

THE CAVALRY ARRIVES

“GARLAND!!! Where the FUCK is Malak!?”

UNCUT starts right where DEFtv left off, and that’s with a bloodied Brock Newbludd in the parking garage of the DEFplex. Now back up on his feet after being attacked and beaten by Malak Garland and his mountain sized henchman, Game Boy, Newbludd growls like a wild animal as the DEFIANCE medical team try to corral him so they can tend to his wounds. Showing concern for him, they slowly try to encircle the irate Brock but he’s having none of it.

Brock Newbludd:

I said I’m fine! Now MOVE!

Brock spits a mouthful of blood and wipes his mouth. As he does so, DEFSec arrives on the scene and joins the congregation around him. Members of the medical team signal for them to grab Newbludd so they can take a look at him. Two of the security guards take a step forward but stop when the sound of screeching tires echoes loudly throughout the garage.

Brock Newbludd:

Looks like my ride’s here, boys...

Before anyone can react, the still woozy Brock plows through a gap between two of the distracted security guards just as Pat Cassidy rolls up in Newbludd’s first love, his mint condition 1969 Pontiac GTO. The guards try to grab Newbludd but they miss their chance as Brock quickly slides across the hood and jumps into the car’s passenger seat. Cassidy instantly slams on the gas and rockets away from the crowd towards the garage’s exit and the scene shifts to inside the vehicle.

Brock Newbludd:

Garland’s going after Siobhan...we need to get to Ballyhoo.

Cassidy’s grip on the steering wheel tightens and his eyes narrow in anger. Meanwhile, Brock sticks a hand in his mouth and lets out a painful grunt as he pulls a molar out of his mouth. Setting it on the dash, Brock spits more blood out the window.

Brock Newbludd:

It’s fuckin’ go time, buddy. You ready?

Brimming with anger, Cassidy answers by slamming the muscle car’s shifter into a higher gear and punching the gas, sending both men back into their seats. The scene shifts to show the car racing in the direction of Ballyhoo Brew, and one Malak Garland, before slowly fading to black.

SHOW OPEN



JACK MACE vs. KAZUO AKAMATSU

DDK:

Right here next on UNCUT, making his return to the ring for the first time in two months... Jack Mace! The Killer Bear made a shocking return after being fired by BFTA at DEFCON and being stuck at home in the UK after Morrow purposely sabotaged his work visa.

Lance:

And more importantly... Jack Mace gets Tom Morrow one-on-one at DEFCON and Mace gets to pick the stipulation! He strongarmed Morrow into signing a contract that was drawn up by Morrow's own father, Thomas Keeling, who also helped speed up the process of getting Morrow back into the the country!

DDK:

Don't forget, last year, it was Tom Morrow and The Lucky Sevens who injured Thomas Keeling when he refused to join Morrow's stable. That bad blood apparently never settled, so I'm guessing this was payback.

Lance:

But right now... Jack Mace, one-on-one against BRAZEN's Kazuo Akamatsu. Let's go to ringside!

And cut to Darren Quimbey with Kazuo Akamatsu already in the ring, getting ready to scrap.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Osaka, Japan, weighing in at 255 pounds...

KAZUO AKAMATSU!

The toughman from Japan balls up a fist with the announcement of his name, looking determined to play the spoiler for his returning opponent.

♪ "Seal The Deal" by Volbeat ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Grewelthorpe, North Yorkshire, England, weighing in at 268 pounds... **"THE KILLER BEAR"**

JACK MACE!

The Wrestleplex goes dark for several quick moments... then the entrance wall starts to light up in red before a bear's roar leads to the intro of the Volbeat track. Walking out from the stage in a grey flat cap and tattered gray overalls, Jack Mace flashes a sneer from the ramp, then heads on down to the ring getting mostly cheers, though some are not sure how to take to him just yet. When he gets to the ring, he sheds the overalls and reveals black thigh-length trunks with white trim, black knee pads and white wrestling shoes. Underneath dressing like he's going to take a stroll in the park... he's ready for business.

DDK:

This is definitely a new side to Jack Mace we're seeing! He spent two months holed up in his cabin back home just outside Leeds, England, wanting to come back. He seemed to embrace it while he was gone.

Lance:

He looks as mean as ever, though! We'll see if Mace has any ring rust or if he's kept himself sharp.

Mace steps into the ring and bites the top rope, snarling and shooting a look out to the Faithful before he stands across from Akamatsu, cracking his neck. If he's nervous, he doesn't show it. Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

Akamatsu and Mace lock up, but immediately, Mace shoots behind Kazuo and then DUMPS him on the mat with a quick and powerful rear takedown! The big man doesn't seem to have lost any of his amateur prowess he used to tout as a member of BFTA.

DDK:

Big takedown by Mace... NO! Akamatsu goes back with the headlock!

He has the headlock on The Killer Bear and tries to crank on it... until Mace counters with a very... unorthodox counter. BITING the hand of Kazuo! The Faithful laugh as Mace bites down on his hand with a sinister grin!

Lance:

And like you said... he's really embraced this wild side, all right!

Kazuo pulls his hand away, but when he comes back, The Killer Bear BLASTS him with a stiff open palm strike upside the jaw! Kazuo gets rocked and stumbles back to the corner almost seeing stars. Mace charges into the corner and unleashes a barrage of stiff palm strikes to either side of Kazuo's head!

DDK:

He calls these the Bear Paws... and I can see why!

Four more shots from either side rock the fighter from BRAZEN. After Kazuo gets rocked, Mace grabs him by the waist and pushes him to the corner before he THROWS him over with a huge belly-to-belly release suplex!

Lance:

Nothing wrong with his suplex game, either!

Kazuo is hurt and doesn't know which way is up... and things go from bad to worse when Mace runs at him and strikes Kazuo in the chest with a big running headbutt! Kazuo topples to the mat and rolls out to the floor. Mace flashes the cheering Faithful a wicked grin like he's up to something.

DDK:

I think... I think Mace might be having a little fun out here!

Mace doesn't let the proverbial prey get away as he rolls to the outside. He runs the corner around where Akamatsu tries to hide... but Mace lifts Kazuo over the shoulder and then RAMS Akamatsu into the barricade!

Lance:

That's brute strength from Mace! I remember when he first got to DEFIANCE! He carried a lot of weight! He was three-hundred twenty five pounds, but slimmed down to the 270 mark. This is the best I've seen him!

DDK:

And now that he's free from BFTA... the sky's the limit!

Mace enjoys cheers from the Faithful, then picks up Akamatsu and rolls him into the ring. He takes a moment to actually bask in the reception of the crowd, so far liking the force on display.

Lance:

He's gotta be careful, though. There's a difference between having fun and winning matches! He can't do too much of the former or he may affect his chances of doing the latter.

The Killer Bear rolls underneath the ropes, but Kazuo finds an opening and when he turns, unleashes a STIFF straight punch to the side of Mace's jaw!

DDK:

OOOOH! Right there! Kazuo cracks Mace with that powerful right hand of his! He's shattered many a jaw with it in BRAZEN!

Mace isn't down and out, but the shot definitely surprised him some. Akamatsu shakes his own hand from the pain and tries to shut it out before he hits a headbutt of his own, rocking Mace to the corner. When he's down, Kazuo starts

laying into Mace's chest...

CHOP! CHOP! CHOP! CHOP! CHOP!

Five stiff chops are enough to stun Mace for the moment! Kazuo still reels from his other hand hitting so heavily, but he looks like he's got control for the moment.

Lance:

After Kazuo takes advantage of Jack playing up a little too much for the crowd, Mace is now paying for it!

DDK:

And what a way for Kazuo Akamatsu to make an impact! If he spoils Jack Mace's return to the ring, what a huge moment for him!

Kazuo doubles over Mace with kick to the gut and he hooks him for the Wild Bomb... but before he can him up for the powerbomb... Mace SURGES right back up and then shoots him over with a back body drop! The Killer Bear takes a moment near the ropes and then lines himself up, stomping a foot on the mat while Kazuo tries to sit up.

Lance:

The powerbomb attempt fails Kazuo, but what's Mace doing?

Mace measures him up, then runs forward, CRACKING Kazuo right in the chest with a vicious soccer ball kick right to the chest! Kazuo doubles over and holds his chest!

DDK:

A little football action by the Englishman! He told me earlier he named that move, the Roy Kent!

Lance:

Ted Lasso fan, I'm guessing?

The crowd cheers Mace as he motions for Kazuo to stand. When he does, he holds out three fingers... he gets the crowd to count with him...

THREE... TWO... ONE...

He runs at Kazuo with a spear, but instead of the typical takedown, he HOISTS Kazuo up and spikes him down with a big lifting side slam! Mace lets out a wild howl and some of the crowd join in!

DDK:

That's The Mauling! That modified spear turned into that huge side slam! He's been working on some new moves in his time away and they seem to be paying off!

While Kazuo Akamatsu is hurt, he barely moves when Mace peels him off the mat and hooks him up in a suplex... then shifts Kazuo and DRILLS him down with the headlock elbow drop on the way down! The crowd cheers and then hooks the leg of Akamatsu.

DDK:

What a move that was! No name that I picked up for it yet, but I think he's done!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

The Killer Bear rolls quickly off of Kazuo and then lets Rex Knox raise his arm.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **THE KILLER BEAR JACK MACE!**

After hearing his name called, he runs a circle around the ring and then bites the ring ropes, enjoying his first positive response from the crowd since his WrestleFriends days with Jack Mace.

DDK:

Jack Mace makes quick work out of Kazuo Akamatsu tonight! He didn't look rusty at all and in fact... I don't know... whatever he went through in the last two months away from DEFIANCE seems to have refreshed him.

Mace goes to collect his overalls and wipes his brow before putting his flat cap back on. He starts to leave, but gets stopped.

Golf clapping.

The DEFIatron lights up and appearing on the screen is none other than the object of Mace's current ire...

Tom Morrow.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Morrow's sitting somewhere undisclosed in the arena. He looks incredibly angry with recent developments.

Lance:

Tom Morrow looks pretty well for someone that was left dangling halfway out a skybox window last week, doesn't he?

DDK:

He does. What could he possibly have to say to Jack Mace, his opponent for DEFCON?

The manager of Better Future Talent Agency is not smiling and does not look pleased at the very appearance of Jack Mace. The Killer Bear looks up at the tron and steals Darren Quimbey's microphone.

Jack Mace:

Oi... Oi... **OI.** The hell you want, Tommy?

Morrow's blood looks close to boiling.

Tom Morrow:

You... you should be gone! **YOU SHOULD BE GONE! YOU SHOULD BE IN THE WOODS IN ENGLAND GETTING EATEN BY WOLVES! YOU HAVE NO BUSINESS BEING BACK HERE! NONE!**

Jack Mace can reply the only way he can.

Jack Mace:

Well... you ought to stop being such an annoyin' little gobshite, mate... but here we are. (laughter from the Faithful). So you tell me what we're doin' here, Tommy? Cause if you want, I'll come find you again and I can show you my Corvo Alpha impression again. It's a riot at parties.

The BFTA Brainchild is seething with anger.

Tom Morrow:

No... no... no... this match isn't happening, Jack. You made me sign a contract under duress! Any lawyer... literally, ANYONE out of the online University of American Samoa could argue that contract null and void... I could do it right now...

More booing. But Jack Mace doesn't look afraid.

Jack Mace:

You could... OR I could go to Favoured Saints with everything *I* know about your little contracts and dealings... and I could tie YOU up in court with any of them fancy lawyers, mate... and we bleed each other dry in court... or you could handle your business for once in your fuckin' life like a MAN... and take this beating like one.

Morrow looks a little shaken by his counter threat... but moves on regardless.

Tom Morrow:

Let me finish, you grotesque animal! I was going to say I could do all that... but I'm gonna make sure you don't make it to DEFCON! Cause I spoke with DEFIANCE matchmakers earlier today. Jack, if you want me so bad at DEFCON, you're gonna have to go through the seven-foot BIG MONEY MAX... Max Luck to do it! He and his brother have been on a winning streak and stacking bodies! At DEFtv next week, he's putting YOUR carcass right on top of the pile!

The only response from Mace... a wry beam.

Jack Mace:

Oi! Don't you threaten me with a good time, Tommy! I'll see your giant arsehole Maxy next week, then maybe... MAYBE I'll tell you the stipulation I get to pick! 28 days... the countdown's on to DEFCON... then YOUR number is up!

Mace's music plays while Morrow angrily pushes the camera away and the feed goes to black. The Killer Bear leaves the ring then

DDK:

Jack Mace versus Max Luck of the Lucky Sevens! What a fight that will be!

Lance:

That one will be vicious, for sure. We've got a lot more of UNCUT including Oscar Burns and the fourth installment of the Dig Down Deep Challenge! Stay tuned!

ONE FOR THE EARTHBOUND MARKS

After DEFtv 167 night 2. We're back on what we presume to be the belly of the Airship, its familiar warm wooden planks lining the floors, walls, and ceiling.

Leyenda de Ocho's mask is still ripped from his brutal one-sided mauling at the hands of Corvo Alpha and bruises and welts cover his torso. He's got a large ice pack strapped to his shoulder and a real look of vacant dejection in his eyes as he sits, blankly staring at the wall opposite him.

Lindsay Troy:

You OK there, Ocho?

LDO is snapped out of his dark headspace as he looks up and sees the Queen of the Ring standing completely over him, arms crossed, eyebrow raised.

Lindsay Troy:

You got beat in a match that was important to you, I get it.

LDO:

I was so, damn, CLOSE to winning it, Lindsay. I thought I had the win and that I could take something away from that bastard Corvo Alpha, I thought I could avenge-

Lindsay Troy:

Listen to me. This isn't the time to be wallowing.

LDO is taken aback but knows better than to say anything back to his best friend's best friend.

Lindsay Troy:

You got your ass handed to you, no doubt - but look at it another way...you're still *here*. You're still talking to me. Not everyone who's been attacked by that piece of shit has that luxury right now.

They share a knowing look and a nod.

Lindsay Troy:

Now. Tell me some good news.

LDO:

...about what?

Lindsay Troy:

About Henry.

It's hard to catch, but LDO's literally holding his breath. Something is not allowing him to exhale and he's tensed up.

Lindsay Troy:

...OCHO.

LDO:

...I don't...I don't...

Troy stares hard at him for a moment, before something inside her head clicks.

Lindsay Troy:

There's been no change, has there?

LDO:

I'm sorry. -WAIT!

The Queen brushes past him and walks off toward Henry's quarters, ignoring the 8 Bit Luchador's protests. She pushes open the door with fierce intensity, storms over to where the Airship Pirate lays still wrapped up in his cocoon, and drops to her knees.

Lindsay Troy:

I know you can hear me in there, Henry.

Her hands ball into fists as she scowls.

Lindsay Troy:

I know you can hear me because you're too goddamn stubborn to just lay here and not even give anyone the impression that you're fighting this. Fighting back. That's not the Henry Keyes I know. That's not the man who came back to DEFIANCE after five years away because he had a bone to pick with a bunch of Fox Saturday Morning Cartoon Villains.

She drops down to her stomach and scootches closer so that her face is right beside where she thinks Henry's ear is.

Lindsay Troy:

You knew I needed help and you were there. Now, it's not just me who needs your help....it's everyone in DEF. So you need to snap the fuck out of this, Henry. You need to *fight* and come back to put Corvo Alpha in the ground.

Lindsay Troy's call

was absorbed

by the darkness.

Lindsay Troy:

GET. UP.

Lindsay Troy's call touched the heart of *e* **s**.

n R** prayed for Henry Keyes, having never even met him before.

There's no movement from the Airship Pirate. Not a rustle of bandages or an intake of breath. Lindsay's head falls down, allowing a wave of defeat to course over her, before she bangs her fist on the floor and gets to her feet. Without another word, she whirls on her heel and storms out of the room.

FLEX KRUGER vs. KYLE SHIELDS

DDK:

UNCUT may be nearing its end, Lance, but rest assured we still have a couple of things left for you tonight that may be particularly interesting for you if you either like seeing an exceptional display of strength or hate Mark Shields.

Lance:

Oh no, did they book Kyle again?

DDK:

It seems as if that's the case!

Lance:

I thought I heard someone trying to sell Rocko Daymon a year's supply of increased brain activity supplements, I was kind of hoping it was just a homeless person using a preposterous amount of f-bombs.

In the ring is Darren Quimbey, standing not next to Mark Shields but Jonny Fastcountini. Fresh faced, he salutes the camera before Darren begins.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall!

♪ "Diamond Life" by Tyga ♪

Walking out with a bottle of Monster Energy Drink in hand, Kyle Shields pops a large white supplement and takes a big swig of the tall boy. Spiking his can onto the ground, Shields stomps it flat and kicks it off the stage before making his way down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first from Kansas City, Missouri... weighing in at 237 pounds... KYLE SHIIIIIELDS!

After Quimbey concludes his trademark introduction, the microphone is ripped out of his hand by the biggest disappointment of the Shields family. The music can't even cut in time for him to drop his first profanity.

Kyle Shields:

Fuck man, I just need a second. A second to change your life. Y'all heard that we only use ten percent of our brain's power, right? That's fucked up. We take vitamins and supplements to improve our hearts, joints, stomachs man... but why don't we take care of our most powerful muscle, our brains? Now we can, with BRAINSURGE!

Lance:

Sweet Jesus, not again.

DDK:

That sentence doesn't even make sense.

Kyle Shields pulls a large white bottle out of his tracksuit pants and pushes it towards the camera.

Kyle Shields:

Check this out, recently scientists discovered a chemical compound called apapergorn, which was only found in the membrane of a platypus. Amazonian tribes who ate that shit as part of their regular diets were fucking BOMB at math and decision making and shit, yeah? That's the active ingredient in BRAINSURGE! If you take BRAINSURGE twice a day, it'll improve your memory and processing by two hundred percent! Allowing you to access at least... uh...

DDK:

Here's "brainsurge" in action, folks...

Kyle Shields:

30 percent of your brain!

Lance:

Wow, Darren, maybe it does work!

Kyle Shields:

Text the code SHIELD to 69420 right now and you can try a free trial of BRAINSU...

♪ "Flexicution" by Logic ♪

The Faithful cheer as Flex Kruger marches out from the backstage area, gold lights reflecting off his heavily oiled arms and chest. The Lord Paramount of Pectoral Perfection holds his arms out at the top of the aisle, then literally flexes on them before marching down to the ring, pecs bouncing to the beat. Darren Quimbey tries to get his microphone back from Kyle Shields but is unsuccessful as Flex Kruger steps into the squared circle.

DDK:

Flex Kruger has taken a much more serious approach as of late, aligning with his Flex In A Box tag team partner Klein in an effort to curb the perceived carelessness of Elise Ares and The D.

Lance:

Right now Kyle Shields needs to perceive the butt-kicking he's about to get!

Kyle Shields:

WAIT!

The Faithfull boo loudly as the music cuts out and Kyle's mic is turned back on.

Kyle Shields:

What if I told you that I could build a brain equal to your muscles, Flex? What if I told you that I co...

You can hear a muddled "FUUUUUUCK" as the microphone bangs off the ground and Flex Kruger lifts Kyle Shields high above his head.

DING DING

The Lord Paramount of Pectoral Perfection does a couple of reps of Shields above his head before tossing the little brother of DEFIANCE's least qualified official straight and taking a step forward, leaving Kyle to land face first into the canvas. Kruger hits the ropes and runs back with a running splash onto Kyle's back. Shield's mouth bursts open as Flex lands, but Kruger shows even more immense strength as he deadlifts his opponent off the ground from behind and runs him sternum first into the turnbuckle before spinning back into a reverse powerslam!

DDK:

The impact of that reverse powerslam was BRUTAL!

Lance:

Kyle Shields is going to have to replace BRAINSURGE with Tylenol after this match, Darren! Flex Kruger came to play!

Inside the ring Kyle Shields begins to crawl across the canvas in obvious pain as Kruger places a boot against his back and simply steps over the younger brother of DEFIANCE's smoking ref. Shields gasps for air as Flex bounces his pecs while looking across the crowd. Kyle continues to crawl trying to leave the ring before Kruger grabs him by the boot and pulls him back to the center of the ring before eventually hoisting him up off the ground. Shields tries to grab a limb to lock down the powerhouse but for his effort he's just tossed across the ring like a ragdoll. Kyle tries to pull himself up on the ropes but eats an avalanche splash from Kruger!

DDK:

Flex took a narrow loss to Tyler Fuse not too long ago, but it appears that loss coupled with Klein's new initiative to take things seriously has awakened a HOSSNESS MONSTER inside of Flex Kruger!

Lance:

This beatdown couldn't happen to a more deserving man, Darren!

As Shields staggers out of the corner he's immediately locked into a full nelson by the Lord Paramount of Pectoral Perfection. Kruger shakes the 237 pound man like a toddler in his grasp, violently jolting his body back and forth until the fight leaves his body. Jonny Fastcountini doesn't even get the opportunity to check for a submission before Kruger lifts the monster energy drinking schemer over his head and drops him in the Flex Suplex with authority. Exclamation point boot on the chest. Arms flexed. Pecs bouncing. Jonny dives at the opportunity.

ONE. TWO. THREE.

DING DING DING

♪ "Flexicution" by Logic ♪

Flex Kruger dusts his hands off before Jonny Fastcountini lifts his massive arm in victory.

DDK:

My lord, what an impressive showing by Flex Kruger, just decimating Kyle Shields tonight. A clear message has been sent to Elise Ares and The D here. Flex In A Box aren't joking around anymore.

Lance:

On DEFtv they'll have the opportunity to find out for themselves, Darren. Elise Ares will be taking on Klein, one on one. The more I see performances like that, the more I worry the Pop Culture Phenoms may be over as we know them.

THE WORD IS NOT ENOUGH

The picture comes to life as Malak Garland stands across from The Game Boy in the alley just outside of Ballyhoo Brew.

Malak Garland:

Are you filming this, Percy? I need a fresh recording for what we're about to pull off so make sure you're starting new.

The camera bobs up and down as Percy prefers to stay silent and unseen in his "movies." The Game Boy just stands there, awaiting direction.

Malak Garland:

Okay, here's my delectable little plan. Game Boy and I are about to storm Ballyhoo Brew because I know for a fact Siobhan Cassidy is working alone in there right now! Her brother and her boyfriend won't be able to intercept us as they are, shall I say, indisposed! Haha.

Percy tries to hold in a chuckle but can't contain his giddiness.

Malak Garland:

We are going to go in there and coerce that dump truck slut to join The Comments Section because we have gone mad with power after all. Memberships are on a full scale fire sale! We're accepting applications from everyone and anyone! Once she joins, she will be our very own tabloid badass bitch!

The Game Boy cracks his knuckles in silent preparation for a potential ass whooping.

Malak Garland:

I'm like the James Bond of comments sections. The word is certainly not enough. I want it all! Let's get it fam. Follow me.

Like a pair of thugs bracketing a ragdoll, the trio enter the noise filled bar. They are recognized almost immediately as some patrons flee and security converges. All The Game Boy has to do is crack one skull before Malak has a clear path to the main bar, where of course, none other than Siobhan Cassidy is standing, buffering up a mug in hand with an unimpressed look on her face.

Malak Garland:

Hello lovely, me again.

Siobhan doesn't seem impressed.

Malak Garland:

Guess you figured out who was texting you earlier.

She nods her head slightly, holding up her phone, showing the Brock Newbludd thread. Suddenly, there's all kinds of random emojis popping up during "Brock's" texting from fifteen minutes ago. Definitely out of character. The woman's not stupid.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Don't you get tired of being the same old tired cartoon super villain who tries to enter the same lair, steal the same treasure, only to be thwarted by the same heroes... AGAIN?

Malak pretends not to hear her as Percy saddles up at the bar and finishes off someone's shot that is left behind.

Malak Garland:

Look doll face, I don't think you know who I am. I am the Comments Section KING! A social media savant. I'm the sNoWfLaKe sUpErStAr! I command a certain level of respect because of the amount of pure influence I have. You

should know that. Ain't that right, my gAmE bOy.

Game Boy grunts on command. Percy wildly chuckles as he pilfers some pickled eggs with no intention to pay for them. The camera shakes until he remembers he's supposed to be doing a job, and he refocuses it back on Malak.

Malak Garland:

I just got the one and only Comments cOnOr Fuse to join the fray. It's the trendy thing to do and just think of all the followers, likes and overshare DMs you would get from random men if you joined us too. It's the tReNdY thing to do! Besides, I know Pat controls your life and that simp Brock Newbludd just wants you for your body. If you're whoring yourself out to your friends and family, why not open it up to the entire community at least!?

Mouth agape at Malak's audacity, Siobhan is about to swing for the fences when the establishment doors burst open. The few patrons that were focused on the scene unfolding in front of them with Siobhan and Malak, quickly scatter when a wild eyed Pat Cassidy and a blood soaked Brock Newbludd appear in the doorway.

Brock Newbludd:

You should've finished the job when you had the chance, Malak!

Newbludd laughs maniacally and grabs a wooden chair with both hands. Keeping his eyes on Garland, Brock smashes the chair against the floor. Now only holding onto one of the legs, Newbludd points it at the leader of The Comments Section.

Brock Newbludd:

Big fuckin' mistake!

Pat Cassidy dives forward, but Game Boy has already snatched Malak up and is quickly hoisting The Keyboard King away to the back exit. Percy isn't so quick to escape, due to having one hand elbow-deep in the jar of pickled eggs. Before he can follow his master and his enormous henchman, Percy finds himself on the floor after having his barstool kicked out from under him by Newbludd. The camera shakes widely before ending up pointed up at the Ballyhoo ceiling. Although we can't see what's going on, we do hear Brock's voice...

Brock Newbludd:

Ya like pickled eggs, Percy!? Here, have another!

The camera is picked up by someone unseen just as Newbludd snatches an egg out of the jar and roughly shoves it in Percy's mouth. Before poor Percy can react, Brock punches him hard in the jaw. Chunks of egg fly across the floor and Malak's goon groans in pain, Brock snaps his attention to whoever is filming this.

Brock Newbludd:

Keep an eye on him for a second, would ya babe?

Siobhan, appearing to be the new camera operator, nods her head and the camera along with it. We see her arm as it pushes the jar of pickled eggs off the bar, causing it to fall right on Percy's stomach, knocking the wind out of him. Brock manages a pained grin despite his bruised face and goes to meet Cassidy. He races across the bar towards the back door only to stop in his tracks when a dejected Cassidy walks through it.

Brock Newbludd:

Garland!?

Pat's face is pure anger.

Pat Cassidy:

It's like he vanished. Fuckin' thin air. Little snake bastard.

Brock takes a moment to process this.

Brock Newbludd:

Yeah? Well he's not escaping our match, is he? At DEFtv... Malak Garland is a dead man walking.

Cassidy raises an eyebrow and points at Percy, who is trying to stand and gasping for air.

Pat Cassidy:

What do we do with this guy?

Brock Newbludd:

I think we can come up with something...

With the grin of two men that have had a hell of a night, both Saturday Night Specials turn to look at poor Percy, who looks to be an absolutely deer in headlights. The two men move in as Pat makes the "cut it" motion toward his sister and the camera goes dark.

SHO NAKAZAWA vs. TRIPP WISE

DDK:

Up next on the show, we have action between the Japanese high flyer Sho Nakazawa against BRAZEN star Tripp Wise!

Lance:

Sho Nakazawa looking for a singles victory while Tripp Wise - one half of the BRAZEN team, BADASS, with his brother-in-law Davis Bloome. Let's go to the ring for the next match right here on UNCUT!

The camera fixes on Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Tateyama, Japan, weighing in at 187 pounds...

SHO NAKAZAWA!

♪ "Pyrotechnics" by Cliff Lin ♪

Sho Nakazawa, the masked man from the land of the rising sun, walks through the curtain to a subdued but audible round of cheers from the DEFIANCE Faithful who, despite his less than great win/loss record, still know what he can do in the squared circle. Nakazawa pauses to give the fans a quick bow of respect before sprinting toward the ring! Once he slides into the ring, he pushes up to his feet and jumps to a nearby turnbuckle.

♪ "In One Ear" by Cage the Elephant ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Tacoma, Washington, weighing in at 231 pounds, accompanied by Davis Bloome... **"WISE ASS" TRIPP WISE!**

Out from the back, the duo of brothers-in-law make their way out and jawjack with a few fans. The tough Davis Bloome talks to Tripp Wise, telling him that there's an easy win with Sho Nakazawa in the ring. Tripp Wise laughs and nods.

DDK:

Tripp Wise, one-half of BADASS with Davis Bloome. He has an eccentric wrestling style, I would say. He likes using hip attacks in his arsenal.

Lance:

And it's looking like both Bloome and Wise think that this will be a walk in the park. Sho Nakazawa hasn't admittedly set DEFIANCE on fire, but he gives it his all regardless! And a win for a BRAZEN star over a DEFIANCE main roster member? That's huge, no matter how you slice it!

Tripp Wise enters the ring and takes off his shirt just as Sho Nakazawa uses the ropes to warm up. Referee Carla Ferrari stands in the middle as the two meet up. Tripp keeps twirling his shirt around and when Carla starts to call for the bell...

DING DING

DDK:

WHOA! Tripp Wise on the attack already!

He throws his shirt right at Nakazawa and the distraction is all that Tripp Wise needs to fire off a running jumping hip attack to knock him over!

Lance:

That's using your... hip, I guess.

The crowd jeer the smarmy Wise Ass as he picks up Sho and throws a series of hip attacks to the face while the masked man is grounded. Wise even does a bit of a gyration and then fires another hip attack to the side of his head!

DDK:

I've followed BRAZEN closely and BADASS have been challengers for the BRAZEN Tag Titles before. When they're honed in for something, they can win despite how Tripp is approaching this match.

Tripp positions himself in the corner and waits for Li'l Nak to get back to his feet. The crowd cheers him on to get back up when Tripp runs forward and then nails a sliding variation on a hip attack to ground Sho! He runs over and hooks the leg!

ONE... TWO...

But Sho kicks out!

DDK:

Tripp Wise almost winning off that sliding hip attack variation, but Sho not making it easy!

Lance:

Nakazawa caught off-guard by Tripp Wise at the start and he's now having a hard time getting out of the starting blocks.

Tripp gets up and then tries his first non-hip attack related move by using a belly-to-back suplex... but Sho flips out backwards and then lands near the ropes. He hangs in and then starts slapping his own backside to get Tripp's attention. The larger Wise runs forward, but Nakazawa suckers him in and falls from the ropes, sending Tripp through the ropes and out to the ring apron. When he tries to get back in, Li'l Nak catches him with a leaping kick from the ropes, sending him out to the floor!

DDK:

Li'l Nak making the comeback now!

The Japanese native waits for Tripp to stand on the outside, then gets a running start. He leaps OVER the ropes with ease and then springboards to the second rope before taking flight with a big asai moonsault onto Wise!

Lance:

WOW! Great hops by Nakazawa with that asai moonsault!

Nakazawa is the first to his feet and then claps his hands together, rallying the Faithful to get behind him. He goes to pick up Tripp and pushes him through the ropes, but when Tripp gets in, he grabs Carla's leg and points at Nakazawa, telling him to keep the two separated. Nakazawa is flummoxed by what he's trying to do... until he sees Davis Bloome out of the corner of his eye!

DDK:

Set-up by Tripp Wise so his tag partner can help... OOOH! NO!

Li'l Nak sees it coming and leaps over Davis trying to chop his leg out. He jumps over the oncoming swing and when Davis turns around, he gets his bell rung with a stiff thrust kick to the face by Nakazawa followed by a moonsault for him off the apron!

Lance:

Nakazawa saw the attempt coming and he takes out Davis Bloome on the floor with that thrust kick followed by the apron moonsault!

Nakazawa tries to get back into the ring after standing over Bloome, but once again he gets a running hip attack by Tripp Wise as he enters the ring! Wise then picks him up and hits a spinning vertical suplex then tries for a cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

Tripp yells at Carla and slaps "one, two, three!" quickly into his palms!

DDK:

Wise needs to stop arguing with the referee and stay on Sho! He might have a chance to win this one!

The Wise Ass gets through arguing with the official then goes to pick up Sho. He sets him up for a reverse double underhook, then jumps... but Nakazawa slips loose and then pushes the bigger man away from him! Tripp turns around and stops Li'l Nak with a knee, but whips him up the corner... but Nakazawa runs up the ropes and comes back with a standing corkscrew moonsault to take down Wise!

DDK:

Big counter by Nakamura! Can he close this one out?

Nakazawa gets back up then runs at Tripp Wise... right into the running sunset flip powerbomb!

Lance:

Wheel of Dragon Fire! Is that it?

Li'l Nak holds on...

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

LI'L NAK DOES IT! NAK WINS! NAK WINS!

Sho himself can barely believe it after he comes out of the pin! He holds up three fingers and Carla nods! He jumps up and celebrates with the crowd!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match... **SHO NAKAZAWA!**

DDK:

The first big win there by Nakazawa in some time, but he does it and he wins!

Lance:

Sho has tried for quite some time but tonight he does it!

Sho Nakazawa rolls out of the ring and then heads up the ramp and to the back, celebrating with the crowd as the show moves on!

NOT YOUR STEPPING STONER

The shot opens backstage before a plain black and red DEF backdrop. Interviewer CHRIS TRUTT stands by with a mic in hand, greeting the camera with a vibrant smile.

Chris Trutt:

Good evening, wrestling fans of DEFIANCE! Chris Trutt here, and joining me tonight is a DEFIANT I'm sure many of us hope to see in action at the event... here he is now, REZIN!

"The Escape Artist" REZIN steps into the shot, clad in his usual black denim patch vest. There is noticeably a little less pep in his step today. Even the sight of the junior reporter, his regular foil, doesn't inspire any maniacal mirth in his face. The scar left by a billhook machete is in the healing process, but still prominent on his forehead.

Chris Trutt:

Rezin, you've been quiet as of late, ever since Arthur Pleasant's attack back at DEFtv 165. But now we find ourselves only a few weeks away from DEFCON, and there's a lot of mystery surrounding your involvement? What's been going on, Rezin? What plans are in the works? Or should I ask, what crazy schemes are you up to *this* time?

The Goat Bastard doesn't immediately answer the question. His eyes stare off into space... which isn't anything but normal for the dopesmoking daredevil, although there's something on many levels deeper than the usual high that's clearly on his mind. Something Trutt just said really sticks with him.

Rezin:

Damb... only a few weeks away from DEFCON...

He lets out a long sigh.

Rezin:

Hard to believe we're almost a year removed from the epic PUNK WARS between me and that steampunk stallion... HEN'RY KEEYYYYESS!!

He shakes his fist half-angrily, half-respectfully toward the heavens, simultaneously cursing and praising the famed airship pirate's name.

Rezin:

Remember that, Trutt? What a fuckin' WAR that was! One that arguably set me on the path of CHAOS and CARNAGE that eventually led me to becoming the BREAKOUT DEFIANT of the last year!

Chris Trutt:

Definitely a feud the Faithful will remember for ages.

Rezin:

But where are we now, Trutt? Sitting on the sidelines, licking our wounds... being *anything* other than PUNK ROCK!

A sneer forms across his face as he shakes his head.

Rezin:

What was it all for, Trutt? Why did I put forth all this effort, and endure all this pain, and shed all this BLOOD to get to be one of the greatest DEFIANTS this company's ever seen? Did I go through ALL of that just to be a TARGET for a couple attention-deprived GOOFBALLS!?

Looking Chris right in the eye, he motions his hands around his waist, making the "belt" gesture.

Rezin:

Scrow DESPERATELY wants to be seen by the world, and yet, despite having the number two belt in DEFIANCE

around his waist, chooses to stay in his hole and DO NOTHING, allowing his Kabal stooges to do the grunt work for him while taking orders from some other higher-ups nobody knows nor cares about!

He points to the scab-covered scar spread across his forehead.

Rezin:

Then Arthur Pleasant tries to “sHoCk TeH wOrLd” or whatever by literally trying to SCALP M and cuts a promo that rehashes a bunch of crap I said myself over a year ago! And after that, the new and improved “Plaguebringer” proceeds to go right back to being the unremarkable, mediocre TRY-HARD he’s always been!

Rezin is no longer calm and collected like he was when he first walked on camera. His hands clench the air as he sneer stretches into a skull-like grin.

Rezin:

Nahhh, I ain’t gonna let it happen, Trutt! I didn’t SURVIVE this fucked up industry for this many years just to be a STEPPING STONER to a coupla douchebags who wouldn’t know PUNK ROCK if fuckin’ Iggy Pop himself slapped them upside the heads!

The Goat Bastard paces around the frame, working himself up into an unstable and murderous rage as he plots the oncoming repercussions through unintelligible rants. Chris is now looking a tad nervous in his presence, and makes an effort to cut through the tension.

Chris Trutt:

So... circling back around to my original question, what’s on the table for “the Escape Artist” here in a few weeks at DEFCON 2022?

Rezin twirls in place and comes to a sudden stop, pointing a finger gun into the junior reporter’s face. Trutt’s eyes cross as he looks at the black-stained pointer finger mere millimeters away from the tip of his nose.

Rezin:

I’LL TELL YA WHAT THE PLAN IS, TRUTT...

He winks.

Rezin:

...next week! Heheheheh...

Trutt eyes him skeptically.

Chris Trutt:

...you don’t have a plan yet, do you?

Rezin’s fists spastically punch the air in front of him as he EXPLODES in exasperation.

Rezin:

OKAY, SO I DON’T HAVE A PLAN YET!! BIG DEAL!! I’M WORKIN’ ON IT!! GAWWD!!

The Escape Artist plucks a mean-looking spliff from his vest pocket and lights up as he wanders out of the shot, leaving us with just Chris.

Chris Trutt:

Well you heard it there yourselves, ladies and gentlemen. What sort of plans for Arthur Pleasant and the Southern Heritage Champion Scrow will “The Escape Artist” Rezin ultimately conjure up and unveil at DEFtv 168? Be sure to tune in and find out!

The shot fades out.

OSCAR BURNS DIG DOWN DEEP CHALLENGE (4): OSCAR BURNS vs. ???

DDK:

Welcome back to the main event for tonight's UNCUT match... and it is the fourth installment of the Oscar Burns Dig Down Deep Challenge, the D3C! Thus far, the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE has put his coveted Golden Shovel on the line against George Othello and Nathan Cross of BRAZEN as well as DEFIANCE member "Wingman" Titus Campbell!

Lance:

We don't know yet who will take Oscar on his next challenge yet, but we will be finding out here shortly! After Burns got body checked down the ramp by Dex Joy, I'm surprised he wants to compete tonight.

DDK:

Me, neither, but Oscar Burns will unfortunately happily put himself in this ring if it means winning and making sure we never hear the end of it. It's why he's DEFIANCE's winningest wrestler right now at over fifty career wins!

The camera goes to Darren Quimbey in the ring for intros.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is your main event of UNCUT and is the Oscar Burns Dig Down Deep Challenge... the D3C! If the opponent can either defeat Oscar Burns or make it to the ten minute time limit, they will win the coveted Golden Shovel! Introducing first, the defending... shovel-holder, I guess...

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredriech Habetler ♪

The opening montage plays some of Burns' greatest hits over the opening intro to the theme... Burns with his two previous FIST and WrestleUTA World Title wins. Burns with his DEFY wins. Burns with his record fiftieth win in DEFIANCE! After the highlights...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Out comes the New Zealander, in his ring gear with the golden shovel raised high over his head! He points it at the ring and talks to the camera in front of him.

Oscar Burns:

WHO'S GONNA GET THESE GRAPS TONIGHT? STEP UP, GCs!

He heads down to the ring and soaks in what he feels is adulation, but is jeered for his sanctimonious attitude. Oscar gets to the ring and traipses up the steel steps. He poses mid-apron, wipes his feet and then climbs into the ring. He hands the golden shovel over to Jonny Fastcountini before the two-time FIST waits for his opponent...

DDK:

Who's stepping up to Oscar Burns tonight? We've seen a LOT of talent come up from these recent BRAZEN shows try and make a mark!

Lance:

Or anyone on the main roster, even?

♪ "Happy Song" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

The cheerleader style intro turns the WrestlePlex into a sea of flashing yellow and blue lights. Wearing his trademark varsity style jacket, the POGChamp bursts onto the stage with vlogging device in one hand and telling the crowd to get loud with the other. You can hear the cheers of the Faithful get louder as he turns the camera away from himself and onto them, trying to talk over the ovation. He turns the camera back to himself and greets it with a sendoff and a wink before dropping it and his jacket to the floor and begins his march to the ring with a hop in his step.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... Hailing from Brookline, Massachusetts... weight in at 229 pounds, “**DEC4L**” **DECLAAAN ALLLLLLLEXANNNDERRRRRR!**

DDK:

HERE WE GO! Declan Alexander! Many think of him as THE man to beat in BRAZEN! Former BRAZEN Star Cup holder and the winner of the Golden Opportunity Rumble! He'll challenge for the BRAZEN Championship next month!

Burns looks a little intrigued and must clearly follow BRAZEN to know the young kid! The internet-famous video game streamer points back at Darren Quimbey and smiles before slapping hands with all the fans at the barricade on his way down to the ring.

Lance:

Back when Mikey Unlikely held the FIST, this kid once challenged him so he's no stranger to grabbing big-time opportunities! Declan Alexander, trained by another former FIST, Lindsay Troy as well as wrestling legend Vivica J. Valentine!

When Declan reaches the ring, he offers a hand to Burns. Shockingly, Burns does take the handshake but seems to roll his eyes as if he might be looking past the challenge. Referee Jonny Fastcountini holds up the Golden Shovel and then carries it off as both men circle up. Jonny calls for the bell.

DING DING

Oscar and Declan circle up and then lock up, but the former two-time FIST grabs the neck and then uses a quick headlock takeover! He has a cravate locked in on the mat now and has Declan right where he wants him.

DDK:

Burns taking control on the mat right now. He's got Declan grounded.

The former BRAZEN Star Cup holder tries to pry Burns' grip, but the cravate is locked in tight, so Alexander fires elbows to the stomach of Burns. He whips him back to the corner and then pushes Burns off, but when he comes back, Oscar grounds him with a shoulder block. Burns looks like he wants to wrap this up quickly and when Declan tries to get up, he sets him up for a schoolboy, but keeps rolling so he can grab him and then snap him over with a gutwrench suplex! Burns covers quickly...

ONE... TWO... NO!

Lance:

Great wrestling as always by Burns, but he wants to wrap this up quickly! He's annoyed by that kick-out!

He takes Declan and then sets him up in the corner. He runs at him for a corner European uppercut, but the quicker Alexander moves out of the way and Burns hits nothing! Declan runs out of the corner and comes right back at Burns with a big jumping shoulder block of his own! Burns goes down, then Declan goes up! DEC4L gets cheers from his fanbase - The DEC4ALLION - just as Oscar stands up. When Declan comes running, Burns tries a back body drop...

DDK:

No! Declan fights back! He FLIPS over the back body drop and lands on his feet... Burns turns around! Dropkick to Burns!

Burns gets CRACKED by a big dropkick from Declan, who pumps a fist and gets ready to fight. The young kid runs at Burns with a big clothelisme and knocks him off his feet one way. When the former FIST tries to get up, Declan puts him down with a flying elbow smash off the ropes this time!

Lance:

This might be great strategy from this young man! Fly at Burns and strike where you can! If Burns can't keep his

composure, he might have a chance!

He picks Burns up and then whips him to the ropes while he's still trapped in a daze. When Oscar comes back...

Declan Alexander:

YEET~!

He yells out the name of the big pop-up into a toss, sending Burns crashing down to the mat again in a great show of power from the athletic blue chipper!

DDK:

He called out his own move! He calls that the YEET and he just chucked Burns into the sky! Even more impressive that Burns has a height advantage over him, but he just chucks him up!

Lance:

The Golden Shovel might be in danger here!

Burns is wobbly, but Declan Alexander is celebrating with the crowd, rapidly pacing the ring before contemplating his next moves. When the former two-time FIST gets up, Declan tries to grab him, but gets stopped by a big knee lift to the gut from Burns! An angry Burns grabs the side of Declan and then dumps him over with a gutwrench suplex, but holds on. He rolls through and takes over the young vlogger with second, and then a third! He looks angry with being shown up a bit by Declan in the early going and then goes to work on the leg by grabbing the knee and lifting it off the mat before slamming it back down!

DDK:

Ooh! Burns working the leg now! If he takes Declan's standing ability away, gonna be harder for him to fire off these moves!

Lance:

He pulls up Declan by the leg... then right into a nasty dragon screw!

The Faithful/DEC4LLION jeer for the man proclaiming to be DEFIANCE itself as he goes to work on the knee. He lifts it off the mat and then fires not one, but TWO uppercuts right on the leg joint! Alexander is left in pain when Burns grabs the leg and then does a rolling leg snap to the knee! Declan yells out and favors the knee while Burns stands up and pats Declan mockingly on the shoulder.

Oscar Burns:

NOT BAD, GC! YOU'RE TRYING!

DDK:

I feel like we've said this a lot in recent months, but there's no need for Burns to be doing this!

He grabs the leg, but Declan tries to fight out using his free leg! He kicks Burns in the chest with his good leg, but Burns blocks one and kicks back to the bad leg before turning him over into a high and tight half crab! Declan finds himself in dire straits now with the Faithful cheering him on!

Lance:

Oscar has just picked apart that leg and now he's up against the ropes! How is DEC4L going to get out of this one?

DDK:

He's gotta get to the ropes fast! Every second that Oscar has the hold locked in will only get more excruciating!

Declan seems to be somehow hearing what DDK is telling him and he starts to fight for the ropes! He claws towards the ropes while Burns tries to keep it cinched in! He holds it back.

Oscar Burns:

THAT'S RIGHT, GCs! CHEER! LET'S GO, BURNSIE!

While Oscar is off in his own little world, Declan continues to reach out to the ropes... almost... AND GETS IT! The Faithful cheer as Burns tries to hang on, but Jonny tells him to let go!

DDK:

We're more than five minutes into this match! He's gotta put Declan away soon or that Golden Shovel is going home with the gamer!

Lance:

I think he realizes it too! Burns pulls Declan away from the ropes!

Burns tries to get Declan up for another half crab, but this time Declan kicks him away with both feet. When Burns tries to get him, Declan rolls him up with an inside cradle!

ONE... TWO...

Oscar kicks out... but Declan catches him with a schoolboy!

ONE... TWO...

Burns kicks out again... BUT DECLAN CLOCKS HIM WITH A JUMPING UPPERCUT!

DDK:

OOH! That series of nearfalls leads to the move that Alexander calls The Dragon Punch! Is that it?

Declan jumps on top of the man who calls himself DEFIANCE!

ONE... TWO... T-NO!

The shoulder of Burns rises and Declan is in shock. His leg is slowing him down, but he gets back up!

DDK:

Declan ALMOST had it there with those nearfalls... NO! Burns kicks the knee out from under Declan! The same knee he worked over!

Declan goes down and the crowd JEERS when Burns CRACKS him with the Hard Out Headbutt! The fans jeer after the pair of cheap shots before he grabs the leg and goes right into an ugly-looking heel hook! The Graps of Wrath III!

Lance:

Burns hasn't used that one in a while! The Graps of Wrath III! The same move that's tapped out people like Conor Fuse and even Declan's mentor, Lindsay Troy!

The Faithful plead with Declan to not tap out and he tries to fight as much as he can, but the two-time FIST has him grounded... he raises a hand... and taps out!

DING DING DING

Oscar releases the hold on Declan and then checks his jaw, still smarting from the Dragon Punch from earlier. He scoots away from the very game gamer and then gets up to his feet where he's presented with the Golden Shovel.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

Declan Alexander showed us something tonight! He's been a perennial top level wrestler in the BRAZEN brand at only 21 years old! He surprised Burns on more than one occasion!

Lance:

He really did! I'd say this is the closest Burns has looked like he's been in danger of losing the prized Golden Shovel of his, but he looks like he's more than ready for Dex Joy at DEFCON! Like him or hate him, he's been keeping his skills razor-sharp!

Oscar raises the Golden Shovel one more time, but the Faithful give some love to Declan Alexander for a great effort tonight. Burns takes the shovel and leaves the ring to celebrate his hard-fought win.

DDK:

Folks, thank you for joining us for the in-ring action on UNCUT tonight! And hat's off to Deacon Alexander for his efforts tonight! He's got a date for the BRAZEN Championship next month and if I'm Jack Halcyon, I'm holding that title close!

Lance:

Good night, everyone!

Declan gets some applause from the crowd as he limps to his feet, but it's clear he's left a good impression on The Faithful!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.