

RUNDOWN



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.

And of course; those *all*-important fan signs:

Except for the fact Sgt. Safety is walking through the stands and begins taking them away from The Faithful!

Sgt. Safety:

Papercuts, people. Unsafe. Can't have papercuts. Can't have them! Unsafe.

The Faithful, however, seem to be enjoying the antics and being able to interact with one of their favorite DEFIANT/BRAZEN performers.

Cut to the heralded Commentation Station.

DDK:

Figures. *[Moving on]* Hello, everybody and welcome to the 152nd edition of DEFTv! Night 1! As always, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me is of course, Lance Warner!

Lance:

It should be a fantastic night tonight ...and would you get a load of ALL these signs here tonight, Darren! The Faithful has come out in full strength and well ... they've got some thoughts to share!

DDK:

Indeed they do, Lance and personally, I can't blame them... there is plenty to think about and *talk* about as we head into the hallmark of DEFIANCE shows ... DEFCON!

A transition graphic overtakes the image of Lance and Darren giving way to the DEFCON logo. A music track kicks up and plays underneath the commentary team going through each known match. It's time to shill.

DDK:

This one has the potential to really heat up, pun intended, Lance!

Tornado Tag**Oscar Burns & Scott Stevens vs. Alvaro de Vargas & Jack Mace****Lance:**

Does it ever! The Tornado Tag consisting of *TWO* former FISTS of DEFIANCE in Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens taking on Alvaro de Vargas and Burns former compatriot Jack Mace!

DDK:

And it has been stipulated that *if* Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens cannot obtain victory ... Their contracts become the property of Better Future Talent ... in perpetuity!

Lance:

The stakes are as high as the potential flames!

Cayle Murray vs. Lindsay Troy**DDK:**

Speaking of former FISTS of DEFIANCE ... recently added to DEFCon, rather than teaming up... these two will go HEAD to HEAD!

Lance:

Cayle Murray one on one with Lindsey Troy, a clash of the titans that has been building for months now! This match-up promises to be one heck of a fight!

DDK:

A hopefully a whole lot less Jack Hunter!

Lance:

The Super ... ?

DDK:

Just, Don't.

Awkward silence. Hey look, a new graphic.

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP**Dex Joy © vs. Scrow****DDK:**

Moving on from former champions to a current one and well ... The BIGGEST champion!

Lance:

Don't let Mikey Unlikely hear you say that, Darren!

DDK:

By and large, I'd prefer if Unlikely was never close enough to me to hear anything I say... but never mind that, Lance! The Biggest BOY DEX JOY defends the prestigious Southern Heritage Title against none other than Scrow!

Lance:

These two have had a tumultuous relationship over the past year, to say the least, Darren and at DEFCON, it all comes to a head.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS PLATFORMS AND PORTALS MATCH***Fuse Bros. One © vs. The Comments Section*****DDK:**

And in tag team action ... The Fuse Bros. One defend against The Comment Section in a ... wait that can't be right.

Lance:

Your eyes *do not* deceive you, Darren. The Unified Tag Team Titles, all five, will be defended in a PLATFORMS AND PORTALS MATCH!

DDK:

There no way the board approved this ...

Lance:

They must have! *AND* ... if that wasn't enough the losing team, whether that be the recently reunited Fuse Bros. One or the internet come to life - The Comments Section, cannot compete as a tag team DEFIANCE ... henceforth!

DDK:

What is a ...

Oh, look a graphic change.

**MAIN EVENT FIST of DEFIANCE
Mikey Unlikely © vs. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas**

Ever the professional, Darren gets back on his game.

DDK:

And of course ... our MAIN EVENT! Mikey Unlikely defends the FIST of DEFIANCE against "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas!

Lance:

Quite possibly! Bear in mind a match-up like this defines CARD SUBJECT TO CHANGE! Scott Douglas is guaranteed the title shot by his win over Gage Blackwood at DEFIANCE Road but he has yet to accept Mikey Unlikely's stipulation that would see the winner walk away with the FIST of DEFIANCE and the loser ... retired.

DDK:

This obviously is not a decision to be taken lightly, especially given that if he really wanted to push the issue ... Scott Douglas does not have to accept this stipulation to get the title shot.

Lance:

Completely agree, Darren. Though on the other hand ... as we have seen before what lengths WILL Mikey Unlikely go to ... to keep Douglas from getting what he has earned if he does not accept!?

DDK:

Time will tell, Lance ... with only two shows before DEFCON the clock is ticking for Scott Douglas and his answer. *AND* speaking of ticking clocks ... we have so much action to get to here tonight on DEFtv152!

Lance:

That we do, Darren! For starters ... Matt LaCroix is set to defend his Favoured Saints Championship here tonight against --

EYES OPEN

DDK:

... hold on a second, Lance ... before we dive into the night's action, folks, I'm getting word from our producers that something went down *before* tonight's broadcast that you all really need to see. Let's roll the footage.

Lance:

Uh-oh...

The words "Earlier Today" appear on the DEFIatron and on television screens around the globe as the scene transitions to the wrestlers' parking area of the DEFplex. From the driver's seat of a black SUV emerges Lindsay Troy, cell phone in one hand and a bottle of water in the other.

Troy pockets the phone and opens up the trunk via the keyfob, grabbing her gear bag and slinging it over her shoulder in one swift motion. She closes the trunk in the same manner and heads toward the arena's entrance, taking a swig of her beverage as she does.

THWACK~!

From out of nowhere a blur races into the scene and clocks the Queen of the Ring on the back of the head. Troy tumbles forward, the water bottle flying out of her hand as she falls, her bag being booted somewhere out of sight.

The *plink plink plink* sound of a lead pipe hitting concrete reverberates around the near-empty parking lot. The camera pans up past a pair of infrared Air Max 90's, a pair of black track pants, a track jacket opened to reveal a 24K t-shirt beneath, and finally, Cayle Murray's beaming mug.

The live audience fills the building with venom as the pre-recorded footage keeps rolling.

DDK:

That absolute coward!

Cayle Murray:

Eyes open, cunto.

Cayle leaps towards LT's fallen body, stomp, stomp, stomping away without fear of a fight back. The parking lot, as far as we can see, is deserted. Rows and rows of parked, unoccupied vehicles can't save Troy from this one.

Troy, who is almost certainly out cold from taking a lead pipe to the skull, gets rolled over onto her back. Murray slaps her across the face back and forth, gently, as if he was trying to revive her.

Cayle Murray:

No quips, dickhead? That's a shame.

Murray reaches across the ground and grabs the pipe. Using both hands, he pushes it down against LT's windpipe, trapping her between the concrete and every unit of force on his body.

DDK:

My god! This is--

Lance:

Brutal! Absolutely brutal! Don't they have security back there?!

Seconds later and the pipe gets thrown back across the floor. Cayle has another idea on his mind. He pulls LT's dead weight up, holding her by her hair, and doesn't waste a second before launching her head straight through the car's passenger window!

DDK:

JESUS CHRIST!

Glass flies everywhere, but Murray doesn't care. Wearing an expression colder than a dead Eskimo, he pulls Troy's body from the car, throws her down on the floor, and plants a foot on her chest, catching his breath.

Lance:

Oh no, Keebs! Troy is a mess!

DDK:

She's bleeding a gusher!

True enough, the Queen of a Ring is a beaten, bloodied corpse, with tiny twinkling shards of glass stuck in clumps of hair matted to her scalp by her own plasma. Mightily pleased with his own handiwork, Cayle keeps his boot pressed down on her chest, pulls out his phone, and dials a number.

Cayle Murray:

Yeah, hello. Medics in the car park, please. *Somebody's* made a mess.

He hangs up without waiting for a reply, then looks down at his fallen rival. A grin stretches across his malicious features.

Cayle Murray:

Fuck your DEFCON match and fuck you.

A glob of saliva leaves his lips, landing in the pooling blood beside Lindsay Troy's head. He removes his boot from her chest, grabs the pipe, and slings it over his shoulder, whistling nonchalantly as he leaves. The cameras return to DDK and Lance.

DDK:

Folks, we saw that for the very first time at the same time as you - and I'm shocked... but maybe I shouldn't be. The last thing Cayle Murray has wanted to do since Troy first planted her fist on his chin is engage with the Queen of the Ring, so he took the gutless route and laid her out backstage.

Lance:

Laid her out?! That's a hospital trip for sure, Keebs. I don't think we've ever seen such ugly violence from Cayle in a backstage setting, going all the way back to his first DEFIANCE run.

DDK:

If there's a silver lining to this, it's that I'm being told through my headset that Troy *is* being tended to by medics, though there's no word on how badly hurt she is.

Lance:

Or what this means for her DEFCON match! Meanwhile, Murray wrestles Jay Harvey later on.

DDK:

Once there's an update on Lindsay Troy's condition, we will bring it to you. Right now, we've got a match to call.

TRASHCAN TIM vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT

♪ "Danse Macabre" by Saint-Saens ♪

The violins screech to an open as the harrowing Saint-Saens classic hits the Faithful's ear drums without warning.

DDK:

Ahhhh! God I hate his theme music.

Lance:

Tell me about it. I may need a change of underwear.

DDK:

Wait, you don't bring extras to these shows?

Lance:

Wait, you... do?

As per usual, The Provocateur makes his way out from behind the curtain onto the main stage area. He stops to look out at the booing Faithful, who are raucous enough to attack if security were to allow them.

Suddenly, there is a buzz in the DEFplex as Aaron King slowly makes his way out behind Arthur.

DDK:

Aw man, this makes me sad. Aaron King, buddy...what are you doing?

Lance:

I'm with you, Keebs. Somehow, some way, Arthur managed to manipulate this innocent soul into joining him and the Scourge. Just in case you missed it, check out UNCUT 89 from where Aaron King helped Arthur get a W against Henry Keyes in what was otherwise a very good match.

DDK:

Except for the part where Aaron King screwed Keyes, of course.

Lance:

Well of course. That goes without saying!

Much like on UNCUT 89, where Arthur was last seen, three figures, all wearing black cloaks and the eerie mask of Death Himself, appear behind Arthur. Waiting for everyone to join him, Arthur places his arms out...

SMAAAAAAASH!!

DDK:

WHAT?!

Lance:

One of those figures just attacked Arthur!!

Throwing the Death mask to the ground and RIPPING off the cloak, the figure reveals himself to be none other than Trashcan Tim! The arena LOSES it!

DDK:

Looks like Trashcan Tim has been paying attention to Arthur's actions as of late! Just like Arthur sneak attacked Lindsay Troy at DEFYtv 150, Trashcan Tim decided he has had enough of Arthur's games!

Aaron King goes to help Arthur but Trashcan Tim is ready for him by LIFTING Aaron King up into a fireman's carry...

Lance:

TRASH COMPACTOR!

DDK:

My God!! He nailed Aaron King with that on the ramp and the former Gulf Coast Connection member is OUT!!

"TIM IS GONNA KIIIIIIILL YOUUUUUU"

"TIM IS GONNA KIIIIIIILL YOUUUUUU"

"TIM IS GONNA KIIIIIIILL YOUUUUUU"

"TIM IS GONNA KIIIIIIILL YOUUUUUU"

Arthur's eyes go wide as Trashcan Tim follows Arthur to the ring, while the remaining "Death" figures tend to Aaron King, who is unquestionably in a bad way!

Arthur "escapes" into the ring, where he suddenly begins smirking and yelling at Tim loud enough to where the audio picks it up.

Arthur Pleasant:

Doing LaCroix's bidding, I see! Fair enough, friend. You want to play? Then come play with me, Timmy. COME. PLAY.

Trashcan Tim looks out into the Faithful, who are cheering him on, BEGGING him to wipe the floor with Arthur.

DDK:

Did he just accuse Tim of doing the Favoured Saints Champion's bidding?

Lance:

I think so, Keebs. I don't believe that for one second, though. Arthur has screwed with everyone ENOUGH over the past few months and I think Tim has just had it. Remember, it was Arthur that cost Trashcan Tim the Favoured Saints Championship in the first place!

Tim shrugs and dives under the bottom rope and into the ring. Not wanting to get into the way of these two, Carla Ferrari calls for the bell!

DING DING

Pleasant lays the stomps down on Tim, hoping to take advantage of him sliding his three-hundred pound frame into the ring. But Tim simply absorbs the stomps to his back and stands to his feet. Only an inch taller, but nearly a HUNDRED pounds heavier than his opponent, Tim flies forward with a massive lariat... but Arthur ducks!

Arthur flies into the ropes, and on the rebound he sticks a foot out, looking for his patented one-legged shotgun dropkick... but Tim sidesteps it and actually CATCHES Arthur in mid-air and DUMPS him with a powerbomb that just about folds him in half!!!

DDK:

What a display of strength being shown by The Trashcan! Good Lord!

Lance:

Trashcan Tim just countered the Provocation with a mid-air reversal into a powerbomb! Something tells me he's been scouting Arthur very, very closely for some time now.

Not satisfied with the amount of damage done to the Provocateur, Tim brings him to his feet. Grabbing his arm, Tim twists Pleasant's arm so that he is in position for a short-arm clothesline. And he connects harshly as Pleasant is flipped over onto his stomach from the impact!

DDK:

Jeez! I felt the impact from that one!

Lance:

Tim's going for a cover!

Carla Ferrari is right there..

One!

Nope!

DDK:

Much to the surprise of no one, Arthur manages an emphatic kick out at one. Still don't understand the level of pain tolerance this guy has.

Lance:

Something tells me he taps into something otherworldly to be able to kick out of one with virtually any move..

DDK:

The Necromicon?

Lance:

Well I was thinking Sun Tzu's the Art of War, but... sure. We'll go with that. More befitting of Arthur, I'd say!

Tim once again brings Pleasant to his feet by clutching his wrist. But instead of going for a short-arm clothesline, he simply whips Pleasant into the turnbuckles. Retreating into the opposite one, Tim measures up Arthur and charges forward, flying into the air and SMASHING Arthur's chest with a corner avalanche!

DDK:

My God, he might've caved in Arthur's chest with that one!

Pleasant goes down in a heap and Tim grabs him by the legs. Arthur holds the sides of the bottom turnbuckle, but Tim pulls Arthur's entire frame upwards, catching him in another powerbomb position! Spinning Arthur around, Tim falls flat and Arthur's face smashes down against the top turnbuckle!

Lance:

Holy crap! Pleasant's legs look wobbly! Tim's got him on the ropes, literally!

Arthur slowly turns around and Trashcan Tim is already speeding to the opposite corner again. Charging ahead, Tim leaps into the air even further away from Arthur... and connects with a SECOND, more DEVASTATING corner avalanche!

DDK:

This is crazy! I have never seen a single person on this roster dominate Arthur Pleasant in the way I am seeing Trashcan Tim do so here!

Lance:

Looks like Arthur may have met his match!

Peeling Pleasant off of the turnbuckles, he then spins Arthur around so that he's facing the cheering Faithful and, more significantly, the turnbuckles themselves. Tim ducks down under Arthur's back and lifts him up onto the top rope. Seemingly out of it, Arthur's got a glazed over look in his eye as Tim ascends to the middle turnbuckle himself. Then, ascending ALL the way to the top rope, Tim grabs a hold of Arthur's waist.

DDK:

Holy hell, what's he going for here?!

Lance:

He's gonna kill him!

Tim jumps back and ANNIHILATES Arthur with a Belly-To-Back SUPERPLEX THAT SPIKES Arthur onto his neck and folds him onto his stomach!

DDK:

Okay, Arthur HAS to be out from that one!

Lance:

If he's not, then Arthur simply isn't human.

Rolling Arthur over, Tim goes for the cover... but the figures in cloaks wearing Death masks are back after tending to Aaron King! All three hop up onto the ring apron, distracting Carla!

DDK:

Dammit!

Lance:

This isn't right! Tim might've had this thing won! Arthur's still not moving!

Realizing there's no way he'll get a pinfall with the Nameless and Faceless Three standing on the ring apron, Tim ascends to the top rope. He looks down at Arthur... but turns his aim towards the three cloaked figures!

Tim SOMERSAULTS forward onto the first cloaked figure, and crashes down on top of them all like dominoes on the ring apron! All three figures fall to the side of the ring in a heap as Tim holds onto the bottom rope to prevent himself from spilling outside as well.

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

DDK:

LISTEN to the Faithful, Lance! They've gone nuts for Trashcan Tim!

Lance:

Arthur has had ZERO offense in this match... and you know what? Serves him right! Tim has not forgotten about what Arthur cost him, and if there's any man more deserving to give Arthur the beatdown of his short career here in DEFIANCE, it's this man!

As Tim tries to get up, one of the cloaked figures on the outside reaches up with their arm, grabbing Tim's boot as he straddles the ropes! Carla sees this and wedges herself in between the ropes, freeing Tim's foot in the process. But as Carla admonishes Arthur's cloaked entourage on the outside, Arthur KICKS the middle rope right up into Tim's balls!

DDK:

DAMMIT! Come on already!

Lance:

These freakin' idiots on the outside just gave Arthur the opportunity he needed! And Carla didn't see low blow via kick to the rope!

Tim clutches his netherberries and falls to his knees in a heap. This gives Arthur the advantage he needs as he races into the opposite ropes... and NAILS Trashcan Tim across the jaw with the Provocation!

DDK:

NO!!

Lance:

COME ON!!!

The Faithful EXPLODE as Matt LaCroix, their Favored Saints Champion, comes running down to the ring for the apparent rescue!

Arthur goes for the cover, but sees LaCroix coming!

He gets up off of the mat and begs for LaCroix to do something about what he just witnessed. Suddenly, the cloaked figures that had been admonished by Carla Ferrari have begun collecting themselves on the outside.

Arthur Pleasant:

WELL HELLO, MATTHEW!!

Arthur hocks one and SPITS it down outside of the ring onto Matt LaCroix's face!

DDK:

That son of a bitch!!

Lance:

Oh my God. Matt LaCroix looks like he's going to kill him!!

Laughing maniacally at the events that have unfolded, Arthur turns around and brings Tim to a seated position on the mat. Clearly ENRAGED by being spit on, LaCroix enters the ring. As soon as he does, he lunges forward at Pleasant, connecting with a huge forearm to his back!

DDK:

And THIS is why they call him The Provocateur!

He immediately grapples him into a Full-Nelson and lifts Pleasant back into a suplex, dropping him on the back of his neck for extreme impact!

Lance:

High Tide!!

DDK:

Oh no... I think Carla just saw that!

As Carla turns around from dealing with the cloaked figures of Arthur's Scourge entourage, she sees this blatant attack on Arthur as clear as the sun is bright. Realizing she has no choice, Carla Ferrari calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... the winner of this match as a result of a disqualification... ARTHUUUUUR PLEEEEEAAAASAAAANT!!!!!!

LaCroix is incensed and seeing red as the wad of spit drips down from his eye. After a couple of smacks, he brings Pleasant to his feet!

European uppercuts in quick succession!

Pleasant goes down to his knees, groggy from the European uppercuts. Unfortunately, he falls right in front of the seated Trashcan Tim, who is still clutching at his privates from the rope assisted low blow from Pleasant.

Measuring up Arthur, Matt LaCroix charges forward, flying through the air with a shining wizard... BUT ARTHUR FALLS FORWARD AND HE NAILS TRASHCAN TIM INSTEAD!

DDK:

Oh NO!

Lance:

Destruction in Spades to.... Trashcan Tim! The hell?

DDK:

Tim is OUT! Man, that DIS looked brutal! Clearly he put some mustard on that baby for Arthur's face, but... instead Tim got it. What a damn shame.

Pleasant immediately rolls out of the ring, clutching the back of his head after withstanding the High Tide and about half a dozen European uppercuts. He falls down on the rampway, still unsteady from the onslaught Tim gave him. Arthur pounds the rampway with both hands, clearly upset at the way things just went down, despite the disqualification win.

DDK:

This is chaos!!! Trashcan Tim loses the match via DQ. That's gotta piss him off considering it was, again, due to the ongoing craziness of Matt LaCroix and Arthur Pleasant.

Lance:

Look at Matt!! It's like he doesn't even care he just hit Tim with the High Tide! He's still laser-focused on Arthur!!

Matt LaCroix:

YOU WANNA PLAY, ARTHUR?! LET'S PLAY!! YOU AND ME!!! DEFCON!!! BE A MAN, FOR ONCE!!!

Arthur's rage turns into... a smile?

Suddenly, he begins clapping. Jubilantly. Like a child who just received what they wanted after screaming at their parents in the store for hours on end.

LaCroix remains seething.

Tim is finally stirring as he's being checked over by Carla.

Pleasant gets up to his feet and begins skipping all the way to the backstage area, leaving LaCroix seething in the ring in front of an also seething Trashcan Tim.

DDK:

Matt LaCroix just challenged Arthur Pleasant to a match at DEFCON!! You can't help but wonder if this is what Arthur wanted all along!!

Lance:

I agree, Keeps. Did Matt just play RIGHT into Arthur's endless games here? Did he let his emotions get the best of him and walk into something he's not even remotely prepared for and going to regret for the rest of his career?!

LaCroix turns towards to Tim and goes to help him up... but Tim shoves LaCroix away!

DDK:

Though it's clear that Matt did not intend on hitting him, I don't blame Trashcan Tim for being pissed right here. How many times has he gotten in the middle of the chaos unfolding between Arthur Pleasant and Matt LaCroix?

Lance:

Truer words never spoken. If I'm Trashcan Tim, I'm taking a hard look at everything that just went down tonight and the past several weeks and re-evaluating things. Something's gotta give.

LaCroix, understanding Tim's grievance, backs off and exits through the ropes as Trashcan Tim gets to his feet on his own volition.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2021

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

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS PLATFORMS AND PORTALS MATCH

Fuse Bros. One © vs. The Comments Section

**losing team cannot tag anymore in DEFIANCE*

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP

Dex Joy © vs. Scrow

Cayle Murray vs. Lindsay Troy

Tornado Tag

Oscar Burns & Scott Stevens vs. Alvaro de Vargas & Jack Mace

**if Burns/Stevens lose their contracts become the property of Better Future*

YOU CUT OFF THEIR HEADS

Backstage at the WrestlePlex. Jamie Sawyers stands in front of a DEFIANCE backdrop with high-definition screens behind him showing the legendary FIST that represents the brand. He gets his cue.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen... My next guest needs no introduction. Later tonight he will go one on one with Cayle Murray...

Jay Harvey steps into the picture and the crowd watching on the big screen in the arena explodes.

Sawyers:

Jay... It seems to be a trend that just when you have 24k where you want them, where it looks like you have them beat... They find a way to come out on top.

Harvey doesn't look pleased by the truth. It hurts sometimes, you know.

Jay Harvey:

Jamie... 24k are snakes. 24k uses the numbers game like no other. I've been at war with them for months and months. I've had help along the way but 24k just slither away. You know how you deal with a snake, Jamie?

Sawyers shakes his head not knowing the answer.

Harvey:

You cut off their heads.

Jay cracks a smile.

Harvey:

I'll get to Cayle Murray in a second but... Jesse! I got something to say to you, bruv! Haa. I don't think there's ever been a single person who has pissed me the hell off as much as you. Really! You stole from me! You stole my shot at to sit at the top of the mountain. My shot to be in the same conversation as the greats who have walked through the door here in DEFIANCE.

Harvey is getting hot.

Harvey:

Then I tried to pay you back and once again... you and the rest of the snakes stole from me. I haven't been able to put you away. We aren't done though, Kendrix. No, no, no.

The crowd inside the arena roars.

Harvey:

If I am counting right... The score is tied one to one between us. So Jesse... I challenge you! One! On! One! No tricks! Man against man! JFK vs Jay Harvey at DEFCON!

Sawyers is thanking the wrestling Gods he is doing this interview right now.

Harvey:

You preach manliness?! You claim to be a manly man?! So be a goddamn man! Let's settle this like men!

Harvey looks intently at the camera filming in front of him.

Harvey:

Accept, so I can beat the living shit out of you so the whole world can see it!

The crowd is getting loud! Sawyers nods his head and remembers he's still doing an interview.

Sawyers:

And Cayle Murray?

Harvey chuckles but his demeanor is still business.

Harvey:

Cayle Murray is one of the best wrestlers of any generation. He was the king around here for a long time. But he threw it all away. Since he came back to DEFIANCE he has been a constant pain in my ass.

Harvey locks eyes with Sawyers and then turns back toward the camera lens.

Harvey:

I've been waiting for this for a long time. Tonight... I'm cutting the head off a snake.

Harvey leaves the scene and Jamie Sawyers has a look of shock on his face. He regains his composure.

Sawyers:

Well... you heard it, folks! Jay Harvey has put out a challenge to Jesse Fredericks Kendrix for a match at DEFCON! The ball is in JFK's court. Will he accept? We will have to wait and see. Darren, Lance... back to you.

We go back to Darren and Lance who are waiting to call the next match.

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: MATT LACROIX Â© vs. MUSHIGIHARA

DDK:

Well this is it, Lance. Favoured Saints defense number three for Matt LaCroix. We've been here before, he's just two successful defenses away from a shot at the Southern Heritage Championship.

Lance:

Thanks to Arthur Pleasant. He won the title and two defenses all because of involvement from the Provocateur. That being said... we saw Matt LaCroix get involved in a match between Arthur Pleasant and Trashcan Tim! Matt left little to the imagination as he let his frustration out on Pleasant.

DDK:

But did he? He also gave Arthur the win, but let's not look too far ahead, because we're gonna have a stiff fight on our hands right now! Matt LaCroix. Mushigihara. This would be the main event of any Japanese wrestling promotion, but we're getting it here on DEFIANCE tonight.

Lance:

The Reaper of the Pontchartrain vs. The King of Monsters! Runessensu vs. The God-Beast. Former Max-J Heavyweight Champion vs. former SHOGUN Heavyweight Champion!

DDK:

Hopefully Arthur Pleasant stays away, Lance. This could be a FANTASTIC treat for the Faithful.

The camera pans to Darren Quimbey already in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is for the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship and is for ONE FALL!

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

The familiar Terminator-esque salvo of industrial drums and shattering glass fills the hallowed WrestlePlex as the DEFIANCE Faithful erupt in cheers for their one and only God-Beast. The arena entrance glows in golden light and smog as the familiar figures of Eddie Dante and Mushigihara materialize into view.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, accompanied to the ring by Eddie Dante! From Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan, weighing in at two hundred ninety-four pounds, he is THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Dante saunters to the ring with a grin flanked by the God-Beast, who slowly makes his way down the aisle and raises his arms and bellows out a mighty...

Mushigihara::

OSU!

"OSU!"

The Faithful respond to their hero, leading the big man to nod and smile back as Dante reaches the ring and climbs onto the apron before opening the ropes. Mushi follows suit, stepping between the ropes and raises his arms one last time before going into his corner and assuming the traditional sumo crouch.

The opening guitar riff plunges the WrestlePlex into darkness. The Faithful give a mostly positive reaction and phone screens begin to illuminate the crowd when smoke begins to rise from the entrance. Red lights bring the smoke to life with the silhouette of a man in a kneeling position in the middle. He rises to his feet and raises a championship above his head.

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

♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed and Cambria ♪

The drums kick in and Matt LaCroix marches through the smoke with the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship above his head. He pulls the hood from his vest back and stares down Mushigihara in the ring, who stoically paces unaffected as the Reaper of the Pontchartrain tosses the championship over his shoulder and makes his way to the ring with the Faithful chanting "HEY!" with the music along the way.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... hailing from New Orleans, Louisiana. Weighing in at 242 pounds. He is the DEFIANCE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION. Southern. Strong. Style. MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAATTT LAAAAACROIIIIIIIIIIIX!

DDK:

And here comes the champion, Lance! He looks determined. He took care of his frustrations on Arthur Pleasant and now he's ready to focus back on the important task at hand. Two defenses away from a shot at the Southern Heritage Championship.

Lance:

You really think Arthur Pleasant is just going to go away?

DDK:

I'm not sure. It could go one of two ways. Either he taught Arthur a lesson and he won't be sticking his nose back into his business again, or he's escalated the issue.

Lance:

But he won Arthur the match! Eh, this is getting complicated, I suppose there is only one way to find out. Let's watch it all unfold.

Inside the ring, Matt LaCroix raises the Favoured Saints Championship into the air for the Faithful from the top rope. Stepping down, he hands the championship over to Hector Navarro before retreating to his corner. As the lights come back on and the music cuts, Navarro holds the championship high above his head. In the middle of the ring, LaCroix and Mushi meet for a quick handshake before we get underway.

DING DING

The two men enter the center of the ring and circle, sizing each other up before locking up. LaCroix tries to shoot the leg, but Mushigihara's incredible power sends him stumbling backward and onto the mat. LaCroix's eyes grow wide as Mushi raises his arms into the air and screams "OSU!" which is roared back at him by the Faithful. The champion gets up to a knee and nods appreciatively before circling the behemoth once more. LaCroix goes to shoot the leg again and this time he's thrown into the corner. Mushi keeps on the pressure by laying into the Reaper of the Pontchartrain with stiff echoing strikes before Navarro calls for a break. LaCroix tries to gather himself but Mushi roars in like a freight train!

DDK:

Mushigihara taking control here early with a huge splash!

Lance:

Nobody home!

DDK:

LaCroix must've seen his life flashing before his eyes! He just BARELY escaped death there!

The champion escapes to the apron where he drops down and pulls the leg of the God-Beast out from under him after the huge miss. Matt then slams the knee across the steel corner post to a warning from Hector Navarro. Mushi grabs his leg in pain, surprisingly quick for a man his size as LaCroix gets up to the apron. Matt jumps over the top rope and

lands a huge stomp on the knee of the challenger, then tries to grab the ankle but the power is just too much, sending him back into the corner again.

DDK:

The Favoured Saints Champion trying to work that knee, Lance, but Mushi's power is just unreal.

Lance:

He's going to have to take a little bit more away from the big man before he can really get to work on that knee.

The Golden Goliath struggles to get back up with his knee, hesitating at a kneeling position just long enough for LaCroix to be fired out of the corner. He goes for Destruction In Spades! It looks like he connects but in reality he's caught! His ocean blue eyes grow wide as Mushi's crazy power brings Matt up with him in a powerbomb position. With a slight limp, Mushi begins spinning LaCroix around for the Holy War!

DDK:

Both men think they're best ending this match early!

Lance:

LaCroix is just too shifty, Darren!

Matt manages to escape from the shoulders of Mushigihara and land on his feet behind the King of Monsters, but the already spinning Mushi comes back around and clubs Matt over the back with a spinning forearm, sending him the champion down onto the mat. Mushi begins to stomp away on the Favoured Saints Champion who reaches desperately for the ropes and succeeds! Navarro calls for a rope break, but Mushi makes sure to get a couple of good stomps in before the five count. The Orleans Outsider uses the ropes to get up with barely a moment to prepare for Mushi to hit him with a huge lariat that sends him over the top ropes and crashing down outside of the ring. As Hector Navarro begins his count, LaCroix crawls towards the steps, trying to find something to prop himself up on and clear his head for a moment. He does, pulling himself up to his feet just in time for the God-Beast to come crashing towards him!

DDK:

Mushigihara looks like a man on a mission here tonight, and that mission is to make Matt LaCroix look like an automobile accident victim!

Lance:

He escapes again, Darren!

DDK:

LaCroix has lost complete control of this match and it's taking everything he has just to survive this onslaught, Lance! I think he just caught another huge break!

LaCroix dives out of the way at the last second and Mushigihara goes crashing into the steps like a derailed bullet train! The Faithful gasp on impact as LaCroix looks at the carnage from a seated position against the barricade. As the count continues, the champion sees his opening and pulls himself back up, and slides into the ring. Outside, the God-Beast begins to stir once again, raising from the wreckage with a snarl across his face. As he shakes off the cobwebs, he looks around to find the champion, who goes flying through the second and top ropes with a suicide dive! Both men go crashing into the barricade. A wrecking ball of humanity pushes back against the people in the front row, forcing them to vacate their seats.

"THIS IS DEFI-ANCE!"

"THIS IS DEFI-ANCE!"

"THIS IS DEFI-ANCE!"

The Faithful chant as the two men lay sprawled across the concrete floor.

DDK:

This match has been a wreck from go and the Faithful are LOVING it!

Lance:

These are two men who have nothing else on their minds but beating the life out of each other to grab a prize that they think is rightfully theirs! The Faithful are right, Darren, this is what DEFIANCE is all about!

DDK:

This shows you how much this new Favoured Saints Championship means. It's a launching pad towards the top of this promotion. Both of these men want to be the first to cash in that check.

LaCroix staggers up first and rolls in, then rolls out to break the count. Matt is a bit dizzy but knows how hard of a shot that was and knows he needs to capitalize. He tries to pull the King of Monsters up off the floor, but the best he can do is guide him back towards the ring. He does so and pushes Mushi under the ropes. Sliding in behind him, the champion goes for a pin!

ONE!

TW... NO!

DDK:

Not even a two count!

Lance:

Are you KIDDING me?!

The Faithful are taken aback as Mushigihara powers out. LaCroix goes to grab the leg again to begin working the knee, but meets the same fate as Mushi shoves Southern Strong Style into the corner with considerable force using his good leg. Matt bounces off the turnbuckle and falls to a knee as Mushi rises from the canvas once again. An impressive feat, but the damage done causes the God-Beast to hesitate in the same spot as before in a kneeling position, and LaCroix fires out of the corner trying to capitalize once again!

DDK:

He's going for Destruction In Spades a second time!

Lance:

He missed him?

LaCroix bails on the Shining Wizard halfway through and instead appears to leap over the King of Monsters, not breaking stride as he fires into the opposite corner. There, he hits an unsuspecting Arthur Pleasant up on the apron who the crowd hardly noticed until exactly this moment. The Orleans Outsider drills him with a hard elbow that sends him flying off the apron and into the barricade outside of the ring to a roar from the Faithful. Taking a single step onto the apron, LaCroix shares some words with the Provocateur silenced by the cheers of the Faithful.

DDK:

I knew Arthur Pleasant wasn't going to be able to keep his nose out of this match!

Lance:

He's a sick, sick man Darren!

Turning around and getting back into the ring, LaCroix is picked up by Mushigihara who goes to slam him down with a uranage, but Matt grabs the head of the King of Monsters and wraps his legs around the behemoth's torso and locks him into a guillotine! The Faithful roar as Mushi falls to his knee. Hector is quick to jump in, checking the consciousness and legality of the hold. The God-Beast appears to be fading when suddenly a spark, followed by a scream, sends both men down to the canvas.

DDK:

It's Arthur Pleasant with that shock stick again! He just laid out Matt LaCroix! Right in the middle of the ring!

Lance:

I think that shock went through both of them, Darren!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of this match via disqualification... and STILL... FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION... Matt...
LaaaaaaaaCroooooooooooooiiiiix!!

Once Arthur chases Hector Navarro out of the ring with Mr. Zappenstein, he turns his attention towards the still convulsing LaCroix. Pulling a microphone out from his waistband, he speaks.

Arthur Pleasant:

Playing with you has been fun, Matthew. VERY fun. But unfortunately for you? The time for fun and games are over. You see, I accepted your little challenge earlier after you wasted Trashcan Tim like the no good, dirty, rotten villain everyone knows you REALLY are... but you and the rest of these IDIOTS didn't let me-

"PLEASE SHUT UP!"

"PLEASE SHUT UP!"

"PLEASE SHUT UP!"

"PLEASE SHUT UP!"

Arthur Pleasant:

-finish. So yes, I WILL face you at DEFCON, Matthew. But it won't be in just any ole match. No, good sir! You see, we've been coming at each other from all sides. Left, right, back, and front. Flanking each other time and time again when we each least expect it. Well, that has grown very, very tiresome.

DDK:

What's he talking about here?

Lance:

I don't know, but, something tells me it's going to be a Hardcore match.

DDK:

Oh. God. No.

The Provocateur twirls Mr. Zappenstein and smashes the end of it across LaCroix's back. He doesn't shock him, though. Instead, he opts to punish him by wailing on him with five or six stiff shots of Mr. Zappenstein.

Finally stopping, Arthur composes himself. Looking down, his hair falls towards the mat, hiding half of his face. Half of a grin can be seen projected to the DEFIatron.

Arthur Pleasant:

You see, Matthew... that trinket you hold so dear? The one I have single-handedly MADE you successfully retain ever since I won it for you? I think it's time to come to its rightful owner. It beckons my shoulder to lean on, Matthew. To eagerly tell me the horror stories it has after being held prisoner by a sorry ass lesser-than. And at DEFCON, I'm going to heed its call.

He kneels down beside LaCroix as security begins to empty out from the back.

Arthur Pleasant:

I'm going to heed its call... and climb UP to retrieve my prized possession.

“HOLY SHIT!”

“HOLY SHIT!”

“HOLY SHIT!”

“HOLY SHIT!”

The scene fades to a commercial from the profane chants of the Faithful after witnessing a “shocking” set of events.

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT



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

A CRAYON BOX OF MEMORIES

♪Return of the Mad Prince - {Kefka Symphonic Metal Version - Falkkone}♪

Jestal dressed in a more vibrant attire this time around. His typical clown makeup on his face once more. With baggy red jeans with expressions painted all over it with black boots, suspenders with giant Jester smile buttons on each one of the suspenders. A neon green wife beater. Clucky in his right hand, and a red silk beret hat on.

DDK:

Well, here comes Jestal. He looks like he got his smile back two weeks ago when Jack Mace and Tom Morrow found Clucky. Jestal's infamous loaded rubber chicken.

Jestal struts down the ramp, all smiles.

Lance:

Well, we have two directors chairs in the ring right now. So we have no idea what all this is about.

Jestal slides in the ring, still with a bit of a mixed reaction. His music is cut by the voice of Tom Morrow which quickly brings the jeers and Jestal's expression turns stoic just hearing Tom's voice. Tom and Jack stand at the entranceway

Tom Morrow:

Jestal, Jestal, Jestal... how are you, my friend?

Jestal stares at the two chairs in the ring before acknowledging Tom.

Tom Morrow:

Look... we've been through the wringer a bit. I've had a lot on my plate between "keeping Scott Stevens and Oscar Burns beneath my thumb" and "dealing with petty little squabbles of former employers who can't let go of the past" but I want you to know, Jestal... that Better Future Talent Agency is here for you.

Jestal looks behind the chairs. The D is scratched out and Jestal is written over the top of his name. On the other chair, Klein is crossed out and Clucky is written over the top of Klein's name. Jestal raises an eyebrow at Tom, obviously curious just what all this is about.

Tom Morrow:

We put together a little something to show you what you mean. See...

He pats Jack Mace on the arm.

Tom Morrow:

Jack here has had his eye on you for a little while now. A long time ago, I know that the ToyBox and the WrestleFriends did battle over the DEFIANCE Tag Team Titles, but Mace knows what you're going through... he KNOWS what it's like to also be the backbone of your former teams and alliances. You can only give and give and give so much... but if your teammates don't reciprocate or they move on without you, there's only so much you can take. Jack Mace did the same for Oscar Burns, sitting in BRAZEN for over a year. This man shed fifty pounds! He replaced it with MUSCLE. But Burns never once reached out. But he CHOKED HIM OUT two weeks ago in the biggest win of his singles career and exorcized that demon once and for all!

Mace smiles as the Faithful JEER. Morrow turns to the DEFIatron.

Tom Morrow:

...And you can do the same. Watch what we've put together in tribute to you, Jestal!

Jestal decides to humor Tom and sits in the chair placing Clucky in Klein's chair. Tom then points to the Defiatron. The Wrestleplex goes dark and the Defiatron displays...

5
4
3
2
1

Action

*♪Happy Together by The Turtles♪
Plays in the background while a video tribute begins.*

♪Imagine me and you, I do

I think about you day and night, it's only right

To think about the girl you love and hold her tight

So happy together♪

Jestal's rubber chicken Clucky sitting on top of Michael Byrd who is unconscious on the ground...

Jestal laughs next to Clucky watching the tribute.

♪If I should call you up, invest a dime

And you say you belong to me and ease my mind

Imagine how the world could be, so very fine

So happy together

Instrumental for a few seconds♪

Voice overs

Jestal:

Clucky!

Jestal bumps into Hightower, who looks down at the clown with a cold stare.

Jestal:

Oh thank god listen Moses, have you seen Clucky he is about...

He puts his hand about a foot from the ground

Jestal:

..this high...

He partially spreads his hands to the side.

Jestal:

..about that wide..

Hightower continues to stare at the clown. Jestal puts his hand over his chin for a moment in deep thought before responding.

Jestal:

You're a police officer right Moses?

Hightower raises his eyebrow at that awkward question.

Jestal:

Come on get Mahony, and Tackleberry to help you I am reporting a missing person here.

Hightower does not look amused at the words coming from the clown. Jestal extends his hand and waves it above his head in the direction of Hightower's face.

Jestal:

Hello, don't you think you should get a pad and paper out and write my description down?

Hightower slowly crosses his arms still with that cold stare toward the clown, who thinks he is someone from a movie.

Jestal:

Nothing...huh?

Jestal reaches in his jacket and pulls out a picture of Clucky and shows it to Hightower. Inside the ring, Jestal taps Clucky and points at the monitor.

Jestal:

This is Clucky, you need to put an apb or whatever your cop talk is.

Hightower takes the photo and looks at it, the jester seems happy.

Jestal:

That's right, get a good look, I came into the Wrestlezone tonight and he was in my locker room. My guts were bothering me all day so when I went to the bathroom....

He nudges Hightower with his elbow for a moment.

Jestal:

Boy, I hate to be Ron Hall when he sees I clogged the toilet up.

The clown laughs hysterically, Hightower clearly is not amused.

Jestal:

Tough crowd...anyway when I came back he was go...

Hightower quickly stops the clown story when he crumbles up the picture of Clucky and drops it to the floor.

Jestal:

Hey! How are you supposed to describe him to your cop buddies?

Jestal reaches down and picks up the crumbled-up picture of Clucky.

♪I can't see me lovin' nobody but you

For all my life

When you're with me, baby the skies'll be blue

For all my life

Me and you and you and me

No matter how they toss the dice, it had to be

The only one for me is you, and you for me

So happy together~♪

Duke Dibbins looks to be laid out. Jestal's rubber chicken Clucky sits on top of Duke Dibbins. Inside the ring, Jestal laughs at Clucky on top of Duke.

~♪I can't see me lovin' nobody but you

For all my life

When you're with me, baby the skies'll be blue

For all my life

Me and you and you and me

No matter how they toss the dice, it had to be

The only one for me is you, and you for me

So happy together~♪

Luke Dibbins looks to be laid out. Jestal's rubber chicken Clucky sits on top of Luke Dibbins. Inside the ring somehow Jestal has a bag of popcorn, popping kernels in his mouth with a mini bucket for Clucky.

~♪Ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba-ba

Ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba-ba

Me and you and you and me

No matter how they toss the dice, it had to be

The only one for me is you, and you for me

So happy together~♪

The Toybox defeat The Fuse Bros(c) flashes on the screen
Jestal is heavily invested in watching the moment Clucky and he became World Tag Team Champions.

Tyler, however, does turn around!

THUMP.

Jestal clocks Tyler with Clucky! Tyler drops quickly from the blow!

The Toybox raises the World Tag Team Championships to The Faithful.

Voice over

DDK:

Wait a minute! What the hell is in that chicken!?

Angus:

YES. YES!!!!!! YESSSSSSSS!!!! Whatever is inside Clucky, Tyler Fuse is out cold!

♪So happy together

How is the weather

So happy together

We're happy together

So happy together

Happy together♪

Ryan Batts def Jestal flashes on the screen.

Jack has a smile from the entranceway watching the next scene of the tribute.

Batts tries to apologize to Dandelion, Dani looks over at WynLyn behind Batts. Without wasted time she low blows Batts. Jestal slides in and slams Clucky across the back of Ryan's head, dropping the WrestleFriend to the mat in a heap.

Inside the ring, Jestal has fallen off his chair laughing so hard, at the man he called Oscar Burns bagman.

♪So happy together

So happy together (ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba-ba)♪

Toybox(c) def Wrestlefriends flashes on the screen.

Batts is back to his feet stalking Jestal....

WHACK!

Dandelion clobbers Batts in the bad knee with Clucky!

Jestal sits back in his chair and fist bumps Clucky knocking him out of the chair. He quickly puts him back in the chair. The lights come back on as A picture of Jestal and Clucky side by side both with sunglasses on finishes off the tribute. Inside the ring Jestal has a tear rolling down his cheek.

DDK:

Clucky sure got around in this business. What was all this about though, this shit stain is now making his way to the ring with his dingleberries following him.

Lance:

He has been trying for months to recruit Jestal. He got Clucky back for him, and it still did not seal the deal. Could he be trying one more time?

Tom Morrow:

Think about it, Jestal. Dandelion loves you, I'm sure. I know she means the world to you, but she's moving on with her life. You were the BACKBONE of the ToyBox! YOU were the funny one! You were the Jim Carrey to whatever second-rate actor no one remembers in his movies. You were the STAR! Mace knows a thing or two about that also and now look at him! He's not just A Damn Fine Pro Wrestler... I helped him become DEFIANCE's TOP technical wrestler! So what do you say, Jestal... let us help you turn that frown...

DDK:

Oh lord, don't say it...

Tom Morrow:

Upside down!

He holds his hand out, The Faithful continue to chant NO.NO.NO. Jestal looks out into the Faithful and then back at Tom and his "Band of Misfits."

Lance:

Is he going to finally join them?

Jestal looks as though he is going to take his hand but exits the ring. Tom seems aggravated and not very happy with Jack Mace. Mace shrugs and decides that he's gonna cut his losses... Jestal is getting a standing ovation from The Faithful as he walks up the ramp. He stops midway up, he looks at Clucky.

DDK:

This clown has serious mental issues, he is now talking to Clucky, an inanimate object.

Clucky looks in the ring then back at Jestal. Soon after Jestal looks back at Tom and crew. Ken gets Tom's attention. Tom is not too thrilled with Ken interrupting him running Jack down. He points to Jestal and Clucky. The Faithful are quickly changing their tune and back to a NO chant. Jestal slides in the ring. Tom once again offers his hand. Jestal looks down at it than Tom.

DDK:

Jestal is hugging Tom Morrow! No, is he joining Better Future?

The Faithful quickly turn sour, Jestal releases his hug from a joyful Morrow and gladly shakes his hand. Tom jumps back shaking his hand. Jestal shows his joy buzzer with a huge smile. Mace lets out a hearty laugh and then pats Jestal on the back.

Tom Morrow:

Ladies and gentleman... "THE MAD PRINCE" JESTAL!

Mace takes the microphone.

Jack Mace:

Welcome to the team, mate! Let's show these right twats what we can REALLY do!

Jestal smirks toward Mace with an expression of delight.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND



Subscribe to DEFonDEMAND today! DEFY CABLE!

CAYLE MURRAY vs. JAY HARVEY

DDK:

Well, guys, our next match has a little extra spice to it tonight.

Lance:

On so many levels. Not only is it a member of 24K against a man who categorically cannot *stand* 24K, but there's also the small matter of Cayle Murray pinning Jay Harvey in last week's tag team match.

DDK:

And the looming specter of Kendrix, who is yet to issue a response to Harvey's DEFCON challenge.

Lance:

... *and* the Lindsay Troy situation. It was a brutal, bloody assault when Murray laid her out in the parking lot earlier this evening, throwing her head through a car window and leaving her for dead. We are yet to receive a proper medical update tonight, but you've got to imagine her and Cayle's own DEFCON match is now in jeopardy.

DDK:

I don't see how it *couldn't* be, Lance. In any case, let's get this thing going. I'm sure the Faithful are going to be pretty partisan for this one!

♪ "I'm Better Than Everybody" by Lakutis ♪

Synths that would feel otherworldly if not for the horrendous "rapping" over the top blare out the speakers with a generic snare-led beat in the background. Puffs of gold confetti shoot up from the edge of the stage as a fall of perfect white sparks falls from the tron, with Cayle Murray standing in the middle of it all. His ring attire is pure color vomit, with a deliberately obnoxious pattern of gold, green, and pink across his tights - and you know he's wearing a custom-made 24K jacket.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall!! Making his way to the ring from the Geo City, he weighs in at 220lbs, this is 'THE MOST DEFIANT'... CAYLE MURRAY!

Swigging from a bottle of water, Cayle talks mad shit to a bunch of goobers in the crowd as he saunters down. He eventually rolls under the bottom rope and immediately taps the part of his wrist where a watch would be, mouthing for Jay Harvey to "get a bloody move on."

DDK:

Cayle looks even more full of himself than usual tonight. He knows he has put Lindsay Troy in a hospital bed somewhere, having spent the bulk of the past two months desperately trying to avoid physical confrontations with her.

Lance:

Fair physical confrontations. But I don't know how much that matters tonight. Harvey is a formidable foe for anyone in DEFIANCE, and you know he'll be desperate to get one back on Cayle after the pin two weeks ago.

♪ *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:

This is the second time these two are going head to head in a DEFIANCE ring, Lance. The first time was two or three years ago for the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Both men were on different paths back then. The constant... always bitter rivals.

Darren Quimbey:

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

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. Harvey turns to get into the ring and Cayle Murray needs to be backed away by Referee Brian Slater.

DDK:

Two of the top competitors in the entire world are set to face off. This is a dream matchup in my opinion.

Lance:

This match could headline any Pay Per View in any promotion. We get the pleasure of seeing and calling this one though! Harvey earlier tonight put out a challenge for JFK for DEFCON. Like Jamie said, we are essentially playing the waiting game.

DDK:

Kendrix wants no part of Jay Harvey.

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

Lance:

You can feel the excitement taking over this crowd, Darren!

DDK:

Murray is ready... Harvey is ready... This crowd is ready. Let's do this!

DING DING

Bell sounds and the competitors are off! The two circle around each other and the building is electric! This is a big-time match that's worthy of a Pay Per View buy! Anyway, the two continue to circle each other before meeting in a Collar and Elbow Tie Up.

Murray is able to get the early advantage by twisting his opponent's arm and taking control of the wrist. Murray has Jay Harvey in a Standing Wristlock. Murray is torquing that wrist and arm of "The Natural One". Harvey looks to be in pain but not for long. Harvey himself is able to switch the roles and execute a Standing Wristlock of his own.

Harvey gets in close to his opponent, putting maximum tension on the wrist and shoulder. In the blink of an eye he is able to sweep Murray's leg and in one smooth motion drop the two to the canvas as the "Starkbreaker's" head slams down hard.

DDK:

Cayle Murray on the wrong side of that maneuver!

Lance:

That was a sickening thud as the back of his head hit the mat!

Harvey is keeping the pace moving and the offense flowing. He makes his way over to his opponent and locks in a Seated Armbar. Cayle slaps at his shoulder, trying to relieve some pain. Harvey is all business, not letting up on the hold. Cayle Murray is struggling to get free but Harvey keeps the pressure on.

Murray is able to move his body around, alleviating some of the tension and getting to his knees. Harvey maintains the hold but Murray is able to get his free hand on the middle rope, forcing a break. Harvey keeps the hold on though causing Referee Brian Slater to give him a Five Count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Jay Harvey lets go and backs away from his opponent. The two DEFIANTS share some heated words that thank God no microphone was able to catch. Harvey beckons for Murray to get back to his feet. Harvey gives him even more space and finally, Murray ascends.

The two once again circle the ring. Once again they meet in a Collar and Elbow Tie Up. This time Harvey gets the best of the hold and forces Murray into the nearby corner. Harvey keeps the hold on as Referee Brian Slater gets in the picture and tells Harvey to break the hold.

ONE!

TWO!

Harvey releases and slowly backs away from his opponent. Cayle shoots his mouth and Harvey without hesitation slaps the taste out of Murray's mouth! The fans go wild and so does the former FIST of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Cayle Murray did not like that one bit!

DDK:

I don't think anyone would! Cayle Murray going for a takedown...

Lance:

Looks like Harvey has a Guillotine Choke on as the two take things to the mat.

Indeed. Murray's head is trapped but the Scot doesn't panic. Cayle tries to escape but Harvey just will not let go. Cayle Murray must have grease in his hair because he just slipped out of Harvey's clutches! Harvey is on his back and this allows Murray the time to hit the ropes and come back for the PK!

MURRAY MISSES! Harvey drops down to the mat Murray's leg swings right over and hits nothing but air! Murray stumbles around, shocked that he didn't connect! Harvey jolts to his feet and lands a Basement Dropkick to Murray's knee! Cayle hits the mat and Harvey is back on the attack!

DDK:

Harvey's gonna end this! Tillinghast Driver!

Lance:

Cayle Murray slithers away!

Harvey shows his frustration on the inside as Cayle is thanking his lucky stars on the outside. The fans along ringside show their displeasure if not absolute hatred of their former hero. Harvey makes his way over toward Murray and Brian Slater gets in his way before reaching the ropes.

Cayle Murray being the opportunist he is, gets on the ring apron. Harvey zigs while Slater zags and Harvey gets

greeted with a kick from Murray right to the face! Murray has his opening and the “pro’s pro” takes it. A barrage of strikes from the “Starbreaker” upon his re-entry to the ring.

Harvey tries his best to cover up but Murray isn’t letting up! Murray gets Harvey to his feet and twists his arm around and sends him down hard to the canvas with a Short Arm Clothesline! Harvey tries to get back to his feet despite the wobble legs but Cayle is two steps ahead of him!

Murray executes a Standing Wristlock of his own, then sweeps Harvey’s legs similarly to what Harvey did to him earlier in the match. Harvey is rocked from the impact but gets back to his feet. Murray then sends Harvey down to the canvas with a Dragon Screw Leg Whip!

DDK:

Cayle Murray showing why he was one of the most prolific champions in DEFIANCE history!

Lance:

Murray still on the attack!

BOOM!

Cayle just throws Harvey’s arm down on the mat! Cayle keeps things going and leaps into the air dropping a hard knee right onto Harvey’s face! Harvey rolls away and looks to be in pain! Murray isn’t satisfied and once again gets Harvey to his feet. Murray is able to muscle Harvey up and across his shoulders in a Fireman’s Carry position.

Murray is close to the ropes and hits a Stun Gunesque maneuver, dropping Harvey neck first across the top rope! Harvey holds at his throat and is fighting for air! The crowd boos as one and Murray is quick to flip them the so-called “bird”.

Cayle is in complete control at this point. He has a wicked smile on his face as he bounces off the ropes and comes back at Harvey with a vicious-looking and sounding kick! Murray once again bounces off the ropes but this time sends a Dropkick to Harvey’s left cheek! Cayle goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Harvey is just able to kick out! Cayle is on him like white on a paper plate and rolls the two around and once again has Harvey’s shoulders on the mat!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-KICKOUT!

The crowd is on their feet!

DDK:

Smart strategy by Cayle Murray. Trying to make Harvey empty the tank on all these pin attempts.

Lance:

A lot of energy to kick out. It’s taxing on the body, Darren.

Murray looks to be loving toying with his opponent. He once again gets Harvey to his feet. Harvey is Irish Whipped

across the ring. Murray is going for a Spinebust- HARVEY WITH THE DDT! The crowd is going ape shit!

Murray is down and Harvey is crawling over! Harvey can't hook the legs but he has Murray covered!

ONE!

TWO!

CAYLE MURRAY GOT HIS SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

This is a fierce back-and-forth encounter! Harvey just broke a prolonged period of control from Cayle, but can he capitalize?

Lance:

That has been a problem for Harvey throughout the back end of this match. Cayle is such a stifling wrestler but hasn't been able to utilize any of his frustration tactics here, perhaps knowing that Harvey is too wise for them.

Jay attempts to get up and bring Murray with him, but Cayle is fresher despite the DDT. He slugs Harvey in the gut a couple of times then rises, pushes two fingers into his eyeballs, and backing him against the ropes. Brian Slater is on this straight away, forcing Cayle to back off, and Murray raises his hands innocently. When Jay shakes the half-blindness off and rushes across the ring, Cayle quickly flips out over the top rope and drops to the floor, grinning. Murray grabs a nearby bottle of water and unscrews the top, taking a swig.

Harvey follows Murray out! He slides under the bottom rope and dashes right at the Scot, looking to clobber him, but Cayle sets the perfect trap and spits the mouthful of water right in his face, before grabbing Harvey by the shoulder and launching him into the steel steps!

DDK:

Well, there are those tactics. Jay went shoulder-first into those steps... and now Cayle is going back after the arm again!

Indeed, Cayle whips the arm down against the steel then climbs the steps and stomps down on the limb a couple of times. Harvey roars in pain before Murray boots him to the ground, treating him with the same level of regard he would a mosquito, before climbing inside. Brian Slater begins the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Lance:

These fans are on their feet for Jay Harvey, willing him back into action!

FOUR!

Jay is getting to his feet now. Murray is in the middle of the ring, faking a yawn as if he is bored of waiting.

FIVE!

SIX!

Clutching his hurting arm, Harvey catches an earful of the insults Murray is throwing at him.

SEVEN!

And slides back under the bottom rope!

Lance:

Here we go!

The Natural One struggles to rise through the barrage of stomps that meets him when he gets in, but finds the fire within! He lays into Murray with some shots from his good arm, popping the crowd! Murray blocks then lands a kick to the arm hanging down by Harvey's side, before slapping him in a tight headlock and walking Jay over to the corner. Once there, Murray drapes Jay's arm over the top rope and ties it around the back of the turnbuckle hook.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Murray breaks before five. He throws Harvey to the mat, runs the ropes, and comes back with the Starbreaker knee!

DDK:

HUGE boos for that one! Listen to The Faithful!

Lance:

That's what happens when you shamelessly pilfer a move from Eric Dane!

Cayle hits the top rope quickly and goes for his trademark low-arcing Moonsault...

MISSED!

DDK:

Harvey rolled out of the way!

Still holding his arm down by his side, Harvey runs the ropes and comes back with a basement dropkick to Cayle's head while Murray is on all fours! Cayle falls onto his back but Harvey pulls him up, sets him in the corner. Jay sees a mosquito on his leg and slaps it as he blasts Cayle with a Superkick!

Lance:

Pop goes Cayle's head! What a flurry from Harvey!

Knocked loopy, Cayle comes stumbling out of the corner... right into another Superkick! Murray falls to the mat so Jay makes the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

This is nuts! Jay Harvey's arm might be hurt but he's digging deep, finding that fire!

Lance:

He's emptying the tank! But how does he finish this? That arm is going to make the Tillinghast Driver real difficult!

He doesn't go for the Double Underhook Piledriver, though. Instead, Jay backs off, letting the groggy Cayle rise of his own volition.

DDK:

He's setting him up for the Wake Up Call!

Lance:

Of course!

DDK:

This is it! If he hits this, Cayle is done...

Murray is on his feet but looks like he doesn't know where he is. Harvey powers forward...

Lance:

Here it co--

... but out of *NOWHERE* something full-on tackles Murray out of the way! Harvey goes flying knee-first towards the ropes.

DDK:

It's Kendrix! Where the hell did Kendrix come from!

Lance:

JFK just saved his partner from certain defeat! And he didn't hit Harvey, so Slater can't even call for a DQ!

The Englishman isn't dumb. After checking Cayle is okay, he retreats outside the ring, blowing a kiss at Harvey who looks taken aback!

DDK:

Get him out of here!

Slater roars at Kendrix to get to the back...

Lance:

WAIT!

... as Cayle Murray rolls Harvey up with The Incredibly Painful & Extremely Powerful Flaming Death From Outer Space... OF DOOM!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The Winner of this match...

CRACK!

DDK:

COWARD! KENDRIX WITH A BRUTAL CHAIR SHOT TO HARVEY'S SKULL!

Lance:

A sickening thud, Harvey given no time to react to what just went down, and in a blink of an eye he's out cold.

Kendrix checks on Cayle and the two interact inaudibly. As Jesse grabs a mic from ring-side Cayle hooks Harvey's arms and lifts him up to his knees. Slater tries to remonstrate with both men to leave.

DDK:

Harvey can't even stand up.

THUD!**DING DING DING DING DING****Lance:**

Oh c'mon! Kendrix just smashed the mic against Slater's head.

DDK:

And Cayle is just laughing, these two are assholes.

Bending over, Jesse slaps Harvey across the face in an effort to wake him up. The Natural One begins to stir but he's still not quite with us as Jesse holds his head up with his hand under his chin.

Kendrix:

Wake up Jay, c'mon now. Sleeping on the job isn't very professional.

Letting his chin go, Harvey's head drops back down which results in more chuckles from Cayle and a wry smile from Jesse as he looks out at the baying crowd with a simple shake of the head...and then something switches in that head of his as he drops to his own knees grabs at Harvey's head and begins to slap even harder, over and over across the side of Jay's cheek.

DDK:

Goddammit, what's wrong with this guy.

Lance:

To be fair it seems to be working, Harvey's eyes are open.

Harvey is seething and lunges for Kendrix, trying to connect with a Headbutt as soon as he sees him but Jesse reacts just in time to avoid it as Harvey is restrained once again in the tight hold by Cayle. Satisfied, Jesse gets up to one knee right in front of Harvey.

Kendrix:

WHAT MOXEY, LANCE! WHAT GREAT MOXEY! I gotta give it to Keeps and the rest of these idiots watching right now...Jay, they're right. You do have great moxey...whatever that is. I do admire your ability to just keep coming and coming.

Harvey is seething as he tries to break free of Cayle's hold but it's no use.

Kendrix:

Instead of joining us, you keep coming for 24K. You came for Mikey, you've gone for Cayle this evening and earlier tonight you challenged me to a match at DEFCON.

Kendrix chuckles as he looks around the crowd. He again turns his attention to Harvey.

Kendrix:

So listen, yeah?! You've got it.

DDK:

It's on at DEFCON! HARVEY AND KENDRIX SETTLE THIS!

Kendrix:

At DEFCON, your moxie is going to run dry after you fall to THE JESSE FREDERICKS KENDRIX!

THUD!**Lance:**

Oof, mic to the jaw of Harvey, and looks like they're not done. BELL-END!

DDK:

Cayle Murray just threw Harvey straight into JFK's vicious jumping double knee jawbreaker. THAT'S ENOUGH!

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The time keeper's bell rings on once more as medics check on both Slater and Harvey. Kendrix and Cayle finally make their way out of the ring and walk back up the ramp, arms slung over one another's shoulders, as the Faithful boo the 24Kers. They point and mock Harvey in the ring, pleased with themselves that Cayle was able to steal a win and JFK accepted "The Natural One's" DEFCON challenge on his own terms.

DDK:

I've said it before and I'll say it again: I'm getting really, really tired of seeing 24K come out ahead week after week. Something's got to give.

Lance:

I'm with you, Darren. And once we get to DEFCON, we can only hope Jay Harvey is the one to get the ball rolling.

JFKayle hit the top of the entrance ramp and take a second to stop and bow, their dickbaggery at an all-time high. As soon as they turn to head through the curtain, they're greeted by a brutal double clothesline, courtesy of a banged-up, bandaged, but unbroken Lindsay Troy!

The Faithful go wild as the Queen of the Ring hauls Kendrix to his feet and dispatches him down the entrance ramp, sending him ass over tea kettle and out of her way. She then turns her attention to Cayle, who is getting his bearings. When he realizes who hit him, he looks shell-shocked that Troy isn't in a coma in Tulane Medical Center's ICU.

DDK:

Cayle Murray thought he could put Lindsay Troy out earlier, after months of backhanded comments and ducking her wrath, but there's nowhere for him to go now!

Lance:

And Troy is right back on the attack!

Cayle starts mouthing off, mocking the cuts on LT's face and her bandaged head, but the Queen delivers a stiff kick to his jaw that shuts up the cocky miscreant. She drags him vertical, rocks him with stiff knees while in a Muay Thai clinch, then connects with a head kick that sends Murray flying off the stage!

Lance:

Look out!

The Faithful jump to their feet with a collective OHHHH! as Cayle crash-lands through a table of electrical equipment. Lindsay Troy looks down at the carnage and smiles, satisfied.

DDK:

The High Queen DEFIANT just sent a message of her own to the Starbreaker!

Lance:

This is going to be a wild one at DEFCON....if CAYLE can even make it now!

We stay on the destruction for a few moments longer before cutting to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON 2021

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

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS PLATFORMS AND PORTALS MATCH

Fuse Bros. One © vs. The Comments Section

**losing team cannot tag anymore in DEFIANCE*

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP

Dex Joy © vs. Scrow

Cayle Murray vs. Lindsay Troy

Tornado Tag

Oscar Burns & Scott Stevens vs. Alvaro de Vargas & Jack Mace

**if Burns/Stevens lose their contracts become the property of Better Future*

THE KABAL vs. DEX JOY & ???

Lance:

Folks we are set for what may be one of the strangest Main Event challenges we've seen in a long time here in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

That's right Lance, at DEFTV 151 - Stalker made it clear to Codename: Guardian that he... and his Kabal, would take on ANY heroes willing to stand by the white masked interloper.

Lance:

Interloper indeed - with the correlation between the recent disturbances of 'bright lights', Stalker is under the belief that this Guardian person has been behind the light games involved with his recent attacks on some of DEFIANCE's top stars. Darren Quimbey is standing in the middle of the ring to kick off this MEGA Main Event!

Camera switches to Quimbey who stands ready in the center of the ring with a microphone in hand.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is the MAIN EVENT and is scheduled for One Fall...

Lights Out.

Lance:

Hello... Hello.. OH our mics are on.. But it seems we lost Quimbey, it's been a while since Stalker has played his own light games.

As Wrestleplex attempts to adjust to the lack of sight, shadows loom closer and into the ring. Cameras flash wildly in an attempt to capture what's going on and after a few moments the house lights flood back on with force.

DDK:

Uh oh.. The.. Kabal.. Are already here.

Stalker stands centralized in the middle of the ring, flanked at both sides by The Kabal, almost in a Flying V shape, they stand unified and motionless with looks of determination on their face.

Stalker: [mic in hand]

Enough of the introductions. This match..

He pauses while staring outwards and up at the DEFIatron.

Stalker:

This challenge that was made to Codename: Guardian and DEFIANCE's heroes - this challenge will be the curtain call for what all of you FAITHFUL think you know about the ones you cheer for. Do you really... REALLY... thi..

STATIC.

The DEFIatron sparks into a static filled white screen, Stalker's mic is abruptly cut off, just as quickly as whatever point he was failing to make. Frustration looms over the leader's face as Jason Reeves tosses the mic out of the ring and stares upwards at the ramp, throwing his arms at either side. The entire Kabal form up behind him and cross their arms waiting for someone to show their face.

Stalker, flanked by Rezin, Victor Vacio, Scrow and Orange Reaper all patiently wait as the static looms on the DEFIatron in a repeated motion.

Lance:

Whatever is playing on the screen is bothering Stalker, and the frustration of Codename: Guardian or anyone showing

up is starting to boil over.

Referee Benny Doyle looks on from the outside as he discusses with the time keeper the stipulations of the match. Suddenly the static on the screen comes to a stop and instead of a grand 'entrance' by the white power ranger hero, Codename: Guardian simply walks out from behind the curtains. The White Kendo stick yielded firmly on his back.

Guardian: [voice modified]

Jason 'Stalker' Reeves... your belief that DEFIANCE's heroes are too scared to rise up against you is a false grandeur that I simply can't divulge in for you anymore. There are many Guardians that not only act on their own but act under the guided hand.

DDK:

The voice modification is very similar to those used by Codename: Reaper, the costume is almost an exact replica but white. It's almost like the 'good' version of what Reapers outta be.

Codename: Guardian pauses at the top of the ramp while Stalker taunts the masked hero to come closer to the ring, Rezin and Vacio seem to be planning 'something' while Scrow and Orange Reaper meditate in opposite corners.

Guardian:

Even if they don't show up tonight, they will continue to show and all of us will fight for the ones we lost and the ones we are attempting to bring back. At DEFCON, you and I will face each other, Stalker.

Jason Reeves immediately acknowledges the White Ranger's challenge with a head shaking yes. The Faithful let out a loud pop at the news of a new match being added to the Pay per view of the YEAR of DEFCON.

Lance:

Did we just get a match challenge and acceptance right here and now!? Before the MAIN EVENT?!? WOW! Stalker vs. Codename: Guardian at DEFCON!

Guardian:

I wasn't finished... Stalker.

The Kabal members all pause when Guardian's statement is finished.

Guardian:

Here's a bit of trickery you'll be familiar with.

Codename: Guardian almost cackles behind the mask's hidden visage as the lights go out.

DDK:

I'm not sure what this can mean, but i'm SUPER stoked to finally see someone take The Kabal up on their own games!

The Faithful let out a mixed reaction of jeers and cheers, but suddenly the DEFIatron lights up, static filled words fill the screen for just a moment 'For Deacon'. It's the only light shining in the arena and it doesn't reveal enough until suddenly, the lights flood back on inside the Wrestleplex.

Lance:

What.. the... is that a.. CASKET?

At the end of the ramp, lined against the ring below Stalker's face is a black closed casket, Codename: Guardian stands at the top of the ramp with the microphone in hand.

Guardian:

You'll be facing me in a match where the loser will get to meet Deacon.

DDK:

YIKES! A CASKET Match folks! Codename: Guardian vs. Stalker at DEFCON in a casket match?!? I'm.. this.. Is too much.

♪ 'Go Big or Go Home' by Chuxx Martin ♪

Dex Joy comes out to a huge pop from The Faithful, the Biggest Boy's smile is enough to project the ENERGY the crowd needed to really get in this moment. The SoHeR champion accepts the microphone from Codename: Guardian.

Dex Joy:

Hey pally ... I hope that you got enough room in there for Scrow cause at DEF-CON not am I walking in as the SO-HER champion! I'm walking *out* as the Last Pally Standing and he's gonna need a place to hang out after!

Scrow slowly opens his eyes to glare toward Dex for a moment.

Guardian takes the mic back from Dex Joy, the two Heroes of DEFIANCE stares daggers at The Kabal, Stalker now has a microphone of his own once again. Stalker is not impressed by the trash talk of Dex Joy and he simply smirks at the two 'Guardians' of DEFIANCE.

Stalker:

This is the BEST you've got..... From ALL of DEFIANCE. You two?

♪ "Holding Out For A Hero " by Bonnie Tyler ♪

Lance:

Is that, Bonnie Tyler? Ummm...

The iconic 80's song that represents everything it means to be a hero continues to blare throughout the Wrestle-Plex. Confusion ripples throughout the crowd, but The Faithful begin to cheer loudly when the beginning of the song kicks in.

Being terribly sung over the "dooodooooo" that comes before the opening lyrics is another word...

"Ballyhooooooooo!"

"Ballyhooooooooo!"

"Ballyhooooooooo!"

The music suddenly stops, and is suddenly replaced by another familiar sound...

All of The Kabal start laughing in the ring and Guardian and Dex Joy look to one another, shrug and then head towards the ring when.

DDK:

What's that...noise..?

Lance:

It can't be...

DDK:

There is nothing else that makes that noise, Lance!

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

The Faithful swell in cheers again as the Ballyhoo Brew themed golf cart comes springing to life out onto the ramp behind Dex Joy 'The Biggest Boy'! He almost gets run over as Brock Newbludd hops out while the vehicle is still in drive. Pat Cassidy is drinking with one hand and steering with the other. Newbludd makes his way over to Dex and flashes him a shit-eating grin.

Brock:

Heard you were holding out for a couple of heroes, big guy.

Cassidy comes up on the other side of Dex, strutting and dancing along to the SNS theme song. He tosses his drink offstage and then points a finger toward the ring at Stalker.

Pat Cassidy:

I friggin' hate that guy so much.

Lance:

I can't believe this! Saturday Night Specials are joining Dex Joy and Codename: Guardian to take on The Kabal! The four unlikely 'heroes' are conversing at the top of the ramp, both Cassidy and Newbludd look like they are having a hard time understanding Codename: Guardian!

Dex Joy shrugs his shoulders and grins as he walks towards the ring, Stalker can't help but glance at the looming black casket on the outside as Dex Joy stops a few feet from it and is soon joined by Codename: Guardian and SNS.

DDK:

Looks like a 5 vs 4 I really wish someone from my rolodex calls had picked up! The Heroes definitely have The Faithful behind them, even with the number difference.

The Kabal are definitely using the numbers game to their advantage, hesitation is on the face of SNS as The Kabal all gang up on the closest corner to the steps to walk up on. Codename: Guardian unseathes their kendo stick as Benny Doyle enters the ring in an attempt to start this 'match'.

♪ "God's Gonna' Cut You Down by Johnny Cash ♪

Lance:

NO WAY! NO WAY!

DDK:

STRAP IN FOLKS!

Lance:

BRONSON BOX HAS ARRRIIIIVED!

As The Faithful rise to their feet, Bronson Box emerges down the rampway. Wasting little time he forms up with Heroes on the outside, there is a brief moment of strategy discussion before a break of the huddle. Sliding into the ring - The Kabal are waiting for the Heroes, standing in a solid line in the center of the ring the two groups form a scene that would only make sense written in a comic book.

DDK:

What a dramatic turn of events folks! The Heroes of DEFIANCE have now all entered the ring and we have a literal STARE DOWN of the century happening in DEFIANCE's ring!

Lance:

It's a stare down before a war it seems! Or at least a declaration of DEFIANCE towards Stalker's 'False Hero' schtick. The unification of random men forming an alliance to shut down the likes of The Kabal.... This... this is a main event!

The Faithful are on their feet, the Wrestleplex is filled with pure electricity as the crowd's cheering gets louder and

louder. In order The Heroes of DEFIANCE vs. The Kabal, the stare down of the century:

Brock Newbludd. Victor Vacio.

Pat Cassidy. Rezin.

Codename: Guardian. Stalker.

Dex Joy. Scrow.

Bronson Box. Orange Reaper.

Like a looming fire waiting to boil over, flames ready to burst out of control, as the five man armies stare at one another. Benny Doyle does his best to yell out the match's, single tag, single pin fall victory conditions. A familiar look of excitement on the face of Bronson Box as he snickers at the masked Orange Reaper. Shouting to both the masked Reaper and Stalker as the camera zooms in to catch the exchange as both teams finally retreat to their respective corners as the behest of the referee.

Lance:

I'm not sure the last time DEFIANCE has seen a proper five on five tag team match, but this one, right here... is out of this world.

Stalker and Codename: Guardian look to start the match off as Benny Doyle signals for the bell.

DING! DING!

The Faithful let out a loud pop as the Main Event of the evening is finally underway, Stalker readies himself, taunting Guardian over to him with his hands. The white masked Hero, in their first ever sanctioned match, stares across the ring at the hardcore legend that is Stalker. Anger and hate paint the Kabal leader's face as Guardian is baiting the time out.

Lance:

Stalker getting frustrated moves forward to strike at Guardian!

Before he can make it across the center of the ring, Guardian reaches out and tags Bronson Box! This causes Stalker to immediately backpedal in place, stop and put his hands up a moment. The Faithful let out a huge pop as Bronson Box enters the ring on behalf of DEFIANCE's heroes.

Bronson Box:

WELL WELL WELL, IF'N IT AIN'T FOOKIN' CAPTAIN HALLOWEEN HIMSELF!

Stalker's eyes meet Bronson Box's as the two men move to face each other in the center of the ring.

DDK:

If you would have told me one year ago when Stalker first showed up here at DEFIANCE that I would ever see him square off against Bronson Box, I would have said you were nuts!

With a raging yell, Stalker unloads a closed right fist to Box! Bronson returns the same thunderous blow back to Stalker, the two exchange left punches as well. This process repeats as the crowd moves up to their feet! Finally, locking up in a grapple, Box gets the early leverage but Stalker hits him with a knee to gut!

Lance:

No hesitation, Stalker whips Bronson Box into the ropes, BOX DUCKS A CLOTHESLINE!

Bronson rebounds off the middle rope, Stalker is too late to recover and Bronson charges and BEHEADS Stalker with

a PENDULUM LARIAT!

DDK:

WOW! Box nearly took Jason Reeves' head off there and the crowd here at Wrestleplex has lost it!

Indeed The Faithful were behind Bronson's brutal head chopping of Stalker, the LEGEND of DEFIANCE was not over yet, quickly picking up Stalker, he manhandles him before screaming and HEADBUTTING The Kabal leader back to the MAT!

Lance:

Stalker is known for his headbutts, but not like Bronson Box! And here's Bronson looking to make the SECOND tag of the night as he drags Stalker over to the Heroes corner!

Almost like a game of 'who's it?' Bronson looks at each of DEFIANCE's current hero squad, snickering at the likes of Saturday Night Specials he reaches for 'The Biggest Boy' Dex Joy, the SoHeR, to be the follow up man to his great early work.

DDK:

We all know the heat between Dex Joy and Scrow. One could only imagine that Dex Joy is none too happy in finding out that Scrow has had ties to The Kabal this entire time and, much like the Deacon situation, Stalker could potentially be the man pulling Scrow's sick strings.

With a thunderous entrance into the ring, Dex Joy has Stalker right where he wants him, slow to his feet Stalker doesn't even realize Joy is in the ring yet, as he turns to a BIG BOOT to the face from the running SoHeR champion!

Lance:

Stalker's face just smacked into the mat and he does not look in good shape in this early going for The Kabal.

Realizing the tide has shifted early, Orange Reaper steps through the ropes, untagged which causes a stir from Benny Doyle and the SNS teammates of Dex Joy. This allows Stalker a moment to recover as he gathers himself on the ropes. Once Orange eyes is convinced to leave the ring, Joy turns his attention back to Stalker who kicks him in the GUT! Hooks him, FRONT FACE RUSSIAN LEGSWEEP!

DDK:

Man! That was out of nowhere, Stalker was barely alive a second ago and the brief distraction was enough for Dex Joy to be caught off guard! Stalker dives forward towards his corner and tags in Vacio!

Victor Vacio steps through the ropes and charges quickly over to Dex Joy, hitting the man with a running low knee chop. Joy hits the mat hard and Vacio, rebounds into the ropes, comes back and KNEE LIFT!

Lance:

OUCH! Joy flew backwards from that quick moving hit from Vacio! And Scrow is absolutely loving this beat down of Joy in front of him!

The Faithful attempts to stir Joy back into the fight and they succeed as he reverses an Irish whip attempt and manages to make a saving tag out to Codename: Guardian! Vacio follows suit and tags in Orange Reaper!

DDK:

Well.. this should be interesting!

Orange Reaper charges like a rocket launched out of a cannon at Guardian, who splits in the corner to avoid the running attack! Reaper is caught off guard by the gymnastics capability and is stunned from a spinning uppercut from the white masked hero!

Lance:

Reaper is stunned backwards from that street fighter style rising uppercut! Guardian is hopping already onto the top turnbuckle!

In the friendly corner, the heroes of Pat Cassidy, Bronson Box, Dex Joy and Brock Newbludd all watch in awe as the White Ranger launches themselves up onto the top turnbuckle, then fly through the air with a one legged high velocity Missile Drop Kick! Orange Reaper's masked suit does nothing to help absorb the blow!

DDK:

Guardian hooks Reaper's leg!

1...

2...

Scrow charges into the ring and breaks the count then knocks Dex off the apron and starts fighting every member of the Guardians team. Dex slides in the ring and is behind him. The Faithful jump to their feet, as Scrow is so caught up with fighting the heroes he hasn't realized Dex is right behind him. Dex spins him around and The Faithful jump to their feet!

Lance:

Scrow saved the Orange, it looks like we are going to get a taste of DEFCON right here and now!

Benny is trying to get the two illegal men out of the ring, but good luck! The fists begin to fly and it's an all out war between the challenger to the SOHER and the SOHER. Scrow drives Dex back to his corner with a few stiff shots, but before The Kabal can get a few cheap shots in, Dex knocks Scrow down. Then knocks each member down and off the apron. Scrow spears Dex through the ropes to the floor.

DDK:

Scrow and Dex have completely forgotten about this match. Scrow has allowed Orange to recover though.

While the action resumes in the ring. Dex and Scrow are fighting up the ramp. They finally reach the top, and Scrow hits a swift crescent kick stunning Dex. Scrow stares out into The Faithful disgusted. As he turns around...

DDK:

MIDNIGHT RUNNER!!

Lance:

Scrow flies off the stage and into a bunch of tables! Good GOD!

The Faithful:

HOLY SHIT!! HOLY SHIT!! HOLY SHIT!!

DDK:

Dex is trying to get his breath back. Scrow looks like a homicide victim in that table debris.

Dex has his hands on his knees, as DEFMED rush the scene...Meanwhile back in the ring...

DDK:

Guardian tags in Pat Cassidy! Who has been eager to see action all match!

Cassidy bounds into the ring, knocking Orange Reaper on his ass with a stiff right hand! Reaper back up... another right hand sends him back down. Cassidy sends The Reaper off the ropes, and Orange Reaper rebounds right into a Black Out back elbow! Cassidy fires up The Faithful as he lifts Orange Reaper over his shoulders for an Alabama Slam, but the quick masked man is able to slip down Pat's back and quickly scurry into The Kabal's corner to tag Rezin's outstretched hand!

DDK:

And now we've got Pat Cassidy of The Saturday Night Specials in there with The Goat Bastard! This match is fast and furious! Hell of a main event!

The Escape Artist and The Scrapper from Southie circle each other as the crowd's anticipation begins to build. Suddenly, Cassidy throws up a "time out" signal, causing Rezin to stop in his tracks. As Rezin eyes Pat with suspicion, Cassidy points a finger out into The Faithful and spins in a circle, engaging the entire capacity crowd in the DEFarena. Once he sees all the people are with him, Cassidy points to Rezin and the response is automatic.

BOOOOOO!

Rezin throws up his arms in frustration.

Rezin:

Oh, so THAT'S how it's gonna be!? Damb normies...

Grinning, Cassidy then turns his finger and points to himself. The fans break out in cheers as Rezin grows even more indignant. Cassidy points back to Rezin.

BOOOO!

Back to himself.

YAAAAAY!

Back to Rezin.

BOOOOOO!

Himself.

YAAAAAY!

Rezin is covering his ears and snarling at the response of the fans and finally he's had enough. He charges at Cassidy with a roundhouse kick, but Pat swiftly ducks the blow. Moving quickly, Cassidy hooks Rezin and drops him with a big Pumphandle Drop Slam! Instead of going for a cover, Cassidy grins as he casually leans back into the nearby ropes... and tags in his partner, Brock Newbludd!

The people are on their feet as Newbludd climbs to the top rope and slaps his elbow...

Brock Newbludd and The Faithful:

BALLYHOOOOOO!!!

Newbludd soars off the tops and hits a picture perfect elbow drop right into The Goat Bastard's heart! Brock covers.

1...

2...

NO! Victor Vacio makes the save, kicking Newbludd and breaking up the count before exiting the ring. Brock stares daggers at Victor Vacio following that run in, but nevertheless focuses on the task as pulls Rezin up by the waist...

DDK:

Newbludd looking for the GERMAN SUPLEX--NO!! Rezin FLIPS THROUGH!

Except Rezin loses his balance upon landing and awkwardly backpedals to his corner, just barely making the tag to Vacio before tumbling through the ropes and crashing into the ringside area.

Lance:

Gotta give credit where credit's due. Rezin showed off some great ring awareness by being able to make the tag as he unceremoniously exited the ring.

DDK:

Speaking of awareness, Newbludd didn't see the tag and here comes Vacio!

Racing across the ring, Vacio nails Brock in the stomach with a sharp kick, doubling over The Innovator. Victor wastes no time in planting his opponent into the mat with a SNAP DDT!

Rolling Brock onto his back, Vacio goes for a cover.

1...

2...

Newbludd with a shoulder up!

Not too pleased with the quickness of Brock's kickout, Vacio yanks Brock back up to his feet and fires him into a neutral corner with an irish whip. Running in at full speed, Vacio smashes a forearm into Brock's face and starts to unload on him with rapid fire punches.

DDK:

Vacio has Newbludd trapped in the corner and he's relentless with those strikes!

Landing another hard forearm to the side of Brock's head, Victor takes a step back and slaps the ever living shit out of Newbludd, drawing the ire of The Faithful. Vacio's disrespect suddenly backfires on him when the wild-eyed Newbludd reaches out and grabs the side of Victor's head with both hands. Stepping out of the corner, Brock switches places with Victor by roughly tossing him into the corner.

Lance:

What a headbutt from Newbludd and now Vacio's in the corner!

Grabbing one of Victor's arms, Brock yanks out of the corner and applies a waistlock. Popping his hips like a pro, The Innovator sends Vacio flying head over heels to the middle of the ring with an OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX!

DDK:

Big time belly to belly from Brock! He sent Victor flying!

As Vacio bounces roughly off the mat, Brock scrambles back up to his feet and chases after him. Just getting to his feet after being on the wrong end of the suplex, Vacio turns around and is overwhelmed by the incoming Brock who lays into him with piston-like punches. Delivering another headbutt that sends the jelly-legged Vacio stumbling backwards towards the ropes, Brock glances over his shoulder and points directly at Pat Cassidy, who smiles and nods his head eagerly in acknowledgement.

Lance:

Newbludd in control now, and he just signaled something to his partner. SNS is already developing that unspoken language that every great tag team has.

Pushing Vacio so he bounces back first off the ropes, Brock catches him on the rebound and irish whips him towards the heroes corner, where Pat Cassidy has his foot sticking out. Unable to stop his forward momentum, Vacio crashes face first into Black Out's boot. Now stumbling backwards, Vacio is suddenly snatched up in a full-nelson by Brock, causing The Faithful to roar in anticipation!

DDK:

Newbludd's got the full nelson!

In the blink of an eye, Brock hits Vacio with his signature bridging dragon suplex, the SHOCK AND AWE!

Lance:

Shock and Awe! He's got the bridge!

1...

2...

Moving like he's been shot out of a cannon, Stalker enters the ring and delivers a double leg drop across Newbludd's elevated and exposed midsection! The Faithful let out a collective gasp as Brock audibly cries out in pain as his legs awkwardly fold underneath him from the blow.

DDK:

Oh my! Jason Reeves just threw ALL of his weight on top of the bridging Newbludd, literally crushing him down to the mat!

Lance:

I hope Brock didn't blow out a knee right there, or both of them. Regardless, he is in a world of pain right now, partner.

DDK:

Dex is coming back to the ring!

Scrow:

DDD...EEE...XXXxx!

Dex stops mid stride, his eyes wide open.

Lance:

How? How is he still standing?

Scrow stands at the top of the ramp, refusing medical attention. The Faithful take their eyes off the match momentarily. Some in utter shock Scrow was able to recover from that nasty fall. Dex turns around and starts to power walk toward Scrow.

DDK:

It's not over yet, and Iris is still trying to stop Scrow!

The two nemesis meet and it's a brawl once more, but Scrow is clearly more battered than Joy. Dex grabs Scrow and throws him backstage and quickly follows. Back in the ring...

All four of the heroes enter the ring to try and get their hands on Stalker, but the veteran is too quick for them as he rolls out of the ring and escapes back to his corner. Benny Doyle is quick to cut the heroes off and direct them back to their corner as Vacio and Newbludd lie on the mat.

DDK: The two legal men are still down! No, wait, Vacio is moving now and he's crawling to his team.

Crawling on hands and knees, Victor starts his journey across the ring to make the tag. Meanwhile, Newbludd lies on his side, with both hands holding his stomach. Needing to spark some life into his wounded partner, Cassidy starts to stomp his foot on the mat. Quickly the rest of the heroes and The Faithful join in.

Lance:

Brock is starting to stir but Vacio has too big of a head start!

Winning in pain, Brock rolls onto his stomach and pushes himself up onto all fours. Slowly, Brock starts to crawl towards four outstretched hands. Across the ring, Vacio looks behind him to see Newbludd starting to crawl and he picks up his pace. Closing the last bit of ringspace with a desperate lunge, Vacio manages to tag in Stalker!

DDK:

Here comes Stalker! He looks primed to finish what he started with Newbludd.

Hearing the boos rain down around him, Brock goes into full desperation mode as Reeves closes in behind him. Newbludd lunges forward in an attempt to make contact with one of his partner's hands but he is suddenly stopped when Reeves grabs a hold of an ankle!

Lance:

Stalker's got him!

Instincts kicking in, Brock lashes out with his free leg and mule kicks Stalker squarely in the knee, causing Reeves to let go of him! Using the half second opening to his advantage, Newbludd dives forward and tags in the Guardian! The Wrestle-Plex explodes in cheers!

DDK:

Stalker can't believe it but look at the madman, it's like a switch just went off in his head, the moment we've all been waiting for!

The Faithful roar in approval as Guardian charges at Stalker who immediately charges back, they hook up in the center of the ring - Stalker with a Knee to the GUT! Blocked by Guardian who uses their leverage to somersault forward and away from their would be grappler!

Lance:

The acrobatics that we have seen out of this Guardian character is just fantastic, but for Stalker he is clearly frustrated!

Stalker:

WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU!?!?

Stopping dead center in the ring, Stalker throws his arms up in angst, tired of the dodgy hero's games! The Villain of the night points at the white masked Codename: Guardian.

Stalker:

I'm going to take that mask off! And I'm going to show the world what a cowardly broken FALSE HERO you REALLY ARE!

The remaining Kabal members scream in approval as Stalker slicks back the sweat from his face before screaming bloody murder and charging with a SPEAR! Into Guardian's gut! The Faithful let out a loud jeer as Stalker climbs on top, forcing the hero's arms to the mat above them!

Lance:

The Kabal leader has lost complete focus, he's trying to wedge Guardian's arms away from the mask so he can get a better look! Benny Doyle doesn't even know what to say or do! We are getting close to the time limit folks!

With The Faithful behind him, Codename: Guardian struggles to wrap their legs upwards and around STALKER!
SUNSET FLIP PIN!

1....

2....

NO!

DDK:

Stalker barely kicked out of that move, once again almost falling victim to a reverse style pin attempt! He's agitated with the masked wrestler!

Up to one knee Stalker powers himself forward and catches Guardian who is just standing up, Stalker with a running DROPKICK! Guardian flies backwards into the HERO'S CORNER! Like a ragdoll the ninja styled wrestler hits the turnbuckles.

DDK::

'Black Out' Pat Cassidy with a tag to Codename: Guardian's back!

Cassidy quickly tags the newcomer to DEFIANCE's back! Benny Doyle signals the clean tag but Stalker is unaware of the exchange as he stands up recovering from the dropkick!

Lance:

Pat Cassidy is the legal man but Stalker hasn't the slightest idea! Guardian stumbles out of the corner as Stalker moves in to follow up, Pat Cassidy is climbing through the ropes. Cassidy takes position behind Stalker, poised to a hit a big move...

Codename: Guardian ducks a grapple attempt by Stalker who runs right into THE IRISH GOODBYE from Pat Cassidy!

DDK:

THE IRISH GOODBYE OUTTA NOWHERE! Cassidy pins Stalker!

1...

2...

3!!!

Cassidy hooks the legs of Stalker, pinning him to the mat while The Kabal floods the ring in an attempt to break the cover. However, the Heroes of DEFIANCE, those that did this for Deacon and Jack made sure that Stalker was not going to walk away yet again with a damning victory!

Lance:

DEFIANCE's Heroes make the intervening saves as Benny Doyle slides in for the three count! Pat Cassidy with the surprise win over the obsessed Stalker! He was clearly distracted from wanting to see just who was behind the mask of Codename: Guardian... oh wait.. What's this? Bronson Box is not done with Stalker yet!

As The Heroes clear out the ring, Stalker is left in the ring with Codename: Guardian and Bronson Box, who has Stalker pulled into his grip.

Guardian: [voice modified]

Jason 'Stalker' Reeves - you need to see the darkness that you try to cast upon DEFIANCE when you robbed us of DEACON. You need to experience that DARKNESS - first hand! You need to remember that DEFIANCE has more

HEROES than you will ever have villains and this..

Codename: Guardian and Bronson Box stand in the center of the ring with a nearly knocked out cold Stalker while The Faithful cheer on the Hero's victory. Outside the ring, a wild brawl has broken out between The Saturday Night Specials and the rest of The Kabal as Guardian walks towards the edge of the ring pointing Box's attention towards the casket.

Guardian:

THIS DARKNESS WILL HELP YOU REMEMBER THAT DEFIANCE WILL ALWAYS HAVE HEROES!

The Original DEFIANT flexes the fingers on his legendary red right hand before reaching down and clamping his lunchbox sized mitt on the face of Stalker. His nails digging into Stalker's flesh, Boxers thumb and pinky fingers pressing violently into the villains temples causing Stalker to scream out in shrill ear piercing pain, even in his groggy state. After leaning into the hold for an amount of time that even shrouded in mystery, we could tell even made Codename: Guardian uncomfortable.

Lance:

Are you seeing this, Keebs?

DDK:

I'm not quite sure Bronson is following Guardian's script here, Lance.

Guardian looks down at Bronson dead in his wild bloodshot brown eyes and points emphatically at the casket once again. After a few more beats of brutal crushing abuse to Stalker's head and face Bronson... not relinquishing the hold, per say... stands up on his feet, WRENCHING Stalker up to his. In one impressive, breathtaking feat of strength Bronson heaves the villain over his head and PRESS SLAMS him over the top rope and into the casket. As Stalker's now bloody, limp frame SLAMS into the casket Brock Newbludd takes a moment out of the ringside fracas to elbow the lid shut to a massive ovation from the DEFIANCE faithful.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

GOODBYE STALKER!

Lance:

Yeah, that's spectacular and all but... look, partner.

Back in the ring the two time FIST of DEFIANCE and first ever Unified DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Champion squares up with the mysterious Codename: Guardian. The Wargod exchanges a simply vile looking up and down assessment of the costumed hero before casually wiping Stalker's blood off his fingers right onto the crisp white outfit of Guardian and quite obviously giving the man some intentional shoulder to shoulder contact before making his very direct exit through the ropes to ringside, over the guardrail and off into the Faithful, leaving a stunned Guardian and a bewildered SNS to tidy up the rest of The Kabal.

Lance:

Maybe not quite the hero Codename: Guardian was looking for?

DDK:

Would you EVER describe Boxer as a hero?

Lance:

Honestly? When it comes to DEFIANCE? ... yeah, yeah kinda I do.

DDK:

I'm going to respectfully disagree, bud. Boxer is a hero in his own twisted mind, maybe. I think whoever this

Codename: Guardian guy is, he's a kid soaked in kerosene playing with matches.

Guardian touches the now blood smeared front of his singlet, Stalker's blood. He looks up at Bronson Box just as he reaches the zenith of the stairs that lead up and out of the arena. The STARMAKER never looks back, simply pushing his way through the curtain and out of sight as the frothing at the mouth faithful fold in around the exit.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.