

WHERE EVERYBODY KNOWS YOUR NAME

Kajun's Pub - New Orleans

10:00PM

The night has only begun, with a small gathering located around the bar. Conor sits on a stool with The Game Boy to his right and Patrick Cassidy to his left. Trashcan Tim is standing in front of the three of them, scoping out the surroundings. Meanwhile, referee Mark Shields is across the way from Conor, coming into the scene after smoking an entire pack of darts outside. All the while, Sgt. Safety is giving it on the dance floor, the sole representative with no shame whatsoever, pulling out all the hippie moves. He's got the eye-dash happening, the ski-man, the blender and the ultimate dance step, the swim and snorkel. Then back to the ski-man. Dude is just givin' it. The camera cuts to a close-up of Conor Fuse in mid-conversation with Patrick Cassidy.

Conor Fuse:

And that's when I said, you're no God of War. Maybe a minor demon, at best!

Cassidy smiles, somewhat uncomfortably, really having no idea what the hell The Codebreaker is talking about.

Patrick Cassidy:

So how about a round?

Cassidy looks to the bartender.

Cassidy:

Feeling a little like the classics tonight. Old Fashioned. Wild Turkey. You know how I like it.

The bartender looks to be in his late 50s, grizzled, hard-nosed, takes-no-shit but more than likely has a heart of gold, too. Anyway, he points to Conor for his order, without saying a word.

Conor Fuse: *[caught off-guard]*

Yeah, you got any chocolate milk?

The bartender raises an eyebrow.

Conor Fuse:

Hmmm, okay. What about some Kool-Aid?

The bartender's posture hasn't changed, insinuating he has none.

Conor Fuse:

Red? Blue? At this point, I don't care what color...

Bartender:

Son, I got alcohol. Lots of alcohol. What would it be?

Conor's eyes light up, finally coming to that understanding.

Conor Fuse:

Ohhh, right. I'll take a mimosa then. Double. Neat. With a twist.

The bartender (who's name is Randy) nods. He turns to collect the items he needs to mix the drink but he's stopped.

Conor Fuse:

And hold the alcohol please.

Randy takes a haaaard look at Conor. Next he eyes Cassidy and is about to say something like "what the hell is this

guy doing here?" but The Black Out replies with a "don't mind Conor, he's special" facial expression. Ultimately, Randy shrugs and decides to go with Conor's order. He might as well.

Cassidy turns to Conor as they wait for their drinks.

Cassidy:

So. Big singles run for you, huh? Must be a lot of pressure.

Conor Fuse:

Singles... run??? Ohhhh, you mean singles campaign!

Cassidy:

That's it, yeah. Must be tough without your brother by your side. I think I'd be a little stressed under the pressure, personally. I'd probably try to make sure I had a lot of time for myself and have fun, you know?

Conor is listening to Cassidy but also eyeing his mimosa (hold the alcohol) to make sure there's no alcohol slipped in it.

Conor Fuse:

Oh Tyler and I barely talk anymore. He's all angry-and-stuff and doesn't wanna game that frequently. He thinks he's all grown up. I don't know. He's my big bro but I'mma just do my own thing for now.

Fuse looks to Trashcan Tim and smacks him on the shoulder.

Conor Fuse:

Right, my bestest pal!?

Trashcan gives Conor a meek smile and nods. Tim brings his beer to his lips and scans the bar, looking for an expedient getaway.

Trashcan Tim:

Sure thing, buddy.

Cassidy notices that Tim doesn't seem super excited by Conor's suggestion that they're "buddies."

Cassidy:

Well, now that we're the... what was it? Friendly Members League?

Conor tries to correct him but Cassidy just carries on before he has a chance to say anything.

Cassidy:

...we can do stuff like this all the time. Hang out, be buddies, decompress. Let go of some stress, yeah? Maybe this can be our big group thing instead of endlessly taking tours around the arena?

Conor thinks about it...

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, that sounds awesome-sauce but you really should take the tour, too. The WresltePlex is an incredible place with lots of nifty neat amenities and it would benefit you to get that tour under your belt. You can put it on your resume too. I give you a certificate, signed and everything.

Randy returns with Cassidy and Conor's drinks.

Randy: *[to Cassidy]*

Here's your usual.

Odd transition to Conor.

Randy:

And your mimosa, double, neat, with a twist... *[reluctantly]* hold the alcohol.

Cassidy grabs his drink and raises it in the air, inviting Tim and Conor to do the same.

Cassidy:

Well, boys. I get it. I've got three brothers, and even one who is also into that silly video game stuff. They can be knuckleheads. But... we're here, we're having a good time, and the night is young. Cheers!

Tim takes Cassidy's offer and clinks his drink into Cassidy's. Conor, meanwhile, can't get past that "silly video game" comment. He looks across the bar to The Game Boy, who is hunched over numerous stools. The "Mini" Boss, too, is drinking. It's shot after shot after shot.

Cassidy, seemingly unaware of Conor's mood, turns to face Tim.

Cassidy:

I gotta tell ya dude, I'm digging the "Trashcan" moniker. It's got this working-class hero vibe that I dig. Very Springsteen.

Trashcan Tim:

Well, hell. I don't know about all that. I ain't The Boss by any stretch. They just started callin' me Trashcan on account of me being a garbage man when I started wrestling.

Fuse has a look of disbelief when Trashcan said he started wrestling. Clearly, Timmy is delusional.

Cassidy:

Well, intentional or not, you've got to admit you're a man of the people. I loved when you shut that clown Alvaro de Vargas up.

Trashcan Tim:

Gotta admit - I loved finally slapping that pen-day-ho around myself.

Conor's eyes trace as the conversation bounces back and forth between Cassidy and Tim. He tries to interject himself but in a reversal of fortune, Cassidy talks over Conor and doesn't let him get a word in.

Cassidy: *[to Tim, not even noticing Conor's attempts to speak]*

I think you and I should square off someday. It'd be a hell of a fight.

Trashcan Tim:

You know something? I think you might be right!

Conor, slightly taken aback, returns to his orange juice and sulks in his seat.

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11:00PM

And things have progressed! The patrons have grown in number - we now see the bar populated by some additional backstage DEFIANCE personnel, BRAZEN's Doug "Moonshine" Matton and new DEFIANCE signing Brock Newbludd. The Game Boy is still solemnly sitting in the corner, taking down the shots without a break in his demeanor, he's a bloody tank. Sgt. Safety, looking exhausted after his marathon dance session, rests comfortable at a table near the dance floor with a cocktail in hand. Cassidy and Tim have moved away from the bar and onto the dance floor because the KARAOKE portion of the night has officially begun! There's a DJ and full blown karaoke machine set up in the center of the floor and some bright shining lights swirling around the bar. Most of the patrons line up to take part

in the fun, while Conor still sits at the bar, nursing another mimosa (hold the alcohol).

Cassidy steps to the forefront of the crowd and asks for the DJ to pass him the mic.

Cassidy:

Everyone! I just wanted to thank you guys for coming out. Especially on a night that is so big for me. I also wanted to thank the man responsible for getting us together here... my new buddy... Conor Fuse! Conor! Stand up buddy!

It's a reluctant stand but a stand nonetheless. Conor raises his glass of OJ with a "kill me now" look on his face before going back to his seat.

Cassidy:

So I wanna hear some hearty singing out of this lot. Sarge!

Cassidy motions to Sgt. Safety.

Cassidy:

You're up first. Let's go!

The song begins to play and the lyrics to Men at Work's "Safety Dance" shows up on the karaoke screen. Sgt Safety picks himself up and heads over to the karaoke machine, taking the microphone. Cassidy moves away and back into the crowd. He catches Trashcan Tim's eye and motions for Tim to come over. Tim does and they move slightly away from the crowd, away from the dance floor.

Sgt. Safety: *[in the background]*

We can dance if you want to! We can leave your friends behind!

Cassidy looks over his shoulder to make sure nobody can overhear him and then he turns to Tim.

Cassidy:

Alright... so between you and me... what's up with Conor? Guy seems a little...

Cassidy struggles for the right phrase.

Cassidy:

...out to lunch?

Trashcan Tim:

Brother, the boy ain't right. He been draggin' me round for weeks now showin' me light switches and dang ol' water coolers. I ain't had the heart to tell 'em off ... truth is, don't think he's got any friends.

Tim raises his beer to his lips and takes a long gulp. He gives a solemn nod to Cassidy.

Trashcan Tim:

...'cept us, I reckon.

Cassidy:

That's pretty much what I figured. I agreed to this whole idea because it seemed like he was wound a little tight. I thought maybe this would be a good chance for him to blow off some steam.

Tim shoots a glance over toward the sulking Conor Fuse.

Trashcan Tim:

No dice, buddy

Cassidy:

I think I've got a plan. Let's just mingle a bit and when I give you the signal, just follow my lead.

Tim nods. The two go their separate ways and the night - the karaoke party - goes on. More DEF wrestlers have joined the fun. We see Brock Newbludd and Doug Matton playing cards and laughing. Scott Douglas and Pat Cassidy clink their beers in respect. Oscar Burns appears to be whippin' Ryan Batt's butt in pool. Tim is singing karaoke and he's even got an arm around The Game Boy, who is swaying a bit, seemingly into it! Christie Zane chats it up with Jamie Sawyers, although she ducks away when she notices a camera is on her. Clearly, we have a bash of epic propositions brewing.

The one person who hasn't moved, however, is Conor Fuse. He sits exactly in the same spot, on his third or fourth orange juice of the night, scowling and watching the others.

Mark Shields:

Hey, hey Conor!

The referee stumbles up and takes a seat beside the youngest Fuse. Clearly wasted out of his mind, Shields starts scrolling through his phone, stopping on images and showing them to Conor.

Mark Shields:

Check this shit out, man. Got her to say yes to meet me tomorrow night. Pretty decent, huh? *[finding another pic]* Check out her hour glass figure! Oh daddy! *[another pic, while whistling]* And this one, she asked for some money before we meet up... something to do with her mom not being able to get a flight back home? I dunno, I wasn't listening. I just gave her my credit card but damn, man, damn.

This entire time Conor has a look on his face like Shields can't be serious.

Mark Shields:

Now let me show you some memes.

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12:00AM

Shields continues to go through memes in his phone while Conor's eyes are wide with disgust.

Conor Fuse:

Those are... pretty inappropriate.

Mark smacks Conor on the back.

Mark Shields:

Ah shut up man, I know you love them! My buddy Will sends me these all the time. *WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

Conor goes back to his mimosa and wishes death upon himself.

Finally, Cassidy breaks off from his drink with Douglas and shoots Trashcan Tim a look across the bar. He brushes his left hand pointer finger against his nose twice. Tim looks confused. Cassidy does it again and Tim is even more perplexed. Finally Cassidy mouths "that's the signal" and Tim nods, getting it. The pair make their way to the karaoke DJ and Tim motions for the mic.

Trashcan Tim:

Conor! Git up here and sing with us!

Cassidy motions, as if encouraging Conor to come on up.

The entire bar stops. All eyes turn to Conor Fuse, moping in his chair.

Cassidy: *[taking the mic from Tim]*

Come on, buddy. It's a great way to blow off steam!

Cassidy looks to the crowd, also trying to get them to encourage Conor.

Conor Fuse: *[muttering to himself]*

I don't know any songs... just Disney.

Fuse stands. For a second it looks like he's going to head up there but then, as anger slowly fills his face, Conor shows why he's called The Best Pout Machine and stomps towards the exit doors like an upset five-year-old who was told to go to his room.

At this exact moment, the backstage crew worker Kristie enters the pub. She immediately eyes Christie Zane like there's some kind of bad blood between them but it's short-lived as Kristie is startled to find The Codebreaker making a bee-line towards the doors.

Conor Fuse:

Out of my way, Kristie. I've always hated you.

Cassidy and Tim track Conor's exit with their eyes. Tim looks to Cassidy with a look that says, "well, we tried." Cassidy shakes his head.

Cassidy:

Probably off to play video games or something.

He perks back up!

Cassidy:

Ah well. You and me, Timmy boy. We're about to explore the sweet, sweet melodic terrains of... Africa!

The opening beats of Toto's "Africa" begin to fill the air, as we leave our heroes to sing the night away.

SHOW OPEN

The screen fades up from black ...

Energetic music begins to fade up ...

A glitch effect, accompanied by a digital glitch sound effect ushers in the UNCUT logo with a slow dissolve.



The logo fades and on a black screen, words in white appear one at a time.

THIS.

IS.

UNCUT.

I'M A MARRIED MAN

Jay Harvey appears from the blackness. He is in the middle of a photo shoot in some of his new gear, must be for some new DEFIANCE promotional work. Shot after shot, angle after angle. This continues for a bit before cameras are seen following the former Southern Heritage Champion.

He has had a rather strange day... no the photo shoot went as usual. Maybe it took a tad longer than he'd like but not out of the ordinary. The merch booth from earlier in the day still boggles Harvey's mind.

Why was Teresa Ames there? What were her true motives? I mean obviously, she is a huge Jay Harvey fan, most people are. He knows she is up to something, Harvey knows The Comments Section is always up to no good.

Harvey is heading to his locker room to get a shower and changed to head back to the airport. The door opens and "The Natural One" enters and he notices something odd... the shower is running. Before he can make another move the water stops.

Jay Harvey:

Oh god!

Harvey covers his eyes as Teresa Ames enters the frame, soaked, wearing just a towel.

Teresa Ames:

Oops! Oh wow, this is so embarrassing...

She chuckles and Harvey keeps his eyes covered, not entirely sure Ames is covered up.

Jay Harvey:

What? What are you doing in here?!

Teresa Ames:

I just wanted to take a shower after the sweat I built up from working that merch table with you earlier. Both Malak and Cyrus were hogging the shower in our locker room for some weird TikTok video or something so I scampered over here and let myself in. Hope it's okay...

Jay Harvey:

Listen... I appreciate your help... I think.

Ames comes up to Harvey and looks at his muscular body.

Teresa Ames:

It's okay that I used your shower, right? If not, I'll just go back in there and gather my belongings and leave. Would you help me grab them? You know what? You look like you could use a shower. I actually wasn't done yet and the water is still running so...

Jay Harvey:

First of all... I'm a married man. Second of all... I don't trust you and I never will. I know you are trying to play games with me and I'm not gonna have it.

Ames allows her jaw to drop a bit. Her shocked acting skills are impeccable.

Teresa Ames:

What are you talking about? I was going to say you could jump in there and get cleaned up while I wait. I know you're a DEDICATED father and LOVING husband. I'd never imagine doing ANYTHING to put you in a compromising position. We're friends. Heck, after today, we're just business partners. I'm a big fan, remember?

Her wink is not only unsettling but completely contradictory to her words. Harvey knows this situation is risqué and he needs to nip it before things get out of hand.

Jay Harvey:

Teresa... you can't bullshit a bullshitter. I know you are toying with me. I don't know if Malak put you up to this or if you just wanted to get a kick out of trying to destroy my life but... you need to leave.

Ames bites her lip as her eyes get teary. Harvey isn't falling for it. She regretfully gathers her stuff in a huff and leaves the area but not before giving "The Natural One" one last scowl-filled look.

Harvey shakes his head before looking up to the ceiling. His mind can't get around what just happened. He knows this was only the beginning. Harvey knows... hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

We stay on Harvey for a few seconds longer before fading to black.

A JOYOUS REUNION

FROM DEFTv 142, Locker room - After meeting with Tom Morrow...

The camera cuts away from the ring to show the backstage locker room where one of the newest DEFIANTS on the roster, Brock Newbludd, sits in a folding chair in front of a small flat screen television. Leaning forward with his elbows resting on his knees, Newbludd attention is completely fixed as he watches what appears to be a replay of ACTS of DEFIANCE 2020. No doubt, the veteran grappler is doing as much homework as he can on possible future opponents before his yet-to-be announced in-ring debut.

Upon further inspection, it becomes clear what has Brock's eyes glued to the screen as he watches the manager formerly known as Junior Keeling disown The Sky High Titans after their defeat in the tag team title match. Letting out a disgusted snort, Newbludd shakes his head as he watches the man who now goes by Tom Morrow angrily stomp his way up the ramp.

Not less than an hour ago, Tom Morrow approached Newbludd directly about joining the ranks of his Better Future's Talent Agency and was quickly turned down by the newcomer. Not mincing words on how he felt about the proposal, Brock made it clear that he didn't want to be bothered again by Morrow.

Reaching down, Newbludd picks the television's remote off of the ground next to his feet and pauses the show. Seeing that he paused it just at the right moment to capture Morrow making an exceptional pouty bitch-face, Brock snickers.

Brock Newbludd:

Tom Morrow...now that's a douche...

Suddenly the locker room door can be heard opening and Newbludd glances over. Instantly, he smiles and stands up out of the chair.

Brock Newbludd:

Hey hey! Been wondering when I'd run into you!

Panning towards the door, the camera shows none other than "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy smiling back at Brock.

Dex Joy:

Brock! Pally! My God it's good to see you! How the hell are you?

The two men exchange a hand shake and then Dex shoots his signature Big Dex Energy grin.

Dex Joy:

It's been a few years man hasn't it? Tyson told me you were getting signed by DEFIANCE Wrestling. How are things going for you pally?

Brock Newbludd:

It's been too long, brother. And man, look at you! You're a bonafide beast! Things are alright with me, man. Been dealin' with some dickweed named Tom Morrow...

Brock nods his head towards the frozen still of Morrow's face on the television screen.

Brock Newbludd:

But, it's nothing I can't handle. Shitbags like him are a dime a dozen.

Newbludd turns his attention back to Dex and slaps the still smiling young man on the shoulder.

Brock Newbludd:

What about you, buddy? You've been the talk of the town around here, and from what I saw in the ring tonight, the next Southern Heritage champ, eh?

Dex wants to be proud of the fact but it is clear something from their last confrontation is on his mind.

Dex Joy:

That's the dream my friend ... but Gage won't stop running off at the mouth. He wants to come out after my matches and make a lot of noise about who I fight, who he's fought and how I'm nothing ... but I got plans. Trust me when I have my chance to say what I need to say, I'll say it when I take the title! Tyson XL taught me all that I need to beat someone like him.

Brock Newbludd:

That's exactly right, big guy. Exactly right! You let Gage run his mouth and make his noise because at the end of the day you know, and I know, that you'll be the one silencing that noise right before you take his strap. You had a helluva teacher, my friend, and come Ascension, I'm positive you'll put all that learnin' to good use.

There is now an even larger grin on Dex's face.

Dex Joy:

I'm definitely gonna be busy but I got something for Mister Bitter Bitch Beerface if he wants to try and run me down again. I'm gonna be ready for everything!

Brock grins at his old friend before spinning around and opening up one of the lockers. Digging through it for a second, he turns around with a can of beer in each hand.

Brock Newbludd: I know you will be, brother! And you know I got your back if you ever need it. But, for now, take this beer here and let's toast to the soon-to-be NEEEEWWW Southern Heritage Champion!

Brock tosses the beer to Dex, who more engulfs it with his massive hand than really catching it, before cracking his own can and raising it up.

Brock Newbludd:

Good to see ya, buddy!

Opening up his own can, Dex clanks it against Brock's.

Dex Joy:

You too, pally!

With that, the two reunited friends each take healthy gulps as the camera slowly fades out.

SCROW vs. CAGE

DING DING

♪ Diabolical - Nyxx ♪

The lights turn off. A raven appears on the Defiatron first with a close up of its eye. It blinks a few times and quickly is followed by a collage of moments Scrow has been in the ring. From the strikes to said Defiants as Scott Douglas, Oscar Burns, Dex Joy, and finally, the kill shot to Carny Sinclair at MAXDEF! The various clips repeat after Scrow's logo flashes on the screen. The Deftron entrance video illuminates the stage where Scrow stands in a scarecrow pose. Scrow comes to life, he slowly heads to the ring staring down but his eyes look up through his burlap mask. Just behind him, his entrance video is on repeat.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring from the Fields of Torment ... "The Raven's Eye" SCROW!

The camera stays focused on Scrow's face while the lights flash on and off giving off a horror-like vibe. He reaches the ringside area he walks toward the steps and climbs the steps. He walks the apron and pulls back on the top rope and launches himself over them flipping and landing on his feet in his scarecrow pose. Hologram birds fly from the ceiling and land on his arms for a few seconds and then fly off as he raises his head and removes his mask.

DDK:

Scrow has some battle scars. Apparently he has become a pit fighter in his downtime now.

Lance:

So what your saying is Scrow just likes to fight.

DDK:

Seems that way.

Scrow and Cage lock up. Scrow quickly arm drag takes Cage down! Cage battles up and reverses the armbar only for Scrow to drive a kick into the gut of Cage forcing him to break the armbar. Scrow follows up with a knee lift under the chin of Cage dropping him to the mat. Scrow hits the ropes and dives forward with an elbow drop to the chest of Cage. He hops to his feet and jumps up and drives a knee again into the chest of Cage. Quickly holding his chest, Scrow picks up Cage and throws him into the corner, quickly followed with a jumping back elbow to the chin!

DDK:

Scrow staying on the offense here.

Cage is snap mare out of the corner quickly followed by another stiff kick to the upper back of Cage! Scrow hits the ropes and drives his feet into the chest of Wicker Man with a diving dropkick! Scrow goes for the cover!

ONE

TWO

Kickout!

Lance:

Cage was able to survive that onslaught can he manage to turn the tide here?

Scrow picks up Cage and throws him off the ropes, on return, he is back body dropped to the mat. Scrow quickly follows by falling backward driving another elbow to the chest of Cage. He covers once more!

ONE

TWO

T..Kickout!

Scrow argues with the ref about the count. Cage rolls to the ropes and pulls himself up. Scrow charges and Cage drops down pulling the top rope down. Scrow flies over the top rope and to the floor. Cage struggles to get to his feet. The Faithful may not like Cage but are choosing to cheer for the lesser of two evils here.

DDK:

Cage hits the ropes...

Scrow is back to his feet and Cage flies out of the ring in a springboard summersault dive! Both men are down, and a chant of Cage starts in the WrestlePlex!

Lance:

Cage going high risk there. Can he keep this momentum going?

Cage picks up Scrow and irish whips him right into the steel steps as the count is up to five now. Cage charges and drives his knee into the head of Scrow slamming the back of his head back into the steps! Cage feels the adrenaline pumping through his veins he psyches himself up walking away from Scrow for a bit who is slumped over.

DDK:

Stay on him Cage, you can't let Scrow have a moment to recover. He is too dangerous of a man to let get a breather.

Cage picks up Scrow and tosses him in the ring. Scrow rolls to the center of the ring and Cage hits a standing moonsault for the cover!

ONE

TWO

Shoulder up!

Cage grabs the side of his head in disappointment. He turns back around and picks Scrow up and drags him to the corner he hops the turnbuckle and nails a Tornado DDT! Covers once more!

ONE

TWO

T...Shoulder Up!

Lance:

Scrow is clearly taken off his game here. You have to stay on him Cage.

The Wicker Man picks up Scrow and nails a standing dropkick driving Scrow back down to the mat. This time he waits in the corner poised to strike looking like he may be looking for a spear here. Scrow is completely bewildered and has no idea where he is right now as he staggers to his feet. He starts to turn around Cage charges...

DDK:

RAVEN'S CALL! Cage is down, Scrow had a little extra spin to that roundhouse kick too. It's like he had eyes in the back of his head!

Scrow falls over with his arm over the chest of Cage.

ONE

TWO

THREE!

DING DING

♪ *Diabolical* - Nyxx ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match "The Raven's Eye" SCROW!

Scrow uses the ropes to get himself to his feet. He waves off the ref holding the back of his head he stares at Cage who is out cold. Scrow steps through the ropes a look of disgust on his face toward Cage who is now being checked on by the ref.

DDK:

It looks like Scrow was not expecting that kind of a fight from Cage here tonight.

Lance:

Just because Cage is part of the Brazen roster, does not mean he is some walk in the park talent. A good performance here tonight just not enough to get the win here.

SELF-DEFENSE CLASS WITH SENSEI SAFETY

An 'EARLIER TODAY' graphic lingers in the bottom corner of the broadcast as the focus is on a quiet strip mall. The sun blazes to unseasonably warm levels this afternoon in New Orleans. A unit on the strip has a very flashy sign with oriental lettering, spelling out 'SENSEI SAFETY TAE-KWON-DOJO' on it. Inside, there are only two individuals yelling and chasing each other like caged hyenas, performing various action stances and overly choreographed movements.

Sensei Safety:

NOW! QUICK! Turn and fight your assailant from the south, Malak!

Sgt. **Sensei** Safety barks orders at his gi-wearing pupil. Malak struggles to turn, roll and karate chop a torso dummy. He flicks his hair back with a quick head whip.

Malak Garland:

HI-YAAAAAAA!

Malak chops the dummy so hard but it doesn't flinch an inch. The Keyboard King is covered in sweat from head to toe.

Sensei Safety:

Break! Take a break. Get some water, my son.

Doing his best Sensei impression, The Safest Wrestler on the Planet trails behind his pupil in this closed training session. Malak grabs the water bottle with the extra long straw and chugs away.

Sensei Safety:

Only about a couple thousands hours more and you can challenge for your white belt.

Malak speaks back to his Sensei between spurts of water.

Malak Garland:

I don't have a couple thousand hours. I need to become a self-defense master immediately, without putting in the work. That's why I came to your dojo, Mister Safety Shoes. Lucky Sevens is breathing down my neck and I need to be prepared to fight them.

Sensei Safety hangs off a punching bag as he smiles at his student.

Sensei Safety:

You are naive. You won't learn more today. Go home and do the wax on, wax off thing like I taught you.

The broadcast transitions to the parking lot. The wind picks up as a car pulls in. DEFIANCE's own Lance Warner exits the vehicle with a perplexed look on his face. Warner eyes the strip mall as he pulls out his phone to check things over.

Lance:

This can't be right.

Lance lowers his head to his phone. As he tries to figure things out, Malak storms out of the dojo and brushes shoulders with one half of the DEF commentary team.

Malak Garland:

HEY! WATCH IT!

Lance looks up instantaneously.

Lance:

Malak? Malak Garland? What are you doing here?

Malak stops in the middle of the lot to address the situation.

Malak Garland:

Lance Warner. Oh. What a surprise. I almost didn't see you there. I was just here taking a self-defense class until I bumped into you. I must say, you're rather lucky I didn't unleash the touch of death on you now that I'm nearly a lethal weapon.

Suddenly, a theoretical lightbulb goes off in Warner's head. His arms fall to his side and he laughs with a sense of annoyance. He realizes this meeting isn't so random.

Lance:

You're kidding me. You've got to be kidding me.

Malak doesn't reply.

Lance:

This has to be a joke. This is no accidental crossing of paths. I got a message indicating an EMERGENCY and for me to attend this spot IMMEDIATELY... on my personal phone, no less. That was you, wasn't it? How did you get my number?

Malak shrugs his shoulders.

Malak Garland:

Well you know I hacked--

Lance cuts him off.

Lance:

No, you know what, that's not even a question I'm asking. Delete it. Delete my personal phone number no matter how you got it, okay?

Malak lets his head hang. He kicks some make-believe rubble on the parking lot asphalt.

Malak Garland:

Well, now that you're here, I was thinking you might as well interview me.

The anger level in Lance rises which is unique because he's usually a mild tempered individual but this clearly crosses a line.

Lance:

No. I'm done. I'm going home. Don't text me nonsense anymore, okay? This is real life here. I drove across town for this.

Lance begins to walk away from Malak until he inexplicably stops. He turns back.

Lance:

Can I ask you a serious question?

Malak Garland:

No.

Not expecting that answer, Lance is caught off guard for a moment.

Lance: *[Agitated]*

I'm going to ask you anyways. Why are you here? Why are you a pro wrestler? It seems that all you do is get under the skin of others and cause issues. Case and point with this. My afternoon is ruined because of you.

Malak walks closer to Lance as he knows he has him hooked now.

Malak Garland: *[Deadpan]*

Simple. I want all the fame and fortune without working for it. I want it handed to me. Pro wrestling is perfect because pretty much all you have to do is just talk and you're made.

Lance nearly goes ballistic.

Lance:

Aren't you a trained pro wrestler? Why do you need self-defense classes to fight Lucky Sevens?

Malak's lower lip can't help but quiver. The spectrum of his mood swings is on full display here.

Malak Garland: *[Emotional]*

I'm BARELY a pro wrestler. I need every competitive advantage I can get! Did you see how big those guys are! I have to face them *again* this week.

Lance regrets continually conversing with the Grammar Grappler. He throws his hands up, marches back to his car and promptly drives away, leaving Malak in the parking lot alone.

Malak Garland:

So I guess he won't be following me back on insta. Sensei told me to be strong in times when facing adversity. Be strong...

Malak's selfish voice trails off as he orders an Uber to take him home. Surely, the sternness from Lance isn't absorbed in his easily offended millennial brain. The broadcast fades.

1***unify*****[yoo-nuh-fahy]**

verb, u-ni-fied, u-ni-fy-ing.

to make or become a single unit, unite:to unify conflicting theories; to unify a country.

tag team***noun Professional Wrestling.***

a team of two wrestlers who compete one at a time against either member of another such team, the wrestlers in the ring changing places with those outside by tagging them.

champion**[cham-pee-uhn]**

noun

a person who has defeated all opponents in a competition or series of competitions, so as to hold first place:

the heavyweight boxing champion.

anything that takes first place in competition:

the champion of a cattle show.

verb (used with object)

to act as champion of; defend; support:

to champion a cause.

Obsolete. to defy.

adjective

first among all contestants or competitors.

Informal. first-rate.

MALAK GARLAND, DO YOU FIT THESE DEFINITIONS?

A LITTLE SCUFFLE...

Backstage at DEFtv 142.

Walking through the halls are Angel Trinidad and Aleczander the Great. The former is limping along after his loss to Dex Joy earlier in the night while the latter is trying to calm him down while nursing a sore jaw, courtesy of where he was kicked by Angel on accident. Angel is angrily throwing his weight around in the most literal of fashions by pitching a chair and lobbing it across the hall.

Angel Trinidad:

GODDAMN IT! I HAD HIM BEAT! I BEAT HIM ONCE AND I SHOULD HAVE DONE IT AGAIN!

Aleczander The Great:

Mate, chill, chill!

The Big Brit tries calming him down, but Angel lets out another growl and chucks another chair into some production equipment. The Beast from the Bronx kicks a crate aside and spills some production equipment on the floor!

Aleczander The Great:

Angel.

Angel Trinidad:

WHAT?!

He stops Aleczander in his tracks cold with how infuriated he is.

Aleczander The Great:

We'll get him next tim...

Angel Trinidad:

FUCK. THAT.

Trinidad growls.

Angel Trinidad:

This place used to fear us. We used to run this damn place with an iron fist. Us, Junior Keeling, Thomas Keeling. Cappy... we had this locker room shaking! Dusty Griffith, Frank Dylan James... we were untouchable. Now...

Angel growls and storms off with Aleczander tries to get him to stop, but when Angel Trinidad's infamous temper kicks in - the same temper that has twice gotten him to be suspended and even fired from DEFIANCE at one point -

Aleczander The Great:

Ehh... just let him sulk. I ain't getting in his way...

Aleczander decides to go the opposite direction that his partner stormed off in and heads not far down the hall. Rounding the corner?

None other than Eddie Dante and the God-Beast, Mushigihara, heading from the direction of the management's office. Aleczander angrily scoffs their way.

Aleczander The Great:

What the hell are you tossers looking at?

Mushigihara:

Osu... (in a cadence like he is saying "I don't know...")

Aleczander The Great has himself a chuckle.

Aleczander The Great:

Mate, ain't nobody talking about you anymore, mates. I didn't even realize the two of you tossers even still worked here!

Eddie Dante:

Ha, the rock you've been living under is as dense as the ones rattling in that limey skull of yours, then. Well, I'd love to stand around and chat, but my God-Beast just got word that on the next DEFtv he'll be taking a shot at the FIST against Mikey Unlikely, so we must be going and preparing.

The crowd can be heard popping at the news of an upcoming championship match. The Mancunian Muscle, meanwhile, balls up a fist.

Aleczander The Great:

Look here, you little disrespectful wanker! I could kick YOUR ass and Mush-mouth over, here, I could kick...

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!!!!

The King of the Monsters, without warning, unleashes a MIGHTY headbutt that knocks Aleczander into the nearby wall! The stunned Manc can only look defenselessly as Mushi grabs him by the collar, before LAUNCHING HIM into the opposite wall, causing him to bounce off and stagger towards Mushi, who responds with a meaty palmstrike to the face that makes Aleczander collapse in a heap. The God-Beast straddles his would-be assailant, staring over him and looking down in disgust.

Mushigihara:

Urusai... wanker.

Eddie Dante:

...well said. Now come. We must gather film to study for next week's match. This opportunity must be capitalized upon as much as possible!

Mushigihara:

Osu.

With an agreeing nod, the God-Beast follows his long-time manager offscreen, leaving us alone with Aleczander's KO'ed carcass.

THE SUN

EXCLUSIVE POST-MATCH THOUGHTS FROM DEFTv 142, AFTER MINUTE VERSUS ALVARO DE VARGAS

After the horrendous event that took place after the match with Alvaro de Vargas and Minute with the former giving the latter a fireball to the face, the camera now shows the curtains parting behind the guerilla position. First up is Tom Morrow, looking mighty proud.

Tom Morrow:

Watch out, mofos! Coming through, coming through! Make way for da real MVP!

Speaking of, that is a celebratory Alvaro de Vargas, fresh off a huge win over the former two-time Unified Tag Team Champion, Minute. Behind him, Ken Ellis and Theo Baylor.

Theo Baylor:

Hey, man, good shit out there.

Alvaro de Vargas:

De nada, amigo! That pendejo never had a chance against me!

Ken Ellis pats ADV on the arm, then ADV and Theo celebrate with fist bumps.

Tom Morrow:

I told you! That's how you make a statement, Alvaro! We don't NEED to throw fireballs in people's faces... but we CAN anyway!

He laughs like the asshat he is, then taps Theo on the arm.

Tom Morrow:

Hey... stand by, okay? If talks fall through, you know what to do.

Theo Baylor:

Loud and clear, boss.

Theo walks out of sight while Tom Morrow continues hooting and hollering one like a one-man drunken fraternity. He takes note of the camera fixated on him while smirking, then turning it towards Alvaro.

Tom Morrow:

Alvaro! Tell the people what they just saw!

Alvaro de Vargas:

Lo que viste fue el futuro del DEFIANCE! Excuse my language... both of them... but I have been telling EVERYBODY since día uno... day one that I am la leyenda del futuro de DEFIANCE and that's EXACTLY what I am now! I didn't just beat some BRAZEN pendejo to pad my win column... that was a former two-time Unified Tag Champ! I beat him! Easily! Then he got burned because he got too close to the sun!

Tom Morrow:

Yes, he did! Tell him!

Alvaro continues grinning.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Now that I am formally a member of the main roster, from this point forward you are looking at the golden sun of DEFIANCE... El Sol Dorado! Everything revolves around ME! And for those of you who think that you can shoot for the stars and make your dreams come true...

He spits.

Alvaro de Vargas:

I spit on your dreams! That little pendejo, Minute, got what he deserved. He flew too close and he got BURNED! Uriel Cortez! That giant pendejo! He got too close and he got BURNED! Tommy, I know you wanted him to be my tag partner before ese traidor turned his back on you, but it would have never worked! He would've gotten third-degree burns just being near this much star power! Let this be a lesson! I single-handedly DESTROYED the Sky High Titans! What do you think I'm gonna do to the rest of DEFIANCE?

Tom Morrow:

Whatever the hell we want, that's what!

Alvaro de Vargas:

Correcto! Whatever the hell we want! Drinks on me!

Morrow and Ellis both look like proud papas as they head down the hall to celebrate their bullshittery this evening.

PRINCESS DESIRE vs. PRIVATE EYE MISS Y

With Private Eye Miss Y already in the ring, the scene goes to Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing, from the BRAZEN roster... Private Eye Miss Y! And her opponent... from Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, weighing in at one-hundred-twenty-eight pounds... she is The Peach Puroresu, Princess Desire!

♪ "Final Battle" by Waterflame ♪

The lights dim and a navy blue spotlight flashes around the entrance.

DDK:

This is going to be very interesting. Tyler and Kerry are banned from the arena tonight due to their encounter this afternoon but because The Princess was booked in this dark match, she gets to return.

Lance:

At least this ensures The Princess is on her own.

DDK:

I've had a hard time trying to understand the mystery behind this woman. Clever. Deceptive. Intelligent. And yet, we really know nothing about her.

The Princess emerges from Gorilla, dressed in her dark gray and navy blue wrestling tights. She's wearing a "SEATTLE'S BEST" branded ¾ sleeve raglan shirt ([buy yours today](#)) which receives a chorus of boos from The Faithful.

DDK:

An obvious shot there at Kerry Kuroyama and Scott Douglas, who Tyler Fuse and by association, his wife, have had nothing but problems with for over six months.

The Ascension graphic appears on the bottom of the screen, showing Tyler Fuse vs. Kerry Kuroyama already booked for the pay-per-view.

Lance:

Yes and come November, the war will finally terminate. Unsuccessful at ending Scott Douglas' career, Tyler will try to put the final nail in the coffin against a man he's taken out more than once, The Pacific Blitzkrieg.

The Princess ignores the boos as she walks calmly down the rampway, as if nothing was wrong and her husband wasn't ejected from the arena. Like she was wearing a t-shirt of her own, The Princess walks up the steel stairs and into the ring, taking the shirt off and carefully placing it under a turnbuckle, revealing her navy blue wrestling bra-top underneath.

Referee Mark Shields calls for the bell. The Princess rushes Miss Y.

DDK:

An attempted spear by Desire but Miss Y sends her right into the ring post! Private Eye with a backdrop to Desire and then follows with an elbow to the chest! Miss Y picks Desire up and Irish whips her into the ropes... another back elbow, no! The Princess ducks it and she goes off the next set of ropes...

Miss Y lowers her head. It's telegraphed by The Peach Puroresu with a knee to the head. Miss Y flies back and Desire hits a pendulum backbreaker, in similar fashion as her husband would perform the move. Desire tosses Miss Y to the mat and immediately applies a triangle choke!

DDK:

That triangle choke is locked in!

Lance:

I've recently come to learn The Princess spent years training in Japan, hence the nickname The Peach Puroresu. Like Tyler, she relies heavily on technical moves but unlike both Fuse Bros. she has an innate ability to work many different submission holds and martial arts maneuvers!

DDK:

See! You taught me more about her in those few sentences than I ever knew!

Meanwhile, Miss Y fights to the ropes and takes hold of them. The Princess releases the hold and stomps away on Private Eye before hitting her with a kamikaze headbutt!

DDK:

Oh a HARD headbutt there by Desire!

Her Royal Highness hurls Miss Y into the ropes. Desire looks for a pele kick but Private Eye ducks, comes up from behind on The Princess and hits her with a snap suplex!

DDK:

Miss Y holds on... no! It's reversed by The Princess. She takes hold of Miss Y's neck and annihilates her with a snapdragon!

WHAM, a second snapdragon!

Lance:

Miss Y ate the mat hard!

A chinbreaker follows and The Princess applies a single arm bar!

Miss Y screams. She's close to the ropes but The Princess is trying to move her away. Private Eye has one gasp in her before she's taken to the center of the ring. She kicks her feet out and SLIGHTLY grazes the ropes! Mark Shields says that's enough to break the hold.

Surprisingly, The Princess breaks it before Mark can even count (although he probably wasn't going to). Desire drags Miss Y to her feet and looks for another snapdragon but this time Miss Y rolls through, positions herself behind Desire and connects with a second snap suplex! Miss Y goes for a cover...

DDK:

Way too soon! The Princess grabs the bottom rope!

Lance:

I really like that call by The Peach Puroresu. She didn't bother wasting energy to kick out. The ropes were right there, so why not grab them instead? It takes a lot less energy to do that.

DDK:

Agreed. Both wrestlers get to their feet... Miss Y ducks a clothesline attempt, hooks onto Desire's arms and looks for a backslide pin but Desire is RIGHT out of it before Mark Shields can count!

SMACK.

DDK:

And The Princess punts Miss Y in the face!

Desire wastes little time. She takes Miss Y and applies a headlock. Then The Princess runs up the turnbuckle pads and lands a backwards running neck breaker, using the top pad to push off and drill Miss Y's head into the canvas!

DDK:

Just like her husband with the bulldog finish, instead this one is a neckbreaker!

Lance:

I believe she calls it, All Hail!

DDK:

See! You know lots about her!

Desire isn't done. She applies a muta lock afterwards which is known as...

Lance:

The Princess' Regnant!

Miss Y taps immediately.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... THE PEACH PURORESU... PRINCESS DESIRE!

The Princess drops the hold after she hears her theme song play. In fairness to her, Mark Shields forgot about telling Desire he called for the bell and left the ring right seconds ago.

Desire drops the hold and strolls over to the "Seattle's Best" t-shirt, right underneath the turnbuckle she left it in. Desire calmly puts the shirt on, like nothing major has transpired and she's checking out from her mundane 9-5 job. She walks down the steel steps and up the rampway, only to pull her long blonde hair back and place it in a ponytail.

DDK:

Well, you gave me answers on some of her history, Lance. However, whatever else is going on with this woman... we may never understand.

Princess Desire exits behind the curtain.

IF YOU REBUILD IT

An hour later from the events of CandyGram being crushed by The Stevens's monster truck. An odd-looking vehicle pulls up. The car has a transparent body and you can see the mechanical pistons, gears, and everything else that is used in a motor vehicle. The vehicle looks to be some sort of Ford Taurus. Jestal is crying next to CandyGram and Dandelion is trying to console him. Clockwork Sally walks up with a device of some sort beeping. This time around he seems to have some sort of mechanical bug on his shoulder.

Jestal:
WHYYYYY!!!!

Dandelion notices Sal walking up. She motions with her hands, before pointing at her phone.

Clockwork Sally:
Yes my dear I got your text message. *{tik...tik...tik}*

He walks over next to Jestal, who looks up at Sal tears rolling down his cheeks.

Jestal:
How bad is it Sal? Is she gonna make it?

Sal runs his device up and down the flattened ice cream truck. The cracked window flashes a bit and in the shards of broken glass, a heart rate machine-like line shows a flatline.

Clockwork Sally:
She is dead Jessie.

Jestal puts his hands up in the air and shouts out at the top of his lungs.

Jestal:
NOOOOOOOO!

Dandelion has her hands over her mouth, in horror. Jestal drops his head defeated.

Clockwork Sally:
{tik...tik...tik}

The robot bug walks across the back of Sal's neck and winds the clockwork key a few times.

Clockwork Sally:
Thank you Pepp *{tik...tik...tik}* What is a monster truck doing here?

Jestal wipes his tears, his sadness turns to anger.

Jestal:
Bo, George, and Cary Stevens did this they took our precious CandyGram from us! Those three need a serious injection of FUN in their lives.

Sal's goggles extend from his top hat to his eyes. A view through the glasses appears as he scans the monster truck. You can see the schematics of the vehicle through the lens of his goggles. He then looks toward the departed CandyGram. Parts of the remains of the ice cream truck can be made out. He taps the side of the goggles and freezes again. Pepp winds his right arm and his back keys before returning to his shoulder.

Clockwork Sally:

{tik...tik...tik} No need to worry my young man. I can rebuild CandyGram bigger and better! *{tik...tik...tik}*

Jestal turns to Sal and grabs the sides of his arms and shakes him.

Jestal:

You can....Awesome!

Clockwork Sally:

It will require time though.

Dandelion waves her hands at Sal.

Clockwork Sally:

{tik...tik...tik} Time frame unknown at this time my dear.

Jestal turns to CandyGram, now with a look of determination on his face.

Jestal:

I swear on your grave CandyGram, The Stevens will pay for what they did to you.

Sal has his goggles on again with a microphone as he is inaudibly talking as the scene fades with Jestal and Dandelion staring at the remains of CandyGram.

NO DENYING TOM MORROW

FROM DEFtv 142, Locker room - After meeting with Dex Joy

The camera is back on the locker room and after a meeting earlier with Dex Joy, Brock Newbludd is sitting back and enjoying a cold beverage to himself. A chat with Dex, as well as being able to tell off Tom Morrow and whatever BS he was trying to peddle his way. He enjoys another sip of his favorite beer when he hears the door open.

Brock Newbludd:

That you, Dex? I got a couple left, if you...

He stops when a massive elbow collides with the sides of his head, knocking him to the ground in the process. Brock is scrambling and doesn't see much of the attacker when he gets picked up by his shirt to see the man responsible for the blow...

Theo Baylor.

He grins right at Brock, but doesn't expect a groggy Brock to fight back and clock the big man with a surprise headbutt to the face! Theo staggers back and holds his face while Brock tries to get himself right after the attack takes a toll.

Brock Newbludd:

Should've figured... you're that shithead Morrow's muscle...

Theo doesn't get the chance to respond because Brock catches him with a knee to the gut and a pair of rights before trying to tackle the massive hitman for Better Future! He throws a few more gutshots and tries to stop him...

Until Theo gets a knee of his own...

Then an even BIGGER headbutt to the face of Brock!

Brock goes down quickly but Theo doesn't give him a chance to get up a second time. He cocks an elbow back and when Brock tries to stand, the Milwaukee-Made Man gets BLASTED in the back of the head with what has become his signature elbow smash! Brock crumbles to the ground, but Theo still isn't done with him. Baylor growls, then picks up Brock before THROWING his entire body into a set of lockers!

Brock lets out a howl of pain when he hits the ground. Brock can't do much at this point so Theo pulls up a steel chair from nearby and CRACKS him in the back!

Now writhing in pain on the ground, Theo calmly unfolds the chair and then checks his lip. Letting out a low chuckle, he sees a small trickle of blood on his thumb -- presumably from Brock's headbutt -- and then puts the chair over Brock's body, effectively pinning him down while he's having a seat. Theo finally has a grin for the first time since this fight started while Brock is trying to catch his breath, trying in vain to get Theo and the seated chair off him. Newbludd continues struggling while Theo smirks down at him.

Theo Baylor:

...Should've said yes, Brock.

With a now eerie calm to him, Theo finally sits up from his seat and then calmly walks out of the locker room, leaving the DEFIANCE newcomer lying in agony with the locker room now looking like a tornado ran through it.

THE REAPER CAVE

♪ "Mars, Bringer of War" from *The Planets suite* by Gustav Holst ♪

The scene opens to show a large opening shot of the insides of what looks to be a warehouse type location. Gathered in the center room is a large wooden table, stacked with papers, cassette tapes, cameras and everything else you'd need to spy on someone or a set of 'someones'. In the background against the wall are three large glass cases. Each of them contains a familiar costume.

Codename: Reaper - as Jessica Reeves was first called, upon signing with DEFIANCE - had a knack for hanging with a 'certain type' of people. Those themselves that felt dark enough to don the Reaper mask, this showcase of costumes was a dedication to that. The back walls were tailored with perfectly replicated mannequins of Reaper Blue, Reaper Red and Reaper Green respectively.

Warriors were those that donned the costumes of the darkened Reaper, the Original ones that hid behind the masks were Jessica Reeves and Derrick Allen. Red Reaper's true 'lone identity' was never revealed. Could Reaper Red have been Stalker all of this time? Or was it perhaps another of those dark warriors? Much like that of Tyler Fuse and Jason 'Stalker' Reeves, who just happen to enter the large warehouse location as Stalker's voice takes over the serene camera shot reminder of the Red, Blue and Green nightmares of DEFIANCE.

Stalker:

Don't mind the overhead interruptions or music, ever since Rezin moved in I haven't been able to keep him away from the audio set up this place has.

The audio suddenly cuts out to the sound of a record scratch. A brief squeal of feedback can be heard preceding Rezin's raspy voice coming in on a public address system.

Rezin: *[over PA]*

Come on, Boss, you CAN'T tell me this isn't the perfect tune for an epic Supervillain Secret Lair reveal!

The orchestral music continues from where it left off, as Stalker rolls his eyes. Jason Reeves uses his arms to highlight the surrounding 'base' of operations to Tyler Fuse, both men are dressed in street clothes, presumably arriving via Stalker's Uber car. Tyler's attention has been drawn to the Reaper costumes since arriving, staring at them behind the glass, specifically at Reaper Red.

Tyler Fuse:

So, this is where you keep all the Reaper costumes?

Stalker doesn't answer at first, instead he sighs heavily while tossing his keys onto the large wooden planning table in between the pair. Pointing at the several stock piles of research scattered about as well as two large covered boards that flanked either side of the tables.

Stalker: *[moving to reveal the boards]*

Among other things...

Rezin: *[over PA]*

Ooh, check it... Boss made up a ROGUE'S GALLERY! ...oh, wait-wait, this is my FAVORITE PART!

The orchestral piece reaches its epic crescendo, with Rezin joining in on the accents.

Rezin: *[over PA]*

D-D-D-DUN! DUN! DUN-DUN-DUN!! D-D-D-DUN! DUN! DUN-DUN-DUN!!

As Jason Reeves slowly moves to each board he unveils a different colored wooden platform under each cloaked board. As the camera slowly focused in on the revealed information it showed several pictures of different wrestlers in DEFIANCE. Each picture was placed on two separate boards. Obviously, it wasn't the entire roster of DEFIANCE -

however it seemed that these individuals piqued a certain interest level in Stalker.

Tyler gives everything a quick scan. Although he isn't known for having the photographic memory of his younger brother, he's got the board practically memorized already. Tyler doesn't need to look it over again.

Tyler Fuse:

Why are the boards black vs. red? You've got JJ Dixon on the side of the allies but he's clearly been an enemy so far. I still feel his skull on my knuckles...

Stalker:

With Dixon - I think he'll come around and see the light of what being one of 'The Fallen' can bring you. He's been an active user of my App - 'Stalk Me'. As for the boards, Red is for potential allies - and the other board represents our potential enemies. It's been a growing list, especially since recent events.

Jason Reeves infers the growing roster and the heated war at the top level. Sides are clearly being chosen and every week seems like a potential for war inside of DEFIANCE.

Stalker:

The key to the long term war is to know who we can eventually turn, in favor of us. Kerry, for example - he's much weaker than Scott Douglas - much more vulnerable. Those weapons or ammunition that you are looking to use against him. It's all right here, Tyler. This is what you helped bring to DEFIANCE. The Kabal... is at your disposal.

Tyler Fuse:

And what do they want from me?

Stalker:

When the time comes - Fear will be in touch. And when Fear is in touch - you'll be given a plan that makes sense. It took a lot of power to get us to this moment, a lot of chess pieces in play. We all have responsibilities to take care of... don't lose sight of that.

All Tyler does is give a slight nod while Jason Reeves glares into the security cameras, presumably from where Rezin is perched watching.

Stalker:

Scott Douglas will fall just like Kerry, but as we've seen - he's resolve is something that is much tougher to overcome. Thankfully, every man... every Hero... has their weakness. Being The Faithful's favorite doesn't preclude him from that one bit.

Stone faced as always, it's hard to understand what Tyler is thinking but it's clear he's in agreement, at least according to Stalker.

Tyler Fuse:

Kerry's broken already. His spirit is crushed. I can see it. The anger he has... he's never displayed anything like it before. He's already finishing himself off because of his rage... but I will make sure that final dagger comes at Ascension.

With that the pair continue to conversate while Rezin's audio dictatorship continues, playing out the rest of the orchestral number as we fade to black.

GULF COAST CONNECTION vs. GUNNAR VAN PATTON, SGT SAFETY & THOMAS SLAINE

The scene cuts back to the ring, where 3 competitors are waiting for the match to begin. Thomas Slaine adjusts his fist tape, growing more annoyed by the moment that Sgt. Safety is next to him and rambling on about the unsafe decibel levels in the arena.

Darren Quimby:

The following contest is a six-man tag match, set for one fall! Already in the ring... At a combined weight of 695 pounds... **THOMAS SLAINE, SGT. SAFETY, AND GUNNAR VAN PATTON!!!**

The mixture of indifference and dislike is apparent for all to see, but even without the full arena caring it was still a bit too loud for one of the competitors.

Sgt. Safety:

The acoustics in this building make the levels far above the limit. People's eardrums will surely be damaged at this volume.

The native of Mobile, AL rolls his eyes with a sigh, asking himself what he did wrong to be teamed with such a dork.

DDK:

I don't think Slaine is exactly excited to have the good Sargent as his partner tonight.

Lance:

He's definitely not the first kid one picked for dodgeball. That's for sure.

Behind them and seated in the corner is the newcomer, Gunnar Van Patton. With this being his first appearance in a DEF ring, the crowd is unsure of what to think of him. Teaming with the likes of Slaine and Sgt. Safety doesn't bode well for the Texan.

Lance:

Van Patton is going to have an uphill battle in his debut.

DDK:

Is this truly the same man I researched? All the footage reviewed showed a proud, flag-waving fan favorite, not this sullen and grim man in black.

Lance:

Looks like the guy in the footage I saw, but I could be wrong.

Unlike many who made their debut before him, he isn't a ball of excitement or anxiety. Van Patton's lone working eye looks straight forward with a fire burning within it. His upper lip trembles slightly, as he tries to contain the fury built up inside him. He doesn't even react with the starting of their opponent's music.

♪ "Surf City" by Jan & Dean ♪

The crowd gets on their feet, as the trio of Aaron King, Theodore Cain, and The Crescent City Kid bounce out to their fun-loving theme song. As always, they are decked out in their matching purple and yellow attire.

Darren Quimby:

And their opponents... At a combined weight of 682 pounds... **Aaron King, Theodore Cain, and the Crescent City Kid... THE GULF COAST CONNECTION!!!**

Cain leads the way with his allies making sure to slap hands with as many fans as possible on the way to the ring.

Slaine looks to get the action started, but Cain's imposing stature hopping up onto the apron puts a quick end to that idea and allows his teammates to extend the high-fiving to every fan around ringside as well.

DDK:

Slaine is not all there but even he knows running headfirst into that big wave rider is a poor strategic move.

Lance:

At 6'5" and 265lbs, to say he is imposing would be an understatement.

King and CCK slide under the bottom rope and join their ally in enjoying the fans' adulation. With both sides present and accounted for, the official calls for the teams to head to their respective corners. After a high five from Cain and King, CCK positions himself near the middle of the ring. He is full of energy tonight and unable to contain it, bouncing all around like a kid with ADHD.

DDK:

Crescent City Kid starting this one off for the GCC.

Lance:

The GCC's looking for a fast start with the speedster of the group taking point.

Across the ring, the trio of Van Patton, Slaine, and Safety are still deciding. Well, Slaine and Safety hadn't decided yet. The Lycan's mind is made up, as he grips the top rope and pulls himself up. His black, Violent Gentlemen, baseball cap is launched out into the crowd, before he marches through his tag partners. The Lycan's eye is set solely on his masked opponent, not turning it from CCK even once when snarling instruction at his teammates.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Git out.

Slaine isn't the type to take orders and goes to inform his angry partner of that. Yet, he stops in his tracks, as Van Patton glowers at him. The menacing stare makes even the normally hot-headed Slaine take a step back.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Now.

DDK:

Looks like the newcomer has volunteered.

Lance:

I don't think the other two really had a say. Though, with Slaine and Sgt. Safety's track record, giving him a chance couldn't hurt their odds AT ALL.

That's enough for Sgt. Safety to slink out of the ring, while Slaine tries to play it off like he doesn't care who starts.

Thomas Slaine:

Whatever. Do your job, dickhead. Beat his ass or I'll beat yours.

Slaine's threat falls upon deaf ears. His teammate is focused exclusively on the task at hand. Van Patton tightens his gloves and then targets CCK with his pistol-shaped, right hand. Once Slaine has exited the ring, tonight's official, Hector Navarro, calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Van Patton is a black blur, as he explodes out of the corner. Yet, in a surprise move, he races past the waiting CCK and takes Aaron King off the apron with a Claymore kick right to the mouth.

Lance:

Wham! Right on the button!

DDK:

Aaron King was caught napping and paid the price.

The Pensacola Playboy crashes into the security barrier in the background, while The Crescent City Kid begins to club away at the back of the Lycan. Absorbing the barrage of strikes, Van Patton rises to his feet and immediately fires back. In one motion, he catches an incoming right with his left hand and blasts CCK right where the shoulder meets the pectoral with a right hand of his own. A tomahawk-like elbow crashes down across the same joint, trying to sever the limb completely from the torso and a back elbow scrambles the masked man's brains. Van Patton grips the damaged arm with both hands and violently spirals to the mat, possibly dislocating the shoulder.

DDK:

Absolutely merciless.

Lance:

Rotator cuff surgery could very well be in the kid's future.

Not happy with how he was blindsided, Aaron King leaps up onto the apron and tries to intervene. His distraction allows Van Patton to spew a poison mist-style cloud of tobacco juice into the eyes of Theodore Cain.

DDK:

What a vile attack by the Texan.

Lance:

Not the first time that line has been uttered in Defiance.

DDK:

I would guess not.

While Cain clutches at his eyes and groans in agony, Van Patton wallops King again, this time with a Black Mass kick that narrowly misses the referee Navarro's ear. A step is all the Lycan needs to leap into the air. This was no Superman punch, but another hatchet-like elbow. This one cracks Cain atop his skull and sends him tumbling to the floor.

Lance:

Van Patton is a buzzsaw, slicing through everything in his path!

DDK:

The tactics are far from clean, but nonetheless effective.

With the other two members of the Gulf Coast Connection removed from the equation, Van Patton's hate-filled stare is set upon the Crescent City Kid. The kid clutches at his right arm, as it dangles lifelessly at his side. He tries to fend off his incoming attacker with a reverse knife edge chop. The Lycan effortlessly ducks under it and goes right back to the damaged arm with a trio of left-footed, roundhouse kicks.

Lance:

Van Patton has made the focal point of his attack very clear.

DDK:

There could be some serious damage to that right arm.

The masked man valiantly tries to fire back with his good arm, but catches only air and foolishly exposes his back to his enemy. Van Patton wastes no time in clamping a half nelson on his adversary's injured arm and wrapping his left

arm around the kid's jaw. A quick pop of the hips and the Crescent City Kid is unceremoniously dumped on his head.

DDK:

Kata Ha Jime-plex!

Far from satisfied, Van Patton refused to let go and forced his heavily dazed foe to roll onto his stomach. The Lycan's left arm remained locked across the masked chin of CCK, while his right arm repositioned into a chicken wing. With the crossface chicken wing locked in, the Texan launched his feet over his head into a flawless bridge, completing the submission.

DDK:

The Mask of Voorhees!

The damage to the arm had been done long before the submission and now, The Crescent City Kid is now in danger of having it severely injured. It takes barely a nano-second for him to start crazily slapping the mat, not even giving the official to slide into position to check the hold. Though once Hector Navarro was in place, he signals to the timekeeper to ring the bell just as quickly.

Darren Quimby:

And the winners of the match as a result of a submission... **GUNNAR VAN PATTON, THOMAS SLAINE, AND SGT. SAFETY!!!**

It takes Van Patton several moments before he releases the hold. Still amped up, he rests on one knee next to the broken body of his victim, huffing and puffing as if he was going to blow a trio of pigs houses down. While he is still a ball of rage, his teammates and everyone in attendance are still in complete and utter shock at what they just witnessed. It finally dawns on Sgt. Safety that he isn't on the losing-end and he breaks the silence.

Sgt. Safety:

WOO HOO! YES! WE WON!

While his hard hat-loving cohort explodes with joy like he won the lottery, Slaine steps into the ring. He actually cracks a smile and places his arm on the shoulder of Van Patton, who is now standing over the pain-stricken Crescent City Kid.

Thomas Slaine:

Good thing you handled that or I would've had to come in and really beat their asses.

It is safe to say that the Lycan is not in a jubilant mood. In the blink of an eye, he brushes Slaine's hand from his shoulder and turns him inside out with a Muay Thai elbow strike. More elbows rain down into the eye, cheek, and jaw of Slaine.

DDK:

Not even his own teammates are safe.

Lance:

That's ex-teammates, Darren. The bell means the alliance is finished. They are nothing more than new prey.

Van Patton violently rips him from the apron and takes him vertical just so he can dump him square on his head.

DDK:

The dead level brainbuster he dubbed "FUKSZ"!

Lance:

That was straight up unholy. There really is no other way to describe it.

Sgt. Safety is completely oblivious to what is happening with his back to the ring. Finally getting a taste of victory, his craving for safety and silence are brushed aside by excitement he just can't seem to temper. All the color leaves his face upon seeing what has transpired out of sight. The sight of Van Patton wiping some of Slaine's blood onto his kickpads ends any and all joy the good Sargent is feeling.

Lance:

Record scratch. The party is over.

DDK:

Sgt. Safety might be about to learn that in a very painful way.

As if he was shot out of a canon, Van Patton charges Sgt. Safety and delivers a Yakuza kick that sends his former teammate flying off the apron and into the security barrier.

DDK:

Smack dab on the mouth!

Van Patton has been engulfed by his bloodlust and is practically foaming at the mouth, upon reaching the stupefied Sgt. Safety. Knee after knee slammed into the side of Sgt. Safety's skull, crushing it against the security barrier.

Lance:

Van Patton is a rabid animal, attacking anything in front of him.

DDK:

Security needs to step in. This is too much.

Lance:

Forget security. They need to call in the Army.

Content at a quintet of knees, Van Patton launches his prey over to the metal steps. He puts a few steps worth of distance between himself and the good sargent. The thumb of the Lycan's pistol-shaped hand is dragged across his throat, before he points the gun at the good Sargent. The sound of the steel steps exploding from their place accompanies the building-wide sound of horror at the sight of the texan delivering another Claymore kick with the steps not giving anywhere for Sgt. Safety's head to go.

Lance:

I think the sound level in the arena is the least of his concerns now.

DDK:

There are broken bodies everywhere and two of them were his teammates... Van Patton has come to DEF and brought pure carnage with him.

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

The ringside area looks like a warzone with lifeless carcasses littered everywhere. Van Patton looks down at the remains of his ex-teammate and spews a glob of tobacco juice down beside him. He takes a deep breath to compose himself, but with no more targets in the proximity, he lets out a frustrated growl and heads to the ramp, making sure to pie face a cameraman who got a little too close.

HEROES

Focus shifts to the backstage area and to a lone figure. Even after leaving a pile of bodies for DEFmed to clean up earlier in the evening, Gunnar Van Patton is still not yet satisfied. With no enemy to fight, he is forced to burn off his excess energy the only way he knows how. His feet are held high in the air, as he holds himself perpendicular to the floor. He lowers his head to just a fraction of a millimeter above the tile floor before powerfully extending his arms fully with a snort. His heavily tattooed and scarred body doesn't tremble or waiver, while he keeps it perfectly in line. His repetitions come to a halt with the sound of the locker room door opening.

Levi Cole:

So, the rumors were true. GVP, the star-spangled soldier is in Defiance!

The red, white, and blue-clad Cole smiles from ear to ear at the sight of the Lycan. He starts towards him, as Van Patton plants his boots firmly on the floor and stands upright. A low growl radiates from the one-eyed man. Little did Cole know that the man he spoke was buried... six feet under, pushing up daisies. Cole holds out a bottle of water to the DEF newcomer, only to have the Lycan ignore his offering and pull a Hoonigan shirt from his duffel bag.

Levi Cole:

I thought you were dead, so I didn't believe all the talking at first, but after watching the butt-kicking you handed out earlier, there wasn't a single doubt in my mind. Only one man could have done that.

To say the lack of fanfare for Van Patton's signing was a sore spot would be the understatement of the year. He grumbles under his breath, while slipping on his black t-shirt.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Some signin's celebrated on the net... Others paraded 'round on the big show... Ahm on the fuckin' undercard.

Cole is too busy rambling to notice the Lycan's complaining.

Levi Cole:

Man, you haven't lost a step at all. No one executes suplexes or throws kicks like that! I know your style like the back of my hand. I used to watch ACW religiously. That match between you and Jesse Ramey at King of Ages back in 2012. An hour of brilliance! Sure, you were still going by the Arkady name then, but that match was bad ass! So was the one where you made Orphan tap with the Mask of Voorhees. That was your first one as GVP, right? Man oh man, I must have watched that match ten times in a row!

Each piece of Cole's blatant fanboying causes the Lycan's growling to grow louder. His limit is about to be reached. Van Patton deposits a fresh wad of chewing tobacco between his gums and cheek, still not yet glancing in the direction of his excited, yet uninvited guest. The very thought of the old days makes the Texan sick to his stomach. All the years of heroism and violence only mattered when it protected society from the evil. Be it terrorists overseas or the vile bastards cheating their way through the promotions he called home, he was the first to battle them for the good of everyone. Yet, where did all the the warring get him? Forgotten amongst the others, with only the oh so addictive violence to soothe the wolf within.

Levi Cole:

Getting to finally see you do it in person is a dream come true!

Never one for company unless it is of the blond, female persuasion, let alone a rambling asskisser, parading around like he has earned the right to wear the American Flag, the Lycan finally hears enough. He locks eyes with Cole, shooting him a look of pure abhorrence. Cole takes a step back, caught off guard by the hostility radiating from Van Patton. He has no idea what he possibly could have said to cause such a reaction.

Levi Cole:

Whoa whoa whoa! Hold your horses. Not sure what I said, but I didn't come here looking for a fight. I am truly excited

to see you're here! As you may have noticed, I'm a huge fan of your work. I mean I pride myself on hitting a good suplex, but your technique is flawless! The snap is something I have tried to replicate myself. Seriously, I wasn't patronizing you or trying to offend you at all.

The fire in Van Patton's eyes burns a hole through Cole's skull. His already short fuse is rapidly approaching its end. Poor Cole is taught a lesson in life firsthand, "You should never meet your heroes".

Gunnar Van Patton:

Save yer asskissin' for someone who gives a damn. Meet me in that ring or go to fuckin' hell.

A quick snatch of his duffle bag and the Lycan makes his exit, leaving Cole completely flabbergasted. A mix of confusion and rage builds up within the collegiate superstar and he launches the bottle of water across the room. To have someone he looked up to treat him so rudely is just too much for even the good-hearted Cole to take. He glares at the locker room door.

Levi Cole:

If that's what you want, fine by me.

ASMR WITH AMES 6: DOING MAKEUP

Teresa Ames finds herself in front of her typical ASMR recording setup but something is different this time. Mascara stains under her eyes indicates she has been crying. Her hair is frizzy and wet in spots. Her body is still wrapped in the bath towel she was last seen in, speaking with "The Natural One" Jay Harvey. Her eyes examine the lens of her camera like a woman scorned.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Hey. Welcome. Today we're doing makeup on the show.

Teresa's voice isn't full of her usual exuberance. Instead, she's short and cold with her virtual audience which is not the ASMR way! She slowly turns and picks up her Sabrina The Teenage Witch makeup kit.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

I feel like darkness today.

Her dreary attitude ruins everything. She flicks a strand of water-soaked hair aside as she aggressively feathers the camera with a blush brush.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Black lipstick for sure today.

The Keyboard Queen hastily exchanges the brush for the lipstick. She puckers her lips up and puts the black sheer on herself.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

This is the last time I let any boy affect my emotions like that. We made a great team selling merch. Then I get shot down. Who does he think he is?

Ames freezes in place and looks off camera. A wily smile develops across her painted lips.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

That's it. I know the problem. Cat's out of the bag now... well... almost.

Her metaphor of multiple meanings lingers as she finishes with the lipstick and ends with the eyeliner. She still needs to blow dry her hair but that isn't ASMR friendly at all.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

It'll be fine. Everything will be fine. Don't forget to find me on OnlyFaithful to subscribe and send me your money. Stay frosty. Ames out.

Teresa drops her makeup kit and ends the stream. Her webcam stops recording but she still has one last thing to do. She copies the link to her video and emails it to natural1@defiancewrestling.com wanting a certain someone to see her passive aggressive threats directly.

DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION NOW?

As we cut backstage we see Scott Stevens standing next to Christie Zane as she gets ready for her interview.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, my guest Scott Stevens.

The Faithful give the Texan a nice applause before Christie asks her first question.

Scott Stevens:

Last week you interfered in 24K's match against Kendrix and PCP when you laid out Perfection with a steel chair shot to the face leaving him bleeding outside of the ring.

Stevens smirks as Christie recaps what happened.

Christie Zane:

What are your thoughts on Perfection's recent reply to your unprovoked attack as he called it?

Stevens shakes his head as he sighs.

Scott Stevens:

James says it was unprovoked, but I beg to differ. You see, James claims he was providing customer service to the women fans in attendance, but I heard them say no and get away, but that monster kept trying to force himself upon those young ladies. And I!

Stevens points to himself.

Scott Stevens:

I felt obligated as a gentleman to make Perfection realize that when a woman says no, she means no.

Stevens smiles as he stares into the camera before winking.

Christie Zane:

You honestly can't expect us to believe that.

Christie replies and Stevens chuckles.

Scott Stevens:

You got me Christie, you have Perfection telling stories so I thought I would tell one of my own.

Stevens' jovial expression turns serious in a blink of an eye as he continues.

Scott Stevens:

James, I told you I was coming, and if you think that steel chair shot across the face was the end you are truly mistaken. You spin the story however you want, but you know, I know and most importantly, your sugar daddy knows I should be standing here with ten pounds of gold on my shoulder.

Stevens slaps his left shoulder.

Scott Stevens:

But that didn't happen.

Stevens shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

You can say I cheated by with the ACE and you can say what you did was justified, but that's all water under the

bridge because all that is in the past and what I do to you is in the present and future.

Stevens cracks a smile.

Scott Stevens:

I told you I was going to make your life miserable and I'm going to continue to do that, and you think you got the power play by demanding a match at Ascension?

Stevens shakes his head.

Scott Stevens:

I accept your little challenge.

The Faithful go ballistic after Stevens' acceptance.

Scott Stevens:

But this isn't going to be your typical match up. Oh no!

Stevens says emphatically.

Scott Stevens:

What should it be now?

Stevens asks himself as he scratches his chin.

Scott Stevens:

Dog collar match?

Stevens shakes his head no.

Scott Stevens:

Perfection may be into that kind of thing as Mikey leads him on a leash anyways.

Stevens contemplates his next match.

Scott Stevens:

My specialty match? A Texas Deathmatch?

Stevens says to himself before deciding against it.

Scott Stevens:

I may be charged with literal murder if that happens. What can it be?

Stevens asks himself one final time before the light bulb coming on as he snaps his finger.

Scott Stevens:

I got it!

Christie Zane:

What did you decide?

Christie asks, interrupting the Texan's train of thought.

Scott Stevens:

I'm glad you asked Christie because at Ascension I'm challenging Perfection to a straight up wrestling match.

Christie looks confused at Stevens' answer.

Christie Zane:

A wrestling match?

Christie asks to clarify.

Scott Stevens:

That's right Christie. You see, Perfection claims he's the greatest wrestler in the world and I think he's full of shit.

The Faithful let out a cheer at Stevens' disparaging comments towards Perfection.

Scott Stevens:

What better way to embarrass the man than to beat him at his own game. I mean, putting him in the hospital would be too easy because you saw a sample of what I could do last week and I left him bruised and bloody. At Ascension, I'm going to leave him stunned and embarrassed.

Stevens decrees as he motions for the camera to zoom in.

Scott Stevens:

Perfection, I'm a former high school and collegiate wrestling champion, and at Ascension I will beat you by out wrestling you, and there isn't a damn thing you can do about it!

Stevens remarks sternly as he exits the scene.

VETERAN ADVICE

45 Tchoup, for those not in the know, is the definitive Boston Bar in New Orleans. Low-key and unassuming, it hugs the Mississippi River and shares a stretch of street with a music hall, an ice cream shop, and an award-winning wedding venue. The owners first threw open the 'Tchoup's doors in 2007 and since then have played host to dozens of regulars, thousands of patrons, and multiple championship wins from Massachusetts' Finest.

Today, on the night before DEFtv 143, they're about to be greeted by a Black Out.

It's early evening when Patrick Cassidy walks through the front door, looking around in wonder like a child on Christmas morning who has just seen all the presents under the tree. Why did nobody tell him of this place before? How is it that he only heard about it because a couple of drunk hipsters barreled into him outside of The Bulldog? If he didn't feel a growing sense of hometown pride mixed in with a twinge of homesickness, he'd be more upset about it. Instead, he makes a beeline for an empty seat towards the far end of the bar.

Cassidy hops on the barstool, unable to wipe the imp-like grin off his face. Above him, a television plays an old Red Sox game on NESN. Cassidy puts his right hand over his heart and sighs happily as the bartender approaches.

Bartender:

What can I get ya, buddy?

Pat Cassidy: [grinning widely]

You are doing God's work here, my friend.

A beat.

Bartender:

Okay... but did you want a drink or...?

Pat Cassidy:

You know what? I'd like a beer. Dealer's choice. It doesn't matter what you give me, because the ambience in here is the real treat.

Another beat.

Bartender:

You're a strange dude.

The bartender walks away to get Cassidy his beverage. Cassidy, meanwhile, continues to soak in the Boston vibes of his new favorite spot. It's been so long since he's been home. As his eyes take it all in, he notices a patron sitting at a high-top about ten feet off the bar, eyes drawn down to a tablet. Every so often, she glances up at the TVs above the wall of liquor, then resumes what she's doing.

This wouldn't be anything out of the ordinary; folks do work in bars all the time, except it's a familiar face to Patrick. More than that, it makes him the second DEFIANCE wrestler in the house tonight.

His eyes go wide with a mixture of surprise and respect. Once the bartender brings him his Port Orleans Gateway NEIPA, he slides his card to the bartender and makes his way over. He stands there for a few seconds, then fake coughs a few times, hoping to catch her attention. When that fails, he shrugs and just goes for it, pretending just to have noticed her.

Pat Cassidy: [with a note of surprise]

...wait. Lindsay? Lindsay Troy?

Lindsay tilts her head toward the voice. Obviously, having been in the business for close to two and a half decades, she's used to fans approaching her, but she's been coming to the 'Tchoup since her first run in DEFIANCE so the regulars and staff know her by now and generally leave her be. When she sees Patrick standing there, however, a look of surprise flashes across her face momentarily before it's replaced by a relaxed, amiable smile.

Lindsay Troy:

Patrick Cassidy.

She taps her finger on the tablet; whatever was on the screen stops playing.

Lindsay Troy:

I figured I'd run into you here sooner or later.

Pat Cassidy:

Wait, are you kidding? If I had known about this place they'd already have my picture on the wall. Plus...

Cassidy scratches the back of his head a little sheepishly.

Pat Cassidy:

...this might be the only bar left in town that I haven't been banned from.

Lindsay Troy:

Yes...I hear you're garnering quite the reputation.

Pat Cassidy:

Gotta make a splash one way or another, right?

Cassidy motions to an empty seat at the table, the unspoken question being whether or not he's permitted to sit down. Lindsay nods; she'll allow it for now. Cassidy sits, sips his beer, and then wipes some foam from his beard. Lindsay, for her part, resumes looking at her tablet. After a few seconds, Cassidy interrupts.

Pat Cassidy:

So... I've gotta ask. Lay it on me!

Lindsay stops the video once more. She looks over at him, quizzically.

Lindsay Troy:

"It?"

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah... you know. The advice! The secret sauce to a Hall-of-Fame career. Normally I'd hate to talk shop off the clock, but this is your classic scenario. Me, the young lion on the cusp of greatness. You, the old...

The Queen lifts an eyebrow at Cassidy's faux pas. He winces and tries to recover.

Pat Cassidy:

...the uh, seasoned pro who has done and seen it all. I'm here in this fine establishment, I've got a delicious beverage in my hand, the Sox are on the screen - I've got the home field advantage! Never has there been a better time to sit under the learning tree.

Cassidy shifts in his seat, bringing his legs up and folding them to appear more relaxed and better absorb the lesson that he is sure is coming.

Lindsay takes a sip of her bourbon and sighs, knowing that any hope of being left to her own devices is out the window now. She turns in her seat to face the Scrapper from Southie and leans an arm against the tabletop.

Lindsay Troy:

Okay. You want the secret sauce?

Cassidy nods emphatically. Lindsay leans in closer, like she's about to tell him a secret. Patrick does as well.

Lindsay Troy:

Stop trying to be everyone's friend, dummy.

And with that, she smacks him upside the head a la Leroy Jethro Gibbs.

Pat Cassidy:

OW!

He rubs the back of his head, looking like a puppy that's been scolded for chewing up the furniture.

Lindsay Troy:

Look, Pat, real talk? In the short time you've been here you've managed to win over a notoriously tough crowd. The DEFIANCE Faithful love their brawlers and their HOSSFITES, but more than that, they love realness and hate bullshit. They see right through it. And you, kiddo, as much as you want to be everybody's drinking buddy, need to be more discerning about who you want to spend your time with.

She takes another sip of her drink.

Lindsay Troy:

Conor Fuse ain't the move.

Cassidy leans back, absorbing Lindsay's words of wisdom. His eyes tell the story: he's heard her. Whether he sells it or not remains to be seen. He briefly looks into his drink and lifts his head back up to return her eye contact. He clicks his teeth once.

Pat Cassidy:

I think I know what you're saying. Look, I know Conor isn't all there, but I know what I'm doing with him. Believe me when I say that's a situation that's under control. But more importantly...

Cassidy points an accusatory finger.

Pat Cassidy:

You hit me.

Lindsay Troy:

Barely.

Pat Cassidy: [ignoring her]

...and you know what that means.

Cassidy leans back in his chair. Lindsay's expression says it all: he's surely not dumb enough to try to start some trouble here, is he? With her, of all people?

Pat Cassidy:

A slap... well, a slap is little more than a mini-fight. And a fight, well hell - that's just a hop, skip, and a jump away from a match. So, from a certain point of view... I get to say I had a match with Lindsay Troy!

Cassidy slaps his hands together like he's just unveiled some huge secret.

Pat Cassidy: [to random bar patrons]

Hey! You guys hear about the big Troy/Cassidy showdown? Real barn burner! Yeah, that Black Out kid's going places.

Lindsay Troy: [chuckling]

He could be. At least he hasn't gotten kicked out of the bar yet.

Cassidy sips his beer. It's nearly gone, and almost time to re-up.

Pat Cassidy:

I'm being a jackass, but your point is taken, you know. About choosing friends wisely. But, and far be it from lil' old me to criticize, but I wonder about who exactly you're counting as friends these days?

Lindsay Troy:

Ah. (A smirk) How the turn tables.

Pat Cassidy:

I'm just saying. Look at what's going on right now. 24K. Whatever the hell Tom Morrow and Vargas are doing - lighting people on fire. SEG. Sure seems like the people around us are grouping up. Maybe having some drinking buddies who owe me a favor or two isn't such a terrible thing. Also seems like having someone to watch your back during these times isn't the worst idea in the world. So... who's watching yours?

A pointed silence settles over the table as the bartender comes back with two refills. Lindsay swiftly downs the rest of her old drink and starts on the fresh one.

Lindsay Troy:

No one, and that's by design. The last time I was here, I came in with people I trusted but who didn't stay as long as me. And by the time my run was cut short, I was firmly on my own. I only have to worry about myself now, and that's probably for the best.

Pat Cassidy:

So that's it then? The "lone gunslinger" act from now until you ride off into the sunset? Dude, have you ever seen one of those movies? It doesn't end well for them.

Lindsay Troy:

None of us get to do this forever, you know. But if it's any consolation, I'm a lot harder to put and keep down than those lone gunslingers.

She takes the rest of her bourbon in one gulp, packs up her tablet in her bag, and slides out of her chair. She tosses a couple of bills on the table.

Lindsay Troy:

Don't get tossed out of this place.

Pat Cassidy:

Ms. Troy, I fully intend to be unable to form coherent sentences in about...

Cassidy checks the imaginary watch on his wrist.

Pat Cassidy:

...oh say, thirty minutes. I can't make any promises. Good talk!

With a smile and a pat on his arm, the Queen of the Ring heads for the door. She gives the bartender a wave and says goodbye to a couple people at the bar before walking into the warm New Orleans night.

"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS vs. GUNTHER ADLER

DDK:

We're back for the main event this evening and it should be interesting. On the last episode of UNCUT, we saw "Bantam" Ryan Batts literally take Southern Heritage Champion Gage Blackwood to his very limit! Now, we're going to see him in action against Gage's former bodyguard, Gunther Adler. Adler has been hungry for an opportunity between the main roster and the BRAZEN brands so a win here can put him right back on the right path.

Lance:

Adler is a brute, plain and simple. Bantam gives up a lot of size to most opponents, but he's strong physically. He's gotta find a way to chip him down or Adler could take this one.

DDK:

What's more, we've been seeing Batts have some great performances against some of THE top players in DEFIANCE. I'm talking not just Blackwood, but he's faced Lindsay Troy and Jay Harvey in recent outings. He says he's been hard at work trying to perfect new moves going forward so we'll have to see if this pays off!

Lance:

Darren Quimbey with the intros!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is your UNCUT main event of the evening! Introducing first, from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing in at 205 pounds... **"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!**

♪ "The Last Garrison" by Enter Shikari ♪

The lights in the arena flash rapidly in shades of gold and white and from the back, outcomes "Bantam" Ryan Batts, waving a rally towel and dressed in black pants-length tights with purple trim, fringe on the boots, and a purple bandana. With a grin on his face, he waves the towel for the crowd and then heads towards the ring. The Good Wholesome Wrestle Lad throws the towel into the crowd and gets caught by a young fan a few rows deep. Batts runs up the steps, poses on the second turnbuckle and looks out to the fans before he leaps into the ring.

♪ "Preliator" by Globus ♪

Adler's theme plays and man it belongs to comes out to the ring, looking ready to give a bad time to Ryan Batts. Gunther slides under the lowest rope and remains unintimidated by the situation he is in.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Bremen, Germany, weighing in at 260 pounds... **GUNTHER ADLER!**

Little to no fanfare for Adler as he wipes his bare feet on the apron then gets into the ring. He waits for the bell to ring. Carla Ferrari calls for it...

DING DING!

... And he tries to go on the attack quickly with a Big (bootless) Boot! But quickly, Ryan ducks underneath and rolls him up into a School Boy!

ONE! TW... NO!

DDK:

Adler tried to catch Batts quickly, but he dodged it and rolled him up!

Lance:

Adler charges at Batts in the corner... no, the forearm misses!

Batts then grabs him from behind and uses leverage to SNAP him right over into a Bridging German Suplex!

ONE! TWO... NO!

Adler rolls out and is left dazed and confused as Batts tries to go on the attack. He runs off the ropes and catches Adler in the arm with a Seated Dropkick to the knee, followed by springing into action off the ropes and landing another Dropkick to the arm!

DDK:

Wow, I can't believe this! Batts is on the offensive!

Lance:

He told me earlier he was tired of playing things safe in the ring and that he was working on a new plan of attack... seems to be working so far!

Adler's arm is hurt when Batts grabs the arm and then lands an Overhead Kick, catching the arm again! The big German fighter's arm is sore, but when Batts tries to hit another one, Adler stops him and whips him to the corner. Batts runs up the ropes and moonsaults backwards, flipping up and over Adler before landing on his feet. But when he tries running off the ropes again...

Caught... Spinning Powerslam!

DDK:

Finally, Adler has an answer for the lightning quick attacks of Ryan Batts. His arm looks hurt, but he's trying to hang in there.

Adler takes a second to shake the pain out of his arm before he goes back to work on punishing Batts. He takes the Good Wholesome Wrestlelad up in a Fireman's Carry, then drops in across the top rope in the corner. He backs up a step, then delivers a vicious knee to his exposed midsection! Batts howls in pain and crashes down to the mat while Adler looks pleased with himself.

DDK:

A hot start by Batts, but I think Adler is finding his groove here.

Lance:

Uh-oh, he's got Batts... knee strikes to the gut!

He continues working over the midsection of Batts and doubles him over with an extra-large knee to the chest, dropping Batts to his knees. He puts another kick to his chest and then tries to pin Bantam.

ONE! TWO! NO!

Batts kicks out to cheers from the crowd, but Bantam finds himself gasping for air and rolls away to the ropes to try and protect himself. It doesn't deter Adler from trying to put another hurt... but when he does...

DDK:

WOW! Look at Batts! He's got Adler in the ropes with that Cross Armbreaker!

Lance:

And he's using the whole five-count? That's not something he and Burns are really known for.

Batts lets go at the count of four and heads to the apron while big Adler's arm is still looking off. The Good Wholesome Wrestlelad heads to the top rope and lands on target with a huge Missile Dropkick, knocking Adler off his feet! Batts is slow at first to try and go for a cover, but instead he goes back up, only to drop all his weight on Adler's exposed arm with a Senton!

DDK:

Look at Batts turning up the aggression! And look in there!

Batts has the crowd cheering when he starts raising a fist, then STOMPS away at the arm of Adler repeatedly!

Lance:

I think after these recent matches of his, he's trying something new and this approach seems to be working!

Batts quits stomping long enough for Adler to try and shove him away, but when Batts comes back, Adler switches gears and catches him with a Pop-up into another big knee to the chest! His arm is bad off and he's still trying to shake it out, but when he does, he goes for another cover on Batts.

ONE! TWO! KICKOUT!

Lance:

How the heck did Batts kick out of that pop-up kneelift?

DDK:

I don't know, but look!

Adler grabs Batts and then throws him out of the ring then tries shaking more feeling back into the arm. He climbs through the ropes and goes after Batts. It looks like he has a suplex in mind, but when he gets Batts up, he slips out the back and lands behind him. Adler instinctively tries to throw a back elbow with his arm, but Batts ducks, grabs the arm and then DRIVES it onto the floor with a Running Single Arm DDT!

DDK:

Get a load of Batts! He's like a pitbull with that arm! Adler has powered him around a few times, but he's using new ways to soften him up, probably for the Fastest Armbar in the West.

The Good Wholesome Wrestlelad is taking in the cheers from the crowd as he tries to get big Gunther back to his feet. After he gets him back in the ring, Batts goes for broke. He tries the Fastest Armbar in the West, but Adler suddenly shoots to life and CLOBBERS Batts with a huge Lariat using the good arm! The crowd cringes from the impact as Adler falls to a knee, but looks pretty happy now that he can end things.

DDK:

What a shot! Is he gonna go for the cover?

Lance:

I think... No! He's looking for The Renaissance Facade! If he hits this piledriver variant, that's it!

Instead of going for the cover, he wants to make sure Batts stays down. He hoists Ryan up and though his arm is causing him momentary discomfort, he does stay on his feet and gets him on the shoulder... but Batts rolls off to the side and barely gets to his feet. When Adler turns around...

THUNK!

Batts uses his own version of his mentor, Oscar Burns' Hard-Out Headbutt, rocking Adler! Before the crowd can fathom what's gotten into Batts, he STOMPS on Adler's bare feet, then Dropkicks the knee out from under him! Adler ends up on his stomach...

DDK:

Is he looking for The Fastest... NO! What's THAT?!

He has Gunther on his stomach after the takedown, then applies a SICK-looking Double Underhook Crossface, pulling back on the bad arm with his legs while he has both arms around Adler's neck and other arm!

Lance:

New submission! He told me he was working on a new move! He calls this submission the Goliath Bird-eater! Like the spider!

DDK:

It looks absolutely brutal! Can he get the tapout?

Batts CRANKS back even harder when Adler won't submit immediately, but when he pulls back... HE GIVES UP! The crowd cheers as Batts releases the hold and falls to his knees, taking a deep breath and a sigh of relief his new strategy worked in his favor!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!**

DDK:

Look at some of the new tricks that Batts was using... stomps, that sick Headbutt, and that brutal Goliath Bird-eater hold! Definitely a scrappier Ryan Batts than we're used to seeing!

Lance:

I think he definitely took something away from all these big matches including that one with Gage Blackwood on the last UNCUT!

DDK:

Batts gets the win tonight and now, looks forward to the future. Folks, for Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler! We'll see you next week on DEFtv!

The final shots of tonight's show is "Bantam" Ryan Batts, celebrating by standing atop the turnbuckle. After displaying some newfound technical aggression, the strategy appears tonight have paid off to give him a big singles win tonight. He grins as the show fades to black.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.