!" - George Washington

DDK:

This is absurd. Like, beyooooond absurd. Good song, but.... yeah.

Lance:

Pretty sure every one of those quotes are from Samuel L. Jackson, too

*Tooooooniiiiight
We are yoooooung
So let's set the world on fiiiiire
We can burn briiiiiighter than the suuuuuuuuuuuun*

There's a flash on the DEFIatron and we see Arthur Pleasant setting Aaron King on fire in his debut match. Both Jack and Arthur look back at Aaron and shrug as Aaron tries to ignore it awkwardly.

*Tooooooniiiiight
We are yoooooung
So let's set the world on fiiiiire
We can burn briiiiiighter than the suuuuuuuuuuuun*

Flash. Arthur Pleasant is placing two coins on the eyelids of Theodore Cain after a barbaric Hardcore Match at Road to DEFIANCE.

*Now I know that I'm not
All that you got
I guess that I, I just thought
Maybe we could find new ways to fall apart*

Flash. Jack Harmen is clutching at himself while Pleasant brings him to his feet and positions himself for a pump-handle slam. Pleasant lifts Harmen up into a pump-handle slam, but swings Harmen's weight up onto him before crashing down into a piledriver, hitting "Insomnia". Jack tries his best to ignore this as awkwardly as Aaron King did.

*But our friends are back
So let's raise a cup
'Cause I found someone to carry me home*

Flash. Referee Brian Slater is mere feet in front of Arthur when he is grabbed by his belt buckle. Brian yells "Get your hands off me!" but it's too late as Arthur pulls Slater towards him while ducking, causing Henry Keyes to accidentally Bell Clap the unholy shit out of Brian.

*Tooooooniiiiight
We are yoooooung
So let's set the world on fiiiiire
We can burn briiiiiighter than the suuuuuuuuuuuun*

Flash. Trashcan Tim tries to get up when one of the cloaked figures resembling Death reaches up from outside the

ring with their arm, grabbing Tim's boot as he straddles the ropes! Carla sees this and wedges herself in between the ropes, freeing Tim's foot in the process. While Carla admonishes Arthur's cloaked entourage on the outside, Arthur KICKS the middle rope straight up into Trashcan Tim's little life spheres!

*Tooooooniiiiight
We are yoooooung
So let's set the world on fiiiiire
We can burn briiiighter than the suuuuuuuuuuuun*

Flash. Arthur Pleasant has ripped the Favoured Saints Championship away from Carla Ferrari and has begun ascending the ladder back at DEFCON 2021. Now at the top, Arthur makes a big gesture about fastening the Favoured Saints Championship to the hanging device before taking it back off and raising the championship above his head, cleverly proclaiming himself as Favoured Saints Champion.

*Carry me home tonight (na na na na na na)
Just carry me home tonight (na na na na na na)
Carry me home tonight (na na na na na na)
Just carry me home tonight (na na na na na na)*

Flash. Arthur Pleasant's nose is busted wide open as he absolutely TORTURES Lindsay Troy. Looking out to the crowd, Pleasant smiles sadistically. He drops his own knee on the inside of LT's bad knee that he had softened up for the majority of the match. Standing up, he does this again. And again. And yet AGAIN. Pleasant does this five times and then wraps his legs around LT's and bends her knee in a sickening way again.

*The moon is on my side (na na na na na na)
I have no reason to run (na na na na na na)
So will someone come and carry me home tonight (na na na na na na)
The angels never arrived (na na na na na na)
But I can hear the choir (na na na na na na)
So will someone come and carry me home (na na na na na na)*

Flash. Jack Harmen is trying to get into the ring, distracting referee Brian Slater. Arthur Pleasant, meanwhile, has Mr. Zappenstein in his hands. Pulling the trigger, he prods Rick Dickulous with the end of it, sparking his massive chest.

*Tooooooniiiiight
We are yoooooung
So let's set the world on fiiiiire
We can burn briiiighter than the suuuuuuuuuuuun*

Flash. Codename: Guardian is getting to his feet, and once he does, he turns and is met with a DEVASTATING Provocation kick that folds him inside out!

*Tooooooniiiiight
We are yoooooung
So let's set the world on fiiiiire
We can burn briiiighter than the suuuuuuuuuuuun*

For the final flash, Arthur Pleasant leaps from the second steel connector between the turnbuckle and the ring post at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE in the Third Stage of the Three Stages of Hell match against Scott Stevens. Pleasant leaps outwards, crashing down through the table of death-- which included barbed wire, tacks, and glass tubes-- with the Scourge of Mankind all in a violent explosion of wood and glass. A mist of mercury vapor clouds the wreckage around Pleasant and Stevens. A split-second image of Tim Tillinghast's face being marred by a crude drawing completes the video as the song finishes in all its beautiful glory.

So if by the time the bar closes

*And you feel like falling down
I'll carry you home tonight*

The lights brighten... and Arthur is SOBBING.

DDK:

That. Was. AWFUL!!!

Lance:

I'm speechless. I just... why? WHY?! That was the most unnecessary video package I've ever freakin' seen. Bar NONE.

Wiping the crocodile tears of mushy-gushy happiness away with the smiley confetti, Pleasant turns towards Jack and Aaron and share a familial embrace with each other once again.

"DIE, ARTHUR, DIE!"

"DIE, ARTHUR, DIE!"

"DIE, ARTHUR, DIE!"

"DIE, ARTHUR, DIE!"

Ignoring the Faithful's reaction to their "Career Retrospective" celebration, Jack and Aaron motion to each other.

Jack Harmen:

One more thing, Sir Leader. We have something for you. Because we believe more than anyone else.

Aaron King:

Oh you're gonna love this, I know it!!

Jack walks over to the newspaper-wrapped, boxy-looking present and picks it up. Carrying it over to Arthur, Jack and Aaron share a look and a nod before presenting it to Arthur. Looking at them both, Arthur again wipes away the "tears" with the endless smiley confetti that litters the ring.

Arthur Pleasant:

You guys... YOU GUYS... YOU GUUUUYS... are the FUCKING BEST!! I LOVE PRESENTS!!

Tearing away the newspaper, Arthur pulls out a switchblade hidden behind the red pocket square of the breast pocket from his red and black tailored suit. Flicking it open rather expertly, Pleasant carefully cuts along the thick, brown packaging tape. Holding the switchblade between his teeth, Arthur lifts every flap from the box.

DDK:

What's in the boxbooooox? WHAT'S IN THE BOX?!

Lance:

I dunno, but it sure looks like John Doe has the upper hand.

The Provocateur's eyes go wide and the switchblade falls out of his mouth dangerously to the mat. Looking all around at the Faithful who, despite their hatred for Arthur Pleasant, are morbidly curious in the same way a rubbernecker would be at a gruesome accident on the highway. Pleasant reaches into the box and pulls out... a championship belt.

DDK:

Huh?

Lance:

Is that a championship belt?!

Arthur Pleasant holds up the diamond encrusted, home plate shaped championship for the entire world to see.

Jack Harmen:

Arthur... since you were screwed out of the Favoured Saints Championship a few months back, we wanted the honor of giving you something you deserve.

Aaron King:

The DEFIANCE Wrestling PURE WRESTLER Championship!!!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Pleasant falls to his knees, "crying" again. He holds the championship belt close to his heart like his boyhood dream just came true. Looking into the title's face plate, Arthur cocks his head as he reads off the words, "DEFINANCE Wrestling PURE WRESTLING Champion".

Arthur Pleasant:

Who spell-checked this?! It says DE-FI-NANCE and there's no "T" in wrestling.

Jack looks at Aaron accusatorially. Shocked, Aaron King returns his glare. Harmen mouths "I don't read things" as Arthur moves on.

Arthur Pleasant:

Ah who cares, outside of maybe Malak, about spelling! This is GREAT! You guys are t-

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

The Faithful erupt for the theme of the former Southern Heritage champion!

DDK:

Is this ... yes! Dex Joy! Thankfully somebody is out here to put an end to Arthur Pleasant's bragging.

Lance:

It couldn't happen to a more deserving person!

None of the Scourge look very happy from the matching looks on their faces but the former Southern Heritage champion wastes no time in gracing them with some BIG. DEX. ENERGY. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful respond LOUDLY, having become absolutely sick of the facade of this "Career Retrospective" celebration, as Dex walks on stage with a mic. He's dressed in street clothes, his "DANGER! BIG DEX ENERGY!!!" shirt and bright yellow shoes to match. He picks up one of the pieces of smiley confetti and shakes his head.

As colorful as he looks, he's still intimidating enough to make Pleasant stop.

Dex Joy:

Pallies, pallies, pallies ... I ... dudes I just can't. I can't just sit back there one more damn single second and listen to this crap. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful paid a lot of good money to do something *other* than listen to Arthur Pleasant give himself ... what the blue hell is this even anyway?

He looks at the scene in the ring.

Dex Joy:

A Career Retrospective?! For real, pally? Ain't you only been here a few months? Look. I'll call a spade a spade, Artie. You've been impressive. You've done a lot to stand out and freak people the hell out at the same time. You beating Scott Stevens and Lindsay Troy within a few weeks of each other? That is amazing ... but your little scars, your little tattoos and your botched little \$15 Great Clips haircut are cancelling the checks you've been writing.

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful agree with every word being fired off. Arthur Pleasant seems like he's feeling anything but "pleasant" right now from Dex's interruption.

Dex Joy:

And I'll even spare you right now cause I'm sure you or one of your cronies there got a comment in the chamber ready to fire. You're wondering how the guy who just lost the Southern Heritage title to Matt LaCroix gets to come out here and talk a lot of noise? Well, pally, I'm glad I asked for you. I've been in DEFIANCE going on almost two years now. I've put in my time and I've done that work and nobody's gonna tell me otherwise. Win or lose, DEFIANCE Wrestling, its staff, its fans and its viewers have treated me real good in that time, pally, so I think that I owe it to them to come down there, chin-check your cut-up ass and cut this bullshit right now!

The Biggest Boy's mic goes bye-bye and then starts heading to the ring with intent. Arthur Pleasant is pissed off with the interruption.

Arthur Pleasant:

No ... hell no ... LISTEN TO ME YOU FAT FUCK... you can turn your lazy, cottage cheese ass right around and get the fu ...

He never gets to finish the sentence because Dex grabs him by the leg and pulls him out of the ring before decking AP across the face with a massive punch!

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!"

DDK:

Dex Joy has had enough of this entire self-indulgent nonsense by Arthur and The Scourge!

Lance:

And now he's going after the rest!

Dex goes in for the other members of Arthur's crew but the numbers catch up. Jack Harmen and Aaron King are both kicking Dex before he can fully stand. King strikes him down with punches while Harmen brings the kicks. They both rush Dex and then Harmen tries kicking his face off using a Locomotive but the yakuza kick gets blocked when Dex grabs his foot. Harmen's eyes go wide, and he starts swatting at Dex, but he's just out of range. Dex then just shoves Harmen back, as he splats back first against the ring and rolls out.

DDK:

There goes Harmen!

Aaron King goes for Dex's leg and kicks it out from under him. Aaron then doubles Dex over but not for long because he gets nailed with a huge Dexy's Midnight Runner!

DDK:

Dex sends Aaron King flying! I'm thinking that this GODforsaken party is finally over!

Lance:

I think so too!

Dex starts to celebrate with the crowd after dumping some of the contents of Arthur's party to the outside. The Chinese Evergreen and Peace Lily's respective vases smash into a billion pieces, but when the ceramic breaks... his sixth and seventh senses tell him to turn around. Upon listening to them, he gets nailed square in the face from a HUGE Provocation kick by Arthur Pleasant!

DDK:

Arthur with the cheap shot on Dex!

The Biggest Boy is left stumbling but when he surprises a bragging Arthur from getting up, a Locomotive from Jack Harmen lands and both powerful kick are enough to stop him in his tracks!

Lance:

This may not have been a fight Dex should have picked!

Arthur and Harmen are both trying to keep Dex down but a familiar (and handsome) face runs to the ring with a chair in hand! Arthur hears the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful reacting and sees Dex's best friend -- "The Handsome Face" Nathaniel Eye running to the ring! Arthur sees him coming and leaves the ring! Harmen is about to leave when Eye slips inside. Harmen catches glimpse of Eye and tries to take a step toward Joy, but a reluctant and hesitant Nathan holds the chair out, pointing toward Jack.

Nathan Eye:

Don't make me do it Jack!

Harmen takes a moment, chuckles once to himself, and then blows a raspberry toward Nathan Eye. He slips outside of the ring and rushes to the side of Arthur Pleasant as Aaron King limps behind them. Eye stands next to Joy to make sure nothing else happens to the big man of DEFIANCE Wrestling. Dex is nursing his jaw but he sits upright and looks back at Arthur Pleasant who takes a powder into the crowd with Harmen and King behind him.

DDK:

Dex Joy and Nathan Eye both seem to not be down with what the Scourge was out here selling.

Lance:

Did you notice Nathan not wanting to use that chair on Harmen? I wonder what that was about.

Eye's arm is bandaged up from his match with Oscar Burns but he still looks eager to fight. He makes sure the Scourge isn't around and then Dex steps up to his feet with the rest of the show moving forward.

THE RISE OF SCROW

As the commotion subsides in the ring we are taken backstage where Jamie Sawyers is standing next to Scrow. The Unhinged of The Kabal is dressed in a three-piece grey suit. He has his hair tied behind his head in a ponytail. He is sporting a custom sunglasses style monocle. Given its 2021 and not 1886 one has to wonder why he chose that type of eyewear. Tucked under his right arm looks to be a moderately thick book.

Jamie Sawyers:

I am standing here with the man that defeated Lindsay Troy, shocking the world...

Scrow puts his hand over the microphone and lowers it with a glare at Jamie.

Scrow:

Shocker? Do you think Scrow just caught Lindsay on a bad day? Scrow was always better than Lindsay Troy he knew it, she knew it, and well he guesses the world knows it too now. It was far from a "shocker" Troy should just pack her bags, grab her pretty little pink purse and go home. Spend time with her family, after all, she has neglected them for a million years. This company is for the young guys, not her fossil ass!

Jamie Sawyers:

Come on Scrow we all saw how you beat her. You...

Scrow quickly interrupts Jamie before he can finish that train of thought.

Scrow:

Hit a devastating elbow strike, and Lindsay Troy once again looking back up at the lights.

The Faithful clearly are not amused as the jeering can be heard from the arena.

Scrow:

So now that grandma is in his rearview mirror. Scrow wants to be the first to give a huge announcement. Something that is going to change the world!

His body language shows just how proud and excited he is.

Scrow:

This is going to be the next BIG THING!

Jamie Sawyers:

I am going to assume it has something to do with that book you are holding.

Scrow nods, with a smirk on his face. He holds the book out for the camera to catch the title.

"The Rise of Scrow"

Scrow:

The Rise of Scrow! Soon to hit bookshelves and Defiance merchandise shops on September 16, 2021!

Jamie Sawyers:

The Kabal sure has a lot to sell, first, it was The Doomburger, then the Kabal Komandos, now you guys are dipping into selling books.

Scrow:

It's quite simple Jameson.

Jamie Sawyers:

It's Jamie.

Scrow:

Yea whatever, like he was saying something has to pay for all those reapers we have. This though, THIS is going to be a bestseller! It is a documented journey of how Scrow dominated Dex Joy, Oscar Burns, Black Panda, Team Hoss, Kerry Kuroyama, Nathaniel Eye...

Jamie Sawyers:

It's Nate now.

Scrow:

It can be beaver face for all he cares. Scrow is especially excited about his latest chapter titled. When Grandma's Still Wrestled.

More jeering as Scrow continues to poke the lioness. Jamie clearly is not amused by the clear disrespect for Troy. Scrow turns a few pages before getting to a page.

Scrow:

As a freebee Scrow is going to read a passage from this soon-to-be #1 book to hit shelves.....AHM, "As The Faithful watch on as Scrow once again dropped the great Lindsay Troy. It was becoming apparent to him that Defiance felt bad for this woman, and wanted to give her a run with The FIST. Not out of skill, not out of looks, but mere pity. As he watched her hobble around the ring he could not help but wonder was this it?"

Jeering gets louder. Scrow looks over to Jamie.

Scrow:

Powerful stuff huh Jameson.

Jamie is at a loss for words at the gull of this young man.

Scrow:

See...BEST SELLER! Imagine how many reapers The Kabal can hire once this hits the bookstores! Who knows, maybe Scrow will hand out a free copy to a lucky fan! Literature like this is a gold mine. You have to be crazy to not want "The Rise of Scrow" in bookstores on September 16, 2021! Go to TheKabal.com and get those preorders in.

Scrow flashes the book at the camera once more and walks off very proud of himself. Jamie just stares blankly into the camera.

Jamie Sawyers:

Back to you guys.

Jamie shakes his head as he walks out of view from the camera.

DDK:

Can you believe that Lance?

Lance:

I am just as shocked as Jamie was. Does he really think that book will be a bestseller?

DDK:

In his deranged mind yes. He managed to defeat Lindsay, but he better be careful to watch what he says or LT is going to drop him quick. Moving along, let's head to the ring and Darren Quimbley for our next matchup.

RICK DICKULOUS vs. CODENAME: GUARDIAN

DDK:

Much earlier tonight The Kabal - now led by Teresa Ames came out to set a bounty on Codename: Guardian's head.

Lance:

Codename: Guardian has been the ultimate thorn in The Kabal's side for nearly half of year.

The scene switches to the middle of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match up is set for one fall! Introducing first... hailing from parts unknown and weighing in at one-hundred-ninety-six pounds... CODENAME: GUARDIAN!!!!!!!!!!

♪ "Fake Fool" by Khz ♪

The typical 'white static' video package for Codename: Guardian plays as the word 'CODENAME:' appears in solid and impactful looking black letters on the DEFIATron's video visual of a summer time break. Below it, a strange code appears, a random set of numbers but before anything can be made of it, the numbers start flipping into letters until the word 'GUARDIAN' appears below it.

POP! FIREWORKS!

As the fireworks shoot down the ramp way, Codename: Guardian appears from behind the curtains. A rousing reaction from the Faithful is given as the hero of DEFIANCE makes their way quickly towards the ring. Sliding in without hesitation the white masked hero looks back up towards the rampway in eagerness to face off against the supposed Bounty Hunter.

DDK:

Codename: Guardian looks ready, despite the obviously huge task at hand, Lance.

Lance:

One hundred percent, Darren. Guardian has been a massive problem for The Kabal, and Teresa Ames went out of her way tonight to secure outside help in the form of Rick Dick--

Lance, as always, is interrupted by a thundering kick drum that booms from the arena speakers as the crowd is bathed in crimson - the usual signal that The Lumbergiant is about to make his presence felt by whoever stands in his way.

Lance:

--ulous. I was ready for it this time, Keeps! Finally!

DDK:

You still looked like you shit a kitten, partner.

Darren Quimbey:

Their opponent!! Making his way to the ring, standing six feet nine inches tall, and weighing four-hundred twenty-five pounds. He is DEFIANCE'S STRONGEST MAN...RIIIICK DIICKULOOOOOUUSSS!

♪ "Face Fisted!" by Dethklok ♪

Rick strolls out onto the entrance ramp, his massive frame making the entryway seem tiny, eyes narrowed and staring daggers through Codename: Guardian's chest, his reddish full beard accentuating a wicked scowl. His shaven head glistens in the crimson light, along with his shimmering, oiled upper body. An axe occupies his massive and taped right hand (both are, up to his wrists), resting against the bare flesh of his shoulder. His legs fill his brown industrial work pants - his quads flexing through the thick material, and he sports a pair of plain black boots. Rick makes his way down the ramp and up to the ring area, his eyes still exuding hate and loathing towards Codename: Guardian. He

walks up the stairs slowly and steps over the top rope and into the ring. Benny Doyle takes The Lumbergiant's axe and hands it off to ring staff before calling for the bell.

DING DING

Rick snarls across the ring at Codename: Guardian before charging across the ring at his much smaller opponent, but misjudges their legerity as Guardian deftly tumbles aside at the last moment and delivers a sharp kick to the big man's knee. Suddenly off balance and with the force of a charging rhinoceros, Rick slams chest first into the turnbuckle as the ropes shake violently all around the ring.

Lance:

Codename: Guardian getting out of the way in the nick of time!

DDK:

Rick Dickulous was clearly going for the early kill and underestimated his opponent. If he can catch his breath, Rick's gonna have to rethink his plan, Lance.

Rick ricochets backwards, clutching his chest as Codename: Guardian quickly capitalizes, running towards the corner and deftly stepping up the first and second turnbuckles and launching towards The Lumbergiant with a spinning snap kick that strikes him clean across the jaw as the crowd erupts in cheers! Continuing the assault, Guardian lands in front of the stunned Canuck and catches him with an open palm strike that lands solidly under his chin that sends him back another two paces and down to a knee in the center of the ring. Codename: Guardian then runs past Rick's right side, bouncing off the ropes and launching back across the ring to the opposite ropes and bounding off them, before delivering a double leg dropkick from a full run that sends The Lumbergiant to the canvas.

As Guardian moves in to continue the assault, Rick quickly rolls twice and out of the ring to the outside with a frustrated scowl as he slams his hands on the ring apron in anger. As he regains his composure, Benny Doyle's count reaches four before Rick steps back over the ropes.

DDK:

That little break's enough to diffuse the momentum Codename: Guardian was building, now let's see if Rick Dickulous can turn things around.

Codename: Guardian and Rick Dickulous circle each other in the ring a few times, neither one willing to give the other an opportunity. Suddenly Rick switches direction and before Guardian can react, Rick grabs their arm and irish whips them towards the ropes with a brutish grunt. As Guardian rebounds back towards the centre of the ring, a giant boot meets their mask which hits with such force that Guardian literally does a full backflip before crashing to the mat on their stomach in a heap.

Lance:

Rick Dickulous nearly took Codemane: Guardian's head off with that boot!

DDK:

That nearly knocked Codename: Guardian right back to Parts Unknown, Lance! Guardian needs to be careful or they're in for a world of hurt.

Lance:

Something tells me that was Teresa Ames' plan from the start.

While Codename: Guardian writhes in pain, Rick quickly swoops in and grabs them by the back of the neck and lifts Guardian up to their feet with a sick smile spreading across his face. Rick takes control of Guardian, irish whipping them into the corner and following along behind at full steam with a brutal corner splash. Codename: Guardian spins around as Rick steps back, relentlessly delivering knees to the midsection as Benny Doyle quickly rushes in to regain control, pushing Rick back after a five count.

DDK:

Benny Doyle certainly has a rough job in there tonight. Rick Dickulous is known for pushing the count, and it looks like that's what's happening so far.

Lance:

Codename: Guardian, getting a moment to recompose, let's see if they take advantage.

Codename: Guardian takes the initiative and charges at Rick, clearly trying to catch him off guard but is met with a stiff forearm strike. Rick follows it up with another, and another, hammering Guardian again back into the corner before irish whipping them to the opposite corner with Rick's full force. Codename: Guardian manages to turn their back to the turnbuckles before impact, but the force of the throw ends up launching Guardian over the ropes and to the outside of the ring.

DDK:

That's definitely not the way to turn things around.

Lance:

I don't know what Codename: Guardian was thinking there, Keebs.

DDK:

Guardian was trying to surprise the big man, but Rick wasn't biting. He's on a mission for that fifty thousand dollars, and I think all he sees right now is dollar signs.

As the shot switches to a cameraman at ground level, Codename: Guardian is seen laying prone on the floor. As the cameraman pans out slightly, Rick Dickulous steps methodically over the top rope and hops down to the floor despite Benny Doyle's objections. As Rick reaches down to lift Codename: Guardian up, the count begins.

ONE

Rick lifts Codename: Guardian up by the arm and effortlessly tosses them up onto his shoulder, turning their back to the ringpost.

TWO

With a quick step forward The Lumbergiant slams Codename: Guardian into the ringpost.

THREE

And again.

FOUR

And again.

FIVE

And again. This time Rick wraps his arms around the ringpost and squeezes with all his might as the ringpost digs into Guardian's battered back, his face showing the strain as Codename: Guardian struggles, driving elbows into the big man's collarbones which causes him to release and take a step back.

SIX

Codename Guardian manages to land on their feet clutching their back, Rick quickly grabbing the back of Codename: Guardian's head in his massive left hand and slamming it into the ring apron.

SEVEN

Rick looks up at Benny Doyle who yells at him to get back in the ring or he'll keep counting. As Rick's eyes fall back towards Codename: Guardian's heaped body on the floor, Doyle continues.

EIGHT

The Lumbergiant reaches down and quickly lifts Codename: Guardian to their feet and slides them under the bottom rope before reaching up to the top rope and pulling himself onto the apron, stepping over the ropes and into the ring. Codename: Guardian begins to stir slowly as Benny Doyle gives Rick an earful before quickly checking on Codename: Guardian who gives a nod as they get back up to their feet. With a smile, Rick steps back over the ropes to the apron, motioning for Codename: Guardian to follow.

DDK:

Rick's on the apron now but Codename: Guardian.. They are up too!

Springing against the ropes in a blast of fury, Codename: Guardian sprints back towards Rick Dickulous and NAILS him with a standing dropkick!

Lance:

That didn't even BUDGE Rick Dickulous! WOW!

Holding onto the ropes, Rick growls at the white masked hero and reaches for the hero's throat.... RISING EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!!! Rick reaches forward only to be slammed backwards with a launching European uppercut from the upbeat white ranger!

DDK:

A spark of life from the masked one here!

Benny Doyle watches on as Guardian levies a flurry of elbow strikes and kicks to the lumbergiant as he stands helpless on the ring apron. The blows are strong kicks and hits, Rick's endurance starts to take a tick as he doubles over the top rope for a breath.

Lance:

Guardian is running to the corner! Hopping up... WOW!!

As Lance's excitement grows so does the crowd as Codename: Guardian hops to the top turnbuckle, spins around and launches into a furious flying leg drop against the back of Rick's head! The giant doubles over and falls into the ring head first! Doyle is on point as Guardian tries to go for a quick pinfall attempt!

ONE.

TWO.

NO!

DDK:

HOLY CRAP! Rick just bench pressed Guardian off of him! He's still shaking the cobwebs out but man what a show of strength!

Guardian hops to their feet, darting over to the now standing up Rick Dickulous, launching a heavy set of front kicks, the kicks almost seem weak to DEFIANCE's strongest man as he powers himself up to one knee first.

Lance:

Guardian has to be frustrated that their kicks are almost powerless against this beast of a man.

Frustration does grow as the hero of DEFIANCE falters, taking a few steps too far back to ready a final kick against The Lumbergiant!

DDK:

Guardian steadies themselves.. Rick's gonna have to feel THIS ONE... NO!! He caught Guardian's leg!

Shaking his finger with a bit of swagger, Rick Dickulous stands up and glares at Codename: Guardian who tries to balance themselves on one foot as the crowd stands up in anticipation.

Lance:

We've seen this before but Rick seems to think he has the upper hand here!

DDK:

HE DOES!!

In a blink of an eye Codename: Guardian's 'Blade Barrage' is foiled, the masked hero balls up their fists to spin but as soon as they launch themselves up, Rick Dickulous is there with...

Lance:

YIKES!!! MISERY WHIP OUTTA NOWHERE!!!

While spinning in midair, the hero is caught flat across their gut and lower ribs, Misery Whip literally rips the soul from the masked Power Ranger's armor as they fall flat on their back.

DDK:

Rick is wasting no time as he presses both hands on the Guardian's chest!

Doyle with the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Lance:

That... was really wild! I did not see that coming at all! Holy cow!! Rick Dickulous really surprised me with that counter!

DDK:

Without a doubt Lance.. Typically Guardian's endgame was that uncounterable kick but not tonight!

COMMERCIAL: ACTS OF DEFIANCE 2021**FIST of DEFIANCE**

Gage Blackwood (C) vs. Oscar Burns

Rest of card TBA

CODENAME: NO MORE

As the camera pans out towards the entrance rampway, an overshot of Rick Dickulous' arm being raised is overshadowed by the presence of DEFIANCE's biggest stable, The Kabal!

Lance:

Looks like Teresa is already making her way to the ring to gloat at this victory of hers!

With Rick Dickulous' music slowly fading out over DEFArena, Teresa Ames walks with purpose with not only a briefcase full of money, but also the entire Kabal stable. A sinister smirk is all over Teresa's face as she signals Victor Vacio and Tyler Fuse to enter the ring first and apprehend The Kabal's biggest threat, Codename: Guardian.

DDK:

This is completely unfair - Codename: Guardian is outmatched right now in the ring and after suffering a huge loss at the hands of Rick Dickulous, I don't think they are in any shape to face the wrath of Teresa.

Rezin and Scrow slowly follow Stalker into the ring as the methodical monster walks with complete silence up the steel steps and into the ring. Teresa grabs a microphone from the timekeeper's table as she addresses The Faithful with utter glee from outside the ring.

Teresa Ames:

Well.. well... well... all it took was an offer of CASH and the PERFECT specimen and the resulting conclusion is.....

Teresa is super giddy as she rolls into the ring to stand with the rest of the Kabal members who are now flanking the fallen Codename: Guardian. Rick Dickulous looks on in judging silence at both the beaten down masked hero, now being pinned to the ground by the likes of Vacio and Fuse and the rest of The Kabal stable that flanks them. Teresa Ames is too ecstatic to stop gloating as she waves the supposed 'bounty' for beating Codename: Guardian around in the air.

Teresa Ames:

A captured prey! Just look at 'em! Pathetic false hero that thought they could match up against DEFIANCE's STRONGEST MAN!? And NEWEST MEMBER OF THE KABAL!??!

Rick Dickulous:

Whoawhoawhoa, last I checked, I agreed to do a job and get paid for it, not join Umbrella Corp. So let's skip to the part where you fuckin' pay up.

Pointing at the masked hero C:G, who is being pinned by Teresa's fellow stable mates, and then back to Rick Dickulous, Teresa sways her finger back and forth at the biggest threat in DEFIANCE.

Teresa Ames:

You still have one task to complete, Ricky boy. If you want the cash that badly then... UNMASK THE FALSE HERO and make the world KNOW who has failed all of the FAITHFUL. LET THEM KNOW - that whatever little person is hiding behind that costume is nothing more than a fucking LOSER!

For a point of emphasis and authority, Teresa Ames charges across the ring and kicks Codename: Guardian without mercy in the chest. The force of the kicks cause Guardian to spill back to the mat and out of the controlling grips of Victor Vacio and Scrow.

Teresa Ames:

TAKE OFF that DAMN MASK!!

Glutton with the power of authority Teresa dictates her orders towards the only non member of The Kabal left in the ring, minus the beaten and broken Guardian.

DDK:

This guy is a dick, always has been and most likely always will be. But even the biggest dicks have some lines. I hope Rick just walks away from these clowns.

Lance:

The money case in Teresa's hand seems to be keeping Rick's attention. He's moving in to unmask the hero. Perhaps he's curious about the identity of Guardian himself now.

As the crowd's boos turn louder, Rick's desire to be paid takes over him. Kneeling next to the essentially knocked out Guardian, Rick Dickulous reaches in to yank the mask off from the fallen hero.

DDK:

I'm going to be sick...

The dismay of the crowd continues as Rick's handiwork takes a bit of a struggle, the Hero's mask is fastened in and takes more than just brute strength to rip it free. While Teresa, Rezin and a silent Stalker stare on from further away, Victor Vacio and Scrow get a first hand look when the mask is finally pulled and dropped away from Codename: Guardian.

DDK:

It's... it's....

As the Faithful watches on in hopes of high anticipation, could it be Eugene Dewey? Could it be Eric Dane? Could it be Dan Ryan? No, as the Faithful watch their white masked hero's visage get ripped away from their face, an air of let out was given when the long red hair was first recognized.

Lance:

Jessica Reeves... I... even after MAXIMUM DEFIANCE I had my suspicions! She's been hovering around us for weeks, hanging off in the shadows. I guess it only makes sense to be her, even through her attempts to hide her identity as the masked hero, something always felt off!

A beaten down and knocked out Jessica can't fight Rick's oversized hands from ripping away the mask protecting her identity from the world. When the mask falls to the mat, Rick immediately backs away, getting the briefcase of money shoved into his gut by Teresa as the now vengeful leader of the Kabal takes the mic into both of her hands as she approaches the fallen crusader in white.

Teresa Ames:

What a... DAMN JOKE!

SLAP!

DDK:

Un-called for! She's beaten and done for. Leave the ring - there is no reason to continue this mockery - The Kabal have won!

The slap is loud and ring shaking, Teresa gives no fucks about causing additional pain and embarrassment against the newly unmasked hero.

Teresa Ames:

You?! REALLY!?! That's... it?!

As the silence among the other Kabal members continues, Rick begins to open the briefcase of money provided to him by Teresa Ames. Firstly, he's rifling through a manila envelope that probably contains more legal language than Rick can technically understand. Considering his face, that seems to be the case. Rezin is somewhat eager to see Crimson Stalker's reaction to his daughter being unmasked but the monster of a villain is non responsive. He just stares in

silence from the far corner, waiting to be ordered unto his next target.

Teresa Ames:

Months... now... MONTHS! The Kabal has been tormented by the little 'white crusader'. The ranger of goodness that wanted to do nothing more but to stop The Kabal and all of their evil plans... well Guess what? The Kabal, is not going to be stopped. In fact....

Teresa leans down to the fallen Jessica Reeves who is now being overlooked by Victor Vacio and Scrow but no longer being held down. Rick Dickulous in the background is opening the briefcase, examining the money contents and manila envelope included with the briefcase.

Teresa Ames:

In FACT... you... Jessica Reeves. Will be our FIRST example of the darkness that is going to continue to flood DEFIANCE. You see... The Kabal... we are here... we are THE strongest we have EVER BEEN and we are going to overrun ALL of DEFIANCE's sorry excuse for heroes!

SLAP!

Pulling her hand back even farther, Teresa's slap that connects with Jessica's face is arena silencing. The fallen hero slumps to the mat further from the beat down.

Teresa Ames:

Oh... are you waiting for your friends, Zack and Leo to come help!?

Teresa mocks while pointing to the DEFIatron. The screen lights up after a few moments to a camera shot of the backstage area. DEF medical is currently overseeing two wrestlers, as well as DEF security. Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett seem to be the victims of a backstage attack earlier in the evening and unfortunately the distraction is high for both security staff and medical staff members.

Teresa Ames:

Girl... your friends are weak. Unlike mine...

Snapping her fingers to 'Crimson Stalker' she motions him to come over, but the hardcore icon does not budge from his corner. Instead he stares in silence. Rick Dickulous is looking at the contract papers in the manila envelope, completely oblivious to the factors happening around him.

Teresa Ames:

My friends.... Are strong... my followers give me the power that you only dream about, fucking SLUT!

Ames boots Jessica Reeves in the face as she stands up fully, looking over in frustration to Stalker who still hasn't reacted to her finger snaps. Pulling the mic closer to her face she smirks at both Stalker and The Faithful.

Teresa Ames:

Guess now is a better time than ever....

Jessica Reeves: *[coughing]*

Please..... Don't!

Teresa Ames: *[mocking]*

Don't what?! Exactly..? You dumb little bitch! You don't want me to tell your father the deep dark secret you discovered from The Kabal? You don't want me to tell your Daddy... that he isn't... your....

A grimace appears on Rick Dickulous' face as he stares at the writing on the paperwork he retrieved from the briefcase. Seemingly disgusted with it he begins to rip it apart, watching on from the safety of the far corner as he watches Teresa basically dismantle Jessica in front of the entire Kabal verbally.

Teresa Ames:

Come on now over here Jason... let's listen to what your daughter has to say to you!

This time Stalker's direction is followed correctly, he walks towards Teresa Ames, his dead eyes staring in silence forward at the fallen hero before him, the formerly masked Codename: Guardian, now revealed to be none other than his daughter Jessica Reeves.

Teresa Ames:

Lean in real close to her while I tell you exactly what this little bitch has been hiding from, Jason!

Leaning down, Teresa yanks Codename: Guardian's costume up into a closed fist, she pulls Jessica's body upwards from the mat.

Teresa Ames:

Since you can't seem to have the balls to say it to him.. I will..

Jessica's face lights up and her eyes widen as she stares at Teresa Ames, shaking her head in a violent 'No!'.

Teresa Ames:

Jason.... Stalker... Reeves.... Your daughter... Jessica... the bitch... has learned something that you... you don't even know hot stuff...

Teresa Ames smirks upwards at her mindless zombie bodyguard, as she grips Jessica tightly in her hand she doesn't seem ready yet to stop talking.

Teresa Ames:

You see... Jessica here is not EVEN YO...

THWACK!!!

DDK:

HOLY CRAP!

Rick Dickulous coming out of nowhere literally boots Teresa Ames across the jaw bone of her face, causing the mic to go flying out of the ring and the keyboard Queen crashes to the mat. The Kabal all react instantly, hostile towards their 'elected' Bounty Hunter! However, Stalker's mind is immediately focused on his fallen controller.

Lance:

Rick's seen enough of this craziness and he decided to put an end to it right here and now!

Sliding to the outside of the ring, Stalker yanks Teresa Ames out of harm's way. Gathering her in his arms, he looks on at the chaos going on inside the ring! Tyler Fuse is charging at Rick Dickulous who CONNECTS with a HUGE boot to Fuse's face! It sends him careening out of the ring!

Lance:

Oh man, here comes Victor!

Victor Vacio charges at Rick! Rick Ducks a clothesline, he grabs Victor by the throat and shoves him over the top ropes! Holy crap!!

DDK:

DEFIANCE's strongest man is showing why he is exactly that right now!

Scrow is the next up to try and quell The Lumbergiant! But Rick Dickulous has other plans, he yanks Jessica Reeves up off the mat, hoisting her up over his shoulder like a dead weight while continuing to hold the briefcase full of money

promised to him by The Kabal's new defacto leader.

DDK:

Scrow is charging at Rick!!

Rick stands up in one swift motion, carrying Jessica Reeves on his shoulder like a human rescue machine, he utilizes the money packed briefcase as a weapon, striking Scrow across the face and sending him out of the ring!

Lance:

Rezin is measuring his attack, he's already seen Scrow fall victim to the briefcase he doesn't want to follow suit!

Rezin dutifully ducks the first spinning briefcase shot as he taunts Rick on his backstroke, but the lumbering big man is not finished!

DDK:

Rick spins again!! CONNECTS!!

A thunderous cheer from the crowd as Rick Dickulous connects on his second spin around, hitting Rezin squarely in the jaw with the briefcase full of money and sends the Favoured Saints champion tumbling through the ropes!

Lance:

Get out of there, Rick!!

Almost as if he was listening and much to the credit of DEFIANCE's strongest man, the unlikely lumberjack of a hero hoists Guardian onto his shoulder more firmly, stepping over the top ropes, he looks squarely at all of the fallen Kabal members while maintaining his grip on the briefcase of money.

DDK:

Apparently Rick's interest is not in joining The Kabal at all but definitely that money that was offered but even a man like Rick has at least somewhat of a conscience from what it looks like.

Lance:

That or he was just protecting a future MILF from being harmed for no reason!

DDK:

WHAT?!

Lance:

Nothing...

The cameras pan out over DEFarena as The Kabal form up around their silent monster Stalker, who is still cradling the knocked out Teresa Ames in his arms.

ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. VICTOR VACIO

DDK:

Up next we have an interesting match-up with the Kabal's Victor Vacio, taking on the Scourge's Arthur Pleasant.

Lance:

On paper, this is a great match-up. In reality? I hate 'em both and couldn't give two poop emojis about either guy.

DDK:

Hence why I said this is an "interesting" match-up.

Lance:

Somewhere, some place, Tim Tillinghast just threw a shoe at his TV.

♪ "Funeral Music" by Chopin ♪

Raucous boos rain down upon the DEFplex as DEFIANCE's Lost Cause steps out from behind the Guerilla position. As seen at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE and UNCUT 99, Victor Vacio's face is covered with a black mask, his legs covered in long tights black tights, and his body covered en route to the ring in a black sports coat. Vacio wields his signature mallet; taunting some of the Faithful in the front row with it.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall! Making his way down to the ring first... from Mexico City, Mexico, representing The Kabal... weighing in at 226 pounds... he is THE Lost Cause...VICTOR VACIO!

DDK:

It's going to take me a while to get used to this paradigm shift from Victor Vaccio. His new "Masked Man in Black" thing is unsettling.

Lance:

To add to this unsettling change, becoming the Kabal's glorified hitman certainly gives this sinister syndicate, and Victor specifically, a whole new layer of creepiness.

Just as Victor rolls into the ring, the lights go out.

The DEFIatron lights up where three sets of initials materialize onto the giant screen.

AP

JH

AK

...T...H...E...S...C...O...U...R...G...E...

Just as the Faithful's reactions begin to throw an incredible amount of vitriol at the incoming triumvirate from hell itself.

♪ "All Within My Hands" by Metallica ♪

Two spotlights follow Jack Harmen and Aaron King respectively as they make their way out from the back, each carrying what appears to be a weapon. Jack's hands hold a barbed wire kendo stick while Aaron King holds a steel chair (also wrapped in barbed wire.). Emerging from one more spotlight, pointed in between Jack and Aaron, is "The Provocateur" himself, Arthur Pleasant.

Darren Quimbey:

Next, making his way down to the ring, accompanied by Jack Harmen and Aaron King, The Scourge... From Under the

Midnight Sun in Oot-Something, Alaska... weighing in at 207 pounds... he is The Provocateur...ARTHUR... PLEASANT!

More importantly, in between his hands... is the returning Mr. Zappenstein.

DDK:

Ummmm, it certainly appears that the Scourge have come prepared!

Lance:

Prepared for whom, though? Victor Vacio and his mallet? Or interference from the Kabal?

DDK:

I'd say both, honestly.

Lance:

Good point, Keeps.

Sliding into the ring, Pleasant pulls the trigger on Mr. Zappenstein, igniting a surge of electricity from the end of what is essentially a pimped out cattle prod. Vacio is undeterred, however, as he raises the mallet, daring Pleasant to try and shock him.

DDK:

Is Victor NUTS?!

Pleasant accepts the invitation and goes to prod Vacio...

...*CRRRRRAAAAAACK!!*

But the Lost Cause smacks away Mr. Zappenstein with the mallet, sending it to the mat and rolling to the outside of the ring. Pleasant smiles, nodding his head... and actually invites Vaccio to take a swing at him with the mallet!

Lance:

They're both nuts, Keeps. This much is clear.

Like Pleasant obliged Vacio's invitation, The Lost Cause obliges The Provocateur's and takes a massive swing forward... but Pleasant ducks and on the turn around pokes Vacio directly in the eyes! Vacio drops the mallet and Harmen reaches in, immediately pulling it out. Motioning for DEFIANCE official Hector Navarro to ring the bell, he does so immediately!

DING DING

Once the bell finally sounds Pleasant moves in, but he's met with a stiff slap to the chest from the partially blinded Vacio. With one eye open and tearing up, Vacio attempts to hit a dropkick on Pleasant but misses completely.

DDK:

That eye poke might've been low-key Vacio's demise here.

Lance:

It's super early, but yeah. Can't do much if you can't see. Simple as that.

Laughing at Vacio's unfortunate miss, Pleasant doesn't miss with a running forward shotgun dropkick that sends Vacio flying into the corner turnbuckle. Still temporarily blinded and trying to gain his bearing, Vacio shakes his head and rubs his eyes. Pleasant, meanwhile, looks out at the crowd and throws his hands out to the side.

Arthur Pleasant:

PURE... WRESTLER!

“BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!”

DDK:

This is such an odd dynamic. Normally the Faithful wouldn't be booing anyone that opposes The Kabal's own Lost Cause.

Lance:

I feel you on that, Darren. I suppose in a case like this... you just gotta choose to get behind the lesser of two evils, you know? I don't necessarily know if Pleasant is more evil than Vacio and we could spend all day arguing that point, but you get what I'm saying.

After wasting some time antagonizing the crowd, Pleasant runs into the opposite turnbuckles, slamming himself into them. On the stiff rebound, Pleasant gains some steam and flips forward with reckless abandon, hoping to catch Vacio with a somersault axe kick. To no avail, Victor moves out of the way and The Provocateur slams awkwardly and dangerously into the turnbuckle, landing completely on his neck!

DDK:

Oh MAN. That was one hell of a bad landing for Arthur.

Lance:

You say that like it's a bad thing.

Shaking the rest of the blurriness away from his vision, an incensed Victor Vacio drags Pleasant out from the corner by his foot. Stomping onto his forehead for good measure, Vacio jumps up onto the second turnbuckle, pivots to the right so that his thighs land on the adjacent top rope, and NAILS Pleasant right in the upper body with all of his weight from an Asai Arabian Arabian Press!

Vacio immediately hooks the leg!

ONE!

TW- Arthur kicks out at one and Vacio is astonished at this as he argues with Navarro.

DDK:

Trademark resiliency there from Arthur Pleasant. How does he DO it?!?!

Lance:

I dunno, Keebs. After all these months I still cannot process how Arthur can reach down so deep within himself and manage to kick out from some of the most hard-hitting moves in wrestling. Blows my mind, every time.

Turning his attention back on Pleasant- who looks to be recovering from the impressive hard-hitting Asai Arabian Moonsault- Vacio drags him even further away from the corner so that he is smack dab in the center of the ring. Looking to repeat the same move, Vacio hops over the ropes and lands on the outside apron. Springboarding up, Vacio twists and lands with his thighs on the top rope again, but as Vacio comes down, Pleasant moves out of the way... but Vacio lands on his feet, which the crowd shows appreciation for due to his athletic prowess!

DDK:

Whoa. That was a great sequence there.

Lance:

Look! They're not done!

Pleasant is up and Vacio is waiting for him to turn around to face him. Just as Vacio rushes forward and measures him

up, Pleasant spins with amazing speed and nails a spinning sole kick to Victor's mid-section, doubling him over. Wasting no time, Pleasant places Vacio's head between his legs, and in one smooth motion, lifts him up and snaps him back down, spiking him with a snapping piledriver!

DDK:

Both of these guys are gonna have hurting necks after this one is all said and done!

Lance:

Between Arthur landing on his neck from that nasty corner whiff, and that snap piledriver? Yeah, I agree.

Making a lateral press and laughing at the audience watching him, Navarro is right there for the count...

ONE!

TWO!

THR- Vacio kicks out!

DDK:

Might've had him if he just hooked a leg. That piledriver was BRUTAL.

Lance:

Arthur hooking a leg? That'd be like Tillinghast actually giving Arthur Pleasant some stars.

Sitting Vacio up, Pleasant goes for a rear necklock, pressing the hard point of his knee into his opponent's spine. Vacio winces and shouts out in agony, but Pleasant does not keep this hold on him for long as he stands up and delivers a scintillating penalty kick to the Lost Cause's back. Running into the ropes, Pleasant returns and nails another penalty kick, this time hitting Vacio under his jaw!

DDK:

Right on the button!

Lance:

Wow, this could be it! I can't believe the ferocity of those kicks.

Again, Pleasant makes a lateral press, yelling at Navarro.

Arthur Pleasant:

Do what Carla can't and count you fucking dolt!!

Navarro furrows his brow, unhappy with Pleasant's demeaning words, but does his job and begins making the count anyway.

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR- NO! Victor kicks out and Pleasant looks a bit perturbed.

Pleasant immediately gets into Navarro's face, but Hector refuses to put up with his nonsense and threatens to disqualify him!

DDK:

Hector's not taking any chances with the Provocateur given his history.

Lance:

Yeah, he's lucky he wasn't fired for that Provocation on Carla at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. That was just disgusting.

Pleasant puts his hands up as if to say, "Okay, okay. You got it, Boss.". This distraction was all the time Vacio needed, however, as he is up at the top turnbuckle. Pleasant turns around just as Vacio dives forward in a twisting motion and NAILS Pleasant with a spinning missile dropkick!

DDK:

A different version of the twisting springboard dropkick we see Victor hit from time to time, but the effect looked the same!

Lance:

It sure did as Arthur got folded in half from it! Look, Vacio is hooking BOTH legs. DEEP!

ONE!!

DDK:

He's got him!!

TWO!!

Lance:

It's over!!

THR- Pleasant kicks out just in the nick of time!

DDK:

Oh MAN. Victor almost had him!

Lance:

I'm surprised that the Lost Cause managed to not only get more than a one-count, but nearly get the three!

Vacio slaps his hand on the mat out of frustration. Through the mask must be gritted teeth as the Lost Cause peels the Provocateur up off of the mat.

Victor Vacio:

¡Ya terminaste, gilipollas!

DDK:

What did he just say?!

Lance:

I'm not sure but it's not looking good for Arthur right now!

Vacio guides Arthur to his feet. Setting him up for a Northern Lights Suplex, Vacio lifts Arthur up and connects with it! Rolling back, Vacio pulls Pleasant up, grabs an arm, twists it into a short-arm position. Pulling Pleasant towards him, Vacio delivers a nasty pull-through forearm to the face. Pleasant is rocked back, and to cap off the combination of moves, Vacio jumps up and hits a standing enziguri! Pleasant goes down again and Vacio again hooks both legs!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR- Pleasant kicks out again and Vacio looks even angrier.

DDK:

What a series of offense from the Lost Cause! The Kabal has to be standing and biting their nails watching this.

Lance:

Victor has Pleasant teetering on defeat here! Can he put him away?!

Pulling Pleasant towards the ropes, Vacio makes the throat slashing motion at Pleasant and steps through the ropes to the outside.

DDK:

I think he's going for it, Lance. The Causa Perdida!

Just as he climbs to the top rope, Aaron King hops up onto the apron and distracts Hector Navarro. This allows Jack Harmen to climb up onto the ropes with Hector's back turned. Harmen climbs all the way up to the top, with his foot on the ring post for extra balance. Before Victor can do anything about Jack's presence, Harmen grabs Victor by his hair and drops down all the way to the outside, SLAMMING Victor's face right into the ring post!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!!

Lance:

He just wrecked The Lost Cause with a post assisted, two-handed facebuster!!

King hops back down from the ring apron after receiving an admonishing from Hector. Vacio spills back after Harmen's attack, falling from the top rope all the way to the ring.

DDK:

Vacio is OUT, Lance.

Lance:

The Scourge just pulled one over on the Kabal!

Pleasant gets to his feet, looking at Vacio's fallen frame. Laughing, Pleasant drags Vacio out to the center of the ring and begins lifting him up, nearly dead-lifting The Kabal's Hitman into a fireman's carry. Pushing up underneath Vacio's body, he lets Vacio fall down while Pleasant twists and connects with a devastating double-knee facebreaker!

DDK:

Calamity Pain!

Lance:

This one's over, thanks to the Scourge!

Pleasant makes a lateral press, looking straight into the camera... smiling.

Hector makes the count...

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

♪ "All Within My Hands" by Metallica ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match via pinfall... The Provocateur... ARTHUR... PLEASANT!

Harmen and King raise Arthur Pleasant's hands in victory as they stare at the unconscious Victor Vacio.

DDK:

Welp, that was a thing.

Lance:

Scourge, one, Kabal zero.

DDK:

Wonder how The Kabal will react to their Hitman losing a match to the Denizen of Decay?

Lance:

Stay with us, folks! Our main event is still to come!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



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DON'T LEAVE A WOUNDED ANIMAL

As we come back from commercial break we have Jamie Sawyers standing by on the interview stage.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time coming in live via satellite from his home in Texas, Scott Stevens.

The crowd roars with cheers as the Texan is shown on the screen, but Scott is not in a happy mood as his signature scowl is ever present along with a few cuts and bruises plastered on his face.

Scott Stevens:

Kerry Kuroyama.....

The Faithful boo at the mention of the name.

Scott Stevens:

For now on, you'll be known as Special K because you have to be the dumbest mother fucker to attack me!

Stevens shouts as the hate fills his eyes.

Scott Stevens:

You wanted my attention, Special K? All you had to do was ask, but you wanted to try and get yourself over at my expense.

Stevens shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

Very stupid on your part son.

Stevens says as he points towards the camera.

Scott Stevens:

You see, I'm glad I triggered you because that's what I do. People want to be the best and I am one of them. When I heard your ramblings earlier, I couldn't help but shake my head at the idiocy of your comments.

Stevens sighs as he takes a moment to compose himself.

Scott Stevens:

Let me inform you of something Special K. I haven't tarnished anything, in fact I am the one who saved this company when it had one foot in the grave and was on life support because all of the heavy hitters were gone and it needed star power. I am the one who carried this company back into the spotlight and because of me you are having washed up has-beens like Lindsay Troy and others return to try and have fifteen more minutes of fame.....

Stevens stops and a smirk forms over his face.

Scott Stevens:

And because of me, you're out of midcard obscurity and in a Main Event level program.....you're welcome.

The Faithful ooooooh at the comment.

Scott Stevens:

It's funny that you say that I should hang it up like the members of 24K, but you forget that they couldn't beat me in a fair fight. I know I'm the Texas bad ass, but even I can't overcome the odds when it's three and four against one, but I guess you just want to overlook that fact.

Stevens says with a shrug.

Scott Stevens:

Special K, I don't need to step the fuck up.....you do.

Stevens says as he points to the camera.

Scott Stevens:

You're the one who attacked me trying to make a name for himself. You're the one who told the world earlier that I tarnished the FIST and you weren't having it. You're the one that said you were going to do what I couldn't and beat Arthur Pleasant.

The Faithful boo at the mention of Arthur's name.

Scott Stevens:

When I thought you couldn't get any dumber you surprised me Special K. You have to beat Arthur Pleasant at Uncut 100 because if you don't you are just a bag of hot air which doesn't mean shit where I come from. You win, I'll give credit where credit is do, but if you lose you will hear it from me because when you attacked the greatest FIST of this era of DEFIANCE you've opened the flood gates of an ass kicking that is coming, and trust me, it won't be from behind either!

Stevens promises as the screen goes black.

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: REZIN Â© vs. HENRY KEYES

Fade in on a long shot of the ring at the center of the DEF Arena. Ring announcer Darren Quimbey is standing by with official Brian Slater.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is for the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Champion, and is our main event this evening!

WHIRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR~~

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

Red beacons FLOOD the arena as Henry Keyes emerges to a raucous ovation, steampunk goggles affixed to his forehead and sturdy leather brace affixed to his left arm. He pulls out a retractable spy glass and looks deep into the high-up rows, looking to acknowledge the Cheap Seat Faithful before collapsing it and haunch-marching to the ring.

Lance:

Has Henry Keyes ever main evented an episode of DEFtv, Keeps?

DDK:

Certainly not since his big return last year. There's no doubt that this is one of the biggest matches of The Airship Pirate's career!

Lance:

He looks pretty focused, considering his "unique" history with his opponent toni--

♪ "Apocalyptic Havoc" by Goatwhore ♪

To a mixed and loud ovation, REZIN bursts through the curtain, now decked out in his longcoat and tophat steampunk villain attire. The Favoured Saints Title hangs from his waist, once again worn upside-down. He lets out a villainous cackle as he points daringly at his mortal foe waiting in the ring.

DDK:

DEFIANCE's self-proclaimed Favoured Sinner has arrived for this main event contest, his first official title defense as the Favoured Saints Champion! Look at that get-up, Lance! He looks like he dropped down here from his steam-powered zeppelin, or something!

Lance:

Does he just wear this outfit anytime he's around Henry Keyes now?

DDK:

It would appear that way, Lance! Since their epic showdown months ago at DEFCON 2021, Rezin has seemingly embraced his identity as the steampunk "arch nemesis" to the Airship Pirate!

Reapers Magenta, Cyan, and Chartreuse, in their formal Reaper outfits, soon join the Favoured Saints Champion on the stage, and the group march down the rampway in unison with Rezin taking the lead, dramatically flourishing his arms around and hamming it up every way he can. They slide into the ring together and pop to their feet, forming a line and posing dramatically on one side of the ring while Keyes unflinchingly stands his ground on the other.

Both opponents stand across from each other in the ring. The capacity crowd around them is buzzing with anticipation. Darren Quimbey begins making the formal announcements.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger... hailing from San Francisco, California, and weighing in at TWO hundred FORTY-

NINE POUNDS... he is the AIRSHIP PIRATE... HEEEEENNNRRRRYYYYY KEEEEEEYYYYEEEESSS!!

Another raucous chorus of cheers erupts as Keyes claps heartily and pumps his arms up for the crowd. Hearing the ovation rise a little more, he climbs to the second rope turnbuckle and yells something that the cameras would probably censor if they could pick up the audio, pumping his arms even more wildly and really riling the crowd up.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent... REAP-resenting the Kabal, and hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana... he weighs in at two-hundred and five pounds... he is the reigning FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION of DEFIANCE... the ESCAPE ARTIST.... RRREEZZZZZZIIIIINNNNN!!!

To another loud and mixed reaction, Rezin raises the Favoured Saints Championship into the air, his crew of Reapers showing support with pats on his shoulders and back. Slater asks for the belt, but Rezin seems initially reluctant. He turns to his Reapers and delivers a message that the cameras pick up.

Rezin:

Execute order... SIXY-NINE.

Reaper Magenta:

...nice.

At once, the three Reapers exit the ring and walk back up the rampway. Rezin watches them depart with a sinister chuckle and turns his attention back to Henry Keyes. There's something foreboding in his grin that causes Henry to pop an eyebrow.

DDK:

Looks like Rezin is uncharacteristically doing the honorable thing here by dismissing the presence of the Kabal from this match and giving his opponent the benefit of not having to worry about their interference!

Lance:

Possibly, but... I don't trust that look on Rezin's face, all. He's got something up his sleeve tonight. I wouldn't expect anything less of him.

Before anything can be made of it, Rezin hands the belt over to Brian Slater, who holds it up in view of the audience and cameras to show everyone watching the prize at stake.

DDK:

These two have a connection to each other that can't be described in mere words! They know each other in and out! This match is going to be one hell of a contest!

Lance:

So long as they don't start shooting at each other with lightning guns!

DDK:

Slater gives the cue for the bell, and here we go!

DING DING

Keyes puts up his dukes, really to slug it out. Rezin bounces impatiently in place, head shaking furiously from side to side. The crowd is ROARING around them! Then all at once, they pounce on each other.

DDK:

And they go INTO THE LOCK-UP!! Keyes, manhandling Rezin around... Rezin, ferociously FIGHTING back! They crash into the ropes... off the corner... AGAIN off the ropes... down to the mat, AND UP AGAIN! Neither one of them is giving up an inch as they battle for dominance up and down the squared circle!

Lance:

Going in, I wondered how hard these two would go at it - the answer is VERY HARD INDEED!

DDK:

And now there they go THROUGH the ropes to the outside! This match is already going off the rails!

Both men are still tangled in the frenzy of the collar-and-elbow tie-up as the struggle back to their feet, and Rezin suddenly backs Keyes off him with a double Mongolian CHOP across the chest that knocks him back into the barricade.

DDK:

OOH! Henry goes into the rail... but he's BACK with a quick rally, and peppers the Goat Bastard's face with a combo of jabs! Now he's got him by the head... and FACE-FIRST goes Rezin into the steel post!

The crowd pops hard as Rezin rolls wildly off the impact. He desperately tries to crawl away, but Keyes stays on him, gets him to his feet, and hoists him not under but THROUGH the ropes with a military press to put the champ back on legal ground. The Airship Pirate rolls under the ropes to follow him in.

Lance:

Keyes looking to press the advantage early - BIG European Uppercut! And another! ANOTH-NO! Rezin ducks it! Off the ropes - hang on - WHAT?! He just PLANTED Keyes with a CRAZY Tornado DDT in the middle of the ring! Goes for the COVER...

One!

AAAND Keyes kicks out!

DDK:

Rezin did a great job figuring out a way to slip away from those strikes. He's NEVER winning a power contest against the much larger Keyes!

Keyes stumbles to the ropes, dazed by the slippery high-impact maneuver, and Rezin pounces with a series of mud-stomping kicks! Referee Brian Slater gives a count, and at a solid 4, Rezin steps away, hands up and winking, beckoning his frenemy to engage for a moment that was clearly much shorter than he thought he had - Keyes immediately EXPLODES off the ropes and spears Rezin! As the crowd roars, Keyes follows up with a series of clubbing forearms to the mush!

Lance:

OK - clear something up for me, Keeps.

DDK:

Tell me more, Lance.

Lance:

In HENRY KEYES'S OWN WORDS, these two men are bonded forever, linked for all times in this world...he's given THERAPY SESSIONS to Rezin as recently as UNCUT 99...

DDK:

Correct, and correct.

Lance:

Have you ever seen friends fight this high-energy out the gate?

DDK:

I've ONLY seen friends fight this high-energy out the gate.

Slater separates the two men and Rezin staggers to his feet into the corner, dazed by the series of shots he just took. Keyes charges in with a clubbing lariat that smashes him against the turnbuckles!

DDK:

Keyes continuing to look strong in the ring, grabs Rezin by the arm and Irish Whips - REVERSAL - A SECOND REVERSAL INTO ANOTHER UPPERCUT! Rezin splats on the mat, and Keyes for the cover!

ONE!

KICKOUT after another one count!

Keyes goes to pick Rezin up by the scalp, only for the slippery Escape Artist to duck through Keyes's legs and take him down with a double leg! STOMP to the guts, and another, and Rezin flies over for the jackknife pin!

DDK:

Now it's REZIN with the pin!

ONE!

TWO - NOOOOO!

Keyes kicks out with authority, sending Rezin comically sprawling ass over teakettle under the bottom rope to the outside. Keyes immediately follows him outside, which Rezin scouts. Rezin begins to take a lap around the outside of the ring, glancing back to make sure he's ahead of the slower Keyes and taunting him periodically.

Rezin:

I'm always ONE STEP AHEAD OF YOU, HENNNNNNNERY KEYES!!

Keyes frowns and speeds up, nearly catching Rezin before Rezin stops suddenly--

DDK:

DROP TOE HOLD INTO THE STEEL STEPS!

OOOOOOOOH!

Lance:

Keyes met that steel with a LOT of velocity there! The tides may have just turned!

DDK:

Do you think there's such a thing as steampunk dentistry?

Keyes is very clearly out of sorts, clutching at his teeth. Rezin POUNCES immediately, first with an Enzuigiri that hits FLUSH and drops Keyes to a knee! Rezin takes a step back and charges, steps up on the knee...

DDK:

SHINING WIZARD!! Keyes is out COLD on the outside of the ring!

Rezin's forward momentum propels him to the top of the ring steps. The Goat Bastard looks out to the crowd briefly, absorbing the BOOOOOOOOOOOOs raining down on him at this moment, before hopping twice and suddenly finding himself on the top rope. Then he FLIES~~~

DDK:

REZINSAULT FROM THE TOP TO THE FLOOR! MY GOD!!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

Keyes has been the clear fan favorite up to now, but you can't deny it - Rezin is IMPRESSIVE as all hell out here and he's - OH WOW HE'S NOT DONE!

Lance:

CABRO CLUTCH ON THE OUTSIDE! The match can't end in submission outside the ring, but he's trying to make Keyes quit anyway!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Referee Brian Slater begins his ten count. At the count of five, Rezin is satisfied he's done enough to end it and he scrambles back inside the ring. Keyes looks like he's impersonating a crime scene outline of a corpse with how splayed out his arms and legs are.

Brian Slater:

SIX!SEVEN!EIGHT!

Keyes shakes the cobwebs and finds his way to steady footing, rolling into the ring under the bottom rope just as Brian Slater reaches nine - REZIN POUNCES AGAIN, this time with flying knees to Keyes's grill! Rezin quickly snatches Keyes by the shoulder and hucks him out of the corner and goes for the cover!

DDK:

Cover attempt by Rezin! Could that be it?!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!!

The crowd gives their nervous but vociferous approval at Keyes's survival after that series of devastation. Keyes slowly makes his way to his feet, and during this time Rezin has found his way into the opposite corner, preparing to charge - AND HE DOES!

DDK:

Spinning Back Elbow from Keyes stops him in his tracks! Keyes wastes no time and goes for the front grapple, hooks the leg - FISHERMAN SUPLEX! Keyes bridges for the pin!

ONE!

TWO - AHHHHHHHH!

Immediately following Rezin's kickout, Keyes grasps Rezin's flailing limbs and skeletal structure into a weird and unorthodox backwards version of an Abdominal Stretch, for lack of a better phrase or description.

Lance:

I don't think this is how they teach it in wrestling school.

DDK:

I think I have the perfect pirate-related analogy for this and I am so mad that I have it, Lance.

Lance:

Tell me more.

DDK:

....Any hold in a storm.

Lance:

.....

Brian Slater checks on Rezin and asks if he wants to submit - to which Rezin responds with a GLOB OF BLACK GOO TO BRIAN SLATER'S FACE!

UGGHHHHHHHGRAHHHHHHHHHHH

Keyes is grossed out by this shit as well, and releases his modified submission maneuver in an attempt to get some space from the tarred-up ref.

Rezin:

You may have earned my BELT, Henerrrryyyyy KEYES! But I will ALWAYS have punk rock tricks up MY sleeve!

Slater is as blind as any referee that has ever been blinded. Keyes finds himself regaining his breath in a ring corner, only for Rezin to charge hard with a knee that is clearly dick-bound! But KEYES MOVES! Rezin BURIES his knee into the corner and rolls away in pure despair, clutching at it as if it were truly split in twain. Keyes moves in, staring at the knee and envisioning the encyclopedia of lower body submission maneuvers that could be applied, when-

DDK:

DICK KICK CITY!

Lance:

Now that's just not RIGHT!

The point of Rezin's boot just fucking lingers on Keyes's groin forever and a half. Historians who are watching DefTV157 in the year 2026 - Rezin's toe is STILL buried in Keyes's scrote. Keyes's expression is that of Derek Zoolander when he learned he could not, in fact, pull his own underwear out of his ass. Pain, sadness - eventual understanding. And Keyes falls in a heap. Rezin goes for a cover, but unfortunately...

Lance:

Referee Brian Slater is still receiving treatment from Rezin's goo attack! He can't call for the pin!

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

The Faithful, unaware that they fall into the classic blunder of counting faster as a crowd than regulation DEFIANCE referees, begin to get rowdy at the idea that Rezin had the match won. Slater finally seems clear enough to see the significance in the middle of the ring, and he begins his count!

ONE-AHHHHHH!

Keyes fires right the fuck up and he is clearly pissed at the attention paid to his nether bits by his dear friend. He charges HARD at his frenemy, spinning like a whirligig-

DDK:

SPINNING BACK ELBOW!

Keyes doesn't stop there, throwing strike after strike into Rezin's face and chest, before hurling him into the ropes - as Rezin returns, Keyes hits a classic TILT-A-WHIRL BACKBREAKER!

Lance:

Keyes looking to get momentum back on his side!

DDK:

Keyes is like a house of - OH GOD! Rezin just hit the Cloven Hoof Kick out of NOWHERE!!

Lance:

We know that the champ is crafty as all get-out... he's the Escape Artist, after all! You can't stop him!

Keyes stumbles back for a second. Rezin takes this opportunity to charge, only for Keyes to stop playing possum and hoist Rezin up on his shoulders in a Fireman's Carry! Keyes looks out into the crowd with his prey firmly in his grasp, nods for a moment, and begins to rotate in place -

Lance:

Oh man, Keeps - this is new from the Airship Pirate! He's ruining Rezin's vertigo with an Airplane Spin!

Keyes removes his hands from Rezin's body and puts them at his own hips - continuing to spin, continuing to have the Escape Artist in a crazy vertigo-ruining rotation on his shoulders.

DDK:

I think you mean an AIRSHIP SPIN, Lance!!

Keyes freeballs Rezin in this maneuver for 4 or 5 more rotations before he chooses to splat Rezin on the mat. Rezin's center of balance is completely toast - Keyes's is only partially toast, and after a few moments, he springs forward and STRIKES-

SMMMMMMACK!!!!!!

Lance:

BELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL CLAP!! AND THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match... and NEW FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION of DEFIANCE WRESTLING... **HHHEEEENNNRRRRYYYY KEEEEYYEEEESSS!!!!**

The Faithful pop to their feet with a DEAFENING ROAR as the new champion's name is announced! Keyes rolls off of the chest of Rezin, and both men lie on the mat for a moment catching their breath as Henry's music plays. Finally, the Airship Pirate sits up, eyes full of surprise and excitement as it all begins to sink in.

DDK:

What an absolute BATTLE these two put on! It could have easily gone either way, but in the end, Henry Keyes once again ekes out a victory over the Escape Artist Rezin, achieving his FIRST championship win here in DEFIANCE!

Lance:

What an amazing way to cap off the evening!

From the back, Henry Keyes' troupe of plague doctors appear and jog down to the ring, joining the Airship Pirate in the ring for a joyous victory celebration. Meanwhile, the defeated Rezin rolls under the ropes to the outside, his eyes wide and full of disbelief. As if in a trance, he walks over to the timekeeper before he can hand the Favoured Saints Championship over to Slater...

DDK:

Where is Rezin going?!

Lance:

He already gave up his studded belt to Keyes at DEFCON 2021... perhaps he's plotting to take this belt and run?

Instead, Rezin rolls back into the ring with the belt. He locks eyes with Keyes as he gets back to his feet, looking disappointed and heartbroken, but also nodding to his frenemy with due respect. Then he drops to a knee, presenting the title to the new champion, and the crowd loses its collective shit.

DDK:

What a sign of respect and sportsmanship, from the Goat Bastard of all people!

Lance:

Henry Keyes is one of the few men in this sport that has apparently earned his honor and respect. Even someone as nefarious as Rezin can't help but tip the hat to him.

Rezin's head is down and his face is hidden as he humbly holds up the championship belt. Henry looks legitimately touched by the gesture, and takes the Favoured Saints Championship into his hands with a profound level of sincerity.

DDK:

What a moment for Henry Keyes! No doubt, this is the greatest moment of the Airship Pirate's career to this point! He went through hell and back against the Favoured Sinner of DEFIANCE, and earned every bit of this victory!

He looks down at the face of the belt for several long moments as Rezin continues to kneel, head down. Tears are welling up in the eyes of the Airship Pirate, as he sees the fruits of his labors. Then he holds the belt up for the entire crowd to see, and the fans pop wildly!

Then the tiniest of plague doctors, who was apparently late to the celebration, hurries over to the new champion and gets his attention. Henry stoops over to put himself at ear-level as the plague doctor whispers news into his ear. Suddenly, Keyes' eyes go wide with horror.

DDK:

What's going on, Lance?

Lance:

I'm not sure, but all of a sudden, Henry Keyes looks to be in no mood to celebrate!

Looking anxious and worried, Keyes signals to the plague doctors to follow him out of the ring, and full-on *runs* back up the ramp to backstage. His music abruptly cuts out...

DDK:

Something is not right here...

...in the ring, Rezin finally looks up. There's a sinister smile etched upon his bearded face.

DDK:

I don't like that smile on the face of "The Escape Artist"! He definitely knows something is up!

Lance:

But what could it be? Does this have anything to do with that "Order 69" he gave to his Reapers before the match began?

DDK:

I'm sure we'll have the answers sooner than we think... but until that time comes, this was a monumental finish to another great installment of DEFtv! Ladies and gentlemen, for Lance Warner here with me, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler, and we'll see you next week at the HUNDREDTH episode of Uncut! It's sure to be a massive event, so don't miss out! Until then, have a good night, Faithful!

On a lasting shot of Rezin shakily rising to his feet and cackling madly, we fade to black.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.