

SHOW OPEN

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

Signs and excitement everywhere!

I HATE THE MEAN WRESTLERS AND LIKE THE NICE ONES

MURIEL IS GUILTY

I BEAT PERFECTION AT PAC MAN

DOUBLE LIFE BAR!?!?!?

BALLYHOO BRÜ

JIGGA, MURIEL, NOT GUILTY

MINUTE: GIANT KILLER

URIEL CORTEZ: LIMO HOOD KILLER

MALAK GOT WEAK CUDDLE GAME

MIKEY IS A HANZO MAIN

ARTHUR SUCKS EGGS

X'S ON EYES MEANS WE ARE FRIENDS?

MIKEY NOT MY FIST!

CONOR WON FITE ME!

PROPAGANDA DARK FEED IS LiT!

DDK:

WELCOME everyone to DEFtv Night 1! And we are going to get started with some great in-ring action--

♪ “Perfect Gentlemen” by Helloween ♪

An unexpected early arrival by Perfection this evening.

Unexpected and unwanted, Lance.

I'm starting to grow tired of 24K members doing what they want. We were supposed to start DEFtv tonight with a wrestling match but that's out the window.

Amazing! Nothing is working for Perfection. Now if he could all do us a favor and get out-

[illegible]

NOW! To save us all time there's no need to scream at me, attempt to shout over me- hello! I have a much louder tool!

James annoyingly thumps the microphone with his hand.

There's also no reason to waste the popcorn you purchased instead of a TV dinner by throwing it; my meals are far more sophisticated. There's also no point, yes, you ma'am in the front especially, of telling your wet noodles for arms, soy boy boyfriend that I'm the one of only **FOUR men** in **DEFIANCE** you want to take home tonight-

Humble as always.

And classy.

Because none of it matters! The only thing that does is what I'm about to say. SHHH- listen! It's taken me a few weeks to get up to speed with what you havenots waste your precious hourly wages on. And you know what?

Witherhold looks concerned.

When I found out it wasn't gift cards to the 24K store or ladies taking up pole dancing to compete in JFK's Amateur Strippee Night at Larry Flynt's... I was shattered!

DDK:

JFK's Amatuer Strippee Night at Larry Flynt's? You don't say, James! I heard by the water cooler a certain production assistant...

Lance:

Keeps... don't.

Perfection:

Truly dismayed by what I discovered! You fools spend your cash on... STUPID VIDEO GAMES! And you know what, maybe if I would have said from the start- "Hey! Listen!", you low IQ betas would have understood.

DDK:

This is such nonsense.

Perfection:

NO... HEY! LISTEN! I learned... that losers, like you **Unfaithful** in this audience, actually sit and watch people play video games on some trash called Twitch! You even donate to these neckbeard losers! Can you believe it!?

/rank /rank /rank

Perfection:

STOP! Normal people give their money to the Red Cross, to those "starving" African kids that seemingly always have bloated bellies, hell, they even donate to the Witherhold Foundation. Yet you dopes toss your cash to idiots in mommy's basement opening card packs!

Lance:

Hey now, Perfection! My nephew loves watching those!

Perfection:

I tuned into one of these dopey streams of pure piss only to find that idiot, that annoying Pac Man loving prick Conor Fuse sitting with twenty-two thousand viewers. TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND OF YOU INEPT FOOLS SAT THERE WATCHING A DOPE PLAY A VIDEO GAME!

Lance:

Not surprising since Conor is growing rapidly in popularity lately.

Perfection:

The fact you'd watch that testosterone lacking loser fiddle with his joystick and donate to his stream. That you'd invest in that instead of putting money towards your own quality of life- like getting a new premium cotton 24K t-shirt... ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTS ME! CONNOR FUSE DISGUSTS ME!

/rank /rank /rank

James lowers his hand to calm the pace of the crowd that is hungry for Conor Fuse.

Perfection:

TONIGHT- with obviously way more numbers and eyes on Yours Truly than can ever be seen on Twitch... I intend to beat Conor Fuse again! Just like I beat him when he forfeited Pac Man and like I beat him into a bloody pulp a few weeks ago!

The crowd begins to stir with excitement at the prospect and Perfection puts his hand on his chest like a martyr.

Lance:

Wow! Is Perfection challenging Conor Fuse one on one!?

DDK:

This very well might be a first for him and a great opening match!

Perfection:

I mean it- RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW, IN THIS VERY RING... 'Your's Truly', 24K's very own Perfection VERSES...

Witherhold stares to the right and then to the left before reaching into his suit pocket and pulling out his phone. James looks at it as he continues.

Perfection:

Whatever this stupid shit Cayle downloaded for me is... GOAT Simulator! To be honest, **Unfaithfuls**, I didn't even know they made a simulator about me...

Lance:

Is he really going to waste our time with this!? He couldn't have just given us a match?

DDK:

I have a feeling we are going to be here a while.

James isn't leaving the ring as he calls in a cameraman to get inside and focus on his phone so it's shown across the DEFiatron for The Faithful. The fans are hating every minute of this and really roar with booing. James looks up across the ring, giving a giant smile as he takes in the displeasure. However, in an unexpected turn, the crowd makes a sharp change to a low cheer. James raises his arm, thinking it's something he did in the game...

It's not.

DDK:

It's CONOR FUSE!

Fuse storms through the sea of Faithful, wearing green Adidas track pants and an "8-BIT BADASS" t-shirt. His forehead is bandaged up from the beating he took two weeks ago and glass cuts remain in many places where his skin is showing.

DDK:

I think Perfection is going to get what he asked for!

The rest of the crowd catches on and the DEFplex ERUPTS as Fuse slides into the ring and calls for Perfection to turn around...

DDK:

Conor with a spear!!

The younger Fuse stays over Perfection and starts hammering him with a fury of left hands! Witherhold tries to cover up but Conor is too much.

DDK:

Conor's getting revenge for Perfection's brutal attack after the FIST match!

Fuse relentlessly drills Perfection with shot after shot after shot!

Lance:

I have NEVER seen Conor like this before!

Finally, Fuse stands. He drags Perfection to his feet and then hurls him into a corner. Conor rushes in with a HARD cannonball splash! Conor walks to the center of the ring, hands on hips, breathing heavily and then races in again with

ANOTHER cannonball splash, knocking the spit out of James' mouth! Referees run down to break up the attack before it can get any worse.

Lance:

A BOOMING response by The Faithful!

Conor's pulled away from Perfection as Witherhold falls out of the ring, holding his head and trying to get away as quickly as possible. The Character Formerly Known as Player Two tries to break free from the referees but realizes the 24K member is already halfway up the ramp. Conor asks for a microphone and Mark Shields gives him one.

Conor Fuse:

Hey... hey you, yeah YOU, the worst NPC of the 24K co-op! I want YOU at DEFIANCE Road. Conor Fuse is coming for YOU. Conor Fuse is coming for ALL of YOU!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

Conor paces around the ring, trying to blow off steam.

Conor Fuse:

24K is INFECTING DEFIANCE. I can't believe I didn't stand up to this nonsense already! This will not happen in my game! Come DEFIANCE Road, I put my big boy gaming gloves on and I show the world why I was signed to a DEFIANCE Wrestling contract to begin with. Start up the console; tear down the system! Perfection, you're the goomba of the co-op! You're the useless one they throw out there first...

By now, Witherhold is at the top of the rampway. He looks back, pointing to Conor, acting like he wants to continue fighting but obviously doesn't.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, tough guy. You've got muscles but you don't scare me. Take that bullshit tiny console in your pants to the back. You don't want ANY of this! Best to get out of here quickly ya dumb BOT, cause I'm not in the mood!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

Fuse is breathing heavily. He walks to the center of the ring, almost taken back by the roaring support of the crowd!

DDK:

This has been a long time coming! You could tell Conor had been endearing himself to The Faithful, even after all of his mischievous behavior!

Lance:

The guy has it, Keebs. There's no denying that!

Conor Fuse:

DEFIANCE Road: Conor Fuse vs. Perfection. It's time I get my DEFIANCE game really going! You WILL NOT take over this system!

Fuse throws the mic to the floor and screams at Perfection as the 24K member turns and bows out behind the curtain.

Lance:

I have to say this is refreshing to see. You always knew Conor had this side in him...

Fuse marches around the ring as The Gamers continue a "*!rank !rank !rank*" chant, growing louder by the second. Mark Shields and a few of the other refs (but mainly Mark Shields) try to calm The Green One down.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD

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

IT'S NOT OVER

"HEY, YOU!"

Perfection is backstage. Upon hearing a voice, he turns his head-

DDK:

CONOR FUSE RUNS RIGHT INTO PERFECTION!

Fuse spears the 24K member and both crash into the brick wall! Once again, Conor stays over top of his opponent and starts drilling Witherhold down with left after left.

!RANK !RANK !RANK

DEF staff interject and pull the two apart. Perfection tries to collect himself but he's struggling. Conor stands with people surrounding him from all angles.

Conor Fuse:

Let me get this straight, you walk into DEFIANCE and think you own the joint? The 24K Game Over is coming... oh man, it's coming.

Perfection gives Fuse the finger, still trying to find a vertical base.

Conor Fuse:

You're the GOOMBA of the co-op. You have NOTHING to your name but you're too far up your own shell to see it.

Conor tries to fight through the crowd of people. Even his "managers" Alex Pietrangelo and Martin Evans-Everett VI are there. Witherhold looks over at Conor's teammates and laughs at them. Fuse catches on quick.

Conor Fuse:

Shut up, bud. You think cause I like having some fun I can't kick your ass? Wait until DEFIANCE Road. Just wait. I used to TEAR the house down, my brother and I. You'll see.

Perfection is finally on his feet and starts to walk away.

Conor Fuse:

And screw your FML registration. We don't want it!

Pietrangelo looks at MEE6 like Witherhold never applied to begin with but neither of them tell Conor. The younger Fuse is way too pissed off.

RICK DICKULOUS vs. MASSIVE COWBOY

The screen cuts to a wide angled shot of the ring, Massive Cowboy being checked over by Carla Ferrari

Darren Quimbey:

This match is scheduled for one fall. Currently in the ring, representing Southern Basterds. Standing six feet five inches tall and weighing two-hundred sixty-five pounds, MASSIVE COWBOY!

DDK:

And we're back here in the DEFplex for our next matchup. We've got Massive Cowboy already in the ring.

Lance:

I think this is supposed to be payback for Earl Lee Roberts, but I'm not sure.

DDK:

I'm not sure either, Lance. Regardless, Massive Cowboy taking on this man here...

Suddenly the crowd is bathed in deep blood red lighting as a powerful kick drum resonates through the building's sound system.

♪ "Face Fisted" by Dethklok ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, standing six feet nine inches tall, and weighing four-hundred twenty-five pounds....RICK DIICKULOOUUUUSSS!

Lance:

I know we have security on standby tonight, Rick Dickulous' matches always seem to end in some sort of chaos.

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

Carla Ferrari ushers Rick Dickulous to his corner, handing his axe off to a ringside assistant, and checking the big man over before walking back to the centre of the ring and calling for the bell.

DING DING

Massive Cowboy wastes no time charging across the ring towards Rick Dickulous with a yell, only to be met with a big boot to the face, sending him crashing to the mat.

DDK:

Massive Cowboy trying to take the fight to Rick Dickulous early.

Rick Dickulous reaches down and pulls Massive Cowboy to his feet, locking up for a moment before delivering a hard knee to Massive Cowboy's midsection that doubles him over. Taking advantage of the opening, Rick Dickulous connects with a hard double axe handle square in the middle of Massive Cowboy's back, again knocking him to the mat in a heap.

Rick Dickulous takes some time to gloat at the faithful as Massive Cowboy manages to drag himself to his feet and regroup in the corner.

DDK:

I think Massive Cowboy needs to move, Lance. He's not in the best position right now.

Lance:

Rick Dickulous has been known to use those corners effectively.

Suddenly Rick Dickulous charges towards the corner Massive Cowboy is in, only for Massive Cowboy to somehow sidestep, sending Rick Dickulous crashing into the turnbuckles. Massive Cowboy spins Rick Dickulous in the corner and climbs onto the second turnbuckle, unloading a flurry of punches to Rick Dickulous' face as Carla Ferrari counts to five along with the crowd.

Before Carla Ferrari could get Massive Cowboy down, Rick Dickulous gained control by lifting a shocked Massive Cowboy by the throat with a single arm, tossing him backwards to the centre of the ring, again in a heap.

As Rick Dickulous began working Massive Cowboy over at ring centre, Chris Richards made his way cautiously down to ringside unbeknownst to Rick Dickulous.

DDK:

What is Chris Richards doing out here, Lance?

Lance:

Hard to say, Keebs. What's safe to say is he's not out here to help Rick Dickulous.

As Rick continued the assault in the ring with an irish whip into the ropes followed by a massive powerslam on the rebound, he became aware of Chris Richards' presence. As Rick Dickulous focused on Chris Richards, he motioned for Chris Richards to pay attention, lifting Massive Cowboy to his feet and into a reverse DDT that resonated through the building.

Chris Richards' eyes slowly looked from Rick Dickulous down to his axe leaning against the ring stairs, then back to Rick Dickulous with a mischievous grin.

Lance:

Chris Richards is eyeballing Rick's axe, and it looks like it may be getting under Rick's skin a bit.

DDK:

Too right, Lance. I think Chris Richards might be onto something.

Rick Dickulous made his way over to the ropes to confront Chris Richards who just stood there with a smile on his face shrugging at Rick Dickulous' verbal assault, as Massive Cowboy took advantage of the situation and delivered a hard punch to the back of Rick Dickulous' head, followed by a second and a third. Unphased, Rick Dickulous threw a well placed back elbow which connected with a sickening slap to the side of Massive Cowboy's head which sent him reeling backwards.

Rick Dickulous:

Watch this, you little pissant!

Suddenly Rick Dickulous shot forward and wrapped his massive arms around Massive Cowboy's waist and tossing him backwards over Rick Dickulous' head in a release german suplex. As Rick Dickulous popped back to his feet, he followed the throw up with some hard stomps to Massive Cowboy's chest, directly in front of Chris Richards.

Rick Dickulous: *[to Chris Richards]*

Pay attention...this is what's in store for you.

DDK:

Rick Dickulous doing a number on Massive Cowboy while egging Chris Richards on.

Lance:

I'm still trying to figure out when Chris Richards is going to do something...

DDK:

He already has, Lance. He's playing mental chess with Rick Dickulous.

Lance:

Isn't that kinda like playing chess with a pigeon, Keebs? You know the old saying, right? Something about the pigeon knocking all the pieces off the board and taking a steaming sh--

DDK:

Easy now, Lance...

Massive Cowboy pulled himself up by the ropes, only to be spun around quickly by Rick Dickulous who grabbed his hand and pulled him in for a brutal short-arm clothesline.

DDK:

And there it is, the Misery Whip from Rick Dickulous. This match has got to be over, Lance.

Lance:

This is less of a match, and more like leading a lamb to slaughter. Rick Dickulous needs to be kept under control.

Rick Dickulous places his foot on Massive Cowboy's chest and Carla Ferrari begins to count the pin, as Chris Richards jumps to action moving closer to Rick Dickulous' axe.

ONE

Chris Richards reaches for the handle.

TWO

Chris Richards gets closer, Rick Dickulous looks between Carla Ferrari, Chris Richards, and Massive Cowboy.

THREE!!

DING DING DING

Before Carla Ferrari could raise Rick Dickulous' hand, Chris Richards managed to steal Rick Dickulous' axe to a cheer from the crowd, making his way back up the ramp. The big Canadian stepped over the top rope and gave chase.

DDK:

What is Chris Richards doing, Lance? He's got Rick Dickulous' axe, and that's set the big man off.

Lance:

Chris Richards had better turn around!

Almost as if on cue, Chris Richards spun around, swinging Rick Dickulous' axe at Rick Dickulous. Rick dodged the swings and delivered an open palm strike to Chris Richards' sternum, sending him reeling back, clutching his chest and gasping for air. As a cameraman reached the scene, Rick Dickulous had his axe in his hand standing over Chris Richards.

Rick Dickulous:

You wanna play, Richards? Huh?

Rick Dickulous reaches down to the floor and pulls up an electrical wire running alongside the ramp and wraps it

around Chris Richards' throat tightly, landing hard closed-handed strikes to Richards' face, opening a large gash at the side of his eyebrow.

DDK:

Where is that security we're supposed to have on hand, Lance? Rick Dickulous looks like he's trying to kill Chris Richards!

A closeup shot shows Rick Dickulous touching the blade of his axe to Chris Richards' face as Richards struggled underneath Rick.

Rick Dickulous:

You EVER touch her again, motherfucker, and you'll REALLY see what she can do...

With that, Rick Dickulous digs the blade into Chris Richards' cheek and draws it downward, opening a deep gash in Chris Richards' face.

Rick Dickulous stands, stomping hard on an already injured Chris Richards' chest with a smile of satisfaction, turning back up the ramp with a sadistic grin.

Reaching the top of the ramp, Rick Dickulous looks over at DDK and Lance, out to the crowd, and then over to the interview stage before walking towards it and removing a microphone from its stand, his deep voice booming over the speakers.

Rick Dickulous:

Mushigihara...the God-Beast *[audience cheers]*... this used to be your legacy, leaving broken bodies in your wake, destroying your enemies, making them suffer by your hand. But now, Kaiju? Now you've changed. You've become....domesticated.

EMTs wheel a stretcher past Rick Dickulous and begin tending to Chris Richards, still writhing on the entrance ramp.

Lance:

This is ridic--

Rick Dickulous: *[pointing at Lance]*

SHUT UP, Lance Warner! Sit there and keep your mouth shut, or you'll be joining Mister Richards on his trip to the hospital.

DDK:

I think he means business, Lance...just do as he says.

Rick Dickulous:

After all of this nonsense over the last few weeks, it's time we finally settled things once and for all. It's time for you to learn your place. It's time...to wear a collar and be a good boy.

Rick Dickulous reaches into his back pocket to reveal his wire saw, conveniently fashioned into a collar of sorts, as the crowd boos.

Rick Dickulous:

You see, I've successfully just done everything I need to in order to show you exactly what you needed to see - while these people cheer you, your biggest fan lies in a heap on the floor, by MY hand. The last few weeks have shown you the stakes, Kaiju. They've shown you what it will take to step into that ring with me when the stakes are real...when it's just you, and me....and NO DISQUALIFICATION!! That's the way it should be, Kaiju. No rules, no excuses. Keep your legacy....or crumble like those before you. Great leaders, great generals...great warriors - great warriors like you pride yourself to be; mark my words, Mushigihara...come Defiance Road...

The EMTs wheel Chris Richards past Rick Dickulous as he licks Chris Richards' blood from the blade of his axe.

Rick Dickulous:

...YOU will meet your match. And come Defiance Road, now that your superfan is out of the picture...you too shall fall. Sorry, not sorry.

Rick drops the microphone on the stage with a thud and a high pitched squeal which is quickly silenced as he slowly walks behind the curtain.

DDK:

Rick Dickulous with some strong words for Mushigihara, Lance...and some strong words for you as well.

Lance:

Yeah, well I hope Mushigihara shows him exactly why he IS the God-Beast at Defiance Road, Darren. This has gone on long enough!

DDK:

Looks like we'll finally get to see a hossfite at Defiance Road, Lance! But now, a word from our sponsors!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

BRAZEN - Where the next generation (& Sgt. Safety) CLASH!

FROM TRASH TO TREASURE

♪ "Honky Tonk Attitude" by Joe Diffie ♪

The Faithful erupt as Trashcan Tim comes bounding into view, toothless grinning from ear-to-ear. He takes his time coming to the ring, slapping every hand he can find and generally schmoozing with the ringside seats.

DDK:

Trashcan Tim is coming off a really remarkable win over the veteran Kerry Kuroyama!

Lance:

After his loss to Matt LaCroix in Trashcan's first ever run for gold in DEFIANCE, he promised all of us he was going to come back better than ever.

Trashcan is in the ring now, microphone in hand. He waves enthusiastically to The Faithful.

Trashcan Tim:

How y'all doin, Louisiana?! God dang is it good to be here again!

Trashcan takes a moment to soak in the crowd, nodding appreciatively.

Trashcan Tim:

Now last time ol' Trashcan Tim came out here, hat in hand, I swore to y'all I was gon' come back better than ever. And since then, I've been watchin the tapes, learnin from the vets in the back, and...

Trashcan pats his still-rotund belly.

Trashcan Tim:

I've even been watchin my figure.

Trashcan grins and belly laughs at the thought.

Trashcan Tim:

And it's paid off! After all that, I scored a W over Kerry Kuroyama, a guy who ain't exactly easy pickins, and proved that I belong in this ring in front of you great folks! And I ain't made no secret about what I want ... Matt LaCroix! I think it's 'bout time you and me went for round numero ... *Tim scrunches his forehead, trying to remember, but abandons the thought* ... TWO!

The Faithful voice their support for the rematch and Trashcan continues.

Trashcan Tim:

Ya know I got all the respect in the world for ya, Matt. What do you say, champ? You ready to go for ano-

Lights Out.

A pregnant pause brings rise to the once silent Faithful. Smoke begins to rise from the entrance before the guitar heralds in the red light illuminating it. A silhouette of a man rises from the smoke, taking a championship belt off of his shoulder and lifting it into the air.

It begins with them... but it ends with me.

♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed And Cambria ♪

Matt LaCroix emerges from the smoke with the Favoured Saints Championship raised above his head. The crowd chants "HEY!" along with the song as he pulls the hood down from his tattered black denim vest. He throws the Favoured Saints over his shoulder and marches down to the ring with a half-smirk crossing his face, looking at Trashcan Tim waiting for him in the ring.

DDK:

Looks like we're going to get an answer right away!

Lance:

This is just a reminder for the Faithful at home, Matt LaCroix is just a single title defense away from being able to cash in his Favoured Saints Championship for a shot at the Southern Heritage Championship.

DDK:

That means Trashcan Tim fully intends on being that last hurdle that trips him up at the last second. We've seen a lot of respect between these two individuals, Lance. This run for LaCroix started with a conversation backstage right after he won the Favoured Saints.

Lance:

And his first defense was a successful one against Trashcan Tim. Looks like Tim feels as if he's grown from that moment and is ready for another... but will LaCroix accept?

On the top rope, Matt LaCroix poses with the Favoured Saints Championship before hopping down and looking into the eyes of a man he respects. The music cuts. Tim applauds as the lights return to normal and LaCroix is given his own microphone. Tapping it, the Reaper of the Pontchartrain tests to see if it works.

Matt LaCroix:

Ey, Tim. Nice ta see ya and all tha Faithful here tonight.

The Faithful give LaCroix the cheap pop he may or may not have been going for.

LaCroix:

I've been watchin' ya, Ol' Trashcan... and I believe ya, for whateva that's worth ta ya. The problem I have is that if I defend my title against you, then people gonna start talkin. Matt LaCroix thinks he's tha best wrestler in DEFIANCE... why is he defendin his championship twice against tha same person? I don't want anyone to be able ta look me in tha eye and tell me that I took a shortcut. Ya understand, Tim?

The look in Trashcan Tim's eye changes from anticipation to defeat as Matt LaCroix thinks on the situation for a moment.

LaCroix:

But ya had ta go and beat Kerry, didn't ya?

The Faithful cheer as Matt LaCroix shakes his head. Trashcan Tim nods approvingly, pointing to himself.

LaCroix:

I sure as hell couldn' do it. Tha almighty God above knows I tried. If ya can beat Kerry then I'd say it's time to have another shot at tha champ. That is... under one condition.

DEFIANCE's First Favoured Saint sticks up his index finger, just like he did the DEFtv before to let the world know what was left on the timer.

LaCroix:

We do this fais do-do right. We do it at DEFIANCE Road. Give ya some time ta prepare. I want ya at your best, Ol' Trashcan. When it's all done, I don't want nuthin' ta be honte about. Them in tha Southern Heritage Championship match betta be lookin' ova their shoulders though. I can tell ya that. Tha Reaper is comin', and I ain't givin no mercy.

Southern Strong Style reaches out and his handshake is quickly met by Trashcan Tim as LaCroix's music hits once again from the drop. They share few words not caught over the music before Matt rolls out of the ring and heads towards the back, leaving Trashcan Tim to smile ear to ear.

DDK:

The match looks to be set, Lance! Trashcan Tim takes on Matt LaCroix once again for the Favoured Saints Championship. If Matt LaCroix wins, it seems he's immediately going to cash it in for a future shot at the Southern Heritage Championship. However, Trashcan Tim is looking to be a little more of a road block than he might've been the first time.

Lance:

Only time will tell, Darren. It's going to be another hard hitting contest. That's for sure.

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. SCROW

DDK:

The action continues here through night two of DEFtv, with a one-off encounter between KERRY KUROYAMA and SCROW coming up next!

Lance:

Ever since Ascension, Kerry's career has been in a bit of a freefall. But can he put a stop to his losing streak tonight against the delusional Scrow?

DDK:

The Raven's Eye has been even more dangerous lately given his single-minded obsession with Dex Joy. Let's take it to the ring to see how it plays out!

♪ Diabolical - Nyxx ♪

The lights turn off. A raven appears on the Defiatron first with a close up of its eye. It blinks a few times and quickly is followed by a collage of moments Scrow has been in the ring. The collage repeats after Scrow's logo flashes on the screen. The Deftron entrance video illuminates the stage where Scrow stands in a scarecrow pose. Scrow comes to life, he slowly heads to the ring staring down but his eyes look up through his burlap mask.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Making his way to the ring, from the Fields of Torment... he weighs in at one-hundred and ninety-eight pounds... "The Raven's Eye" SCROW!

The camera stays focused on Scrow's face while the lights flash on and off giving off a horror-like vibe. He reaches the ringside area he walks toward the steps and climbs the steps. He walks the apron and pulls back on the top rope and launches himself over them flipping and landing on his feet in his scarecrow pose. Hologram birds fly from the ceiling and land on his arms for a few seconds and then fly off as he raises his head and removes his mask.

♪ "Revolve" by the Melvins ♪

The Faithful pop loudly as KERRY KUROYAMA promptly emerges from the entry-way, skipping the usual beat to allow the song intro to play out. His face is serious and stone-like as he briskly walks down the ramp toward the ring and barely acknowledges the crowd, staring down the opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, hailing from Seattle, Washington and weighing in at two-hundred and twenty nine pounds... he is the Pacific Blitzkrieg... KEEERRYYYYY KUUUUROOOYAAAMAAAAAAA!!!!

Reaching the ring, Kerry quickly slides under the ropes and goes to the corner where he begins stretching.

Lance:

Kerry is looking laser focused tonight. There's no doubt he's hungry for a win.

DDK:

Indeed. Scrow is unhinged, but he might get quite the challenge tonight from the determined Kuroyama. Looks like the official Brian Slater is ready to get this underway, so here we go!

DING DING

They lock up. Scrow quickly transitions to a headlock, and Kerry quickly drives a few elbows into the gut to force him into release the hold. He adds a few haymakers across the back of the neck before shoving Scrow off the ropes.

DDK:

Scrow put into motion... returns into a Japanese Armdrag right into the armbar applied by Kuroyama!

Scrow struggles a bit until he gets to a vertical base. He reverses the armbar! Kerry uses the ropes and backflips over and breaks the hold, earning a whoop from the Faithful! He hips tosses Scrow back over and holds the armbar once more.

DDK:

And there's the reversal by Kuroyama, keeping that armbar locked in! You weren't kidding, Lance. He is laser focused tonight, and taking an early advantage!

Scrow again gets to his feet and tries to grab Kerry by the hair, but Slater warns him. He instead shoves Kerry into the corner, and the ref orders the break. Scrow slowly backs away...

DDK:

Clean break--but Scrow quickly tries a backhand! NO! Kerry slips under and behind... BIG open palm strike sends the Raven's Eye into the corner!

Kerry unloads a few shots before giving Scrow an Irish whip into the opposite corner. Without much time wasted he charges in with a clothesline, but collides with the turnbuckles as Scrow instead leaps over the top rope.

Lance:

He got a little carried away there.

DDK:

Kerry misses on the corner lariat... and now Scrow, from the apron, grabs Kerry's head and falls down to the floor! Kerry just got throatied across the top rope!

Scrow slides back in the ring and leaps over with a reverse chinlock. Kerry manages to get to a vertical base once more and Scrow quickly transitions into a dragon sleeper!

DDK:

Dragon Sleeper locked in by Scrow! Shades the Favoured Saints Champion!, Matt LaCroix!

Lance:

But Kerry refuses to tap as soon as Slater asks. He knows he needs to fight through this.

Kerry manages to turn his body to look down at the mat. He drives Scrow into the corner forcing him to break the hold. Kerry quickly strikes with chop right to the sternum! Again. Again. Again! The Faithful are cheering wildly as every blow connects.

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama is back in control, lighting up Scrow to the delight of these fans... now he lifts a staggering Scrow, coming to the center of the ring... NORTHERN LIGHTS Suplex, right into the cover!

One!

Two!

KICKOUT!

Kerry immediately puts Scrow into a front facelock as he pulls him back off the mat...

DDK:

Kuroyama brings Scrow back up... hits a vertical suplex! Rolls through... right into a DDT!

"KER-RY! KER-RY! KER-RY! KER-RY!"

With the facelock still applied, Kerry forces Scrow up again, lifts him high, holds him for several seconds in a crowd-pleasing display of strength, and finally drops him HARD face-first to the canvas.

DDK:

DELAYED GORDBUSTER off of a rolling sequence of moves! Kerry hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--KICKOUT!

Lance:

No dice, but he's still got the momentum on his side. Although Scrow can withstand quite a bit...

Kerry picks up Scrow, but quickly receives a chin buster! Scrow throws a left kick. Right kick. Back hand. Kick to the gut! Knee lift under the chin. Leaping forward elbow drop! Scrow picks up Kerry and throws him into the corner!

DDK:

Hold the phone, the Raven's Eye has just come to life in this match with a combination of strikes, and now moves in on Kerry--but Kerry quickly rushes out of the corner and CONNECTS with a hard lariat!

The Faithful are charged up and cheering loudly as Kerry picks up Scrow and hooks the arms from behind...

DDK:

BEAUTIFUL Tiger Suplex by the Pacific Blitzkrieg! That could do it!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO, there's the kickout!

Kerry picks up Scrow and tries a cradle piledriver, but Scrow blocks it! Then in a quick succession of blows, Kerry is quickly dropped.

DDK:

What just happened?! I blinked, and Scrow somehow got off a half dozen shots and put Kerry to the mat!

Lance:

The Raven's Eye can be quick and deadly if you let your guard down, and Kuroyama just learned that the hard way.

Scrow picks up a limp Kerry, shaking his limbs in an effort to get feeling back in them. Scrow quickly delivers an implant DDT!

DDK:

OH MAN... sickening impact on that DDT! Now here is Scrow with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Scrow quickly picks up Kerry and throws a kick right into his chest, dropping him to the mat. Scrow picks him up again and throws him in the corner. Kerry staggers out and walks right into a snapmare, with an extra strike to the upper back!

DDK:

Kerry is in a bad position here, as Scrow goes off the ropes... DROPKICK to the chest! He makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO! Kerry got the foot on the rope!

Lance:

Good save. Kuroyama has to fight with everything he has left, or he's walking away from this with another loss.

Scrow picks Kerry up and tries for Fearfall... Kerry manages to block the knee strike! The Faithful pop LOUD as Kerry instead twirls him around and BLASTS the Raven's Eye with a Yakuza Kick! Kerry backs away, slapping his knee...

DDK:

Kerry is looking for the Green River Revolt here!

Lance:

Could be the right move to make. He's gone for the Kuroyama Driver almost every match up to this point, to mixed results!

Scrow gets up. His back toward Kerry. Kerry rushes...

DDK:

Kerry running with the KNEE--and SCROW FALLS TO HIS STOMACH!!

Kuroyama flies over him. Scrow hops to his feet, as Kerry turns around...

DDK:

RAVENS CALL! Where did THAT come from?! Cover... is THIS IT?!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!! It's OVER!

DING DING DING

The air is sucked out of the WrestlePlex as Scrow rolls off of Kuroyama.

♪ Diabolical - Nyxx ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match... "The Raven's Eye" SCROW!

Scrow snatches his arm from the referee and raises it himself.

Lance:

Another loss sustained by Kerry...

DDK:

Unbelievable... Lance, where did the Pacific Blitzkrieg go wrong in this match?

Lance:

It's hard to be certain, Keebs. Kerry looked completely solid out of the gate, and it gave him a strong advantage at the start of this match. But Scrow, somehow, shrugged it all off. It only takes one good shot to put the best of wrestlers on the mat for the three.

DDK:

There's no telling when this freefall will end for Kerry... wait a minute! Who is that?

A man dives into the ring with Scrow's mask on. He tackles Scrow and unloads on the broken Scrow. The music abruptly cuts. Left. Right. Left. Right, all Scrow can do is try and cover up. He manages to finally shove the attacker off of him! The attacker picks Scrow off the mat quickly and lifts him up onto his shoulders and runs a few steps and drives Scrow down with a Running Death Valley Driver!

DDK:

I think we know who this attacker is. That is a move we have seen done on opponents before.

The attacker looks down on the laid out Scrow. He removes the hood and the Faithful pop hard as Nathaniel Eye is revealed!

Lance:

Nathaniel Eye! After what happened on Uncut you knew he was not gonna let it go unpunished.

Eye pulls Scrow toward the turnbuckles and slides out of the ring he shoves Darren off his chair and slams it shut and slides it in the ring.

DDK:

Oh he is not done here.

Eye enters the ring and puts the chair on the chest of Scrow. He climbs the turnbuckles.

Lance:

Eye is looking for Eyes Up Here!

He leaps off slamming his two hundred and thirty five pound frame across Scrow with the chair in between them. Nathaniel hops off the impact grabbing his stomach, Scrow turns to his side pushing the chair away from him struggling to get breath and holding his chest in agony.

DDK:

Nathaniel risked his own well being to put a stamp on the sign papers for Defiance Road.

Lance:

These two will collide there, and Nathaniel is not going to let Scrow achieve his mission.

Nathaniel pulls himself up with help from the ropes holding his chest, through his gasps of breath he shouts.

Nathaniel Eye:

DEFIANCE ROAD! I will put you down for good!

The Faithful pop in joy!

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

Subscribe to DEFonDEMAND today! DEFY CABLE!

A SATURDAY NIGHT STREET FIGHT

DDK:

Next up, ladies and gentleman... I'm told we're going to check in with The Saturday Night Specials via satellite. We haven't seen them in some weeks, and there's been some discussion about the severity of their injuries.

Lance:

Rumors have been circling about their condition, Keebs. We're set to go live over to the Ballyhoo Brew to hear from both men...

Lance Warner is interrupted by a single spotlight. The crowd boos as the sound of a guitar wails throughout the arena followed by a gunshot.

♪ "When the Smoke Clears" by Dale Oliver, Ducky Medlock and Bigg Vinny Mack ♪

The video screen shows three shadows and as they appear as George, Bo, and Scott along with Cary next to their respective titles and the Faithful begin to shower The Stevens Dynasty with boos.

DDK:

Great... looks like we're actually not heading over to Ballyhoo at this time.

Lance:

Did you actually think we wouldn't hear from them Keebs?

The Stevens Dynasty looked to be primed for business as they head towards the ring.

DDK:

The Stevens Dynasty looked to be in a foul mood Lance

Lance:

When are they not?

Cary and company enter the ring. Without waisting any time, Cary calls for a microphone.

Cary Stevens:

Cut the music!

Cary shouts and once the music stops the Faithful let the Stevens clan have it.

Cary Stevens:

Kletus Cassidy. Rocky Oldblood. You two still are talking shit about us.

Cary shakes his head.

Cary Stevens:

I guess that ass whooping we laid on you two left you with permanent brain damage because you still want my boys to kick the shit out of you again.

Cary shrugs.

Cary Stevens:

Your funerals.

Cary slaps the chests of Bo and George.

Cary Stevens:

With that said, get your asses down here so we can end you once and for all!

Cary shouts as he tosses the microphone to the canvas. Cary and the rest of the Stevens look toward the entrance, awaiting the arrival of The Saturday Night Specials. Cary makes the "let's go, we don't have all day" motion... but no one appears. The crowd begins to grow a little restless.

Suddenly, the DEFtron fires up! On the screen, to a pop from the crowd, appears Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy. They're sitting on the bar stools at Ballyhoo Brew, facing outward and toward the camera. Oddly, there doesn't seem to be anyone around them. In their hands are two pint glasses, and although the team smiles at the ovation from the crowd, they do appear to be pretty banged up. Through Cassidy's open button-up shirt, we can see that his ribs are heavily taped. Brock, for his part, still sports the arm brace that he was rocking at the DEFy awards. Even as the two sip from their glasses, it's clear they're moving gingerly and carefully.

In the ring, Cary nudges an elbow into George's ribs, as if to say "get a load of these clowns." The Stevens have a hearty laugh at the condition in which they've left Pat and Brock.

Pat Cassidy: *[pointing into the camera]*

Crickey, Brock! It's the Stevens family in their natural habitat. Now we have to be cautious and move quietly as not to disturb them... three grown males, and nearly half a brain cell among them.

Brock Newbludd:

I smell what you're steppin' in, buddy. But, unless we somehow connected to the local Wal-Mart, I'm gonna have to say that these three slackjaws are NOT in their natural habitat. If I had to guess, I think what we're seeing here is the end result of a family tree that contains no branches.

The Saturday Night Specials share a laugh as Cary raises the mic back to his mouth.

Cary Stevens:

Cute. Real cute. And these comments coming from two individuals we took out without breaking a sweat. Why don't you two stick to the kiddie pool and when you want to jump in the deep end with the sharks you let us know.

On the screen, Brock and Cassidy are casually drinking and don't appear to be paying much attention to the rantings of Cary. After a big sip, Brock looks into the camera, smiling.

Brock Newbludd:

Listen up, you southern-fried fossil. The fact is you and your clan crossed the line. Not once, but twice! First, you try taking me and Cass out. Big mistake. Second, and most importantly, you showed up at our bar, our house, and you not only threw a drink in poor Robbie's face but you also caused every female inside the building to turn drier than the Sahara desert! You catch my drift, old man? That's not good for business.

Newbludd pauses for a brief second and shakes his head.

Brock Newbludd:

I can tell from that dead look in those beady little eyes that you probably don't. So let me compare it to something you can wrap that little brain of yours around. It'd be like if we took a drive down to Shitsville, Texas and popped a tire on your double-wide and kissed your sister-wife. It's that serious of an offense, buddy, and now we're gonna have to make you assholes pay your tab. Ya hear?

Cassidy lets out a small burp and picks up right where his partner left off.

Pat Cassidy:

Here's the deal, boys: we're ready for a fight. And the word from the good doctors is that Newbludd and I are cleared to wrestle in two short weeks. So, if there is any fortitude in the Stevens family jewels, here's what we propose: The Stevens Dynasty...

Cassidy pauses for the boos. He grins.

Pat Cassidy:

That would be you clowns. Versus... "Black Out" Pat Cassidy and "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd... YOUR Saturday Night Specials...

Cassidy again pauses, this time for cheers. He cups his ear and smiles at the response.

Pat Cassidy:

... and we square off at DEFIANCE Road. But not in any old wrestling match, no sir. See, you came into OUR house. You made this personal, and now? Now we've got a score to settle and the usual ol' grappling just won't do in a situation like this. We need something...

Cassidy makes a motion like he's describing the size of a fish he caught.

Pat Cassidy:

...bigger.

Brock Newbludd:

I think you're right, Cass. After seeing what these idiots did inside our bar I just don't think whippin' the shit out of Georgie and Bobo inside the ring is going to cut it. No, they made this personal...

Brock stands up and chugs the remaining contents of his glass of beer. Slamming the empty glass on the bar, Newbludd smiles menacingly at the camera and points a finger at it.

Brock Newbludd:

Stevens Dynasty, we want your asses in a fight! Not in the ring, but right here at Ballyhoo Brew. We're challenging you, right here and right now, to an old fashioned Saturday Night Street Fight! Whaddya say, Cary? You willin' to bring Bo and George back down to the bar to settle this thing, once and for all?

In the ring, Cary and the boys until up and take a moment to discuss before breaking.

Cary Stevens:

You want us in a Saturday Night Street Fight?

On the screen, Cassidy and Newbludd appear intently focused on Cary's answer.

Cary Stevens:

You want it to take place at that shit hole bar?

Brock cracks his knuckles while Cassidy raises an eyebrow.

Cary Stevens:

You're ON!!!!!!

The Faithful go berserk.

DDK:

Looks like we've got ourselves another pay-per-view match!

On the tron, Cassidy and Brock look at each other and exchange a quick fist bump.

Cary Stevens:

We may not know all the rules to this street fight of yours but it doesn't matter because we are going to kick your ass in your own shithole while drinking beer and impregnating every woman in that place with a baby that they won't be

ashamed of.

Cary says as he throws the mic down.

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah... we guessed that you'd say something like that, boys. We'll see ya at DEF Road... and prepare yourself for a hell of a fight.

Brock reaches behind the bar and produces a new bottle of beer. Using a forearm to twist the cap off, Brock raises the bottle to the camera.

Brock Newbludd:

I'd like to propose a toast! To beating the piss out of The Stevens Dynasty! Salut!

Pat Cassidy:

Chin chin!

Brock and Pat raise their drinks high into the air and point them toward the camera. They clink them together and then bring them back to their mouths, beginning to chug

The Stevens scowl at this show of nonsense on the screen. Suddenly, a cheer rises up from the crowd for reasons that aren't totally clear...

DDK:

Some sort of commotion in the crowd... wait a minute, look!

Lance:

Two men in hoods have just hopped the barricade!

Two hooded men in street clothes have indeed leapt over the ringside barricade and quickly roll into the ring, taking position behind The Stevens Dynasty. The hoods obscure their face as they stand in wait while The Stevens are talking shit to Cassidy and Newbludd on the tron. Both mystery men reach up, and pull their hoods down...

CROWD ERUPTS!

DDK:

It's The Saturday Night Specials!! The image on the screen isn't live!

The Stevens begin to catch on that the roar of the crowd has grown a little too much. Cary is the first to turn around suspiciously... and he locks eyes with Brock Newbludd!! Cary goes to warn his boys... but it's too late! Cassidy and Brock spin George and Bo around and begin to unload with right hands!

Lance:

SNS is taking it to The Stevens! Brock and Pat don't appear injured to me!

Brock is able to battle George Stevens back and up against the ropes with his right hands. Cary, sensing things going poorly, escapes to the outside before anyone can get their hands on him. Cassidy battles Bo back to the ropes before backing up to get a running start and clotheslining Bo over the top and to the outside! Brock calls for Cassidy, and together, the Saturday Night Specials do the same to the giant George, sending the giant to the outside with a double clothesline! George lands on his feet and with a sneer begins to attempt to get back in the ring, but Cary holds him back.

DDK:

I think you're right, Lance! These guys are ready to go.

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

As their theme kicks into gear, Cassidy and Newbludd hop to the top of opposite corners of the ring, basking in the cheers of the DEFIANCE fans. Brock shows the full range of motion of his arm to really drive the point home, while Cassidy raises his arms in a "come on" motion to fire up The Faithful. On the outside, Cary is ushering an angry Bo and George to the back... all the while looking back toward the ring and talking shit to Cassidy and Newbludd.

Cary Stevens:

You're dead! You hear me?!?!? YOU'RE DEAD!

In the ring, Cassidy and Brock stare at the departing Stevens. Brock makes the "oooooh, we're so scared" motion while Cassidy climbs on top of the middle rope and leans forward, pointing to his big brain cause they're so smart. When The Stevens are out of sight, both men climb back up to their respective turnbuckles and encourage the cheering of The Faithful!

DDK:

We've got another match added to DEFIANCE Road, Lance... The Stevens taking on The Saturday Night Specials in a... "Saturday Night Street Fight"?

Lance:

I've never heard of that particular match type, but you gotta think we'll get some more details before the event... no matter what that particular stipulation might mean, it's got "street fight" in the title so it sounds like it's going to be a heck of a brawl.

The DEFIANCE Road graphic fires up, and the match is made official with the image of all five men on the screen: The Saturday Night Specials vs. The Stevens Dynasty in a "Saturday Night Street Fight!"

DON'T LOOK NOW

The scene switches to backstage as The Faithful boo. Tyler Fuse methodically paces through a hallway... until he is grabbed and pushed into a wall by Gage Blackwood.

Blackwood looks Tyler over, but The Game-Changer doesn't flinch.

Gage Blackwood:

Where is he?

Tyler raises an eyebrow and maintains his composure.

Tyler Fuse:

Who?

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, don't play coy. Where is Chris Ross? You [warned me](#) he was coming... so I figure you know where he is.

The elder Fuse shakes his head no, while speaking in his cold, calculating and indifferent tone.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm sorry, I don't.

Blackwood lets go of Fuse's t-shirt.

Gage Blackwood:

I thought you're suspended until the pay-per-view.

Tyler Fuse: *[nodding]*

I was...

Gage Blackwood:

But you've got a match right now. How does that work?

Tyler Fuse: *[smiling]*

It doesn't.

Blackwood's had enough. His face is red... his left eye is twitching... he's trying to hold back. Tyler pats Gage on the shoulder.

Tyler Fuse:

You need to understand something. I am not your enemy. I do not know where Chris Ross is and I simply warned you *someone* was coming. I didn't know when, where or how. But I know things, Gage. I know a lot. I told you and I'll tell you again... you'll see. When the time is right, you'll want to be in my corner.

Blackwood is still standing there, breathing heavily, working himself up...

Tyler Fuse:

Now if you'll excuse me, I have another statement to make and, eventually, your previous Southern Heritage Championship to win. Even if it's made out of paper.

Fuse calmly walks away, meeting The Princess at the end of the hall. He still speaks to Gage while not looking back.

Tyler Fuse:

I hope you destroy Scott Douglas at DEFIANCE Road. I wouldn't even worry about Chris. Scott is truly The Unworthy

DEFIANT. He has failed this company so many times...

The scene ends with Blackwood trying not to work himself into a frenzy.

SKY HIGH TITANS & "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS vs. LUCKY SEVENS & TYLER FUSE

DDK:

We've got a HUGE six man tag coming up next! It will be the two challengers for the Southern Heritage Championship on opposite sides. "Bantam" Ryan Batts teaming with the Sky High Titans versus the Titans' own rivals, The Lucky Sevens!

Lance:

The Sky High Titans went 2-0 in singles action recently against the Sevens, but they got some payback when they attacked them in the parking lot two weeks ago. Meanwhile, Tyler Fuse got the drop on Southern Heritage Champion Dex Joy when he was defending the belts against Tyler Fuse. The Sky High Titans fight for the rights to their name as well as getting five minutes alone with Tom Morrow if they win. So without further adieu, we're getting right to the intros! Take it away, Darren Quimbey!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a six-man tag set for one fall! First... from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing in at 204 pounds... **"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!**

♪ "The Last Garrison" by Enter Shikari ♪

The lights in the arena flash rapidly in shades of red as out from the back, Ryan Batts comes out in his recent new attire. Black thigh-length trunks and a red version of the "Bantam" logo on the left side. Black kneepads and boots with dark red kickpads to round out his new attire as he waves a black and red rally towel overhead on his way to the ring, getting cheers from the Faithful. He slides on in to the ring and waits for his opponents.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partners, being accompanied by Thomas Keeling, weighing in at a combined weight of 522 pounds... "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez and "The Sky High Kid" Minute... **THE SKY HIGH TITANS!**

♪ "Let's Go" by Run The Jewels ♪

The largest man in DEFIANCE makes his way out in a "Sky High Titans: Towering over the Competition" shirt while holding the same t-shirt cannon from before... now labeled The Titan-Blaster 5000. Behind him, the luchador Minute gets ready for a fight even if he gives up a lot of size. The camera catches a fan unbundling the shirt to reveal the new "Sky High Titans: Towering Over The Competition" shirt! Behind them, Thomas Keeling pats on their backs and then head to the ring. They join Batts, who nods at his partners as the mood changes quickly.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... being accompanied by Princess Desire... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, weighing two-hundred-ten pounds, **TYLER FUSE!**

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

The lights dim and orange spotlights fly around the rampway. Tyler and The Princess emerge at the top of the stage before they methodically march down. Upon arrival, Tyler gets onto the apron facing the hard camera and during the middle-8 of his theme song, Tyler tilts his head back and screams into the rafters. He poses for the moment and then leaps off the apron while Ryan Batts stares down his assailant from two weeks ago. Batts gets restrained by the official while Tyler waves at him. The camera is on the stage now where Tom Morrow is standing and Ken Ellis puts the earpiece in his ear.

Tom Morrow:

Ladies! Gentlemen! NOLA drunks! Put your hands together for the two men that will win the rights to the Sky High Titans name at DEFIANCE Road!

He points up and the solid green 7 7 7 appears on the DEFIA-Tron that now become golden dollar signs.

Tom Morrow:

...THE LUCKY SEVENS!

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

The lights come back on and the fans now show the twins putting up "The Winning Hand" while wearing solid green capes! Now both twins have goatees to show that they have indeed turned to the dark side and the weight belts both men wear have green dollar signs. The "Winning Hand" gesture comes out again and the twins look ready to hurt the PCP's. Tyler welcomes the giants on his side. Max and Mason Luck walk to the ring with both Thomas and Ken behind them cheering them on. They both get to the ring and step over the ropes. Batts and Fuse start the match for their team, but before they do...

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

Dex Joy comes out wearing the IOU Southern Heritage title on his shoulders and then walks over to the announce table. Tyler Fuse and Ryan Batts both watch him head over and he waves at them.

DDK:

Dex! Welcome to the booth! And congrats on defending the title against BRAGG on Uncut! That was a heck of a title defense!

Dex Joy:

Thanks for having me pallies and thank you for having me here Darren and Lance. I want a closer look at my opponents but I'm not out here to take cheap shots on me like they have. I've just got to wait two more weeks then they'll both get more than they can handle when I get that new title around my waist!

DING DING!

Right from the jump, Tyler gets the drop on The Scrappy Young Wrestlelad with a boot to the stomach, followed by launching him across the ring with a whip. He tries going for a back elbow on the rebound, but Batts ducks underneath. Tyler lays flat across the ring and Batts leaps over him. When Tyler gets up, Batts grabs him by the arm off the pass and sends him to the ropes instead. The Game-Changer comes back only to get tossed overhead with an overhead belly to belly suplex!

Lance:

It looks like Ryan Batts and Tyler Fuse won't wait until Defiance Road!

Dex Joy:

Me neither but I waited a while until I got this title. I can wait two more weeks.

Batts gets back up as Tyler tries to stand while Cortez and Minute cheer him on. The Faithful watch as Batts CRACKS him in the chest with a round kick, then fires another and another, leveling Fuse and knocking him on his back a second time. Batts yells out at Tyler to fight back and the Scrappy Young Wrestlelad plants a European uppercut to the jaw, then grabs the arm and twists it around before hitting an overhead kick to the arm! The Lucky Sevens watch Tyler Fuse get picked apart by Batts as he grabs the arm and then DRIVES him down to the mat with another running kick to the chest, then a cover.

ONE... TW... NO!

Lance:

Thats was a close cover by Batts he is not wasting time against Tyler Fuse.

DDK:

After what Tyler did to he and Dex a couple weeks ago I can't blame him.

Dex Joy:

Not one bit Keebler Elf! Not one bit!

Tyler kicks out, but Batts stays on him. He goes for the arm again, but now Tyler fires back with a right hand and sends him stumbling back before he launches him to the ropes and then catches him with a STIFF pendulum backbreaker on the rebound! He his and goes for a cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

Lance:

And now Tyler is fighting back with some great offense of his own.

DDK:

He's a really vicious individual.

Dex Joy:

I can attest to that guys. He took the old Soher to my skull four times. He's gonna regret that he didn't do it five times cause I'm still right here still alive!

Fuse waves at Dex on commentary, but Batts manages to surprise him with a school boy. Tyler rolls through it, but doesn't expect Batts to BLAST him in the jaw with a single leg dropkick on the return! Batts makes a tag to Minute, who leaps onto the top rope with ease! He waits for Tyler to stand and when he does, leaps off the top rope with a huge flying headscissors!

Minute kips up to his feet as Tyler ends up in a neutral corner. Minute runs at him and Tyler moves, but Minute lands adjacent to the middle rope in the corner. He does a spin over to the other side and then comes off the ropes to catch The Game-Changer with a missile dropkick off the ropes! Uriel cheers on his partner and Thomas Keeling watches approvingly as Minute then runs and hits a running shooting star press on Tyler for the cover!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

DDK:

Things aren't looking good at all for Tyler Fuse! He's gotta make a tag quick!

Both Princess Desire and Tom Morrow look on with concern for Tyler Fuse as Minute continues to kick away at the leg of Tyler. He grabs the arm again and hits a hard chop to the chest to stun Intensity Personified. He runs up the ropes, bounces off the top cable by sitting, back to a standing position and then flips... but Tyler moves! Minute manages to land on his feet and correct his course, but that hesitation leaves Tyler the chance to turn the TJ Tornado inside out with a HUGE discus lariat called The Glitch!

Rather than go for a cover, Tyler Fuse makes the exit stage right and then tags in Max Luck. The giant twin from Las Vegas steps over the ropes. He hasn't forgotten about being beat by Minute with a roll-up last time they fought so he buries a knee in his chest. He picks him up and simply THROWS him as far as he can across the ring with a massive wheelbarrow toss!

Lance:

It seems like the Lucky Sevens have taken a liking to beating on Minute.

DDK:

What's the relationship between you and the Sevens like? We know you guys have been friends backstage with Nathaniel Eye.

Dex Joy:

It hasn't been good. I thought they were our pallies too but they haven't said one word to me and Nate since they started playing kiss as for Tom Morrow!

Minute gets faceplanted by Max after the toss and now he goes over to tag Mason. Now Morrow rubs his hands together like a supervillain watching The Lucky Sevens do his dirty work. They grab him in the corner and hoist him up for a double suplex... then THROW him across the ring again! Mason then drops a leg across the chest of Minute after he lands and then lays across his chest.

ONE... TWO... NO!

Lance:

Minute is such a gutsy wrestler. He gives up size to practically every one but he's a great wrestler.

Dex Joy:

He is and quite frankly after I beat Battsy and make Conor Fuse an only child, I'll be happy to defend this title against him too!!

Big Money Mase -- as he's known by Morrow -- gets back up and claps his hands quickly, yelling at the official. He grabs Minute by his mask and then holds him up in a military press slam with two hands...

ONE HAND!

Then he lets him drop again! Mason laughs like an asshat and then tags his brother. He holds down Minute with a boot and then lets Max hit the Box Cars elbow drop to the heart! After he mimics rolling dice after he hits the move, another tag goes to Minute.

ONE... TWO... NO!

Lance:

How does he keep kicking out?

DDK:

I don't know!

Dex Joy:

He's a fiery little dude that's for sure! I hope Uriel can get that tag and start smacking these dudes around!

Now it's Max's turn to yell at the official and then stick it to Minute. He puts some boots into the chest of the luchador while Uriel Cortez is in his corner wanting him to fight back. Max holds Minute up and then tries another suplex... but the TJ Tornado flips out and climbs beneath Max and then lands on his feet. When he turns around, Minute goes crazy with kicks on his leg, but Max stops him with one shot. He sends him to the ropes but Minute leaps off and hits Eso Es Todo!

Lance:

That was a great counter!

DDK:

That was! Now he has to get the tag to either Batts or his tag team partner!

Dex Joy:

I see Tyler just skulking around. If he wasn't already in this match I'd go down there and punch him square in the face.

After the springboard tornado DDT connects, Minute and Max are both on their feet. Batts and Cortez both have their hands out while Tyler and Mason have their hands out. The Titan of Industry raises his hand to the sky and the crowd cheers him on. The TJ Tornado rolls over and then makes the tag!

Uriel runs right at Max Luck as he tries to stand, but even he gets BOWLED over by The Titan of Industry with a huge running shoulder block! He runs over to the corner and knocks Tyler Fuse, then Mason Luck off the corner using elbows. He then turns out of the corner and focuses on Max Luck. When the flashy Max gets picked up by Uriel, Max gets struck with a big series of clubbing blows to the back and then whips him off to the corner. Uriel measures him up and then hits a big splash in the corner. He then grabs Max by the back of the head and then SPIKES him down with Big Business!

DDK:

Big Business! That inverted facelock into the elbow drop is a huge game changer!

ONE... TWO... SAVED BY MASON!

Mason gets into the ring and starts putting the boots to Uriel, then tries pulling up DEFIANCE's Best-Dressed Wrestler. Mason drills him with more shots and then tries the Winning Hand! He has it clinched in, but Uriel GOOZLES him instead and shoves him over the ropes to the outside!

Dex Joy:

They aren't my friends any more so go Titans! Get another cheap shot on Tyler!

DDK:

That's one way to look at it!

Max gets back up and clubs Uriel using a big knee to the back. He strikes him down with more chops, but Uriel fires back... THWACK! With the Chop of Ages! The double chop has him reeling then Uriel manages to pick him up and slam him down with a big powerslam! The crowd goes wild as he gets back to his feet, tags Uriel and then heads up top for the 30 Story Splash...

Lance:

Here comes their finisher!!!

But before he can land the move, Tyler Fuse gets back up to the ring and then SHOVES Minute over the top rope!

Lance:

No!

Dex Joy:

Of course! If it's not Princess Desire trying to stink up commentary it's Tyler taking cheap shots and being a cheating little shithead!

Uriel turns around, but gets pulled out from under the ropes by Mason while Tyler Fuse gets kicked out of the ring by Ryan Batts! Batts runs off one side of the ring and then WIPES HIM OUT on the floor with The Flipside!

Dex Joy:

All right Batts just got himself extra points in my book! ... but I'm still going to squash his ass after he headbutted me in the face a few weeks ago.

DDK:

Now Max is up and he's about to take advantage!

Minute is hurt thanks to Tyler Fuse cutting off The 30 Story Splash, but Max gets back to his feet and puts the Winning Claw on Minute before HURLING him up in the air and SMACKING him with the Luck Runs Out lariat! He goes for the cover...

ONE... TWO... THREE!

Dex Joy:

Ugg come on ref! You saw that dickhead Tyler run interference!

DDK:

He didn't and because of that the Lucky Sevens and Tyler Fuse get the win!

Quimbey:

Your winners of this match ... TYLER FUUUUUUUUSSSSSEEE AND THE LUCKKKYYYYY SEVVVEEEENNNSSSS!!!!

On the outside of the ring Ryan Batts continues to fight away at Tyler Fuse! Princess Desire goes to the aid of her husband and tries pulling Batts off of Tyler but Ryan fights back and pushes her away. That is all Tyler needs to try and get away from his attacker. Ryan goes after Tyler and knocks him over the barricade and their fight spills into the crowd!

DDK:

Tyler Fuse and Ryan Batts are going at it in the crowd! They aren't going to wait two weeks.

Dex Joy:

Good! They better save some for me at Defiance Road! Favored Saints is footing the bell on a brand new Southern Heritage title and let it be known right now I'm going to be the one holding it!

Uriel Cortez now checks on a beaten up Minute while Max and Mason Luck celebrate the win with Tom Morrow half way up the ramp! Thomas Keeling shoots dirty looks at his son as they know what is at stake in two weeks.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

PANTALOONEY TUNES

When we last left Muriel Puddings, we were extremely disgusted. Which is not an uncommon reaction. However, she seemed to be doing quite well: destroying supernatural beings that morphed into a giant judge in a wrestling ring. Humping pillows with Conor Fuse's face on them. Eating fish sandwiches from McDonalds. Normal things that people do to pass the time in jail.

However, our present setting feels a bit more toned down. While her behavior behind bars had been anything but commendable, Muriel had used some of the influx of cash from a GoFundMe that had been set up to bribe the officers into allowing for visitation. Despite being clad in her Cook County Jail uniform, she was dolled up to the nines for her special guests. Her blond hair had a little more perkiness and bounce than usual, and her face was slathered in makeup -- bearing a striking resemblance to a younger Tammy Faye Bakker.

Sitting at a concrete picnic table, we find her, Lindsay Troy, and High Octane Wrestling's Zeb Martin engaging in a very civilized reunion of friends. Just kidding, Muriel is sitting right on Martin's lap and attempting to give him a hickey on his neck. For those unfamiliar, Zeb is quite the shy young Southern boy: too polite to protest yet visibly uncomfortable (despite rumors of an airplane bathroom rendezvous between the two.)

The Queen of the Ring does absolutely nothing to stop her, however: enjoying Zeb's awkwardness and Puddings' persistence despite it being a little gross. However, self-awareness eventually catches up with Muriel and she climbs off of the Watson Mill Kid in order to catch up with her two friends. Giving us all a reprieve, honestly.

Muriel Puddings:

Catch your breath, stud. I pulled a few strings and scored me and you a little conjugal time back there. Hope you brought protection for that country hambone of yours. Just kidding, hope you didn't. Put a little Zeb in me.

She nudges Martin gently in the rib and motions toward a white trailer behind them. Lindsay laughs out loud as beads of sweat begin to form on Zeb's forehead.

Muriel Puddings:

So what's up, baes? What's the tea this week? Did my little gamer snack Conor beat Mikey for the FIST? Did you beat Jay Harvey, Lindz? You make that pretty boy Teddy Palmer tap, good lookin'?

Lindsay Troy:

No, no, and no. We all took a few lumps, sadly.

Zeb Martin:

Yep. You bein' in here might be bad luck fer us.

Puddings frowns and comically slaps her forehead.

Muriel Puddings:

I can't TAKE IT ANYMORE! AUGH! I can't live with the fact that my baes and beaus are fricken LOSING because I can't be there to support 'em. But all that's gonna end soon. Know why?

Muriel beckons for the two to come in close to the center as she whispers.

Muriel Puddings:

I'm gonna bust out of here. Me and some of the gals have already been working on a plan. You see Tamara over there? Well, we're gonna rub each others' butts in front of a night guard and tell him we need a 'little help' in the janitor's closet. We'll lure him in there, sit on him, steal his gun...

Immediately both Zeb and Lindsay start shaking their heads. This of course doesn't deter Muriel from going over the other details of the plan.

Muriel Puddings:

...SHOOT him, and then we're both gonna make a bolt for the front entrance. And if anyone gets in our way, BANG! Freakin' dead. Don't mess with Idaho Falls, (beep).

Lindsay Troy and Zeb Martin:

NO!

Muriel Puddings:

Oh, come on. It's a foolproof plan!

Zeb Martin:

Naw it ain't. Listen, you don't need tuh be even thankin' 'bout doin' somethin' crazy like that, so jus' get that out yer dadgum head right now.

Muriel grins at Zeb, snuggling up against him.

Muriel Puddings:

Awwwwwww. You don't want to see me get hurt, huh? You LOVE me and you CARE about me, don't you?

Zeb Martin:

Yeah, I do, Mu'reil!

Puddings stops her teasing abruptly at this line as she's just a little caught off guard by the sincerity.

Muriel Puddings:

Right now. Let's go. That big ol' button down in my pantaloons is knocking so loud I'm about to answer the (beep) thing.

She then makes a move to grab hold of his arm and attempt to drag him toward the sex trailer, but he calmly pulls her back down to a seated position. We aren't sure if it's because he genuinely wants her to listen to what they have to say, or if it's due to the fact that he is terrified of the prospect of her "pantaloons."

Lindsay Troy:

Cool your jets, Maverick. Neither of us want to see you get hurt. Or wind up in solitary. And you won't have to....I think we've found something that's going to help you with your case.

Muriel raises a brow, anticipating the next comment. She folds her arms in defiance (wrestling).

Muriel Puddings:

If you're going to suggest a lawyer that you know, I've told you both: the answer is NAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH. I have a substantial legal background and am more than capable of representing myself in bort.

Lindsay Troy:

Bort? Don't you mean court?

Muriel Puddings:

I said what I said.

Zeb Martin:

Whatever. Look, yew got off that one time, but now th' charges a lil' more serious than you gettin' tanked an' settin' a Rooms 2 Go on fire when nobody wasn't there. Eb'n though I'm still purty impressed you got uh-quitted uh that.

Zeb places a caring hand on her shoulder, trying to use a little mind game to get her to consider it.

Zeb Martin:

Ya runned over two people on a steamroller this time. Maybe ya should get help on this un.

Muriel Puddings:

Not doing it. Not no way, not no how. End of discus...

Lindsay interjects immediately, putting her hand up and shooting a couple of daggers at Martin with her eyes.

Lindsay Troy:

We weren't going to suggest that. But both of us did a little research, and we dug up some interesting things that you probably want to know about...

Lindsay reaches for a folder next to her on the bench and spreads it out on the table for Muriel to see. Her eyes widen as she grabs the first sheet in the pile of papers: a glossy 8 1/2" x 11" of Zeb and DEF favorite Pat Cassidy both in their skimpiest of underwear and nothing else. They are engaged in the "looking back and checking you out" pose. Or, something like that. Both were obviously a little uncomfortable yet compliant in the photographer's request, especially since they were asked to slightly graze each other's rear ends with their hand for added sexual effect.

Muriel Puddings:

Hummina-hummina!

Zeb lays his head down on the table in sheer embarrassment while Troy just grins from ear to ear, observing Muriel with her tongue hanging out like a salivating dog.

Lindsay Troy:

That doesn't have anything to do with your case. Just a little gift from us.

Muriel Puddings:

Any way you can have this blown up to poster size? That way I can cover the hole that I plan on digging through the wall in case the seduction plan doesn't work. And that I can also have something life-sized to pleasure another hole in the cell.

Lindsay Troy:

Calm down, Horny Andy Dufresne. Turn to the next page. Does that steamroller look familiar to you?

Muriel Puddings:

Yeah. But in the interest of client confidentiality, I was pretty drunk off Franzia.

Zeb Martin:

Prolly not information I'd be volunteerin' tuh the judge, Mu'reil.

Muriel Puddings:

Hey, I'm the lawyer here, bikini briefs. I hope to god you're wearing those today. I haven't had any of my commissary stash today, and yer girl's hangry.

Lindsay Troy:

FOCUS, guys! Look at the steamroller. Zeb and I found a few mechanical issues with this particular brand of heavy machinery...

WHAT WILL LINDSAY AND ZEB REVEAL TO MURIEL THAT COULD POTENTIALLY SWING THE VERDICT TOWARDS HER FAVOR?

EVEN IF IT BREAKS THE CASE WIDE OPEN, WILL IT STILL BE EFFECTIVE DUE TO THE FACT THAT A PERSON WITH AN IQ OF 69 IS REPRESENTING HERSELF IN A BORT OF LAW?

WILL MURIEL ACTUALLY EAT THE WATSON MILL KID'S UNDERWEAR?

WHY ARE CUSS WORDS BLEEPED OUT IN THESE VIGNETTES?

*THE ONLY ANSWER WE HAVE? YES TO THE UNDERWEAR THING, SHE IS DEFINITELY GOING TO EAT IT.
TUNE IN NEXT TIME AS OUR SAGA UNFOLDS!*

WINTER WONDERLAND

The crane cam zooms in on the commentary station as DDK and Lance stand with microphones in hand.

DDK:

Folks, I'm just being informed in my earpiece about a HUGE announcement!

The Faithful are all eyes and ears towards the stage as the DEFiatron lights up with a DEFROAD themed image of The Comments Section across from Toybox. They erupt joyously!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, I have just received word that The Comments Section will take on Toybox at DEFROAD for the Unified Tag Team Titles! But that's not all! I'm also being told there will be a special stipulation for the match!

A quell of inquisitiveness overcomes the crowd. They watch the DEFiatron with angst as a snow graphic overlays the image displayed.

Lance:

This is set to be the first EVER Winter Wonderland Match! I guess we are under the assumption that it has a special opening ceremony too. Like the Winter Olympics or something.

The crowd reacts favorably to the winter themed stipulation. The broadcast cuts to the hard cam which focuses on the ring.

DDK:

Yeah, as you can see in the ring are some gift-wrapped presents. All wrapped in silver packaging. I wonder what could be inside of them?

Lance:

We're about to find out right now!

DDK and Lance lower their microphones and put their broadcasting headsets back on as Christie Zane climbs into the ring and stands with a purpose in front of the presents, microphone in hand.

Christie Zane:

It's time to find out just what is at stake in the first WINTER WONDERLAND MATCH!

The Faithful cheer for the announcement, but their joy quickly turns to jeers as...

♪ "ATTENTION, ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

Malak Garland walks out on stage alone. He isn't holding any belts. He's not even with Teresa or Cyrus. His palms are extended out as if signifying to 'pump the breaks' due to so much information to unpack. His facial expression is that of confusion and anger as he slowly makes his way to the ring. The Source of Envy cozies up next to Zane and speaks into her microphone.

Malak Garland:

What hot topic garbage is this? Gifts? Presents? A silly snow themed match announcement by two dribbling nimrods in DDK and Lance? None of this was approved by me! NONE! Yeah, it's no secret I like snow and sure, the winter wonderland theme is kinda cool but don't make me go all AVALANCHE mode on someone because this was never run by me! My anxiety is at an all time high!

He takes a breath.

Malak Garland:

Suzy...

DDK:

He means Christie.

Malak Garland:

Suzy, let me add some context to this. No member of the DEFIANCE management team came to me and told me about this match. This is absolute horse--

♪ "Revenge of the Freaks" by Mr. Strange ♪

The Faithful quickly change their tune as The Toybox step from behind the curtain and smile slapping a few hands-on their way to the ring. Malak eyes his foes with glassy eyes. He can't believe the situation he's in.

DDK:

Everyone is in the ring now, let's see what is at stake at DEFROAD.

Malak backs off into a corner, all the while ominously staring at Jestal and Dandelion.

Christie Zane:

We had a coin toss backstage, and Malak your team won so you get to pick your first present.

Reluctant at first, Malak warms up to the idea about opening a present. He picks one up, lightly shakes it and puts it back down in favor for a smaller box.

Malak Garland:

I want this one, Suzy.

Zane nods as Garland viciously opens the present. Inside the box is an envelope. With shaky fingers, Malak tears it open to reveal...

DDK:

What is it?

The eyes of the Keyboard King lights up. He pulls out...

Christie Zane:

The deed for the Funhouse will now be on the line at the Winter Wonderland Match!

Jestal and Dandelion look annoyed. Malak begins jumping for joy before leaning into Zane's microphone.

Malak Garland:

ARE YOU KIDDING ME!? THIS IS AWESOME! IT'S WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED! Sure, I'll put the tag belts on the line if you put your deed to the Funhouse on the line! Fair is fair right!? Why do I always have to be the one risking things!?

Malak does a terrible little jig in the middle of the ring.

Malak Garland:

Oh and, when I win and retain my belts and own the deed to your Funhouse, you can rest assured that I will be relocating it from the arena to a dilapidated warehouse I plan on renting out, no more than a block from here.

The crowd gasps.

Malak Garland:

Yeah! Gasp all you want! This fits perfectly with my master plan to gentrify the adjacent neighborhood! Time to bring some class to this sorry town.

A camera shot focuses on Toybox who don't look impressed.

Malak Garland:

Wait, wait, wait. I'm not done. After I move your, nay, MY Funhouse to the abandoned warehouse, I'm going to redecorate it too. Not only will I be running my brand new cuddling service, Warm Embrace out of it, but whatever is left of your actual precious Funhouse will be turned into a snowflake sensory room! That's right! You heard me! Sensory rooms are important and they provide a safe space for people to relax! And all of this is because you guys tortured me with that hall of mirrors nonsense!

The Faithful boo endlessly.

DDK:

Sounds like Malak had that all planned out.

Malak finally backs away, clutching the deed to the Funhouse to his chest.

Christie Zane:

Ummmm okay. Jestal it's your turn to pick your present.

Jestal grabs a present and opens it up, and with a smile under his paint smile looks at Malak. Dandelion reaches in and pulls out a picture of the Unified Tag Team Championships jumping for joy. Malak, on the other hand, is appalled.

Malak Garland: *[Off microphone]*

Yeah, we already knew the titles would be on the line. Cool. Whatever. Not mad.

Christie Zane:

The final gift goes to Malak.

Still annoyed, Malak opens the package and pulls out six strips of paper.

Malak Garland:

What the...

Christie Zane:

The Winter Wonderland match is now a SIX PERSON tag match. This means Toybox you need to find a third member.

Dandelion whispers into Jestal's ear. He doesn't seem too thrilled by her choice. With a sign, he takes the microphone from Zane.

Jestal:

...

He looks at Dandelion and she is very excited. Jestal looks back at the Malak who is not very thrilled.

Jestal:

We pick...*[looking at Dandelion who gives him the evil eye]* KLEIN.

"Man in the Box" by Alice and Chains

Klein struts out on stage, sporting his vintage box over his head.

Christie Zane:

It's now official, at DEFROAD The Unified Tag Team Championships and the Funhouse deed will be on the line in a six-person tag match!

The Faithful cheer on the announcement. Jestal smirks toward Malak, Dani runs over and hugs Klein sideways.

DDK:

Now that the stipulations are decided who will walk out with the deed to the Funhouse and the Unified Tag Team Championships?

Lance:

This should be a very interesting match. I shudder to envision Malak making good on his promises if he wins.

Malak just sort of nods before leaving the ring. The broadcast cuts to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD

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

STALKER vs. HENRY KEYES

Lance:

Welcome back folks! We have what is set to be quite an interesting Main Event.

DDK:

We just received word that this match up of Keyes and Stalker will be a 'Stalker's Rules' match. Whatever that means.

Lance:

Stalker's challenge to Keyes was in front of basically all of the wrestlers in DEFIANCE at our first ever DEFy awards, now on DEFonDEMAND!

DDK:

Yeah - you introduced him and then slinked off into the shadows. Apparently, his challenge included a stipulation that this match would fall into his 'World'. As he calls it....

Lance:

Doing a bit of research during our last break, turns out a 'Stalker's Rules' variant match simply means: No DQs, No Count Outs, pinfalls and submissions can only happen in the ring.

DDK:

Keyes most likely didn't know what he accepted when he agreed to this.

A brief video clip plays of Keyes' return to DEFIANCE at DEFtv 146, his run in and Bell Clap against Stalker are run through two separate times, the second in gruesome slow-mo.

Lance:

Henry Keyes, returning to the aid of Lindsay Troy AND Deacon at DEFtv 146, targeted Stalker first. Hitting him with that Bell Clap who has taken out so many before. Stalker was nowhere to be found on DEFtv 147 and rumor is he was still recovering from that hit.

DDK:

He was probably unable to mess with our audio that night with him scheduled for a match right now I won't be surprised if our....

Like clockwork the lights go out and a brief bit of static hits the commentators mic before silence drips into the audio feed. The crowd with cell phones in hand flash their cameras wildly at the ring as the DEFiatron lights up with a static filled screen.

V/O:

Henry Keyes - False Hero - goggle-wearing deceiver. You made the unfortunate mistake of stoking the flame that will burn DEFIANCE to the GROUND! Now - much like you all feared me when my eyes were red. From this point forward you will fear me... without the mask... FAR WORSE!

♪ "This Link is Dead" by Deftones ♪

Stalker's video package appears on the DEFiatron showing his recent antics against the likes of Deacon and Lindsay Troy. His 'unmasking' as Red Reaper, his brutal 5 on 1 attack against the iconic Troy. With ferocity in his eyes Stalker walks to the ring, his patent 'No More False Heroes' t-shirt worn proudly as he stares daggers into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is the MAIN EVENT and it is... a... Stalker's Rules match up!!! Introducing first hailing from Seattle, Washington, weighing in at two hundred and thirty five pounds.... STALKER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Benny Doyle gives Stalker some space as the veteran hardcore wrestler, digs under the ring for a chair, tossing it

under the bottom rope gave the veteran ref the idea to exit the ring.

Lance:

Hel.. Hello.. And we are back sorry about that folks, we still are not sure why Stalker's entrance always coincides with us losing audio.

DDK:

It's because he's the Red one. Anyways, Stalker doesn't seem pleased with just one chair, he's now got two chairs inside the ring. I really don't think this is a fair set up for Henry Keyes!

Indeed, Stalker has acquired a second chair tossing it into the ring before climbing in himself as the Deftones theme song slowly fades out and the lights in the arena come back on to full capacity. Kicking the newly placed chair into the center of the ring he heads to the far corner of the ring while picking up the first chair he slid in.

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

The 30+-year-old loyal fans and their friends freak the hell out as propeller sounds resonate throughout the arena, while youngins look around and try to blend in with the super-psyched vibe. Red beacons swirl about as Henry Keyes power-struts towards the ring. He gives clear and pointed looks at the two chairs: one in his opponent's hands, and the other in the center of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from San Francisco, California, weighing in at two hundred and forty nine pounds... Henry KEYES!!!!!!

Lance:

As Henry Keyes heads to the ring let's remind everyone that this is the first time we've seen him compete one on one in DEFIANCE in almost 5 years!

DDK:

Keyes definitely looks stronger than the last time we saw him in the ring.

Lance:

He's made it clear that he's a follower of the Iron Church, and I'm excited to see his smashmouth style after all this time!

DING DING

Benny Doyle finishes his instructions to the matches participants, or in his case 'lack of rules' for this particular match up. Henry Keyes listens on and nods towards the pacing Stalker. The hardcore icon glances aggressively toward Keyes while also switching his eyes to the chair in the center of the ring.

DDK:

It seems like Stalker is wanting to bait Keyes into picking up the chair.

Yep, that is the case as The Faithful soon learn. Keyes approaches the chair in the center of the ring. Staring cautiously at Stalker, the Airship Pirate strides forward to pick it up and square off against his chair-wielding opponent.

Lance:

Stalker charges forward!

Catching Keyes off-guard, Stalker is able to launch himself forward with the chair as a shield, bull rushing the larger

Pirate King. The chair connects with a loud POP! And before Keyes can even attempt to recover, Stalker is launching a ferocious assault against his face.

DDK:

Benny Doyle doesn't know what to do! With this 'No Rules' match, Stalker is just using the No Disqualification stipulation to his advantage as Doyle can't even separate the two.

Doyle looks on with a hopeless stare as Stalker continues to unload on the freshly returned Captain. Short punches speak emotions in ways words can't.

Stalker: [yelling]

You WANT TO INTERFERE! WITH ME? And my mission? You STEAMPUNK FAKE? I WILL DESTROY YOU!!

Standing up with a nasty stomp into Keyes' face, Stalker wastes no time grabbing the red headed hero up off the mat, in the center of the ring the hardcore veteran hooks Keyes up and RUSSIAN LEG SWEEP!

Lance:

Typical Stalker fashion, it appears he was aiming for Keyes' head to hit the chair that was laying in the center of the ring but just misses it!

DDK:

Henry Keyes is in a dangerous situation here! With the free use of weapons, he leaves himself open to any of Stalker's crazed ideas!

This is already the case as Stalker leaves Keyes lying on the ground, picking up the chair he opens it up, deftly placing it in the center of the ring once more next to the now rolling over Keyes. BIG STOMP! The hero's face bounces against the mat as The Faithful watch on and jeer. The returning superstar has been against the ropes, or in this case, the mat, for the better part of the match.

Lance:

Stalker opened the match with a cheap shot, then he got close to connecting Keyes with the chair once more. Seems like he is wanting to execute something else here now with the chair.

Stalker picks up the slow moving Henry Keyes, hooking him under his arm.

DDK:

Come on... OH!! UPPERCUT from Keyes!!

WOooooooooooooooooo!

A loud pop emerges from The Faithful!!~ Keyes retaliates from Stalker's attempt to send him into the chair for the third time tonight. Stalker reels back from the European Uppercut!

Lance:

Stalker is completely dazed as he stumbles backwards and Keyes kicks him in the gut!!

The sails are cut from Stalker's black Kabal ship. Bypassing any time to recover, Keyes hooks Stalker. Lifting him up in the air... FRONT FACE SUPLEX INTO THE OPEN CHAIR!!

DDK:

WOW! I was not expecting that!! Neither was the crowd! Stalker's face hit the metal seat of that chair with force!

Lance:

Indeed! Let's look again!

Brief replay shows Keyes lifting Stalker in the air while a zoom in shot showcases Stalker's connection with the freshly opened chair.

DDK:

If Keyes had the proper opportunity to start the match without that cheap shot from Stalker I think we'd be seeing a pinfall already here!

Both men are on their backs in the ring, clearly catching their breath; this was far more Exertion Per Minute than either man expected going into this match. Boos rattle around the arena as Victor Vacio sprints towards the ring with a Kendo Stick, tossing it into the ring and clapping his hands in encouragement of his beloved leader.

Lance:

As if we needed MORE weapons in this match!

DDK:

DAMN him!

Stalker takes a deep, long look at the Kendo Stick that's been presented to him. The most brief, most subtle eye of conflict flashes across his face, and it's caught in a deep close-up by our beloved DEF cameramen. What's also caught is a large-as-fuck boot that collides with Stalker's face a half second later. Stalker drops the Kendo Stick and Keyes quickly arms himself with the newly acquired armament. Vacio is distraught at the sight.

~~~**CLAP!!!!!!!**~~~

Stalker falls immediately with thunderous applause from The Faithful as Keyes connects with a Kendo Stick-assisted BELL CLAP!!

**Lance:**

Keyes drops to his knees.. He's got the leg hooooked!

Doyle quickly hits the mat to count the pin...

ONE

TWO

THREE!!!

Stalker's leg kicks out extremely late, almost out of reaction as his body wakes up from the knockout blow that was the Murdalizer Bell Clap!

**DDK:**

I can't believe he is even awake after that.

**Lance:**

His history would surprise you the things he's walked away from and how quickly. It's like he's built differently.

Anger paints the face of Stalker as he stares at The Faithful in exhaustion. Benny Doyle raises the hand of Henry Keyes who immediately draws the cheering attention from the crowd. Celebrating proudly in the ring, the returning Pirate King has all the reason in the world to celebrate.

**DDK:**

I was not expecting Henry Keyes to walk away from this match with a victory, especially after Stalker's cheap shot opening attack.

**Lance:**

A victory against Stalker tonight is a great way to make his returning debut here at DEFIANCE, and the crowd are letting it be known they appreciate Keyes' beatdown of Stalker!

Keyes appears to be soaking in The Faithful as he climbs the top turnbuckle to boast even further with the crowd. Suddenly, they sound like a pirate ship crew as they goad Stalker calling him a 'False Villain.'

**Lance:**

Well folks this has been a great evening of wrestling and ....

Lance Warner seems to be closing out the show as his microphone is cut off. A recovering Stalker stares upwards at the top rope boasting Keyes.

**Stalker:** [yelling]

This isn't over!

Stalker's face turns into a sadistic grin as the lights suddenly cut out.

## INTO THE GUARDIANS

Once again The Faithful attempt to light up the ring with phones flashing towards it. With no audio from the announcers the cameras are only able to make out shadowed movement around the ring and suddenly a DEFiatron lit up with static.

**V/O:**

This false idol will be another EXAMPLE!

The pyros light up in the ring in a very similar fashion to how they were on display during the attack on Deacon and Lindsay Troy! In succession Orange, Yellow, Purple and Green! All in the four corners of the ring.

**DDK:**

I swear if.. Oh we are back? Okay! And the... oh man, Keyes is surrounded!

A few seconds pass and the lights flood back on. Keyes finds himself surrounded suddenly by Victor Vacio, Rezin and Stalker. The Kabal stands in the center of the ring swarming Keyes but Stalker looks somewhat confused to both Victor and Rezin. His expectations after the pyros seem to have fallen short.

**Stalker:** [confused]

Rezin! What the hell man? Where's your Reaper outfit?! Where are Orange and Yellow!?

**Rezin:**

O shid, you were serious about that? I left the costume at the cleaners to scrub the LaCroix smell out of it.

**Vacio:**

¿Qué estoy haciendo aquí?

Stalker charges the caught off guard Captain Keyes! Bull rushing him down for the second time to the ground, this time without a weapon, standing over him like a foaming predator Stalker's eyes are absolutely alight with excitement.

**Stalker:**

You thought you'd just walk away from the ring tonight? From me? Of all people!? FUCK NO!

Stalker almost spits in Keyes' face, and as Stalker attempts to strike down once more, Keyes blocks it with his gauntlet! Rezin and Vacio immediately catch wind of their 'cult like' leader in potential distress. Striding to the rescue they ensue a quick beatdown of Keyes, with Rezin securing him.

**Stalker:**

What do you think you are...? Some *Guardian*? Some False Prophet 'white clothed' hero that thinks they can come here and interrupt me? WHO SENT YOU..? PUNK!? Why now.. Why are you here now?!?

**DDK:**

Yup, he's crazy.

**Lance:**

One wonders if his constant rambling has something to do with the leaks of information we have seen about Stalker's daughter.

**DDK:**

This needs to be cleaned up now.. Where is security?!

**Stalker:**

There is no room for Heroes anymore in DEFIANCE! And you will be the PRIME EXAMPLE of why The Kabal will ALWAYS BE THE ONES ON TOP!!

Stalker pulls back his hand in a closed fist punch with the microphone still in it, he launches it forward and pops Henry Keyes in the face.

**DDK:**

The odds are definitely stacked against Keyes here and at any moment Stalker could snap his fingers and be joined by at least two more Masked vigilantes. When will anyone step up?!

Suddenly, a white light beams in the center of the ring during this lights out this time - a light much different than that seen before for the Reaper pyros. This light is much more 'good' - a large figure appears seemingly out of nowhere at the top of the ramp - all of The Kabal stop in place - Rezin drops Keyes to the mat.

**DDK:**

It's DEACON!! And.. he's CARRYING a REAPER!?? WHAT THE HELL? Is that Orange Reaper on his shoulder!?!

**Lance:**

I... I.. can't say for certain but... it also looks like he's dragging another Reaper!! In his left hand!

Stalker's face is in utter shock as he stares at Deacon carrying both of his Reaper followers like rag dolls.

**Stalker:**

Rezin, Vacio!! GET HIM!!!

Both henchmen exit the ring as Jason Reeves points with anger towards Deacon at the top of the ramp; he's in utter disbelief from both Reaper Orange and Reaper Yellow in the control of the Mute Freak! What he doesn't see is Lindsay Troy hopping the barricade, sliding into the ring, and making a beeline for him.

**CRACK~!**

**DDK:**

QUEEN'S GAMBIT! Holy moley!

**Lance:**

If the Bell Clap didn't knock Reeves into next week, those deadly flying double knees from Lindsay Troy might have done it!

Stalker flies ass over tea kettle to the mat, but the Queen of the Ring isn't done with him yet. She hauls him up and shoves him into Keyes, who is recovering from the 3 on 1 beatdown from The Kabal. Keyes yanks Stalker into his grip, lifts him up with a direct twirl and sends him CRASHING into Keyes knee with a VICIOUS looking TILT A WHIRL BACKBREAKER!!

**DDK:**

Keyes just DESTROYED Stalker with that backbreaker! And looks like Lindsay has something to say as she grabs his microphone.

**Lindsay Troy:**

Enough of these costumes, misdirection, and nonsensical ramblings of a madman destined for recommitment. We're ending this at DEFIANCE ROAD, Reeves. You should've let the past stay where it belongs, not dredge it back up to help feed your delusions and jealousy. The three of us...

She motions to herself, a fired-up Henry Keyes, and the stoic Deacon.

**Lindsay Troy:**

...are going to show you what happens when you call for a war that you're not prepared to win.

Troy drops the microphone next to Stalker's prone body and extends her hand to Keyes, who clasps her arm in a

Roman-style handshake. The two heroes look up the ramp to Deacon, standing over the fallen bodies of Rezin and Vacio, who respectively took two power moves on the ramp to knock them out.

Camera fades into an overhead shot of the Heroes Triumphant over the Villains.

A burst of white static hits the screen before we fade to black and the DEFIANCE logo appears at the bottom.

***THIS.***

***IS.***

***DEFIANCE.***