

SHOW OPEN

[*~♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ~♪*](#)

New theme, new pyro.

BOOM.



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!

WHY BURNS WHY

YOU SUCK, GC

ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS NO MORE CAYLE MURRAY

RAGE ROOMS? FUCK OUTTA HERE

PUSH CARLA FERRARI

HONESTLY, HENRY KEYES IS SO SEXY

PRETTY SURE TOM MORROW TOOK THE EGG

MAIN EVENT CONOR

ROUND OF DRINKS FOR EVERYONE

HAPPY HOUR IS EVERY HOUR WITH CASSIDY AND NEWBLUDD

CYRUS FEARS MUSHI

REFORM NO MORE

TITANESS VS JACK MACE: BIG BEEFY PEEPS SMACKING BEEF

SO GOOD, IT BURNS

I PAID TO SEE A FIVE STAR BEATDOWN

CYRUS, GO SEARCH FOR MALAK'S MANHOOD

LESS SERUMS, MORE WRESTLING

ADV BURNS... WHEN HE PEES

KEYES, FEED ADV TO HELEN

SQUID BOY? MORE LIKE QUIT, BOY! AMIRITE?



GAME OVER, BURNS!

BOOURNS

DDK:

Welcome to DEFtv 162! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me at this time, I have Lance Warner. And we're getting right to this - Oscar Burns has a lot to answer for. Momentarily, we're going to have "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns to address his actions two weeks ago on DEFtv 161.

Lance:

Just after he lost to Conor Fuse in a big upset, he shook the hand of Conor and walked away... but before Fuse had the chance to celebrate with the masses, Burns flat-out assaulted him after the match.

DDK:

An exploder suplex on the floor, his signature octopus stretch locked in for a considerable amount of time. He capped this all off by breaking the finger of one of our members of DEFSec that tried to drag him out of here during the assault. From what we have been told, Oscar Burns was issued a VERY hefty fine of \$50,000, and will have to make a public apology for those actions.

Lance:

We've been told the reason this fine is so high has to do with it being his second offense for attacking a member of our staff. He shoved Jamie Sawyers down in the hallway a few weeks ago after he lost to Gage Blackwood, and now this... I'm at a complete loss for words as to why he would even do this.

The Faithful wait for a moment... then... Rapid-fire footage on the DEFIATron.

Burns winning his first FIST of DEFIANCE from Cayle Murray.

Burns winning the WrestleUTA World Championship from Crimson Lord.

Burns winning his second FIST of DEFIANCE from Kendrix.

Some of his biggest victories. Over Scott Stevens, Mikey Unlikely, Kendrix, among others. Adulation and applause from roaring crowds.

But now?

No longer.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

♪ "Invincible" by Escape The Fate feat. Lindsey Stirling ♪

Gone is the "Hi. I Like Graps" of old or even the more recent "We all like graps!"

Now one shirt with a simple message: "DEFIANCE."

He looks out to the crowd and other than the shirt, nothing has changed about Burns as he walks to the ring with an assured smile. Not an arrogant one... but one that seems to suggest he neither understands the gravity of the situation he's put himself in, or he does and just doesn't care. He walks into the ring and then puts up a finger to the fans like old, but instead of the rabid cheers of old, he's met with met with...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

LISTEN TO THIS! I CAN'T BELIEVE I'D LIVE TO SEE THIS DAY THAT WE'RE YELLING OVER THE FANS BECAUSE THEY ARE BOOING OSCAR BURNS!

Lance:
UNREAL!

As the music stops, Burns has a microphone out and before he can even get a word in...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Kiwi walks a slow, steady pace around the ring in a circle, showing calm and no remorse for his recent decision-making. He paces around once again, almost like he's letting the fans get it out of their system. When he finds an opening in the noise, Burns tries to cut in.

Oscar Burns:
GCs...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Erupting yet again, the jeers get so loud, they almost rattle the former two-time FIST. He wants to find a way to cut through the noise, but he seems intent on waiting out the people instead as they voice their displeasure for the man who up until two weeks ago still had some crowd support.

DDK:
Fans have been more critical of Burns lately when he fought against Gage Blackwood for the FIST, but there was absolutely no excuse for what happened to Conor Fuse. There's not a single person supporting what he did.

Lance:
Not a single one, Darren.

Oscar tries once more to cut through the tension.

Oscar Burns:
Okay, hear me out...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

He looks a little hurt from the reaction, but he finally has enough.

Oscar Burns:
If you would just listen to reason and stop booing...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The massive barrage of jeers fires up again. He's forced to try and wait it out once again as he stands impatiently against the ropes.

DDK:
Whatever he's trying to say, they don't want to hear it tonight apparently.

When it finally dies down after another few rabid moments, Burns finally cuts in with something unusual...

Oscar Burns:
Mikey Unlikely... 499 days...

Now after an odd statement, the crowd seems to allow him to speak, but there are still those making noise.

Oscar Burns:

Eugene Dewey... 720 days...

DDK:

What... what is he getting at?

Burns now ready to have The Faithful to where he can comfortably speak.

Oscar Burns:

Those are the two longest reigns of the FIST of DEFIANCE... but the REAL number I'm talking about right now, GCs, is the most important one to affect this company. It has been over one-thousand, six-hundred days; the number of days I have served this company for the greater good. I debuted in this company on June 27th, 2017. In all that time, you've had countless arseholes try and spin you a line of yarn from their bullshit wheels that they represented this company and its best interests. Scott Stevens. Mikey Unlikely. Kendrix. Cayle Murray. Bronson Box. Gage Blackwood right now.

He looks out to the crowd.

Oscar Burns:

But how many of them meant it? And I mean, REALLY meant it? At times, those people were either cheered or booed, but we're supposed to forget Mikey Unlikely led an invasion to put DEFIANCE out of business. We have to forget that Gage Blackwood wasn't a bitter, acidic shitbag that made everyone worse around him and is just one bad day away from going back to the man he was. Cayle Murray USED to do what I do now and represent the company proudly, but after I beat him and kicked him off the top of the mountain, he got bitter and bitchy. Now, he's trying to hold up the show, pissing and moaning cause he doesn't like his contract and the place that's paying him is expecting him to work in exchange FOR that bloody money? Who the hell knows where Box even is this week!

The disappointment in his voice is high.

Oscar Burns:

My point is this... unlike any of these supposed luminaries of DEFIANCE, I have never once lied to you. I have never turned my back on you. Other than a three-month layoff caused by Scott Stevens going after my neck, I've never taken a break and never deserted you. I've never dabbled in another promotion because THIS --- DEFIANCE --- is my promotion. I have gone from playing "the good soldier" to being world champion in the span of a year and since that time, I have proudly represented this company and done everything I could to defend it against any arsehole that thinks they're above it or wish to use it for their personal gain.

He continues.

Oscar Burns:

Conor Fuse...

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

Burns takes a moment to let the Faithful get it all out before he moves on.

Oscar Burns:

I'm man enough to admit that two weeks, you were the better man. I don't have excuses because I'm not that kind of person. You won.... But that loss was a wake-up call for me and my career. I'm the guy everyone wants to be and that has never changed. Conor was the first man out to take me up on my challenge because he knew who I am and what I do for careers. I was the one who voiced interest to challenge Gage after he and I survived 24K, but HE challenged ME to make his title reign mean something. That's been the story of my career. Mikey and his 499 days? That was because of me. Lindsay Troy coming back and giving you a reminder of what she can do in this ring? That was because of the incredible series we had. Alvaro de Vargas and Tom Morrow trying to get me to join BFTA against my will? They all wanted something from me but it wasn't until two weeks ago that I realized who I truly am...

He gestures to the simple DEFIANCE logo on his shirt.

Oscar Burns:

That loss showed me that I'm not DEFIANCE's backbone. I'm not its heart, I'm not its soul and I'm not even its lifeblood... I'm greater than any of those things. Based on my history, based on my success, based on everything I have been through for almost five years, everything has led me to this moment... I have become synonymous with this organization. This place may have been built by others, but no one has looked after it better than I...

Burns pauses to let his possibly delusional statement sink in as the jeering gets louder, if that's even possible.

Oscar Burns:

I am DEFIANCE and DEFIANCE is Oscar Burns.

DDK:

What... he can't be serious?

The jeers get louder but Burns moves through it.

Oscar Burns:

There's no more "Twists and Turns" and all these wacky nicknames I used to have because DEFIANCE IS who I am now. I have a responsibility to uphold as the best damn representative of this company. The first thing I'm doing as part of that responsibility is offering my sincere apologies to the DEFSec member I injured... I'm sorry I did what I did in the heat of the moment. You didn't deserve anything that happened to you so, when Favoured Saints fined me, I paid up a \$50,000 fine without batting an eye. It was fair and I deserved that.... But I don't offer any apologies to *you*, Conor...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar Burns:

Remember when you played dumb for weeks so you and The Game Boy could assault Pat Cassidy and Trashcan Tim? Remember all the atrocities you and Tyler Fuse committed? All the atrocities Tyler Fuse STILL commits to this day with the Kabal? Or when you portrayed yourself as a locker room leader who just wanted to keep other wrestlers under your thumb? I sure do, GC. You think you can fool all these people by claiming you changed... but who are the Oscar Burns Faithful going to believe? A wide-eyed manchild who only claims to see the error of his ways but can backslide at any time... or the **adult** in front of you who has never lied, never cheated, and never steered you wrong?

Burns looks forward.

Oscar Burns:

Conor Fuse, you're home tonight because of what I did to you. I want you to take this time to really think about your place in my promotion going forward, GC. You are a great wrestler and you may have potential for greater things, but you can't represent DEFIANCE like me; no one can. I believe in second chances so as DEFIANCE's official representative, I will bestow that second chance to you right now; you stay out of my way and stay on the straight and narrow if you continue to be in my promotion. If you don't...

He finally sits right and leans forward.

Oscar Burns:

There won't be a third.

Burns gives the microphone to Darren Quimbey and gives him a "thank you" before leaving the ring and heading to the back amidst a vast sea of jeers.

DDK:

I... this isn't Oscar Burns. I don't know if anyone can believe what they just heard.

Lance:

He's just become so sanctimonious... look, I can respect all he's done, but referring to himself as DEFIANCE. This promotion is built on everyone in that locker room, not just him.

Burns looks out to the fans one more time, looking a bit disappointed by the jeering, but a man who feels like he knows what needs to be done.

FIRST MATCH JITTERS

Let's set the scene

DEFTV 162! Early part of the show. No matches have happened yet. Backstage, Christie Zane is wearing a fire-red slim fitting dress that accentuates the things that are really important to the viewer... her mind! Get your head out of the gutters! With a microphone in her hand, she paces back and forth, wondering what might be coming to her next.

THEN!

Footsteps are heard before the visual is seen of the man who made his return to DEFIANCE on DEFTV 161, a man that Christie Zane is familiar with (in a professional sense, keep it together everyone), a man that immediately gets a pop out of the audience as he appears in a pair of blue jeans, a white t-shirt, and a black leather jacket. Needless to say, ladies and gents, that David Noble has arrived.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Christie Zane, not realizing someone is approaching her, hears the insane reaction from the fans, turns around, recognizes that it is David Noble in her view, and immediately drops the mic. Not in the 'Oh shit, that was a sick burn way' that Lindsay Troy has seemingly mastered, no, in the 'Oh shit, gotta do my job now way' that Christie... hasn't quite mastered yet. No worries!

Christie Zane:

David Noble! You have a moment?

David looks at Christie, looks her over for one moment, before he sticks his hands in his pockets.

David Noble:

You look familiar.

Christie Zane:

I would hope so, we've worked together before. I've interviewed you.

David takes another long look at Christie.

David Noble:

Well damn, sign me up for whatever face moisturizer you're using because you haven't aged a day since I last saw you.

MIND! OUT! OF! THE! GUTTERS! Focus people. Christie blushes at the compliment.

Christie Zane:

Why thank you. You see, there is this company that I discovered a few years ago that utilizes vegan and organic ingredients in their product to—

Noble holds up his hand.

David Noble:

Christie, Christie! Later, not now. Right now, I think, you want to ask me some questions prior to my return match against Rezin that is taking place next?

Christie Zane:

Oh yes! Your big return! How are you feeling about everything, moments before your big match?

David Noble:

Well Christie, you see, I've got these jitters in my stomach. Butterflies some people might call them. Bullshit my father

would call them, but that's neither here nor there. You see, I'm back in DEFIANCE and while it felt good last week coming out and hearing the fans approve of my return, that's not what I'm paid to do. I'm not paid to look cute, say a few words, and get a reaction out of everyone. Frankly speaking, that's more your job than it is mine.

Christie Zane:

Why, thank you!

David Noble:

The reality is, Christie, that I've been visualizing this moment for quite some time. I've pictured returning to the ring and for some reason, that time is now. I can't explain it to you, I can't describe it to you. I just knew that when someone in the back office called me and asked me to return that this was the right time. I've thought about it over the years and the anticipation was always right there, but the time is right... now. I know many things have changed since I was last here. Hell, I look around and I don't see Frank Holiday, I don't see Bronson Box, I don't see Dan Ryan, I don't see Eugene Dewey. There are only a handful of people here that know me, like Henry Keyes, though I'm pretty positive he asked me if I wanted to go on an adventure to rescue someone earlier today, not sure what that was all about.

Christie Zane:

You're right, the landscape has changed here significantly in the past six years.

David Noble:

Exactly! And I bet you want to ask me if that puts me at an advantage or a disadvantage, Christie. And the reality is, there is no telling one way or another right now. I've got six years of rust on me. I've got boys in the back that I've never heard of and while the fans may have heard of me, these boys don't know me. It's like starting from square one and it's a bit unnerving to be honest with you, but that doesn't stop my goal, my drive, my vision every single day.

Christie Zane:

Oh that's great to hear!

David Noble:

And I bet Christie, you want to know what that is, right?

Christie nods.

David Noble:

It's simple. It's a philosophy that I've had all of my life. Hit harder than the rest and never stop moving. I don't care who is in the backstage area. I don't care if you're Oscar Burns or Elise Ares or Gage Blackwood, because the reality is that when we step in the ring, when that bell rings, it ultimately comes down to how much punishment can you dish out and how much can you take back before it doesn't mean a *fucking* thing. I know what I can dish out, I know what I can take back, and at the end of the day, there are few here who can measure up pound for pound. That doesn't mean I'm going to always win. Simply doesn't happen. Every person on this roster is beatable and no one has an unblemished record. The true measure though is who shows up when it matters the most and I know my record when it comes to that. Some people here, they need to be made aware that when it's all one the line, that there are few who can compete at my level.

Christie Zane:

Oh, that's great to hear!

David Noble:

Isn't it? So tonight, I have my first match back. Against Rezin. Had been on top of the world as the Favoured Saints champion, right? Then lost it, got kicked out of the Kabal, and now... just doesn't know who he is? Lost to Mason Luck last week? I'm stepping into a ring with someone who is lost, who is uncertain, who is willing to do anything it takes to get back on the right path. That kind of person, they're dangerous. They're lethal in the ring because they have nothing to lose. They will give it all they have and I'm looking forward to that tonight from Rezin. Because, tonight, Rezin, I'm not your redemption story, I'm not your chance to find your way back. I'm the guy in that ring that is going to leave you beaten, bruised, and battered. You want to find your way back? Find someone else to do that.

Christie Zane:

Oh my...

David Noble:

Tonight starts my journey and it will be filled with plenty of highs and lows, but through it all, I will continue to move forward and take out as many people who get in my way. Tonight is Rezin, who will it be next week? Only time will tell us.

Christie Zane:

Time? I've got my watch on right here, give me a moment.

David Noble:

You know, Christie, I think it's time I get out to that ring. Someone is about ready to play my song.

Christie Zane:

Oh, can I share with you my Spotify playlist?! The new Adele album is really good!

Except, Noble has walked away with the walk of a man with purpose, ready to make his return to DEFIANCE official.

REZIN vs. DAVID NOBLE

DDK:

And we've got our first match of the night coming up!

Lance:

We just saw David Noble backstage and he is feeling some jitters prior to his first match back in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

You talk to anyone in that locker room and most will cop to some anxiety before being in the ring. When you step into the Wrestle*Plex, it is bound to happen.

Lance:

And Noble getting his first match against Rezin should be interesting considering that Rezin isn't quite sure of his spot right now. He's lost the FS title, he's lost the Kabal, he has lost himself.

DDK:

Will he maybe find his identity here tonight?

Lance:

This could be a chance for Rezin to get that identity back tonight against a returning David Noble. He's gotta find his spots and take them quickly.

♪ "Shut Up and Drive" by Ecstatic Vision ♪

Lights of all colors of the rainbow wash over every corner of the arena as psychedelic rock music flows through the PA. On the DEFIATron appears a trippy liquid lightshow. Through a wall of smoke, the new "Psych Rock" version of REZIN comes grooving out from behind the curtain, clad in a tie-dyed robe and third-eye sunglasses. The Escape Artist immediately scans the capacity crowd with a dumbstruck look of ecstasy.

Rezin:

WHOOOOOAAAAHH...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following match is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... he is the ESCAPE ARTIST...

RRREEEEEZZZZIIIIINNNNN!!!

Rezin swaggers down the ramp to the ring, juking to his music and holding out his arms like a human airplane soaring beyond the far reaches of the cosmos. The Faithful can't help but cheer him along.

DDK:

We're about to get into the first match of this evening, and... did someone spike my coffee, Lance, or is that Rezin coming to the ring?

Lance:

No, you're not tripping on anything; that's him, although he seems to have kicked the dark and depressing "Doom Metal" look for this new, groovier "Psych Rock" attitude.

DDK:

It's... kinda strange seeing him this way, without all that dark, crusty grit he's known for. But at least the fans seem to be warming up to him in this post-Kabal identity crisis he's going through.

♪ "Heaven and Hell" by Kanye West ♪

Then, the lights go out, and the crowd starts to buzz. The DEF-TRON lights up. The opening of 'Heaven and Hell' by

20th Century Steel Band rips through the WrestlePlex, just mixed a bit differently.

*Children growing, women producing
Men go work and some go stealing
Everyone's got to make a living*

Then the beat from *Heaven and Hell* by Kanye West takes over as the DEF*TRON starts to produce a bit of static before showing an outline of a name drawn across the width of it. It simply says:

**DAVID
NOBLE**

At the mere sight of his name, the WrestlePlex erupts.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH

Darren Quimbey:
And his opponent!

As *Heaven and Hell* continues to play through the WrestlePlex, a figure emerges, being lifted through the stage and to the center of the stage.

At the sight of Noble, the WrestlePlex comes unhinged.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH

David stands there, his eyes peering out at the crowd around him as he can feel the energy from every single fan in the WrestlePlex, excited at the sight of the former Southern Heritage Champion.

♪*No more promos, no more photos*♪
♪*No more logos, no more chokeholds*♪
♪*We on Bezos, we get payrolls*♪
♪*Trips to Lagos, connect like LEGOs*♪

Behind Noble, who is standing there as the lights come a little bit, a video plays of his greatest hits. His match with Frank Holiday, his fight with Mushigihara, his battles with Dan Ryan. Even though he's been gone for six years, it all feels like yesterday for everyone in the WrestlePlex.

♪*Make this final, make this, my eyes closed*♪
♪*Burn false idols, Jesus' disciples*♪
♪*I can feel your pain now, I done bled my vein out*♪
♪*New level the game now, simulation changed*♪

David begins to make his way down the ramp, his dark brown hair flowing past his shoulders as he wears a white t-shirt with a black leather jacket over it and a pair of blue jeans. There's an intensity to David as he walks down the ramp, each step measured and steady as his eyes stare straight ahead.

♪*No more problems, no more argue*♪
♪*No more askin', "Who really are you?"*♪
♪*I know the real you, you know we feel you*♪
♪*You know He hears you, you know we with you*♪

Noble reaches the end of the ramp and stands there for a brief second, the fans yelling and chanting his name before he turns to the left and makes his way to the steel steps, slowly climbing them as the music continues to roar through the WrestlePlex.

♪Straight from Beirut, Chicago, Beirut♪
 ♪You pray? We pray too♪
 ♪You pray? We pray too♪
 ♪Never too late for Him to save you♪

Noble then stops at the top ring step.

♪This your movie, 'cause no one can play you♪
 ♪Devil, lay down, Devil, lay down♪

David raises his arms as the words echo throughout the arena, moving his fingers like he wants more from the fans, which only intensifies the cheering from the crowd.

♪This that level, make devils pay now♪

As the words explode through the speakers, Noble slams his hands together, causing an eruption of fireworks around the arena and the lights to fully come on.

BOOM!

David then steps onto the ring apron and into the ring itself, immediately taking off his jacket and white shirt before throwing them over the ropes and walks around the ring.

♪Hold up, no peace, hold up, police♪
 ♪Don't call police, just stay focused (is on Earth)♪
 ♪Pray for new life, pray for new breath♪
 ♪Hey, Lord, make sure it's safe for who's left (Heaven and Hell)♪

He moves around the ring, looking out at the fans, slamming his right fist against his chest as he yells back at the fans, the adrenaline coursing through his veins.

♪Know you can't find a place to rest♪
 ♪Know the Lord my bulletproof vest (is on Earth)♪
 ♪When we survive, know that we blessed♪
 ♪Save my people though the music♪

Then the music dies down as David Noble stands in the center of the ring.

NO-BLE!

NO-BLE

NO-BLE

Darren Quimbey:

Standing at 6 feet and 2 inches tall and weighing in at 265lbs, he is... DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAVID!
 NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOBBLE!

DDK:

Looking at Noble right now, you definitely don't see any trepidation on his face.

Lance:

None at all. There is something about the roar of the fans that gives you life, that gets your adrenaline pumping that any fears you have are quickly washed away.

DDK:

Even then, Noble will need to come ready for Rezin, who is not himself in the least bit.

Lance:

Rezin though will need to be sharp if he wants to pick up the victory here tonight.

As Quimbey exits the ring, Hector Navarro signals for the bell to ring.

DING DING

DDK:

And here we go...

Lance:

It will be interesting to see what Rezin does here to get control in the early parts of this match.

Noble and Rezin circle one another around the ring. Rezin moves towards Noble and Noble immediately takes Rezin down with a double-leg takedown, mounts Rezin, and begins throwing elbow strikes at Rezin, causing Rezin to have to cover up immediately. Rezin immediately rolls away from Noble after four or five brutal shots. Rezin scrambles to his feet only to be met with a series of knee strikes to the abdomen that forces Rezin into the corner. Noble then tees off on Rezin with punishing punches to the torso before whipping him to the opposite corner.

CRACK!

Lance:

And Noble has come out firing here, employing a variety of strikes and knees to take Rezin off guard here.

DDK:

Noble, physically, doesn't look the same as he did during his last run here and I think that matches with his ring style. He looks to be less interested in jumping off the top rope and instead more focused on bludgeoning someone with well placed strikes.

Lance:

Rezin is going to need to figure out something fast though because he can't take too much more punishment like that.

Noble runs after Rezin only for Rezin to connect with a back elbow. With Noble stunned, Rezin bounces off the ropes and connects with an enziguri. Noble falls to one knee and Rezin takes the opportunity to go for a victory roll, but only gets a one-count on Noble who immediately kicks out. Rezin gets back up to his feet only for Noble to catch him and connect with a belly-to-belly suplex. Noble follows through on the suplex and effortlessly moves to a mounted position where he reigns down elbows across the face of Rezin.

DDK:

Rezin managing to get some offense in with a well-placed enziguri.

Lance:

That didn't last too long though as after the pinfall attempt from Rezin, Noble managed to get back on the roll.

DDK:

How much of this is that Noble is just that physically imposing compared to Rezin simply not being in the right mindset for this match?

Lance:

Hard to put numbers on that, but Rezin is definitely not the wrestler he was simply weeks ago.

Noble pulls Rezin off the mat, pushes him into the ropes, connects with a stiff knee to the midsection before whipping Rezin across the ring and nails him with a spinning elbow that sends Rezin crashing to the mat. Noble quickly pulls Rezin back up to his feet, nails him with an uppercut, and follows that up with a forearm smash before connecting with a bridging Northern Lights Suplex which Rezin kicks out of at 2. Noble rolls over to the top of Rezin and pelts him with

punches before getting back up and then dropping down with a sickening forearm smash across the face of Rezin.

Lance:

There is no break for Noble. Move after move, even after the pinfall, he went right back into action. There's no pausing or letting disappointment wash over him.

DDK:

Quickly moving forward, working your plan out, that is going to pay dividends for Noble if he can continue to go down that path. Having a short memory could play wonders.

Rezin slowly makes his way up to his feet, turns towards Noble, and is immediately met with a running spear that sends the air out of Rezin as Noble lands on top of him. Rezin clutches his ribs as Noble bounces back up, whips Rezin into the ropes while Noble bounces off the opposite set of ropes and connects with a running leg clothesline. Rezin rolls over to his knees as Noble makes his way up to his feet, yanks Rezin up to his feet, and nails him with a release German Suplex that crumples Rezin like an accordion. Noble stalks his opponent before Rezin makes his way back up to his feet and Noble smashes his forearm across the face of Rezin before pushing him into the corner and pelting him with successive knees to the torso until Rezin slumps in the corner.

DDK:

Just brutal offense there from Noble who is seemingly in full control here. Rezin doesn't have much of an answer for Noble at this juncture of the match.

Lance:

The reality is, there might not be any other juncture in this match with the way that Noble is looking right now.

Noble moves to the opposite corner and runs full speed at Rezin, connecting with both knees to the face of Rezin. Rezin slumps over from the shot while Noble drags him to the center of the ring.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance:

A NOBLE ENDING!

DDK:

Noble just planted those knees into the face of Rezin at full speed there! Even if you manage to come out of that without a broken jaw or broken orbital bones, you still are going to be severely dazed or even knocked out from such a move.

Lance:

This might be it.

DDK:

I would definitely so.

Noble goes for the pin and Navarro begins his count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Navarro then signals for the bell to ring.

DING DING DING

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Darren Quimbey:

You winner... **DAVID! NOBLE!**

Noble sits up as the fans cheer him on and he looks over at Rezin, who simply rolls out of the ring, in a world of pain. David makes his way up to his feet as Navarro raises his arm in victory.

DDK:

What an impressive return for Noble!

Lance:

He had a strategy coming into tonight's match and he executed upon it. Rezin couldn't mount any kind of comeback in the least bit.

DDK:

This is only going to set Rezin further back and you have to wonder how he recovers from the blows he keeps taking, week in and week out.

Lance:

It's going to be tough for Rezin. Meanwhile, for Noble, this is just one match. He has a lot of work to do to study the rest of the roster and understand how best to attack.

DDK:

Exactly. Not every week will be like this, that's for sure.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE AWARDS



OBSESSION

EARLIER TODAY

It has been a while, but the camera pans to the parking lot earlier today where the GREATHOUND of The Better Future Talent Agency has made its triumphant return. Some may be asking why they have a large luxury bus of their own when DEFIANCE Wrestling does not tour, but... whatever, it's money. Be quiet.

One by one, the member of Better Future Talent Agency come out of the bus after Tom Morrow steps out first. The mastermind of BFTA walks out and yells back to the inside of the bus.

Tom Morrow:

It's already feeling like a brighter tomorrow, guys, isn't it? You've got your matches or your tasks. You all know what to do.

He looks to Jestal, being the first one off the bus behind him.

Tom Morrow:

There's my clown! If you want your sister in this group so badly, get it done tonight.

Jestal:

Relax Tomorrow, she will be with us tonight.

Jestal takes his leave and after him, comes "Lady Luck" Ophelia Sykes, along with Mason and Max Luck. The twin giants step out.

Tom Morrow:

There you are, my Main Event Monsters! DESTROY No Fun Dean and Whatever Jen... WRECK THEM. If you don't hear from the House tonight, then you know what to do.

Max and Mason both shake Morrow's hand.

Ophelia Sykes:

We're going to get a yes out of them or we're going to beat a yes out of them. I'd like to see the beating myself!

Mason Luck:

And don't worry about tonight. We got this.

Max Luck:

Yes, sir. Wreck 'em!

After Ophelia and the twins leave, next comes "The Killer Bear" Jack Mace.

Tom Morrow:

Don't you mess this up tonight, Mace. Take Titaness out. Do whatever you have to do. End this shit tonight so we can move on.

Jack Mace:

Don't you worry about me, mate... I got her. This bollocks ends tonight.

Mace storms off the bus. That leaves one more man.

Alvaro de Vargas stepping out from the bus, not looking in any sort of mood to be messed with. As he starts to depart, Morrow puts a hand up.

Tom Morrow:

The others have their marching orders tonight, but I need a word with you, Al.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Qué quieres?

Morrow clears his throat, clearly appearing as if this isn't a conversation he wants to have, but is going to do it anyway.

Tom Morrow:

You, Al... you're my crown jewel of this group. You're El Sol Dorado. A lot of what I do revolves around you. I...

Alvaro de Vargas:

Spit it out.

Morrow once again looks uneasy.

Tom Morrow:

You're my guy.... But this bullshit with Henry Keyes needs to end. I'm pulling the plug.

De Vargas turns his head down at Morrow slowly... eerily so. It makes Morrow a bit uneasy, but Tom continues regardless.

Tom Morrow:

I need you out there going after titles and not stirring the hornet's nest. There's no profit to be had in wasting our time with that goof. You know you could have beaten Lindsay Troy and I know you could have beaten Lindsay Troy. I promise you I'm going to the courts to deal with Lindsay Troy after she was OPENLY ON TELEVISION conspiring to do harm to us. And Keyes... Keyes can be the subject of Tiger King 3 for all I give a sh...

Without warning, Morrow finds himself put against the edge of the Greathound by Alvaro's own hand!

Tom Morrow:

AHHH! STOP! AL, STOP!

Morrow continues to squirm while Alvaro grits his teeth together.

Alvaro de Vargas:

What are you trying to say, pendejo? You think I can't beat Henry Keyes?!

Tom Morrow:

No! No! No one's saying that! I...

Alvaro's eyes narrow.

Alvaro de Vargas:

I pinned Henry Keyes in the main event of 160. He has disrespected me too many to just walk away... todas partes, falta de respeto!

Morrow keeps kicking his feet in the air.

Alvaro de Vargas:

HE COST ME A TAG TITLE RUN! HE COST ME A WIN OVER LINDSAY TROY!

Finally, after more pleading, Alvaro drops his manager and sets him down, letting him catch his breath. Morrow coughs up while Alvaro looks at him.

Alvaro de Vargas:

This issue is done when *I* say it's done, Tom. Entiéndeme?

Morrow nods, then coughs some more, still hunched over.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Watch what I do to that pendejo, Theodore Cain. Tonight... he bleeds!

Alvaro storms off to the building with Morrow trying to keep up behind him... all the while still trying to catch his breath and looking all sorts of uneasy.

A VICTIM OF BLACK DEATH

Scrow's Apartment

During DEFTV 162

On the television is the upcoming match between Rezin and David Noble. A crack of a beer can be heard in the background and enters the picture falling back to sit on the couch in front of the television is the current Southern Heritage Champion Scrow. Most of his apartment is in darkness with just the light from the television and the sounds of Rezin's newest theme echos through the dark room.

♪ "Shut Up and Drive" by Ecstatic Vision ♪

Scrow belches as he looks at Rezin in his now Psycho Rock getup and music.

Scrow:

Sad Rezzie you look so lost without The Kabal by your side. One would have to wonder if you truly will find yourself again.

Rezin immediately rolls away from Noble after four or five brutal shots. Rezin scrambles to his feet only to be met with a series of knee strikes to the abdomen that forces Rezin into the corner. Noble then tees off on Rezin with punishing punches to the torso before whipping him to the opposite corner.

Scrow takes a puff of his cigarette.

Scrow:

This was never supposed to happen, friend. Scrow thought someone of your caliber could keep the property of The Kabal for as long as necessary.

Noble moves to the opposite corner and runs full speed at Rezin, connecting with both knees to the face of Rezin. Rezin slumps over from the shot while Noble drags him to the center of the ring.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Lance:

A NOBLE ENDING!

DDK:

Noble just planted those knees into the face of Rezin at full speed there! Even if you manage to come out of that without a broken jaw or broken orbital bones, you still are going to be severely dazed or even knocked out from such a move.

Lance:

This might be it.

DDK:

I would definitely so.

Noble goes for the pin and Navarro begins his count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Navarro then signals for the bell to ring.

DING DING DING

Scrow:

[belches] Another loss, boy have the mighty fallen.

There is a knock on the door, Scrow looks over toward the door. He takes a puff of his cigarette. In his other hand, he crushes the beer can and throws it across the room. He stands up from the couch and opens the door, stepping back a few steps Ravanna walks into the room behind her Reaper the Grey.

Ravanna:

Why is it so dark in here, would you mind?

Grey looks for a light switch and flicks it when he finds it. As the apartment illuminates, it's your typical bachelor pad. Dust settling on surfaces, dishes piled up in the sink. Garbage needs to be taken out. Clothes scatter throughout the living room.

Ravanna:

Ugh...you really need to get a maid or something.

Scrow leans against his couch taking another puff of his cig.

Scrow:

Ravanna what brings you and blockhead here?

RG takes a step toward Scrow, but is stopped by Ravanna's hand in the air. She looks toward the television then back at Scrow.

Ravanna:

I see Rezin is on a downward spiral.

Scrow looks back at the television with a bit of a disappointed look.

Scrow:

Why did you order Rezin to be removed from The Kabal?

Scrow looks back at Ravanna.

Scrow:

Scrow does not care who is Favoured Saints Champion, when they try he will put them right in their place!

???:

Because unlike you I will not dwell on the cloud of ego you seem to now have.

Scrow's eyes widen when Crimson Lord walks in between RG and Ravanna. A third of this Cerberus dressed to impress in his three-piece black suit. The seven-footer looks around in utter disgust.

Crimson Lord:

It is filthy here!

Scrow looks around for a bit and then looks back at Lord. He crosses his arms.

Scrow:

Looks fine to him.

Crimson stares at the television with Rezin exiting the ring.

Crimson Lord:

I will have to change that, I will not have the champion of The Harvest Lord's living like a pig!

Lord looks back at Scrow

Scrow:

So what brings you to his pig pen?

Crimson looks over at RG, and without any hesitation, Grey grabs Scrow by the throat and slams him against the wall. Scrow tries to break free, but the unfathomable feat of strength by this juiced-up Reaper prevents him from doing so. Crimson on the other hand has remained just as calm as Ravanna always seems to be. He walks up to the couch and then looks at the television.

Crimson Lord:

I have given you more than enough time to finish PROJECT: Black Death. So I took what you had and used it.

Scrow: *[gasping for air]*

Us..ed it?...Are you try..ing to ki...ll someon...e?

Crimson looks over at Scrow.

Crimson Lord:

That story is not going to work, in fact, you have been done with this experiment for months now. What I want to know is why you did not report?

Scrow: *[gasping for air]*

Hum...an exper..ment....ation is not...advis...ed.

Crimson Lord:

That is funny, it seems my first test subject, the drug worked better than I expected?

Reaper releases Scrow, as the SOHER gasps for air. He hears footsteps walking into the room.

Crimson Lord:

I brought a little insurance policy, to make sure that championship of yours STAYS in The Kabal.

Lord and Ravanna turn to see...HIVE! Dressed in a business suit as well. Her black hair slicked behind her head, and a pair of black sunglasses with red lipstick on. The only thing really different is the black vein-like design crawling up her neck like some vines ending just past her jawline.

Scrow:

HIVE!

He rushes to her, and she says nothing. Scrow looks toward Crimson.

Scrow:

What did you do?

Crimson reaches into his pocket to get a case. He opens the case pulling out a cigar. Closing the case and returning it to his pocket. He lights it and then enjoys the sensation of the cigar for a moment.

Crimson Lord:

She was injected with Black Death, and I must say I like the result. After The Guided Hand was done with her she was

sent to me. Then this Rezin issue came about. I devised a plan to protect my property.

Scrow:

What property, Scrow's championship?

Crimson takes another puff of his cigar.

Crimson Lord:

Yes, and of course Miss Minerva Hive here. She was failing at her assignment and becoming too attached to you! So The Guided Hand purged her of emotions, and then I had her injected with the serum that was supposed to be for me. Imagine my surprise when the effects of said serum had similar effects to Red Death. The only difference here is she is no monster like Mr. Reeves. No, she has no emotion now, a stone-cold killer!

Scrow stares at his former teacher.

Scrow:

Hive say something?

The woman remains quiet. Crimson snaps his fingers and Ravanna reaches into her purse and pulls out a set of keys. She hands them to Scrow, he looks at them but his attention is clearly on his friend.

Ravanna:

Mr. Lord has given you access to Haven, that is the key to a penthouse. You can consider yourself evicted from this disgusting rat haven and enjoy the luxuries of being a champion.

Ravanna exits the apartment followed by Grey, Crimson walks past Hive. He holds her chin and gives her a brief one over.

Crimson Lord:

Make sure nothing happens to my property, my dear.

Hive lowers her head as Lord exits the apartment. She closes the door behind him. As she turns to Scrow he quickly hugs her but she does not return the hug.

Scrow:

He will work on the antidote immediately.

Hive removes her glasses, and Scrow is shocked. Her eyes are pure black.

Hive: *[in a monotone voice]*

No, you will not. Pack your shit we are leaving this place.

Hive opens the door and slams it behind her and crosses her arms while standing outside the door. Scrow just stands there stunned. He looks back at the television thinking of Rezin.

Scrow: *[thinking to himself]*

Maybe Scrow did you a favor Rez....

We return to the show...

BROTHER AND SISTER

Backstage a man in a blue Hawaiian shirt and yellow jean shorts with shoes stands in front of a drinking fountain, but it needs repair as the fountain is dripping. This Hawaiian man continues to stare at the water dripping from the broken faucet. Entranced with both sound and sight, he is not aware that Dandelion is waiting behind him to get a drink of water.

???:

Oh....excuse me there little lady.

She smiles at him as he steps aside. He continues to stare at her while taking a drink of water. As she finishes she looks back at him.

Dandelion: *[in sign]*

That's rather rude to stare.

Still entranced by the water.

???:

I am sorry, what?

Dani realizing she can not communicate with the man she starts to walk away and is stopped by his voice.

???:

Oh, I am sorry little lady, where are my manners? The name is Ozmoses Greaves.

He extends his hand, she looks up at him intrigued but shakes his hand.

Dani wants to say something to him but realizes he wouldn't understand him so she just gives a smile and goes to turn away. Only to be stopped by none other than her brother Jestal.

Jestal:

Ok...Dani, let's hear the excuse this time. I mean after all, you made me look like a fool out there on 161.

Before she can give him an answer the tall Hawaiian named Ozmoses Greaves steps in and offers his hand to Jestal.

Ozmoses Greeves:

Hello, I am Ozmoses Greaves and you are?

Jestal looks at his hand and then ignores the handshake only to stare coldly at Dandelion.

Dandelion: *[in sign]*

You want the Toybox back together, then I want no Tom Morrow with us.

Ozmoses Greaves:

Is this Tom Morrow an ino?

Jestal stares back at Greaves dumbfounded, Dani does the same.

Ozmoses Greaves:

Oh, forgive me you two, it means immoral.

Dani points at Greaves.

Jestal:

Listen, big fella, why don't you take a trip back to the tropical islands.

Dandelion stops Oz from leaving and decides to leave with him. She gives one last look to Jestal.

Dandelion: *[in sign]*

That is my offer, take it or leave it.

Oz looks more than happy to take a tour with Dandelion as the two walk off, leaving Jestal stewing in his hate-filled juices.

ALVARO de VARGAS vs. THEODORE CAIN

DDK:

Welcome back to our next match of the night... and what a tense confrontation we saw between Alvaro de Vargas and Tom Morrow when we arrived earlier tonight. Morrow wants Alvaro to move on from this vendetta he's had with Henry Keyes for months and focus on getting gold for BFTA... but ADV did not comply.

Lance:

I don't know what that was. ADV had fun antagonizing Keyes for months over ownership of Helen, but between that loss and that issue he had with Lindsay Troy, this is a more dangerous Keyes. If he's lashing out at his own manager? Theodore Cain better be on his guard tonight.

DDK:

We saw Cain have a successful outing on UNCUTs and a recent edition of DEFtv over Kyle Shields, but tonight, you're right. He better be prepared for anything. Let's take it on over to Darren Quimbey for intros.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first... being accompanied by "Wingman" Titus Campbell and Crescent City Kid... weighing in at 265 pounds, he is **THEODORE CAIN!**

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

The trio make their way out from the back to a nice pop from the crowd! Theodore Cain has on a new Gulf Coast Connection Mardi Gras-themed jester hat, along with Crescent City Kid, getting the crowd fired up with a collection of beads. "The Wingman" Titus Campbell brings up the rear and the powerhouse throws a few jester hats out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young boy in the audience with his parents before he steps through the ropes. The hometown favorite gets cheers as he gets his game face on for the next match.

Tom Morrow:

Hello, assholes!

Out from the back comes BFTA's head bastard/mastermind, "Brighter" Tom Morrow. Wearing a nice blue suit that got roughed up a little earlier today by his own client, he tries to put what happened earlier with ADV out of his head and focuses on calling up his client.

Tom Morrow:

Theodore Cain, you are big, you are fast... but tonight, you are not a member of the Gulf Coast Connection. Tonight, you are going to be a chalk outline in that ring. Standing at six-foot eight! Weighing 272 pounds! He is El Sol Dorado! EVERYTHING revolves around him! He is **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

♪ "Let 'Em Burn" by Freddie Gibbs ♪

With no bright lights or his usual fancy graphics, Alvaro de Vargas has changed up his look some, catching even Tom Morrow off-guard. Gone is his mini-fro and sporting a clean-shaved bald headed look with his beard more groomed. Wearing his purple (p)leather pants with red and orange flames adorning both legs, ADV storms right past an uneasy Morrow. ADV shoots him a "you coming?" look and Morrow nods, following quietly behind.

DDK:

A new look for ADV tonight, for sure, in just a few hours from when he was last seen in that footage hitting the arena. He looks ready for a fight.

Lance:

You heard him. He wasn't going to budge from settling this long-standing vendetta he's had against Henry Keyes ever since all those months ago. Keyes came to the aid of Conor Fuse to keep him from joining BFTA and since then, he's been in ADV's crosshairs.

ADV storms into the ring, but before he goes on the attack, Theodore Cain beats him to it at the bell! Brain Slater jumps into action and calls for the bell!

DING DING

The Smash Surfer goes on the assault quickly by ramming ADV into a corner and then letting him have it! One! Two! Three! Four! Five big shoulder thrusts to his ribs in the corner! He continues to unleash a few hard right hands on ADV as the Cocky Cuban tries to cover up!

DDK:

Wow! I have to applaud Theodore Cain! ADV is one of the most underhanded individuals in DEFIANCE today. He's going to destroy whoever stands in front of him, but Cain beating him to the punch...

Lance:

Pun not intended.

Cain is fired the hell up and has the fans firmly in his corner. He pulls Alvaro out from the corner and whips him across the ring, but ducks down for a back body drop. Perhaps, a bit too soon as ADV nails him with a kick to the chest. He stumbles back but when ADV comes at him, Cain picks him up and then DROPS him with a big samoan drop to a big pop from the crowd! He goes for a cover!

ONE... TW... NO!

ADV kicks out before two and sits up, looking PISSED.

DDK:

Only a one-count there, but Cain staying on him!

Lance:

He's trying to make a name for himself and the Gulf Coast Connection!

Cain continues the attack, but when he tries another samoan drop, ADV kicks his legs frantically until he slips out, then viciously CLAWS at the face of his opponent! The Smash Surfer yells out but it gets even worse when ADV picks him up quickly and then DUMPS him down on the mat with a nasty belly to back suplex!

DDK:

ADV with the face rake followed by that back suplex! Now he takes Cain to the corner...

Lance:

And he's... he's BITING him! He's biting him on the forehead!

A pissed-off and angry ADV bites on the forehead of Cain, causing the Smash Surfer to howl in pain! Brian Slater orders him to break it up! El Sol Dorado does and then STOMPS the life out of Cain in the corner with enough stomps to the chest and then to his head to bring him down to a seated position before putting a boot across his throat. He holds it and when Brian starts counting, he holds until four and then ADV backs off and gets in Brian's face.

Alvaro de Vargas:

MY ring, pendejo! MINE!

He stares out at Titus Campbell and The Crescent City Kid daring them to do something before heading back to Cain, RAMMING him once with a running corner clothesline. He speeds off to the other side of the ring, then comes back and nails a second one! Cain gets hurt and things go from bad to worse for the young powerhouse when ADV spins him out of the corner, then HURLS him into ring post shoulder-first!

DDK:

No! Right into the ring post!

But ADV isn't done as he goes to the ring apron, then BITES the head of Cain again!

Lance:

What has possessed de Vargas to do this? He's...

He keeps PUNCHING away on Cain while Titus and CCK want to jump in and help, but don't want to ruin the match for their friend. Despite this, ADV continues to pummel Cain with rights, then switches up to a HARD series of headbutts! After three stiff shots, first blood has been drawn and a stream starts to pour out from the Smash Surfer's forehead!

DDK:

What... come on! He told Morrow point-blank he was out for blood tonight, but this is uncalled for!

ADV gets pulled away by Brian Slater! De Vargas yells at Cain while Slater puts his gloves on and checks the forehead of Cain, now opened by a cut or a bit on the top of his forehead.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Fight me, Keyes. FIGHT ME!

DDK:

...Did he just call him "Keyes?" he's in there with Theodore Cain!

Lance:

He's gone mental!

Cain gets checked on, but when he sees ADV sneering, he RUSHES past Brian Slater and DECKS de Vargas with a huge running forearm! The blow surprises ADV and the crowd cheers when a bloodied Theodore Cain comes running and SMACKS El Sol Dorado unexpectedly with a running corner elbow!

DDK:

ADV shouldn't have given Cain any opening! He's trying to gut this out!

With ADV knocked into the corner, Cain tries to ride on adrenaline and head off the ropes before maybe trying another big elbow smash, but lucky number three never comes when ADV CRACKS him with a running discus clothesline out of the corner!

Lance:

OOOOH! What a big move out of the corner!

ADV measures up Cain as he's bloodied and in a daze, only to RAM him with a huge running knee to the chest while he tries to sit up!

DDK:

Abajo Vas! And we know that running knee strike the proverbial death knell before he goes for the piledriver.

He drags a beaten Cain by his hair and then sets him up in the standing headscissors position. He hoists him up...

DDK:

ARDIENDO! THAT'S IT!

As soon as a limp Cain goes down to the mat, ADV rolls him over and goes for a pin.

ONE... TWO... THREE.

ADV's music hits, but he doesn't pay Brian Slater any mind. He instead points at Tom Morrow, then waves for a microphone. When Morrow looks over, ADV snaps at him further, so his manager rushes to find one!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... ALV...

Morrow yells out "YOINK!" and takes the microphone.

Tom Morrow:

ALVARO DE VAR...

Alvaro de Vargas:

MORROW! MIC! NOW!

Morrow nods reluctantly while Titus Campbell and CCK both help a bloodied Theodore Cain out of the ring and try and get their stablemate to the back. He steps to the ring apron and Alvaro snatches the microphone.

Alvaro de Vargas:

HENRY KEYES! DIRIGIBLE PIRATA! IMBÉCIL ENTROMETIDO!

When he gets done screaming over the jeers from the crowd, El Sol Dorado twirls the microphone in his hand.

Alvaro de Vargas:

You think we were done after Acts of DEFIANCE, eh, pendejo! Solo DESEARÍA que hubiéramos terminado! You cost me the Unified Tag Titles? I leave you laying in a parking lot? You think you beat me? I SPIKED you on your head. Not everyone can be redeemed, pendejo. Not everything goes away with a handshake, you silly gilipollas! Not my fault you were dumb enough to believe it!

He continues

Alvaro de Vargas:

I'm not Rezin. I don't want your friendship, Keyes... I want your BLOOD! If you want to try and survive me one more time, then I'm challenging you, one-on-one! Hombre a hombre! DEFtv 163! I... WILL... BEAT YOU!

ADV shoves the microphone back to Morrow so hard, he almost falls over before leaving the ring without his manager. Morrow still looks a fair bit uncomfortable, but he throws the microphone back at Darren Quimbey and then leaves the ring to follow after his charge.

DDK:

Wow... big win for ADV in singles action tonight and he lays out a rematch for DEFtv 163? Keyes will be in action later tonight, will he accept the challenge?

Lance:

At this point, he may have to in order to do away with Alvaro de Vargas once and for all.

The pair from BFTA head to the back as the show rolls forward.

COMMERCIAL: RAGE ROOMS

A tumbleweed bounces along the dusty landscape. Most of the road is covered with sand. There's a few greenish dunes in the background but the surrounding area is mostly desert.

Cringy Male Voice:

I reckon we need to do something 'bout our attitudes, Cher.

A tall, scrawny man walks by the only gas station for miles. He gnaws on a long stem of wheat and is poorly dressed like a bumpkin. Joining him by his side is an equally trashy looking broad. She's the epitome of a trailer park floozy.

Cher:

What chu reckon we do with all this rage on our hands, Thurston?

Thurston turns and brandishes a big old country smile on his face. He puts his skinny arm around Cher's shoulders.

Thurston Hunter:

We country bumpkins. We also filled with rage. Furthermore we husband and wife and you also happen to be my sister! We gotta do something about all this rage built up within us!

Cher frowns.

Cher:

But how can we get rid of our rage!?

A lightbulb goes off above Thurston's head.

Thurston Hunter:

Why, hey gee! Why don't we book ourselves a rage room at Mal's wonderful world of rage rooms and outdoor equipment emporium! I hear the eatin' there is pretty good too! Ham sammiches for fifty cents!

Cher stargazes at her brother husband.

Cher:

They got rage rooms there!? Well, that's a perfect thing to do for two folks like us from the south.

A montage of angsty teenagers, on-edge middle aged office workers and single moms all viciously destroying monitors, TVs, radios and video game devices runs right in front of Thurston and Cher's eyes. They are obviously blown away.

Thurston Hunter:

Jumping gorillas, Cher! Rage rooms are all the rage! They provide everyone with a healthy and safe environment to blow off some steam! Which is exactly what we could use instead of you getting pissed at me and deciding to throw baking sheets at my head!

Cher nods in agreement.

Cher:

And then maybe we won't be so keen on having forbidden physical relations with one another because we'll both be tuckered out by destroying old electronics!

Now it's Thurston who nods.

Thurston Hunter:

Heck yeah! All those punks will get street fought by how badass I'll be after using the rage rooms!

The two do a twirl in synchronicity.

Thurston & Cher:

THANKS, MAL! THANKS RAGE ROOMS!

They throw up a quick thumbs up.

Inexplicably fast speaking voice out of nowhere:

Rage room experiences have not been rated nor endorsed by the American FDA. Use at own risk. Must sign a waiver before booking, entering the building, thinking about booking, or actual use of rooms. Restrictions may apply. If your name is Pat Cassidy, sorry, you cannot book. If your name is Sgt. Safety, you are a lifeless loser who would probably die at the amount of health and safety concerns both seen and unseen at the facility, do not attend. If your name is Conor Fuse, then you know your mom packs your lunch and you wouldn't be allowed anywhere near a rage room because you cry from getting a hangnail and you should probably do the world a favor and not continue the game. This is a paid advertisement from Malak Garland. Malak does not necessarily believe or disbelieve in monogamous, polyamorous, or incestual relationships. In fact, Thurston and Cher are not really related. For entertainment purposes only, which one wrestling company would quite enjoy. Please consult your physician if you are interested in rage rooms. You cannot attend if nursing or pregnant or if your name is Scrow. Please review your experience on our social media pages unless you had a negative experience. Obviously, if you didn't enjoy yourself, then you did something wrong and didn't use the rage room to the fullest. If your name is Kerry Kuroyama, then you're a chicken shit little bitch who can't ever be as extreme as Malak Garland. Thank you.

ATTENTION SEARCH

The crane cam zooms around as floodlights entertain the many fans in attendance.

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv, folks. We all hope you're having a great time--

Keebler can't finish what he's saying before high intensity searchlights sweep the arena. The sound of helicopters and shouting soldiers can be heard over the arena speakers as fans look around perplexed.

Lance:

What's going on here?

Giving the impression this is entirely impromptu, Search Party Cyrus comes marching out on stage in his full commando gear and woodlands face paint.

DDK:

It's Cyrus Bates!

Lance:

And he looks to be in *search* of something!

Indeed, Cyrus scours the ramp area, looking for something. Concern grows more dire on his face as he fails to find whatever he's looking for.

Search Party Cyrus: *[Shouting]*

WHERE IS HE!? WHERE IS HE!?

Bates turns tables over, checks under tablecloths and even peers through the crowd in a manic effort to find his target.

Search Party Cyrus:

I CAN'T FIND HIM!

Getting agitated, Bates starts chaotically swatting at DEFsec members near ringside.

DDK:

Has Cyrus Bates gone crazy! He's hitting our security team!

Punches slowly start becoming clotheslines which slowly start becoming uranages! Bates throws a couple security guards into the ring where he joins them and plants them all with vicious looking uranages!

Lance:

Uranage! Bates just obliterated those security guards!

DDK:

Isn't that fitting? Or maybe it's a direct message to the man who hit him with it on the last DEFtv!? I think Cyrus Bates might be searching for Mushigihara! I bet he didn't appreciate getting uranaged after the conclusion of the Thurston Hunter match!

Bates relentlessly attacks the DEFsec team with uranage after uranage until the fans begin to fear for their safety. Bates stands tall, near foaming at the mouth with intensity.

Search Party Cyrus:

MUSH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The crowd goes wild as their attention shifts to the top of the ramp.

DDK:

Ask and you shall receive?

Mushigihara bolts down to the ring to put a stop to the madness. Bates greets him with boots to the midsection immediately but Mushi fights through it.

DDK:

These two men are punching holes into each other!

Bates eventually gets the upper hand as he bodies Mushi into the corner where he gets some solid shots in.

Lance:

Cyrus getting in some payback for the uranage he couldn't block last DEFtv.

The remaining DEFsec members who aren't out cold slide into the ring and manage to pull Cyrus away just long enough for Mushi to get the jump on him.

DDK:

Look out!

Mushi grabs Bates by the throat and delivers a thunderous uranage to the crowd's satisfaction.

Lance:

Uranage! Bates can't seem to block that move!

After his skull bounces off the canvas, Cyrus limply rolls out of the ring as DEFSec try to calm all the chaos.

DDK:

It seems we have an all out war breaking out between these two men over one very lethal move!

Mushi stands at the ropes and looks down at Bates as the security team holds everyone back.

LOS TRES TITANES vs. DANGEROUS MIX

DEFSec are able to settle things down as David Fox joins Mushigihara at ringside.

DDK:

We are going to try moving things along here, as The Dangerous Mix are in action right now. The tag team division in DEFIANCE has arguably never been better, Lance. We've got a HUGE tag team match coming up next pitting the former two-time Unified Tag Team Champions Los Tres Titanes against two-thirds of the former World Trios Champs, David Fox and Mushigihara!

Lance:

David Fox scored big in singles action two weeks ago against Jack Mace while Mushigihara snuffed out Thurston Hunter in quick fashion. Meanwhile, we've learned for the first-time ever, the Unified Tag Team Championship will close Night Two of DEFIANCE Road! Los Tres Titanes have to keep that momentum going while two of their rivals are in action, but The Dangerous Mix have the experience to derail Los Tres Titanes if they look past them!

As everything is restored at ringside, Quimbey enters the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall! Accompanied by Eddie Dante, at a total combined weight of four hundred ninety-four pounds, The Slayer of Giants, David Fox! The God-Beast, Mushigihara! THE DANGEROUS... MIX!

DDK:

We were able to actually get some words from the Dangerous Mix prior to their match, so let's run this prerecorded message!

The picture-in-picture format kicks in, and in the upper left corner we see Dante, Fox, and Mushi staring us in the eye.

Eddie Dante:

Los Tres Titanes! I've been observing your progress through the DEFIANCE tag team ranks since day one, and we ALL know you are most formidable opponents! The Dangerous Mix will NOT take you lightly. And that's why you are going to be in for one rough night. See, both my men were successful two weeks ago on DEFtv singles action, and we want to take that momentum back to the tag ranks.

David Fox:

And what better way to do that than an upset win over one of the top contenders for the Unified Tag Team Titles? A nice little notch in the belt, and a message to the folks at Favored Saints to widen the ol' *pay-windah* for the Dangerous Mix. Tell 'em, Mushi.

With the faintest of growls, Mushi lays an arm across his chest, before letting out a short, but sharp...

Mushigihara:

OSU.

The live action returns with the Dangerous Mix in their corner, while Eddie Dante calls strategy out to them.

The DEF-Tron comes to life and shows a limo opening up from the outside, courtesy of the old Family Keeling Talent Agency. The door swings open and one by one, out come three of the opponents for tonight's match.

Minute - decked out in a white trench coat and ring gear with gold and diamond patterns on his mask.

Titaness - wearing a white top, white pants-length tights with gold stripes down the left leg, diamond designs down the right and a vest in the same style.

And lastly, the massive Uriel Cortez - white thigh-length trunks, sleeveless trench coat and a Los Tres Titanes-brand

towel over his shoulders.

The three get out, nod to one another silently and then stomp towards the entrance... right into...

"I'M TROUBLE AND YOU WANTING IT!"

♪ "Giants" by Little V. ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... accompanied by "The Show of Force" Titaness... weighing at a combined weight of 503 pounds... "The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World" Minute... and "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez**LOS! TRES! TITANES!**

The group name forms in a cursive gold with diamond-themed pattern. And with that... A LOUD explosion of gold pyro now goes off and behind Titaness, wearing an open sleeveless coat with a silver and gold towel draped over his massive neck and white thigh-length trunks, stands Uriel Cortez! And along with that, Minute is back in his white and gold LTT-themed gear! Minute leaps into the ring with a front flip and then does several front kip-ups across the ring before landing on his feet to a huge pop from the crowd! Titaness stands on the ring apron and flexes for the crowd while Uriel raises a hand, ready to chop someone. Uriel pulls himself onto the ropes, then enters. He stops with Minute as they get ready to fight.

DDK:

David Fox and Minute are starting this one out for their teams.

Lance:

This should be good.

DING DING

Fox and Minute both meet mid-ring and both men shake hands before getting right to it. The Slayer of Giants tries to work his magic on the Titan of the Skies by going for a spinning back kick off the jump, but Minute ducks and does a front flip forward to his feet. He runs at Fox, but he sidesteps and shoves Minute into the ropes. He drops down off the return, but Minute comes back with a handspring. Fox tries a backdrop, but Minute flips over his back and rolls to his feet. He doubles over Fox, then tries to send him for the ride, but Fox reverses and Minute goes to the ropes.

DDK:

Look at them go! I don't even think *I* can call this!

He runs back with a headscissors, but Fox rolls forward, then pops up to his feet. Minute comes around, then he tries a hip toss, but Minute bounces off the ropes and finally snaps Fox over with a HUGE springboard arm drag off the ropes! The Faithful go nuts for The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World, then he tries to approach Fox, only to get clipped with a rolling sole kick to the gut. Fox tries a snapmare... but Minute rolls through and lands on his feet! Fox is taken a little aback, but doubles him over again with a kick and another snapmare, making sure to hold on so he goes down. He tries a buzzsaw kick to the head... but Minute MOVES! The crowd then applauds for the big standoff!

Lance:

Wow, that was amazing... ooooooh, but look.

Eddie Dante points at Mushigihara, who wants the tag. Fox sees it and gives it to him. Meanwhile, Minute points at the massive Uriel and he holds a hand out. The Titan of Industry takes the tag and comes into the ring, stepping over the ropes. Soon, Mushi and Cortez are nose to nose. Uriel with the massive height advantage, but The God-Beast doesn't look deterred one iota.

DDK:

What a stand-off this is! Uriel and Mushi... and Mushi with the first shot!

Mushi fires a NASTY open-handed chop that would reel nine wrestlers out of ten... but the ten is a 7'2" monster with a penchant for chops. Mushi practically dares Uriel to hit him and the Titan of Industry obliges with a KNIFE-EDGE chop! The blow rocks Mushi a few steps, but he's still vertical to the amazement of the crowd. Soon, BOTH men are unleashing chops on one another!

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

Lance:

This match went from high-speed to World War III in an instant! Look at them go!

The two men continue to pummel one another with shots and when the exchange ends with both men still standing, while the crowd applauds both beasts. Welts form on the chest of Mushi underneath his singlet while Uriel's chest is beet-red as well following the exchange. Both men go back to it, but Uriel surprises Mushi with a knee strike to the chest, then sends Mushi to the ropes. Uriel tries a big boot on the return, but Mushi ducks and comes back with a HUGE running shoulder tackle! The blow sends Uriel to the ropes... but he comes back with an even BIGGER running shoulder and knocks Mushi down to cheers from the crowd! Eddie and Fox can't believe it!

DDK:

I can count the number of times Mushigihara has been knocked down by just one big move like that... and that was maybe number two or three, if that!

Uriel pulls Mushi to his feet and gets the big man to the corner of Los Tres Titanes where he SMASHES into Mushi with the Chop of Ages! Mushi is left hurt bad, then Uriel drops him with a massive slam! He makes the tag to Minute who then runs across the ring ropes. Uriel holds a struggling Mushi as Minute runs across the ropes and connects with Estrella Fugaz to a HUGE pop from the crowd!

DDK:

INCREDIBLE rope-running dropkick by Minute! They call that combo the Joint Venture! Minute with the pin on Mushi!

Mushi crumbles to a knee and Minute hurriedly gets up for a cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Lance:

Massive kickout by Mushi!

Minute goes at the big man with a few hard kicks of his own. Not Fox-level, but Minute also has experience with lucharesu and tries to kick... however, all it takes is ONE shove from Mushi. Minute comes back with a huge running dropkick to the head! Mushi stumbles to his feet while The TJ Tornado heads to the ropes. He tries the Interceptor on the big God-Beast... but Mushi stops him!

DDK:

Oh, no...

Mushigihara (and the crowd):

OSU!

And in ONE hand, presses Minute over his head before DROPPING him with a OSU! Press! The Faithful collectively groan after the former Unified and Favoured Saints Champion gets flattened!

DDK:

OSU Press by Mushi turns the tables for The Dangerous Mix!

Lance:

Mushi takes Minute to the corner. Tag by Fox!

The Littlest Flippy-Doo gets CRUSHED by a huge running body avalanche by Mushi, then he follows it up by throwing him right into a NASTY shoot kick to the chest from Fox! The Slayer of Giants brings Minute to the mat and goes for a pin!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

DDK:

Great combo move by The Dangerous Mix! They are working well right now, but Minute is no stranger to eating tremendous punishment!

Lance:

Indeed! Fox now bringing things to a halt.

He keeps Minute trapped in a tight cravate to bring Minute down. He works the neck of The Littlest Flippy-Doo while both Cortez and Titaness try and get the crowd going for the young luchador. Minute tries to get up and he fires a few forearms to Fox's gut, then a few STIFF leg kicks of his own. However, when he tries to play Fox's game. Fox BLASTS him with a pair of hard palm strikes, ending in a HUGE discus throat thrust that brings Minute back to his knees!

DDK:

Fox and Mushi in control right now! What a huge win this would be! Los Tres Titanes didn't want a week off leading to their Tag Title match at DEF Road. I can applaud them for that, but The Dangerous Mix could derail that momentum right here!

Lance:

Indeed, they'd be in the title mix for sure!

Fox with another tag to Mushi. Fox hits him with another kick and then whips Minute into the bearhug of Mushi. He holds Minute, then HURLS him across the ring harshly with a huge bearhug suplex!

Lance:

Bearhug suplex by Mushi! That might be it! Cover!

ONE... TWO...

But in the nick of time, Uriel comes to the aid of his partner and puts a boot into Mushi's back to break the cover!

DDK:

Smart by Uriel there to break the cover! Mushi is a force of nature.

The owner of DEFIANCE's Deadliest Hands leaves the ring, but Mushi still has control over Minute, trying to get away. He grabs the leg of Minute and pulls him up, but the wiry luchador flips around with a spinning enzuigiri, clipping big Mushi in the chest. The blow stuns him a bit, but before he can do anything more, Mushi bowls him over and biel throws him back to the corner of The Dangerous Mix!

Lance:

OOH! How much more can Minute take? The Dangerous Mix in control! Tag to Fox!

Fox has Minute in the corner and unleashes a trifecta of stiff shoot kicks to the chest! The Faithful go nuts for the action as Fox has control. With Minute doubled over, The Slayer of Giants runs a circle around the ring and looks to try and get The Titan of the Skies with a corner big boot... but out of nowhere, Minute ducks and rolls him up with a schoolboy. Fox rolls through that, but Minute makes it to his feet and CRACKS him with a handspring enzuigiri on the return!

DDK:

Minute with the comeback! Both men are down!

Lance:

Minute has taken more punishment, though. He needs to get to his corner quickly!

Fox is still reeling from the kick, looking glassy-eyed while Mushi wants a tag for his partner. Eddie Dante yells at Fox to try and get up while Minute is almost to his corner. He finally points at his corner with The Faithful cheering. Troy goes over and tags Mushi! The King of Monsters heads into the ring and tries to cut off Minute by grabbing the leg, but Minute slips away, allowing him the big tag to Uriel Cortez!

DDK:

URIEL IS IN!

Cortez climbs over the ropes and gets into it with Mushigihara again! The God-Beast unleashes on the taller Cortez with a succession of clubbing forearms to the chest, rocking the big man, but Cortez stops him and then SMACKS him with a huge knife-edge chop! Mushi gets rocked by a second one, then finally a discus chop that is strong enough to knock Mushi off his feet! Cortez grabs The God-Beast and muscles him in his arms to the amazement of The Faithful before THROWING him backwards with a huge fallaway slam!

DDK:

NO WAY! I've never seen anyone manhandle Mushigihara like that! Cover by Cortez!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Mushi kicks out, but Cortez tries to end it. He tries to set up Mushi for the Industry Standard, but Mushi elbows his way free. Cortez stuns him with a forearm of his own then hits the ropes... but now, the crowd gasps again when MUSHI scoops Cortez up and plants the monster with a ring-shaking scoop powerslam!

Lance:

Now Mushi shows off his power... and running senton across the chest of Uriel for good measure! Cover by The God-Beast!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

DDK:

No way! That was amazing! Mushi almost won there off the powerslam and senton on Uriel Cortez!

Lance:

They aren't done, though! Tag to Troy!

The Slayer of Giants comes in to aid Mushi with the giant problem in front of them. Fox fires on Cortez with shoot kicks to his chest as he's on his knees while Mushi works in tandem and nails a few forearms from the other side. Both men get Uriel to his feet and manage to negotiate the big man into the ropes. Cortez goes across the ring and Minute reaches out for the blind tag. Both Troy and Mushi try to stop Cortez, but he breaks through the double clothesline attempt on their end, only to come back with a DOUBLE Biggest Dropkick on DEFIANCE, knocking both Mushi and Fox down!

DDK:

Good Lord! Cortez breaks through Dangerous Mix and knocks them down with the Biggest Dropkick in DEFIANCE! Both are down!

The Titan of Industry slowly gets to his feet while David Fox is still dazed from the surprise dropkick from the big man. He gets up, only for Cortez to get the kesagiri chop ready and SMACK him down with the Chop of Ages MAX! Uriel goes over to keep Mushi from getting back into the ring as Minute heads up top! He measures up the fallen David Fox...

DDK:

Chop of Ages MAX by Uriel! Now Minute on top... MINUTIAE! 630 SPLASH!

Minute hits the breath-taking 630 splash across the chest of David Fox and then makes the cover!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

Minute rolls off the fallen David Fox and then pumps a fist in the air after the big victory!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **LOS TRES TITANES!**

DDK:

Incredible effort by both teams! Fox and Mushigihara had control of a good portion of the late states, but Minute and Uriel Cortez show tonight that they are more than ready for DEFIANCE Road!

Lance:

For sure. That could have gone either way and my hats off to both teams for their efforts tonight! That amazing Chop of Ages MAX followed by Minutiae combo worked to perfection tonight!

Mushi and Eddie Dante both go to check on Fox, holding his ribs in pain after a small man did a bunch of flips right into his midsection. Minute and Uriel both offer their hands and help Fox to his feet before both teams shakes hands in a show of respect. Mushigihara and Eddie help David out while inside the ring, Uriel, Minute and Titaness raise their hands to a huge ovation from the crowd. Uriel looks down to the hard camera closest to the ring.

Uriel Cortez:

Shine those titles up real good, boys. We'll be taking them off your hands at DEFIANCE Road!

Minute jumps in to talk a bit of smack as well.

Minute:

THREE-time champs, amigos! Número tres de la suerte!

Los Tres Titanes celebrate the big win in tag team action before commercial break.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD 2021



UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS

Ladder Match

SNS © vs. PCP vs. LTT

WARCHAMBER

Cayle Murray vs. Lindsay Troy

GOOD NEWS

DDK:

Uhh, viewers, I'm afraid I've got some bad news for you...

Lance:

That could mean anything in this sport, Keebs.

DDK:

"Bad news" of the unwanted guest variety.

Lance:

Unwanted gue--... oh.

DDK:

Yup. That one. Christie, take it away...

We swing to the backstage area where Christie Zane stands before a brick wall. She is absolutely *swarmed* by big beefy men in black polo shirts embroidered with a security firm's logo, which can mean only one thing.

Those with memories stretching beyond the past few months jeer on sight. Zane looks like she'd rather be anywhere else on planet earth.

Christie Zane: *[unenthusiastically]*

Ladies and gentlemen, Cayle Murray.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The camera pans slightly to the left, where Murray stands safely within the sea of guards fans had become accustomed to during his previous DEFIANCE run. Crucially, there is no Jack Hunter anywhere to mess things up.

Christie Zane:

Cayle, you asked for this time...

Cayle Murray:

That's right, Charlotte.

Even after the previous show's bombshell, the Scot still finds time to be a dick to his least favourite DEFIANCE interviewer. She doesn't sell it.

Cayle Murray:

I asked for this time because I have a message - a real simple one - and after being subjected to the venom, bile, spittle, and phlegm from the absolute worst people in the universe two weeks ago, I'm doing it right here. Safely, with my friends here...

He motions towards the security team, which looks to be bigger than ever. Cayle, for all his bluster, still looks scorned from Lindsay Troy's DEFtv 161 declaration.

Christie Zane:

Things didn't exactly go the way you'd planned the last time we saw you. In fact, Lindsay Tr--

Cayle Murray:

Zzzzip.

Murray runs a finger across his mouth.

Cayle Murray:

Don't say the beast's name. You might conjure it.

Christie rolls her eyes, then tries to continue.

Christie Zane:

At the pay-per-view, you--

Cayle Murray:

Won't be doing shit. Correct.

Christie Zane:

I think the Favoured Saints have other ideas.

Cayle Murray:

Really? Good for them.

He flashes a quick thumbs-up, then wipes away the faux positive visage.

Cayle Murray:

I'm tired of being fined, Christine. That's partly why I showed up last week. I'm tired of this fetid, rotten promotion holding my career in a legal vice. So I came back, I asked politely, and I did the noble, honourable, professional thing. "Please, sirs, let me go." You heard it, right?

Christie Zane:

That's not exactly what I--

Cayle Murray:

It's exactly what you heard. I tried to do this the right way, as I always do, but oh no. Out came Captain bloody Ninja Stars herself, and here we are... WARCHAMBER, apparently.

A pop in the arena for the mere mention of WARCHAMBER, primarily for the thought of Cayle suffering by Lindsay Troy's hand inside the brutal, career-altering structure.

Cayle Murray:

That popped everyone, didn't it? All the mutants out there erupted like a colony of flies before a freshly-dropped elephant turd. "Cayle! In the 'Chamber! With Lindsay Troy! Remember what she did the last time she faced a cranky old Scottish bloke in there?! Scars! Blood! Skin torn from bone! Gawdayum, Cletus, ah shyoor cyan't wayit fur dat wun!"

The former FIST shakes his head. Around him, the army of beefers have barely moved a muscle, but look ready to form a wall should the need arise.

Cayle Murray:

That got everyone excited, didn't it Crystal?! What a treat. A joy! Schadenfreude! And you know, I've never been one to spoil anybody's fun, kill the buzz, or ruin the party, but... fuck that. Not gonna happen.

He doesn't wait for Zane to inquire further.

Cayle Murray:

Because here's the bloody deal. I am a wrestler. I am employed here to *wrestle*. That's what my contract says - believe me, I've checked - and the WARCHAMBER? That's got *NOTHING* to do with wrestling. Nothing at all.

Murray is getting a little agitated, now. He is clearly trying to sound surer of himself than he actually is.

Cayle Murray:

I will not participate in this audience's snuff movie, especially not with that classless wretch... *who*, by the way, I have already beaten! Remember DEFCON? I put Lindsay Troy down fair and square, one on one, in a *wrestling* match! Now if she wants to *wrestle* me again, she can ask nicely...

Christie Zane:

And your answer would be?

Before Murray can respond, one of the security guards takes note of something.

Lindsay Troy:

I *thought* I heard a Squid go "Bloop!" out here on the wild DEFIANCE seas!

The fauxhawked, leather-jacketed High Queen DEFIANT strolls up, trying her best to mask a smile but doing an absolutely horrible job of it. The Big Beefy Bois get into formation and block Cayle off from her.

Lindsay Troy:

Now, now, you mindless manbots don't have to worry. I'm not going to harm an inky hair on your employer's head.

Cayle Murray:

Obvs. Daft cow.

He folds his arms across his chest, feigning comfort behind the wall of beef.

Lindsay Troy:

That's not very nice, Cayle. Here I was all set to come give you the good news, and you had to start with the name-calling.

There's a pause as this little tidbit works its way through both Cayle's and Christie's collective noggins. The Scot narrows his eyes, while Christie looks intrigued.

Cayle Murray:

What good news?

Lindsay Troy:

Well I don't know why I should tell you *now*, you were very rude to me a minute ago.

Christie Zane:

I wouldn't if I were you.

Cayle Murray:

Nobody bloody asked you, Carlee.

Cayle shoves his way through his muscle so he can address Lindsay better. Not too close, mind you. He doesn't want to be within her striking distance.

Cayle Murray:

Spit it out. Don't just stand there smiling like a pissing imbecile, you're itching to blurt it out and I can't be arsed with this... so blurt, blurter.

Lindsay Troy: *[nodding]*

You're right. And when you're right, you're right. *[A beat]* Turns out that Favoured Saints has been worn down and they're tired of you, Cayle. You don't have a contract with them anymore.

In an instant, the Starbreaker's entire demeanor flips on its head. He throws his arms up in the air, whooping and

hollering. He collides into a couple of his security guards and bounces off them like a pinball.

Cayle Murray:

You hear that? I'm FREE! FREE AT LAST! FUCK this place and FUCK your stupid wArChAmBeR, Troy! You can take that bloody cage and shove it up your-

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, we're still having the match.

Cayle *immediately* stops his celebrating.

Cayle Murray:

What?

Lindsay Troy:

You not having a contract with Favoured Saints anymore isn't the good news.

She grins. Cayle does not.

Lindsay Troy:

The good news is that they let me buy your contract. You work for ME now, you stupid little twunt, which means WARCHAMBER is **ON** and there's not a goddamn thing you can do about it.

The fans in the DEFplex erupt into cheers! Christie does a double-take and Cayle's eyes bug out of his head, looking like another meltdown is imminent.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm sure you're going to call your lawyers, but I wouldn't waste my time. We've all made absolutely certain there's no way for you to wriggle out of this. I'll see you soon, Squidboy.

She turns on her heel and takes her leave.

Cayle Murray:

Nah...

He looks to his security force.

Cayle Murray:

Nuh-uh. Nope. No chance...

Then to Christie.

Cayle Murray:

Did she say... ?

A small, satisfied smile spreads across half of Zane's face as she nods, slowly.

Cayle Murray:

I, uh.

For perhaps the first time in his life, Cayle Murray, the mouthiest man the British Isles have ever produced, is lost for words.

His face is turning red.

Cayle Murray: *[muttering]*

Bollocks.

Once more, he looks to the team.

Cayle Murray:

We're gonna have to stop her.

Cut.

CLAY AT PLAY

V/O:

The prey creeps through the bush, wary but eager... it's been so long since he's eaten and things are getting desperate...

The scene opens slowly and with some subtlety. The paper moon hangs low and somber in the twilight sky. Mottled purples, oranges, and reds, it's a mess of gorgeous as we pan down to the countryside. A tall field of grass stutter-swags and stagger-flutters.

Suddenly we all at once realize that what we are watching is a somewhat crude and hastily prepared claymation presentation. An equally crude four-piece string section somewhere makes itself known with a soulless, bleak concerto. It's happening again.

V/O:

Our poor wildebeest. Aged and haggard, it has seen better days. Once he was the master of this land. Feared and respected. Now his number is few. His home is gone.

With a bright, construction-paper sunset behind it, the clay wildebeest enters the scene, stepping through the tall clay grass and sniffing the air with some concern. The camera pans to a hemorrhaging wound on the animal's side. In clay, it slowly pulses "blood" and discomfort. The quartet groans.

V/O:

His wound has festered. He doesn't have much time. Food, any food, would guarantee his survival, at least in the short term. But the natural order of things often has other plans...

Our shot cuts to the tired feet of our wildebeest trudging through mud. In the background, we spy movement -- like our opening, it is subtle. Our wildebeest strains over a fallen log and after a breath, noses the air again with curiosity.

V/O:

Unaware of the peril that awaits him, our prey seeks something he will sadly never again find. Safety.

The movement and disturbance we detected in the background becomes a clay-made blur of orange and yellow. Our string quartet responds as you'd expect, tension rising in the music. The grass pulse-swags as our friend the wildebeest is tackled and brought to the ground. If you'd expected a protracted struggle, you'd be disappointed. The lion has taken it down with ease, the colorful mud-version that it is. Jaws clenched around the throat of the wildebeest, you can almost appreciate the efforts of the claymation artists who put this together.

V/O:

The lion.

David Attenborough our narrator is not, despite his attempts. The quartet's pace slows like a slowly weakening heart. Straining and yearning but dying just the same.

V/O:

Master of all it surveys, there is no more superior a predator in all of the known world. In regards to cunning, skill, strength and courage... there is truly no equal.

The clay of the lion ripples with fingerprints and incidental indentations as it adjusts its grip on the bleeding, pulsing neck of the wildebeest, its weight pressed down upon its victim. He blinks lazily.

V/O:

But what if...

Red paint abruptly drips down onto the diorama. Down the forehead of the lion. There is a brief moment where, even as crude clay, you can almost detect confusion on the lion's face. Our strings come back to life -- cautious and

concerned.

V/O:

What if the known world wasn't all there was?

A giant, red-painted fist CRUSHES the clay lion and clay wildebeest and with all the subtlety of a red-painted hand smashing a clay set. The fist is nearly five times the size of the flattened clay lion. The stark shift in perspective is immediately jarring. And like that; the "claymation" illusion has ended.

V/O:

What if there was more? What if...

The massive red hand is joined by an equally massive black-painted hand, it's knuckles equally massive and hairy. The two hands work to mash and join and dismember what's left of the clay. It's all becoming one mess of grey and brown. Unrecognizable.

V/O:

What if there was something else... apart and aside from the natural order of things? How could even the lion prepare for what it could never understand? What if there was something *more*? Something... worse?

The strings quake, unnerved. They ache and crescendo towards a peak. Suddenly text slaps your screen. Centered, white against black:

CORVO ALPHA is COMING for DEFtv

V/O:

Something much, much worse.

The strings grind to an unruly end.

HENRY KEYES vs. KYLE SHIELDS

DDK:

Henry Keyes is in action coming up next, and I don't know about you Lance, but I am VERY interested to hear if he plans on responding to Alvaro de Vargas's challenge from earlier tonight!

Lance:

Indeed, Keebs - we've received word that after the Cuban Tiger's DOMINANT victory, he stormed right out of the arena. Pretty clear to me that he's all business. Let's take it ringside!

♪ "Diamond Life" by Tyga ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Kansas City, Missouri, weighing in at two-hundred-thirty-seven pounds... KYLE SHIELDS!

Kyle Shields moseys his way to the ring, phone in hand, the ringside microphones picking up something about the latest cryptocurrency that's ALL THE RAGE~ right now. He's completely enthralled in his conversation to the point that when he enters the ring and finally hangs up, he is taken completely aback at the man in front of him.

Kyle Shields:

BENNY DOYLE?! The hell are YOU doing here?? I specifically requested Mark for my match tonight! COME ON!

Doyle shrugs as Kyle paces nervously in the ring.

WHIRRRRRRRRR~!!!

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

Darren Quimbey

And his opponent! From San Francisco, California, weighing in at two-hundred forty-nine pounds...he is THE AIRSHIP PIRATE! HENRYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

Red beacons flood the arena as the swashbuckling mustache man, haunch and all, power-struts down the ramp. Kyle pleads with referee Benny Doyle to call his brother down, but is completely shut down. Keyes locks eyes with Kyle as he steps through the ropes while saluting the fans, eyes clearly telling the tale of a man with a mission.

DING DING!

Between ding one and ding two, Kyle chooses to sprint straight into Keyes and nails him with a dropkick that sends Keyes into the corner stumbling! Shields scrambles to his feet and rolls to the outside, climbs to the top - flying neckbreaker connects! Shields goes for the cover, but Keyes kicks out at one and a half.

Lance:

Early momentum here for Kyle Shields!

DDK:

We have all seen how brutal Henry Keyes can be when he gets his offense gets going - it's a good strategy to say "Hey Henry, your offense won't GET going!"

Kyle is the first to get to his feet and he measures Keyes, a half step behind him, and lays in a solid CHOP! A second, a third! CHOPS FOR DAYS IN THE CORNER! Keyes looks stunned as Kyle reaches for the Irish Whip, launching Keyes into the opposite corner. Kyle charges with a running splash - Keyes ducks as Kyle bounces off the turnbuckle right into his waiting grasp! Keyes LAUNCHES Kyle with a huge beal, and Kyle bounces off the canvas!

DDK:

One misstep, and Keyes immediately takes advantage!

This time, it is Keyes waiting for Shields to rise to his feet, and the second he does, Keyes lays into him with a series of European Uppercuts! Kyle finally sidesteps a strike and tries for a strike of his own, only for Keyes to catch his arm and lift him up for a big backbreaker over his knee! Keyes goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

NOOOOOOOO!!!

Lance:

Two point eight or nine there on that pinfall, and it looks to me like Keyes has firmly taken control of his match!

DDK:

Credit to Kyle Shields, he came out guns blazing and put Keyes on his back foot, but he's going to have to pull out something crazy to get the momentum back in this one.

As Shields uses the ropes to get to his feet, Keyes takes a few steps back into a corner, measuring Shields all the way, waiting patiently. He sees his moment and charges!

CRACKKKK!

OOOOOOOOOH!!

DDK:

OHHHHHH!

Lance:

That's the stiffest Propeller Edge Chop I've ever SEEN! That might've popped a rib!

Shields practically melts to his knees, but Keyes wastes no time getting a cinch around his waist and hoisting him up high for a Release German Suplex! He goes for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR-AHHHHHHH!!

Lance:

BOY, I might have just called it a day right there if I was Kyle Shields, but credit to the young man! He's got some resiliency to kick out of that maneuver right there!

DDK:

He's a guy who always says he's just here for the paycheck, but kicking out of that sequence? I get the feeling Kyle Shields is more of a competitor than he wants to let on!

Keyes looks out to the crowd with a face that says he's ready to end this thing right here right now. He hoists Kyle to his shoulders, but Kyle throws some elbows to the side of Keyes's head and is able to free himself! Both men are on their feet and Kyle continues throwing elbow and forearm strikes hard into Keyes's face and ribs! He's got Keyes backed into the ropes - AND HOISTS KEYES ONTO HIS OWN SHOULDERS! HIGH ANGLE OLYMPIC SLAM FROM KYLE SHIELDS!!

Lance:

IS THIS FOR REAL??

ONE!

TWO!

THR-AHHHHHHHHH!!

Keyes kicks out far later than comfort would dictate and Kyle looks to the referee for confirmation that he didn't get the pinfall victory.

Kyle Shields:

I swear to GOD, if Mark says that was a three, I'll have your stripes, Benny!

Keyes rolls to his stomach and is clearly looking to shake out the cobwebs, slowly rising to his knees. Kyle creates some space, making his way to the outside of the ring before climbing to the top rope. Henry finally makes it to his feet as Shields flies - AND IS CAUGHT BY KEYES ON HIS SHOULDERS! Keyes begins to spin in place with Shields on his shoulders!

Lance:

We've seen this before!

As the rotations get faster and faster, Keyes drops his arms to his hips!

DDK:

THE AIRSHIP SPIN!

After a half dozen more spins, Keyes shrugs his shoulders and splats Kyle to the mat! Keyes takes a second to find his equilibrium, staggers, and hooks a deep double-leg pinning combination on Shields!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING!!

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match...HENRYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

Lance:

Kyle Shields put up more of a fight than I might have expected going in, but nonetheless, the red hot Henry Keyes picks up another victory here tonight!

DDK:

And it looks like our pirate friend isn't done yet, he's calling for a microphone!

A crew member near the timekeeper hands Henry a microphone and he signals for his music to stop playing as he catches his breath for a moment. He gives an appreciative glance to the direction of Kyle Shields, still on the ground trying to find his center of gravity.

Henry Keyes:

Man, EVERYONE'S swinging for the fences these days, aren't they!

Keyes wipes the sweat from his face and takes a few more gathering breaths.

Henry Keyes:

You know, I want to say I see something myself in Alvaro de Vargas-

The mere mention of the name is met with raucous BOOOOOOOOOOs, which Henry tries to wave down to limited success.

Henry Keyes:

-because I've been known to get pissed and STAY pissed if I suffered a loss I didn't feel I deserved. But that's the whole damn THING, Mr. de Vargas - after everything you'd put me through, the bull with my friends, stealing my damn TIGER, besmirching the gift of my handshake - you DESERVED to lose at Acts of DEFIANCE!

A few "ohhhhh!"s pepper through the crowd.

Henry Keyes:

And now you're telling me you haven't had enough hellfire and brimstone in your life - FINE. Fine. If beating your carcass from pillar to post one more time will finally tame the child-beast in your heart, fine. Let one of us come out victorious in the middle of that ring and let this whole damn thing come to a close...and let me SHOW YOU that you don't try to TAKE from the goddamn PIRATE KING OF DEFIANCE.

Keyes spikes the microphone to the mat, possibly breaking it, before storming out of the ring.

Lance:

The challenge has been accepted and the match is official for DEFtv 163! Now, here's this!

COMMERCIAL: BALLYHOO BREW



OLD FRIENDS

David Noble sits in the medical room, being attended to by one of the DEF physicians, focusing particularly on his left shoulder. We see the physician asking David a question and David shaking his head before the physician applies some KT Tape to his shoulder to help alleviate some of the pain that he's experiencing. After a few moments, the physician wraps up with him and Noble says his thanks.

As he steps out of the medical room, rubbing his tender shoulder, he turns the corner and immediately walks into someone that he is quite familiar with.

The camera pans out and we see that person is none other than Lindsay Troy, causing the WrestlePlex to explode in cheers.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

David glances at Troy with a smile on his face before he shakes his head.

David Noble:

Lindsay Troy. Long time no see, old friend of mine.

The Queen's riding high from her chit-chat with Cayle Murray earlier in the evening, but she still regards Noble smugly.

Lindsay Troy:

Is that what we are.

David Noble:

I meant it more facetiously than anything. Though, you never know, six years away. You might have actually missed me, I don't know?

Lindsay Troy:

Yes, I missed you like the plague.

She walks off. Noble follows, taking note of her leather jacket and the ghoulish visages on the back of it.

David Noble:

Glad to know the feeling is basically mutual. *[pauses]* What the hell is on the back of your jacket? Taken up occult since I last saw you?

Lindsay Troy: *[rolling her eyes]*

Someone hasn't been paying attention. That's everyone I've run roughshod over the past few months.

She whirls on her heel and comes almost eye-to-eye with him.

Lindsay Troy:

Got a spot next to Malak Garland for your ugly mug, if you're feeling froggy.

A smile emerges on David's face as he thinks about the proposition over for a moment or two. A match against Lindsay Troy? That could be fun.

David Noble:

I mean, I would appreciate it if I could take a spot on the arms. Or I can even buy you a new jacket and you could have an entire back of just me. I feel like that's right up your alley. *[pauses]* You know me, old *friend* of mine, I can't resist a match against you, and I can't imagine a bigger challenge in all honesty. Call it a good way to see where exactly I'm at.

Noble then leans against the wall.

David Noble:

Just know this, LT. If I win, I'm buying you a jacket to wear with my face on it.

Lindsay Troy:

Save your money and buy a clue instead. See you in two weeks.

With that, she marches off. David watches as she disappears down the hallway, the smile still on his face.

David Noble:

Two weeks...

He chews this over in his mind for a moment.

David Noble:

Can't wait, old friend.

David then turns around and heads off in the opposite direction, already beginning to prepare mentally for his match against Lindsay Troy at DEFtv 163.

ELISE ARES vs. BROCK NEWBLUDD

DDK:

We've had a great Night One of action so far tonight, Lance, but like all good things it must come to an end.

Lance:

Let's not call it yet! We still got one thing left for the Faithful!

DDK:

You're right about that! Let's get down to Darren Quimbey for our main event!

In the ring Darren Quimbey stands in the spotlight, gathering the full attention of the cheering Faithful as the lights around him dim. In the background, Benny Doyle can be seen checking the ring quality for the attraction.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is our MAIN EVENT of night one and is scheduled for ONE FALL!

The Faithful proclaim "ONE FALL" along with DEFIANCE's ring announcer, driving Roland insane.

The subtle beginning of "BDE" by Qveen Herby takes the capacity crowd off-guard as the lights change to a pink and gold, ushering in a new era of Elise Ares with a new entrance theme. Still wearing the clear protective facemask (with Louis Vuitton logo in the bottom corner), The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style swaggers out into the DEF Arena wearing a burgundy high fashion jacket flanked by The D and Flex Kruger. At the top of the aisle, the duo help remove the jacket from their Pop Culture Phenom compatriot and begin their march to the ring to the cheers of the Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first from Beverly Hills, California! Being accompanied by The D and Flex Kruger... representing the Pop Culture Phenoms... weighing in at 122 pounds... The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, EEEEEELIIIIIIIISE
ARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRES!

The D and Flex hop up onto the apron as Elise elects to take the stairs. Opening the ring ropes for her, her fellow PCPs stand guard as the former DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion enters the ring as suggestively as possible with a giant smirk on her face.

DDK:

Lance, it wasn't too long ago that Elise Ares was the longest Southern Heritage Champion in DEFIANCE history and was challenging Mikey Unlikely for the FIST of DEFIANCE. A face injury against JFK and Cayle Murray forced her to take more of a tag role for her own protection but we can't sleep on the fact that when she's on her game Elise Ares somehow becomes one of the biggest players in all of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

This will certainly be a singles test for Brock Newbludd. We certainly know he can get the job done in tag team action, he has a championship belt around his waist he can point at to get that message across, but singles wrestling is an entirely different game. Ares has record breaking reigns in both. It'll be a great chance to see where he measures up.

DDK:

It'd be a fool not to mention that Elise Ares had some help along the way, and don't forget that Brock came to DEFIANCE as a singles wrestler. His career trajectory along with his friendship with Pat Cassidy took him in a different direction, but this is what he trained to do. Any questions that he's ever had about what his path would've been without the Saturday Night Specials could be answered tonight.

Lance:

A one on one opportunity with arguably one of the best DEFIANCE has to offer for Newbludd. A chance to move past a face injury that's put her ascension on hold and reassert herself as one of DEFIANCE's best. Both wrestlers have a LOT to prove here in our main event.

The Faithful let out a resounding ovation as “The Innovator” Brock Newbludd walks out onto the stage with a fist raised high above his head and one of the Unified Tag Team Title belts wrapped around his waist. Following close behind him, with a title belt of his own slung over a shoulder and a red solo cup in hand is “Black Out” Pat Cassidy. The two men each make their way to opposite sides of the stage and work the excited crowd into a frenzy before coming together at the top of the ramp. Standing shoulder to shoulder, Pat and Brock both raise a belt up in the direction of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent! Being accompanied by “Black Out” Pat Cassidy...representing The Saturday Night Specials...weighing in at 252 pounds...he is one half of the Unified Tag Team Champions of the world! From Milwaukee, Wisconsin...this is “The Innovator” Broooooock Neeewbluuudd!

Slapping hands with fans as they make their way towards the ring, Newbludd and Cassidy separate at the bottom of the ramp to crawl up the outside of opposite turnbuckles. Raising the belts up one final time to the cheering crowd, the two friends each hop off their respective turnbuckles to enter the ring. Pat gives Newbludd a couple last second words of encouragement before taking Brock’s belt and exiting the ring to take his place in his friend’s corner.

Lance:

What’s Ares up to?

A devilish grin spread across her face, Elise sidesteps referee Benny Doyle and saunters up to her wary opponent. Elise winks playfully at Brock and slowly bends over to pull something out of her boot. Newbludd raises an eyebrow and glances at Cassidy who shrugs his shoulders in confusion. Still grinning, Ares shows Newbludd what she just pulled out of her boot and Brock matches her grin with one of his own.

DDK:

Is that a flask?

Lance:

You got it, DDK. She never leaves home without it.

Unscrewing the cap on the flask, Elise raises a toast to Newbludd and takes a healthy pull, drawing a cheer from the crowd. DEFIANCE’S Leading Lady lowers the flask and offers it to Brock, seductively licking her lips as she does so. Brock doesn’t hesitate for an instant and takes the flask from her. First toasting Ares, and then the crowd, Newbludd throws his head back and takes a pull.

DDK:

A little showing of respect here, Lance.

Lance:

Gotta love it, DDK.

Handing the flask back, Newbludd wipes his mouth and gives Ares an approving nod. Elise goes to stuff the flask back in her boot, but Benny Doyle quickly stops her and orders her to get the foreign object out of the ring. Rolling her eyes at the ref, Ares tosses the flask to Flex on the outside and makes her way back to her corner. With both competitors set and ready to go, Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

And there’s the bell! You can feel the electricity in the arena right now, Lance.

Lance:

You sure can, partner. Two of their favorites are about to lock up for the first time ever. You can’t blame the people for being excited about that one bit.

The Innovator and The South Beach Starlet slowly circle each other in the middle of the ring as the crowd buzzes in anticipation around them. Newbludd is the first to act by lunging towards Ares in an attempt to initiate a tie up but the quicker Ares avoids his grasp and shoots around him to hit the ropes. Rebounding at full speed, Elise comes back towards Brock and attempts to take his legs out from under him with a low dropkick. Veteran instincts kicking in, Newbludd jumps straight up in the air and Ares slides right underneath him. Whirling around, Brock attempts to lay Elise out with a discus punch but whiffs courtesy of a perfectly timed backwards roll by Ares.

DDK:

Elise uses her speed right off the bat to avoid the clutches of her opponent. She'll need to use that agility advantage as much as she can to come away with the win tonight.

Lance:

Yes she will. And on the flip side, Brock's main goal should be to ground her as much as he can. Counteract her speed with power.

Popping back up to her feet, Ares nails the approaching Newbludd in the thigh with a cracking kick that causes Brock to grit his teeth in pain. A flurry of alternating kicks follows and Brock is dropped to a single knee to the sound of Ares screaming out in Spanish. Elise backpedals quickly and bounces off the ropes to charge back in towards Brock. Leaping in the air, Ares puts Brock's back to the mat with a shotgun dropkick!

DDK:

Ares hit Newbludd like a bullet with that dropkick! Kip-up by Elise and she's already back up on her feet.

Shaking his head, Brock angrily props himself up on his elbows and is immediately squashed back into the mat courtesy of a standing shooting star press from Ares!

Lance:

Standing shooting star from Ares and she's got the leg hooked for the first pin attempt of this matchup!

ONE!

TW--Brock kicks out with authority!

Kicking out with enough force to cause Elise to catch some air and flop stomach first on the mat, Brock rolls away from her and scrambles to his feet. Meanwhile, Elise throws her legs up and forward to perform another kip up. Unfortunately her suddenness backfires on Elise the second time around as she's immediately caught in a rear waistlock by Brock!

DDK:

Newbludd's got Ares trapped in a waistlock! I sense a suplex coming, partner!

Lance:

I think everyone in the arena can sense it, DDK!

Indeed they can. With The Faithful letting out a cheer, Brock pops his hips and sends Elise SOARING across the ring with a release german suplex. The people's cheering swells as they watch the acrobatic luchadora adjust herself mid-flight and land on her feet!

DDK:

Ares lands on her feet with ease and she's charging back in towards Newbludd!

On the outside of the ring, The D holds up a sign that says "9.5" while Pat Cassidy points behind Brock, alerting the veteran who spins on a heel just in time to see Ares flying towards him. Unable to react quick enough, Brock is sent up and over with a hurracarrana.

Lance:

Perfectly executed hurracarrana by Elise...and look at this! Newbludd rolls through it and he's headed for the ropes!

Using the forward momentum from the rana' in his favor, Brock rebounds off the ropes and rushes towards Ares with a full head of steam. Surprised by Newbludd suddenly racing towards her, Ares instinctively leaps in the air for a second hurracarrana.

DDK:

Newbludd's trying to keep up with Ares, but Elise has got the literal jump on him again!

After a perfectly timed jump, Elise lands on the incoming Newbludd's shoulders and she tries to flip him for a second time but fails when Brock grabs onto her legs with both hands! Still moving forward at a near full sprint, Brock keeps Elise on his shoulders as he veers towards the closest turnbuckle.

Lance:

Elise is wailing on Newbludd with rights and lefts but they're not doing much! Brock is literally eating those blows!

With the corner only a few steps away, and with Elise hammering down on his head, Brock let's out an audible grunt and throws her towards the corner...

DDK:

Buckle bomb by Brock sends Elise crashing into the turnbuckles!

The stunned Ares bounces hard off the turnbuckles and stumbles forward into Newbludd's waiting arms. Roughly grabbing his staggering opponent, Brock lifts her high in the air in the suplex position. Keeping Ares vertical, Brock locates The D on the outside and sticks an arm out to point at him. Flashing a menacing grin at The Netflix A-Lister, The D holds up a sign that says "0.0" as Brock tightens his grip on Ares and plants her into the mat with a delayed brainbuster!

Lance:

Big time brainbuster from Big Match Brock! Ares is down and he's going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

Elise gets a shoulder up!

Shaking his head and grinning, Brock rolls off of Elise and brings her back up to her feet. A blink of an eye later and The Innovator is heading towards the corner after driving Ares into the mat with a snap DDT.

DDK:

Newbludd isn't wasting any time here, Lance. He just followed up that brainbuster with a DDT that has left Elise Ares lying motionless on the mat.

Lance:

Like I said earlier, DDK, if Newbludd plans on winning tonight he's going to need to clip Ares' wings. So far he has done that and now he's heading up top!

Now crouched on the top turnbuckle, Newbludd slowly rises to a standing position as he zeroes in on the prone Ares. Ready to go in the launch position, Brock cups both hands around his mouth and looks out to the crowd.

Brock Newbludd:

BAAAALLLYY!!!

Newbludd leaps off the turnbuckle and turns horizontal in mid-flight. Behind him, The Faithful roar loudly...

The Faithful:

HOOOOOOO!!

Lance:

Here comes that signature elbow drop!

With only a couple of seconds left until impact, Brock sticks an elbow out and aims it at Elise's heart. At the same instant, the veteran luchadora rolls out of harm's way and Newbludd's elbow hits nothing but mat!

DDK:

The high risk move backfires on Brock! Not only did Elise avoid the elbow, she's already back up on her feet!

Lance:

Elise Ares just gave us all a lesson in playing possum, partner. Brock's eagerness clouded his judgement and he paid the price for it!

"What did you guys just call me?!" Ares screams out at the Faithful while shaking the cobwebs out of her head. She then glances at the down Newbludd for a split second before racing over to the ropes. Flashbulbs illuminate the arena as she leaps onto the top rope and springboards back towards the middle of the ring. The soaring luchadora performs a beautiful mid-air backflip to complete a top rope springboard moonsault!

DDK:

What a moonsault by Ares and now she's the one hooking the leg!

ONE!

TWO!!

Brock with the kickout!

Unphased by the kickout, Elise pops back up to her feet and keeps Brock down with a flurry of soccer style kicks to The Innovator's ribs. Ares finishes the barrage with an exceptionally hard kick and then looks to the opposite set of ropes. With The D and Flex loudly cheering her on, Elise dashes towards the ropes and springboards off of them for a second time.

Lance:

Elise is going for back to back springboard moonsaults...hang on...Newbludd popped back up!

Unaware of Brock having made it back up to his feet, Ares is helpless as she is caught from behind on the springboard! Using his opponent's momentum against her, Newbludd bends backwards to hit a bridging back suplex!

DDK:

Brock with the reversal and he's got that bridge maintained!

ONE!

Another kickout!

Having successfully kicked out, Elise performs a backwards roll to pop back up on her feet as Brock flips over onto his stomach to push himself up. As he does so, Ares hits the ropes once again and charges back in to grab Newbludd in a front facelock just as he gets fully upright. Kicking her legs like a madwoman, Ares wrenches Brock around and drives his head into the canvas with a spectacular Tornado DDT! She immediately sprints to the ropes and flips backwards with a lightning quick THIRD springboard moonsault bursts up to her feet and does a standing shooting star press and

goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Are you KIDDING me?

Benny Doyle holds up the two count and the Faithful roar in appreciation as Elise Ares instantly goes to argue what she deems to be a slow count. Slightly winded, the Queen of Sports Entertainment abandons her flurry of blows to get into Boyle's face as he defiantly keeps two fingers in her face.

DDK:

Elise needs to spend less time trying to correct Benny Doyle and more time trying to put Brock Newbludd away, she's been unsuccessful so far.

Lance:

He's been equally frustrated, Darren. These two are just beating the bejesus out of each other and neither is staying down.

Behind the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE, the tag team champion staggers up to his feet leading Flex Kruger and The D to begin frantically signalling Elise to look behind her. She takes direction well and does just in time for Newbludd to drill her with an elbow, askewing her face shield and making her fall down to a knee. Ares adjusts her mask as Brock stands up to her and tells her to hit him with her best shot. Elise winds up and slaps Brock across the face and the Faithful gasp as it echoes around the arena, but Newbludd barely shifts on impact. He returns with a superkick that knocks Ares off of her feet.

DDK:

I don't think it's smart for Ares to participate in this exchanging of blows, certainly she knows there is no way for her to win.

The former SoHER gathers herself on the mat as Brock gives her space to get back up to her feet. Much to the surprise of her opponent, Ares staggers back up to her feet. Wavering just a bit, the Queen of Sports Entertainment Style throws her arm back for another slap before she steps on the tag champion's foot causing him to hunch forward and she uppercuts him right in the throat! The Faithful cheer as Doyle checks on the legality of the move, but doesn't have time as Newbludd grabs Ares and turns her inside out with a short-arm clothesline before falling to the mat.

Lance:

Now they're both down again, Darren! If someone is going to win this match they're going to have to dig deep!

DDK:

The Faithful have recognized that both of these fighters have put it all on the line tonight and are giving them the proper respect by rising to their feet.

Inside the ring, to the roars of the Faithful, Brock Newbludd is again the first one up to his feet... but his base isn't what experts would call "stable." Exhausted, he bends at the leg as Ares is up on her hands and knees. Doyle checks on Newbludd just long enough for Flex Kruger to slide the flask across the canvas into the hand of his stablemate.

Lance:

Ares has the flask!

She staggers up to her feet flask in hand about to swing forward when Doyle points to it.

DDK:

She's digging deep alright, right into the side of Brock's he...

Elise stops and looks at Doyle in confusion who continues to point at the flask in her hand. She wiggles it and shrugs her shoulders before taking a big drink out of it. Brock is also noticeably skeptical until Ares reaches out to hand it over. The Faithful cheer as Newbludd cocks his head to the side.

Lance:

I think this might be the first time we've ever had two competitors share a drink mid-match out of respect?

DDK:

It's... certainly something. I'm not sure if I trust Elise's motives here.

Hesitantly, the tag team champion reaches out and grabs the flask from his adversary and takes a smell above the cap to check for any tampering. Benny Doyle urges them both to discard the flask and continue the match but Brock gives a nod of respect back to Ares before taking a long draw out of the flask. After he's done, he tosses it over to Benny Doyle for safe keeping as Elise and the Faithful share a round of applause for the Unified Tag Champion.

Lance:

That must be the good stuff right there! Brock Newbludd approves!

Brock nods and takes a step forward extending his hand for a handshake that Ares gladly accepts with a smile as Doyle tosses the flask over towards The D and again urges the two to get back to the acti...

DDK:

SMALL PACKAGE!

Lance:

BROCK NEWBLUDD HAS BEEN BAMBOOZLED!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The capacity crowd erupts and jumps to their feet as Brock kicks out a fraction of a second too late and Ares is sprawled out on the canvas.

DING DING DING

Flex Kruger slides halfway into the ring and pulls the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE out of the ring as Pat Cassidy slides in on the other side to confront the Pop Culture Phenoms about their shenanigans.

DDK:

Pat Cassidy is pissed off at both Brock Newbludd and Benny Doyle, and honestly Lance, he has a legitimate gripe here but nothing illegal happened.

Lance:

He fell for it, hook, line, and sinker! You never trust Elise Ares. N-E-V-E-R!

Cassidy continues to run Benny Doyle down in the ring in frustration as Brock watches Flex Kruger parade around with Elise Ares on his shoulders up the aisle with The D jumping by their side. Pat comes over and gives Brock a hand, pulling him up to his feet in defeat while the Pop Culture Phenoms continue to party their way right out of the building.

DDK:

A statement win going into DEFIANCE Road none-the-less. Elise Ares just pinned one-half of the Unified Tag Team Champions, Lance, and you can't help but wonder if this is a sign of things to come!

Lance:

By hook or by crook the Pop Culture Phenoms find a way! That's why the Faithful hate to love them and love to hate them... depending on circumstances. They're the longest reigning DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions for a reason. 399 days total as champions looking to be the first team to 400 days!

The arena is filled with Qveen Herby's "Big Dick Energy" as the Pop Culture Phenoms disappear to the backstage area securing another victory. Dejected, the Saturday Night Specials follow them with questions about what exactly they've gotten themselves into. This is going to be quite the war... and we haven't even begun to see what kind of chaos Los Tres Titanes is going to throw into the equation.

DDK:

For Lance Warner this is "Downtown" Darren Keebler signing off from the WrestlePlex, and as always...

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.