

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!

SIGNS, SIGNS, EVERYWHERE SIGNS
SHUT THE HELL UP
TAKE IT DEEP
MIKEY WEARS A HAIR PIECE
WHY NOT 3 NIGHTS?!
FEEDBACK MY SIGN
THAT SIGN DOESN'T WORK FOR ME, BROTHER
HARVEY MUST POSE!
ANGRY CONTRACTORS GO ON SIGN/COSIGN TANGENTS
SUPLEXES GO BRRRRRR
CRAM IT UP YOUR CRAMHOLE, PERFECTION
PERFECTION SPELLED BACKWARDS IS ASSH*LE
HIT HIM
HIT ME
TRASHCAN TIM SHOULD CAMEO IN THE MANDALORIAN
KEITH GILL BOUGHT STOCK IN DEFIANCE
TIM CAN TRASH MY CAN
#FREELILPISTOL
GET YOUR PCPCOIN TODAY!
IT WASN'T ME
INVEST IN PENIS
I'D TAKE A DRIVE IN THAT FERRARI

To the announce team.

DDK:

Welcome back everyone to DEFtv! It's episode 149, Night 1 and we've got a great show lined up for you!

Lance:

The Favored Saints Championship will be on the line in a REMATCH from DEFIANCE Road. Trashcan Tim will defend against the person he won the title from, Matt LaCroix!

DDK:

And, apparently, we have a whole bunch of surprises tonight! Most of the card said REDACTED in our backstage script!

Lance:

Really?

DDK:

Well, no. But there were a lot of open slots. I guess we'll find out what's going on!

JFKAYLE & PERFECTION vs. ???

ðŸŽµ "Gold" by Sir Sly ðŸŽµ

A thunderous cacophony of jeers suddenly replaces the customary early-show buzz as 24K's entrance music hits over the speaker system.

DDK:

Here comes the last group of guys The Faithful wants to see tonight, let alone at the very top of the show!

Lance:

DEFIANCE ROAD was a highly successful night for 24K, Keebs, and bad things happen when Mikey Unlikely and co. hit the ring the show after a successful night! Remember that fiasco with the DOC?

DDK:

How could I forget!? And you know, with Mikey recently becoming the second longest reigning FIST of DEFIANCE of all time, I think your premonition may be correct!

The booing only intensifies as the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE leads Perfection, Kendrix, and Cayle Murray out onto the stage. The World's Greatest Entertainer is dressed casually (but still elaborately) while his cohorts are clad in their ring attire, ready for a fight. Cayle, curiously, has something hidden under a tiny veil in one hand and a microphone in the other.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the follo---...

Cayle Murray:

OI OI OI!

24K are barely halfway down the ramp when the self-christened Most DEFIANT cuts Quimbey off. Sir Sly immediately stops playing.

Cayle Murray:

Shut your dribble hole, Kimberly. These slugs know who we are.

Lance:

... Kimberly?

DDK:

He means "Quimbey." You know that thing they do?

Lance:

Of course...

Quimbey knows better than to offer any kind of resistance against the four worst guys in DEFIANCE, so he takes his leave from the ring as 24K continue making their way down.

Cayle Murray:

Good move, dickhead. Very smart on your part. Bravo.

Kendrix mockingly claps his hands beside Cayle. Perfection, meanwhile, is launching a volley of insults at a couple of fans by the end of the barricade. 24K eventually hit the bottom of the ramp and start climbing into the ring...

Cayle Murray:

Anyway **SLUGS**, tonight is a special night...

The Most DEFIANT waits for his buddies to join him in the squared circle before continuing. It doesn't take long.

Cayle Murray:

Not only do you guys have the privilege of seeing me and my esteemed partners, Jesse and Jimmy, doing battle - with JFK at 100% for the first time in months tonight, no less, having overcome the *HORRIFIC*, career-shortening injuries that plagued him ahead of DEF ROAD...

Kendrix shakes his head, then taps Murray on the shoulder. His words are audible through the microphone...

Kendrix:

Actually bruv, I have a hangnail...

Cayle's face sours when JFK shows him.

Cayle Murray:

Correction, with JFK at 20% tonight...

Another wave of boos powers through the building. Murray grins, knowing exactly what he's doing.

Cayle Murray:

... but you also have the privilege of witnessing something truly historic...

Cayle holds out the veiled... thing.

Cayle Murray:

As I, Cayle Murray, have finally been usurped as the undisputed, undebatable, and inarguable longest-reigning FIST of DEFIANCE of all time, by my friend, ally, and yes, brother... Mikey Unlikely!

Lance:

Second longest, need we remind you. Cayle would be the third now...

And here come the chants...

EU-GENE DEW-EY!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

EU-GENE DEW-EY!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

Cayle Murray:

Goobers, goobers, we've been over this before, but if I have to explain it to you again, was the FIST the recognised top title in DEFIANCE for the entirety of Chester Cheetah's reign? No. The answer you are looking for is "no." Doesn't count!

Lance:

I hate these guys more than a cone of ice cream hates direct sunlight...

Cayle Murray:

But with that out of the way, Mikey Unlikely...

Murray turns towards the FIST. Perfection puts a finger over his mouth with mimicking his coveted "shhh".

Cayle Murray:

My friend, my ally, my brother, it is my honour to present to you...

He suddenly pulls the veil away.

Cayle Murray:

... with THE GOLDEN FIST!

Beneath it is a golden sculpture shaped just like the trademark DEFIANT fist logo. It is mounted on what looks like a mahogany base, and Murray passes it over to Mikey. Perfection claps loudly and encourages Faithful nearest to join in but when they don't he waves them off. Mikey looks at it and his jaw drops nearly to the mat. He can't believe his precious eyes. He hugs Cayle long and proud. Finally after the manly hugs die down, the champion has something to say.

Mikey Unlikely:

Well I never! Lads, you've done it again! This is incredible, yes I Mikey Unlikely... DEFIANCE's FIRST Grand Slam Champion and now longest reigning FIST OF DEFIANCE in the same calendar year. It's been a hell of a run boys...

The champion turns to the crowd.

Mikey Unlikely:

Call it luck, call it skill, just don't call it a comeback! I told each and everyone of you plebs five long years ago that I would one day stand at the top of this company as a pinnacle of excellence. I said I would be here as long as it took to be THE MAN! Now I could have said a year ago when I won this championship that I made it... But that wasn't enough for me...

DDK:

I believe he did tell us he made it.

Lance:

Shhhh, Champion is speaking Darren.

Mikey Unlikely:

I didn't want to be the man who "once won" the FIST. I didn't want to be a multiple time champion, I didn't want to be the most popular wrestler on the roster, that was happenstance...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO

Mikey Unlikely:

What I wanted to do was prove ONCE AND FOR ALL that I am the greatest champion to ever step foot in this god damn ring! I wanted to prove that I'm better than Eric Dane, That I'm better than Lindsay Troy, That I'm better than Dan Ryan, that I'm better than Eugene Fucking Dewey... and here we are. THE LONGEST REIGNING CHAMPION IN DEFIANCE HISTORY. APPRECIATE ME DAMMIT!

He wears the FIST proudly around his waist and holds up the new plaque he got from his Bruv.

The boos erupt from every corner.

Perfection:

SHHHHHHHHH!! You are witnessing a legacy unfold before your dopey little eyes and you act like such Ungratefults! Mikey, ignore these schlepicks! To honor yet ANOTHER great achievement we've taken in YOUR footsteps and have given three lucky local talent boys a chance to shine amongst men! Jack, bring 'em down!

The entire 24K crew looks up towards the entrance ramp when suddenly...

ðŸŽµ "This Fire Burns (MIDI Version)" by Killswitch Engage ðŸŽµ

The only DEFIANCE entrance theme worse than Cayle's rips through the speakers, violating your earholes. 24K's Head of Security (and Idiocy), Jack Hunter, comes out from the back, accompanied by a trio of "wrestlers" clad in basic shindie-style shorts, kickpads, and the cheapest of cheap boots.

DDK:

Who on earth are these guys?!

Lance:

I don't know, Keebs, but they don't look fit for fighting! I reckon if you combined all three of these guys they might weigh the same as one of Mushigihara's thighs...

Indeed, these men are runts. All three are significantly shorter than Hunter and none can be much taller than 5'6". They are rake-thin, too, suggesting the only thing they put in their bodies is meth - and that's only to feed the tapeworms in their guts.

DDK:

Well, looks like we're about to get another grand 24K farce.

One of the goobers trips over and smashes his forehead against the apron as they reach the bottom of the ramp. Even Jack Hunter shakes his head at this.

Jack Hunter:

Sillyman.

Lance:

Oh, wow...

The goober gets up, shaking the cobwebs away, but keeps a hand pressed against his skull. He eventually joins the rest of the group in the ring. Mikey Unlikely, meanwhile, slips out and starts heading up the ramp.

Perfection:

Ladies and gentlemen, may I introduce to you, hailing from your very own New Orleans, Louisiana... Luke, Duke, and Puke! Round of applause, please. Round of applause.

There is no round of applause, because *of course* there isn't. Instead, the same crowd that just spent four consecutive shows watching JFKayle fuckboy their way around various fake injuries gets ready for another 24K fuckboyfest.

DING DING DING**Mikey Unlikely:**

Hello gentlemen, How are we doing?

DDK:

Mikey, nice of you to join us!

Lance:

Mikey Unlikely, we're doing great, as you seem to be as well!

Mikey Unlikely:

Lancelot! You are right my friend! I am doing well... Did you hear? I'm the longest reigning...

DDK:

And this match is underway!

All six men stay in the ring as Hector Navarro calls for the bell. Jack Hunter's on the outside, trying to get a chant going...

Jack Hunter:

SILL-E-MEN! SILL-E-MEN! SILL-E-MEN!

Suddenly a box of popcorn flies from the third or fourth row, catching Jack on the side of the head.

This knocks him out immediately.

DDK:

What the-- ?! Oh, nevermind.

Mikey Unlikely:

Ouch! That had to hurt!

Lance:

Jack Hunter, ladies and gentlemen.

The three 24K members each square up to one of the tomato cans. Cayle Murray is face-to-face with the one identified as Puke, talking all kinds of trash, while Perfection sneers at Duke. Kendrix, meanwhile, is telling Luke to go easy on his hangnail.

Their opponents look nervous. Blinded by the blind lights and the bigger moment, they watch transfixed as 24K look to each other, count to three in unison, then explode into life, clobbering the gimps. Perfection slaps a tight headlock on one while Kendrix hammers away on another in the corner.

Kendrix:

I TOLD YOU TO WATCH OUT FOR MY HANGNAIL!

Mikey Unlikely:

Yea but I told him first....

DDK:

How would you have told him that from up here?

Mikey Unlikely:

Telekinesis?

JFK slaps Luke hard across the face as punishment. Cayle, meanwhile, has already bundled Puke out of the ring. He follows him to the outside, takes him by the head, and throws him skull-first into the barricade. Puke's body slumps down beside Jack Hunter's going motionless.

Cayle Murray:

Whoops.

DDK:

A ridiculous scene is playing out here, folks. Let's just call it what it is: this is straight-up bullying!

Lance:

Mercifully, I don't think it's going to last that long...

Mikey Unlikely:

I have to agree with you guys there. 24K is just unstoppable, whether it be Frank, Dank and Tank in there or anyone else! You love to see it Darren.

DDK:

I thought it was Luke, Duke, and Puke?

Mikey Unlikely:

What did I say?

Lance:

Mikey let's talk about your upcoming title match at DEFCON! Just a couple weeks ago Scott Dou...

Mikey Unlikely:

PASS!

Perfection decides to let go of his headlock and throws Duke to the ropes. On the way back he ducks a clothesline from Perfection which causes James to turn around annoyed. Duke then turns around to face the seething Witherhold and sneezes by mistake out of nowhere. James then takes a ridiculous big bump which makes him scream out in pain. Duke even looks surprised by this but jumps at the opportunity to pin and Navarro goes for a count.

ONE!

TWO!

Lance:

Thr- No!

Mikey Unlikely:

That was too close!

Perfection presses Duke off, sits up, and plays off like he's super shocked. James then scurries into the corner begging Duke to end his dominance before slapping him in the face on his approach. Duke hits the canvass and is quickly being stomped out by Witherhold who can be seen making a joke towards Cayle while Kendrix laughs clobbering Puke in the corner. Puke slumps down in the corner from the barrage while Kendrix, still chuckling, leans against the ropes tending to his hangnail.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm missing all the tea over here! Come on!

Perfection then pulls Duke up and pushes him toward Cayle. The Starbreaker delivers a hard chop before whipping our local talent to the ropes and on his return the 6'1 Scot presses Duke straight in the air using Duke's hips. Perfection is positioned right behind Cayle and leaps up while Duke is getting massive airtime.

Lance:

What in the world...

While in the air James grabs Duke by the back of the neck and drives him down head first into the canvass with a thundering boom. Hector Navvaro just puts a hand over his mouth taken aback by the impact. Even the Faithful have to give into it.

Faithfuls:

Ooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!

DDK:

HOLY COW!! IS HE ALIVE?!

Mikey Unlikely:

That was awesome! I love seeing them do that! Fools Gold, baby!

Kendrix is finished puddling with his hangnail and has decided to throw Puke over the top rope and stands next to Cayle and Perfection who are just looking down at the lifeless Duke. James sends his arms out toward Duke offering him to Kendrix who puts a foot on his chest and flexes.

Kendrix:

AND I DID IT ALL WITH A HANGNAIL!!!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners- 24K!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Boooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

Lance:

Well, Mikey it's been....

Mikey has already taken off his headphones and is bolting down to the ring to celebrate with the men. Once he makes it into the ring all four join a big Manly Man Hug.

Lance:

...nice.

DDK:

Ugh. This bromance garbage makes me sick!

Mikey then lifts his Golden Fist in the air as Perfection, Cayle, and Kendrix hoist him up and carry him to all three sides of the ring for the Faithful.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON

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

CARD AS IT STANDS...

MAIN EVENT**FIST of DEFIANCE**

Mikey Unlikely © vs. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP

Dex Joy © vs. Scrow

THE CHALLENGE OF A LIFETIME

Jack had fallen asleep in his bed, the one they'd set up for him in the back, and had woke up crying, thinking he'd missed his chance. He had a job to do, and he was going to do it. His nurse had helped him sit up, putting him in a chair. He didn't feel well, but he'd been worse, much worse. The nurse wheeled him into the locker room where his father was getting ready. Jack had read people online say how Deacon could get into a zone for big matches, but Jack had only seen it on video. Today, tonight, Jack would see it in person.

After Jack did his part, if he could find that same zone.

Darren Quimbey:

You ready, kid?

Jack looks over the monitors at the thousands gathered to watch his dad, to watch Jack, and for the first time, the reality grips him.

He gives an almost imperceptible nod. He reaches up, or that's what his brain tries to get him to do, but his arm barely lifts. Again, tears come forward. He wasn't going to be able to do it. He couldn't fail his dad tonight!

Magdalena:

Your dad never did anything alone.

Magdalena's words broke the moment. She grabs the microphone and puts it near Jack's mouth.

Magdalena:

This good?

He glances up at her and gives a lopsided smile. She winks just as they call for him to get to what they called Gorilla. They roll him forward as the Gregorian chant begins, the crowd responding in full for the Deacon.

This had been why he was so glad to see his dad be the hero other people had seen. This had been why Jack had wanted this more than anything else he could imagine.

And this was why Jack was going to do the one thing that would make his dad the hero again.

The curtain parts like the Red Sea. Magdalena pushes Jack through its dark waves and into the limelight. She takes a step forward and kneels down beside Jack's chair before putting the microphone near his mouth. After a few beats, Jack taking in the crowd, he begins.

Jack:

Stalker.

Jack's voice is weak, tremulous, yet certain of his action.

Jack:

Vacio came to my hospital. I forgave him.

The crowd remains silent. How do they respond to that statement?

Jack:

Victor handed you the truth of what was happening to me. I forgave him.

The crowd starts to stir, still seemingly unsure.

Jack:

You revealed the truth to the world. I forgave you.

A bit more stirring.

Jack:

But now that you've said my father's not a true hero, I forgive you.

Crowd's buzz goes back to a confused buzz.

Jack:

But I still want to see my dad kick your butt!

The buzz goes to full explosion. Emboldened now, Jack's voice gains in tenor.

Jack:

And I wanna see it - tonight!

As The Faithful erupt from Jack's challenge, the DEFIatron springs to life, but it's not Jason 'Stalker' Reeves we see. No - it's Codename: Reaper, with red eyes staring out with DEFIANCE.

Reaper Red: [voice modified]

Jack - The Kabal does not seek forgiveness. We only seek one thing - chaos. Ask and you shall receive. Stalker will meet Deacon in the ring tonight but only under the circumstances of being...

The voice drifts off as the lights in the mask fade away to nothing - total blackness. The crowd starts to stir again as the camera switches back to Jack at the interview stage.

Stalker:

Stalker's RULES!

Springing up from behind Darren Quimbey, Stalker catches the entire group off guard. Deacon almost comes undone as security immediately intervenes, separating Deacon from pummeling Stalker.

Stalker: *[taunting]*

Oh come on - I just wanted to shake Jack's hand again, Deacon. Maybe take him for a visit to my den?

As Stalker goads Deacon into attacking him further, security manages to push Stalker away from the interview stage, leaving Jack and Magdalena looking on with Quimbey. Deacon tries to force his way through security. We cut to commercials.

TOYBOX + 1

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

The Faithful cheer as the two siblings make their way from behind the curtain.

DDK:

After a heartbreaking defeat at DEFROAD. Where will The Toybox go from here?

Lance:

For that matter, how is their relationship with Klein?

DDK:

He took a nasty shot from Cyrus in the ribs. Costing them the Unified Tag Team Championships in the process.

The siblings enter the ring. Jestal seems like his lovable fun self once more. Dandelion seems extra peppy as well. Jestal pulls a microphone from his green and blue jacket.

Jestal:

HELLO MY DUCKIES!!!

The Faithful cheer, Dani claps in excitement.

Jestal:

Well, as you can see we do not have our Blondies. I guess we never exactly were beaten though. Matter of fact I think we should get that shot again right here...TONIGHT!

The Faithful jump in excitement once more with a loud chant of "YES" echoing throughout the Wrestleplex. Dandelion however doesn't seem too excited about that announcement. She whispers in Jestal's ear.

Jestal:

Wha...

She nods and continues to whisper.

Jestal:

No...I will not!

DDK:

What exactly is she telling him?

Lance:

I have no idea but she didn't seem thrilled about Jestal wanting another shot at Malak and the Comments Section.

Jestal:

Not again...he is not one of us! We are The Toybox! This is not Toybox + 1!

Dandelion puts her hands on her hips and stares coldly down at Jestal.

Jestal:

Why do I need to tag with Klein again? YOU ARE MY PARTNER! NOT HIM!

Dandelion ignores her brother and waves at the back.

♪ "Man in the Box" by Alice in Chains plays. ♪

Jestal stares at the entranceway then back at his sister.

Jestal:

Cut his music!

Klein stops midway down the ramp.

Jestal:

This guy is part of the P....C....P or have you forgotten?

Dani once again ignores Jestal and wants Klein to come in the ring.

DDK:

This rematch is looking more and more like it may not happen here.

Lance:

Jestal had no desire to help Klein who as you can see is still wrapped in bandages from that spear he took at DEFROAD.

Jestal:

Tonight it will be Jestal and YOU! Not him!

Dani shakes her head and points at Klein.

Jestal:

I will turn in my clown card if HE {points at Klein} ever tags with us AGAIN!

Now Klein seems a bit upset with Jestal's team spirit. Jestal looks at him.

Jestal:

What you got something to say?

Dandelion forces herself in between both men as they are nose to nose ready to fight.

DDK:

Jestal seems to have serious issues with Klein.

Lance:

I know it has to be heartbreaking to lose in a championship match, but it's part of the business.

Dani looks to be scolding Jestal and then points at the Defiatron.

Jestal:

What can possibly be on that screen that has any meaning to me teaming with this cardboard reject!

Klein looks ready for a fight but looks at the screen and puts his hands over his ears.

DDK:

Oh boy...I don't think this was in the plans for Jestal.

Lance:

First Princess Desire and now...

Jestal:

Look I don't care what is on that screen! I want my rematch here tonight and I want my twin sister as my tag team par...

Dani grabs Jestal's head and forces him to stare at the DEFIAtron. It's... an ultrasound? Jestal is stunned. Klein looks at Dandelion like the happiest father in the world, wondering and hoping it's true. Even through the box you can tell the giddiness of Dandelion is infectious in Klein.

Lance:

Is... Dani pregnant?

DDK:

Is she... gregnant?

Jestal:

But...but we were going to tour...I wanted to go on tour. With my Blondies! I had tickets to the Bahamas...

Jestal continues to babble, as Klein embraces Dandelion spinning her around.

Jestal:

Ok...ok...this is a joke, Oh Dani you little vixen you.

He looks back at the two she shakes her head.

Jestal:

Tell me it's a joke...PLEASE!

Dani, shakes her head.

Jestal:

I am gonna be an Uncle....no! no! NO!

Dani nods her head repeatedly.

Jestal: *[crying as he does]*

Nooo!

Dandelion now seems to be getting frustrated with Jestal.

Jestal: *[saddened]*

But we were gonna be champions again.

Dandelion waves at Jestal and hugs him. He tries to put on a smile, but all he can do is stare coldly toward Klein.

DDK:

I don't think Jestal wanted to know Dandelion is pregnant! Not after DEFROAD's result.

Lance:

Well congratulations Dandelion, I am sure she is gonna be a great mom!

DDK:

With her having to take time off what exactly is Jestal gonna do now?

Klein opens the ropes for Dani as The Faithful cheer in excitement for the announcement. Jestal just broods no more smiles from the lovable jester of Defiance. While he trails behind the two as they head up the ramp.

ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. JAY HARVEY

Camera shots of the sold-out crowd flash before your eyes. Darren Quimbey and Carla Ferrari now sit dead center of your screen.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ *"It Is Raped" by Nine Inch Nails* ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring... from Under The Midnight Sun in Utqiagvik, Alaska... weighing in at 207lbs... he is the Provocateur... ARTHUUUUUUUUUUUUUR PLEEEEEEEASAAAAAAAANT!!

DDK:

Ohhhhh boy. I've been looking forward to this one all day, Lance!

Lance:

Get ready for a match that could very well steal the show this evening. Arthur Pleasant, who has shown he can go on the mat in recent weeks, versus someone who was within a hair's reach of becoming the FIST of DEFIANCE, the incomparable Jay Harvey!

The Faceless and Nameless Three come crawling out from the back, but rather than coming out separately, Arthur Pleasant is riding the back of the smallest "Comedian" of the group, who wears a "Phyllis Diller" mask. "Eddie Murphy" and "Jerry Seinfeld" flank them as Nine Inch Nails' harrowing instrumental from the Quake soundtrack continues playing on the WrestlePlex's sound system.

DDK:

I'm not gonna lie, Lance. I'm looking forward to Jay shutting Arthur up. Cause if there's anyone that can do it? It's Jay Harvey.

Lance:

We'll see, Keebs! I won't say I wouldn't enjoy seeing that. Hey, WAIT a second! Is that... is that a baseball bat in Arthur's possession?!

Sure enough, as Arthur rides "Phyllis Diller" all the way to the ring, his arms draped over a baseball bat in a crucifixion-esque pose.

DDK:

I don't even know why he's bringing a baseball bat out to this match! It's not some Hardcore Match like he had at DEFIANCE Road!

Lance:

Who knows with this guy. Could be more mind games. Could be he legitimately wants to hurt Jay Harvey. Anything is possible with this guy.

Arthur uses the bottom rope to climb off of Phyllis Diller's back and military rolls into the ring between the middle and bottom ropes. Arthur smirks devilishly at the Faithful while he rolls to his feet with the baseball bat in hand.

♪ *Bullet Holes - Bush* ♪

The drum and bass pulsate as screechy guitars of the intro ring out through the Wrestle-Plex. The vocals kick in and the song is in full swing and assorted lights move around the arena. "The Natural One" Jay Harvey steps out through the curtain and onto the ramp. Harvey raises his arms into the air as he looks out into the sold-out crowd.

DDK:

Last time we saw Jay Harvey he was in the Main Event of DEFIANCE ROAD just falling short of becoming the NEW FIST of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Harvey was attacked earlier in the night and we didn't even know if he was going to be able to compete. He put on some display of grit and will. You have to think at One Hundred percent, would we have seen a new champion.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina, weighing in at Two Hundred Thirty-Three pounds... He is "The Natural One" Jaaaaaaaaay Haaaaaarveeeeeyyyyy!

The crowd is all cheers as Harvey walks down the aisle. Jay Harvey walks up the ring steps and onto the apron. He lays his back against the top rope and extends his arms out.

DDK:

I think we would have, Lance. I honestly feel that way. Mikey Unlikely and 24k just couldn't have that.

Lance:

As Harvey makes his way to the ring... Our camera crew caught up with Jay Harvey earlier tonight, here's what "The Natural One" had to say!

We go split-screen as still milks the crowd reaction and his pre-match interview.

Jay Harvey:

Excuses... there are no excuses for what happened at DEFIANCE ROAD. I lost end of conversation. Period. Stop. I had a shot at immortality and I just couldn't get it done. I don't live in "ifs and buts", facts are facts and I didn't walk out with the FIST.

Arthur has a wicked smile on his face as he watches the crowd eat up Harvey's entrance. Harvey in the split-screen continues on.

Jay Harvey:

I will settle the score with Mikey Unlikely and I will not stop until I do hold the FIST of DEFIANCE... Until then, it's Jay Harvey versus Arthur Pleasant. Arthur, your match at the Pay Per View opened up lots of eyes and tonight it's you against me. You are going one on one with one of the best in the world. Do you want to make yourself a household name? A top star? You have to beat me one... two... three. I don't plan on making it easy.

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

DDK:

Arthur Pleasant pointing that bat at Jay Harvey.

Lance:

Just like Harvey said if Arthur Pleasant wants to be a top star in DEFIANCE, beating Jay Harvey would put him on the map.

DING DING

The match is underway and Arthur Pleasant goes right after Harvey and swings that bat AND MISSES! Harvey just moves out of the way and before Pleasant can completely turn around, Harvey finally gets his jacket off.

He tosses his leather right in Pleasant's face stunning him! Harvey rushes his opponent and starts throwing elbows. Boom, boom, boom! Pleasant has dropped the baseball bat and cameras pick it up rolling out of the ring. Harvey

continues the onslaught as the leather jacket does little to stop the force against Pleasant's face!

Harvey has now forced the blinded "Provocateur" into the nearby corner. Harvey gets off a few more elbows, the jacket falls and Pleasant finally sees the light. He has little time to enjoy it before he gets Irish Whipped across the ring into the opposite corner.

Harvey is right behind him and Knife Edge Chops Arthur once his back hits the turnbuckles! Harvey with another Irish Whip and Knife Edge Chop combo that is getting the crowd louder and louder. Pleasant holds his chest which is a shade of red not known to mankind until now. "The Natural One" goes for a third Irish Whip- PLEASANT WITH A REVERSAL!

DDK:

Arthur Pleasant reversing Jay Harvey- Harvey reverses the reversal!

Lance:

Harvey shoots Pleasant into the ropes... Harvey ducks his head... Sunset Flip...

DDK:

Harvey is back up- OOOH! Basement Dropkick by Jay Harvey!

Lance:

Smart move by Arthur Pleasant to roll out of the ring. He needs to regroup before this match pulls away from him!

Arthur Pleasant slaps his hands on the edge of the ring in frustration. The crowd is loving the display by Jay Harvey getting a big reaction. Pleasant yells at a group of fans behind the barricade, making them all flip. Harvey wastes no time and hits the ropes.

He goes for a Baseball Slide and slides under the bottom rope because of Pleasant's evasion. Harvey is on his feet on the outside and Pleasant acts quick, raking his opponent's eyes! Pleasant now grabbing Harvey's arm, spins him around, and tosses Jay into the ring steps!

The crowd turns and is all boos over Arthur Pleasant's tactics. Harvey is in pain, holding his right arm. The ring steps have split into two parts and Pleasant wants praise for what he has done... Not this crowd.

Carla Ferrari:

Get it back in the ring, Pleasant!

He pays her no mind and gets back to work. Pleasant takes some steps forward, clutches Harvey's arm, and then-

ONE!

BAM!

DDK:

Jay Harvey's arm was just slammed into the dilapidated ring steps!

Lance:

Arthur Pleasant trying to break Harvey's arm!

BAM!

Harvey roars in agony from another attack on his arm. He tries his best to get distance from Pleasant, who is basking in the hate from The Faithful. Pleasant gets his eyes back on his opponent and STARTS BITING HARVEY!

TWO!

Harvey grabs at his face as Pleasant lets out a devilish laugh. The crowd is not liking Arthur Pleasant one bit, which makes sense, he is a very bad man. Harvey tries to escape into the ring but Pleasant isn't far behind. Harvey starts crawling toward the center of the ring with one hand as the other rubs at his face.

Pleasant back on the offensive, going for that left arm he injured moments before. Arthur tries to pull Harvey's arm out of its socket! Harvey tucks his arm under his body, trying to protect it from further damage.

Lance:

Arthur Pleasant trying to break Jay Harvey's arm!

DDK:

Jay Harvey is in a bad way right now, Lance!

Harvey is on his knees and Pleasant unloads a series of Muay Thai-style kicks to Harvey's injured arm. Jay can't block each kick but the sheer force is too much for him. Pleasant again puts on a show for The Faithful who honestly hate his guts right now.

Harvey's pain level is at eleven right now as he tries to bring himself to his feet with help from the ropes. Pleasant puts his eyes on Harvey and his wheels start turning. "The Provocateur" sees his moment to put this one away and hits the ropes.

Harvey is finally to a vertical base and GETS CRACKED IN THE HEAD WITH A ROARING ELBOW! HARVEY IS STUNNED AND DROPS TO HIS KNEES! Pleasant doesn't stop there and hits Narcolepsy a devastating Buzzsaw Kick!

DDK:

Pleasant just knocked Harvey out!

Lance:

Here's the pin attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

HARVEY GETS HIS SHOULDER UP!

The crowd is on fire! Pleasant is shocked that Harvey is still in this match after that kick. Pleasant flips a switch and puts a deranged look on his face. He starts laughing and then rolls to the outside of the ring. Pleasant puts eyes on his bat and gets hands on it. He looks at the bat and then at Harvey in the ring, an evil smile takes over his face.

Lance:

Arthur Pleasant isn't done with that bat!

DDK:

Arthur Pleasant doesn't care about wins and losses, he only cares about pain and suffering!

Pleasant rolls back into the ring and now holds the bat out, pointing it directly at his opponent who is on his knees in the corner. Pleasant starts kissing his bat which pisses the sold-out crowd off. Guess they don't like public displays of affection. Anyway, Harvey is struggling to get to his feet as Arthur patiently lies in wait.

Pleasant looks like he's getting ready for the Home Run Derby and chokes up on the bat. Referee Ferrari warns him about using that bat but again he tunes her out. Harvey is back up, Pleasant comes at him and swings-

WHIFF!

DDK:

PLEASANT MISSED! HE STRUCK OUT!

Lance:

Harvey just missed getting cracked with that bat!

Harvey stumbles away from the corner and goes straight to the nearby corner. Pleasant drops the bat and grabs at his hand after hitting the bat into the top turnbuckle. Pleasant turns toward Harvey who rushes him, the two meet midway, and "The Provocateur" is sent crashing to the mat via a Jay Harvey Exploder Suplex!!

Lance:

What impact!

DDK:

Jay Harvey is in full control!

The fans are going wild and Harvey is in the driver's seat. Pleasant is seeing stars and Harvey kneels by the ropes, listening to the crowd roar. Arthur slowly starts moving as Harvey is seen laser-focused on him. The crowd can feel the end coming.

DDK:

Jay Harvey looking to put this away!

Lance:

Arthur Pleasant is gonna get a Wake Up Call!

Pleasant is right where Harvey wants him and he's off!

DDK:

WAKE UP CALL!

Lance:

PLEASANT MOVED!

Harvey is shocked as he turns back to face his opponent. Arthur Pleasant swings wildly allowing Jay Harvey to duck and lock his hands around Pleasant's waist. SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX! Harvey bridges his body keeping Arthur's shoulders on the mat. Carla Ferrari drops to the mat to count the attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

He got him!

Lance:

Harvey would not be denied, Darren!!

DING DING DING

Harvey's music hits and the crowd is happy. Pleasant sits up, stunned that Harvey was able to pin his shoulders to the mat.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match by pinfall... "THEEEEEEE NAAAAAATURAAAAAAL ONEEEEE" JAAAAAAAAAAAAAY
HAAAAAARVEY!

Lance:

Jay Harvey is victorious! Arthur Pleasant had his chances but couldn't put "The Natural One" away!

DDK:

That really goes to show you what kind of marvel Jay Harvey is inside a wrestling ring. No matter the style, no matter the type of individual that steps into the ring with him, Jay Harvey finds a way to win the match.

Lance:

Let's not take anything away from Arthur Pleasant in this one, either. Sure, he may be new to DEFIANCE still and lost the match, but he went toe to toe with a Main Event level talent in "The Natural One". As much as I can't stand the guy, this fact cannot be ignored.

DDK:

Well said, Lance. On all accounts.

AND POOF

Out of shot, slow methodical clapping interrupts the sounds of Bush. Harvey looks around to try to find the source before the music dies down completely and the DEFIATRON lights up to none other than Jesse Frederiks Kendrix seated in his 24k t-shirt in front of a DEFIANCE backdrop and of course he soaks up the jeers among the crowd with that shit-eating grin. He claps his hands and starts nodding his head.

DDK:

Harvey bounced back with a victory here tonight but I doubt very much that JFK's applause is genuine.

Lance:

They're not, Keebs, they're definitely not.

As the boos die down somewhat, it's at that moment that Jesse begins to converse in the expected fashion.

Kendrix:

Listen, Yeah?!

The shot switches to a Harvey who is confused as to what is going on. He and The Faithful both.

Kendrix:

JFK just wanted to congratulate you from the bottom of his heart on such an impressive performance out there tonight against one of Brazen's finest competitors.

DDK:

Brazen? How far is his head up his- Nevermind.

Holding his hand to his heart he leans forward.

Kendrix:

Not only was it impressive, Jay, but it genuinely moved JFK. I mean that from the bottom of my heart.

Harvey raises an eyebrow. The crowd isn't enjoying the heavy Kendrix sarcasm.

DDK:

I doubt that JFK has a heart. I'm sure Jay is taking this all with a pinch of salt.

Leaning back in his chair JFK holds two fingers up out in front of him, in a rather rude fashion.

Kendrix:

I mean, just a few weeks ago you battled heroically to your inevitable defeat against the only Grand Slam Champion and second-longest FIST of DEFIANCE...with an injured knee.

Harvey and the sold-out crowd are listening intently with their eyes on the big screen.

Lance:

There was nothing inevitable about it, Jay Harvey could easily be standing here tonight as FIST of DEFIANCE were it not for the attack he suffered earlier in the night at DEFIANCE ROAD.

Kendrix:

Most men in your shoes would have called it a night and lived to fight another day. But not you Jay, you really are something else, you've got "Great Moxey", as that idiot Keebs would say.

DDK:

Son of a...I don't even sound like that!

Lance:

Easy, Keebs!

Kendrix:

Credit where it's due, Jay.

He allows himself a short chuckle.

Kendrix:

That's part of the reason why you were approached to join 24k in the first place. You not only are one hell of a competitor but you, the man who used to strut around here with the confidence to call himself THE JAY HARVEY...potentially had the balls to be a manly man just...like..us...

He proudly taps both palms of his hands against his t-shirt. We go to Harvey just to see the sweat glisten off of that beautiful bald head of his.

Kendrix:

....a manly man just like JFK. A manly man who in night one of DEFIANCE ROAD did not hesitate to end PCP when he struck Elise in her now fucked up face with a wrench, quite possibly the manliest of manly tools.

BOOOOOOOOO!

Kendrix:

Yeah boooooooo! No one was booing though when Elise conspired to help you, Jay, beat Jesse Fredericks Kendrix to get your shot at Mikey, were they?!

This brings a smile to Harvey's face.

DDK:

I think this young man needs to learn that what goes around comes around.

Kendrix:

So I finally took it upon myself to do the right thing and end that woman just like I catapulted her career here when I walked back into DEFIANCE.

The 24K member takes this moment to lean forward, clasping his hands together and focus intently at the lens.

Kendrix:

And at DEFIANCE ROAD? Well, I simply took care of the other bitch who cheated to beat me in our match!

Now Harvey's eyes open wide with an intense focus as the view returns to JFK relaxing back and nonchalantly waving away with his hand by the side of his head.

DDK:

Surprise Surprise, 24k, worst kept secret.

Kendrix:

Big shock huh? Make no mistake about it, Harvey. 24k didn't screw you at DEFIANCE ROAD. Perfs, Cayle, and Mikey had absolutely nothing to do with your ambush.

He leans forward, eyes intent on conveying the next message.

Kendrix:

JAY EFFFF KAYYYYYY screwed you!

Lance:

Harvey is livid! So is this crowd!

DDK:

Bravo Kendrix, you ruined a highly anticipated and fair title match!

Kendrix:

Hide behind your fans and whatever dumb shit Keebs is saying right now but THE Jay Harvey had it coming. Just like everyone wants all of 24k to have their comeuppance absolutely no one was baying for yours.

Harvey is fuming at this point. Kendrix cracks a smile before continuing.

Kendrix:

You're actually no better than us, Jay. You're worse. We own up to how we get ahead in this game. You? Playing on the heartstrings with your family man rubbish... and trying to prey on an old chap, trying to block his shine.

Que slow sarcastic clapping by JFK.

Kendrix:

So JFK took it upon himself to ruin "all your hard work".

There's those air quotes again followed by a flick of the fingers.

Kendrix:

And poof....there goes your once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to put yourself amongst the greats of DEFIANCE as the FIST. I have no doubt you'll try to weasel your way back into contention somehow. Maybe you should bring your wife back to ringside again?

The crowd is all boos and Harvey looks to be showing restraint to not run down the aisle, go into the back, and smash JFK's face into the wall.

Kendrix:

In the meantime, you can stew on what might have been were it not for me!

Jesse puckers up and blows Harvey a kiss before the feed from the DEFIATRON cuts leaving the sold-out crowd's massive boos and Harvey still in the ring, in awe and enraged at what has transpired. The cameras on him for a few seconds longer before moving on to a commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

Catch DEFIANCE Live in your town! DEFIANCEWrestling.com

THE FIST IS NOT ENOUGH!

Cut back from commercial.

Darren and Lance are at the ready.

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv! It's been quite the night of action already, Lance!

Lance:

Indeed, it has. Before we get back to it, I'm told we are going now to Christie Zane on the interview stage with a special guest!

Cut to a tight shot of Christie, as Lance said, on the interview stage. There is a small pop from the Faithful, who can obviously already see who her guest is.

Christie Zane:

Thanks, Lance. I have here with me a special guest indeed, one who finds himself in a special position. Ladies and Gentlemen of the Faithful, the number one contender to the FIST, "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas!

Cut to a wide angle of the interview stage, revealing Scott Douglas. The Faithful welcome the newly named number one contender in kind. Christie gives this a moment to die down but eventually has to launch into her line of questioning as a substantial rumble persists.

Christie Zane:

Scott, after an incredible battle against Gage Blackwood at DEFIANCE Road, you now find yourself with the opportunity to challenge for the FIST of DEFIANCE. Some are calling this your long awaited ascension to the top of the DEFIANCE ranks.

Scott Douglas:

Well, first and foremost, Gage Blackwood is a hell of a competitor and on any other night it could have been him standing here now rather than myself and I don't doubt that he won't some day. As far as the FIST of DEFIANCE, it is an *honor* to get a shot at DEFIANCE's top title.

Christie Zane:

... and that will be against none other than Mikey Unlikely, who has amassed quite the record breaking reign as FIST. You're no stranger to Mikey or what lengths he will go to hold on to that title.

Scott Douglas:

I am well aware of what Mikey is capable of, Christie. That being said, I obviously don't take this opportunity or Mikey lightly. In fact --

♪ *Impious Pyre - Savage Souls* ♪

DDK:

That lasted longer than I thought.

Lance:

There is no love lost between these two, Darren. It seems like there has been an unspoken agreement to stay out of each other's eye lines but now with Scott Douglas being named the number one contender; that's all over.

Out from behind the curtain comes the FIST of DEFIANCE champion Mikey Unlikely along with his cohorts, 24K! Unlikely still dressed casually has a microphone in his hand. The music quickly dies down and he places it to his lips to a chorus of booing from the faithful. In response he smiles and points to the FIST in his glass display case.

Mikey Unlikely:

We|||| We|||| We|||||||

More booing ensues.

Mikey Unlikely:

Look what the Pugent Sound dragged in. Scott Douglas, back again to fight Mikey Unlikely for a championship. The thought.

He looks back to 24K and starts laughing. They all laugh along with him.

Mikey Unlikely:

Scott, old friend. Let me tell you how things have changed. YOU SEE, within DEFIANCE there are two kinds of people. Now I'm not talking you're proverbial good guy bad guy scenario. No no no no. I'm talking about the Have's and the Have Not's. I'm talking about the people who have momentum, vs the people who CRUSH MOMENTUM BENEATH THEIR FINGERS!

Unlikely squishes an imaginary bug with his thumb and index.

Mikey Unlikely:

I know how this is going to go, I've been in this spot week after week after waking week! You're going to come out here and say "Oh Mikey Unlikely, What a joke. I already beat him for the SOHER.... Blahdee blahdee blah! " C'mon Scott, PLEASE tell me you have something better than the same old dribble I get from Jay Harvey, from Elise Ares, from Lindsay Troy... 357 DAYS! AS YOUR CHAMPION! THE BEST OF THE FUCKING BEST!

He breathes heavily. Trying to catch his breath. His face goes from red to normal.

DDK:

I think Douglas has Mikey shook.

Lance:

How do you know what shook means?

Mikey Unlikely:

You hate to see it Christie...

Cut back to Scott and Christie as she timidly holds the mic up to Douglas after rolling her eyes at the regular comment.

Scott Douglas:

Three hundred and fifty seven days ... That's truly impressive. I'm not going to stand here and try to discount that or attempt to lean on the past. The past is just that, gone. The future though, Mikey ... the future is now. I'm not getting in my own way this time. No more distractions. This might be my last chance at the FIST. Be ready ... I intend to make it count!

A smirk from the champion. A finger goes up in the air, telling Scott Douglas to stop right there.

Mikey Unlikely:

Funny you should mention your last chance at the FIST of DEFIANCE Douglas because I have a BREATHTAKING idea!

He pauses for dramatic effect. It works, Obvs. Douglas looks like he's a bit suspicious.

Mikey Unlikely:

You want a shot at me, You **WON** a shot at me, but no one around here tells me what to do! I'm the gold standard for

this company and after this long, I believe I've earned the right to be calling my own shots! Douglas you know I hate you... I know you hate me. You're currently in a very precarious position... and I'd like to make it even worse!

A sly smile crosses the face of Mikey Unlikely.

Mikey Unlikely:

So here it is Scott...

Mikey holds up the FIST once more. The crowd boos loudly.

Mikey Unlikely:

You want this? At DEFCON! The biggest night of the year in DEFIANCE, then I'm going to give it to you... IF YOU AGREE TO MY STIPULATION!

Douglas rolls his eyes.

Scott Douglas:

Let me guess you want to have another ladder match!? Right what once went wrong?

A shake of the head from the champion despite the crowd insistence on another ladder match.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh no Scott Douglas... I don't want a ladder match... I WANT YOUR CAREER! I'm not only confident but I want you out of DEFIANCE so terribly that I'm willing to LAY IT ALL ON THE LINE. One last match Douglas. Winner gets The FIST OF DEFIANCE. The loser? THEY LEAVE DEFIANCE!

DDK:

WHAT!?

LANCE:

OH NO!

The Faithful are in shock. They don't know if they should cheer at the thought of Mikey being titleless and jobless, or if they should boo the thought of Douglas being gone.

Mikey Unlikely:

This is a big decision Dougie Fresh, I'm going to let you think about it. Just know... Unless you agree to these terms... I'm not showing up to DEFCON. You'll have to pry the title from my cold dead hands.

Douglas goes to respond but Mikey's music cuts him off.

♪ *Impious Pyre - Savage Souls* ♪

24K wave at Scott Douglas before disappearing through the curtain to the back.

DDK:

Just like that Douglas is left with the biggest decision of his career. Will he, as Mikey put it, Lay it all on the line for his shot at Mikey? Or will the thought of leaving DEFIANCE change his mind?

Lance:

Scott Douglas lives and breathes DEFIANCE, Darren! This obviously will not be an easy call to make!

DDK:

Christie is still with Scott and so we could get an answer but it's split second and sometimes hot headed decisions like this that have gotten Douglas in hot water before!

On the interview stage, Christie stands stunned but musters the will to ask.

Christie Zane:

Scott, Mikey has laid down the - -

She hauls as a sullen Scott Douglas turns and walks away exiting the interview stage. The Faithful aren't sure how to take the Los turn of events.

Lance:

To your point, Darren... That's a good sign. Atleast, so it seems, Scott will take some time to think this over.

DDK:

The fate of the FIST... DEFcon... And possibly one man's career hangs in the balance!

Cut to elsewhere.

GODDAMMIT, LLOYD!

Dripping in sweat after his back and forth affair with “The Natural One” Jay Harvey, Arthur Pleasant paces anxiously. Still in his black, green, and orange ring gear, and much like the White Stripes classic, the events that recently unfolded go back and forth back through his mind behind a lit cigarette. With each puff, the orange glow of the Lucky Strike burns like a small beacon of fire barely seen from a great distance away.

The Provocateur laughs to himself in an unsettling manner. From there, between several drags of the cigarette, he speaks out loud to no one but himself.

Arthur Pleasant:

He... he beat me. I got... pinned? What?! Hahaha. What is this... this horseshittery?! How is it even possible?! I haven't been pinned in like three years. Not since that Hazmat Suit on a pole match in Chernobyl. Or was that a dream?! No.. no I'm pretty sure that happened.

Near apoplectic levels at this point, Arthur grabs a handful of his own hair and squats down. Growling and spitting like an animal who's been backed into a corner. A long string of saliva cascades down his chin as he rants and raves like a madman.

Arthur Pleasant:

No... he... he cheated. He MUST have! It's the only explanation one could beat such a PURE WRESTLER like me!!! He... he had the tights!! He... he had his size three little fucking children's feet on the fucking ropes!! Goddamn Thief!! THIEF I SAY!!! THE PURE WRESTLER DOES NOT LOSE!!!

Arthur stands back up and heaves a hundred-pound sigh. From there, he looks up and realizes he's but a few steps away from the often neglected juice bar. How he wandered this far away from the Guerilla position he does not even pretend to know. Sometimes it feels that the cavernous DEFplex goes on for miles, and with the burdensome element of defeat eating away at the marrow of his bones, Arthur does not even try to remember his long walk of shame.

He locks eyes with the bored employee behind the juice bar and clears his throat. Taking another drag, allowing the cigarette to hang and bounce from his lips, he speaks.

Arthur Pleasant:

Hi, Lloyd. Little slow tonight, isn't it? Hahahaha.

The employee looks confused and points to his name badge that says “Pete”.

Pete The Juice Bar Employee:

Yes, it is, Mr. Pleasant. But, well.. my name's not Lloyd. It's Pete. And I hate to break it to you but there's no smoking anywhere in this facility.

Arthur looks taken aback by this breaking news.

Arthur Pleasant:

Oh, I'm sorry. You must have me confused for someone who actually gives a flying fuck!!

He laughs and takes one last drag.

Arthur Pleasant:

But you know what? For you, Lloyd? Anything. Any-GOD-DAMN-thing, I say!

With a loud sizzle, he puts the cigarette out on his own tongue. Smacking his lips some, perhaps reacting to the foul tar taste, he crushes the cigarette into a tiny little ball of toasted tobacco and tosses it over his right shoulder. Pete sighs, realizing this was going to be painfully difficult.

Pete:

What will you be drinking, sir?

Arthur smirks, wondering if Pete will ever catch his references.

Arthur Pleasant:

Hair of the dog that bit me, Lloyd.

Pete scratches his head.

Pete:

Wait, what? Is that an alcoholic beverage?

Arthur Pleasant:

Things could be better, Lloyd. Things could be a whole lot better.

Pete looks on in utter confusion as Arthur continues to fuck with him by delivering lines from his favorite book and movie.

Pete:

I'm sorry, sir, but I'm so... confused right now.

Arthur Pleasant:

I like you, Lloyd. I always liked you. You were always the best of them. Best goddamn bartender from Timbuktu to P-

A hand slaps against Arthur's collarbone and stays there.

Pete:

OH! Miss Troy!

Lindsay Troy:

Pete. Scram.

Pete: (looking nervous)

Uhhh...are you sure that's a --

The Queen of the Ring casts a sidelong glare towards the young man, who gets the hint and takes off. She returns her eyes to Arthur, who has a sheepish grin on his face.

Arthur Pleasant:

Goddammit, Lloyd! (*Sighs*) Well hello my dear. What brings you to this neck of the DEFplex woods?!

Lindsay Troy:

Don't get cute, creepshow. I've got a receipt from Vegas that's got your name on it, and I've already told the suits upstairs that I'm collecting. You and I, next show.

She squeezes the Provocateur's neck, and digs her nails in deep.

Lindsay Troy:

Leave the pliers behind this time.

His countenance is orgasmic. Even as a trickle of blood seeps through her nails, Arthur kicks his leg up like a dog enjoying being petted by his master.

Arthur Pleasant:

Mm. You sure do know how to tease a girl with a good time. Hehehe. Promise me that, if I leave the pliers behind, you'll bring your A-Game? Because to be honest? I don't even think you can handle the C-Game from the PURE WRESTLER of DEFIANCE.

He bursts into laughter as her nails break through his skin even further.

Lindsay Troy:

I guess we'll just see then, won't we? But in case you're wondering whether or not I can handle any games you want to play...

Her lips slowly curl upwards into a smile as she leans in close to his ear.

Lindsay Troy:

...go ask Bronson Box.

Lindsay releases her hand from Arthur's neck and forcefully pats his cheek.

Lindsay Troy:

See you in two weeks, Arty.

Arthur Pleasant ponders the name "Bronson Box" and shrugs.

Arthur Pleasant:

Wait. Is that, like, a Bento Box or something? *[waves his hand]* No matter. Whatever you say, Queenie. But, say... can you do me a huuuuge favor, shnookums? Can you send Lloyd back? I... *really... really...* **REALLY** would like to have my fucking drink now. Even if, at this point, it's an expired cranberry juice.

He rubs his shoulder from where the Queen dug into him and moves his rotator's cuff in a forward and backward motion. Suddenly, he realizes there's no response to his question. Looking behind him, realizing Lindsay Troy probably disappeared right after she uttered her last statement to him, Arthur shakes his head.

Arthur Pleasant:

Goddammit, Lloyd.

Looking at the clock on the wall from behind the juice bar, Arthur's demeanor instantly turns sinister as he realizes something.

Arthur Pleasant:

Ah, yes! It's nearly time.

Fade to commercial.

FAVORED SAINTS: TRASHCAN TIM Â© vs. MATT LaCROIX

DDK:

Next up is Trashcan Tim's first Favoured Saints Championship defense! He's facing off against the man he recently defeated for that prize, Matt LaCroix. Trying to rack up four defenses, Trashcan Tim is now the man looking for a shot at the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship.

Lance:

That's a shot that Matt LaCroix thought he might be calling out tonight, Darren. Many people were shocked to see Trashcan pick up that win. I heard he wanted to give LaCroix his shot right away to prove that win wasn't a fluke and he should be considered one of the top talents here in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Beating Matt LaCroix twice in a row might certainly do that, Lance. Let's get to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall, and it is for the Favoured Saints Championship! Introducing first, the opponent! SOUTHERN. STRONG. STYLE. MAAAAAAAAAAAAATT LAAAAACROIIIIIIIIIX!

Lights Out.

The opening guitar notes resonate through the WrestlePlex, causing the Faithful to cheer in anticipation. Smoke begins to rise in the staging area, highlighted by red stage lights. A silhouette in a kneeling position appears in the crimson smoke. It rises to its feet.

*It begins with them, but it ends... with me.
♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed and Cambria ♪*

The challenger steps out from the smoke and pulls the hood back revealing his face. Matt LaCroix's ocean blue eyes stare across the Faithful as he takes a deep breath and begins his march down to the ring.

DDK:

The Faithful are chanting along to LaCroix's music here tonight! With all this pressure and expectation from your hometown, you have to wonder where does Matt go from here if he doesn't win tonight?

Lance:

I'm not so sure. Matt has wrapped so much of his drive into moving forward and working his way towards the top of DEFIANCE. The last setback he suffered sent him back down to BRAZEN. After a few months he came back sharper and with more resolve... but we're talking about the DEFIANCE elite here. Dex Joy. Oscar Burns. Lindsay Troy. You're going to drop some matches and you need to bounce back faster than a few months if you want to add your name to that category of wrestler.

As Matt LaCroix stands on the top rope looking across the Faithful, his music cuts out and he drops his ragged black denim vest to the apron.

♪ "Honky Tonk Attitude" by Joe Diffie ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing... from Merigold, Mississippi, weighing in at 304 pounds....YOUR Favoured Saints Champion! TRASHCAN TIIIIIIIM!

Trashcan Tim immediately comes bounding into view, broad toothless smile on full display. He holds his newly crowned Favoured Saints Championship high above his head! As he makes his way to the ring, he makes every effort to slap every outstretched hand and lets as many fans as possible touch the title belt. He takes a little extra time than usual, really soaking in the love from The Faithful.

DDK:

Trashcan Tim has been a fan favorite since his debut, Lance. You'd have a hard time finding anybody that wants to be here more than him. He has a heart of gold and it's really hard not to love this guy.

Lance:

It's a stark contrast to his competitor, who has aggressively tried to take his spot in DEFIANCE and his passion has warmed the hometown crowd to him.

DDK:

Both of these men are well loved and well respected despite their differences. With one win each between them, this tie breaker could be anybody's ballgame. I'm hyped. The Faithful are hyped and either way a good man appears to be walking away with the Favoured Saints Championship tonight!

Tim hands the Favoured Saints championship through the ropes to a ringside attendant, the ever-present grin still plastered on his face. Across the ring, Matt LaCroix is staring lasers through the new champion, hyper focused and ready to engage.

DING DING

The two meet in the center of the ring, Tim quickly presents his hand. LaCroix nods and they shake hands.

DDK:

Trashcan Tim and Matt LaCroix have a lot of respect for each other, folks. Fresh off an absolute war, there is no question both of these guys have earned it.

Lance:

Let's break that tie!

The two men lock up and LaCroix immediately tries to shoot the leg, but Tim uses his power to shove LaCroix to the ground. Tim places a knee on Matt's back and begins to pull on the arm, but Matt is too technically sound and manages to escape, tossing the big man with an arm drag. Tim gets back up and LaCroix grapples him and forces him into the corner where a rope break is called. Matt raises his arms and backs away, giving Tim time to escape. Trashcan then invites LaCroix to another collar and elbow, which Matt accepts. The champion tries to display his impressive power against the Orleans Outsider, but Matt uses his own strength against him to switch directions and force Tim into the opposite corner, causing another rope break.

DDK:

LaCroix is manipulating the grapples to his will, Lance. Tim's inability to take control over the situation has got to be driving him crazy.

Lance:

That looks like LaCroix's new plan. Make Tim feel helpless using superior technique try to wear down on that confidence he's riding in on after the title victory. I'm not so sure I'd play mind games with a man so...

SMACK!

LaCroix lays a heavy chop into the chest of Trashcan Tim before holding his arms up for the rope break. A smirk crosses his face as he backs away but quickly changes as Tim comes charging out of the corner. Matt hits the mat and drops Tim with a drop toe hold. He jumps on the downed powerhouse and attempts several different limb stretching techniques but looks to be a cowboy trying to hang on to an angry bull, and eventually settles on a headlock. Tim still manages to make it to his feet, tossing LaCroix across the ring like a child to the cheers of the Faithful.

DDK:

Throwing a 200 plus pound man just looks effortless to Trashcan Tim! He's just throwing LaCroix around like a toddler!

Lance:

You mess with the bull, you get the horns, Darren! This is why you don't try and piss off a bull!

Tim follows LaCroix, grabbing him by the shoulders as he tries to reach his feet and throwing him into the corner before landing a big chop of his own! Matt stumbles out holding his chest as Tim backs away but fires back with an overhand strike. The Faithful are roaring as the two exchange vicious strikes back and forth before a shot from Tim staggers Southern Strong Style, who under spaghetti legs still charges head first at the bigger man and lands a staggering knee strike of his own that forces Tim back into the corner.

DDK:

What a SHOT!

Lance:

I could feel that from here, Darren! WOW.

Matt follows up with a subsequent high knee in the corner, hitting the champion once more as the rope break is called. LaCroix grabs the head of Trashcan Tim and looks to bulldog him out of the corner but instead he's heaved halfway across the ring once more, landing chest first onto the canvas. A little groggy on his feet, Tim stays on the offensive, tracking his opponent crawling across the mat looking for the ropes. As LaCroix reaches out he's snatched into the air against his will.

DDK:

A submission is applied by Trashcan Tim! A full nelson! What a strange turn of events!

Lance:

Again, he's just shaking him around like a child! What can you even do about that?

LaCroix is locked tight in the full nelson! Trashcan lifts him into the air, but LaCroix stomps his legs back down and the two stumble toward the corner. Trashcan again lifts him, but LaCroix hooks the arch of his foot in Trashcan's knee, keeping him grounded! LaCroix quickly kicks both feet up to the middle turnbuckle and launches himself back, sending Trashcan to his back. LaCroix rolls his upper back high across Trashcan's chest, pinning him!

DDK:

This is exactly how Trashcan Tim won the title!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

NO! Trashcan Tim forcefully kicks out at the last possible second, sending LaCroix rolling backward away from him. Tim struggles to a knee and one hand, turning to face LaCro-

SHINING WIZARD! Matt LaCroix darted across the ring and drove a knee square into Tim's face, crumpling him in the ropes.

DDK:

LaCroix connects with Destruction in Spades, but the big man is tied up in the ropes!

LaCroix works to get Tim out of the ropes and struggles to pull the big man far enough away for a pin fall. After several seconds he gets Tim clear of the ropes and makes a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The champ had just a little bit too much time to recover, costing LaCroix what very likely would've been a win. LaCroix grabs a struggling Trashcan Tim as he pulls himself up in the ropes, launching him off with an Irish whip, but Tim reverses! LaCroix ducks a big clothesline! Ducks a back elbow! LaCroix comes bouncing off the ropes one more time, but Trashcan catches him and lifts him high into the air!

Lance:

Oh my God!

Trashcan absolutely plants LaCroix into the mat with a one armed spinebuster! The back of his head bounces hard off the mat and his eyes roll! LaCroix is clearly barely gripping onto his consciousness. The still-staggered Trashcan Tim falls back against the ropes and the referee checks in on LaCroix as he struggles to pull himself up against the far ropes. Tim is starting to shake the cobwebs loose.

DDK:

Matt LaCroix is in a bad way! It looks like Trashcan Tim is gearing up for the Trash Compactor, which would undoubtedly seal the deal on his first title defense! He's on track to once again shock the w- Wait! Wait! Is that Arthur Pleasant?!

Lance:

What the hell?!

Arthur Pleasant emerges from the crowd, quickly jumping over the ringside barrier with some sort of stick in his right hand. Pleasant reaches up through the ropes and jabs Trashcan Tim in the ribs with the stick, causing Tim to convulse violently! Pleasant darts back over the barrier just as quickly as he appeared. Neither LaCroix or the referee have seen him! Trashcan stumbles dumbly forward, clearly out on his feet, reaching for anything he can grab.

DDK:

The big man is going down!

As Tim stumbles toward LaCroix, about to fall, LaCroix deftly darts behind him and pulls Tim down to the mat, locking in the dragon sleeper!

DDK:

FTW! Matt LaCroix has the champ locked into that devastating submission hold after the interference from Arthur Pleasant!

Lance:

LaCroix didn't see him! The referee didn't see!

DDK:

Trashcan Tim is completely unresponsive! Whatever Pleasant hit him with clearly knocked him out!

LaCroix cranks violently on the dragon sleeper, Tim's unconscious body contorting in a truly grotesque way! The referee asks Tim if he wants to give it up, but quickly realizes he is completely out.

DDK:

They're calling for the bell! Matt LaCroix has regained the Favoured Saints Championship!

DING DING DING

A mixed reaction erupts from the crowd as LaCroix drops Tim to the mat and falls to his knees, obviously still reeling

from the battle.

♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed and Cambria ♪

Benny Doyle checks on Trashcan Tim who is unconscious on his back next to LaCroix who pulls himself up to his feet and is awarded the Favoured Saints Championship back again. Matt goes to the top rope and hoists his championship back into the air for a mixed reaction, but the fog of war makes him pay no mind.

Lance:

What in the world did we just see, Darren? Has Matt LaCroix joined forces with Arthur Pleasant? Is he the newest member of this Scourge we've heard about?

DDK:

I'm not entirely sure Matt even knows what just happened. He was planted hard and was still on the mat when all that transpired.

Lance:

The look on Arthur's face tells a different story, Darren. Look at that sick, sick man.

On the opposite corner outside the ring, Arthur Pleasant is sitting against the barricade, gripping the stick against his chest howling with laughter. He falls over, kicking his feet with excitement as he points at the unconscious Trashcan Tim in the ring as medical personnel continue to monitor his health. LaCroix stops by the check on Tim, but he's motioned away by medical and he leaves the ring. As his feet hit the concrete, he looks over to his right and sees Arthur Pleasant staring back at him on his side with a massive grin from ear to ear.

DDK:

It looks like Matt LaCroix is just completely unfamiliar with who that even is.

Lance:

That might be true, Darren... but if I just won the way I'd just won, I'd act like I didn't know what just happened either. We all like to think the best of Matt, for sure, but remember this is the same man who was Crimson Lord's Green Reaper and attacked Kerry Kuroyama to try and take his place in DEFIANCE.

Matt tilts his head in confusion and backs his way up the aisle towards backstage never taking his eyes off of Arthur Pleasant who stares back with a demented smile.

DDK:

We've seen LaCroix turn a corner though, Lance. Surely there has to be another explanation for this.

Lance:

I'm leaving all options open. With a sick man like Arthur Pleasant in play, who knows what the future holds?

Medical gets Trashcan Tim up to his feet to a cheer from the Faithful and before he could look around and figure out what just happened, Arthur Pleasant was gone just as fast as he came. Nowhere to be found.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



BRAZEN - Where the next generation CLASH!

DO A WRESTLEFIGHT

Cut backstage.

Cayle Murray:

... tell anyone who comes looking for me I'm off to find a fruit cup. Alright? Alright.

Cayle Murray pulls the Sweet Suite door closed behind him after calling back to whoever's in the room. Dressed and refreshed after his match, he is clad in a black "Most DEFIANT" t-shirt on his apparent quest for nourishment.

Flanking him is Jack Hunter, who wears the kind of facial expression that suggests his last two remaining brain cells are currently embroiled in a bitter fight to the death.

They talk as they walk.

Jack Hunter:

Kale?

Well, sort of. Cayle's face is already buried in his cell phone.

Cayle Murray:

Yes Jack.

Jack Hunter:

I wanna do a wrestlefight.

The words barely register with Murray, who thumbs away on his touchscreen.

Cayle Murray:

Sure.

Jack Hunter:

I can... do a wrestlefight?

Cayle Murray:

You can do whatever you put your mind to, petal.

Jack Hunter:

Oh boy, oh boy!

The Superbest claps his hands together excitedly, his face lighting up.

Jack Hunter:

Who do you think I, Jack Hunter, AKA the Superbest, AKA Yung Contusions, AKA The Little Bruiser, AKA Lil' Broozy, AKA the ***undefeetajungled*** 16-0 hashtag New Streak should wrestlefight? Or street fight?! COVER IN LITTLE BRUISES!?

Unsurprisingly, Hunter's enthusiasm isn't at all matched by Cayle, who shrugs, still lost in his digital world. It takes the sudden awareness of an approaching presence just a few feet down the corridor for him to finally snap out of it. Murray looks up, tightens his brow, then goes back to his phone, deliberately.

Cayle Murray:

Oh, goodie. It's the Ghost of FISTmas past.

A few seconds pass. An unimpressed glare falls upon The Most DEFIANT. Murray turns his head, looking at Jack as if he should be doing something already...

Cayle Murray:

Jack?

Jack Hunter:

Turnips.

Cayle Murray:

Do your job, please. "Do a wrestlefight."

That last sentence gets a half set of air quotes from Cayle's free hand, and a roll of the eyes. Jack Hunter, suddenly and without warning, charges *head-fucking-first* towards one Lindsay Troy, who sidesteps easily, meaning Jack's skull goes crashing straight into a steel flight case. Hunter goes down hard, clearly unconscious.

Cayle Murray: *[sighing]*

For fuck's sake.

Lindsay stops, looks down at the prone Superbest, and nudges him with her boot.

Lindsay Troy: *[chuckling]*

Bold move sending the guppy on ahead, Squidboy.

Cayle Murray:

Yeah, cool. Whatever. That's nice. Unfortunately, Lindsay, I have about as much interest in talking to you as I do washing my eyeballs with chicken vindaloo, and I don't fight people in corridors like the other animals around here, sooo...

He shrugs.

Cayle Murray:

... get in the bin?

Murray's eyes return to his phone. 100%, this is on purpose.

Cayle Murray:

In fact, step aside - and don't trip over my dead idiot. I can feel my *own* relevance slipping away from sharing your airspace...

The smarmiest of the Murray Clan finds his phone smacked violently out of his hands. He watches it clatter to the tile, eyes wide and mouth agape, and because he's distracted he doesn't notice the closed fist flying directly at his jaw.

Cayle goes down like a shot and Troy crouches to a knee next to him.

Lindsay Troy:

Y'know....for someone who couldn't keep my name out of their mouth since they walked back in here, I expected you to take that comeuppance better.

She shakes her head.

Lindsay Troy:

Such a disappointment.

Knocked to the floor beside Hunter, who still seems to be sleeping, Cayle's face has turned a deep shade of red. It's one third anger, one third pain, and one third embarrassment.

Aghast, Starbreaker watches Troy walk down the corridor until finally, she is gone. He holds one hand against his

hurting jaw as he slides up against the wall, sitting down.

Cayle Murray:

She...

He pauses, catching his breath.

Cayle Murray:

... suckerpunched me?!

Murray slaps a hand down on Jack's chest.

Cayle Murray:

Jack! Wake up, you dipshit!

Nothing. Another slap.

Cayle Murray:

JACK.

Still nothing.

Nothing but the realisation that he has just been played by somebody he has spent the past six months talking unanswered shit to.

Tonight, the shit got answered.

The humiliated former FIST calls down the corridor.

Cayle Murray:

Can somebody get me some ice?!

Cut.

WHY I IGNORED YOU

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

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

DDK:

Oh wow! We were expecting Dex Joy tonight, but he looks as serious as a heart attack right now.

Lance:

I don't think anyone can blame him. He has had a roller coaster the last few weeks. He finally wins back the new Southern Heritage championship and successfully defends it against both Ryan Batts and Tyler Fuse! But the very next night, Scrow viciously injures his best friend Nathaniel Eye.

DDK:

What Scrow did to Nathaniel Eye at Defiance Raod just to get a match with Dex at DEF-CON is deplorable and Dex has to have a lot on his mind.

Dex looks like a hungry lion ready to eat. He throws the Southern Heritage title on the ground and then grabs a microphone.

Dex Joy: SCCRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWW!!!!!!!

That is all Dex needs to say after the events that took place at DEFIANCE Road.

Dex Joy:

After I tore the ring up with Batts and Tyler at Defiance Road and then did the same with Deacon on Uncut, I promised you that you would have my undivided attention, and unfortunately for your narrow ass pally ... you got all of it now!

With rage trembling in his voice he continues his speech.

Dex Joy:

You blackmailed your way into a match at DEF-CON for the Southern Heritage championship by attacking my best friend and now because of you, Nathaniel is out indefinitely. Now ... DEFIANCE Wrestling management gave me the chance to opt-out of this match because of how you got this shot but I told them no. I told them to leave it as it is because I want to punish you myself. I don't know why you want to play the same exact game that your old buddy Carny Sinclair tried to play with me ...

Cheers grow much louder for the thought of Dex Joy finally getting his hands on Scrow.

Lance:

Carny Sinclair - for those not in the know - he was another wrestler involved in this Dex/Scrow conflict early on in their DEFIANCE Wrestling careers. Scrow idolized him like a best friend at one point before realizing Carny just used him. Carny also injured Nathaniel Eye and that was enough to set Dex off.

DDK:

But this is very different. Scrow is way more unhinged and way more dangerous than he has ever been. And the injuries to Nathaniel Eye are more serious too.

Dex Joy:

Do you want to know why I ignored you all these months Scrow? Because after we survived Team Hoss in spite of you

trying to turn on me again, I'd had enough of you. You and I have been joined at the hip practically since the both of us got here in DEFIANCE Wrestling and by that point, we'd scrapped many times. And now, pallies, this next statement might make me sound off my damn rocker even more than Scrow is, but I didn't get into this business to chase never-ending grudges. I came into this business to make the dream come true of a four-hundred-pound fat kid that was basically told 'you have no chance in hell' of making it. And you want to know what I think?

The So-Her gets hoisted up.

Dex Joy:

I think I've done a pretty bang-up job of that so far.

The fans jump for joy (the emotion and not Dex's finisher). The title goes back down and he moves on with his speech.

Dex Joy:

But now I can't enjoy my success because of you, you sick bastard. I'd hoped after Carny Sinclair used you and you officially booted his ass to the curb after I beat him back at Maximum Defiance last year that you'd move on. The more time went on, the more my name fell out of your mouth like so many of your teeth I'm about to knock the hell out. Things just got worse until the day you decided to stalk Nate. I wanted to step in every week while I was defending my title and beat your ass myself, but Nathaniel made me promise not to. He wanted his big chance and I gave it to him ... and now look what's happened.

His eyes are filled with regret.

Dex Joy:

But now that you've made this beyond personal, Scrow, just to settle a grudge with me you are going to regret going down this road, pally. I know that you know the last time somebody picked on someone that I care about ... he was never seen again. And after months of my name coming out of your mouth again and again and again, maybe it's time I do the same to you!

The cheers grow but before Dex can say anything more, he is suddenly cut off. The sounds of a roaring crowd echo through the Defiatron.

DDK:

What is this?

The show goes full screen of the Defiatron. A barely lit dark room with the only two bright lights forming a circle in the middle of the room. The sounds of a blood-craven crowd vibrate throughout the room. About thirty men and women surround the only bright light in the room. Most dressed in ragged clothing. A few among them are dressed like businessmen and women. All of them holding cash up in their hands.

Back in the arena, Dex has no clue just what exactly all this is. Back at this scene unfolding.

Lance:

It's some sort of street fight?

DDK:

But what does this have to do with what the SOHER is talking about?

Their questions are quickly answered when a few of the mob begin chanting a name they are all too familiar with.

SCROW!

SCROW!

SCROW!

The camera catches Scrow driving a vicious back elbow smashing a large portly man in the nose dropping him face-first into the sand beneath them. Scrow stands above him. He slightly turns his head toward the main camera. His battered and bloody body covered in bruises, and cuts. Blood dripping off his muscular frame.

Back in the arena Dex stares irritated toward the worlds apart stare off. After a few seconds Scrow looks back at the portly man. Trying to get to his hands and knees, but before he can Scrow drives a quick hard elbow shot to the lower back of the man. It quickly drops him to the sand once more. A man dressed in street clothes rushes in and checks to see if this large man is still breathing. Scrow looks back at the main camera.

DDK:

It's some sort of street fight.

Lance:

Almost like a fighting pit. Reaper Prime used to mention such a pit back in the day where it was designed to earn a reaper mask. Is that what this is?

Dex has not taken his eyes off of Scrow, and in a sense neither has he. The ringmaster motions he is out and raises Scrow's hand. The bloodthirsty mob cheer his name. Hive steps out of the mob and starts grabbing all the money from around the fighting pit. Scrow looks back down at the portly man. Hive stuffs the bills inside her corset top. She pulls a switchblade from her back pocket. And flips it around revealing the blade and hands it to Scrow.

DDK:

What is he planning to do here?

Lance:

HE IS CARVING WORDS INTO THIS POOR MAN'S BACK!

Dex's irritated look turns to a stern determined stare toward his adversary at DEFCON. Scrow stands up once more holding the blade at his side with drops of blood falling from it. The name "DEX JOY" has been carved into this portly man's back. He then tosses the blade into the sand. Hive walks over to the portly man. They both look down at the man. The pain in his eyes is apparent. They slowly raise their heads and stare into each other's eyes. They slowly look at the main camera.

Scrow raises one finger
Hive raises one finger
Scrow adds a second finger
Hive adds a second finger
Scrow adds a third
Hive adds a third
Scrow adds a fourth
Hive does the same
Scrow adds a final fifth finger
Hive follows his count.

Back in the arena, Dex seems to have figured out the cryptic message and nods yes. The Defiatron quickly shows Scrows' burlap mask and the words Turn Back fade in than out!

DDK:

What did they mean by that count?

Lance:

It seemed like Dex caught on.

Dex says nothing more to the incredibly revolting message by his opponent. He leaves the ring with the title and then heads to the back intent on carrying out his promise to beat Scrow for good.

DDK:

I don't get this.

Lance:

Well, I'm hoping we get some answers soon!

CRISTIANO CABALLERO vs. ???

As we return to the ring the lower third graphic pops up with Cristiano Caballero's name and as if on cue the smarmy BRAZEN original gives the camera a wink and a little kiss. He takes a long hard look at the first and second row fans, spinning his trademark rose between his fingers as he does so with less and less gusto. Eventually his face curls up into a snarl and the Barcelonian native demands a microphone from ringside. After a few impatient moments one is slid under the bottom rope right to Cristiano's feet. Before speaking he angrily discards his rose over the top rope closest to the ramp.

Cristiano Caballero:

As per usual a crowd full of the same sweaty, disgusting, basement dwelling neckbeard fans everyone the world over comes to expect from DEFIANCE! Why this company insists on being stuck in this foul city is beyond me! Am I right?! PIG ugly from the people walking the streets to the streets themselves. ... What an absolute SH*THOLE!

Lance:

Well that's not very nice.

DDK:

Cheap heat is no less effective a tool in 2021, Lance.

The DEFIANCE fans care not for the heats worth, they heave it freely towards the ring as Caballero howls with laughter. Literally slapping his knee at his own tired hijinks.

Cristiano Caballero:

Alright, alright. Enough. I was told to show up here tonight by the powers that be to face some sort of "mystery challenger"...

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we got about as much information on the following match as Cristiano here. Did you manage to suss out anything new backstage earlier today, partner?

Lance:

I tapped all my usual sources, Darren, and not a soul has been clued in as to the identity of Cristiano's opponent here tonight.

Cristiano Caballero:

... This company has wasted my talents for too damn long. They FINALLY come to their senses and give me another chance to shine like the star I am and what do they do? Play games with me. Well fine, play your games DEFIANCE. Bring out your shiny new toy, or dust off your "legend" because no matter who walks through that curtain, Cristiano Caballero is going to...

He's interrupted.

Frighteningly familiar voice:

Do absolutely fookin' NOTHIN'.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Oh. My. GOD! I'd know that accent anywhere! Like someone put Scotland itself into a cement mixer with all the hate, violence, bile, venom and whisky in all the world!

Lance:

HE'S HERE! HE'S BACK!

A custom remix of Johnny Cash's "God's Gunna' Cut You Down" begins to play, sending what members of the DEFIANCE fans who aren't already on their feet losing their minds to join in the mania. The song continues to play, the crowd continues to roar, the announcers continue on.

Caballero, now somehow white as a sheet, looks for the exit.

DDK:

Ladies and gentleman. A lot of so called bad asses in this industry of ours have used this haunting country dirge to signal their "impending arrival" to ringside. A whole lot. But at the end of the day here in DEFIANCE it means one thing and one thing only!

Darren Quimbey:

Now MAKING HIS WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAY TO THE RING! From Banff, Scotland. He is a TWO time TWO time FIST of DEFIANCE and the FIRST EVER Unified WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLD CHAMPIOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOON! He is known as the one and only *ORIGINAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAL DEFIAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANT!*

Head shaved as close as someone with as many gashes and scars in his head can manage. Haggis fueled frame packed with working muscle. For go, not show. His wrestling shoes, black and brown striped singlet and wild, bushy handlebar mustache are a calling card that establishes what both Darren's, Lance and every member of the DEFIANCE faithful already know.

Lance:

SAY IT WITH US NOW!

Darren Quimbey:

The Bombastic *BRONSOOOOOOOOOOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOX!*

Boxer makes his way down the ramp without much fanfare beyond the absolutely thunderous reaction you'd expect from one of the companies oldest and most storied superstars returning from a hiatus away from the WrestlePlex that's lasted more than a few years and apparently several leagues of scotch whisky. If the stories are to be believed.

DDK:

I have so many questions my head is spinning, Lance.

Lance:

It's been precisely four years, Darren. Four long years since we last saw this man set boot to the canvas of a DEFIANCE Wrestling ring. In the time between it's been said he's been on something of a... well, a bender. As it were.

DDK:

He hasn't been a complete enigma. Box has been on a downward spiral, but still managed to pop up at the random fan event here and there over the years. Never looking like he was doing well whatsoever. But come to think about it I really haven't seen a hide-nor-hair of him for at least a year now.

Obviously having used the last year to great effect, Boxer reaches ringside. He stoops down and scoops up Cristiano's discarded rose before making his way up the ringsteps and between the ropes. His opponent has backed up and crouched down worriedly into one of the far corners. His hands steepled in front of his worried face as he watches Bronson in the corner across from him, still and quiet as can be, smelling his rose.

Lance:

Well this is a nice change I guess.

DDK:

He's just standing there. Menacingly?

Lance:

Kinda. Wait, here we go, he's moving...

It takes him two confident steps to reach the center of the ring. He raises his fabled "red right hand of God" and with his long grizzly looking index fingernail beckons Cristiano to join him. We see him quietly mouth, very matter of factly for him to "be a man, come on." Caballero looks frantically around ringside for a friendly face, for a possible way out of this situation, for anything that could pardon him from the executioner calmly sizing him up from behind cold, bloodshot brown eyes. Boxer is still clutching the rose in his left hand.

Bronson Box:

We haven't got all evening, lad.

The Wargod speaks up just enough to be heard over the din. After a short time his opponent, slightly deflated, gets to his feet and takes three times the number of steps Bronson did to reach the middle of the ring. The Original DEFIANT notices that fact and smiles the smile of a man who knows he's about to hear that well worn Johnny Cash tune of his one more time tonight. He's so sure he'd bet all the scotch in christendom on it.

Lance:

OH MY...

It happens so fast it's already past before we register it as present. In a flash Boxer has his left hand behind Caballero's head. And with his fabled right he viciously folds up and shoves the rose stem, thorns and all into Cristiano's shocked mouth. Bronson immediately digging his disgusting fingernails deep into the forehead and cheek of his ever so face-centric opponent.

DDK:

RED RIGHT HAND! IRON CLAW! IRON CLAW!

The Wargod forces the young man to the canvas. Cristiano shrieks like an animal in a trap as Boxer's nails dig further and further into his precious face flesh. His bloodshot brown eyes no longer calm in any way. Bronson looks up at referee Brian Slater with an excited snarl. As a blanket statement, quiet will no longer be an apt description of anything that leaves The Original DEFIANT's mouth.

Bronson Box:

BETTER START THE MATCH, BRI! *'BOUT TO BE OVER BEFORE IT STARTS, LAD!*

Buffalo Brian Slater looks frantically to ringside for what to do. We see him obviously get word from backstage in his earpiece. After a brief moment of intent listening the giant referee sighs, shakes his head and signals for the opening bell as he crouches down in front of the... current situation. No sooner do we get a DING DING we get a match ending DING DING DING as Slater officially registers Cristiano's desperate, very real screams for help and release from Boxer's red right hand.

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner! *BRONSOOOOOOOO...*

The little ring announcers match pronouncement trails off as several ringside officials start leaving their posts to assist referee Brian Slater in removing Bronson's claw from the bloody mess that's become of Cristiano Caballero's face. After a time ring-side doctor Iris Davine makes her way into the ring getting right into the wild, unhinged face of the Wargod. After a brief moment the hold is relinquished. Bronson does so with such aggression he almost forces the back of Cristiano's head through the canvas and plywood itself. The Spaniard's hands explore the wasteland of his formerly perfect face with a high pitched shriek as Iris turns her attention from Boxer towards Cristiano's wounds.

Lance:

And there he goes. Wow. Did Iris say something to him? I just... Jesus jumpin' cripes, what just *HAPPENED, DARREN?!*

Licking his lips and looking up towards the cheap seats with a strange distant look Boxer hits the deck and rolls quickly and confidently to ringside. As though the last four years he'd been right here doing this the entire time and not embalming himself in Scotland's finest libation.

DDK:

I'm right there with you, partner.

Rolling to his hands and knees, blood pitter pattering onto the canvas from five distinct places symmetrically around his face, Cristiano Caballero literally vomits up his own rose petals.

DDK:

I'm right there with you.

Boxer is already up the ramp and behind the curtain without even a glance over his massive shoulder before his opponent manages to painfully untangle and dislodge the thorn covered stem from his cheeks and tongue.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

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THE THINGS THAT REALLY MATTER

Cut back from commercial.

A less than enthused Trachcan Tim meanders down a backstage hallway after his unfortunate title loss. With great highs come the great lows and anywhere there may be despair or doubt in the futility of all this ... there is Victor Vacio.

No, really. There he is. Trashcan Tim passed by a doorway that frames the leaned Vacio, picking his teeth with a toothpick. Vacio calls out to Tim in his heavily accented English.

Victor Vacio:

It doesn't matter ...

Tim stops and turns his head toward the sound of Vacio's voice, unsure if Vacio is addressing him or not.

Victor Vacio:

Sí, tú ... Perdiste esta noche. Ahora eres el campeón de Favored Saints reinante más corto en la historia del título.

Tim, uncertain but having picked up on Favoured Saints, turns about and moves toward Vacio slowly and safely.

Trashcan Tim:

I ain't in the mood, masked man.

Victor Vacio:

... tu perdida no tiene sentido. Cómo se dice: you lose, *[shrugging]* y no matter.

Tim picks up the pace a bit.

Trashcan Tim:

It matters to me. Maybe you oughta mind your own business.

Tim, feeling like he's made his point known and understood turns to walk away.

Victor Vacio:

¡Ya veremos! ¡Veremos al basurero!

Tim continues walking waving Vacio off. Vacio simply glares toward the exiting Trashcan Tim.

Cut to the commentation station.

The look on his face says it all. Deacon is out for blood tonight.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent hailing from Alexandria, Egypt and weighing in at three hundred and twenty pounds.... Here is.....
DEACON!!

As The Faithful give a resounding welcome to Deacon, Stalker eyeballs Deacon from the center of the ring. Gripping the chair tightly in his hands Stalker retreats passively to his corner while staring not only at Deacon but Magdalena who is settling on the outside of the ring, much to the pleasure of the fans.

Lance:

Both men have a look in their eyes that tells me this match has been a long time coming. Deacon is in the ring now and Doyle looks to give both men their 'limited' guidance of instructions.

DING DING

Months of torment, gang up attacks, tag team efforts and avoidance. It was finally time for The Mute Freak to get his hands on the one they call Stalker. Pulling strings, like a puppet master, Stalker has proven his legacy of manipulating events was achieved in DEFIANCE. Deacon hears the bell ring and he finds himself in the middle of the ring staring down the villain of his story Jason Reeves.

Lance:

Stalker has a weapon poised and ready to clobber Deacon if he gets within reaching distance, which for Stalker... he's at a clear disadvantage against the much taller Deacon!

As Stalker sizes up his opponent, both men's time for patience runs completely out as Deacon finally charges forward. Stalker swings wildly with the chair. Deacon catches it in his hands, stopping the momentum cold. Both men holding the chair for a moment, each of their eyes locked on the other. Stalker tugs at the chair once, twice, until Deacon yanks it from his hands and tosses it onto the ramp. Stalker swings, Deacon blocking Stalker's second strike attempt and rebukes him back with a nasty headbutt! Stalker staggers back as the crowd reacts with an OHHH that's as loud as any WOOO after a chop. Stalker stumbles out of the corner only Stalker is whisked into a spinning POWERSLAM!

Wooooooooooooooooo!

There's that woaaa! Deacon looks far from done with Stalker, instead he stands up slowly dragging the veteran wrestler with him, the two standing in the middle of the ring now - HEADBUTT! Deacon strikes Stalker down to the mat hard again with the massive head to head combat.

DDK:

Perhaps a bit of revenge here on the part of Deacon. Stemming from DEFIANCE Road's tag team effort, Lindsay Troy was on the receiving end of similar head butts just a few short months ago.

Lance:

Deacon might be wanting to send a message to Stalker that he doesn't forget anything.

Wild, hard, silent eyes Deacon stares down at the fallen Stalker, looking helpless, Stunned, Stalker half flops, half rolls to his side trying to crawl out of the ring. Deacon doesn't let up, however, as the big man's boot crashes down against the side of Stalker's head! Once! Twice!

THREE.....

FOUR.....

FIVE.....

Lance:

WOW FIVE STOMPS! Against the side of Stalker's head! In standard wrestling, that could have been a disqualification had the ref warned him! Deacon's clearly aware of his freedom here though as he STOMPS Stalker's face into the mat for a sixth and seventh time for good measure!

As the crowd lets out another WOOOOOOOOOOO!, Deacon stands like a heavy breathing behemoth, his chest exuding breaths of fire hot hatred for the man he finally has his hands on. He reaches down to lift Stalker up again. The now dead weight, fully limp Stalker finds in the next moment he's soaring through the air into the corner!

DDK:

Show of strength there as the anger in Deacon's pick up and toss further caused Stalker to bounce out of the corner like a rag doll!

Deacon sizes up Stalker from the middle of the ring, moving slowly backwards to the opposite corner. The Faithful are on their feet as they realize Deacon is getting ready to splash Stalker in the corner. The cameras flash as Deacon charges the corner and... STALKER MOVES! Deacon connects with nothing but the turnbuckle and his chest!

Lance:

He BARELY snuck out of that corner, Keebs!

DDK:

Deacon has to regret that risk, he had Stalker right where he wanted and-- Oh, of course, Stalker's already found himself a chair!

Before Deacon can even push himself free from the corner turnbuckle, he stumbles half way around into a WILD CHAIR SHOT from Stalker!

THWACK!!

On repeat, The Faithful let out gasps of loud air as Stalker screams in anger with a devastating barrage of chair shots! Referee Benny Doyle looks on in disbelief and uncertainty as Stalker's assault continues with rattling chair shot after rattling chair shot, the sixth one finally causing Stalker to pause and take a breath!

Lance:

Deacon did his best to protect himself, using his arm to shield his face, but Stalker was utterly vicious with his chair assault. He's thirsty for blood tonight!

DDK:

I can't help but think Deacon's injured, the way his arm twisted up in the turnbuckle from the splash and Stalker's onslaught with the chair, I'm not sure if he is going to be able to recover from this or not!

Straight from a horror movie, Stalker circles Deacon like a monster that just wounded the story's Hero. With a show of force, Stalker pulls Deacon's arm free out from the big man's chest. Screaming at him as he does so.

Stalker:

PAIN WILL MAKE YOU REGRET YOUR CHOICE TO BE A HERO, DEACON!!

The Hardcore Icon's words spat at Deacon as Stalker raises the chair high above his head and brings it CRASHING into the extended arm of Deacon!

DDK:

OWW!!! That had to hurt! Deacon's writhing in pain holding his right arm!

Unrelenting when he sees Deacon's reaction to the chair shot against his extended arm, Stalker demolishes him with a strong kick to the face.

Stalker:

AN EXAMPLE YOU WILL BE!!

Like a maniac seeing a wounded victim, Stalker hovers over the big man, leveraging himself down against Deacon's back, he hyper extends the man's arm, clutches his hands around Deacon's masked face and wrenches his neck back.

Lance:

Oh man, Deacon is stuck in some sort of Crossface attack, the giant of a man seems to be in Stalker's palm. That sadistic SOB is laughing. Doyle is asking if Deacon wants to tap but Deacon is mightily refusing.

I BELIEVE! I BELIEVE! I BELIEVE!

The Faithful come ALIVE with a DEACON chant, willing and hoping for the big man to power his way out of the crossface hold.

Stalker:

Come on DEAC! Don't you want to tap out while Jack is here!?

The taunting seems to do the trick as Deacon literally smashes his unoccupied fist in the mat, roars like a dragon, and pushes his chest up while rolling Stalker off of him at the same time!

DDK:

OH MY! What a feat of strength we just saw! Deacon literally pushing Stalker off with what appears to be only ONE good arm.

Lance:

Stalker back up and DOWN WITH A BIG BOOT FROM DEACON!!!

WOOOOOOOOOOO!

The crowd lets out a roaring response as Deacon's momentum begins to creep up, a hard charge, and a BODY SPLASH! Connects with Stalker in the corner!

DDK:

Deacon is always showing his aerial skills and this time he connected cleanly with that big HORNET splash of his!

Stalker stumbles like a dead corpse from the corner as Deacon sizes him up, Stalker turns blindly around and is suddenly feeling Deacon's fingers gripping his neck... CHOKESLAM!!

Lance:

He's going for the cover!!

ONE.....

TWO.....

NO!!

Stalker manages to get an arm up! Deacon is slow to get up as he tries to shake off the hurt in his arm. Stalker rolls to his side, cradling himself in the fetal position. Deacon grabs him by the hair and yanks him to his feet before putting the Stalker's head between Deacon's massive thighs.

DDK:

ALTAR CALL INCOMING!

Deacon hoists Stalker into the Crucifix Powerbomb, but his bad arm won't do as it's told. Stalker, still keeping his hands locked inside, slips around to Deacon's back.

DDK:

Stalker's up to something!

But Deacon's up to something too! With a strong back elbow to the side of the head, Stalker staggers back a step and once again feels the Deacon's hand, attached to the Mute Freak's really solid, strong arm, clutch Stalker's neck. Bug eyed, Stalker pulls out his surprise - special powder aimed straight for Deacon's face.

That misses.

As the powder floats aimlessly toward the mat, the Deacon's massive paw tightens around Stalker's neck. Deacon shakes his head as if to say, "you really shouldn't have done that."

DDK:

Deacon was ready for that one. Stalker's going up!

Hoisted by his neck, Stalker wildly flings with his other hand, this time not aiming for the Deacon but the referee who catches a load of the powder directly in the face. A moment later, Stalker crashes to the mat from the chokeslam and the Deacon makes the cover.

Lance:

The referee is stumbling around out there. He can't see a thing! We need an official!

When the only counting comes from the crowd, the Deacon fully realizes what's happened. Everyone knows what happens next - it always happens. Babyface checks on the referee giving the heel a chance to recover and cheat for the cheap win.

Except Deacon's not in the giving mood.

He gestures for Magdalena to attend to the referee and slips outside of the ring, marching up the ramp to the chair that Stalker wanted to use at the beginning of the match. That chair had a purpose, but it's purpose wasn't until right now. Deacon snatches it and heads back to the ring, stepping over the top rope, his eyes fully on Stalker who's pulled himself up by the ropes. He probably should've stayed down, Stalker realizing as much when he finds an armed, angry, 7 footer barreling toward him. Deacon swings the chair. Midarc, his bad arm gives and the chair flies into the turnbuckles before clanging against the mat.

DDK:

That shoulder's gotta be killing the Deacon.

And so does his nads when Stalker plants a kick right between the Deacon's legs. The Mute Freak drops to his knees. Stalker latches Deacon's head, and with an Evenflow DDT smacking against the chair, Stalker makes the cover.

Just as the referee gets enough vision to see the pin attempt.

ONE...

TWO...

...THREE

Letting out a disappointed gasp, The Faithful can't believe what they just saw. Stalker, is now standing triumphant over the fallen Deacon!

DDK:

Let's get the med staff down here immediately!!

Iris Davine was already reading Keebs mind as Stalker hovers over the badly beaten Deacon, his arm is being held tightly against his chest. Benny Doyle is encouraging Stalker to back off without trying to get involved but Stalker looks almost ready to shove the man before med staff crowds the ring and moves to tend Deacon. Stalker screams wildly at the masked man as he exits the ring.

Stalker:

You've got a lot more to worry about than just your arm Deacon! This isn't over yet, not by a long shot. I'm going to make an example out of ALL OF YOU!

DEFSecurity hits the ring just as Stalker's furious words were enough to make Doyle call for them as well.

Lance:

Stalker walks away with a victory tonight over Deacon and The Faithful can't believe it. But... Stalker seems to think this is not the end for these two men. I hope - no, I Believe Deacon will be able to recover from this, I just hope Davine says the same thing when they check him out back.

Scene fades to commercials as Davine slides under the bottom rope to get a closer look at Deacon.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON

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MAIN EVENT**FIST of DEFIANCE**

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Dex Joy © vs. Scrow

THE LIGHT

Returning from the post main event chaos, Terry "The Idol" Anderson is ever vibrant as he walks briskly along with Iris Davine, who is pushing Deacon's son, Jack, along towards his chariot back to the hospital. Magdalena is in tow as well, with none other than Deacon who is nursing a sling covered arm. The look on Terry's face says it all - he feels responsible for all of this.

Terry Anderson:

I just wanted to apologize, is all. If I had known Stalker was behind Victor all along - I would have never gotten involved. Much less... involving you, Jack.

Terry sounds apologetic as he hovers near Jack's side. The group slowly approaches the ambulance parked just outside one of the many back entrances to DEFIANCE. A discreet location that was chosen, in particular, to keep some crazies away.

Jack:

It's okay, Terry. I know you're a good guy. She told me so.

With a pause, Terry stops walking, however Iris does not; she continues pushing Jack towards the back of the ambulance. With a solid knock on the back door of the ambulance, the EMT hops out with a nod to Davine.

Iris Davine:

Thanks so much for visiting us tonight, Jack! I know it didn't go as you had planned but - it's just a sprain. Deac got... he should be fine in a couple of weeks.

Jack:

It was so awesome! Stalker doesn't know it yet, but I'm not through with him at all. I'll be back for him!

This makes the entire group surrounding Jack grin. Deacon steps forward and places a hand on Jack's shoulder. The Mute Freak is in obvious pain from his match with Stalker earlier in the evening. Father and son don't exchange much more than a non verbal. Before it gets too awkward, Magdalena finally speaks up.

Magdalena:

We'll be right behind you, Jack.

Her smile makes Terry uncomfortable, as if he's overstepped his bounds. Clearing his throat, the Idol approaches both them as Davine and the EMTs load Jack into the ambulance in the background.

As a former Portland Championship Wrestling World Champion, Terry knew what it felt like to have a target on his back. And for Deacon? That was exactly what was on his back after Stalker's declaration during tonight's main event.

Terry Anderson:

Jason is not done. If you want my advice - take this as an opportunity to get out of town. Have a vacation or something. The way he operates is he will not stop until you are literally warped into his charade of a world. He's a manipulator... but what's worse is he has someone giving him an agenda. That's different... Jason never... ever 'took orders'. Which makes me fear whomever's pulling his strings IS far worse than even Stalker's World itself.

Terry's words drift off as Iris Davine slams shut the ambulance door, containing Jack, jarring everyone back to attention. The EMT disappears around the corner towards the driver's door as Iris nods at The Mute Freak.

Iris Davine:

Deacon, if I don't see you again.... If your arm doesn't improve, see a doctor in a week or come find me.

The medical staff leader of DEFIANCE smiles towards the group as she heads back inside the DEFplex. The

Ambulance chariot starts up and Terry sinks his hands into his pockets. Magdalena shakes her head before linking her hand into Deacon's good arm, she smiles at Terry, noting that the older man's words were heard, but you can tell she's not buying it.

Magdalena:

We appreciate the advice, Terry. But you said it yourself... he's a manipulator. That's what he does, we aren't going to let him dictate us. Or Jack. Or anyone. You shouldn't let...him either.

THWACK!!!!

Magdalena's words are interrupted by the sudden appearance of the ambulance driver being thrown onto the pavement behind them.

Terry Anderson:

What the hell?!?

Terry exclaims while stumbling toward the fallen ambulance EMT. Everyone looks up as the ambulance's lights flicker onto life, staring at the back door that contains Jack. Deacon charges forward. The Ambulance shifts into gear just as Magdalena grabs Deacon by his good arm to hold him back.

Stalker: *[from within the ambulance]*

Deacon! I told you I wasn't done with you! And if Jack thinks he can just challenge The Kabal and not meet us then I've got a surprise tour of Stalker's Den just for our favorite wrestling fan! Isn't that right, Jack?!

Stalker laughs like a crazy man in a horror movie as Terry 'The Idol' Anderson lunges towards the ambulance door, latching onto it in an attempt to pry it open but Stalker drives forward and it causes the old man to fall immediately backwards in his failed attempt.

Terry Anderson:

UGH!!

Screaming out in pain, Terry rolls on the asphalt towards Magdalena who was freed from Deacon's hand as the masked hero charges towards the ambulance containing Jack.

Magdalena:

DEACON, NO!!!!

It all happens so quickly - Stalker jams on the brakes. Magdalena helps Terry up and the two stumble away from additional harm. Deacon continues his charge.

Stalker: *[screaming]*

WELCOME TO STALKER'S WORLD!!!!

Thrown into reverse, the lights switch to a bright white. Deacon throws his good arm up in front of his eyes but the overwhelming glare breaks him. The ambulance hurdles toward the Mute Freak. The stunned and nearly blinded Deacon stiffens in preparation for the impact. The vehicle's door slams into Deacon before thudding to a stop. Staggered, the Deacon latches onto the door with his good arm.

Terry Anderson:

JASON! STOP, YOU CRAZY MAN!!!

Terry and Magdalena look on helplessly as the ambulance sputters backwards at a quickening pace. Deacon weakly hammers against the back door with his bad arm, trying to maintain his balance before the camera can't stay with him. Everything leaves the screen just as--

CRASH!!!!

Magdalena screams. A white light shines behind the ambulance as it comes to a screeching halt!

The camera pans around for a better view. A sudden, bright white light shines down from the sky, just at the spot where Deacon would be.

Stalker:

WHAT THE!?!?

Stalker stumbles out of the ambulance driver's door as he and the cameraman race behind the ambulance.

The backdoors are dangling open...

...But no one is inside.

Stalker:

They.. They're gone?

Looking confused, it takes a moment before Jason Reeves' processes what's taken place.

Rubbing his hands together, Stalker smirks, turning to stare a hole through Terry Anderson, who's limping over.

Stalker:

The power I yield is greater than even I knew I was capable of! Deacon and Jack are gone, Terry. Just like I promised I would do... another hero is dead! White light or not - I'm going to make DEFIANCE earn its stripes in my WORLD.

Stalker pushes past Terry and walks away from the ambulance as the DEFIANCE signature appears and we fade to black.

Stalker:

This is only the beginning...

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.