

SHOW OPENER



The generic rock intro fades as the camera pans over to one half of the DEFTv announce team and all round DEFIANCE renaissance man Angus Skaaland leaning against the “news desk / in studio” set that’s been used on a number different DEFIANCE related segments over the years. The bleach blond Motormouth mugs for the camera for a moment before welcoming us to UNCUT.

Angus:
WELCOME TO UNCUT!

See.

He unfolds his arms and hops up ass first onto the desk.

Angus:
DEFTv 68 might have been the “go home show”... but this right here? Let’s call this the *“holy fuck we’re so close we all collectively have a case of blue balls”* show. Before we get to two GIANT nights of wild ass in-ring DEFIANCE action we got one night of delicious UNCUT goodness to whet your ravenous little appetites. We got pissed off feminists, Bruvs, some new “big bad” in a mask, and more than a few Scotsmen with something to say...

He takes a breath.

Angus:
SO. Without further ado. An edition of UNCUT I’ve personally subtitled, the *“DEFCON appetizer platter”*... enjoy.

REAPER IS HERE

A week before DEFtv 68

Scene opens to a pan shot view of Western State Hospital, in Lakewood Washington. It is late at night and as the camera pans around the entire building it comes to a rest a few hundred feet from the building. A figure walks in front of the camera, back towards it, and comes to a stop at the sign indicating the hospital's name.

Reaper:

A lot of sick people reside here, some are dangerous to others, while the others are more of a danger to themselves. People do not understand what it means to be committed, nor do they understand what it's like to know someone who is committed.

The voice is understandable, yes, but it's almost like listening to a robot speak. His words are deliberate, slowly spoken, and almost seem rehearsed.

Reaper:

Coming to DEFIANCE, I have a specific agenda in mind, a list so to speak. My desire is to make an impact on all of you, on the company and most of all the world. Changing lives and destroying hopes that's what it means to be a wrestler. People tend to focus solely on the wrong thing; wins, losses and the titles that they hold. That is not the true meaning of the game.

It's obvious Reaper was going to follow up with something else, but it's almost as if he got interrupted by something. Nothing on the screen indicates a distraction but Reaper stands still for a moment holding his head.

Reaper:

As I was saying, the true meaning of this 'game' is the evolution of it, the earth shattering matches that change the lives of everyone, change the entire scope of our future. That's what it means to be an **impact** wrestler. That's what it means to be a true legend in this sport. Those that do not respect that, those that do not understand that, they are the ones that must be punished. They are the ones who need to be thrown from this game all together.

He pauses for a moment.

Reaper:

That is what I will be doing in DEFIANCE, that is what you **ALL** should be afraid of. It's not about your next opponent, it's not about whether or not you can get that push to the next level. From this point forward everyone is on notice. There is a new order here and it's going to be filled with Chaos and no one is safe. **Not even me.**

As Reaper turns to face the camera, the eyes behind his mask glow a bright red. He walks intently towards the camera, however his motion is cut off within a few feet of it. He turns back towards the sign of Western State Hospital, holding his head yet again.

Reaper:

SHUT UP!!!!

The yell is extreme, but sounds so bizarre coming from the modified device he is using to speak. After letting out the scream he turns towards the camera again and the screen goes to black. Followed by the DEFIANCE logo.

TERRY ANDERSON, PI

Four days before DEFtv 68

Bang, bang, bang.

Loud knocking at a derelict looking door is heard as the scene opens up. The camera pointing at apartment 4B. Shouting can be heard in the distance from within the apartment and the camera angle takes a step back. The door slowly opens to a much older man peering through.

Old man:

Ughhh.. seriously? It's 1 o'clock in the morning, why are you here now?

Reluctantly, he opens the door more and trudges his way back through the dimly lit hallway.

Old man:

Do they know why they are here? I mean obviously they are following you around, but still, this is getting a bit silly.

There is no response, as the camera moves forwards it catches several glimpses of old, crumbled up posters, one vague resemblance to what appears to be IWF. There are a few other posters strewn up in the living room along with a large, white board with several pictures tacked on it along with post its and other markings. The camera tries to focus on it but just as it does a hand appears in front of the camera.

Reaper:

I thought I told you to keep that thing hidden?

Old man:

You did, but you also didn't tell me you'd be creeping up in my apartment at 1 in the morning. So fine I'll throw this over it.

A few moments pass by and the hand is lifted off the camera lenses to show the old man facing Code Name: Reaper.

Old man:

Do they even know who I am, or why you are even here?

Reaper:

No and they will never know why I am here until I deem it needed by the audience.

Old man:

If I am going to be on Hulu, I would at least like everyone to know who I am.

Reaper:

I'm not stopping you.

Reaper moves to the window in the apartment and stares out as the old man approaches the camera.

Terry Anderson:

Good evening DEFIANCE, I am Terry 'The Idol' Anderson. Most folks know me around these parts as a commentator, flavor announcer, whatever you would want to call it. I have been tasked here by my friend... with som---

Before he can finish his thought, Reaper is in Terry's face.

Reaper:

This is not a reveal party Terry.

Again the robotic voice and how it's delivered almost seems rehearsed.

Reaper:

They do not need to know what you are involved in. Do you understand?

Terry is taken aback by this.

Terry:

I don't understand.... man. Why not just tell th--

This time, Terry's throat is gripped hard, so hard that a slight choke is let out to compensate for breathing.

Reaper:

It is not your choice, nor your opinion that anyone that is viewing this will care about. This is a whole brand new god damn era. Take your questions and hold them, I will not ask you again.

Reaper releases the choke hold and Terry takes a step back.

Terry:

Okay... okay. Have you at least been given a match yet?

Reaper:

No, not yet.... I haven't been assigned a target. It looks like soon I will have to seek an opponent.

Reaper suddenly holds his head and the camera is backing away quickly.

Reaper:

I don't CARE about Impulse. He means nothing in this!

Reaper falls to the ground and Terry looks at camera.

Terry:

I think it's time for you to shut down.

[FADE TO DEF LOGO.]

ON THE HORIZON

DEFCON's set to be the biggest, craziest, season-ending spectacle that you could ever expect from this boundary-pushing company.

But if you think we're going to let you breathe after it's all said and done...

THINK AGAIN.

KICKING OFF AT DEFTV #69, FOR THE SECOND YEAR IN A ROW...



10 DEFIANTS, INCLUDING...

*Bronson Box
Cayle Murray
Impulse
Curtis Penn
Mikey Unlikely
Kendrix
Harmony
And more...*

FIVE WEEKS.

ONE TOURNAMENT.

IT ALL STARTS ANEW ONCE DEFCON CONCLUDES...

ANGRY LITTLE WOMAN

After DEFtv #68

Our cameras catch up to Lance Warner, running through the back door of the Wrestle-Plex and out into the parking lot, where he can see Harmony in the distance, loading her bags into the back of her rental car. He makes a beeline for her, the camera bouncing up and down as the cameraman tries to keep up with Warner's stride. Warner finally catches up to Harmony's car as the brunette closes the trunk down, turning around to find the pair behind her and sighing.

Harmony:

I'm really not in the mood, Lance.

Lance Warner:

Please Harmony, the DEFIANCE faithful want to know your thoughts on your victory over Frank Dylan James.

The anger becomes apparent in Harmony's expression, her nostrils flaring.

Harmony:

It wasn't a victory, Lance. It was a damn disgrace. A technicality because Frank can't get it through his thick skull that I'm not made of glass. I don't break; if I get knocked down, I get back up again.

Lance Warner:

Considering how dominating Frank was for majority of the match, many people are wondering why on earth you would demand the match for DEFCON 1?

There's another irritated sigh from Harmony as she reaches up to rub her forehead out of frustration.

Harmony:

To prove a point, Lance. I might be female but that doesn't make me any less of a capable competitor than anyone on this roster and it's about damn time the likes of Frank Dylan James learnt that. I am not a joke, nor do I deserve to be treated like one.

Lance takes a step back, sensing the hostility.

Lance Warner:

What are your words to those who think that Frank is just too big a mountain to climb?

Harmony:

Did David back down from Goliath? No, he didn't. You want to doubt me? Fine, go ahead and doubt me because it just motivates me more to keep going. Buy a ticket, come and sit yourself down in the crowd, and I'll show you just exactly what a "little woman" can do.

And without another word, Harmony turns on the balls of her feet and gets straight into her car, leaving Lance to mull over her words.

B-ROLL

We are in the parking lot of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex with Christie Zane in semi-focus of the camera prior to the doors opening. Although it's being lazily held on the shoulder of the cameraman we still can still see Zane lightly glistening in sweat from the hot, humid New Orleans air. We can also hear both Christie and the cameraman talking. The camera is recording for sound and feed checks but they are not "live."

Cameraman:

Okay, let's get this done. They want some B-Roll shots. You know the drill.

Zane:

You dragged me out here for this again?

Cameraman:

I know. I know. Sorry. No clue why they make us do this. They hardly use the footage anyway...but it is what it is.

We hear a huff of disagreement from Zane before she adjusts herself to professionalism. The cameraman finally decides to also get serious with his job and gain a true focus on Christie. Yet over her left shoulder, near a crowd waiting to get inside, a very blurry black stretch limousine pulls up causing an equally blurry rise of disruption and curiosity from the waiting fans.

Zane:

Okay, let's do this.

Cameraman:

Hold on.

Zane:

Really?

The cameraman attempts to focus in his camera on a person trying to exit the limousine. A small crowd has gathered already making it difficult for them to get out. The camera zooms too close and off sight of the target and we catch one single security staffer making haste. Pulling out of the shot, the cameraman adjusts the focal point zooming in and out trying to gather focus back towards the limo door.

Cameraman:

Who is that?

Zane:

Who's who?

Thanks to the cameraman's erratic equipment practices we catch Zane turning and squinting at the commotion to see what's going on. The focus of the camera is finally zoomed towards the limo door area but it's still blurry and becoming increasingly harder to get a clear shot as the majority of the crowd is now swarmed around the person who has arrived.

Cameraman:

God...move!

Zane:

Me?!

Armed with pens, tickets to sign, and selfies sticks; they show no mercy. The person retaliates using a fuzzy hand to swat away all attempts while the sole security officer continues his tries at maintaining order and distance. Finally a

second Town Car limo pulls up and a few men in suits jump out. Obviously late security.

Zane:

I am dying out here. Can we do this already? If I'm not covering it, it's obviously not important.

Cameraman:

Just hold on!

Just as the camera finally gains true, non-grainy, focus all we see is the person covering their face with their suit jacket and trying to push through the crowd. The security detail parting the sea of fans for them as the Wrestle-Plex doors open briefly to let the person in.

Cameraman:

Damn. I missed it.

Zane:

So, shoot's over?

PokeBruv Go!

A plain black screen suddenly lights up with a flash and large red and white ball flies at the screen.

A Poke Ball!

Quickly followed by the large logo for Pokemon Go and the popular 90's theme song.

"I wanna be...the very best! Like no one ever was!... To catch them is my real test... To train them is my cause!"

Images flash on the screen of people playing the new popular augmented reality mobile phone game. Children, Adults, Men, Women, from a multitude of countries and nationalities are shown playing and smiling. The transition of pictures quickens until its a spinning reel of people playing... suddenly it stops on one image... DEFIANCE and Hollywood superstar Mikey Unlikely is shown playing the game on his phone, suddenly the image comes to life.

"I will travel across the land...Searching far and wide... Each Pokemon to understand.... The power that's inside! POKEMON!"

The camera switches to over the shoulder of Mikey, wearing the official Pokemon Cap and backpack, who with the flick of a finger sends the same Pokeball from earlier hurling at a duck like creature.

Mikey Unlikely:

Awww c'maaaaaaawwwwnnnnn!!!! That was the best Pokemon in the game!!!

Unlikely handles his phone excitedly as he waits to see if he captured the pocket monster.

"Gotta Catch Em All, it's you and me!....I know its my destiny...Oh you're my best friend! In a world we must defend! Pokemon, A heart so trueeeeeee, Our courage will pull us through..."

Finally it shows Mikey that he did indeed catch the Pokemon. With a loud celebration Mikey fist pumps exaggeratedly like Tiger Woods. The screen cuts to a highlight reel of Mikey randomly catching Pokemon and celebrating over and over again.

"You teach me and I'll teach youuuuuuuu..... Pok...e....mon!!!!"

Unlikely spins quickly and faces his phone towards the camera, it morphs into a pokeball.

Mikey Unlikely:

Gotta Catch Em All!

He stands posed for a moment, then finally comes the signal he's been waiting on...

Director:

"CUTTTTT!!!!!! BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE! I THINK WE NAILED IT!"

Stepping out from behind the camera, framing the shot with his index finger and thumb was none other than the D, director of such "hits" as Lake Placid Vi, and the potential kickstarted Mikey vehicle (*cough* unlikely) Lake Placid Vi 2. He wore his trademark Armani suit and stylish glasses, and what looked to be a Paper Mache version of the once great and illustrious DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships.

The D:

You know the regular disgusting people are trying to get a "Team Harmony" faction in the game. Wank-babies.

Mikey immediately frowns. The D doesn't notice as he's actually now taken out his mobile phone and starts tapping furiously away.

The D:

This thing's mighty addictive. You should try it. I just caught an Axew.

The D holds the phone out to Klein, and shows him the picture. Klein immediately cowers, running away. The D follows him, and shouts.

The D:

Just got another! They're everywhere!

Over to Klein, huddled in a fetal position slowly rocking back and forth. Elise Ares steps into frame and looks down annoyingly at their manager, the box man. She also has her own paper mache championship belt.

The D:

For the last time, they're not REAL monsters. They're just AHHHH, Real Monsters.

Elise Ares:

Can't wait for that dog-faced tramp Harmony to get her face stomped in by FDJ. It's gonna be, wait for it... waaaaait for it... amaze-balls. (turning to Mikey) So, are we submitting this to Nintendo? I know a guy. (pause) I mean I blew a Japanese guy once. That counts, right? It was high school, and he had this awesome camera he stole from his parents... I didn't get the commercial though...

Before Mikey can get a word in, slow methodical clapping interrupts the excited PCP. Kendrix, wearing the latest #HollywoodBruvs Hoodie, removes his Armani sponsored giant bug eye shades as the Hollywood Bruvs go for a manly bruv hug, followed by their standard fist bump explosion.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah?! JFK just wants to say that he was bowled over by your performance just now, bruv. You truly are the World's Greatest Entertainer, obv!

Mikey modestly throws his hand down at Kendrix, asking him to stop with the plaudits, but not really.

Mikey Unlikely:

Totally Obvs!

Kendrix proudly points his finger at his tag team partner.

Kendrix:

Seriously, bruv. Your performance was so good, that for a second there...

Jesse pauses, taking a moment to scan the room for any Pokemon sponsors, as he does so, The D, Elise, and Klein all check around the room too.

Kendrix:

For a second there...JFK actually believed that you actually liked Pokemon!

Kendrix holds his hands to his stomach as he laughs his belly off, while Mikey doubles over in hysterics before arching his back straight to wipe away a happy tear from his eye. Meanwhile, PCP look on in confusion.

Mikey Unlikely:

As if, bruv. As if the World's Greatest Entertainer and GREATEST Hollywood Heritage Champ of all time...would waste ANY of his precious time playing this stupid game!

Kendrix:

Innit, though?! Only BELLENDs, with nothing better to do with their pathetic lives, play this game. A game where they actually believe they are collecting mythical creatures with their mobile devices?!

Mikey mockingly sticks his tongue out and twirls his index finger by the side of his head.

Kendrix:

And what the hell is a Jigglypuff anyway?! Sounds like something that skirt wearing LAR would say...JFK still don't understand a word that guy says.

Jesse disappointedly shakes his head.

Kendrix:

But anyway...NEWS FLASH JERKS! THE POKEMON AREN'T ACTUALLY REAL! YOUR PHONES JUST POPULATE THEIR IMAGES ON YOUR SCREEN IN POPULAR DESTINATIONS! Pokemon Go?! More like, POKEMON DOH!

PCP look at each other, first agasp at Kendrix's derision of the game The D loves so much and then secondly, in worried anticipation at what Mikey's reaction to the comments will be. As if time began to move in slow motion, they see Mikey reach for his Pokemon cap from his head and chuck it down to the ground. Just as you saw the Grinch's heart grow three times during the Grinch Stole Christmas, you could visibly see the D's heart break three times. The Bruvs then proceed to stomp down on it as Elise and The D look back at each other in horror.

Mikey Unlikely:

FUCK POKEMON GO!

Elise Ares: [nervously]

TOTES FUCK 'EM!

Elise glares over at The D, who nervously pulled at his collar, before shouting.

The D:

YEAH! GOTTA FUCK 'EM ALL!

The D proceeds to throw his cell phone against the nearest wall, shattering it into a million pieces.

The D:

Ah man. I had three Tinder likes...

Elise steps up to The D and gently strokes his shoulder. The D lowers his head and pouts. Klein, recovered, proceeds to throw Holy Water onto the now broken pieces of the cell phone.

Mikey Unlikely:

Send in the tape, D! Let's cash in on this stupid fad. After DEFCON, and after I finally get rid of that cheating scoundrel Andy Sharp, the Sports Entertainment Guild will have a new goal! More gold! I'm talking tag team titles...

The D and Elise's faces light up again, momentarily pointing down to the very paper mache titles they have around their waists.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm talking about keeping the Hollywood Heritage Title locked down....

He points at the championship.

Mikey Unlikely:

And I'm talking about winning the DEF*MAX tournament and showing all the critics, showing all the DEF Fucks, and alllllll these fans, who is the UNDISPUTED MOST SPORTS ENTERTAINING group of ALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL TIME!!!!!!

The scene fades as Mikey starts laughing and walking off.

Kendrix:

Where's our segways, Innit?

PENANCE

Andy Murray:

Bobby Dean!

Cut to Andy Murray, The King of Scotch Style, stood before Ye Olde DEFIANCE Backdroppe.

Andy Murray:

You fucked up, mate.

He smiles and nods for the camera, looking very unlike a man recovering from a set of BBD-inflicted broken ribs.

Andy Murray:

Eric Dane wanted me out of the way. He wanted a clear pathway to my brother because he knew that if I was around, he'd never lay a finger on Cayle's head. But for all his blood and thunder, the Big Bad Wolf's little more than a coward. Dane didn't have the *baws* to take care of business himself, so he called upon you, the glamorous assistant...

Murray pauses. He's dressed in his usual greyscales with a black leather bomber unzipped over a white tee.

Andy Murray:

"I want you to *KILL* Andy Murray." Those were his words, right? You were supposed to put me in the ground, Bobby. You were supposed to finish me off, and make sure I never stepped foot inside the DEFplex ever again! I'll give you some credit, though: that stunt with the barbell was pretty brutal, but lemme tell you, it's gonna take a whole lot more than that to put this old dog down.

The King points to his face and smiles broadly.

Andy Murray:

You didn't *kill* me, Bobby, but you did put your hands on me outside a wrestling ring, and that's something I just can't abide.

Those last few words bring a sterner expression to Andy's face. His brow tightens and his eyes narrow before he continues.

Andy Murray:

I've been playing this game as long as anyone else in this company, and I know chickenshit when I see it. I'm not here to deliver a lecture and show you the error of your ways, though. I couldn't give a damn about any of that... but you injured me, Bobby. And now you have to pay for it.

He speaks with the kind of calm authority that only a 22-year veteran can bring. Never does Andy raise his voice or let himself get carried away. Despite the fact that Bobby Dean "tried to kill him," Murray is completely at ease.

Andy Murray:

Don't worry, lad. I'm a pretty reasonable bloke. I'm not gonna try to kill you, or damage your career in any way. Hell, I won't even use a weapon. I'm going to teach you a lesson the old fashioned way, with two fists, two boots, and a handful of Lariats. Clean, fair, and clinical.

He raises a finger for each adjective.

Andy Murray:

You're not going to wake-up in a hospital the next day like I did. You're gonna leave with a few bruises, sure, and you'll probably be a little wobbly for a while afterwards. Want my advice? Stock up on painkillers, throw those ice packs in the freezer right away... you're gonna need 'em.

Andy pauses.

Andy Murray:

I believe in doing things a certain way, Robert, and believe it not, that doesn't involve dropping an overloaded barbell on a man's chest as he's working out. I believe in justice via head-drop and suplex, out there in the squared circle, with a referee, a time limit, and a set of rules. That's it, Bobby. No shenanigans, no subterfuge: just wrestling.

The King prepares for his final salvo.

Andy Murray:

I'm not coming to DEFCON to put you in an ambulance, but I *am* coming to whoop your arse. See you there, mate. It's gonna be fun.

Smile.

Cut.

REAPER IS WATCHING

Outside the Wrestle-Plex, camera is focused on Terry 'The Idol' Anderson walking up a long road outside of the DEFIANCE Faithful's temple of worship. Sweat is pouring from his forehead and it's obvious that the hot night is getting to him. The former IWF commentator stops and looks in the distance, as the camera moves to his focus, it comes to a stop with a dark figure standing in the distance. Shaking his head he trudges forward. The camera keeps pace and after another thirty seconds we come to a stop.

Terry:

Have you been out here all night?

Code Name: Reaper, one of DEFIANCE's new acquisitions, doesn't turn to acknowledge Terry. Instead, he keeps his face focused forward on the Wrestle-Plex stadium.

Terry:

I got your message to meet you out here. What are we doing? You know I hate the heat. I regret even agreeing to come here.

This gets Reaper's attention, he turns towards Terry, eyes glowing red.

Reaper: [voice modified]

No one forced you to come here. You could have stayed at your motel room, doing the job I asked you to do to begin with. You know how important that is to me.

Terry: [shaking his head]

Look, I've got my resources at work. It's not like you hired a top of the line Investigator firm to handle this job. I am doing my best here. Besides, this is a long way from Tacoma.

Reaper:

I'm tired of excuses, take care of what I asked you to do.

With that Terry turns to walk away. Reaper focuses his attention back on the Wrestle-Plex stadium. Terry a few feet further away now stops and turns back to face Reaper.

Terry:

So I don't get it why did you ask me to meet you here?

Reaper:

I didn't ask you to meet me here. I haven't spoken to you all day.

Terry:

Then how do you explain the direct message on Twitter? From your account? DEFReaper? You've been blowing up the twitter feed all night with random non-sense about DEFtv 68.

Reaper:

I don't use twitter. Why would I? All the talking that needs to be done will happen in that ring when I find.... I TOLD YOU TO SHUT UP!

Reaper's head spins to the other direction, away from Terry, away from the Wrestle-Plex stadium. The camera tries to catch what he is looking at but it's nothing but street lights and roads in the distance.

Terry:

Listen J.....

Before another sound could even be uttered, Reaper storms to Terry's direction, he doesn't strike him at all but his arm is raised in a striking motion.

Reaper: [obviously enraged]

I TOLD YOU! Never refer to me by that name!

Terry backs off a bit, obviously caught off guard as he stumbles backwards.

Terry:

I... I am sorry... Reaper. I know... well at least I think I know why you are doing this. I understand, it means a lot to you. But I also don't understand this masquerade you are trying to do here. Honestly, I don't think anyone will understand it.

Reaper turns his back to Terry and moves a distance further away as he keeps his eyes on the Wrestle-Plex building.

Terry: [moves forward to follow]

You are extremely talented, the fans would love you. Just be yourself, quit trying to be something you are not. It's not worth your time or your effort and in the long run it'll probably hurt you more than you realize.

Obviously the words does grab Reaper's attention any further and Terry with his PI skills kicking in realize his efforts are falling on deaf ears.

Terry:

Well, I'll leave you to it. Good talk... I guess. I'll head back to my motel room if you need me. Maybe I'll send a direct message to that Twitter account and see who's trying to impersonate you.

He waits for a few more moments for an acknowledgement, but receives none. Terry turns and walks away but the camera stays with Reaper. A few additional seconds go by as Reaper continues to stare at the Wrestle-Plex building. Then a commotion is seen in the distance as a limo drives up. The camera's focus can't catch who is coming out of the Wrestle-Plex building but it seems to have caught Reaper's attention.

Reaper:

I knew it.... I have found my target. Hope he realizes that *Reaper is Watching*.

Footsteps are heard walking from behind the camera's view. A shadow forms on the dim street lights shining on the road. Reaper turns to acknowledge the presence of someone else, his eyes glowing bright red. As the camera turns to face them as well, it cuts to black.

ONCE AND FOR ALL

We're in a hospital room. Specifically the hospital room of one Wayne Dewey. The tinier of the two Dewey brothers is laying on the bed looking MUCH better than the last time we all saw him, sprawled out in a pool of his own blood, screaming under the brutal bootheel of The Wargod. Beside him sits none other than the longest reigning champion *of any kind* in DEFIANCE history and one half of the main event of DEFCON: Night 1... but Wayne just calls him "Euge."

Wayne Dewey:

... because you've got a match to prepare for, that's why.

The Gaming Guru narrows his eyes at his brother.

Eugene Dewey:

Someone should be here with you.

Wayne Dewey:

I'll be *FINE*. He's not "after me" he just wanted to piss you off, I knew that the second that creep-o Katze called me about that interview on Uncut. I couldn't help myself... I'll admit it, I missed the limelight. I took a risk, I got stabbed. Big whoop. He knew you couldn't help but be a hero when it's me that's in trouble... *it's who you are*, Euge.

Eugene hangs his head at that.

Eugene Dewey:

I feel like I'm Mario and it's Box that's holding the controller in his sweaty mitts, that's how I feel. Jumping on the toadstools and the breaking bricks HE wants me to... it's my penance I guess. For acting like such a *prick* for so long. I... I just finally started feeling like a winner, finally, for once in my life. I'd *achieved* something, Wayne! ... and then along comes Boxer and his damn mouth and his fuckin' agenda...

Wayne Dewey:

... And Jane and her loooong legs and... *ahem* *naughtier bits*.

Eugene narrows his eyes playfully at his brother... then winks. The brothers share a laugh together before Wayne continues on with reassuring his brother on the eve of the biggest match of his career.

Wayne Dewey:

That's what Box does. He's a bi-polar, manic depressive, sociopathic dickwart that gets 100% of his jollies from *manipulating people* to do exactly what he wants... especially people he KNOWS have his number. To keep them out of his way. And that's what you've got, his damn *number* brother o' mine. So long as you're confused, doubting yourself, doubting your GUT... he's free and clear to do whatever he wants. Yeah, he's wrapping this all with a pretty bow and a bunch of flowery bullgarbage about him "*saving you*" and "*bringing back the old Eugene*"...

Wayne reaches under his blanket and pulls out something bundled up inside itself.

Wayne Dewey:

I've known you the longest, so I consider myself something of a Eugene expert... and from where I'm sitting there's only ever been *ONE* Eugene Dewey as long as I've been breathing. The one that's been sitting by my bedside playing Wii and reading comics with me the last couple weeks while I've been stuck in here. The one that would always let me be player one when we were kids. The one that was there to watch my back when the bullies came knocking. The one that helped me and mom hold it together after dad died...

Wayne unfolds the red bundle. A t-shirt.

Wayne Dewey:

You fell down. Now it's time to pick yourself up, dust yourself off...

A t-shirt emblazoned with the Marvel Comics character Phoenix, of X-Men fame.

We see a proud smile spread across Eugene's face and a few small tears immediately well up in his eyes... **PFFFFT** but before we hear Eugene's answer we hard cut to an especially unsettling closeup on the gnarled face of The Original DEFIANT... hell, as far as he's concerned the ONLY damn DEFIANT, the Bombastic Bronson Box. Any glimpse we catch behind The Wargod reveals nothing of his location or what he's wearing. All we have is his grizzly assed eye and signature handlebar mustache to keep us company.

Bronson Box

I think we're moooooore than done with all that then, aye?

Looking deep into his wide, wild bloodshot brown eyes we get a sense of *unhinged* excitement. An obviously eagerness for the upcoming fight with Eugene Dewey, a fight some in the locker room and on the internets are calling *"the final battle."*

Bronson Box

A phoenix rising from the ashes, eh? As much as I appreciate the clumsy thought behind yer' wee brothers gift, didn't that particular young ginger haired lass there DIE in the end of that story? Sacrificed herself to save her friends, I believe. That IS something the *ooooold* Eugene would do given the chance, idn't it... that's right THE OLD EUGENE... I'll keep sayin' it because now that we're here on the eve of DEFCON I can go ahead and resign myself to the fact I failed you, Eugene my boy. You 'aint in noooo shape to take me down, sunshine. *Yer' weak.*

He doesn't exactly look sad or embarrassed at that fact. He's smiling in fact.

Bronson Box

Yer' still sooooo conflicted inside, aren't ye' boy'o? Up still seems a little like down, left like right; goodness and selflessness and HEROISM still tastes a little too cloyingly *sweet* on yer' tongue? Aye. Because ye' tasted freedom... freedom from ideals and morals and trust and ye' just WERE... now ye' sit there at yer' wastrel brothers bedside lappin' up his comic book nonsense desperately looking fer' that old guiding light that for better or worse used to show you yer' way...

He pauses a beat. Looking at us, at EUGENE with nothing but scorn... and *pitty.*

Bronson Box

But that light's gone, 'aint it lad? Or it's so bloody dim ye' can barely make it out. At DEFCON I'm gunna' do my damndest to help ye' lad, help end yer' torment... at DEFCON, Eugene? I'm goin' te' SNUFF out what's left of the lightness and goodness and HEROISM still in that FAT FOOKIN' BODY. At fookin' DEFCON 1, Night 1 I'm goin' te' steal'a FOOKIN' show and I'm gunna' END this thing between you and me...

He trails off. Another hard cut back to the hospital room Wayne is handing the Phoenix t-shirt to Eugene who takes the gift *proudly* in his huge paws.

Wayne Dewey:

You wear this at DEFCON when you go out there and drop that cocky PRICK on the deck and shut him up...

It's at this point the now disembodied voice of Bronson Box joins Wayne in chorus, both men finishing their respective sentences with the same *bold statement.*

Wayne Dewey:

... once and for all.

Bronson Box V/O:

... once and for all.

Wayne and Bronson's words ring in our ears as we watch Eugene stare intently at the image on the front of the t-shirt

of the *ginger haired* Jean Grey rising up, all green and gold and red and glorious in a pillar of brilliant cosmic flame. A *hero*.

Fade.

THE FINAL (CHEAP) SHOT

Approximately one hour after DEFtv #68 has ended...

The Go-Home Show had, indeed, gone home, as had all of the fans and most of the cast and crew of DEFIANCE by this point in the evening. Some small subset of the DrunkBros might be out DrunkBro-ing, and the Bruvs were certainly out Bruv-ing, but there was still one more DEFIANT hanging around the Wrestle-Plex that had yet to fully make their way into the muggy, swampy night. Unfortunately for her, the things weighing on her mind were making her trip more arduous than just the bags over her shoulder.

It had taken Lindsay Troy a good ten years to finally realize that keeping her private life as private as possible was the best way to go about her business, even in the age of social media and smartphones and the 24/7 soundbite cycle. Where everyone wanted instant gratification and escalation of drama to summits never before seen, week over week, the Lady of the Hour desired to control her part of the narrative. That meant, not playing into Dan Ryan's hand when the baits were obvious and to do things her own way, when and where she wanted to do them.

She knew he'd tried nearly everything he could think of to shake her resolve and set her off on a ferocious path of retribution. The Humility Bomb off the ladder at ASCENSION. Constant dismissals and, then, his abandonment of duties as Trios Champion. The assault after the **WARCHAMBER** Match at DEFIANCE ROAD. His deliberate and twisted retelling of events leading up to that night. The constant trolling thereafter.

Not once did she ream him out; not because he didn't deserve it, and certainly not because they're family. They were well beyond that point of courtesy now, make no mistake. But she had let him get to her up in Kelly's office after he won the FIST, and she wasn't going to give him the satisfaction again. Not until she took the belt from him, of course.

The Queen pushed through the back doors of the Wrestle-Plex and walked through the blanket of humidity across the quiet parking lot. Most cars had gone by now; a few remained, scattered about. She fished her rental keys from the depths of her purse and looked around, hoping to locate her ride. No luck. She pressed the "Unlock" button and saw partially obscured lights flash next to an older model white pickup.

Troy approached the car, all ready to swing her bags off her body and into the backseat, when a Tupperware container on top of the trunk caught her eye. It was tightly packed with round, flaky, spinach puff pastries, and resting on the lid was a piece of paper decorated with flowers and swirls and a child's handwriting.

Dad told me I should tell you I helped!

♡ you!

Cecilia

She might've stood there for an eternity, or it might've only been a moment or two. Every muscle, taut; her jaw, clenched. Rage curtained her vision. She couldn't help it. Now...*now*... she wanted to kill him...

Without a word or a breath or a blink, Lindsay Troy took the note from her niece, slipped it into her pocket, and walked off into the New Orleans night.