

SHOW OPEN

VAE NEGLECTIS

Night 2. After Vae Victus crossed paths with Rezin, with the Queen of the Ring agreeing to face the Goat Bastard at MAXDEF.

Henry Keyes walks down a backstage hallway, Favoured Saints belt over his shoulder, when a voice calls out.

“Cool Murder Club you guys started.”

Keyes stops and turns. The 8-Bit Luchador, Leyenda de Ocho, steps forward.

LDO:

I guess my invitation is still in the mail?

A genuine look of confusion washes over Keyes's face.

Henry Keyes:

...invitation?

LDO:

Well sure, I mean...I *did* take care of the ship all those months. I *did* all the wrestling on DEFtv to pay the bills while you were unavailable.

Henry Keyes:

And?

Ocho expected something warmer from his long-time travel companion.

LDO:

...and? Seriously? You know, something's really been bothering me lately - this whole notion you put forward that Lindsay Troy is the only one who has your back, that Lindsay Troy is the center of the universe and can do no wrong - Lindsay Troy wasn't the only one there for you, Henry! I was there! Every day, for months, and I *still* want to be there for you!

Henry lets out a sigh and closes his one visible eye.

Henry Keyes:

You don't get it, and that's ok. I can't expect you to understand why I have to do this, because this isn't your fight, kid.

LDO:

Pardon?

Henry Keyes:

This isn't your fight. Vae Victus is walking down a death march the likes of which you are incapable of following. And sure, full credit - you stepped up to the big time and wrestled every show. Didn't do much winning, did you?

LDO frowns at this.

Henry Keyes:

There's a brewing war bubbling inside Miss Troy, and it's consumed me as well. It's apparently not there for you, so it is what it is. Now, I appreciate you holding down the fort as best you could, but maybe it's time for you to head back down to BRAZEN. I heard they're bringing up a guy dressed like an aardvark soon, should be more your speed.

Keyes starts to walk off and bumps Ocho's shoulder. At this, Ocho whips around and grabs Keyes by the shoulder, pulling him face to face. Both men's eyes are hot with anger - Ocho at the verbal insult, Keyes at the physical one.

LDO:

You know something? I freaking idolized you, man. People in DEFIAНCE ignore the fact that I've been a champion in other places, but I didn't care because I hitched my wagon to the Airship Goddamn Pirate. Future FIST. Purest hero I ever saw, all the talent in the world - you had EVERYTHING, you ass. I was willing to throw myself under a stupid Plague Doctor mask and dance to Fatboy Slim like an idiot because I knew I was under the learning tree of the wrestler I wished I could've been. And now...

Ocho gives Keyes a once-over with his eyes.

LDO:

Now you're just a sonofabitch who needs to be stopped.

Keyes squints and leans in.

Henry Keyes:

And you think YOU'RE the one to do it, kid?

LDO:

Lindsay Troy doesn't know you better than anyone in the locker room - *I do*. And I'll take that Favoured Saints Championship from you faster than you can say Scrow On A Yacht.

Keyes sneers.

Henry Keyes:

Well, then. What are we waiting for?

Keyes storms off in a huff. Ocho collects himself with a deep breath, before saying to himself:

LDO:

You're not the only one around here who can change.

SORRY - WE'RE CLOSED

What a nightmare. What a goddamn nightmare.

It's all gone.

Brock Newbludd groans with exertion as he lifts the still smoking piece of rubble up and tosses it aside. Kneeling in the middle of the charred ruins that once was Ballyhoo Brew, the veteran wrestler, and now *former* bar owner reaches down and procures a framed picture from the wreckage. Newbludd gently wipes away the soot from the glass frame and sighs at the photo of himself and Pat Cassidy standing in front of Ballyhoo on the day of it's opening.

Brock Newbludd:

Oh, how the turn fuckin' tables...

Rising up with the picture still held in both hands, Brock locates his best friend standing in the burned-out husk of Ballyhoo's walk-in cooler. Wearing the same angry expression as Newbludd, Cassidy snatches a bottle of beer out of the rubble and twists the top off. Cassidy takes a drink, wipes his mouth, and locks eyes with Brock.

Pat Cassidy:

Fucking. Hell.

Nodding his head in agreement, Brock tucks the charred photo under one arm and motions for Pat to toss him a beer. Cassidy reaches down and digs a second bottle out, tossing it to Brock. Cracking the beer open, Newbludd takes a long pull from the bottle and shakes his head.

Brock Newbludd:

This is the craziest shit I've ever been a part of, man. It's all fun and games until someone burns your house down, eh?

Bending down again, Brock pulls a blackened toothbrush out of the rubble and sighs.

Brock Newbludd:

I literally only have the clothes on my back right now, bro.

Cassidy looks around, taking it all in, and seems about to say something when he's interrupted by Brock's cell phone ringing. Newbludd takes on the phone and glances at the screen.

Brock Newbludd:

It's Shev. They called her back down to the station.

Brock clicks on the screen, putting the phone to his ear. Several tense minutes follow where we can't hear what is being said, Brock just mutters affirmatives to in response. Cassidy stands, arms folded, awaiting the outcome of this conversation. Brock's face noticeably hardens and grows angrier during the conversation, causing Cassidy's eyebrows to raise.

Brock Newbludd:

Okay. I'll tell him. See you later.

Brock hangs up, looking to his partner.

Brock Newludd:

She just left the cop shop. Couple of new developments.

Cassidy makes the "aaaaaannnnnd?" motion.

Brock Newbludd:

The Sevens have airtight alibis.

Cassidy fucking explodes.

Pat Cassidy:

ARE YOU SHITTING ME!? They fuckin' filmed themselves at the scene of the fuckin' crime! They've been psychopaths on national fuckin' television for nine months! They have ALBIS!? Gee, I wonder if whoever is vouching for them is fucking lying!? What assclown is saying...

Brock Newbludd:

Siobhan. Fuckin' Shev, dude.

That stops Cassidy in his tracks.

Brock Newbludd:

She knows they did it. You know they did it. I know they did it. Hell, the world knows they did it. But she can't lie to the cops, even if that lie leads to the damn truth. She says they were there all night but didn't leave her sight once. How two seven foot tall identical idiots can just vanish is beyond me, bro.

Cassidy barks out an unbelieving laugh.

Pat Cassidy:

So someone else did it! Morrow! Vargas! That other guy! We can't let them off the hook here, I mean...

Brock's look stops Cassidy from gearing up for another rant.

Pat Cassidy:

What... what, there's more?

Brock nods sadly.

Brock Newbludd:

The cops told Shev... the fire started in our office. They suspect it was arson. Something tells me she wasn't dealing with the top brass because...

Brock spreads his arms and takes in the smoking scenery.

Brock Newbludd:

You don't need to be Sherlock fucking Holmes to come to that conclusion.

Pat Cassidy:

NO SHIT IT WAS ARSON! It was the fucking...

Brock Newbludd:

You're not hearing me, dude. The office. The locked office.

Cassidy blinks. He's not sure where this is going.

Brock Newbludd:

Whoever started the fire... had a key. Remember... remember how you lost your key last week? It was weird how it just disappeared out of your bag, remember?

Now it's beginning to dawn on Pat Cassidy. The color drains away from his face. He sits suddenly, sending fluffs of soot into the air. He places both hands on his head.

Pat Cassidy:

Fuck. This is...

He looks to his tag team partner with sorrow in his eyes. It falls into place: not only was this an act of aggression by The Lucky Sevens, but an act of betrayal by someone else.

Pat Cassidy:

...I fuckin' did this.

Brock sighs, shaking his head.

Brock Newbludd:

Look... maybe it wasn't her...I mean it would make sense...but why now? And why bother with all the manager shit, right? Something's missin' from the equation...

Cassidy is on his feet in an instant.

Pat Cassidy:

Like hell it wasn't her. She fucking played me. Everyone told me. Siobhan. Davey. You. "Nah guys, we can trust her." What the fuck. I'm a fool. Blinded by a pair of batting eyelashes like a God damn seventh grader. I got played for a fucking fool. She stole my key and gave it to them. That was the plan the whole fucking time, wasn't it?

Cassidy looks at the beer bottle in his hand and he chuckles into the ground as hard as he can, shattering it.

Pat Cassidy:

I'm so sorry. I didn't... I didn't mean for this... shit...

Newbludd walks over and puts a hand on his friend's shoulder.

Brock Newbludd:

This wasn't your fault. Don't beat yourself up about it, man. Ballyhoo was just a building. It can be rebuilt. What this place represented...

Brock squeezes Pat's shoulder and shakes him slightly.

Brock Newbludd:

That's still standing. That's still alive, and you better believe, it's still special man. The spirit of Ballyhoo Brew is still kickin' and it's a vengeful one. You feelin' me?

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah. You're wrong, though. This is my fault. But right now I start making things right. We find those dickheads and end this between us. Between *all* of us. For good.

Brock Newbludd:

That's what I like to hear, bro.

The Saturday Night Specials turn to take one final look at the rubble that was once their business... their home.

Brock Newbludd:

She was a fucking beaut, wasn't she?

Pat Cassidy:

That she was, man. That she was.

Black screen. Last thing we hear is the sound of the **CLINK** of two glasses.

URIEL CORTEZ vs. MASSIVE COWBOY

DDK:

Welcome one and all, to UNCUT 120! We've got the Favoured Saints Championship on the line later tonight when Henry Keyes defends against Leyenda de Ocho! But coming up first... we kick off the show... with a... say it with me, Lance...

DDK & Lance:

HOSSFITE!

Lance:

We have "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez of Los Tres Titanes going one-on-one against BRAZEN's favorite master of the Lariat... MASSIVE Cowboy! Let's get to the action right away! Darren Quimbey hits the intros...

Lance and Darren twirl their fingers before pointing to the ring.

Lance:

Now!

Darren Quimbey:

Your opening contest is a singles match set for one fall! Introducing first, from The City of Industry, weighing in at 339 pounds, standing at seven-foot two! He is "**THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

TITANS ALWAYS STAND TALL!

♪ "Giants" by Little V. ♪

The group name forms in a cursive gold with diamond-themed pattern on the DEFIATRON. And with that... A LOUD explosion of gold pyro now goes OFF! Wearing an open sleeveless coat with a silver and a LTT logo-covered towel draped over his massive neck and white thigh-length trunks, stands Uriel Cortez!

DDK:

Uriel Cortez getting a great ovation from the crowd! The leader of Los Tres Titanes heading to the ring now. Next week, he takes on Rick Dickulous of Cerberus. That's going to be the HOSSFITE OF HOSSFITES here in DEFIAНCE, so right now Uriel wants to get himself in fighting shape.

Cortez sheds his coat and the LTT towel and storms to the ring. When the giant gets there, he plants a hefty boot on the ring apron then pulls himself up with the ropes before stepping over the ropes and into the ring. Cortez holds up a mighty hand to loud cheers from the crowd before his music quietly fades for his opponent.

♪ "Freebird" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

The music plays and out comes the man in the blue tights, cowboy hat and bullrope. Half-Japanese, Half-American... all badass from BRAZEN.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from The Dragon Ranch in Tokyo, Texas... weighing in at 265 pounds... **MASSIVE Cowboy!**

He gets a mix of cheers and boos as he sneers at the crowd. He heads into the ring with The Titan of Industry getting ready.

Lance:

It's the lariat of MASSIVE Cowboy versus the devastating chops of Uriel Cortez! Who wins out tonight?

Cowboy ditches the bullrope and hat, then heads in. Uriel offers him a hand, but MASSIVE Cowboy slaps the hand away! Uriel shrugs as referee Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

Uriel wants to lock up, but MASSIVE Cowboy instead runs right into The Titan of Industry! He backs up a little bit, but doesn't go down. When he realizes what kind of match this is going to be, Uriel dares the BRAZEN cowboy to take his best shot. He stands in place while MASSIVE Cowboy goes for the ropes and hits him with another shoulder... but still doesn't go down. Cortez slaps his chest, and yells out to the Faithful.

Uriel Cortez:

Show me power, asshole! Let's go!

The Faithful are fired up and so is MASSIVE Cowboy! He starts to turn... then suddenly turns again and then opens up on the massive chest of Cortez with a series of stiff forearm shots!

DDK:

MASSIVE Cowboy with a fakeout! He wails on the chest of Cortez with those forearm smashes! He's backing him up a little bit!

When Cowboy has The Titan of Industry on the ropes, he yells out at as well before running off the ropes... but when he comes back...

THWACK!

ooooooooooooooooooooOHHHHHHHHHH!

Just ONE stiff open-handed chop from DEFIAНCE's Deadliest Hands brings Cowboy down to the canvas! The crowd is gasping from the chop as Cortez looks at his hand and blows on it like he's blowing the smoke from a fired gun.

DDK:

Good GOD, did you hear that, Lance?

Lance:

Here that? I FELT it in MY chest!

Uriel Cortez picks up MASSIVE Cowboy and then throws him into the corner. He measures him up again... but before he is able to hit another chop, MASSIVE Cowboy sidesteps out of the way! The Faithful are shocked when Cowboy takes it to Uriel with a few more shots of his own! He pummels Uriel's chest with a few clubbing blows, but Cortez grabs him by the throat and walks out of the corner. When he does that, Cowboy fights back and elbows the arm, then stomps the leg.

Lance:

MASSIVE Cowboy with some fight! Now he's going to the knee of Cortez!

He hits the knee of Cortez with a pair of boots, then goes low with a shoulder that finally brings The Titan of Industry to a knee. When MASSIVE Cowboy gets upright, he throws the elbow pad off and then runs the ropes... then LEVELS Cortez with a big Lariat! The crowd is stunned!

DDK:

He got it! He chopped down Cortez! That lariat almost won Cowboy the BRAZEN Championship a few weeks ago in Texas!

He covers Cortez!

ONE... TWO-KICKOUT!

Just after two, Cortez pushes up off the mat... and he's pissed off.

Lance:

That would have been... pardon the pun... a MASSIVE upset for MASSIVE Cowboy! But he's not done!

MASSIVE Cowboy can't believe it so he gets an arm ready in case he needs to fire off a second running lariat! He boots the face of Cortez, then fires another kick, then another... but all they seem to be doing is pissing off the giant. Cowboy then loads up another lariat... but when he comes back. Cortez stops the lariat with another STIFF open-handed chop of his own! Cowboy holds his right arm in pain!

DDK:

Wow! I don't think I've ever seen a lariat blocked with a chop to the arm, but here we go!

Cortez knocks Cowboy off his feet with a huge running clothesline. When he gets back up, Cortez comes off the other side and then mows him down with a second one. Cowboy is completely knocked silly when get gets picked up and then pushed to the corner. The Titan of Industry measures him up and then hits a running back elbow, then charges off the ropes to come back and turn MASSIVE Cowboy inside out with a huge running shoulder block! The Faithful lose it when Cortez holds up both hands, ready to end things.

Lance:

Uriel Cortez taking the fight right back to MASSIVE Cowboy! He's primarily a tag team wrestler, but he's a deceptively good singles wrestler, especially for a big man!

DDK:

Indeed and I think this might be the end of things!

Cortez grabs Cowboy, then holds both hands out as he tries to rise... then gets ROCKED with the Chop of Ages! THWACK! And another cringe from the crowd! The double-handed chop reduces MASSIVE Cowboy to a knee as he clutches his chest in pain, allowing for Cortez to set him up in a standing headscissors... he takes him up high and then DROPS him down with a huge release powerbomb!

DDK:

OOOH! That's a new one for Cortez! That folding powerbomb! He stacks up the pin on MASSIVE Cowboy!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Giants" by Little V. ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **URIEL CORTEZ!**

The Titan of Industry racks up another win and poor Rex Knox finds himself in the unenviable task of having to raise the 7'2" Cortez's hand. He sneaks by and has to stand and reach his bottom of his arm to do so. Uriel has a little fun with it and stands on his tippy-toes before pointing and laughing at Rex for busting his balls.

DDK:

MASSIVE Cowboy brought some fight, but tonight, Uriel Cortez proves he's ready for the challenge next week when he collides with Rick Dickulous. We have also confirmed that at MAXIMUM DEFIAНCE...

A graphic appears for the match in question!

DDK:

...The match is official! It will be Uriel Cortez and Minute of Los Tres Titanes taking on any two members of Cerberus... but like many of their opponents, they won't know who they get until bell time!

Lance:

Dos Titanes, I guess? Without Titaness, they'll need to keep their head on a swivel for whatever Cerberus brings their way with the numbers advantage.

Cortez leaves the ring and smiles at the graphic on the DEFIA Tron. He's ready for whatever may come.

TESTING, TESTING

Ned Reform sits alone in his office.

He's silent... the only sound in the room is the light ticking of a wall clock. Reform sits, hunched over his desk with his hands supporting his chin. He looks forlorn. Even looking at his many degrees on the wall (which are conveniently shielded by the glare from his window) doesn't seem to be cheering him up.

The Good Doctor sighs. He reaches down and opens up the sliding drawer on his desk. Reaches inside - pulls out a folded up piece of shiny paper. Reform glances around, ensuring he is alone... before opening the paper. And we see it is in fact no paper at all... it's a poster.

It's a wall poster of a scantily clad Elise Ares.

Reform stares at the poster. With hatred? With regret? With sadness? With... something else?

Ned sighs again before placing a single hand on Elise's cheek...

BAM!

Reform's door swings open. TA Cole, dressed like a preppy college student, barges in. Reform immediately flings the Elise Ares poster up into the air and turns to acknowledge his protege with a beet red face. It takes Cole a second, but he seems to realize that he interrupted something.

TA Cole:

Dr. Reform! I'm sorry! I just...

Ned Reform:

No, no, no, Levi. It's alright.

Reform discreetly uses his left foot to pull the poster under his desk and out of eye sight.

TA Cole:

It's just... man, me and the guys sure hate to see you like this, doctor. All withdrawn. We miss your guidance.

Reform frowns. He speaks in anger... and it grows in intensity with every sentence.

Ned Reform:

I have no doubt that you do. But can you truly assign blame for my acting this way, Levi? Week after week, a group of charlatans continues to embarrass me. I am a *victim!* A victim of *fraud!* Of a con of the highest order! I must admit I do not know how she's pulling it off, but I will not allow a pretender to best me. I will think of a final challenge. A CHALLENGE LIKE NO OTHER! Trivia is for the simple! Chess is a fool's game! No, this will be a challenge that even a con woman such as herself will be unable to best. The perfect trap! I will expose her, Levi. I will expose her like a raw nerve. The world will see her for what she is. You have my word.

Cole is grinning, getting fired up.

TA Cole:

I know you will! In fact, that's why I'm here. I have... well, I have an idea.

Reform stops, mid-rant. Looks to his tag partner / lackey.

Ned Reform:

You... have an idea? You?

Cole picks up that he may have overstepped his bounds a bit. He speaks cautiously.

TA Cole:

I do, sir. It's just... well, the whole thing is she keeps pretending to be smarter than you, right? So couldn't you just... you know... give her a test to see how smart she is?

Reform furrows his brow. Breaks out into a slow amused smile. He walks over to his compadre and pats him on the head as one would a dog who has decided not to shit on the carpet.

Ned Reform:

Oh, my friend. What a quaint way of thinking about this. How I envy your naivety. Truly, I mean that. It is... refreshing. And appreciated. We both know that *you* are not the visionary in this two man equation, but boy do I appreciate the effort.

Reform turns away from Cole, folding his hands behind his back.

Ned Reform:

Were it so simple, yes? If I could just sit her smug, pouty little derriere down and just give her a test. I could never be sure that she simply wouldn't cheat again. I will not underestimate that devious little kitten ever again. A test would be nice, Levi, but I doubt that...

Wait.

Wait.

A light bulb.

Ned Reform:

...a... a test...

A slow smile.

Ned Reform:

A test... to see how smart she is. Yes. YES! A test... to measure her... IQ...

He's speaking more to himself now.

Ned Reform: [whispering]

I've got you now. You've met your match, little minx.

The Good Doctor slowly turns to look at TA Cole. He launches a single finger into the air.

Ned Reform:

The Cognition Department at Yale. She... she can't fool the center. She can't outsmart that system. She'll sit down, be tested, and the truth will come out. A number. A single number to expose her lies to the entire world. YES! This may... this may be the best idea I've ever had!!

TA Cole:

You've done it again, doctor!

Cole and Reform briskly shake hands before breaking to put their schemes in motion as we fade elsewhere.

A RING THING

The words "DEFtv 171 Exclusive" appear in the lower third as Titaness can be seen hobbling through the hallway. Her back is going to need some ice after slamming The Game Boy over her shoulder to win by countout on DEFtv, but the fact that she earned her match with Teresa Ames at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE does help with the pain a little bit.

Titaness:

I did it! I'm gonna get that bitch for good at MAXDEF. I gotta tell...

The Show of Force looks up...

But right now, her usual friends to celebrate with aren't to be found. Her and Uriel haven't been on speaking terms and Minute has been helping his best friend with things. She lets out a sigh.

Titaness:

Damn.

Still... she's on cloud nine for at least a fleeting moment. She keeps on walking and makes her way toward the locker room... but gets something she doesn't expect.

???:

FUCKIN' HELL! I AIN'T WAITIN' FOR THIS MATCH, YOU STUPID PRICK!

Titaness comes within inches of a door almost being kicked open on her face! She jumps back, getting ready for... well, she doesn't even know what. Especially when she sees the man kicking the door wide open...

"The Killer Bear" Jack Mace.

As in her old rival, "The Killer Bear" Jack Mace. That spent several months attacking her at the behest of Better Future Talent Agency.

Mace sees her standing there... the first time that he's met her in person since DEFCON when her ex-fiance helped bring him back into the company behind her back.

Jack Mace:

...The fuck you want, love? Take a picture, you dumb Yanks say.

Angrily, Titaness balls up her fist.

Titaness:

From you? Like I'd want anything from YOU. YOU'RE the fucking reason I don't have a relationship anymore. I want you GONE, but apparently, nobody cares what I think.

Mace looks at her like she has a turd hanging out of her mouth.

Jack Mace:

What bollocks are you on about? You and the Big and Tall mister having issues or something? Wait...

He looks off to the side.

Jack Mace:

I don't give a toss. I got me own thing going on with that flamin' jackass, Alvaro.

She growls.

Titaness:

Oh, like you don't fucking know, Jack. Don't play dumb. Uriel went behind my back to bring YOU back because he was hellbent on screwing over Tom Morrow. Congrats. You both got what you wanted.

Mace still looks confused by whatever the hell she's talking about.

Jack Mace:

Yeah... I did. But it was quid pro quo, love. He and Daddy Keeling settled me work visa bollocks so I could get back here and give that funny little dickhead a drubbin'. You guys got your match with Alvaro and The Sevens. Case you ain't noticed...

Twirling a finger over his head, Mace shakes his head.

Jack Mace:

Lotta good that did. I bring me da and sister out here to see me wrestle... then that prick, Alvaro, can't let nothin' go. He spits on them. Me family! ME? I'm the one that told the lot to fuck off and they bring them into this. All I did with BFTA... all them shitty things I done? That was money for me and money for them. That's why I'm ending this shite with Al tonight. So sorry if I ain't worried about your issues.

Titaness has been wrapped up in her own issues for so long, the news is apparently... well, news to her.

Titaness:

...I'm sorry they did that.

Jack Mace:

Aye. Not an excuse... but it's the truth.

The awkward tension between the two is palpable. Neither one knows exactly what to say until Mace finally speaks up. He looks disgusted in whatever is about to come out of his mouth next; something Titaness notices.

Jack Mace:

...Look. I owe Big and Tall after he did me a favor... but somethin' you gotta know about when he worked with me.

Her interest is piqued, though reluctantly so.

Jack Mace:

You need to know that fuckin' bloke wouldn't shut up about you or the little kid in the mask. The entire time, he kept saying he was doin' what we did to protect the both of you. It kinda worked... them Sevens got fired. Nobody's heard from the fuckin' clown. It's clear that Big and Tall tosser fancies you. Whatever you think he did or didn't do... I know I ain't your fuckin' favorite person. Feelin' is mutual... but he did whatever he done to make sure you two were safe. He wanted payback, yeah... but I think in his mind it came from a good place.

Titaness looks taken aback by this news. Mace looks at at imaginary watch on his hand.

Jack Mace:

...Can I fuckin' go now? I ain't spillin' me heart, but I'm spillin' Alvaro's on that canvas in a few minutes.

The Show of Force just shakes her head and lets Mace stomp on by without any more interruption. She looks up and then reaches into her pocket...

Her engagement ring from Uriel.

NICKY SYNZ vs. THOMAS SLAINE

DDK:

Welcome back to the show, ladies and gentlemen! Coming up next, we will be seeing Nicky Synz in action going one-on-one against Thomas Slaine!

Lance:

We saw Nicky Synz up a great effort two weeks ago on UNCUT against Ned Refor-- ugh, DOCTOR Ned Reform, only to come up short. He's looking to rebound with a win, so we'll see if he can do just that! Ringside with Darren Quimbey... now!

And the camera does just that, Darren Quimbey at ringside!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Prime Mover" by Zodiac Mindwarp (covered by Synyster Sledge) ♪

Nicky Synz, your favorite rock star and mine, emerge through the curtain to a lukewarm positive reaction. Synz's long blond hair ripples in the wind as he headbangs along with his theme song. On his way to the ring, he continues to headbang and slap the outstretched hands of some of the younger fans in attendance.

Darren Quimbey:

...From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 216 pounds... he is **NICKY SYNZ!**

Synz is on the apron, playing a little air guitar and rocking out, before he enters the ring. He jumps up the top rope and plays a little more guitar to the people as his theme fades out.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing his opponent from Nachitoches, Louisiana, weighing in at 221 pounds... **THOMAS SLAINE!**

♪ "I Feel Love (Every Million Miles)" by The Dead Weather ♪

The music hits and Thomas Slaine steps out from the back, ready to fight. The brawler then starts running to the ring and when he gets there, he points an imaginary gun and thenat ringside and grins at Nicky, who flashes a rock sign back at him in response. He gets into the ring and he is ready to try and score a big win.

DDK:

Here we go. Referee Jonny Fastcountini in the middle, calls for the bell!

DING DING

The two men meet in the center and it's Thomas Slaine making the first move with a huge boot to the gut. He takes him over and starts clubbing all across Nicky's back. The stiff shots bring Nicky down to a knee and that's followed up with Slaine coming right out to BITE Nicky on the forehead!

DDK:

Thomas Slaine! He's willing to do ANYTHING he can! His win-loss record belies how dangerous he can be at times!

Lance:

Indeed. Desperate men do desperate things!

Jonny Fastcountini tells Thomas Slaine to stop biting and he does... only to opt for some eye gouging instead! Nicky Synz cries out in pain as he continues to rake until Fastcountini tells him to either stop or risk getting disqualified!

DDK:

Already, we're seeing Thomas Slaine resort to some less than legal means for a win tonight! Nicky Synz will have to do something to get away from this!

Lance:

Thomas Slaine puts him down in the corner! Where's he going?

Slaine drags the face of Nicky Synz across his boot, rubbing his laces against his face! After that particular situation, he then grabs the face of Nicky and SLOWLY runs his face across the ropes!

DDK:

Slaine again really pushing the boundaries of the rules tonight! Nicky Synz has yet to get any sort of offensive going for the moment and that this rate, Slaine could be closing in on a big victory to snap a lengthy losing streak.

Slaine continues to beat down Nicky with right hands, then talks some trash to the crowd, garnering jeers from The Faithful. He grabs Nicky and then whips him off the ropes. He swings for the fences with a big lariat, but Nicky ducks underneath to keep running at the ropes, only to come back and catch Thomas Slaine with a huge springboard back elbow off the middle rope!

DDK:

There we go! Nicky Synz has been working on ways to improve his game and clearly that match with Ned Reform showed him a thing or two.

Lance:

Nicky Synz back up now!

The young rocker starts to get back to his feet and measures up Slaine. He runs off the ropes and then takes him over with a big flying headscissors that sends the bigger brawler tumbling to a corner! Nicky ends up back up his feet while Slaine tries his best to get out of harm's way. However, Nicky sees where he's heading...

SUICIDE DIVE!

Lance:

Slaine doesn't see the suicide dive coming until it's too late!

DDK:

Look at Nicky go!

Nicky Synz stands up and throws the horns up with both hands, waking up The Faithful! He grabs Thomas back inside the ring and then climbs onto the apron. He measures him carefully, then leaps over the ropes with a slingshot senton! He rolls back right into the cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Slaine kicks out!

DDK:

Two-count there by Nicky Synz! Nicky trying to put him away here now?

Nicky grabs the wrist and neck of Slaine before pulling him back to his feet. He tries to set Slaine up for something, but when he tries the suplex... Slaine shifts his weight out and then hits a big pair of knees, then a big uppercut to send Nicky back away from the corner. Synz staggers back out, then leaves himself WIDE open for a massive running shotgun dropkick by Slaine out of the corner!

DDK:

HUGE shotgun dropkick! Synz is down! And now Slaine going up top?

Thomas Slaine heads out to the apron with the quickness, then starts to climb the ropes. When he gets up top, he measures up Nicky Synz, then takes flight and levels The Frontman of Synyster Sledge with a huge flying forearm off the top!

Lance:

Synz is down! Synz is down! Is this it?

He covers with a hook of both legs!

ONE... TWO... NO!

With a huge kickout, Synz escapes the cover! Slaine's eyes bulge out of his head in comically large fashion, wondering why that wasn't enough!

DDK:

Wow! That was a great one-two punch by Thomas Slaine, but still not enough to keep him down!

He pulls up Nicky Synz again and then tries for a double arm DDT. If he hits the Bipolar Affect, that's done...

Lance:

No! Synz escapes the double arm DDT attempt! Cracks Slaine with that sit-out jawbreaker!

Slaine gets chin-checked with the jawbreaker variation and then stumbles back to the corner as Nicky Synz slowly rolls back to his feet. When he gets there, he charges full speed ahead, this time gut-checking him with a running back elbow in the corner! He gets doubled over in pain when Synz rolls out of the corner, only to come back with a running spear, doubling him over in the process!

DDK:

Double Platinum! That combo disorients Slaine... running bulldog out of the corner!

Lance:

He's got him down! Where does he go from here?

With Slaine dropped out on the canvas, Nicky Synz points to the ropes, then heads out to the ring apron. He holds the horns up for the crowd... then leaps up and then connects with a huge springboard senton bomb across the chest and ribs of Slaine!

DDK:

Flying V! Flying V connects! And I think that's going to be all!

The crowd counts along after Synz scoots back after the landing and cradles the head and leg!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Prime Mover" by Zodiac Mindwarp (covered by Synyster Sledge) ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **NICKY SYNZ!**

After pumping his fists, he raises a hand and then slowly gets up for Jonny Fastcountini to raise his hands!

DDK:

It has to feel good for Nicky Synz to get that win under his belt! He's been improving his game in the ring and doesn't

seem like he's that far off for bigger and better things!

Lance:

Absolutely. Nicky Synz defeats Thomas Slaine in a tough match for both men. They both wanted to win, but tonight The Frontman for Synyster Sledge gets to walk to that proverbial pay window! Stay tuned for more action! In our main event, Favoured Saints Champion Henry Keyes defends against his BRAZEN protege, Leyenda de Ocho!

Synz leaves the ring and joins a few ringside fans for a impromptu air guitar solo to his music as the show moves on.

VIRTUALLY CHECKING IN

Phone in hand, Malak Garland frantically paces back and forth by a shipment of arena supplies. He checks his phone every few moments, hoping for a message to pop up. When it doesn't, the Snowflake Superstar sends yet another text.

Malak Garland: *[reading as he types]*

Hey, where are you? Are you okay? You have not been marked safe on social media yet. Just wanted to check in on you. This is my third message to you in the last five minutes that has gone unread but I know it's been delivered. Text back as soon as possible. Don't ignore me.

Malak's thumbs work faster than his mouth as he fires off message after message. The look of sheer panic doesn't leave his punchable face. Finally, a swoop and a ding later and Malak receives a return message. His eyes can't read it fast enough.

Malak Garland:

Yes! You are alive and well. Good. Took you long enough to reply to my texts. I literally can't believe they did that to you. Who do they think you are!? Dummies.

Feeling his heartbeat beginning to calm, Malak rests easy against the closest wall. With his phone still unlocked and opened to messages, The Source of Envy allows his eyes to read the messages as many times as his little heart desires.

Malak Garland:

I gotta send one more text. Okay, you will be pleased to know that from now on I have hired a security detail to watch over you. I can't share more details with you at this moment but just know, soon enough, all will be revealed to you.

With that, Malak hits send and puts his phone into sleep mode. The electronic clicking sound his phone makes never made his ears feel more safe and secure than this moment. He clutches the device to his chest.

Malak Garland:

You're all I really need in life.

His gaze lowers to the phone he holds with some much love in his palms.

Malak Garland:

I can't wait to upgrade you.

A subtle kiss to the side of his phone is all Malak does. He can now rest in silence and tranquility.

WHOA... TO THE VANQUISHED

The WrestlePlex has been quiet as of late.

Which isn't too surprising, with much of the DEFIAНCE staff out on the road these past few weeks. But other than a skeleton crew of clerks and production members doing the day-to-day operations, the DEFArena has been dark, and the halls backstage have mostly been silent.

But today, that silence is about to be broken.

CLANK!
CLANK!
CLANK!

The golden spade at the end of a shovel raps daringly against the door to a private dressing room, with nondescript white paper sign taped on the front that reads "Vae Victus".

"Little Vics! Little Vics! Won't you please let me in!"

Rezin stands at the door, playing out a "Jack Nicholson from The Shining" tribute, albeit with Oscar Burns' newly claimed Golden Shovel in place of a fire ax. The Goat Bastard presses his ears against the door. His eyes dart left and right as he listens for any movement inside.

Rezin:

Not by the HAIRS on your chinny-chin-chins?

Not to suggest that LT has any hairs on her own; just going with the script here. Rezin wedges the tip of the shovel between the door and the jam, working at breaking the lock.

Rezin:

Then I'll SMOKE... an' I'll CHOKE... and BLAZE MY WAY IN!!

Despite a good deal of working the shovel, he's unsuccessful in forcing his way into the room. He grunts with frustration... until he just tries to the knob, and discovers it to be unlocked.

Rezin:

...HA-HA!! The Escape Artist strikes again!

It's unclear what part of this qualifies as an "escape", but... sure, whatever, we'll go with it. The inside of the dressing room is dark, and when he flips the lightswitch, it's expectedly also revealed to be unoccupied. A mischievous grin forms on Rezin's face.

Rezin:

Muahahaha... PERFECT!

He stalks the room, triumphant in his trespassing, and yet somewhat oblivious to the camera crew that's been following him around this entire time. It's a well-furnished room, which is the standard for DEFIAНCE's top talent. Rezin fills his lungs, taking in the pervasive stench of luxury surrounding him.

Rezin:

Ugghh... I can practically SMELL the smugness!

He approaches the vanity on the far wall, and sneers at his own reflection in the mirror.

Rezin:

So... this must be where Lindsay Troy's FAKE FACE comes from! Where she looks herself in the EYE and comes to

grips with the fact that she's a SELF-OBSESSED SYMBOL of CRUEL ARROGANCE!!

He tsk-tisks... and reels back the shovel, preparing to strike.

Rezin:

Ain't gonna hide your age anymore, yer "mAjEsTy"...

SMASH!

The mirror SHATTERS, along many of the globe lights surrounding it, and the vanity becomes littered with shards of broken glass! Cackling, the Goat Bastard moves on to a personal monitor sitting on a TV stand.

Rezin:

And THIS must be the TEEVEE where Hank watches his Pirates of the Caribbean BluRays to feed that SWASHBUCKLING SMARMY EGO of his!

CRASH!

A HOLE is punched through the screen as Rezin drives the shovel through it, and flings it across the room! The TV slides itself off of the edge of the shovel's tip into the nearest wall by the entrance. Standing ready to either knock or break into this clearly already broken-into door, is Jack Harmen. He tilts his head to the side, confused, his long red hair obscuring one side of his face.

Jack Harmen:

Ah, uh, hey Rezin... you wouldn't happen to know... where everybody's been for the past six weeks, wouldja?

Rezin is suddenly frozen in place.

Rezin: (*awestruck*)

...H-H-H... H-H-H-HHH...

Harmen rubs the back of his head, taking a moment to step into the room. While doing so, he steps onto the broken tv monitor further crunching it under his boot.

Jack Harmen:

I figure someone would have come to the ring asking me if I attacked Arthur... which, by the by, I didn't.

Rezin:

H-H-H-H... H-H-HH-HHHII...

Jack Harmen:

And then I went out there and cut a promo but... when did we lose so many fans?

Rezin:

HHHIIIGGGHH... F-F-FFF...

Harmen's amused a bit but cuts Rezin off as he notices something.

Jack Harmen:

F-F-Fuuuuck...

Harmen walks over to a bookshelf and sees a photo of Lindsay Troy holding up the FIST of DEFIAНCE from 2017. He smiles, grabs the frame, and then throws it onto the floor, shattering the glass.

SMASH!

Jack Harmen:

That felt REAL good.

The Goat Bastard's grin widens at the sight of this sacrilege.

Rezin:

FUCK. YES!

Rezin puts his boot into the side of the mini-bar, tipping it over and causing the private selection within to spill out onto the floor.

SLAMB!!**Rezin:**

HAHAHAHA, YES!! Now they'll walk in and be like, "But why is the RUM GONE?!"

Jack Harmen:

I'd blame Ed.

Harmen notices a bookcase. Wanting to upstage Rezin, Harmen tilts it and topples it with a loud slam, books scattering everywhere. He kicks an unread copy of Infinite Jest.

CRASH!!**Rezin:**

HA!! Try expandin' your intellect NOW, Vain Vinegar!

Behind the book case? There's a large scantily clad swimsuit poster sticky tacked to the wall of none other than the PCP's Elise Ares.

Rezin:

AHAHA!! That must've been the Elise Ares poster that LT stares at when... wait, uhhm... why is this here?

Confused but undeterred, Jack rips it up so he takes off her head as he does, leaving just the body displayed on the wall.

Rezin:

O WAIT, LOOK HERE, at this CHESSBOARD!

The chessboard in question is sitting on a table on the near wall, its pieces set mid-game. There's only one chair at the table, but Rezin doesn't seem to notice as he flips the board and sends the pieces scattering.

Rezin:

HAHAHA!! Take THAT, HENNERRY KEEEYYYEEESS!! CHESS SUCKS!!

The Escape Artist's chaotic delight melts into confusion as he looks around the room. Something is missing here.

Rezin:

Wait a toke... where's the tiger cage?

Jack Harmen:

Detroit? Ooo. This looks fake and or expensive.

Harmen takes a Ming Vase and just throws it against the wall.

Shuffling back out into the hallway like a regular wrestling Cheech and Chong, Rezin frantically rips the “Vae Victus” sheet of paper off the door. Turns out, it’s NOT their private room, as the plaque on the door clearly reads “NED REFORM”, with “DR.” written before it using magic marker.

Rezin:

...ohh SHIT!! Uhh, Mister Harmen, sir... whadda we do about this?

Harmen leans in to get a better look, looks disappointed and then sticks his nose on the door, sniffing loudly. He turns and nods.

Jack Harmen:

We’re good. The marker’s dry. Let’s just...

Harmen tip toes out of the room. One step backward. Then two steps. Then bursts into a sprint, leaving wreckage behind in his wake. Rezin looks around wildly, and then rushes out himself. Harmen shouts “NOT THIS WAY! SPLIT UP!” from off screen.

After a few moments, we see Rezin run back the other direction, past the entrance to the locker room and off stage right.

HOW'S THAT FOR A SPECIAL ATTRACTION?

Exclusive from Dex Joy after DEF TV 171 Night Two

DDK:

PALLY!!! HEY!!! YOU WANT AN EXCLUSIVE?! CAUSE I GOT ONE FOR YOU!!!

The loud and angry voice of "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy makes it known he wants to be heard backstage and when a nearby camera is focused on him, Dexy Baby smiles as he's trying to barely contain his rage over this entire issue with Oscar Burns.

Dex Joy:

So I'm just an attraction huh? I'm just a big guy doing flips and tricks and loop-the-loops out there? Did I not prove that to you at DEFCON that I'm a lot more than that? Apparently, I was stupid to think that DEFCON was going to be end of things because you can't let a loss go, Burnsie. You can't stand the fact that somebody got the better of you and that somebody that you looked down on knocked you down a peg. That's why I chose tonight to come back ... thanks to you, I had to miss a few weeks. But thanks to me ...

Dex starts mockingly shoveling dirt.

Dex Joy:

That's why you lost your stupid little garden bling, Oscar! You've been treating this roster like dirt with your hyped-up bull-shit sense of entitlement, so tonight, it was you who got buried! Rezin earned that win by himself, but it was me that kept you from running away like the entitled little bitch you've become! How's that for a special attraction?!

Dex is all jacked up and probably hopped up on like three Monster energy drinks ... and again more rage.

Dex Joy:

You want this to end as bad as I do, pally. I can tell. I accepted your challenge for Maximum DEFIANCE a few weeks ago, but what do you say this time we up the stakes? We really find out who the better man is! After everything that you've done to me, kicking your ass in the same night just once isn't enough. As a matter of fact, I'll play your game, Burnsie ...

The Biggest Boy puts up two fingers to start. Then he puts up three.

Dex Joy:

Oscar Burns! Dex Joy! **Two Out of Three Falls!** You have seven days to answer my challenge otherwise you're gonna be looking over your shoulder at the XXL shadow coming your way, pally!

Dex Joy barges past the cameras and the feed ends there.

GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT vs. THE SAFETY PATROL

DDK:

Welcome back to the ring for more action! Momentarily, we'll be seeing Gentlemen's Agreement in action against BRAZEN team... The Safety Patrol! Dick Flanagan and Jeff Belltron!

Lance:

We've seen Gentlemen's Agreement sparsely on UNCUT, seemingly biding their time until they find an opportunity. Thus far since being promoted, the team of Lord Sewell and Oliver Tarquin Monroe have been undefeated, with wins over Midcard Experiment as well as the Barely Active Team. We'll see if they can go 3-0 next!

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

The theme plays and out comes both men, dressed in fancy new gear for the occasion. Lord Sewell with a red overcoat and Oliver Tarquin Monroe with a dark gray coat.

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is set for one fall! First, at a combined weight of 459 pounds... they are the team of Viscount Vice Admiral Ernest Sewell aka Lord Sewell...and Oliver Tarquin Monroe aka OTM... **GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT!**

The two men stop in front of the ring, exchange a gentlemanly handshake and then slowly climb up the steel steps. Sewell and his neatly-combed mutton chops look at the Faithful with complete derision while OTM whispers something in his ear about how he's looking forward to competition. They both shake hands and wait for their opponents.

♪ "Health and Safety Video" by Work SafeTM Productions ♪

The stock music plays, but the crowd gives a nice cheer when Sgt. Safety and Jeff Belltron make their way out from the back, taking in cheers from the crowd!

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... at a combined weight of 463 pounds, they are the team of Jeff Belltron and Sgt. Safety... **THE SAFETY PATROL!**

Sgt. Safety uses his decibel meter to egg on the crowd for reactions and they get it as they head to the ring. Belltron puts a finger to his ear and smiles as he heads to the ring. The team of Gentlemen's Agreement both roll their eyes as they watch Safety and Belltron head to the ring. Once they get inside, the referee for the match... The Referee (masked BRAZEN ref, of course), calls for the bell.

DING DING

Jeff Belltron and Oliver Tarquin Monroe both circle one another before locking up. Quickly, Monroe shows his experience when he picks the leg of Belltron and then slaps on a headlock. He keeps the pressure on Belltron, but he starts to try and rise quickly to keep OTM from holding the advantage.

DDK:

Belltron gets pushed off the ropes... but he comes back with a big shoulder on OTM!

Belltron gets cheers from the crowd while Sgt. Safety continues to hold the decibel meter. Belltron waits for OTM to stand, only to hit him with a knee to the assbone aka a big atomic drop! Monroe hobbles around in a circle, allowing Belltron to catch him the other way with an inverted atomic drop this time! OTM is still in pain and Lord Sewell watches on in horror as his protege gets dropped by a big running clothesline from Belltron! Cheers ring out from The Faithful as he pretends to punch out a clock!

Lance:

Wow! Jeff Belltron right out of the gate hits a few moves and takes control of things!

Belltron gets a groggy Oliver up and then tries a vertical suplex. He has him lifted in the air, but quickly, Oliver kicks his legs and then slips behind Belltron. He drags him backwards to the corner, allowing Lord Sewell to make the tag. Oliver spins him around, offering up Belltron to Lord Sewell, who takes him up and over with a big release German suplex out of nowhere!

DDK:

And how quick was THAT? Effective ring presence by Gentlemen's Agreement there!

GA have the advantage now while Sgt. Safety is watching from his corner. Belltron gets back up, but Lord Sewell stays on him and then hits a bridging Northern Lights suplex!

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Kickout by Belltron, but Gentlemen's Agreement have him right where they want him!

Lance:

In past appearances, we've seen them be experts at quick tags and attacks like we are now!

Sewell drags Belltron into the corner for the tag to Oliver Tarquin Monroe. He climbs into the ring as the former Royal Navy member hit a drop toehold on Jeff, followed by a jumping elbow drop to the back from OTM! After the double-team, OTM and Lord Sewell exchange handshakes, then drop a double elbow drop across Belltron's back!

DDK:

A little bit of showboating by Gentlemen's Agreement, but they keep control with their tag work! Belltron hasn't been able to find an opening of any kind.

Oliver looks out to the jeering Faithful before pulling Belltron up. Jeff tries to fight back with a pair of jabs that stun Oliver, but before he is able to get far, OTM cuts him off against the rope with a back elbow. He throws Belltron back to their corner, then hits a corner shoulder thrust! After he nails Belltron in the gut, a tag is made to Sewell and the two men assault him again, this time with a picture-perfect double hotshot in the corner! After Belltron falls back to the canvas, Sewell rolls over and puts a forearm in his face, grinding it for extra punishment as he covers.

ONE.. TWO...

But Sgt. Safety to the rescue with a leaping elbow of his own to break it up!

Lance:

That was a close one right there, but Sgt. Safety living up to his name and saving things in the nick of time!

DDK:

Very true, but Belltron still needs to get away long enough to make a tag!

Sgt. Safety gets the crowd behind him as he holds up the decibel meter. He looks over as Lord Sewell picks up Belltron for another suplex... but out of nowhere, Belltron surprises him with a vertical suplex counter! Both men are down, but Belltron has his eyes on Sgt. Safety!

DDK:

Great counter by Belltron! He turned that suplex against Sewell, but he needs to get to his corner!

The crowd cheers Sgt. Safety as he holds a hand out. Lord Sewell crawls over to tag Oliver, but when he gets in... it's too late! The tag is made to Sgt. Safety!

Lance:

Nice ovation for Sgt. Safety! He charges at Oliver... ducks a clothesline, but he hits the leaping back elbow off the

rebound!

Sgt. Safety is up and has OTM stunned! A hard Irish whip from the Sarge sends Monroe to the corner, where another leaping back elbow from Sgt. Safety hits him right in the chest! Sgt. Safety gives the crowd a big thumbs up... he checks to make sure the top rope is sturdy enough... then hurries to the top rope to deliver a missile dropkick to the chest of OTM!

DDK:

Sgt. Safety is a house of fire... pretty sure that kind of thing isn't safe at all, but way to live the schtick!

Safety gets back to his feet and when a groggy OTM tries to get up, he gets snapped down with a big jumping DDT! He rolls Oliver over and then hooks a leg.

ONE... TWO...

OTM kicks out! Sgt. Safety looks a little shook, but he stands up realizing he still has a chance.

DDK:

Kickout by Monroe! I thought that flurry might have been in!

Safety gets up and then goes for the Safety First... but before he can manage to land the leg drop bulldog, Monroe pulls away and Safety crashes to the mat on his tailbone! When Jeff Belltron tries to get back into the ring, a dropkick by OTM knocks him off the apron!

DDK:

And here comes OTM!

The tag goes to Lord Sewell! OTM grabs Sgt. Safety by a double underhook and then hoists him on Lord Sewell's shoulders... then DRILLS him into the mat with the Handshake Deal!

Lance:

Oooh! Handshake Deal! That's it!

Lord Sewell springs right into a leg hook as Oliver Tarquin Monroe looks out to make sure there are no more surprise covers.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT!**

OTM and Lord Sewell once again score a win and shake hands, to jeers from the crowd. Jeff Belltron tries to get back into the ring to look out for Sgt. Safety... but Gentlemen's Agreement do something that's very much not gentlemanly and then kick away at Belltron!

DDK:

Hey! Come on! You two won! If you're such gentlemen, you don't need to be doing this!

Oliver picks up Belltron and then drops him with Poor Etiquette! The double underhook neckbreaker plants him in the canvas, then Lord Sewell pulls Sgt. Safety up by his neck. The Faithful are jeering as OTM reaches into his pocket and pulls out a white dueling glove. He holds it out... then SMACKS Sgt. Safety with the glove! He crumbles under the

weight of a shot that seems like more he was punched with brass knuckles!

Lance:

Hey now! Was that... is that glove loaded?

DDK:

I can't tell, but that shot rocked Sgt. Safety! That seemed more like a knockout punch than a simple slap with a dueling glove!

OTM tucks the glove back into his pocket and then he and Lord Sewell shake hands over the prone bodies of both of their opponents before leaving the ring.

DDK:

I've heard rumblings that Gentlemen's Agreement has been growing very impatient in terms of not being granted opportunities on DEFtv yet. They now to move to 3-0 since moving up to the main roster... and it might only be a matter of time before they make a bigger impact.

UNCUT: UPCLOSE - THE MV STORY, PT.V

Previously on... UNCUT: UpClose...

[The MV Story - pt. I](#) ← click

[The MV Story - pt. II](#) ← click

[The MV Story - pt. III](#) ← click

[The MV Story - pt. IV](#) ← click

Once again, as has become somewhat customary, we shift gears over to DEFIAНCE's UpClose studio-set. A handsomely pre-recorded Lance Warner adjusts his glasses, and his posture, as he pivots towards the camera.

Lance:

It's time to get... **UpClose**. I'm Lance Warner.

The yellow lettering below his face confirms that statement as fact as Lance turns to a different camera just as the angle switches. So professional.

Lance:

Over the last several months, we've reserved time on UNCUT to retell a tale of brotherhood and betrayal... of unlikely friendship and inhuman rancor. The Masked Violators Story is a complicated one... one that has yet to be seen to its end. Despite, perhaps, the efforts of our guest this evening.

Turning towards another camera, we see that Lance is not alone on the set. Seated across from him with a certain stiff regalness about him, a dark figure waits.

Lance:

Lord Nigel Trickelbush, welcome to UNCUT: UpClose...

The camera cuts to His Lordship, a tight thin smile spread across his smarmy wrinkling face. His black bowler cap sits just slightly, almost mockingly, askew on his head. Eyes gray and piercing, the heavy, dark bags beneath them betray a level of exhaustion. Yellow lettering on the screen spells out his particularly unconventional name.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

It's an honor and a privilege, Dear Sir Lancelot.

Lance:

Is it safe to assume you've been following the story as we've presented it here?

Nigel splays his hands before him for effect before refolding them in a twisted steeple on his lap.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I am pleased that you have, in your question, framed your scurrilous effort as a "presentation". It reveals an understanding that what you've shown has been sensationalized and scandalized to the point of incredulity. What you have "presented" as "fact" is as slanted and as one-sided as anything I've ever seen on this or *any* program and I am grateful for the opportunity to not just set the record straight... but to also express my disappointment. My disappointment in YOU, Mr.Warner.

Good Ol' Lance doesn't sell it.

Lance:

Two weeks ago on this program, we heard from Masked Violator #1 who reasserted his commitment to, as he put it, "undo" what you've done to the man we call "Corvo Alpha"--

Nigel leans forward, sneering.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Has it occurred to you that I haven't "done" anything?

The word "done" is delivered with some effect and more venom.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Might you have considered that what I've asserted all along might be the truth? Could it be that you've pondered that it was Corvo Alpha who sought ME out?

As he speaks, still images of Alpha's unbridled violence scroll across our screens, with Lord Nigel relegated to a small corner box.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Have you marveled at the possibility he'd grown unexcited of his hum-drum, scrape-by life? Bored of his miserable family? Weary from being called "Number Two" behind a lesser man? Would it be so shocking to think that a trodden, outspent man might aspire to something greater? That he might leave the anguish of a ruined life behind to craft something better? To fashion something more perfect – on HIS terms? No one else's?

Coming back to Nigel full screen, we immediately regret it.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Answer me, Warner. Have you given any thought that perhaps Masked Violator #2 wanted to be MORE than a mask-wearing flunk? That, maybe, this is who he has always been? Deep down?

Lance moves to answer but is cut off again, more harshly this time. Louder.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

ANSWER me! Is it out of the realm of your thinking that a dirty, drinking, cheating, drug-addicted, road weary *wrestler* might want to peel off his sickly mask and be who he has always yearned to be?

A beat hangs in the air like a threatening blade overhead.

Lance:

I think–

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Do you *think*, perchance, that I didn't *steal* MV2 at all? Is there a reality out there, *somewhere*, that you might accept where I've set Corvo Alpha *free*?!?

The lenses of Warner's glasses flare under the lights but he never blinks behind them.

Lance:

No matter what I think, no matter the truth of it all... if this is what MV2 wanted or not... it strikes me as all just... terribly sad.

Lord Nigel near-dramatically sets back in his seat, head cocked to the side for a breath of a moment.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

"Sad", he says.

The camera slow-burn-zooms on Nigel's quizzical face.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Isn't it "sad" how I've been painted the villain? Isn't it sad that I've been cast as a manipulative monster while a man who's name no one knows, who's face no one knows, who's CHARACTER, no one truly knows, his word is accepted

as gospel?

Lord Nigel slowly rises to his feet. You'll find the volume and timber of his voice rises with him. His voice drips with spite.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Just as you, just as "MV1", just as the world cast my boy aside... took him for granted... resented him and rejected him, *I*¹ reject you. I repudiate *all* of you. How dare you sit on your high horse and judge the decisions I was forced to make? How dare your "masked hero" stamp me the scoundrel?! He won't rest until I'm "undone"?

Trickelbush levels a pointed, bony, pale finger in Warner's face. He looms over our reporter like impending doom.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

/ won't rest until he... let's it go.

Nigel's whole body suddenly relaxes, finger, hand, and arm slowly melting to his side.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

If he let it go, now, walked away now when it was easy. We could ALL move on!

Relief spreads across his face as he slowly retakes his seat, as if he'd already forgotten his outburst. A caricature, he is ridiculous.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

He has signed a contract so it's clear he plans to stay, no matter my feelings or intentions. Let's make it easy, can't we? Let's move on.

Warner clears his throat and adjusts in his chair.

Lance:

Uh... On [the last edition of DEFtv, you called out MV1](#) and asked him to appear next week at DEFtv 172, to-

Warner glances at the small cards in his hand, squinting.

Lance:

-to "parley one last time".

Warner adjusts the glasses on the bridge of his nose as he turns back to His Lordship.

Lance:

Is this your idea of "moving on"?

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

It's my idea of bringing about an end to this "presentation"... a fitting END to your "MV Story". Now, I suspect that your Red Ranger won't put things right next week. I fear, as you must, that things will escalate... I, too, anticipate a fatal confrontation between MV1 and Corvo Alpha. That's what this is building to, isn't it?

Leaning back in his chair, Nigel's smile is a melancholy smear.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

If you want to feel "sad" about something, feel sorry about that. Know that, all along the way, I worked to avoid what is coming. I've toiled to avert the crisis you mock with your perverse "presentation". The calamity you've not only invited, but that you've actively *promoted*.

Nigel stands again, this time far less confrontationally. Tugging at the waist of his jacket, Lord Trickelbush puffs out his

chest.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I imagine you'll get your collective wish. And when it's over, "MV1" will have no choice... but to move on. Because he'll see that Corvo Alpha undoubtedly has moved on from *him*.

On a dime, Nigel turns to make a stern exit from the set, but this time it's Warner who cuts his man off, throwing an arm up to symbolically block him.

Lance:

We haven't seen Corvo Alpha in weeks... does he even still answer to you?

Nigel frowns.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Again, you miss the mark. A breathtaking display of ignorance. I'll see you at DEFtv, Lancelot.

Nigel walks off, crossing the hard camera abruptly as Lance finds it with his steely, grizzled gaze.

Lance:

That's all the time we have. Tune in in two weeks when UNCUT gets... **UpClose**, one last time, with the Masked Violators Story.

Lance looks down to his notes as the scene fades to black.

399 DAYS

The bumps in the road make it hard to film but nonetheless, the most resilient Snowflake Superstar in existence persists by filming himself inside a taxi with a selfie stick in hand.

Malak Garland:

Don't I look good. I have no idea what Magdalena is talking about.

The cab driver minds his own business as they head towards the airport so Malak can jetset off to wherever DEFIAНCE is heading next.

Malak Garland:

I think this footage might be good if I decide to start my own vlog. What a deliciously delectable idea. I need some B roll footage though.

Malak points the lens of his phone camera out the window to capture some of the rural landscape.

Malak Garland:

I think this is an idea I will have to text Percy about. He needs to add music to my B roll footage.

Malak mucks about in the backseat until the cab pulls up to the airport terminal. He gets out and the cabbie is quick to unload Malak's many belongings. Garland pays the man via his preferred contactless payment method.

Malak Garland:

Thank you for your service and dedication. I would have liked a bigger taxi next time though so that will reflect in your tip. I usually ride in van cabs and this is clearly a sedan. I'm not about that life. Maybe do better next time, yeah?

Malak grabs his wheelie bag and shuffles into the terminal. He has to set his selfie stick down as he remembers he needs an item from his luggage. He swings the bag open and much to his surprise, his paper championship belt is the first thing laying on top.

Malak Garland:

Oh me, oh my. It's my Paper title belt! I kind of forgot about you if I'm being honest, which I always am. Lots to unpack here but not literally. I just need my anti-anxiety meds but now that I've laid eyes upon my title belt, a memory has been unlocked for me!

Malak gently touches the belt as he picks up his selfie stick and records the belt on top of his belongings.

Malak Garland:

See this, everyone? This is living proof I am a champion of life. I am the Paper champion after all! Maybe I should defend this belt!? Maybe? Hmm, quite a conundrum indeed. I've held onto this thing for quite some time but it's certainly not the record length. I tell you what, maybe on a future episode Uncut I will build some resiliency and defend this belt with honor.

Malak grabs his anti-anxiety meds and closes the lid to the luggage.

Malak Garland:

But for now, this belt will stay where it belongs; with me, collecting dust.

The feed to his phone abruptly cuts.

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: HENRY KEYES Â© vs. LEYENDA DE OCHO

Lance:

Coming up next, we've got a HELL of a main event on our hands, folks!

DDK:

That's right, Lance - Henry Keyes has successfully defended his Favoured Saints Championship against Conor Fuse and Rezin, but now he faces a man that, honestly, I can't believe would ever stand opposed to him in a wrestling ring - the Cartridge Cruiser himself, Leyenda de Ocho!

Lance:

The man they call LDO has made major waves in BRAZEN and on DEFtv, and as we saw earlier tonight, things have gotten VERY personal VERY quickly. Ocho feels slighted that he hasn't been included in Vae Victus's plans, Keebs.

DDK:

And Keyes wasn't very subtle about why - he thinks the luchador isn't up to snuff! Ocho certainly has a chance to prove him wrong tonight!

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

The house lights dim down as crashing piano chords, hard drum beats and a haunting voice floats through the Forrest County Multipurpose Center's speakers, and all eyes shoot to the entrance ramp.

♪ *Stranger fruit
How it grows and grows
We all saw the shoot
But we tend to the rose* ♪

Henry Keyes emerges from the curtain with the Favoured Saints Championship around his waist. He rolls his shoulders a few times, perhaps unknotting some knots from his earlier tag team match against the New Rain City Ronin, before slowly making his way to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is for THE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAAAAAAAMPIONSHIIIP! Introducing first, from San Francisco, California...weighing in at TWO hundred FORTY-NINE pounds, HE IS THE KRRRRRRRRRAKEN! Henry! KEEEEEEEEEEYES!

The boo-to-cheer ratio continues to shift in a dark direction as Keyes holds the Favoured Saints belt high in the air in the center of the ring.

Lance:

The champion chooses to come out first - maybe he's sending a message to his former protégé?

DDK:

Say what you will about Henry Keyes, and I have, and I will continue to do so...he's never been a man to back down from a challenge. Leyenda de Ocho had strong words for him as we saw earlier tonight, and it doesn't surprise me for a SECOND that Keyes would be chomping at the bit for this fight.

The slow, heavy soul metal beats fade out as Keyes prowls, cat-like, back and forth in the ring. A faint LDO chant picks up and quickly becomes not-so-faint as the fans chomp at the proverbial bit at this matchup. We expect to hear the nouveau-80's stylings of the Protomen any second now to introduce the beloved Favoured Saints challenger, the once-Tiniest-Plague-Doctor, but it doesn't come.

What we hear instead pops the handful of die-hard BRAZEN fans in the crowd, HARD.

♪ "Dragon Roost Island" by Mariachi Entertainment System ♪

As southwest-style acoustic guitars, flute, fiddles, and mariachi trumpets fill the air, we don't see the familiar luchador trappings of Leyenda de Ocho, which last we saw on DEFtv included gears and other homages to Henry Keyes. Instead, we see him in gear only familiar to eagle-eyed fans of DEFIAНCE's junior brand. He wears white trunks and rodeo chaps complete with white fringe, a black-and-white cow print poncho, a simple black mask that wraps around the entire top half of his head (save for eye holes), and a white ten gallon cowboy hat.

Darren Quimbey:

Aaaaand his opponent! Hailing from THE OLD WEST! Weighing in at ONE hundred EIGHTY eight pounds...he is THE GUNSLINGER...THE! WHITE! HAAAAAAAAAAAT!

DDK:

WHAT???

Lance:

Ocho has fought as The White Hat on occasion in BRAZEN, and rumors abound that there's even a THIRD Face of Ocho, but man - I don't think anyone expected this tonight!

DDK:

And look at Keyes! He didn't expect this either!

Indeed, Henry Keyes is BUG-EYED at the sight of The White Hat. He leans over the top ropes facing the ramp and shouts at his opponent, asking if he thinks this is some sort of game to him. White Hat ignores him, methodically making his way to the ring with a John Wayne strut that would make cowboys and Airship Pirates proud.

Lance:

What's important to know about The White Hat is that he's cagey, he's deliberate, and most importantly - he's got a code.

DDK:

I'm going to go out on a limb - Keyes isn't following that code, is he?

Lance:

Unlikely, which is why we're seeing The Gunslinger here and now!

White Hat hands his hat and poncho to a ringside crew member as music fades and "HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT!" chants pepper the crowd. Referee Johnny Fastcountini has to forcibly direct Keyes into an opposite corner because he's so bug-eyed and ready to fight. White Hat seems cool, calm, and collected. Fastcountini holds up the Favoured Saints title before handing it off and signaling for the bell.

DING DING

Keyes immediately launches forward looking to lock in a collar-and-elbow, and White Hat simply ducks beneath his grasping arms and takes a few steps around the ring. Angered by this, Keyes charges forward and swings hard with a Propeller Edge Chop attempt, which White Hat nimbly ducks, continuing his steps around the ring. Another chop attempt, another duck. Keyes puts his arms on his hips and huffs, pissed at the lack of actual fighting. White Hat is stonewalled.

Lance:

A matador and a bull if I ever saw one!

DDK:

He said he knew Keyes better than anyone in the locker room - so far, so true!

Keyes turns to his much smaller opponent and beckons him forward.

Henry Keyes:

You said you wanted a fight! FIGHT ME!

White Hat chooses not to reply with his words, instead holding his hand up. Keyes is perplexed that a man 60-plus pounds lighter than him would initiate a test of strength. After examining the hand for a moment, Keyes raises his own hand high in the air - much higher than White Hat's. Keyes gives a smirk as the crowd boos.

Lance:

Keyes clearly views this fight as a foregone conclusion.

DDK:

But look at White Hat here - he's not rattled at all!

Indeed, White Hat's hand continues to be raised, and after Keyes realizes that his taunt didn't land with his opponent, he reaches to clasp hands - only for White Hat to shoot low! He's got control of Keyes's left leg, and despite Keyes's best attempts to hop and regain balance, White Hat is able to pull at the leg and send him crashing into the ground! White Hat gives a few swift kicks to the downed Keyes's thigh before the overpowering strength of Keyes enables him to get out of the predicament and back to his feet. Keyes hurries forward and grabs a collar-and-elbow onto White Hat before gripping hard and LAUNCHING him into the corner - only for White Hat to catch himself on the top ropes and casually reposition himself so that he's sitting on the top turnbuckle!

OHHHHHHH!

Keyes is stunned at the sight for a moment before charging forward. White Hat flips over the charging Keyes and lands on his feet, and as Keyes turns around, White Hat catches him with a spinning kick to the abdomen, followed by a leg kick and an uppercut. Keyes is UNHAPPY at being uppercutted and gains collar-and-elbow control once again, this time inching closer to the ropes and launching his diminutive opponent over the top to the outside!

Lance:

Oooh! Bad landing for White Hat on the outside!

DDK:

Counter-punching is great, but it's hard to have an answer for the brute strength of The Kraken!

White Hat shakes the cobwebs out as he works towards regaining his bearings. Johnny Fastcountini, name coming to fruition, is somehow already on 6. At this revelation, White Hat scrambles up and launches himself under the bottom rope into the ring. Keyes immediately pounces, clubbering his opponent wherever he can with raining elbow strikes. Fastcountini quickly counts to four, forcing a break, and before Keyes can fully get to his feet, he's met with a sudden chop block!

Henry Keyes:

AAAH!

White Hat wastes no time and CRANKS the chop-blocked leg into an almost bridging single-leg Boston Crab! The crowd rises quickly, this hold looking way gnarlier than they would have EVER expected to see given the matchup and the fact that this is advertised as an UNCUT match. Fastcountini is pleading with Keyes, asking if he's ready to submit, but after an excruciatingly long stretch of time, and with a lurch and a heave, Keyes is able to overpower White Hat and kick him off, sending him stumbling to the corner. Keyes gets to his feet, though he's clearly favoring that chop-blocked leg, and he charges forward with a European Uppercut that lands FLUSH on White Hat.

Lance:

BIG strike from The Kraken!

Keyes takes a step back and slaps his leg, hoping to get some life back into it, before stepping forward and popping White Hat again with a forearm strike. Keyes leans into the corner with White Hat, locks up, and gets ready to launch him across the ring with a BIEL - WHITE HAT LANDS ON HIS FEET! White Hat charges forward - LOW DROP KICK ON THE INJURED LEG! Keyes is down! White Hat scurries to the top rope and flies, landing a top rope knee drop flush onto the head of Keyes!!

Lance:

HIGH NOON!

DDK:

UPSET OF THE YEAR!

White Hat scrambles for the pinfall!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Keyes, JUST able to kick out of that one!

DDK:

He may be a sonofabitch these days, but he's a TOUGH sonofabitch! I thought that was it!

Keyes clearly knows how close he came to losing his Favoured Saints championship as he scurries to the ropes for a breather. The one eye we see goes back and forth between White Hat, the ring corner, and back and forth again. Sweating, disheveled, and scrambled, Keyes finally makes his way to his feet - White Hat, on the other hand, looks as cool and calm as the opening moments of the match. Keyes's visible eye goes wide as he heaves with deep breaths in the corner - after a few moments, he tiredly beckons his man to Come At Him, Bro. White Hat senses weakness and charges forward - Keyes springs to action, sidestepping White Hat's oncoming lariat and sending him face first into the turnbuckle! Without giving him a moment's respite, Keyes grabs the back of White Hat's head and RAMS him into the top turnbuckle over, and over, and over again! Fastcountini interjects and insists upon a break, which Keyes obliges - only for him to come in for something truly gross.

Lance:

OH GOD! PROPELLOR EDGE CHOP TO THE BACK OF WHITE HAT'S HEAD, INTO THAT TURNBUCKLE!

DDK:

Eughhh...that's not right, Lance.

White Hat crumples in a heap. He could probably be pinned here, but Keyes insists upon dragging his man to the middle of the ring by the wrists. He lifts his torso off the mat and launches forward-

Lance:

COIN!

Everyone hates seeing this fucking knee strike, including Keyes, whose eye is welling up with tears. He sets White Hat up for a second Coin, but White Hat just drops to the ground, and Keyes loses it at the sight, relinquishing wrist control and nearly crying as he retreats to a corner.

DDK:

This feels like a moment in time for the career of Henry Keyes.

Lance:

Or maybe a point of no return.

DDK:

Leyenda de Ocho came out tonight as The White Hat, and maybe he hasn't had the best win-loss record in DEFIAНCE history, but damn it, he's a FIGHTER! He rode with Keyes for years! He knows the heart of this man! He DEFIANTly stood up to Henry Keyes when he felt it was right!

Lance:

Keyes has said over and over for weeks now that he's all in on Vae Victis, Lindsay Troy, and their us-against-the-world warpath, but the human emotion here may be too much to-

Keyes halts his aggressive sobbing as he gets to his feet and wipes his face. He grabs White Hat's wrists one more time and pulls his man up off the ground for a moment.

Henry Keyes:

VAE VICTIS.

He pulls White Hat forward, HARD, into another knee strike. As the second Coin connects, the last tear on Keyes's cheek evaporates. Both legs are hooked.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner, and STILLLLLLL, FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION....HENRYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEYES!

Keyes is handed his championship belt and immediately rolls out of the ring. He makes his way to the back as quickly as possible, refusing to look in the ring.

Lance:

First Conor Fuse, then Rezin, now Leyenda de Ocho, or shall we say the White Hat...that's three defenses, Keebs!

DDK:

One more successful defense and he's got a date with the Southern Heritage Champion, Scrow, in the near future!

UNCUT comes to a close.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.