

SHOW OPEN

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

Signs and excitement everywhere!

CODENAME: SIGN

BIG BOX BRAND

GAELIC STORM BREWING

F ARTHUR, HIS MOM SHOULDA SWALLOWED**

A TEXAS SIZE ASS WHOOPIN IS LIKE A TEXAS STYLE WHOPPER BABY

MORE FATBOY SLIM

RIGHT ABOUT NOW, THE PUNK ROCK BROTHER

CHECK IT OUT NOW, THE PUNK ROCK BROTHER

NICE BRACKETS, ASSHOLES!

CODENAME: WHAT IS GRIEF IF NOT LOVE PERSEVERING

WELCOME TO THE MACHINE!

JAY HARVEY WAS ROBBED... AGAIN!

STALKER NEEDS A HUG!

I MADE OUT WITH ONE OF THE SNS BUT I FORGOT WHICH ONE

MIKEY TOOK MY MONEY BUT DIDN'T MAKE MY CAMEO

RICK DICKULOUS IS A LUMBERJACK-OFF!!

ADV? GTFO.

I BET ADV KNOWS A THING OR TWO ABOUT BURNING SENSATIONS

To ringside and the announcers.

DDK:

Welcome everyone to 151 Night 1! We've got a great show lined up for you and a main event slot still to be determined!

Lance:

Actually, Lance, a lot of matches TBA tonight. One we do know, however...

The DEFtv match graphic showing HENRY KEYES vs. REZIN. The Faithful are all over it with cheers for Keyes!

DDK:

That's right! And to start...

A second match graphic, this one for the FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: MATT LaCROIX vs. MURIEL PUDDINGS.

DDK:

Let's get started!

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: MATT LACROIX Â© vs. MURIEL PUDDINGS

Lance:

We're opening with a match tonight?

DDK:

Not just any match... a championship match!

Lance:

Now THIS IS DEFIANCE!

The camera meets Darren Quimbey in the ring with microphone in hand. Fans keep their signs high in the air behind him, desperately trying to see themselves on the replay when they get home. Quimbey, always the professional, announces the introductions with a fan aggressively waving a sign that says "HI ROLAND!" behind him.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is for the DEFIANCE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP and is scheduled for O N E F A L L !

The smooth twang of an acoustic guitar leads into the sensual beat of a 90s R&B classic. It's a stark contrast to the thing that walks out onto the entrance ramp.

♪ "Candy Rain" by Soul For Real ♪

Enter Muriel Puddings. Tonight, she is really taking professional wrestling seriously in her choice of attire. A pair of bedroom slippers depicting famous Looney Tune character Wile E. Coyote cover her hooves, gray sweatpants that feature cargo pockets on the sides, and an orange midriff tank top. The tank top reads "DINNER is SERVED" across her chest in black block lettering. Pink elbow and knee pads line out the ensemble. Within both the cargo and regular pockets of her sweats, slices of pizza protrude from out of them. Yes, it's not the most sanitary of places to keep food, but what can you do?

Rooted on by a chorus of support from the audience, Muriel delivers a closed-mouth smile as she nods her head to the beat and struts with a sway of her hips toward the squared circle. She pauses briefly to take a large bite of one of the pizza slices, chewing with her mouth open all the while and thus spitting food particles everywhere.

Muriel places her items in the corner and scales up the steel steps to enter the ring. "Candy Rain" by Soul For Real continues to jam over the sound system. She then walks toward the middle of the ring to perform her trademark "sexy entrance." Ducking under the top, her legs straddle the middle and she proceeds to grind on the ring rope as if she were a dog suffering from jock itch. Once satisfied, she enters and strikes a few provocative yet hilarious poses for the fans.

Suddenly the music cuts and the arena plummets into darkness. The cheers of the Faithful and the illumination of cell phone screens fill the DEFplex as a low guitar strum cuts through the air. Red lights ignite a smoke covered stage, silhouetting a man in a kneeling position. As he rises, the music grows into a pause, and a voice.

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

Matt LaCroix breaks forth through the red-lit smoke with the DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Championship above his head. The Faithful chant "HEY!" along to the music as he stares down towards the ring, where Muriel Puddings rubs her hands together with a smile. Then proceeds to lick the pizza grease off of them. The Reaper of the Pontchartrain smirks back as he throws the championship over his shoulder and heads towards the ring, uncharacteristically taking a look over his shoulder along the way.

DDK:

Now with a successful title defense, Matt LaCroix finds himself back in a familiar position, three defenses away from a shot at what is currently Dex Joy's Southern Heritage Championship. What a match that would be!

Lance:

Well he's had a little help along the way. Arthur Pleasant is not only responsible for Southern Strong Style having the championship back in the first place, but also the first successful defense. He's since went on to welcome Matt to The Scourge, but we've heard no response from the champion... who appears to have come out here alone.

DDK:

I actually had a minute to catch Matt backstage right before we went live tonight and asked him about just that. He says the entire thing is fiction. The Scourge, Arthur's claims, the whole thing.

Lance:

Well then why hasn't he come out to address it on air?

DDK:

Matt claims he doesn't want to give credence to that kind of "bullcrap," although that wasn't the word he used. As a long-time member of the BRAZEN roster he says he understands how hard it is to get on-air, and doesn't want to waste the Faithful's time or take away time from someone else addressing such ridiculous claims.

Now in the ring, Matt LaCroix stands on the top rope holding the Favoured Saints Championship into the air. As he returns to the ring, he hands the championship over to Carla Ferrari, who shows Muriel Puddings. Muriel goes to grab it but Carla jerks it away, leaving Muriel to just shrug before returning to her corner. As the lights return and the music cuts, LaCroix takes an extra lap around the ring looking down at the floor before going to his corner.

DING! DING!

Matt LaCroix approaches the middle of the ring with his arm extended for a handshake, Muriel paces forward... cautiously at first, but finds the confidence to go right in while licking her lips. However, instead of shaking the champion's hand, she immediately pulls him and locks him into a small package! The Faithful gasp as Carla Ferrari hits the mat for a count!

*ONE!**TWO!**THREE?**NO. TWOOOOOOOOOO!*

Matt LaCroix manages to just sneak out at the last minute, but the Faithful are buzzing. They almost saw a title change in under five seconds to start the show.

DDK:

That was close, Lance! That was REAL close!

Lance:

I'm not sure if that was just dumb luck or that was genius?

DDK:

It could be a little of both!

The champion immediately looks to Carla to make sure he got free on time and breathes a sigh of relief when the official shows him a two count. Meanwhile, Muriel is determined to win this match and win it early as she clocks the

Reaper of the Pontchartrain with a cannonball splash, bouncing his head off the canvas as she rolls awkwardly across the mat. She gets up and leaps on LaCroix!

ONE!

TW...NO!

Southern Strong Style gets out of this one, but he's reeling trying to escape Muriel's unexpected assault. He attempts to crawl to the ropes but Muriel jumps on top of him and slaps him on the butt trying to ride him around the ring like a horse before the startled technical marvel escapes under the bottom rope and outside of the ring. Puddings immediately follows and gives chase! LaCroix rounds the corner and slides back into the ring where Muriel follows but she's met with a front headlock that keeps her grounded and LaCroix brings sanity back to the match.

DDK:

That was... certainly an exchange.

Lance:

You can tell something is just a little off with Matt LaCroix tonight. These types of shenanigans wouldn't usually happen to a wrestler who is so calculated.

DDK:

The unorthodox offense has completely thrown him off of his game. That's apparent. Maybe with the developments that have happened in recent weeks though, Lance, he's also looking over his shoulder a little bit more.

Muriel tries desperately to claw her way free from the headlock, but LaCroix uses his advantageous position to bring her to the center of the ring. Puddings churns her legs, trying to run her way out from the hold as Matt looks outside the ring... and she does! LaCroix is suddenly being bull-rushed backwards by Muriel and is speared into the corner. Muriel follows by monkey flipping LaCroix back to the center of the ring. Puddings tries to get the Faithful rowdy as she slaps her belly and goes for a running splash on LaCroix, but he rolls out of the way!

DDK:

Another close one there, Lance!

Lance:

I just can't believe what I'm seeing right now. This is the LAST thing I would've expected!

Both wrestlers reach their feet simultaneously, but Muriel immediately latches onto the Favoured Saints Champion and spins LaCroix into the Tapioca Sunrise swinging neckbreaker... but Matt reverses! He grabs the arm and turns it into an absolutely brutal looking arm spin and then back into a kimura. Muriel screams out in pain as the Faithful gasp at the painful looking exchange. Carla jumps down to the canvas, asking for a submission but Muriel refuses. She felt the adrenaline rush of becoming the new Favoured Saints Champion and just can't let it go.

LaCroix continues to push down on Muriel with his knee, applying more pressure onto the back while cranking the arm in the kimura. Wrenching more on the kimura, Muriel screams again before Matt gives up on the lock and moves back into a front headlock to control his opponent. He hits some stiff knees into the head of the challenger, who simply goes back to the same strategy as before and begins to pump her legs. Again she powers out her way up to her feet, but this time LaCroix uses that momentum against her and steps aside leaving Muriel to charge head first right through the ropes and tripping awkwardly onto the apron before rolling off to the outside of the ring.

DDK:

That's a trio of REAL nasty looking falls and exchanges for Muriel in just a matter of about a minute or so, Lance. Carla is probably going to have to start checking a little closer on Muriel to make sure she isn't seriously hurt.

Lance:

That's exactly what she's doing right now, Darren. You're on it tonight!

Carla stops LaCroix from setting up for a suicide dive and appears to be explaining that Muriel needs to be checked first to make sure she's still able to compete after that tumble. Matt argues his case in the ring when the Faithful begin to boo, startling the champion and causing him to turn towards the entrance. However, it's with Muriel that they notice as Arthur Pleasant crawls out from under the ring and grabs the calf of the challenger and pulls her under the ring without either Carla or Matt noticing.

It doesn't take long for Matt LaCroix, who has been on high alert all night, to run over and check to see what Muriel was up to only to find she's not there anymore. Frustrated, the Orleans Outsider begins pacing each side of the ring looking for where Puddings ran off to, almost completing a round trip before Arthur Pleasant crawls out from under the ring... face covered in lipstick. He has an unsettling smile on his face as he locks eyes with Matt LaCroix. Carla Ferrari begins the count as LaCroix approaches the ropes.

DDK:

Uhh.. what exactly is going on under the ring out here?

Lance:

This might be the most bizarre opening match in the history of DEFtv, Darren. What is even going on tonight?

DDK:

Obviously Arthur Pleasant has come to assist the Favoured Saints Champion, whether he wants him to or not... and LaCroix doesn't look very pleased about it.

Matt begins screaming for Arthur to come into the ring and talk this out. Arthur doesn't react initially. He doesn't flinch or move until suddenly bursting into a round of applause for the champion. Pleasant points to LaCroix in the ring, trying to gain the support of the Faithful by throwing his arms into the air, wanting them to shower his Scourged champion with the affection he deserves. LaCroix scowls and sits on the middle rope with the top rope over his shoulder, begging Arthur Pleasant to come into the ring... but all the provocateur does is continue to shower his champion with praise.

Seeing his requests don't seem to be heard, LaCroix goes to the opposite corner of the ring and asks for a microphone... which is provided to him reluctantly by Darren Quimbey. Matt taps on the mic to make sure it's on before walking back over and inviting Arthur into the ring once again.

LaCroix:

'Ey friend. Mista Pleasant, if ya wanna shot at tha champ, all ya gotta do is ask my friend. If ya wanna be a Favoured Saint, just step right in here an' laissez les bons temps rouler! As ya know I ain't hard ta find. I'm bout finished lookin over my shoulder at ya sneakin' ass though. Next time I see that lil possum lookin' face ya got I'ma put my knee through it.

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

There's the bell!

Lance:

I think Muriel was just counted out!

♪ "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed and Cambria ♪

The Faithful boo as Carla approaches Matt LaCroix and requests the microphone back. In anger Matt throws the mic, bouncing across the mat and into the hands of Darren Quimbey who was patiently waiting at ringside. Ferrari takes a moment to calm down the Reaper of the Pontchartrain before raising his arm in victory and handing him the Favoured Saints Championship.

Quimbey:

You're winner by count out, and STILL DEFIANCE Favoured Saints Champion... MAAAAAAAATT

LAAAACROOIIIIIIIIIX!

With all the chaos unfolding in the ring, Arthur had already begun his trek back up the aisle, now wiping his face with the back of his arm with a maniacal grin wide across his face. The Favoured Saints Champion looks down at his championship, shaking his head in disappointment before lifting it high above his head... his eyes locked on Pleasant with a glare. Pleasant begins fake bowing at the greatness of the champion before disappearing backstage.

DDK:

Well Matt LaCroix has retained his championship via countout, Lance... and that's how we'll begin our broadcast here tonight. Some strange, strange things are going on here and I'm not sure we got much more clarity than we had going in.

Lance:

I mean... I don't know what else to say here. Clearly Matt LaCroix was trying to get a piece of Arthur Pleasant, but he also never left the ring. He never broke the count that would've saved the match for Muriel. He could've done more.

DDK:

But is he playing us all and letting Arthur do his dirty work for him, or does all these games from Arthur just have him so off of his game that he's just out of sorts? It's so hard to tell.

Lance:

Speaking of breaking the count for Muriel... where IS Muriel?

As if it were on cue, we see a strange object roll out from under the ring.

DDK:

Is that...what in the world?

Lance:

It's a...glazed ham?

Yes. The strange object that rolls out from under the ring is a delicious and savory HoneyBaked® Ham, glistening as if it had been just removed from an oven. Shortly thereafter, you guessed it: another strange object rolls out from under the ring.

DDK:

And there she is!

Lance:

I don't know what Muriel was doing under there with that ham, but...wait. Is the ham rolling away on its own?

Muriel Puddings:

C'MERE BAE, I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU YET!

As if it were some form of magical spell (or strategically placed fishing twine), the ham is actually physically rolling itself around the ringside area and up the ramp as Puddings gives chase to it in an attempt to violate the popular Christmas meal. Muriel is of course giving chase as fast as she can, but to no avail. The ham quickly disappears behind the curtain followed by the Insurance General in hot pursuit.

DDK:

I'm not sure what we just witnessed. But my thoughts and prayers are with the ham right now. Let's hope she wears herself out before she can get hold of it

SHRINE OF SANCTUARY

Gage Blackwood walks the backstage halls. He's in street clothes and gives a couple of head nods to various ring crew members. Stopping at the watercooler to grab a drink, the former SOHER notices arrow stickers on the ground.

The stickers all point in one direction so Gage decides to follow them with a cold cup of water in his hand. His eyes dart around the corner until he arrives at a room with the door ajar. Gage slowly creeps up to the door, cautious of his surroundings.

Gage Blackwood:

Hello?

The Noble Raider gently pushes the door open and lays eyes on what's inside.

Gage Blackwood:

Uhhh what's going on here?

Gage enters the room and is immediately surrounded by candlelight. It's either a masterpiece or disturbia, depending on how you look at things as there's all sorts of anime stickers, photos and bad hand drawings pasted to a wooden shrine.

DDK:

What the hell!?

Blackwood can't help but move in closer to see the anime stickers are a couple in love. The photos are all of Gage and so too are the crude hand drawings. His eyes flow to the center of the shrine.

Gage Blackwood:

Is that... hair?

Indeed, it's a lock of brown hair braided nicely.

Lance:

This looks like some Gage Blackwood witchcraft!

Gage immediately goes to leave but turns right into Teresa Ames!

Teresa Ames:

Oh! You bumped me! Sure hope nothing comes out of that in nine months time.

Awkward.

Gage Blackwood:

I'm out.

Teresa Ames:

Where are you going, honey? So glad you followed my floor signs! Welcome to my shrine of you! Did you see the lock of hair in the middle? I do my ritualistic dance to it every night!

Ames physically advances on Blackwood, who's scrambling to get out of there.

Teresa Ames:

Did you see this, too?

Ames whips out a flashlight and casts its shine on the walls, revealing huge, poster sized images of Gage. In addition,

there are smaller pictures, too. Pictures from Gage's everyday life. One shot sees him at a gas station filling up his car. Another sees him walking out of a Walgreens. Some of the pictures even have Teresa photoshopped beside him!

Teresa Ames:

Hey, so, look, do you have time to talk about us?

Blackwood looks confused.

Gage Blackwood:

Us? How many times do I have to tell you--

Ames reaches out and rubs Blackwood's arm as she playfully twirls her hair with her other hand. He's not getting away that easy.

Teresa Ames:

Yeah, us, silly. Where we stand in our relationship. I did this for you, after all.

The situation gains intensity as it feels like the flames on the ends of the candles burn hotter.

Gage Blackwood:

Let. Go. Of. Me.

Blackwood is fuming as Ames reluctantly relinquishes control. Gage marches to the exit door.

Teresa Ames:

I fell in love with you that random time we passed each other in the hallway. We exchanged a glance, Gage. A glance. To me, that means we're in love and you wanted me.

DDK:

That is not a normal thought process.

Lance:

NOTHING about any of this is normal! That locker room is NOT normal at all!

Gage pulls the door open and looks back over his shoulder.

Gage Blackwood:

No.

He's gone. Teresa holds herself amongst the Gage Blackwood shrine.

Teresa Ames:

Time to move on then.

Ames gets her phone and sends a text before blowing out the candles.

DON'T WORRY, BOYS

ðŸŽµ "Gold" by Sir Sly ðŸŽµ

The mood in the arena drops significantly, omitting the sound of rapturous discontent as the 24K titles hit the DEFIATron as the group's Tag Team partners make their way through the curtain.

DDK:

Oh good, JFKayle are gracing us with their presence this evening. What will it be this time? Making fun of us all, gloating, another open challenge, general bullshit? I can't wait.

Lance:

You need to work on your sarcasm, Darren.

Adorning their 24K JFKayle specific merch T-shirts underneath their beautiful leather coats, Cayle looks disgusted as he shows off the merch at the ringside camera while Jesse makes his way up the ring steps to enter the ring.

Cayle Murray:

New merch, dickheads. New merch. Don't buy it though...

Lance:

I mean...why even release the merch then?

DDK:

Who the hell knows why these two do anything, Lance.

The shot focuses on Kendrix who grabs a mic off Quimbey before shoo-shooing him back to where he came from before he joins Cayle in the middle of the ring. As is customary for some reason, JFK slowly but purposely raises the mic to his lips as Cayle cups his ears.

Kendrix:

Listen, Yeah?!

Lance:

Ugh. What's worse is there are pockets of the faithful that actually indulge that line.

Jesse's shit-eating grin is there for all to see as Cayle cups his ear toward the faithful at each side of the ring, encouraging them to follow Jesse's simple instructions.

Kendrix:

JFK has an apology to make to each and every single one of the DEFIANCE faithful. We feel terrible about it.

DDK:

It? You're apologising for just one thing?

Kendrix:

It's been a while since Cayle and myself gave you all the exciting opportunity to feast your tired, strained, and worthless eyes at the single greatest Tag Team in DEFIANCE today. Therefore, tonight JFKayle will once again be competing in Tag Team action against two incredibly lucky and undeserving DEFIANCE...DEFIANTS?

He looks over at Cayle to check, but the Scot just shrugs his shoulders.

Kendrix:

Who cares? Nobody probably, anyway. Not only will you all finally have something to shout about DEFIANCE to your buddies in the zoo when you see JFKayle perform this very evening, but you also get to see the latest JFKayle open challenge drawing of the opponents!

DDK:

That was an apology?

Big thumbs up and cheesy grin from Jesse but it's cut short as Cayle covers his mouth whispering into his tag partner's ear, to which Jesse rolls his eyes and seems to lose all enthusiasm he had.

Kendrix:

But before we get to that wonderful moment, JFK unfortunately must draw your attention to our horrible, horrible merch. As part of our DEFIANCE contracts, apparently, we have to sell to you all the latest DEFIANCE 24K JFKayle t-shirt even though we don't need or want your filthy money.

Disappointedly, Cayle pulls down the bottom of his shirt to make it clear for the cameras while JFK just looks at his own upset.

Kendrix:

OK...so...it's got the numbers 2 and 4 and the letter K next to each other with JFKayle splattered across the top of that. The material I think is...

He uses his free hand to have a feel before he jumps back in shock and shakes his head.

Kendrix:

Cotton...Seriously? Cotton? Of all the materials to use in the world...cotton?

Cayle shakes his head in agreement at the disgust along with Jesse.

Kendrix:

It doesn't even feel like 100% cotton...OK, whatever. Available in DEFIANCE.com shop, I guess. Buy it, buy the merch etcetera, buy it. Bloody contracts...

Jesse and Cayle immediately take off their cotton shirts and dump them on the matt to which the next action from them could only be simultaneous elbow and leg drops to the merch and removing them from the ring.

DDK:

Nothing wrong with 100% cotton, folks.

Lance:

These guys are something else.

Cayle Murray:

Now that that bullshittery is over with and our agent is about to find himself well and truly in the bin - sorry, Ron - I would like to point out that the real, official, and *much* more expensive 24K merchandise is available on our website. Don't settle for these cheap DEFIANCE knockoffs! Do yourselves a favour and spend quadruple the price for less than quadruple the quality. Alright!

This time it's Kendrix who covers his mouth and whispers into Cayle's ear, to which the Scot nods in agreement.

Cayle Murray:

However, I implore you all not to do that because 1. Sorry chunkers, sizes don't go above XXXL. 2. You can't afford it. And 3. As if we want you moldy old cunts prancing around in our gear! Awful PR, truly terrible.

BOOOOOOOOO

DDK:

Does he have to use that word?

Cayle Murray:

So, without further clothing delays... drum roll, please.

As he points his index finger up, beside his beautiful manly man face, a drum roll fills the arena on queue as the lights on the Defiatron present the JFKayle Open Challenge logo.

Cayle Murray:

Who in the hell is up next for the JFKayle open challenge?

Jesse rubs his hands together in glee and apparent anticipation whilst trying to hold his laughter in.

Lance:

Let me guess, local talent? Midgets? Rookies, fans? That seems to be the 24K style.

♪ *Bullet Holes - Bush* ♪

DDK:

OH YEAH!

Lance:

Jay Harvey is here! The man that has been at odds with 24K for months!

The crowd is roaring as Jay Harvey makes his way out onto the entrance ramp. He stops and looks out into the crowd of fans going wild. He turns his attention to the ring and is staring daggers. Murray and Kendrix both seem to be shocked by his appearance.

Jay Harvey:

You know-

The crowd cuts Harvey off by starting a "Jay Harvey" chant. He smiles at the reaction and waves his hand in a signal to calm things down.

Jay Harvey:

You know... You guys constantly do these challenges. You bring in some mockery to face you so that you guys can laugh and giggle. Pat yourselves on the back. If it wasn't some no-shows, it was the Marx Brothers...

Cayle and Kendrix are highly offended by Harvey's remarks. That's so Twenty-Twenty-One.

Jay Harvey:

What's next guys? A bus full of mini wrestlers to say you beat everyone on the roster? No, no, no... I'm not going to have that. Kendrix, you cost me my shot at immortality. You deserved everything you got two weeks ago. Then just when I had you beat... 24K got in the way.

The crowd boos as Jesse simply smiles, admiring his thievery two weeks ago. Shots of the sold-out crowd then hit your screen before returning to Harvey.

Jay Harvey:

And you Cayle-

Kendrix:

Listen, Ye-

Jay Harvey:

NO! No, you two pairs of clown shoes! You had your time to talk, this is my time!

The roar of the crowd can be heard down Third Street!

Lance:

Thank God!

DDK:

These guys get to be a little much, Lance.

Back to "The Natural One".

Jay Harvey:

You too Cayle. When your grab assing partner has been there, so have you. The attacks, the constant thorn in my goddamn side! I have unfinished business with both of you... So I accept your challenge! Tonight! We settle this!

JFKayle look at each other and just burst out laughing. The crowd is booing and with good reason... 24K sucks.

Kendrix:

But there's just one of you! That's no challenge for the manliest of manly men!

Cayle Murray:

Yeah, I mean, if the Face of the Midcard is dumb enough to want to fight us alone, who are we to stand in his way?!

Harvey chuckles as cameras catch him still on the ramp. He puts the microphone to his mouth.

Jay Harvey:

Don't worry, boys. I got the perrrrfect partner lined up.

♪ "Legendary" - 7kingZ ♪

The DEFIANCE Faithful are beside themselves as Lindsay Troy's music hits the speakers. Kendrix and Cayle are none too pleased at this development, while Jay Harvey sports a smug look in response.

DDK:

Oh this is perfect. This is absolutely perfect.

Lance:

Two weeks ago, Cayle Murray said that he would fight Lindsay Troy on his own time. Now, it looks like he doesn't have a choice!

The Queen saunters out from the back with a microphone of her own. She gives Jay a friendly nod then looks down at JFKayle in the ring with a big, cat that ate the canary, smirk.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, hello children.

A quick pause for a quick pop from the crowd while Kendrix and Cayle look at each other at exactly the same time in absolute shock that their behaviour warrants the comparison to children.

Lindsay Troy:

Cayle! I see that your jaw has miraculously healed from being broken in ... what was it? Twelve places? Twenty? I don't ... (she looks over at Harvey) Do you remember what bullshit it was?

Jay Harvey:

I think he said threeeeve. A combo of three and five.

Lindsay Troy:

Yeah, sounds about right. A made-up number, just like the made-up injury. Can't run anymore now, though. All this shooting off at the mouth for months, thinking that no comeuppance was headed your way, is coming to an end, and it starts tonight.

The fans go wild at the very thought as Jesse turns to Cayle.

Kendrix:

This is bullshit! Ron said there would be no comeuppance, he said that!

Cayle tries to reassure Jesse but their agent is so fired.

Lance:

I can't wait, Darren. This is going to be one heck of a match tonight.

DDK:

No kidding. Jay Harvey and Lindsay Troy put on a great match not that long ago before both Kendrix and Cayle Murray ruined it in the lead-up to DEFROAD. Them teaming here tonight has to be a dream scenario for many fans as well.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, one more thing before Jay and I head to the back to have a good laugh about all this and prep to beat the dog shit out of you two. This won't be the only night you'll be seeing me in the ring, Cayle, because at DEFCON it's gonna be ME and YOU.

The Faithful can't believe it; they explode into cheers at the massive PPV match announcement. In the ring, Cayle screams out in anger, and kicks the ropes, while Jesse takes a turn to try and calm him down.

DDK:

This just keeps getting better and better, Lance. What a bombshell that the Queen just dropped, and Cayle Murray is beside himself.

Lance:

Oh I can't wait, DEFCON is shaping up to be a barnburner.

"Bullet Holes" by Bush cues up again as Harvey and Troy two drop their mics on the stage and head backstage.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON

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

CARD AS IT STANDS...

MAIN EVENT

FIST of DEFIANCE

Mikey Unlikely © vs. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS

Fuse Bros. One © vs. The Comments Section

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP

Dex Joy © vs. Scrow

JESTAL vs. TBA

As the show returns from commercial break.

♪*Stairs and Flowers by Skinny Puppy*♪

Darren Quimbey:

The next match schedule for ONE FALL! From "Baroness Vahze" Bazaar of Toys ...The Mad Prince....JESTAL!

The Faithful cheer for the fun loving jester's name. Jestal steps from behind the curtain, not in a usual colorful outfit. He has black wrestling boots, blue jeans, a wife beater, with a hawaiian shirt unbuttoned. No make up, which is very rare from a guy that dresses up like a jester for a living. His hair has been cut, and no longer rocks the teal dreads. His hair now looks like a green and dark blue messy undercut mohawk. The punk looking jester slowly walks to the ring, his clear body language is that of having no desire to be here right now.

DDK:

Well, over the last few weeks, Jestal has gone through a wide range of emotions. From shock, to anger, to a victim of a conspiracy caused by the PCP, to finally just acting like an utter prick.

Lance:

Losing his sister in this manner really has taken a part of his act that we all came to really enjoy. He doesn't even want to put on his clown makeup anymore.

Jestal slides under the bottom rope and removes his Hawaiian shirt and demands a microphone.

DDK:

Looks like he has something to say, I must say The Faithful clearly have no idea what to think of Jestal anymore. I can still hear a few cheers but now a few jeers as well.

Jestal:

Ok, you monkeys in the big fancy offices, that ordered me to come out here for a match. I am here, so now what? If you think I am out here to dance, and use gags to give you rich bums a good chuckle you are going to be verrrryyy disappointed. So where is this opponent you have huh?

Jestal lowers the microphone and hears no music, and grows quickly annoyed by this.

DDK:

I guess Jestal has no desire to perform/wrestle here tonight.

Lance:

It's clear he has no love for the management of Defiance either.

After a few minutes, Jestal is about to leave when...

Tom Morrow with Ken Ellis and Jack Mace who has a tall shoe box under his arm. Jestal notices them and walks to the center of the ring. With his side turned from them as they make their way to the ring.

DDK:

I see Ken is looking okay for being mauled by Titaness two weeks ago. But... why IS Morrow out here? Does he want Jack Mace to be his opponent?

Jestal:

How many times do I have to tell you Tom, I don't want anything to do with your Band of Misfits!

Tom Morrow:

Oh, trust me... after tonight, you will, Jestal.

Jestal doesn't pay him any mind, but Morrow smiles.

Jestal:

Blah...blah...blah...Lets get this over with...Jack Mace is it? You're clearly my opponent here tonight get in the ring so I can go home.

Tom Morrow:

Oh, we have an opponent for you. Truly. The man next to me, Jack Mace, is someone that knew you very well when he was a... ugh... WrestleFriend.

The Jack of All Holds visibly shudders at the mention of his old tag team with "Bantam" Ryan Batts. Ken Ellis looks unsure of what's going on while Morrow smirks back at him.

Tom Morrow:

Get ready, Jestal...

Jestal gets ready... then Jack grabs a unaware Ken and slides him in the ring, taking the box back from Morrow! Ken however is in shock as he questions Jack and Tom from in the ring.

Jestal:

DING...DING

Ken realizes just what Jestal said, and has a look on his face like he just soiled himself.

The referee is in the ring, and Ken tries to beg, before trying to escape. Jestal grabs hold of his coat and locks in a german suplex and launches Ken halfway across the ring in a release german suplex. Ken flops around the mat, in pain. Jestal picks up Ken and tosses him in the corner and drives a few european uppercuts across the jaw, and Ken sells it like a champ...some of the shots though he really seems to oversell as he almost flips over the top rope from a few blows.

DDK:

This is not what we are used to from Jestal. He is taking no enjoyment in beating one of Tom's goons at all.

Lance:

I am starting to think Klein really broke the Mad Prince here.

Jestal snapmares Ken over and then drops a elbow on the top of Ken's head. He picks up Ken who can barely stand.

Jestal:

I got a few more minutes to spare. How about a tour of the square.

DDK:

Tour of the Square? What could he mean by that?

Jestal drags Ken over to the turnbuckle and starts slamming his head into the top turnbuckle, with the Faithful counting all the way to ten, only for Jestal moves to the middle turnbuckle for another Faithful count of ten, then to the bottom turnbuckle only this time he uses his foot in another ten count stomping Ken's face into the bottom turnbuckle.

Lance:

Ken is getting the crap kicked out of him, and Tom and Jack are smiling about it.

Jestal picks up Ken and runs his face across the ropes. Ken by now has no idea where he is.

Jestal:

As we move from Turnbuckle Avenue, down Dragstrip Rope, we come to Cement Row!

Jestal tosses Ken out of the ring. Ken slams into the floor outside the ring. He picks up Ken and ushers him to the ring post before slamming him head first into it, quickly making Ken drop on his back holding his face.

Jestal:

Steel Post Lane.

He picks up Ken and irish whips him! Making ken flip over the steel steps.

Jestal:

Steel Ladderville.

Ken is begging Jestal desperately, Jestal ignores him and grabs him and slams his head into the barricade, then into the apron!

DDK:

Jestal is literally taking Ken on a tour of the squared circle, I guess not all his humor is gone.

Jestal:

Barricade Avenue, make that U-Turn to Apron Central....and finally.

Jestal picks up a jello legged Ken around the ring and slams his head into the ring bell.

Jestal:

Ring my Bell!

The Faithful are laughing at Ken and cheering Jestal on.

Jestal tosses Ken in at the eight count. Ken tries to crawl to Tom begging for help. Jestal wraps his legs into a Crossed Leg STF!

DDK:

Jestal calls that the No Laughing Matter!

Lance:

Ken is quickly tapping here!

DING DING

Tom and Jack enter the ring.

♪Stairs and Flowers by Skinny Puppy♪

Jestal releases the submission as the music cuts.

Tom Morrow:

Congratulations on your big win, Jestal! Jack... give the man his championship.

Jack hands the box to Jestal.

Jestal:

So what now first money, then girls and now what flowers?

Tom Morrow:

I'm not an idiot, Jestal. There's an adage that everyone has a price. Sometimes, that's money. Women.

Championships. Glory. You just have to know where to find it... luckily...

He looks at Mace.

Tom Morrow:

I happen to know a guy who knows a thing or two about you.

Ken is trying to get up with help from the ropes, but can barely keep his balance behind Jestal. He opens the box and his eyes widen. He looks at Tom then Jack and pulls out...

DDK:

CLUCKY! They actually found that loaded rubber chicken!?

Lance:

Oh brother, seriously?

Jestal stares at the chicken.

Jestal: {panting a bit}

A rubber chicken...that's your gift? What are you expecting me to believe you actually found Clucky?

Jack nods, Jestal seems unconvinced. Ken who has no idea where he is finally has gotten to his feet. Jestal turns around and nails Ken with Clucky. Ken drops like a bag of rocks and is out cold. Jestal looks at Clucky and slowly he begins to smile.

Jestal: {off Microphone in a excited tone}

CLUCKY!!! YOUR ALIVE!!!!

DDK:

A damn rubber chicken! I guess I should not be surprised that something so mundane would be the thing to give him his smile back.

Lance:

I got to say at least he is happy again. Maybe we finally can get our fun loving jester of Defiance back again.

DDK:

You do realize we would have Tom Morrow of all people to thank for that!?

Lance:

Ugh...forgot about that.

Jestal celebrates getting his best friend back, he turns to Tom who has his hand extended. Jestal walks past Tom ignoring his hand shake, too excited about being reunited with Clucky to care about Tom or Jack for that matter. Morrow smiles and fist bumps Mace as the two head out... perhaps with a new ally in tow at long last.

DON'T DO IT

Cut to backstage.

DEFMed to be exact.

The camera shoots from just outside the door frame. Very sneaky.

Inside Iris Davine's office, Scott Douglas sits where he has sat many times in his DEFIANCE tenure, atop Iris' exam table waiting for the results. Iris looks over the paperwork on the clipboard but she already knows the outcome. She's stalling.

Iris Davine:

You know? ... I could just deny your clearance.

Scott sighs and raises his brow, widening his eyes almost to ask "really?"

Scott Douglas:

We both know you would never do that.

Iris Davine:

And why not?

Scott's amused by the defiant nature of Dr. Davine's question.

Scott Douglas:

Hippocratic oath, for starters.

Iris Davine:

Spell Hippocratic.

Scott Douglas:

Now, is this part of the concussion protocol ...? Or have I already cleared that?

Iris is over the witty repertoire or lack thereof. She drops the airs of a stern potential to withhold and defaults to true concern.

Iris Davine:

You, literally, *just* watched Kerry make the same mistake. All the time you've put into DEFIANCE ...

Scott jumps in.

Scott Douglas:

Most of it, in here.

Iris Davine:

I'm being serious. You are willing to risk all of that just to be the boy scout again? You have the title shot! You earned the title shot! Demand it ... with no caveat!

Scott is slightly entertained by this browbeating Dr. Davine is dolling out. It's not the first.

Scott Douglas:

... stipulation.

Iris Davine:

Shut it!

A grin spreads across Scott's face.

Iris Davine:

This isn't funny! Go to the board. Someone. Something... don't just capitulate and fall right into his stupid little trap, Scott.

Knowing he has been toeing the line, he reels it back.

Scott Douglas:

I hear you. I really do... I get what you are saying completely. I hate what happened to Kerry and if I could - I'd go back and make it right.

Iris Davine:

Make this right. Don't do it! ... it's completely unnecessary. You are being set up for failure, Scott. You have to see that.

Again, he can't help but be amused by Iris' incessant insistency.

Scott Douglas:

Wait ... you mean to tell me Mikey Unlikely has something up his sleeve and this whole thing is one long con contrived from the start to manipulate me into falling for the okie doke. Come on, does that really sound like the Mikey Unlikely that you know?

Joking or not, Iris has had enough. She tried. He won't listen. He won't be reasoned with.

He also won't say directly if he has accepted.

Iris Davine:

Fine. Whatever, Scott. You're clear.

Iris tosses the clipboard toward Douglas, catching him a bit by surprise and landing in his lap. He chuckles and shaking his head and she storms out of the room, nearly bumping in the camera on the way.

Cut to elsewhere.

THE HERO'S JOURNEY

A crane cam shot from high above shows the Faithful cheering before slowly lowering, the camera panning to show DDK and Lance Warner sitting at the announce table. DDK relaxes while Lance, as always, is shuffling through papers in his hand before dropping the stack in front of himself with a nod.

DDK:

And now we turn a complete 180 here, Lance. From a DEFIANT the fans love, to one they're starting to love to hate.

Lance:

With all the mayhem he's brought here to the WrestlePlex since he debuted, Keebs, I'd say you're right on the money.

DDK:

Rick Dickulous is the man we're talking about, ladies and gentlemen - The Lumbergiant. He and Chris Richards have been at odds ever since Defiance Road, and he's got a few words for Chris Richards here tonight.

Lance:

Let's just hope it's only words. We all know how often anything involving Rick Dick--

Suddenly the crowd is bathed in deep blood red lighting as a powerful kick drum resonates through the building's sound system and the crane camera pans over to the entrance ramp, slowly swinging itself out over the rampway and pointing at the stage.

♪ "Face Fisted" by Dethklok ♪

Lance: *[voiceover]*

--ulous...every time, Keebs. Every time. I don't understand it.

Rick strolls out onto the entrance ramp, his massive frame making the entryway seem tiny, eyes narrowed and staring daggers into the crowd as they begin to voice their displeasure.

DDK: *[voiceover]*

That's the man right there who has Chris Richards zeroed in his sights. Big Rick Dickulous. Easily one of the biggest men to compete here in DEFIANCE.

His shaven head glistens in the crimson light, along with his shimmering, oiled upper body. An axe occupies his massive and taped right hand (both are, up to his wrists), resting against the bare flesh of his shoulder. His legs fill his brown industrial work pants - his quads flexing through the thick material, and he sports a pair of plain black boots. He slowly makes his way to the interview stage and removes a microphone from its stand before walking back to the centre of the entrance stage. As his music cuts out suddenly, a small chant begins as the lights inside the WrestlePlex return to normal:

LET'S GO RI-CHARDS!!

clap clap clapclapclap

LET'S GO RI-CHARDS!!

clap clap clapclapclap

Rick Dickulous:

Yeah, you go ahead and chant his name. Remember it, because I promise you when I finally get my fucking hands on your little golden boy that's all that'll be left.

Rick's statement is met with a chorus of boos, quiet at first, but eventually picking up steam as he motions for the crowd to keep going.

Rick Dickulous:

Here's what I'm gathering. Clearly it can only be one of two bloody things here, and frankly, if I were you I wouldn't cheer either fucking one of them. Chris Richards is scared shitless, see? No matter how you slice it, he's scared shitless of one of two things: it's either Rick Dickulous, or he's scared to keep moving forward in his Hero's Journey, and either way, you poor goddamned slobs clearly have had the wool pulled over your eyes and can't see it - I mean, let's be fair here, most of you have no idea what the fuck I'm talking about when I say Hero's Journey because you're all still reading books with pictures in them.

Rick mimes reading a book, turning the page while speaking in a mocking tone, slightly hunched over.

Rick Dickulous:

See Spot run. Run, Spot, run! *[Turns page]* See Spot speak. Speak, Spot, speak! *[Turns page]* See Spot shit his pants because Rick Dickulous is after his ass. Shit your pants, Spot, shit your pants!

The crowd begins booing louder as Rick Dickulous looks up quickly, standing back up tall.

Rick Dickulous:

Oh, you don't like that story? Does it trigger you? Do you need a safe space? Hmm? If you said yes, a) fuck you, b) make like a snowflake and chill the fuck out, and c) you're really not gonna like where this is headed so buckle up, sweetheart.

DDK: *[voiceover]*

Rick Dickulous isn't holding back here, Lance. Seems he's attacking everyone and everything in some manner.

Lance: *[voiceover]*

That's the behaviour of a predator on the defensive, Keeps. I don't know if I like this at all.

Rick Dickulous:

Let me do my good deed for the day and fill you in on what the hell I'm talking about, since I know they don't teach this shit in elementary school, and I know DAMNED well none of you made it through junior high. The Hero's Journey is a storytelling tool that revolves around a hero - who we'll call Chris Richards - who goes on a quest, is victorious in a decisive crisis, then comes home changed or transformed. BUT, see, this is why Chris Richards is afraid to continue...are you ready?

Rick waits for a few seconds before gesturing up and down at himself with a smug grin as the crowd begins to chant again, this time louder.

LET'S GO RI-CHARDS!!

clap clap clapclapclap

LET'S GO RI-CHARDS!!

clap clap clapclapclap

Lance:

The crowd here getting behind Chris Richards, Darren. Clearly Rick Dickulous has a high opinion of himself.

DDK:

Lance, he's six feet nine inches tall...everything about that man is high.

Rick Dickulous:

There's just one little problem though, y'see? Chris Richards can be just like Harry Potter, or maybe Frodo...hell, he can pretend he's fucking Beowulf for all I care - at the end of the day, mark my words, I - Rick Dickulous - will be his decisive crisis...and I guaran-goddamned-tee you that I WILL put an end to his adventure. Your little golden boy? As much as he seems to always get back up? I promise you, after he steps into that ring again with me one-on-one, it will be where his Hero's Journey ends. See, I AM the biggest man in all of DEFIANCE. I AM the *strongest* man in all of DEFIANCE. And I am most assuredly the MEANEST man in all of DEFIANCE.

Rick looks directly into the crane camera, the shot zooming in so his face fills the screen.

Rick Dickulous:

At DEFCON, Chris Richards, I'm issuing a challenge to you. You can continue to hide with your bloody tail in between your legs, looking for a way to disappear...or maybe your balls can drop and you can accept. Hell, Chris, since it's YOUR Hero's Journey that's about to end, I'll even give you a freebie: you can name your match. I don't give a rat's ass what kind of match you want, Richards...I just want to look into your eyes the moment you realize that in reality, you're not fucking Frodo at all...nono....you're Boromir, and DEFCON is Parth Galen. Sorry, Richards...not sorry.

Rick drops the microphone to the stage and walks towards the curtain as the crowd jeers.

Lance:

Apparently Rick Dickulous has read Lord of the Rings, Darren, and anyone else who has can understand what was just said.

DDK:

Does it have pictures in it, Lance?

Lance:

It-uhhh, it's actually a whole series of novels written by J.R.R. Tolkien.

DDK:

Didn't they make a bunch of movies? I guess according to Rick Dickulous, the Faithful must've just watched those instead. Hell of a smart idea!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

HENRY KEYES vs. REZIN

Fade to an overhead crane shot of the WrestlePlex, slowly moving in on the famed "commentation station" situated in the northwest corner of the arena.

DDK:

We're well into the first night of yet another monumental installment of DEFtv, ladies and gentlemen, and this next match is sure to shake things up on the side of unconventional!

Lance:

Unconventional is right, Keebs. While everyone is looking forward to watching the stalwart hero of DEFIANCE, HENRY KEYES, finally get his hands on the nefarious Kabal firestarter, REZIN, the two have agreed to settle this battle in a "GANG WAR".

DDK:

What exactly is a "Gang War" type of match, Lance?

Lance:

I have no idea, Darren, as it was the latest "punk rock" challenge laid out by Rezin at the last Uncut, so it is likely to be elaborately convoluted and nonsensical at the same time.

♪ "Imperial March / Alderaan" by Noothgrush ♪

The shot cuts to the stage, overwhelmed in a haze of smoke and a mess of strobes. Four of the Kabal's nefarious REAPERS file out of the entry-way, led by the notorious GREEN REAPER, which is quite obviously REZIN, as given away immediately by his overactive physical mannerisms, in addition the mosaic of tattoos across his torso below the mask, cowl, and cape. He's accompanied by three new Reapers: CYAN, MAGENTA, and CHARTREUSE, clad in the standard Kabal uniforms.

DDK:

How many of these goons do the Kabal have at their disposal?

Lance:

Hard to say, Keebs, but at this rate, I'm beginning to wonder if they multiply when you feed them after midnight.

As the Faithful boo them with contempt, Escape Artist leads his charge of "Reap-troopers" down the rampway. Along the procession, he spies a sign held over the barricade and promptly SNATCHES it out of the fan's hands. Shaking his head, he holds it up briefly to the camera for a few seconds to reveal the message - "I'M MORE PUNK ROCK THAN REZIN" - before tearing it to shreds.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is an eight-man... "GANG WAR"? And it is set for one fall. Introducing first, representing the Kabal, accompanied by the REAPERS... HERE IS... RRRRREEEEZZZZIINNNN!!!

The Green Reaper masked Rezin busts into his Christ-pose as he reaches ringside, and slides into the ring. The other Reapers follow suit, although a bit more sluggish. Rezin immediately approaches Quimbey, who immediately says "HARD PASS" as he hands off the mic before it can be snatched from his hands and exits the ring. Rezin, through the voice modulator on his mask, immediately begins breathing heavily, a la Darth Vader...

Rezin:

CCCCCGGGHHH-PEEEHHH... CCCCCGGGHHH-PEEEHHH... CCCCCGGGHHH-PEEEHHH...

The crowd continues to jeer, and Rezin points accusingly at the camera. Into the very soul of DEFIANCE....

Rezin:

There IS no escape... don't make me ANNOY you!

The finger turns into a dramatically clenched fist.

Rezin:

DEFIANCE... you do not realize your importance. You have only begun to discover your power! Join THE KABAL, and we will complete your brainwashing! With our combined strength, we can END this destructive cycle of consumerism, and bring CHAOS to professional wrestling!

"BOOOOOOOOO!!"

DDK:

We'll NEVER join you!

Lance:

Keebs, you nerd...

Rezin:

If you only knew the power of the PUNK ROCK! Lindsay-Wan always told you that the Kabal were so weak, we were nothing to be bothered about.

DDK:

PLEASE, don't say it...

Rezin:

No... **EYE** AM YOUR BOTHER!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

No... NO... THAT'S NO TRUE! That's IMPOSSIBLE!!

Lance:

Keeps... could you not? You're embarrassing me.

Rezin cackles through his Green Reaper mask. The other Reapers are indifferently leaning against the ropes. Similarly, our sanctioned official MARK SHIELDS is leaning up against a turnbuckle, apathetically swiping through his phone, neither here nor there.

Rezin:

Search your feelings... you KNOW it to be true! DEFIANCE, you can destroy Favoured Saints! They have foreseen this! It is your DESTINY! Join me, and we can RULE professional wrestling as Kabal and fanbase!

~~WHIRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR~

The airship sound effect rips over the PA so loud and sudden, Rezin again nearly falls over in surprise. The Faithful POP HARD as the Star Wars parody comes to a crashing halt.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, being accompanied by the PLAGUE DOCTORS...he is the AIRSHIP PIRATE!
HENryyyyyyyYYYYYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!!!!

Keyes strides out from the back, noticeably alone. His eyes are locked hard on Rezin before he takes a pause for a moment, counts the new members of the Reaper color palette, and continues his haunch-walk. His music stops suddenly, which takes Keyes aback for a moment - soon we hear some slight squeaks from cart wheels being pushed

from the curtain. It's the shortest Plague Doctor with his wildly ornate gramophone, record seemingly already on the spindle. Keyes looks back with an eyebrow up as the Plague Doctor drops the needle...

♪ *"The Land of the Sand People" by Meco* ♪

Y'all ever hear the record Star Wars and Other Galactic Funk? Because it freaking slaps, and this cruiserweight-if-we're-generous Plague Doctor's hip-shimmies and deep-groovy-dance-moves sell that fact all the more. Pantomiming as if he's pulling an invisible rope towards him from backstage, he continues swaying to the beat as two more Plague Doctors emerge, each giving their own occasionally-successful interpretations of what it means to dance rhythmically in 2021. After a solid 20 seconds of truly wonderfully amateur rhythmic expression, we're bordering on a full dance routine by the Plague Doctors; based on the hackslap jibberjabber mishmash of dance moves, it looks like they maybe did more "visualization" of the process than actual practice.

Keyes's first look of intrigue turns to a look of concern, and he turns back and approaches the smallest Plague Doctor, whispering something in his ear. Though masked and mute, the Lilliputian's body language clearly expresses "You SURE?!", before Keyes nods with a sense of finality. Shrugging, the Plague Doctor's band leader gives a wide lasso motion with his index finger and points to the back. The other Plague Doctors follow his lead and exit stage right. While some boos come from pockets of the crowd, disappointed the Plague Doctors are leaving instead of fighting, the majority give their cheers and applause for having seen this strange magic happen at all.

Keyes, all set after that friendly interruption, turns on the stage and looks ready to march towards his opponents. Rezin, impatiently pacing back and forth in the ring, rips the Green Reaper mask off and stares at the lone man on the stage.

Rezin:

Wait... WAIT... what about those dudes with the bird masks? Where'd your posse go?!

Keyes gives noticeable Elevator Eyes to the three still-masked Reapers standing beside Rezin. Unimpressed, he shrugs his shoulders.

Rezin:

WELL?! Say something, why don't ya! This is supposed to be a GANG WAR, and your GANG just up and walked out of here!

Keyes takes one step forward, which seems to shake Cyan, Magenta, and Chartreuse immediately. Keyes grins.

Rezin:

Hang on--HANG ON... let me guess, rather than put your homies in a situation where they would undoubtedly get HURT by a bunch of straight-up MANIACS like us, you figured you'd just give them the night off? Is THAT what you're trying to say, HEN'RY KEYES??

Keyes takes another two steps forward, and Cyan, Magenta, and Chartreuse have all made the decision to step outside the ropes and stand on the apron, still "bravely" within reach of the action in the ring, but also an easy hop away from safety.

Rezin:

And so you decided to come into this match all on your own, knowingly outnumbered, but still courageously determined to face the challenge and stand your ground, regardless of whatever outcome may come? Is THAT what you're telling me, HENN'RRYY KEEYYEESS??

Keyes raises his right arm and points his hand finger-gun style squarely to Rezin's chest, tunnel-visioned gaze locked on the Escape Artist.

Rezin stands in stunned silence for a moment, and facepalms in sudden anger.

Rezin:

GYYYAAAWWD-DAMBIT, THAT'S PUNK ROCK! That's WAYYY more PUNK ROCK than coming out with your own gang!

Still pacing wildly in the ring, the enraged Escape Artist angrily shakes his finger at the stoic Airship Pilot standing ready to fight at the head of the ramp.

Rezin:

You did it AGAIN, HEN'RY KEYES!! You OUT-PUNK ROCK'D ME before we even GOT TO THE MATCH!! What the HELL is wrong with you, can't you answer a simple CHALLENGE?! Now... NAAOOW... I have to call this match OFF... AGAIN!!

"BOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Keyes is NOT happy about this development. On the far side of the ring, Mark Shields lets out a sigh of relief, as he seriously looks like he'd rather be doing anything than officiating a match.

Lance:

Why am I not surprised?

DDK:

Keyes probably thought offering himself as 4-on-1 bait would be all he needed to do to get to scrap with Rezin, but no dice!

Rezin:

But I am NOT letting you off the hook this time, HENNERY KEEYYYEEESS!! Tonight, you're going to learn just what HAPPENS to those poor and unfortunate fools that try to get SMART on the Kabal!

Rounding up the attention of his Death-masked henchmen, Rezin points a shaking-with-rage finger to Keyes...

Rezin:

REAPERS... AAATTAAAAACCKKK!!

The Reapers shamble from the ring and make their way up the ramp in assault mode. Magenta is first to charge hard at Keyes, only to be immediately lifted and twisted into a TILT-A-WHIRL BACKBREAKER!!

Rezin:

...hey, wait a sec!

Chartreuse springs into action, and Keyes tosses him high into the air - ELEVATED EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!! While the action continues outside of the ring, unseen by Rezin, referee Brian Slater slips into the ring, taps Shields on the shoulder, and dismisses him from his duties. Shields couldn't look any more relieved to get out of dodge.

Rezin:

HEY!! Y-YOU CAN'T DO THAT!!

Cyan takes his turn, though with a little more hesitation after seeing his comrades fall so quickly. Keyes takes immediate advantage - BELLLLLL CLAP~~ to Cyan, who crumbles to the ground!! The Goat Bastard is not frothing at the mouth from sheer rage.

Rezin:

You WORTHLESS IDIOTS!! I should've left you at the bus station I picked you up at!

With a smirk on his face, Slater gives the cue to the bell keeper...

DING DING

The fans POP HARD as Rezin's face suddenly turns white. He twirls around to find a completely different referee than was standing there before.

Rezin:

...WHAT?! Where's Shieldsy?! What the HELL is going on here!

Slater shrugs, feigning ignorance. Nostrils flaring and eyes bulging, Rezin gets up in his face. Meanwhile, Keyes silently makes his way into the ring.

Rezin:

What is this, some PERSONAL vendetta! I said the match is off, SO THE MATCH IS OFF! Now you UN-RING THAT BELL, RIGHT NOW!!

Slater looks past Rezin. The Faithful are cheering at a fever pitch, and the Escape Artist can't help but notice. Then the obvious finally hits him: Henry Keyes is standing right behind him, arms crossed over his chest.

DDK:

Looks like the Escape Artist isn't going to talk his way out of THIS one!

Groaning in defeat, Rezin first hands Slater the mic, which he hands off to Darren. Then he removes his battle vest, which the official chucks over the ropes with all the disgust of a man throwing out a bag of trash. Stretching out his neck and shoulders a few times, Rezin twirls around...

Rezin:

HYEAAAA--BLEGHK!!

BAM!

The right hook catches Rezin in the face with the force of a battering ram, and the crowd nearly EXPLODES! The hit leaves him reeling back into the ropes and nearly falling out, before Keyes runs up and catches him by the leg. The ringside camera smash zooms on Rezin's inverted face, with his eyes as big as golf balls, and the Goat Bastard voices the only opinion a person in such a position could express.

Rezin:

AAAAAAAHHHH!!

Lance:

This beating's been a LONG time coming, Keebs! These fans are going CRAZY for Henry Keyes!

Suddenly, Chartreuse Reaper jumps on the back of Keyes. Magenta also slides into the ring and snatches upon a leg. Keyes lets Rezin fall to the ringside floor, allowing him to land and fold up like an accordion, as he reaches over his head and dumps Chartreuse to the mat. Then Cyan comes stumbling at him...

Lance:

GUHH! What a GRUESOME backfist to the face of the Cyan Reaper by Keyes there!

DDK:

If I were him, I'd do a quick teeth count!

Keyes turns his attention to Magenta and stomps a mudhole in him with his free leg until Magenta's grip is released. Seizing an opportunity, he grabs Chartreuse by the head, lifts him up, and drops him with a beautiful Vertical Suplex that crashes Chartreuse's body squarely upon Magenta! Keyes makes his way to the still-recovering Cyan, locks him in, and throws him directly into the heaped bodies of his comrades with a Release German Suplex!

Lance:

Keyes employing human weaponry to great effect!

All three Reapers seem to be trying to use each other's weight to get themselves vertical - in a brief moment, all three of their heads are lined up next to each other in an unsteady group effort to rise up. Keyes charges forward and delivers a crashing elbow smash into Cyan's head, which crashes into Magenta's head, which crashes into Chartreuse's head, and once again all three Reapers collapse to the mat. A fan in the crowd might wonder if a foley artist timed the sound of crashing coconuts perfectly, or more worrisome, if that was the genuine loud smacks of three skulls colliding.

DDK:

This "Gang War" has been nothing but Henry Keyes thus far, as he--HEY!!

Spying an opening, Rezin slips in from behind Keyes while he's tugging Cyan off the mat and chops the leg. The Faithful BOO loudly as Rezin stomps the Airship Pirate furiously, soon joined by the other Reapers after they get it together.

DDK:

Oh no, here we go! Rezin and his Reapers are FINALLY putting their advantage to numbers to use, after that Goat Bastard Pearl Harbor'd him while he was busy with the toadies!

Lance:

Keyes had to know this was bound to happen, walking into a one-on-four situation. And Rezin is now in a position where he doesn't have to hold back anything!

Rezin tells the Reapers to back off as he sets himself into position and lands a Standing Moonsault across Keyes' ribs! Then he orders them to hold the legs as he pounces to the top rope and nails a DIVING Moonsault for added effect!

DDK:

This is ugly to watch! Henry Keyes can't possibly fight back under these conditions!

Lance:

It's grim, Keebs, but don't count him out! Rezin is completely out of his mind and acting without thought, so there's always a possibility of him slipping up.

Rezin orders his Reapers to get Henry back up, and they hold him in place by the arms. Keyes grins his teeth as he fights the pain, but the fury hasn't left his eyes. Rezin gets right in his face.

Rezin:

You aren't PUNK ROCK... you'll NEVER be PUNK ROCK!!

The Escape Artist bounces back for distance and wildly springs forward with the CLOVEN HOOF KICK--

DDK:

KEYES GOT FREE!

And Cyan Reaper goes DOWN to the misdirected Spinning Heel Kick. As he drops, Rezin twirls around to spot Keyes coming at him with his ARMS OUTSTRETCHED, and yelping in surprise, he yanks Magenta into his path before scrambling through the ropes to the outside.

Lance:

BELLCLAP~!

DDK:

It may not have hit his intended target, but that earclap was nevertheless DEAFENING!

With the Bell Clap, Magenta has fallen prone onto the also-limp body of Cyan. Chartreuse surveys the scene, sees that he is all alone, and gives a desperate look towards Keyes. Keyes's eyes are crazy wide, a vein popping out of his neck, as he vigorously points a finger at Chartreuse and yells "YOUUUUUUUUU!!!!". Chartreuse faints from panic like a baby goat in a YouTube video onto the bodies of Magenta and Cyan. Eyes still berserker-big, Keyes crosses Chartreuse's arms on the heap of Reaper bodies as Slater sweeps around for the count!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!!

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

The building erupts in cheers as Keyes quickly gets to his feet, his blood pressure an immediate concern as he locks eyes with the still-backpedaling Rezin.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match... HEEEEENnnnnrrrrRRYYYYY KEEEEEEYYYYEEESSS!!

DDK:

An impressive win for Henry Keyes given the numbers were against him from the very beginning, but even so, he looks none too pleased that Rezin just barely slipped out his grasp!

Lance:

Still, a win is a win. But if Henry Keyes keeps embarrassing the Kabal like this, there's no telling what desperate lengths Rezin will go to to get even.

DDK:

Something tells me this is hardly over...

The Escape Artist, getting away by the skin of his teeth, furiously glares at the Airship Pirate standing tall and stoic in the ring. He angrily shakes his fist and retreats, a la Snidely Whiplash.

Rezin:

NEXT TIME, HEN'RY KEEYYESS... NEEEGGZZZ TTIIIIIMMEE!!

DO IT

Cinderblocks, white paint, and linoleum. Based on those three things you know exactly what this hallway deep in the DEFplex looks like. It's typical of any building or arena in America. Coming down the hall is none other than two members of 24K! The FIST of DEFIANCE Mikey Unlikely and Perfection. The duo seem to be walking towards the camera with a purpose.

In his hand Unlikely clutches the FIST display case.

Longtime interviewer Christie Zane is nearby and tries to stop the guys for a quick word.

Perfection:

Dammit, Christie!

Mikey Unlikely:

Not now Christie, there's no time!

She stops and lets them pass, they're clearly on a mission. She shakes her head and lets out a sigh.

Christie Zane:

...You hate to see it.

Onward they go, now the cameraman follows behind trying to keep up with their pace. Finally they reach the office of Iris Davine. Mikey pushes on the door two or three times, but it doesn't budge.

Mikey Unlikely:

She's locked him in there! How are we going to get in?

Perfection tries not to embarrass the champion. He reaches in and pulls on the door and it opens with ease. Mikey looks at the camera and then quickly back at the door pulling it open.

Mikey Unlikely:

GET EM!

The 24K! Members rush into the office of DEF's medical officer. Mikey immediately grabs the first thing he sees, a tray of medical equipment. He lifts it up, spilling its contents everywhere. Perfection grabs an oxygen tank and puts it above his head, ready and willing to attack. Iris screams loudly, as do THE MEN.

Mikey Unlikely:

WHERE THE HELL IS HE!? PERF CHECK BEHIND THOSE CURTAINS! CHECK UNDER THE BEDS! CHECK THE BARRELS! CHECKS THE VENTS!

Perfection throws the oxygen tank across the room and checks a vent closest to him.

Perfection:

No man would hide in these vents!

Mikey Unlikely:

Not a manly man anyway! Besides I highly doubt Scott Douglas even has Health Insurance. Probably why he's always here during work hours...

They switch their attention to the good doctor.

Mikey Unlikely:

Where is he Iris!? Where are you hiding him?

Perfection throws a latex glove at the doctor.

Iris Davine:

He's not here! He left a while ago! It must have taken you guys a long time to get down from that suite of yours! Want me to check out your legs?

The Champion steps towards her but Perf holds him back.

Mikey Unlikely:

HEY YOU DON'T SAY THAT! Which way did he go?

Iris Davine:

He went out that door that you just barged in! Why don't you see yourself out while I clean up your mess!

Perfection opens the closet door to him to reveal...

Mikey Unlikely:

WATCH OUT!

... a closet.

Mikey Unlikely:

There's no one in here!

The doctor points to the door they entered and Witherhold opens it for the Champ. As Unlikely walks out, Perfection knocks over another tray while looking Iris in the eyes. He soon follows Mikey out.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

ALVARO de VARGAS vs. LEVI COLE

DDK:

Folks, the issues between Better Future Talent Agency and the unlikely duo of Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens may have reached a fever pitch two weeks ago. On the 150th edition of DEFtv, we saw a rematch from DEFIANCE Road where Burns and Stevens not only worked together as a cohesive unit, but also scored the duke over Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace. But what happened after the match was the big news.

Lance:

After the match, ADV threw Burns into the ringpost and busted him open and as retaliation for Scott Stevens winning his match, ADV threw one of his signature fireballs into the face of Scott Stevens! We understand that Scott Stevens will miss some action as he suffered first degree burns and has been checked for eye damage. ADV was subsequently fined an undisclosed amount for that specific attack using fire, but Better Future paid it in full.

DDK:

We've seen Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace just turn up their collective viciousness against the two former FISTS of DEFIANCE, but right now we're gonna see Alvaro in singles action against recent BRAZEN graduate, Levi Cole! Cole is coming off a big win over Gunther Adler on UNCUT, but with respect to Adler, Levi is stepping up in competition in a huge way against a more dangerous ADV. Let's go to Darren Quimbey...

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Omaha, Nebraska, weighing in at 265 pounds... **LEVI COLE!**

♪ "Born In The U.S.A." by Bruce Springsteen ♪

The music plays and then the crowd gives a nice round of applause for the former amateur wrestling standout and all-around nice guy. Cole raises both hands on the stage and looks pumped for a big opportunity ahead of him. He storms the ring and then climbs inside, then raises his hands to a nice sign of cheers from The Faithful who have respected his tenure and hard work in BRAZEN before hitting the main roster. He gets ready for the big opportunity.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opp...

Tom Morrow:

No, no, no... sit down, Quimbey. Get out. I got this.... Come on, damn it, work!

Quimbey stops and the crowd JEERS the hell out of Morrow when he appears on stage. An unnamed stagehand that isn't Ken Ellis tries to fasten his signature microphone/earpiece in his ear. Since Ellis is still out thanks to Titaness attacking him at the end of 150, Night One, Morrow shoos the stagehand away. At his side, "A Damn Fine Pro Wrestler" Jack Mace walks out to the stage, taking in the jeers from the crowd as well.

Tom Morrow:

A good Executive Assistant is hard to find these days... but enough about that. Ladies! Gentlemen! Feast your eyes -- behind sunglasses -- and try not to look directly at THE GOLDEN SON of DEFIANCE! The man who PINNED Oscar Burns at DEFIANCE Road! The man who TOOK OUT "Everyone's Favorite Texan" Scott Stevens! The man dropping former FISTS left and right! Welcome... Standing 6'8" and 270 pounds... Presented by The Better Future Talent Agency... he is "EL SOL DORADO"... **ALVARO de VARGAS!**

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

The crowd's hatred intensifies as out comes the tall, brash and cocky Cuban-American known as Alvaro de Vargas! With his frizzy hair, sunglasses, and of course his purple fire-adorned gear, he shoots the crowd a corny-ass grin and gestures to his new t-shirt with ADV's shit-eating grin plastered in a golden sun reading "¡EI SOL DORADO!" He comes out and for once, no microphone but he does have wicked intentions etched on his face now as the trio hits the ring.

DDK:

Cole has enough to worry about with ADV, but Mace and Morrow lurking near ringside. That's not good for anyone.

Lance:

Agreed.

Cole doesn't look afraid, but neither does de Vargas as the Golden Son of DEFIANCE enters the ring, not even bothering to look at American-Made. Levi gets ready and when ADV turns around, he shoots a derisive sneer at Cole.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Irse, pendejo.

DING DING!

Cole doesn't leave and in fact, goes right to the leg of ADV! The crowd cheers on Cole as ADV tries to defend himself from the big-ass Nebraskan trying to shoot the leg, but ADV goes right after him and SLUGS away at Cole's back with a flurry of hard clubbing forearms. He has Cole reeling and he strikes the recent BRAZEN Graduate with an extra-STIFF right hand, sending Cole stumbling back to the corner.

DDK:

De Vargas off to a hot start; no pun intended! He's taking the fight to Cole early with those right hands in the corner!

ADV continues to rain down stomps on Levi Cole in the corner and wails away on him until he's brought to a seated position. Then ADV takes his sweet time and paces around the ring, basking in the massive jeers from the Faithful.

Lance:

I hate to say it, but whether we like him or not, ADV has just turned up his game so much since this issue with Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens taken shape.

DDK:

Indeed, iron sharpens iron as they say. Jack Mace, too. These are some bad, bad men.

ADV turns his attention back to Cole and then rocks him in the corner with a big running lariat! The blow rocks Cole, but ADV is far from done doling out punishment when he turns him by the arm and whips him to the other side, only to follow him in with another big running lariat in the opposite corner! ADV then takes Cole out of the corner with a throw, sending him to the mat. ADV hits the ropes and then drops all 270-pounds across his chest with a double foot stomp!

DDK:

Ouch! Cole is reeling now after that series of moves. ADV just dominant so far, but he isn't going for a cover.

Lance:

No, he isn't. Nope, back to brawling!

Cole gets pulled up by the head and then gets wailed on by a series of hard crossface punches! Brian Slater orders him to back off, but de Vargas doesn't listen. Mace and Morrow both watch on approvingly as ADV continues to rain down shots. The big Nebraskan gets tossed to the side while ADV smiles, then ROCKS him with another shot! Cole falls on his back and now ADV goes for a cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Kickout by Cole, but he needs to find an opening.

Lance:

He does, but ADV hasn't given him one.

De Vargas picks up Cole by the arm and then hoists him over his shoulders. He runs at the corner looking for the Cuban Missile, but Cole kicks and kicks! ADV loses his balance and Cole slips out, then shoves ADV harshly into the corner. When he comes back, Cole catches him from behind and takes down El Sol Dorado with a HUGE belly to back suplex!

DDK:

The Cuban Missile gets averted! Cole comes back with one of those big suplexes!

Cole is still feeling the beating that he's endured by Alvaro, but now he's able to fight back. Levi starts slapping the mat while ADV's head is ringing. Cole slaps his hand and starts to try and fight back with ADV using the nearby corner to get himself up. But when he does, he leaves himself in a bad spot.

DDK:

OUCH! Big running shoulder tackle to ADV in the corner! Cole has that football background in addition to his amazing amateur wrestling skills!

Lance:

Morrow is about ready to come unglued if Cole can pull off the upset!

Cole pushes ADV out of the corner and then the big man goes to the middle buckle before coming off with a leaping bulldog! The Faithful cheer Levi as he rolls ADV over...

ONE... TW-NO!

DDK:

A kickout by ADV, but Levi Cole is on the comeback trail now!

Lance:

Morrow starting to look concerned!

Tom Morrow does look concerned as Alvaro de Vargas is slow to get up. Cole is up first and then tries to grab ADV by the waist as he gets up, but El Sol Dorado strikes him in the side of the face with a headbutt! The blow rocks him and then ADV starts to go for the ropes. He comes back with a running big boot, but Cole is cognizant enough to duck the oncoming boot. ADV stops and turns around, only to get caught by Cole with a forearm and then THROWN overhead with a big t-bone suplex!

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Another close one there by Cole! He needs to stay on ADV just like he did to Gunther Adler on UNCUT!

Lance:

He does! Come on, Cole!

The crowd cheers on Cole now and The Faithful are behind him as he gets ready to launch ADV again. He has him up for the toss powerbomb that he calls Red, White and Blue Thunder, but at the height of the move, ADV CLAWS at Cole's eyes! Cole yells out in pain as he drops ADV... then ADV drops HIM with a huge running big boot to the face! The Faithful gasp for the impact of the kick as de Vargas mimics looking out to the sky like he's cleared a field goal. Morrow and Mace both laugh and bump fists.

DDK:

What a kick right there! And I think that ADV is done playing around!

De Vargas does just that and then pulls Cole off the mat. He sets him up over the shoulder again and hurls him violently into the corner with a huge running throwing snake eyes called The Cuban Missile!

DDK:

He lands the Cuban Missile! I think this one is it now!

Lance:

I think so too!

ADV grabs him out of the corner and puts a boot in Cole's gut before turning him upside down...

DDK:

ARDIENDO!

The piledriver connects perfectly and Levi Cole gets spiked on his head! He falls limp to the side as ADV goes for a cover, sans hooking of a leg.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

ADV sits up and rather than wait for Darren Quimbey's announcement as the victory, he starts putting the boots to Cole almost immediately! The crowd jeers as Mace then slides into the ring...

DDK:

Oh, come on! You won, Alvaro! We see enough of this kind of garbage!

Lance:

We do! Apparently that fine that ADV was dealt for his use of fire isn't stopping him!

Morrow yells at Mace and Alvaro to make an example out of big Levi Cole. Mace holds him up as ADV gestures his intent to make another fireball happen. He starts to grin as he looks to have another fireball ready...

MAKING DEALS

THWACK!

The crowd CHEERS when ADV reels in pain and falls to his knees... courtesy of a steel chair to the back by "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns, complete with a stitched-up scar above his right eye!

DDK:

OSCAR BURNS! HE'S HERE! WE HEARD HE WASN'T HERE TONIGHT BUT I GUESS HE'S NOT WANTING TO SIT THIS SHOW OUT!

Lance:

This place is going nuts!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Burns swings at Mace, but The Jack of All Holds rolls out of the ring. The Team Graps Cap holds court for the moment, eyeing a sore and pissed-off ADV, Tom Morrow and his former protege Mace on the outside. He stands over Cole and waves for a trainer to come check on the big man.

DDK:

Oscar Burns coming to the aid of Levi Cole! Cole just wanted to come out and make a name for himself, but Better Future clearly wanted to try and make an example out of him like they did to Scott Stevens.

When the trainers get him away, Burns motions for a microphone and then Darren Quimbey throws one into the ring for him. With one hand on the chair, the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE looks out to the Better Future.

Oscar Burns:

You...

He points at Alvaro de Vargas.

Oscar Burns:

And YOU...

He points at Mace.

Oscar Burns:

The two of you GC's can kindly eat shit.

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

No confusion about that particular message.

Lance:

I can't blame him. Jack Mace turned on him to further his own career and ADV has been gunning out for him and Scott Stevens since Burns turned down their offer to join Better Future!

Oscar Burns:

Now YOU...

Burns points at Morrow.

Oscar Burns:

You want to try and take Scott out with your little ponce's fireball party trick? I'll have you know that I got off the phone

with Scotty a little bit ago and he told me that when he comes back... well, he peppered it with far more expletives than I like, GCs, but when he's back he'll be coming for you... and he'll be cleared for competition by a certain event coming up... oh, right...

He snaps a finger.

Oscar Burns:

DEFCON~!

The Faithful pop as ADV still seethes, clutching his back from Burns' earlier chairshot. Jack Mace starts to inch toward the ring, but Morrow holds him back knowing Burns clearly has something in mind.

Oscar Burns:

Your pack of ponces beat us at DEF Road. We beat the two of you at DEFtv 150... I say we do this one more time... if the both of you are still feeling stropy... Scott and I want a tornado tag match against de Vargas and Mace AT DEFCON! WE'RE ENDING THIS, MORROW!

ADV grabs the earpiece from Morrow's ear.

Alvaro de Vargas:

YOU POKE MACE IN THE EYE! YOU HIT ME WITH A CHAIR! YOU'RE NO HERO! ¡ERES UN HÉROE FINGIDO! PRETEND HERO, PENDEJO! YOU SNUB OUR KIND OFFER TO JOIN BETTER FUTURE! I...

Morrow stops ADV before he can go any further and motions for his earpiece back. ADV begrudgingly gives it back while Morrow takes a second to set it backup in his ear.

Tom Morrow:

Oscar... I agree. We ARE going to end this.. But we're going to end this on MY terms.

DDK:

What does he mean by that?

Lance:

Oh, you know nothing good.

Mace tries to calm ADV down off to the side while Morrow stares up at Burns in the ring.

Tom Morrow:

But Alvaro just gave me an idea... I do regret that things turned out this way, Oscar. We have wanted you to join our group for some time and that things have escalated like this is regrettable... but you are a precious commodity to DEFIANCE. Scott Stevens, a former champion in his own right, still has plenty of value as well. To any group, for that matter...

He grins.

Tom Morrow:

If you want us to accept this match on your terms, then as my dad used to say before we put him out to pasture... sweeten the pot. You'll get your match at DEFCON with Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace... and you can have Tornado Tag rules... but if ADV and Mace win... YOU AND SCOTT STEVENS WILL FORFEIT YOUR CONTRACTS TO BETTER FUTURE!

DDK:

What?! Tom Morrow is out of his damn mind!

Lance:

There's no way in hell even Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens are going to go for this! Morrow earned the rights to the Sky High Titans name by a wager of this magnitude! He's trying his luck here, too!

The Faithful JEER at that stipulation and Burns sours on it while ADV finally calms down long enough to smile. Mace stoically stares down Oscar.

Tom Morrow:

We can be one big happy and prosperous family... where you do what I say because I'll have you both under my thumb. Those are our terms if you REALLY want to end this issue, Oscar. I'm sure that you'll want to talk it over with Scott Stevens and see if you're both willing to fight us that...

Oscar Burns:

Rattle your dags, Morrow... WE ACCEPT.

The Faithful ROAR once more while Tom Morrow and company look like they've got what they wanted.

DDK:

I... I don't know how wise this is of Oscar Burns, I really don't. He and Scott Stevens could be FORCED to work for Better Future if they lose.

Lance:

When Burns and Stevens were on the same page, they were able to get it done at 150. They know they can beat ADV and Mace, but...

Tom Morrow smiles.

Tom Morrow:

Well, Burnsie, if our business is concluded then and the match is on... then we'll be seeing you at DEFCON. Let's...

Oscar Burns:

Oh, no, you wanker. We aren't done.

Burns points at Mace.

Oscar Burns:

I still have a personal score to settle with YOU, you bloody turncoat. Your buddy just walked around here and stunk up this ring... but you're fresh, Jackie. You want to prove that you're Mister JACK OF ALL HOLDS or whatever bile Morrow is puking into your ear... then I'm right here. You and me. Right now.

DDK:

Wow! I'd very much like to see that!

Lance:

Me too! Burns has yet to really get his hands on his former protege since he turned on Oscar. Will he accept?

Tom Morrow looks at Mace, who is about to speak... but thankfully, Jack Mace stops that. He gestures for the headset so Morrow sighs and reluctantly gives it to the burly Brit. Mace sets it up in his ear quickly...

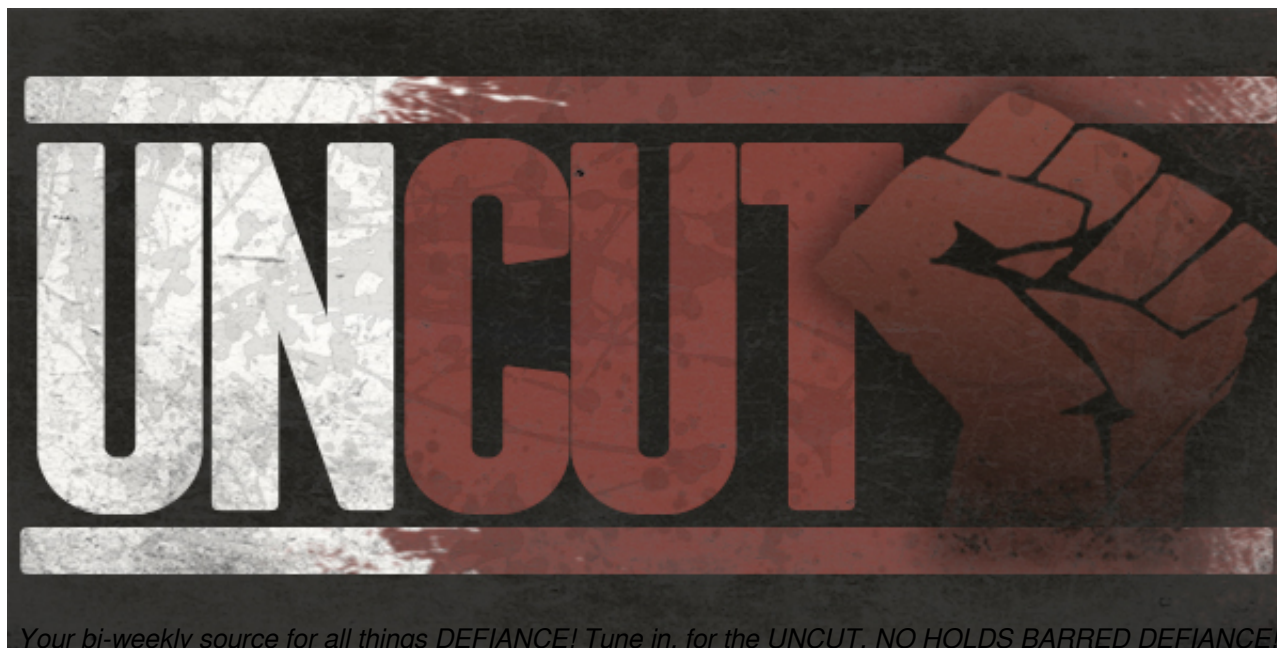
Jack Mace:

Burnsie... you utter twat. I've been wanting THIS match longer than you can even know, mate... and since you're out here all Billy No-Mates... I accept.

Mace throws the headset and Morrow barely catches it. Brian Slater gets word into his headset and then stands in the ring again, about to make it official! Mace gets ready to step into the ring as Burns tosses the chair aside, ready to abide by the rules of a straight-up one-on-one contest.

DDK:

WOW... Burns! Mace! Folks, I'm being told that we'll need a quick commercial break, but when we come back... this match will happen! Teacher versus former pupil! Oscar Burns and Jack Mace... right after this!

COMMERCIAL: UNCUT

OSCAR BURNS vs JACK MACE

Following the commercial break, the camera returns to the ring with “Twists and Turns” Oscar Burns on one side of the ring, all alone. On the other, former BRAZEN Champion and former protege, “The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler” Jack Mace with a smirk on his face for the match he has wanted since coming back to the main roster. He takes off the black banner he wears around his neck with the Better Future logo and raises it to a sea of jeers from the Faithful. Tom Morrow gives him a pep talk while Alvaro de Vargas hangs out at ringside.

DDK:

Folks, welcome back to the show! And if you just joined us, we’ve got one-on-one! “Twists and Turns” Oscar Burns versus his former protege and Better Future member, Jack Mace!

Lance:

Burns is considered to be DEFIANCE’s best in-ring technician and Jack Mace considers himself better than THAT! This one is going to be physical, that’s for sure!

Brain Slater calls for the bell...

DING DING

And the fans get just THAT! It gets physical from the bell as teacher and student lock up in the middle of the ring! Mace is the stronger of the two and locks up behind Burns trying to take him off his feet with a rear waistlock, but Burns is quick to grab his left arm. He maneuvers around big Mace with a hammerlock, but the Jack of All Holds reverses THAT by bending down to grab the leg of Burns to trip him on the mat!

DDK:

Wow! Mace going hold for hold with Burns right now!

Lance:

Mace trained under Burns so he knows how to get it done on the mat.

Mace grabs the leg and looks to try for an ankle lock of sorts, but Burns rolls through and takes Mace with him, going for the leg of his own, then rolling the big Mace forward... then goes right into a figure four leg lock!

DDK:

First chance he gets, he’s going for the submission... NO! Mace to the ropes!

The Jack of All Holds makes the ropes, but Burns smirks and is happy to have the moral victory for the moment in besting his former protege on the mat. He yells at Mace to get back up and when he does, Mace goes for the leg and trips him up! He rolls Burns over and then jumps right on him with a vice-like headlock! Mace proceeds to ragdoll his former mentor across the canvas, rolling him in over with the headlock once, then throwing him over again before settling on the mat... then just out of Slater’s eyesight, he PUNCHES Burns!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Oh, come on! Jack of All Holds, huh? What was that?

Lance:

The Greco-Roman Punch to the Face?

The shot is just out of sight of Brian Slater, but Mace maintains the shot was legal and mimics striking with an open palm. He grabs Burns by the head as he’s still reeling from the shot and then locks in another headlock to make sure that he stays down, then smirks on the mat. Burns manages to stand while still reeling from the punch, but he throws a

couple of elbow smashes to the gut to try and free his way from the ropes. He manages to get Mace to the ropes and pushes him off. When Mace comes back, he tries a big lariat, but Burns ducks that, then both men meet in the middle where Burns CRACKS him in the head with a huge running high knee!

DDK:

Burns with a great counter! Mace just got rocked with that huge knee!

Lance:

And The Faithful are FIRMLY supporting Burns in this!

The Team Graps Cap waits for Mace to get up, only to run behind him and take his leg out from under him with a nasty chop block! Mace crumbles up against the ropes and then Burns wastes no time in following up. He grabs the left leg and twists then drops his weight down on his knee! Tom Morrow is beside himself while an angry ADV is watching coldly from the outside.

Lance:

Wow, Burns has just turned the tide quickly on Mace! Mace has been saying for weeks that he could best Oscar, but clearly Burns didn't teach him everything that he knows!

Burns then goes to the leg and STOMP STOMP STOMPS it viciously, not forgetting what he's endured at the hands of his former protege turning his back on him. Burns then goes for a knee bar this time and then locks it in tightly! Mace is yelling out now, trying to try like hell not to tap out.

DDK:

There's only so much that one man can take, but I called many matches with Oscar Burns and the WrestleFriends team of Mace and Batts. I'm shocked things have gotten this bad between these two.

Lance:

Indeed! Mace trying to fight out... wow, look!

Mace manages to reach out and as much as Burns tries to avoid his grip, he can't entirely and Mace unleashes a few good shots to Burns' own knee, then manages to smother him by hooking the arm instead. Mace grabs them of Burns, then SLAMS it down on the mat, getting a yelp of pain out of the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE before Mace jumps up and stomps on the same arm!

DDK:

Jack Mace has Oscar beat in one department and that's weight. He's got a forty-pound advantage on Burns and he just used it well!

Lance:

This has been back and forth, but Mace is a far cry from the man who once fancied himself an honorable wrestler.

Mace gets jeers from the crowd when he picks up Burns and strikes him not once, not twice, but thrice, sending him down after a big trio of European uppercuts! The crowd jeers Mace while he checks on his leg to make sure all is good before he takes Burns up by the neck. Burns tries to grab the leg again, but Mace shoves him away and then steps back to the corner. That push doesn't deter Oscar from coming at him in the corner, but when he does... The Jack of All Holds hits him out of the corner with the Jack-Drop!

DDK:

JACK-DROP! That release STO out of the corner just gave Mace the time he needed! Now Mace with the cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Burns throws the shoulder up, but Mace grabs him by a handful of hair and snatches him up. He throws a few more big uppercuts and then reels him back to the corner. Mace measures him up and then runs at him before CLOBBERING

him with a huge running back elbow in the corner. He then takes The Joint Chief of the Joint Locks up and over the shoulder before he THROWS him forward with a huge belly to back into a facebuster on the mat!

Tom Morrow:

That's right, Jack! Beat him down! Soften him up for DEFCON!

DDK:

Mace doing exactly what he's being told to do! He's now wearing out Burns... what an elbow to the top of the head!

Oscar gets pummeled by Mace with a huge 12-6 elbow to the top of the head, but once isn't enough. He picks up Burns again into a seated position on the mat... then DRILLS him upside the head with another big shot. He crumbles to the mat, but Mace isn't done as he runs the ropes, then leaps into the air and crashes down with a massive well-placed knee drop into the chest of Burns!

DDK:

Mace is just picking Burns apart now! He's become more of a brawler on top of the technical prowess he's exhibited. Morrow has really worked hard to help him become a force in that ring.

Lance:

But to sell out his best friend like this? Come on!

Morrow yells at Mace to keep on the attack, then locks him in a tight cravate necklock. The crowd jeers Mace, but Twists and Turns tries to fight his way out of the grip of the bear-like Mace.

DDK:

Mace has that cravate on tight. You can't tell me this man doesn't know his holds at least.

Lance:

You can't and that's what's made him such an asset to Better Future.

The crowd starts rallying behind Oscar as the Kiwi tries to fight his way out from the grip of The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler. Mace continues to crank on the hold while The Faithful get fired up.

BURNSIE! BURNSIE! BURNSIE! BURNSIE! BURNSIE!

Gritting his teeth and trying to fight back, Burns starts to fight his way out... but as he gets upward, Mace knees him in the chest! Burns stops him and then Mace shakes the pain out from his leg before running the ropes. An attempt at a big move goes wrong when Burns goes for a dropkick... but Mace stops to block it! He swats Burns away, but when he tries to get up, Burns slinks through his legs and then when Mace turns around, he catches a dropkick to the left knee!

DDK:

Oscar with the fakeout! He's got Mace off his game now! Can he follow up?

The Team Graps Cap stands up and then fires off a series of his own European uppercuts, rocking the big man until he ends up in the corner. He grabs the leg of Mace and once again rips at it with another big dragon screw off the ropes! Mace favors the knees and lets out a curse word, but as he's reeling, he gets ROCKED with a huge running European uppercut in the corner. While Mace is seeing stars, Burns hits the ropes and then comes off the side with a huge running high knee to the chest! With Morrow now really concerned for his client's well-being, Burns takes him to the middle of the ring...

DDK:

Exploder Suplex! He got Mace up for that suplex! I think that's it!

Lance:

Burns going for the cover... no, where's he going?

With the big man finally down on the ground, Burns heads to a corner of the ring where Morrow and Alvaro de Vargas aren't near. They watch as he heads to the top...

Oscar Burns (and the crowd):

SWEET AS!

And he takes flight with the Sweet As Knee Drop to the chest of Mace!

DDK:

Sweet As Knee Drop! Cover!

ONE... TWO... THR-NO!

The Jack of All Holds powers out and Burns gets a shock because of it!

Lance:

That was a great flurry by Burns, but Mace does not want to lose so close to DEFCON!

As Morrow breathes a sigh of relief, it's a short one as Mace gets seated up by Burns only to eat a hard flurry of knees to the chest!

DDK:

Burns wants payback in a bad way! Those knees have extra force behind them!

When he's sure Mace is down, he grabs the leg... then goes into the Graps of Wrath II and the crowd goes into a frenzy! Morrow is freaking out with Alvaro de Vargas growling and yelling at Burns in the ring!

DDK:

Rolling Heel Hook by Burns! He's tapped out numerous stars in DEFIANCE with that hold including former FIST Lindsay Troy! Is Mace gonna tap out, too?

Lance:

That rolling heel hook is a deadly move! Either Mace taps or Burns finishes what he started on that leg!

The Faithful go crazy as Mace shakes his head frantically and roars like a wounded animal trying to get to the ropes! He tries to get to the ropes, again, but Burns has it locked in tight. Instead, Mace does what he can and uses his size to roll over, then tries to kick his way out, but Burns stays clear of his boot and cranks on more!

DDK:

I think Mace is about to tap... oh, come on!

Morrow is about to climb up on the ring apron, perhaps to distract the official, but before he really can, Jack Mace manages to roll again and reaches out to CLAW the eyes of Burns!

Lance:

Slater took his eyes for just a second to contend with Tom Morrow! And now he rakes the eyes of Burns! Remember when Burns jabbed Mace in his eyes last week as a counter to ADV doing it to Stevens!

Burns holds his eye and then leaves himself open for Mace to BLAST him with a dizzying lariat! The Faithful jeer as Burns gets turned inside out. Mace does not let the opportunity pass him by when he grabs Burns by the side...

DDK:

THE JACK OF ALL HOLDS! THE ARM TRIANGLE CHOKE LOCKED IN!

Lance:

You aren't crazy, folks! One of his nicknames? Also the name of that submission!

The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler has the hold locked in and when Burns still tries stubbornly to fight it... Mace HOISTS him up and slams him down with a massive sit-out side slam called Jack's Driver! He then goes right into a seated Arm Triangle Choke now and has it locked in. He cranks back...

DDK:

Is Burns gonna tap out?

The Technical Spectacle tries to fight his way out still, but in the vicious grip of his the massive Mace, it's rapidly more futile! Morrow and ADV watch as Mace CRANKS back even further and tightens his grip. Burns starts to fade fast... and his arm goes limp. Slater checks... and BURNS ISN'T MOVING! HE CALLS FOR THE BELL!

DING DING DING

DDK:

...No way.

Mace lets go of the hold while Morrow raises both arms like his client just won three Super Bowls! He jumps into ADV's arms and gives his large client a hug while Mace screams at Slater to raise his hand.

♪ "The House Jack Built (instrumental)" by Metallica ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner as a result of referee stoppage... **"THE DAMN FINE PRO WRESTLER" JACK MACE!**

Mace screams again and Slater raises his arm as he stands over Burns, putting a boot over him. The burly Brit fumes over Oscar and screams with a boot down in his chest.

Jack Mace:

I TOLD YOU I WAS THE BETTER WRESTLER, YOU UTTER TWAT! THIS RING BELONGS TO **ME!**

DDK:

You have to credit that slight assist by Morrow, but tonight it's Jack Mace with a career-defining singles win tonight!

Lance:

And if that happens again at DEFCON... Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens both will become property of Better Future!

ADV, Tom Morrow and Jack Mace all celebrate in the ring over the fallen body of Oscar Burns as we go to a commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

DINNER AND A SHOW

Teresa Ames:

Thanks for meeting with me. I really appreciate it.

It's an overly busy night at Ballyhoo Brew. Teresa sits across from none other than Kristie Bellis. Both women are dressed to the nines and are seated at a kitschy heirloom patio table.

Kristie Bellis:

Oh, no problem. I was skeptical at first but then I realized I could really use a night out like this.

A waiter swings by and fills up their water glasses while Ames and Bellis open their menus.

Waiter:

Hello, ladies. My name is Jonathan-Christopher. It will be my pleasure serving you today.

Ames looks over Jonathan-Christopher and rolls her eyes.

Jonathan-Christopher:

Say, you two girls look familiar. Do I know you from somewhere?

Again, Ames rolls her eyes.

Teresa Ames:

No water.

She turns to Kristie and smiles warmly.

Teresa Ames:

Get us your second-most expensive bottle of champagne and make it snappy.

Jonathan-Christopher pokes a playful finger in the air.

Jonathan-Christopher:

Right away my dear.

The night speeds up a little until it slows back down again to regular time. Teresa rolls a wine glass stem between her fingers before taking a swig.

Teresa Ames:

We deserve this, Kristie. Girls night. It's nice to have a sit down dinner with you to clear the air.

Her eye can't help but twitch after she swallows a mouthful of fermented grapes.

Teresa Ames:

I had a long and stressful day.

Bellis looks at Ames with concern.

Kristie Bellis:

Oh my, about what?

Ames sighs obnoxiously.

Teresa Ames:

Men. They think they run the world. Is it sad I've made more money objectifying myself online as an ASMRtist than I

have with wrestling contracts? Like, I am more than just a piece of meat. Yet here I am, pigeonholed into gender norms.

Kristie nods profusely.

Teresa Ames:

I am strong. I am a woman. But I can do so much more than whisper into a microphone and flutter my fingers around like Jestal pantomiming.

A second waitress walks to the table. She's of similar size and build of Teresa and has a warm yet uneasy glow about her.

Waitress:

Hello, girls. My name is Vickie. Are you two ready to order?

Ames looks over at Bellis.

Teresa Ames:

I'm only ready if you're ready, girlie.

Ames giggles while Bellis gives an honest nod to the waitress.

Kristie Bellis:

Why yes.

The two place their order and continue to converse.

Teresa Ames:

So, you went with the banquet burger and fries after all! Nice.

Kristie chuckles.

Kristie Bellis:

And you got the salad.

Ames blushes.

Teresa Ames:

Gotta keep my girlish figure if I'm ever going to find myself a husband.

The night of talking and conversing carries on as the scene speeds up again. The women indulge in their meals and even get their own desserts.

Teresa Ames:

I wanted the chocolate explosion cake ever since I saw the picture of it on the menu.

Kristie Bellis:

You go, girl!

The Cute N Qwerty Gurl finishes up her cake and downs what's probably her twelfth glass of alcohol.

Teresa Ames:

[Burps] Shit, son. I think I have tied one too many on. *[Burp]*

Bellis laughs annoyingly like a valley girl.

Kristie Bellis:

Bahahahahaha, you so funny, T!

She's obviously blasted, too.

The cheque comes and Teresa snatches it first.

Teresa Ames:

Nuh uh, girl. My treat. You were so sweet to get all dressed up like that and listen to me bitch and moan all night. It's the least I could do.

Teresa pays and slips the male waiter an extra little wink and some cash before the pair of ladies gather their things.

Teresa Ames:

Oh, Kristie! Look!

Teresa points to the table just before they can walk away. Kristie looks and sees nothing.

Kristie Bellis:

What? White table cloth? I know, so tack, girl.

WHACK!

Teresa bounces Kristie's head off the table.

Teresa Ames:

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S SO FUCKING 'TACK, GURL?' DO YOU? YOUR FUCKING FUCKED UP SLUTTY ASS BITCH FACE GITTEN ALL UP IN MY BUSINESS!

Ames unloads stiff right hands into Kristie's skull, immediately busting her open.

Teresa Ames:

FUCKING TRASH PANDA BITCH! YOU THINK I INVITE YOU OUT TO A QUIET QUIET LITTLE GIRLS NIGHT WITHOUT AN ULTERIOR MOTIVE TO CAVE YOUR HOMEWRECKING SKULL IN!?

Kristie gulps for air as Teresa shoves the blood stained tablecloth down her throat.

Teresa Ames:

YOU DESTROYED MY LIFE! YOU RUINED MY LIFELONG LOVE FOR GAGE BLACKWOOD BY GETTING INVOLVED!

Ames cracks a few glasses over Kristie's head.

Teresa Ames:

I AM GOING MOTHERFUCKING BALLISTIC!

Waiter and waitress Jonthan-Christopher and Vickie try to contain Ames but her wildness simply cannot be tamed.

Teresa Ames:

GET YOUR HANDS OFF OF ME!

Thoughts of Gage Blackwood dance inside her head. She's become completely unhinged as Kristie Bellis loses consciousness. A group of Ballyhoo workers finally contains Teresa and drags her away.

Teresa Ames:

I WILL END YOUR DNA CHAIN, KRISTIE! DON'T EVEN LOOK MY WAY EVER AGAIN!

Everyone on the Ballyhoo patio shows grave concern for Kristie as Ames continues to scream in the background.

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON

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

CARD AS IT STANDS...

MAIN EVENT

FIST of DEFIANCE

Mikey Unlikely © vs. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS

Fuse Bros. One © vs. The Comments Section

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP

Dex Joy © vs. Scrow

JFKAYLE vs. "QUEEN OF THE RING" LINDSAY TROY & JAY HARVEY

DDK:

It's Main Event time, Faithful, and you'd struggle to put together a more star-studded tag to close DEFtv One-Fifty-One Night One!

Lance:

This is a crazy lineup for sure, Keebs. We've got three former FISTs and one *almost* FIST in the match. JFKayle are also undefeated since first coming together under the 24K banner, including that big win over the Pop Culture Phenoms at DEFIANCE Road, but Harvey and Troy? That's a dream team.

DDK:

It is, and both have a *MAJOR* Bone to pick with their opposite numbers... but will the all-star duo have the cohesion required to take down the more established tandem? That's always the question coming into matches like this, and we're about to find out!

ǒŸŽμ "Gold" by Sir Sly ǒŸŽμ

The mood in the arena immediately turns sour as 24K's theme tune kicks in. Fancy lighting effects make the building look like a carnival of golds and silvers as Cayle Murray and Kendrix emerge from beneath a shower of golden sparks, eyeing the Faithful with disdain. Jack Hunter stumbles out behind them but immediately trips over and falls headfirst off the stage to the ground below.

DDK:

Oh my god!

Lance:

Well, I guess Jack Hunter isn't going to be a factor in this match.

DDK:

It's quite remarkable, the way that man seems to find a way to concuss himself every single week. I'm almost impressed by it.

JFKayle talk smack with the crowd on their way down. Cayle rubs his eyes, feigning crying at one particularly mouthy audience member before the duo eventually gets to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen the following tag team match is scheduled for one fall and is the main event of the evening! Introducing first, representing 24K... weighing in at 438 pounds...the team of Kendrix and Cayle Murray... JAY! EFF! KAAYYYYLLLLLEEE!

Murray and Kendrix take to their corner, deciding which of the two is going to start this off, when...

♪ *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 going to be something the internet is talking about for quite some time, Lance!

Lance:

This is the kind of Main Event you will only find in DEFIANCE! Four of the biggest stars in DEFIANCE are going to go at it here tonight! Jay Harvey teams with Lindsay Troy to go up against 24k's own... JFKayle!

Darren Quimbey:

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

The crowd is all cheers as Harvey turns just as his music stops.

♪ "Legendary" - 7kingZ ♪

Heavy guitars, drums, and claps blast through the Wrestle-Plex's speakers as Lindsay Troy throws the curtain aside and strides out to the stage. The DEFIANCE Faithful greets her with a roar as she makes her way over to Jay Harvey.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner, from Tampa, Florida, weighing in at 195 pounds...she is the "Queen of the Ring" and your "High Queen DEFIANT" Lindsay Troy!

The two super faces make their way down the aisle and enter the ring, climbing the corners nearest the ramp to pose for a photo op. After a few moments, they each hop down and gather in one corner, waiting for the bell to ring.

Lance:

This crowd is electric, Darren!

DDK:

Absolutely, Lance! Looks like Kendrix is going to start things off against Lindsay Troy.

DING DING

Before the second bell can ring out fully, Lindsay Troy is tagged from behind by Jay Harvey! The crowd roars as Harvey enters the ring! He points across the ring at JFK who looks a little frazzled. Harvey starts making his way across the ring and before you can blink Kendrix tags in Cayle Murray.

BOOOOO!

DDK:

The mind games being played early here.

Lance:

Kendrix wants no part of Jay Harvey! Cayle Murray now starting things off for JFKayle.

Cayle Murray makes his way into the ring as Jay Harvey jaws at Kendrix for not wanting to fight. So Harvey and Murray circle each other and meet up in a Collar and Elbow Tie Up. Harvey uses his strength and height advantage to push Murray down but Murray is able to transition to Harvey's back.

Murray locks in a Hammer Lock that has Harvey wincing in pain. Harvey grabs at the back of Cayle's head and is able to Snapmare him down to the mat. Harvey is all over Cayle Murray and gets him in a Reverse Chinlock. Murray struggles to escape but Harvey isn't letting go.

Murray is able to hit a Jawbreaker that stuns Harvey! Cayle Murray hits the ropes, Harvey ducks allowing Murray to Leapfrog over him. Murray comes back at Harvey who goes for a Clothesline but Murray just gets under it! Murray again bounces off the ropes but when Harvey bends this time Cayle sends a right foot right across his face!

DDK:

Fast-paced action to start this tag match in our Main Event of the night!

Lance:

The last time these two saw each other in the ring was almost three years ago. Two of the best to lace up a pair of

boots!

Cayle hits the ropes one more time but this time Harvey leaps into the air and cracks Cayle square on the chin with a Dropkick! Murray tries to slide out of the ring but Harvey is able to stop him and snatch up his arm into a Locked Armbar.

Murray isn't in the predicament long before snapping his legs up and Headscissoring Harvey down to the mat. His shoulders are on the mat but is able to kickout before Hector Navarro can count the pin. Harvey is able to escape the legs of his opponent. Both men get to their feet and Harvey is able to grab Murray around the waist, lift him in the air and drop Murray's shin down across his knee.

Cayle is down on the mat but not for long! Harvey yanks him to his feet and rests him in his corner and tags in Lindsay Troy.

TAG!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy now in the ring- WOAH! Cayle Murray with a finger to the eye! Referee Hector Navarro too preoccupied with Jay Harvey getting out of the ring!

Lance:

Cayle Murray wants nothing to do with Lindsay Troy!

Murray takes the blinded Lindsay Troy and Body Slams her near the JFKayle corner. Murray tags in JFK and the former FIST of DEFIANCE enters the ring to a round of boos. Kendrix lays the boots to Troy and obvs has to flip Harvey the bird.

Harvey tries to enter the ring but Hector Navarro cuts him off. With the referee distracted Kendrix lifts Troy to her feet and brings her into the corner. Kendrix goes back to taunt Harvey as Cayle Murray starts choking the life out of Troy, having unraveled part of his wrist tape to truly cut the windpipe off. LT's face quickly turns a deep shade of crimson.

DDK:

Hey, Hector! Turn around!

Lance:

Blatant cheating from JFKayle here! They should be disqualified!

Navarro finally turns around in time with Murray quickly pulling away from Troy and hopping off the apron, holding his hands up in innocence. Hector admonishes him nonetheless.

DDK:

Well, Hector didn't see it, so there isn't anything he can do about it, but LT is already hurt here...

Indeed, Troy falls forward onto all fours after being choked with the tape. JFK takes some time to work her over. Stomps keep LT downed and she tries to rise through them but eats a boot to the gut for her troubles. Kendrix hits the ropes, comes back with a leaping elbow drop, then stands up, puts a boot on her chest, and blows a kiss at Harvey.

ONE!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Easy kickout for Troy, but this is *insulting*!

Kendrix goes to LT's neck, looking to inflict further damage. He slaps his seated opponent into a sleeper and works

the hold for a while, but Troy rises, jabbing her elbows into JFK's ribs to loosen his grip. LT breaks free hits the ropes, and sends JFK staggering into the ropes with a high knee! Back against the ropes but Kendrix goes low and Cayle low bridges the top rope. Troy lands on her feet on the outside, going right after Cayle, who immediately flees...

And Troy runs right into JFK's dive through the ropes! Putting LT back inside, Kendrix goes back to that sleeper, working the windpipe. After another half-minute or so of struggling he breaks of his own accord, spins round, and chops Troy brutally across the throat! Harvey is screaming for a tag but LT is way too far away.

DDK:

An excellent, focused attack on Lindsay Troy's neck here from Kendrix, thanks to the damage inflicted earlier by the wrist tape.

Lance:

You don't have to like these guys, but they have classic tag team wrestling down to a tee. One might call it Bruvs esque...

Kendrix spends a little too much time gloating and his next attempted chop gets blocked. Troy with an elbow! Another! And another! JFK is staggered now so LT Snapmares him down, boots him between the shoulders, then leaps towards Jay's outstretched hand!

DDK:

Tag!

Lance:

NOOO!

... but Murray, from nowhere, swipes Harvey's feet! LT's hand misses her partners, Jay hits the deck, and Cayle throws him into the barricades!

DDK:

Just when it looked like Troy had reached safety, Cayle cuts it off completely! Harvey's gonna be a little dozy after that one!

Back on the apron after making sure to give everyone at ringside the middle finger, Cayle immediately tags his partner, entering the ring completely full of himself. LT isn't as dead as he thought though and fires straight in, obliterating the Scot with standing kicks. A whip to the corner gets followed by a leaping forearm as the crowd comes alive! Troy puts Murray into the opposite corner but eats a mouthful of boot as she charges again. She stumbles backward while Cayle bounds out this time, right into a Spanish Fly from Troy!

Unfortunately, Murray has the wherewithal to roll out of the ring before LT can attempt the pin. He's down on the outside and Kendrix tends to him. Unbeknownst to them, Troy charges across the ring, getting ready to dive... and when JFK pulls Cayle out of the way, she stops dead, rolling back into the center of the ring. Ripples of applause fill the building as she checks her throat again.

Cayle finally gets back instead after screwing around for a nine-count. When Troy tries to come at him, he slides his torso through the top and middle ropes, preventing her from touching him. He scoots over to JFK in this window, tagging him in.

Lance:

You can see, clearly, that Murray only wants to engage with Troy when he thinks he has the advantage here! I think he's still reeling from that punch a few weeks ago.

DDK:

Truly, it's all fun and games until someone punches you in the mouth.

A more careful, considered battle plays out. The two wrestlers circle, waiting for an opening, with JFK talking smack. Murray literally lunges over the top rope and grabs Troy's shoulder as she reaches the heels' corner, spinning her around, so Kendrix charges. He puts her in the corner and wails away with strikes. A quickfire tag to Cayle, who kicks LT in the side so many times she falls onto her ass. Murray then puts a boot against her throat, choking her for the four-count.

More quick tags follow, with JFKayle working Troy all the way over. Harvey is back on the apron on his side of the ring and calling encouragement towards her. With JFK the legal man, he hits a hanging vertical suplex then goes for a pin, pushing his forearm into the throat as he goes!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! SHOULDER UP!

Standing to his feet, JFK walks over Troy's body and starts talking smack to Harvey again, goading him. When Jay puts a leg through the ropes, Kendrix yells at him to come inside... giving LT an opening!

Lance:

Schoolboy roll-up!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lindsay Troy sees her best shot and takes it!

TAG!

DDK:

Jay Harvey is in!

Behind Navarro's back Cayle Murray does a Clap to signify him being tagged in.

Lance:

He's the legal man! He took out Kendrix with a right!

Kendrix drops to the mat and Cayle Murray is in the ring! Harvey ducks a Murray Clothesline attempt and hits the ropes! SLING BLADE! MURRAY IS DOWN! Kendrix is back up and he swings at Harvey- HE DUCKS! SNAP RELEASE DRAGON SUPLEX!

This crowd is on fire! Harvey is feeling it! Hector Navarro doesn't know up from down right now! Kendrix rolls to the outside, leaving Cayle Murray in the ring. Harvey focuses his attention on the former FIST of DEFIANCE! Lindsay Troy is down in her corner, trying to recoup from the beating she has taken.

Harvey is waiting for Murray to get to his feet! The crowd can feel the end and Harvey is looking to end this with the Wake Up Call! Murray gets the attention of Referee Hector Navarro. Kendrix is seen moving along the outside of the ring.

Lance:

Kendrix has a chair!

DDK:
NOOOO!

BOOM!

Kendrix smashes Jay Harvey in the back from the outside with said chair! The crowd immediately turns and Harvey is rocked! Murray ever the opportunist sees all this and goes after Harvey! Murray rushes Harvey and lands an Elbow Strike right across his face!

Murray quickly goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Harvey kicked out but it's too late!

DING DING DING

24k's music hits and the crowd litters the ring with trash.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners of the match.... JAAAAAAAAAY! EFFFFFFFFF! KAAAAAAAAAAAAAYLE!

BOO!

DDK:

Highway robbery! Murray wasn't even the legal man!

Lance:

Kendrix and Cayle are celebrating their heist!

Lindsay Troy is still on the outside in her corner, not knowing what just went down. Harvey is beside himself! He tells Navarro about getting hit by the chair but obvs Navarro didn't see that or Murray fake a tag. JFKayle are halfway up the entrance ramp as trash showers them.

A replay of the highlights of the match hit your screen.

Lance:

It looked like Jay Harvey was going to put this away for his team... then JFKayle did what they always seem to do.

DDK:

A damn shame! Kendrix is digging his grave even deeper!

Lance:

Cayle Murray hasn't seen the last of Lindsay Troy, you can bet on that!

The members of 24k are all smiles as they stand in front of the DEFiatron. Troy and Harvey are sulking in the middle of the ring. They knew this match was theirs and it slipped out of their hands.

DDK:

Thanks for joining us tonight, folks! Tune in tomorrow night for Night Two of DEFtv!

Cameras switch from JFKayle and Harvey and Troy. The DEFIANCE logo appears at the bottom right of your screen.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.