

SHOW OPEN



[♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪](#)

Las Vegas welcomes DEFIA NCE as the Orleans Arena is hyped for DEFtv 175! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway. There's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and the DEFflatron above the entrance.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

REZIN AND GOLF CARTS DON'T MIX

VV GUM CHEWING CHAMPION 2022

WHO DO I HAVE TO TALK TO IN ORDER TO DAY DRINK WITH PAT?

DEFUND ROLAND

WHO'S ROLAND?

CORVO IS A MANCHILD

PUT THE MASK BACK ON, MV1!

DR NED SHOULD CALL HIS COFFEE SHOP "THE SMUG MUG"

I WISH MALAK WAS MORE SENSITIVE TO OTHERS FEELINGS

CAN WE GET A WELLNESS CHECK ON LORD SEWELL?

DON'T TELL TRICKELBUSH ABOUT THE QUEEN

AARDMARK MARK vvv

LAS VEGAS IS PRIME COUNTRY

MASON AND MAX WELCOME HOME!!!

LUCKY SEVENS COUNTRY (NO MORROWS ALLOWED)

VEGAS STOP AND NO SNS WTF

The crowd has moved to the Commentation Station where "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner are ready to bring to you the goings-on of the night's proceedings!

DDK:

What a night we had for Night One! After our FIST of DEFIA NCE Deacon retained in a classic against former two-time FIST Oscar Burns, The Mute Freak now looks ahead to our main event tonight! Another former FIST, "The Queen of The Ring" Lindsay Troy, takes on the former three-time Favoured Saints Champion Rezin! Can The Escape Artist escape with the ultimate win in tonight's tournament or will the leader of Vae Victis make it to the top of the throne at

the end of the ACTS Tournament?

Lance:

And also, we have Gentlemen's Agreement against Gulf Coast Connection! Former Southern Heritage Champion Scrow in action! Tyler Fuse takes on High Flyer IV from BRAZEN after his recent confrontation with his father, Jack Harmen! But up next, Masked Violator #1 tries to shake off the specter of Alvaro de Vargas long enough to fight against Thomas Slaine in our opening match!

MV1 vs. THOMAS SLAINE

DDK:

Las Vegas is ALIVE tonight for a landmark night two of DEFtv 175!

Lance:

But first...

The camera cuts to the ring where a tattoo'd and ornery Thomas Slaine is arguing with fans at ringside, leaning over the top rope to do so.

Lance:

...Thomas Slaine, already in the ring, awaits his opponent in our opening match!

DDK:

Slaine has been on one of the most prolific losing streaks DEFIAENCE has ever seen, Lance. He seems as determined as ever to change that but... I'm as skeptical as ever that tonight is the night!

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

Lance:

His opponent is a reformed tag team specialist who is still trying to find his groove as a singles competitor and is, perhaps, becoming one of the most exciting wrestlers in DEF to watch! Which is saying something!

Darren Quimbey:

And now coming to the ring... hailing from Parts Undisclosed and weighing in tonight at 240 pounds... he is **MASKED VIOLATOR #1!**

MV1 bursts through the curtain with a single arm and a single finger raised high over his head. Dressed in his signature bright red wrestling singlet and matching boots & pads, his wrestling mask stands out starkly. This time instead of being a matching red, it's a bright blue with yellow & red trim.

DDK:

It isn't easy to find your groove when you're being repeatedly assaulted and accosted by Alvaro de Vargas!

As MV1 makes his way down the aisle, a corner of our screen is dedicated to still images from DEFtv 174, featuring ADV backfisting MV1 out of shot, followed by an image of ADV working to tear MV1's mask off his head, and finally a still of a cackling de Vargas holding the stolen red wrestling mask over his head like a prize.

Lance:

So true, Keebs. Alvaro de Vargas' brutal attack last week had some concerned for MV1's well-being so while it's certainly encouraging to see him out here competing tonight, it's plain to see that he has yet to retrieve his wrestling mask back from de Vargas and Morrow!

DDK:

Well, he certainly-

Lance:

OHH!

Without warning, Slaine charges and DIVES through two ropes to the outside – and MV1 quickly side-steps, leading Slaine to painfully, awkwardly, and dramatically SPLAT on the ringside floor.

SPLAT

See?

DDK:

Slaine isn't wasting any time! Desperate for a win!

MV1 almost chuckles as he "helps" the would-be hardcore "icon", Slaine, back to his feet and rolls him under the bottom rope and back into the ring. MV1 is quick to follow him and, after a quick check-in by official Jonny Fastcountini, the bell sounds to the delight of the crowd.

DING DING

DDK: We are underway!

Lance:

You mentioned Slaine not wasting time - CHOPBLOCK to MV1's right leg! Just rolling it under him!

DDK:

Slaine slides back out of the ring, grabs MV1's leg and SLAMS it down on the canvas!

Fascountini chides Slaine as Slaine is quick to SLAM MV1's leg around the ringpost. Not once, but twice. MV1 screams in agony and quickly pulls himself out of the corner, scurrying backwards away from Slaine.

Lance:

Thomas Slaine came up hard. His childhood was not a pleasant one, we are told. But while we don't know much about MV1's upbringing, we have seen enough about his character INSIDE the ring to know that these underhanded tactics by Slaine just won't play against MV1!

DDK:

Slaine; back in the ring and back on the attack, laying in those kicks to that targeted leg - but, to your point, MV1 is clawing his way up the ropes and to his feet! Battling back! Throwing elbows! Throwing open strikes! MV1 has Slaine reeling!!

Lance:

EYE CLAW by Thomas Slaine!

DDK:

Slaine hits the ropes! MV1 with the leapfrog! Slaine, on the comeback, ANOTHER leapfrog by MV1! 1 CATCHES Slaine with a back kick to the jaw! MV1 charges to the far ropes now - LEAPS! MV1 with a SUNSET FLIP! A PIN!

ONE**TWO****KICKOUT!!****Lance:**

Both men to their feet!! MV1 ducks a wild clothesline! Ducks a back elbow from Slaine! Slaine with a spinning forearm - MV1 springboards out of the way - ARMDRAG by MV1 sends Slaine lurching across the ring! Back up! ANOTHER arm drag by MV1! ANOTHER CHOPBLOCK FROM SLAINE takes the wind out of MV1's momentum!

The crowd boos, gaining Slaines full attention as he rises back to his feet. He takes a moment to jaw with front-row fans, eliciting more negativity, before turning back to MV1 who is pulling himself back upright.

DDK:

Side headlock by Slaine! But not for long! MV1 slips behind - SUPLEX! INTO A BRIDGE! Slaine's shoulders are down and-

ONE!

TWO!

NOO! Slaine kicks out!

Lance:

Did you see at that, Keebler? MV1's right knee BUCKLED at the last moment! Giving Slaine an opportunity to kick out and extend this contest!

MV1 finds his footing, taking a moment to brace his right knee with both hands. His blue mask twisted up in discomfort.

DDK:

This doesn't bode well as- OHH! Slaine went for a crossbody but no one was home! MV1 just DIPPED outta there! He's back up! Slaine CHARGES! HEAD-SCISSORS by MV1!

Lance:

If MV1 *has* hurt his leg, it hasn't grounded him! Meanwhile, Slaine is getting impatient and frustrated, you can read it all over him! Standing DROPKICK from MV1 sends Slaine spilling over the top rope and out of the ring!!

DDK:

And MV1 is keeping the pressure on! Measures Slaine! RUNNING TWISTING DIVE to Slaine on the outside!! Picture perfect!

The crowd lets MV1 know it as he carefully regains his footing, grabs Slaine, and gingerly puts him back on the ring apron and into the ring. As he does so, a slow-motion replay presents the acrobatic move that just unfolded, flash bulbs punctuating the flight and its impact in split screen.

DDK:

As MV1 re-enters the ring – OHHH! Low blow from Thomas Slaine brings MV1 collapsing to the canvas!

Jonny Fastcountini gets in Slaine's face, offering a stern warning but Slaine's exhausted and half delirious visage indicates he can't hear a word being said to him.

Lance:

Slaine is slow to his feet... reaches down to grab MV1- OH! FLASH ROLL-UP BY MASKED VIOLATOR #1!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THRE- NOOO!!! KICKOUT!!!!!!

Lance:

Slaine is fired up! At his wits end! He meets MV1 before MV1 can get to his feet and CLUBS him with forearms, lays in the knees! A series of elbows! Slaine pulls MV1 to his feet! Front chancery! NO! MV1 with a SMOOTH reversal into a rear hammerlock that has Slaine dizzy!

DDK:

Running Bulldog by MV1! Center of the ring!

Lance:

And MV1 is calling for something here!

1 bolts back to his feet, his right hand finding and bracing his right knee as he does so, holding a single finger up in the air. A portion of the crowd holds up the "1" with him as MV1 bounds for the turnbuckle and climbs...

DDK:

Even with that hurt wheel, he is taking to the air here! Poised and perched on the top rope!

Lance:

SOMERSAULT LEGDROP!!! MV1 rolls back over, hooks the leg!

ONE!!**TWO!!****THREEEE!!****DING DING DING**

The faithful hit their feet with the sound of the three and the ringing of the bell, fingers held high.

DDK:

MV1 has done it!

♪ "The Fixer" by Pearl Jam ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match... M... V... 1!!!

Lance:

As Thomas Slaine extends his incredible losing streak, Masked Violator #1 bounces back after a less than ideal appearance last show... and while that knee may be of some concern, this is an important victory!

DDK:

An important victory on an important show as ACTS of DEFIANCE looms!

A VERY SPECIAL INTERVIEW

Fresh off his win over Thomas Slaine, Masked Violator #1 starts to leave the ring and takes in some cheers from the Faithful.

DDK:

This issue with Alvaro de Vargas doesn't seem to have hindered MV1 as far as his in-ring abilities go.

Lance:

Yeah, he overcame the brawler... wait...

MV1 stops in his tracks outside the ring, looking up at the DEFIATron now starting to light up...

UNCUT: UpClose XTRA

DDK:

UNCUT UpClose XTRA? What's the meaning of this?

Lance:

I don't know. We saw Masked Violator 1 in his campaign to help his former tag partner, Corvo Alpha, conduct these UNCUT: UpClose features with me. We did it to learn more about their extensive history. But... that footage has aired.

The studio is the same set-up as before in previous installments... however... the crowd boos when it's not Lance Warner who appears on screen for this apparent UNCUT: UpClose

It's the manager of Better Future Talent Agency, Tom Morrow, dressed up as Lance Warner.

Lance:

What the hell is this?

Tom..., er, "Lance":

Hi! I'm 49-year-old virgin Lance Warner and because I have apparently nothing better to do with my time, I'm going to waste valuable breath and airtime doing this special episode of UNCUT: UpClose XTRA. Ladies and gentlemen... Masked Violator 1. The camera cuts to the other side.

It's "Masked Violator 1" wearing a very bad knock-off of MV1's original mask. And it's clearly Alvaro de Vargas underneath said mask.

Lance:

HEY!

DDK:

Seriously... what in the hell is this?

"Lance":

MV1, how are you today... as if anyone gives a rat's ass...

"MV1": [in awful American accent]

Que bola... oh, I mean... I'm a sad little pendejo... other than that, the constant crying into my pillow at night cause I'm an overwhelming failure... I'm pretty good, eh? You?

"Lance":

Well, I have to do THIS interview right now instead of talking to the REAL stars of DEFIANCE like THE star, "El Sol Dorado" Alvaro de Vargas.

“MV1”:

Si... uh... I mean yes.

The real Masked Violator 1 is watching this unfold along with the rest of the DEFIAНCE Faithful, nonplussed.

“Lance”:

All right, paint us all a picture. It's been a trying few weeks for you, Mister... uh... One? Violator One? Whatever... your former best friend leaves because Corvo Alpha and Lord Nigel helps him become a major name in quick fashion! Already a former Favoured Saints Champion. You, on the other hand... well, hit me in the head right now during this interview so I can actually see some stars...

“MV1”:

Hey! That was mean! You take that back or I'll... I'll... I'll make you interview me even more!

“Lance”:

Oh, God no! Not that! Okay, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!

The crowd is booing even louder as MV1 is starting to look angrier. Meanwhile, “Lance” is leaning back in his seat.

“Lance”:

Okay, okay... so you pick fights with people bigger than you like Alvaro de Vargas. You have the brass ones to ask for a spot in a tournament you don't deserve. ADV pummels you for weeks. What's going through your mind?

“MV1”:

That this mask makes me look like a walking Mike and Ike that sucks donkey balls. And also... man, I stepped in it! I stepped in it bad! Shucks! I shouldn't have gotten in ADV's way! Cause now I'm on his poop-list... I say poop cause I don't cuss cause I want to be a good example for the daughter of my best friend... you know, the one I let down at Maximum DEFIAНCE cause I couldn't beat Corvo...

OOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHH!

DDK:

That son of a...

Lance:

That classless piece of garbage...

The blood has to be boiling with MV1 as he watches the demeanor of the false MV1 shift.

“MV1”:

All right... enough of this...

The fake mask comes off... then ADV unties his hair out of a short ponytail in the back.

Alvaro de Vargas:

PENDEJO! MV-Uno. I got your attention yet? You don't like me talking about you and making this personal? You asked for something you didn't deserve like a spot in the ACTS Tournament that should have been MINE! That made this personal TO ME. Now YOU know how it feels.

MV1 continues watching as ADV starts to stand from the seat he's in.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Are you mad now? Quieres hacer algo al respecto? Are you tired of me making fun of you? Beating on you? Well, Uno... all you have to do is accept my challenge to a match at MAXIMUM DEFIAНCE.

DDK:

And he couldn't just ask for that upfront? He had to play these mind games?

ADV balls up the fake mask in his palm.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Cause one way or another, this is going to end between us, pendejo. Eres idiota. You didn't even realize how close you were flying to the sun...

He puts the fake mask on the table in front of him. ADV remains out of view... until one of his signature fireballs lights up the mask!

Alvaro de Vargas:

...Until it was too late.

Black.

And back to MV1, blood boiling like he wants to hurt his massive tormentor.

DDK:

Wow... the challenge laid out by Alvaro de Vargas for ACTS of DEFIANCE. What's MV1 going to do?

MV1 looks out to the Faithful. He points up at the tron... and nods!

Lance:

I think that might be his answer! He's not going to let ADV bully him any more.

DDK:

We'll notify you all if this match becomes official for ACTS of DEFIANCE!

COMMERCIAL: ACTS of DEFIANCE 2022

THE CONVERSATION

A single leg is across the frame of the screen as JJ Dixon awkwardly stands in the doorway, very similar to the poster from The Graduate. JJ is wearing a button down shirt tucked into jeans. The camera then shows Teri Melton sitting in a chair, both hands clutching the side. Her hair is now curled as there's a veil over it filled with white daisies, along with a black dress with the strap down past her shoulder, and a bright red/gold shawl over her other shoulder to the other side of her dress. She takes a puff from her cigarette holder and blows the smoke in the air. Zoltan, dressed forever in his dark suit, stands behind her.

Teri Melton:

There you are, Mr. Dixon. I knew you'd see the err of your ways and return to my services.

JJ Dixon nervously sighs.

JJ Dixon:

I don't know about that, Teri -- I mean, Madame. But since you did provide a lot for me, I figured I owe you a conversation just like I do Earl Lee.

Teri Melton:

Yes. And that's what I want to talk to you about, Mr. Dixon.

Teri gets up from the chair.

Teri Melton:

Now, I want you to understand that Earl Lee has an agenda. He wants you to forget all about how he was not there for you, which he has even admitted. He's of the mindset where a father can't possibly be friends with someone who isn't a father who just does not understand those demands.

Teri takes a few steps closer to JJ.

Teri Melton:

And Earl Lee, just think about where his so-called training and mentorship led you. How many nights did Earl Lee pressure you to go out drinking at some honkey tonk bar as opposed to getting a good night sleep to get better at your job? How many times did he convince you to head out to get some barbecue as opposed to doing actual training and dieting? How many times did Earl Lee Roberts let you down in one of your tag matches, matches that you could have and should have won if he could just keep up in the ring?

JJ takes a deep breath as Teri eyes him up and down.

Teri Melton:

Mr. Dixon, this may be hard to hear. But Earl Lee never wanted you to get better. Because he knew that once you realized that you were better than him, you would surpass him and leave him far behind. You would make him look like an utter embarrassment. So he kept you under his thumb this whole time. He ignored you. He used you. Now he's trying to manipulate and gaslight you into believe his side of the story, and deep down inside you know he did this the entire time.

Teri's wide-eyed face turns to a look of worry, as she puts her hand to her temple.

Teri Melton:

I know what men like Earl Lee Roberts are like, Mr. Dixon. I know what he is capable of doing, Mr. Dixon. He wants to keep you from me because . Why, I bet right now, he's planning on doing something utterly devious to hurt me!

JJ Dixon:

No! Earl Lee, he ain't like that. He was raised right! He would never do anything to hurt a lady!

Teri Melton:

Well, Mr. Dixon, I'm not so sure of that. And I don't think you are, either. His agenda is to prevent you from meeting your potential. My agenda is to make you realize it.

JJ Dixon just shakes his head furious.

JJ Dixon:

I... I've got to go.

JJ storms out of the room. Teri smirks and puffs from her cigarette and blows the cloud in the air.

Teri Melton:

Zoltan, go check on the car.

Zoltan:

Of course, Madame.

He leaves.

TYLER FUSE vs. HIGH FLYER IV

DDK:

We have a very interesting contest coming up. Based on two weeks ago, Tyler Fuse called out Jack Harmen. Tyler said when he and Conor were kids, Conor's hero was Jack and Conor ended up dragging Tyler into the wrestling business along with him. As a result, Tyler blames Jack for getting the Fuse Bros. into wrestling...

Lance:

It's a really complicated and strange situation, to be honest. Tyler's independent, he says he hates wrestling. He could leave the industry if he wanted to...

DDK:

But Tyler also recognizes he's good *at* wrestling.

Lance:

So? I figure I'm good at things I wouldn't like to do. Doesn't mean I do them.

Warner expresses confusion.

Lance:

Also, shouldn't Tyler be mad at Conor for getting him into wrestling, too?

DDK:

Not touching that one, Lance. Not. At. All.

There's a pause between them, then Keebler keeps it rolling.

DDK:

Well either way, coming up we have Tyler Fuse against Jack Harmen's son, High Flyer IV. Let's go to ringside and Darren Quimbey.

The scene switches to inside the squared circle.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL!

The Vegas Faithful chant ONE FALL in return!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania... weighing one-hundred-seventy-eight pounds... HIGH FLYER FOUR!!!

♪ "Ain't It Funny" by Danny Brown ♪

The crowd gives a cheer for Jack Harman's kid, as he arrives from behind the FIST logo. Flyer begins pumping up the crowd as he skips and hops his way down, allowing the energy of the fans to flow through him with ease.

DDK:

We've seen HFIV before, many times in BRAZEN and also on the main roster. This has to be one of his highest profile matches.

High Flyer's in the ring and his theme song is replaced.

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred-eight pounds... TYLER FUSE!!

With much different energy comes The OG Player. Tyler methodically strolls out from behind the FIST logo, eyes locked to the center of the ring. He calmly makes his way down and slides into the wrestling structure.

DDK:

No pyro. No showing off. Tyler's only here to do one thing.

Lance:

Yeah, the one thing he apparently "hates".

Referee Brian Slater asks both men if they're ready and calls for the bell.

DING DING

Tyler Fuse circles around the canvas while High Flyer IV turns with Tyler's every move. Finally, Intensity Personified emerges and locks into a grapple with Flyer. The kid is quick on his feet, though. He slips behind Tyler and has him by the waist. The vet (at least when compared to HFIV) fires off a few back elbows to break free from the hold. Tyler spins Flyer around and connects with a German suplex, likely the move HFIV was trying to perform, or at least one that's similar.

Tyler applies the boots to Flyer... before Jack Harmen's kid finds the ropes. Referee Brian Slater starts the five count and Tyler takes the ref to the limit of 4.999 before backing away.

HFIV uses the ropes to stand but Tyler Fuse bursts forward and crushes the kid with an inside-out clothesline, where Flyer flips around twice before crashing to the mat. Back to the boots Tyler Fuse goes.

DDK:

It's like Tyler is trying to educate Flyer with how merciless he is.

Lance:

Make no mistake, HFIV has been around a few years. He's held tag team gold in BRAZEN. He's battled the likes of Rezin on the main roster, who is no pushover himself despite what others will tell you.

Fuse drags Flyer to his feet and connects with a release snap suplex. HFIV lands in the center of the ring, Tyler marches over and drops a hard elbow to the chest. The elder Fuse pulls Flyer vertical... and connects with three HARD knife edge chops.

Immediately after, Flyer's chest is red and bleeding, minorly. Fuse hurls High Flyer into a corner, before following directly after him. Flyer is met with a clothesline, knocking the spit right out of his mouth, almost instantaneously after he connects with the buckle.

Lance:

Smart move. HFIV is way faster than Tyler, and he knows it. Fuse makes sure the slippery HFIV doesn't escape his next offensive move, so he follows him straight into the corner and nails him RIGHT after IV meets the padding.

Fuse with a hammer throw, sending Flyer to the middle of the ring. This is followed by an exploder suplex and then three more knife edge chops, working HFIV into a corner. Tyler smacks Flyer across the face with an open hand slap. This ignites the crowd.

It also ignites the kid.

Flyer returns the favour with some knife edge chops of his own. He works Tyler to the middle of the ring, knocks Fuse in the side of the head with an elbow and then performs a corkscrew suplex!

HFIV kips to his feet. He claps his hands for a brief second, waiting for Tyler Fuse to get on his feet, too. Once The OG Player is up, IV charges and looks for a yakuza kick...

Fuse ducks. Flyer goes into the next ropes...

And hits a springboard flying crossbody block on Tyler.

The crowd cheers and IV is on his feet again. He starts roundhouse kicking Fuse every time the former DEFIANCE Tag Team Champion finds his feet. Over and over again... HFIV puts the disgruntled Bro to the mat until he Irish whips Tyler into the ropes, leaps in the air...

DDK:

Oh! Tyler Fuse catches Flyer!

Pop-up powerbomb!

Fuse asks for a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

The crowd cheers. Tyler doesn't like it, but he also doesn't break. The X gamer whips High Flyer IV away from him, only to latch onto Flyer's arm and bring him back.

Discus clothesline.

Tyler left his feet, while leveling HFIV so hard it flipped him inside-out again, twice, before Harman smacked the canvas face-first. Tyler stomps over and boots Flyer square in the head.

The OG Player methodically drags a broken down HF upright.

And cranks the kid with a hard left hand, followed by a pendulum backbreaker and leg drop. Tyler keeps his foot over Flyer, while hooking a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Stomp, stomp, stomp, stompstompstomp. Fuse remains on the offensive. He's diving his right boot directly into Flyer's head and neck as many times as he can before throwing HFIV into a snap suplex, followed by a dragon suplex and finalized by a falcon arrow suplex. Fuse hooks both legs.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

It was close but not a three.

Again, Tyler remains unphased. He bounces off the ropes and connects with a HARD missile dropkick to HFIV's face.

DDK:

You have to hand it to Tyler. He's one of the guys who just doesn't get rattled when he's unable to finish a match. He simply keeps on going.

Fuse positions Harmen near a turnbuckle pad. He goes to the top rope.

Lance:

Albeit Tyler is much slower arriving at the top rope than his brother... but he can still pack a punch.

Fuse flies off with an elbow drop...

That misses!

HFIV shoots to his feet. New life has been worked into the crowd. Flyer hits the ropes and connects with a diving crossbody block on Tyler. HFIV has the crowd energized... he hits the ropes again and a second diving crossbody block connects.

Tyler refuses to stay down, although he's wobbly. And High Flyer wants to keep the fast paced action going. IV bounces off the ropes, looking for a third flying crossbody.

DDK:

Caught! Tyler caught Flyer!

Powerslam.

Into an arm bar submission.

The crowd is cheering for IV to break the hold. He's close to the ropes. HF reaches out...

And Tyler breaks the hold, dragging High Flyer to the center of the ring, applying the arm bar again!

The crowd rumbles their feet. They want to see the upset happen and more of Jack Harman's kid. Flyer throws his free arm in the air, hoping to find the momentum to be able to move towards the ropes again.

Flyer moves. He inches a little closer!

Flyer throws his right arm up again, in an attempt to crash it back down to the mat and slide his body towards the rope break...

Fyler moves again. He inches closer!

And again.

Again!

He's more than halfway there by now!

DDK:

Let's go Flyer!

The crowd continues rumbling their feet. Tyler Fuse's face, however, never cracks. As Harman waves his free arm in the air, in another attempt to move towards the ropes...

This time Tyler Fuse violently throws his own back on the canvas, furthering the tension in the arm bar submission.

Flyer screams. He doesn't have the momentum needed to move. In fact, he doesn't have momentum to do anything.

The crowd still cheers. High Flyer IV, however, has nowhere to go.

Fuse pulls back even more.

CRACK.

High Flyer IV immediately taps out.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... TYLER FUSE!!!

The fans boo but to his credit, Tyler drops the arm bar submission.

DDK:

This doesn't look good, Lance...

After Tyler drops the arm bar, Flyer instantly rolls to his side and takes hold of his left arm, shouting in pain. Brian Slater doesn't raise Tyler's hand. Instead the referee monitors Flyer, dropping to his knees and checking on the kid. The exchange isn't picked up well on camera but it sounds like Flyer says something along the lines of "I heard a pop".

Fuse methodically stands in the center of the ring. The crowd boos as his theme music plays.

Lance:

Flyer spent too long in the arm bar and when Tyler found that added leverage, it was game over. No pun intended.

Another referee, Carla Ferrari, quickly scurries down the rampway with DEFSec behind her. The group slides into the ring and checks on High Flyer. He continues to say he heard a pop and now thinks he may have broken his arm.

DDK:

Jeeze.

Jack Harmen, too, emerges from the back. He power-walks down the rampway, paying no attention to Tyler Fuse. He simply wants to check on his son. Jack slides into the ring and takes two knees beside everyone else. Meanwhile, Tyler stands in the center of the squared circle, peering into the crowd... then he stoically turns his head and witnesses the damage he's done.

Fuse merely drops to both knees, slides out of the ring and walks up the rampway.

DDK:

I have to hand it to High Flyer but he held on for too long.

Halfway up the ramp, the camera catches Tyler Fuse mouthing off quietly.

Tyler Fuse:

Wrestling doesn't love you back.

The scene switches to High Flyer IV continuing to receive medical help.

DDK:

We have to go to commercial, folks. It doesn't look good here but if we have any updates later on, we'll keep you posted.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE

UNTIL NEXT WE MEET

Backstage, DEFstaff mill hither and thither. Lord Nigel Trickelbush glides into the lens' view, dressed smartly in a grim smokey suit. His eyes dart all around him, his odd smile pinned into place, his thin pale hands clasped and folded at his chest. Searching and scanning the wide corridor, panning and peering into the nearest room with forced interest, Lord Nigel turns back towards the camera and perhaps finds his quarry – his gray eyes suddenly alight with curiosity.

Our shot pivots to follow his fascinated gaze... to find a focused and centered High Queen DEFIAINT, Lindsay Troy, fresh from her pre-match warmups, striding down the hall with purpose in every step. Trickelbush slips into her path with equal purpose. Coming just short of plowing over and through him, Troy pulls up, annoyed and agitated.

Lindsay Troy:

You lost, Mr. Banks? Did your creepy meatsack fly away on a kite?

Trickelbush mocks apology, sweeping his bowler cap from his head and gracefully bowing before her. His icy eyes slowly rise back to her.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Grant me a moment, won't you? You may not be the flower I seek, but you are a rose nonetheless-

Troy steps forward, leading Lord Nigel to awkwardly stumble backward. He catches himself just before falling over.

Lindsay Troy:

Curb your silver tongue, Nigel, before I rip it from your mouth.

Lord Nigel demures, fanning his face with his cap.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I simply wish to express my sincere amazement at your most recent success! This emerging sect of yours is...

He delights in the next word, eying her creepily as he does so.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Formidable. Your performance in This Tournament of Ours, event after event, not just advancing but ASCENDING! And tonight... the biggest night of all! A chance to show the world that this edge of yours is ever-lasting... an opportunity, once more, to show the world how DANGEROUS you are!

LT's patience is whisper thin as Lord Nigel rediscovers his courage and takes a step closer to Troy, setting his bowler cap back atop his head carefully.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

In another lifetime... on some other world... one can only wonder what we might accomplish together.

The ACE narrows her eyes, clearly not in the mood for this buttering-up.

Lindsay Troy:

And maybe in that other lifetime, you and Corvo Alpha wouldn't have made the mistake of trying to destroy Henry Keyes.

She leans down to Nigel and sneers.

Lindsay Troy:

Because in this lifetime, I haven't forgotten about that. And, I haven't forgotten what I said about making sure I run you both out of DEFIA. So tread lightly; I still plan on making good on that promise.

Lord Nigel half melts into his suit, dripping with faux offense as the Queen of the Ring brushes past him.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Fare well tonight, Miss Troy. Until next we meet!

To Lance and Keebs we go!

GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT vs. GULF COAST CONNECTION

DDK:

The issue between Gentlemen's Agreement and The Dangerous Mix in the span of two weeks went from simple confrontation to getting personal quickly. We saw two weeks ago that Lord Sewell and Oliver Tarquin Monroe insulting the Dangerous Mix of David Fox and Mushighara. Then on our special 125th UNCUT episode last week....

Several still play on the DEFIAtron of Gentlemen's Agreement attacking David Fox with their loaded glove, some saying ultimately costing them the Unified Tag Team Titles. Stills of Mushighara taking Seven Stars from The Lucky Sevens and getting pinned as a result.

Lance:

Gentlemen's Agreement have been a very effective tag team, but have bemoaned their lack of true opportunities in the ring. They claim to be gentlemen from a time long past, but clearly they're willing to cheat people out of their opportunities so they can get their own.

DDK:

Well, tonight, they'll get a chance! They take on the Gulf Coast Connection tandem of The Crescent City Kid and Theodore Cain coming up next!

The camera goes to Darren Quimbey in-ring for the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first... From New Orleans, Louisiana... at a combined weight of 460 pounds... "Wingman" Titus Campbell! The Crescent City Kid! **GULF! COAST! CONNECTION!**

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

The duo make their way out from the back to a nice pop from the crowd! "The Wingman" Titus Campbell has on the Gulf Coast Connection Mardi Gras-themed jester hat, along with Crescent City Kid, getting the crowd fired up!

DDK:

We've seen Campbell and Crescent City Kid work great as a tandem in the past! GA better not underestimate them!

Lance:

Their third member, Theodore Cain, isn't here tonight due to nursing a possible rib injury from his match last night against the very aggressive and impressive Aaron King. The new BFTA member already proving his mettle.

Titus Campbell brings up the rear and the powerhouse throws a jester hat out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, CCK gives his own jester hat to a young girl in the audience with her parents before they get to the ring. Campbell and CCK bump fists and get ready for their opponents.

♪ "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 yellow epaulets. and Oliver Tarquin Monroe with a dark gray sleeveless coat. He takes it off to reveal a sleeveless button-up shirt and tie, which he adjusts, but his arms are free to show off his physique.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents.. 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 while getting jeers from the crowd. Oliver Tarquin Monroe has the familiar white glove - that some suspect is loaded - tucked away in his vest and ditched it with his attire at ringside.

DDK:

We have seen Gentlemen's Agreement use that white glove to knock out opponents. No doubt loaded... it knocked David Fox clean out last week during the Unified Tag Title match!

Lance:

Without Theodore Cain at ringside, Gulf Coast Connection better watch their backs!

CCK and Oliver Tarquin Monroe start for their teams as the bell rings.

DING DING

At the bell, the technical wrestler locks up with the masked young high-flyer and grounds him quickly with a go-behind into a rear waistlock takedown. He spins around on the mat and locks in a front facelock with one hand, keeping CCK grounded rather quickly while he uses his free hand and holds it out for the jeering crowd. He lets go of the hold and walks over to Lord Sewell in the corner. They shake hands to more jeering from the Las Vegas Faithful!

DDK:

And quickly, Gentlemen's Agreement claiming to be gentlemen, but only extend that behavior to themselves and no one else.

Lance:

Quickly earning themselves no favors!

Oliver Tarquin Monroe picks up CCK and then hits a European uppercut that staggers him into the ropes. OTM then makes with the Irish whippage, but when he comes back, CCK rolls over his back and lands on his feet behind Monroe. When he turns, The Kid comes off the ropes with a dropkick that makes him stagger! OTM tries to scramble to his feet when CCK runs the ropes and hits him with a flying headscissors, sending him to the Gulf Coast Connection's corner!

DDK:

OTM should have focused on keeping CCK down instead of disrespecting him like that!

The Kid charges the corner and leaps up for a monkey flip, but not before first tagging Campbell! CCK snaps over Monroe with a huge monkey flip and then runs off the ropes. He comes back and SMACKS OTM over with a charging shoulder!

Lance:

What a great double team! And now The Wingman and CCK having their way!

The 6'6" and 276-pound Floridian grabs him by the arm and whips him to the corner. He charges with a splash and then tags CCK again. He pins OTM to the corner and lets CCK get into the ring. He quickly climbs up the ropes and uses Titus' shoulders as a launching pad to hit a flying cross body!

DDK:

Big dive! Nice teamwork by the Gulf Coast Connection! Cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Monroe gets the shoulder up, but The Kid tries to keep him grounded with an arm bar.

Lance:

Wow! Get a load of Crescent City Kid trying to keep OTM at bay with that hold!

The larger Tarquin still manages to get back up and almost gets to his corner. Just a few inches shy of tagging Lord Sewell, he moves back! The two circle up and Lord Sewell reaches out to grab CCK, but gets reprimanded by the official Carla Ferrari. She tells him to back off but when he's focused on Sewell, Monroe pulls back on The Kid's mask! He goes to adjust it, but when he does, Monroe whips him to the corner and hits a running midsection knee strike to knock over The Kid!

DDK:

Questionable tactics there, but effective nonetheless! Sewell distracted Ferrari and let Monroe go after the mask!

OTM reaches over and tags Lord Sewell in for the first time. They both pick up CCK and whip him to the ropes before Sewell drops him down with a drop toe hold. He kneels over and allows OTM to leap off his back to hit an elevated elbow drop to the back of The Kid! CCK howls after the drop and allows Lord Sewell to go to work! The Elder Technician then picks up The Kid off the mat and then drops him across his knee using a big pendulum backbreaker! After he drops him, he reaches out and once again shakes the hand of Oliver on the apron!

Lance:

Oh, come on! Almost nothing these two have done has been above board!

Lord Sewell tags into OTM once again and they attempt a double-team! CCK fights back with a forearm to each man, but they double team him with a double knee to the chest. He gets sent to the ropes and then gets caught with a double hip toss... but both stop and catch him into a double team backbreaker this time!

DDK:

Oooh! What a vicious double-team! They've completely stopped any momentum CCK had!

Monroe hooks the leg of CCK!

ONE...

TWO...

But Titus comes in and drags Monroe off his partner! He tries to do more, but Carla Ferrari warns him to go back to the corner. As her attention is diverted, OTM motions for Sewell to get in so they can both put the boots to The Kid! They get more jeers and as this happens, OTM quickly slaps hands loudly while Carla's attention is still on forcing Titus Campbell back!

DDK:

Oh come on, Carla! That wasn't a legal tag!

Lance:

We know that, but she heard it and assumed the tag was made! She's letting Lord Sewell in the ring!

Sewell hits another backbreaker and keeps him down on his back. He continues trying to break The Kid in literal half with the backbreaker submission! Titus Campbell is pacing on his corner of the ring, yelling for crowd support. They get it while Lord Sewell continues to punish his back.

DDK:

CCK getting cheered on by the Las Vegas Faithful! The Gulf Coast Connection remain popular with the fans through thick and thin!

Lance:

True. Crescent City Kid trying to fight!

He scraps at Lord Sewell and keeps swinging away at the arm to try and free himself! He almost does, but Sewell quickly switches tactics and drops an elbow to the gut to stop him! Lord Sewell laughs and climbs over to Monroe for

another tag. They both whip CCK into the ropes again and then both attempt a lift...

DDK:

NO! OOOH! DOUBLE CCT BY CCK!

They both try a double flapjack, but at the apex, CCK grabs the respective heads of both men and drives them down with a pendulum DDT he calls the CCT! Both OTM and Lord Sewell are down and out with CCK now finally having a clear path to Titus Campbell for the first time! The Wingman hears the crowd and holds a hand out for CCK.

DDK:

Can he get to his corner... He does! The Wingman is in!

The Faithful cheer for the Wingman as he waits for both OTM and Lord Sewell to get up! He pops Lord Sewell with a big clubbing clothesline, then one for Monroe! When Lord Sewell tries to stand up, he gets dumped on his back with a big body slam! The same feat is repeated for Oliver Tarquin Monroe! When he stands in between them, he charges the ropes... Both men try to get up, only for The Wingman to fly right into both of them with a leaping shoulder block off the ropes!

Lance:

The Wingman takes flight with a big shoulder block! He's feeling this crowd right now!

Titus gets up and feeds off the energy from the crowd in the corner. Lord Sewell is down on the ground while OTM is trying to stand in the corner opposite The Wingman. He holds out his hands imitating a plane, then speeds forward and nails Monroe in the corner with a big splash followed by throwing him out of the corner. When Monroe lands, Campbell slowly climbs up to the middle rope and then leaps off with the Take Flight headbutt off the second rope!

DDK:

The Wingman take flight... with Take Flight! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Lance:

No! Lord Sewell makes the save!

Lord Sewell breaks up the fall with a knee drop to the back of The Wingman's head! He drops something on the mat next to OTM, but what it is isn't known when Crescent City Kid leaps up and tries to tackle him out of the ring. Sewell spins The Kid around and throws him outside. Titus rushes over and grabs Lord Sewell in the fireman's carry position to set up an Airplane Spin. Lord Sewell tries to grab Carla's arm to pull himself free and gets pushed away.

Lance:

Titus almost knocks Carla off her feet!

But out of the blue, Titus gets SMACKED across the head with the loaded glove of Oliver Tarquin Monroe!

DDK:

Hey! The loaded glove strikes again!

The big man doesn't go down, but does stumble! OTM tucks the loaded glove back into his tights and with Lord Sewell's help, gets him on the shoulders...

DDK:

HANDSHAKE DEAL! THAT'S IT!

OTM hooks both of the legs for the cover.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

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

Lord Sewell helps Oliver to his feet and the two once again shake hands while a disappointed Crescent City Kid goes to help Titus Campbell roll out of the ring.

DDK:

For the second show in a row, we see that white glove aid in knocking someone out and once more help Gentlemen's Agreement win a match!

Lance:

And now... oh, boy, they have something to say, too.

Lord Sewell and OTM both look out to the jeering crowd. OTM takes a moment to catch his breath after the match.

OTM:

Another victory for Gentlemen's Agreement! And yet... Lord Sewell... I can't help but feel an aura of disappointment.

Lord Sewell takes the microphone. He also takes a moment to catch his breath.

Lord Sewell:

I agree. We get airtime to voice our various grievances with this company... and we're treated as less than what we are by The Dangerous Mix. They get a title shot... and they blow it, my dear boy. Same old story.

DDK:

Because you attacked David Fox.

Lord Sewell:

And you know what this means, don't you, Mr. Monroe?

OTM nods. And they both yell into the microphone.

OTM and Lord Sewell:

WE DEMAND SATISFACTION!

More jeers as Monroe takes the microphone back.

OTM:

Here's what we propose. David Fox... and the one-word beast... we will meet you in this ring next week in a parlay to lay down the terms for a match! Since we've both been told that pistols at dawn are not only outlawed, but could result in jail time... we will use the confines of this squared circle to give you both the perfectly legal thrashing you deserve. Meet us here in two weeks so we may discuss the terms!

OTM and Lord Sewell take their leave as they head to the back.

DDK:

Well, there you have it! Lord Sewell and Oliver Tarquin Monroe want a match with the Dangerous Mix! Will they get it? The ball is in the court of David Fox and Mushi!

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN

IN SHAMBLES, SO HE THINKS

Ravanna is seen backstage with Reaper the Grey. Much like you normally see her she is on her phone talking. We cut from her to see a figure walking but all you see is their feet. Grey notices the figure and steps in front of Ravanna. When the figure finally comes into view it's none other than Nigel Trickelbush. His bowler cap clutched in his hands, Nigel is every bit the cat that ate the canary at the sight of Ravanna.

Ravanna:

Hold on a minute.

She holds the phone to her chest.

Ravanna:

Can I help you with something, Mr. Trickelbush?

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Oh, Ravanna, darling... It's been far too long. And please. With the formalities! Please, call me Nigel, my dear, and no, it is *I* who is here to help *you*.

Reaper the Grey:

You got some rocks showing up here without your backup.

Reaper cracks his knuckles. Nigel regards the Grey with some interest, head to toe and back up again.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Rocks. Yes. Of course. *[Turning back to Ravanna]* You'll have to tell me where you found him and if there are more.

Ravanna:

Stand down Grey, I can make time for you Mr. Trickelbush after all you were the one to put this all together now weren't you?

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Nigel, please! And yes, I suppose I did. Many years ago, to be sure... but please don't lay the burden of the Kabal's sad story at my feet. I was an independent contractor of sorts in those times. I played my part. "The Collector" collects, I suppose. But look at the state of you today! Your house is in a shambles, my dear! All of them! But it doesn't need to be that way. I... think I might be of service to the House of the Harvest once more if you and Your Lord can put your shared pride aside and-

Ravanna:

Yea, well things have been rather rocky over the past few months. Regardless though Mr. Lord has kept his House in check. What happens in The House of Fear Lords, and the House of The Hand is of no concern to us. Now if that is all Mr. Trickelbush...

Ravanna puts the phone to her head once more and walks off followed by Grey. Lord Nigel gingerly sets the bowler cap back atop his head and finds his fake plastic smile again. He nods at Ravanna, then Reaper the Grey in turn.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Please, just Nigel.

Offering a slight bow as he backs out of the room, Lord Nigel doffs his cap as we fade out.

THE SOUTHERN BASTERDS TALK IT OUT

Christine Zane stands at the top of the entranceway with JJ Dixon.

Christine Zane:

I'm here right now to moderate a clearing-of-the-air conversation between JJ Dixon and his fellow Southern Basterd Earl Lee Roberts. Only, Earl's not here.

JJ Dixon:

I'm not sure what's going on, Christine. I heard from plenty of people that Earl Lee is here tonight. And I know Earl Lee -- he's a man of his word. He's the one who asked for this conversation... I just hope --

Earl Lee comes jogging out, panting a bit.

Earl Lee Roberts:

Aw, I'm sorry I'm late. I was in the back, having some catering from Buckhorn Exchange, and Facetiming with my old lady and baby girl back home. Then someone told me that I'd better go check on my car, so I did, and saw that I've got a flat tire. I was looking to change that real quick and then realized I was behind schedule a bit.

JJ Dixon:

Well, Earl Lee. That's kind of the problem with us as of late. What I'm going through just doesn't seem to matter to you all that much.

Earl Lee Roberts:

Awww, JJ. Come on, brother. You know that ain't the case. But I've got a baby girl at home. In fact, you were the first person outside me and my wife to hold her! But I admit it. I didn't know about your financial problems and your struggles, and I should have. I apologize for all of that, brother.

JJ Dixon:

That's big of you, Earl. And that means a lot. But it's more than just that. I'm sick of losing matches. I'm sick of working harder than anyone in the locker room without having any of the payoff. I'm sick of being looked at as a jobber. I want more than this. And I'm not sure you do, Earl.

Earl Lee Roberts:

Look, JJ. My whole life, I've spent fighting. I'm not going to say that I'm the best technical wrestler because I ain't. But I am one hell of a fighter, and you know that I don't quit. But I do admit that I don't always train the hardest. And I know how badly you want to take your career to the next level, and I respect that, JJ. But I think Crazy Teri Melton got you mixed up in your head a little bit. So, what I'm sayin' and what I'm askin'... I'm willing to go even harder and fight even more than I have. I'm doing this now for my baby girl at home. But I'm also doing this for you, JJ. Because you do deserve the opportunity to get where we all know you should be at already... and plus, you're my family!

JJ Dixon just nods and looks as if he is in agreement.

Earl Lee Roberts:

So, JJ. Just hear me out real quick. I understand just how important my family is, and you're a part of that family. I know I wasn't there for you the past few months. And I know I need to up my game so you can up yours. So what I'm saying... let's just put this behind us right now, hug it out, and take The Southern Basterds to the level where we always knew it should go to!

Earl Lee Roberts holds his arms out for a hug.

DDK:

Aww, you can just hear the sincerity in Earl Lee's voice and you can hear that the crowd wants this, too!

SOUTHERN BASTERDS! SOUTHERN BASTERDS!

JJ pauses. He looks up and smiles. And he holds his arms out wide.

DDK:

And it looks like JJ wants this, too. But, wait, something's happening backstage --

The camera cuts to a locker room where Teri Melton is on the floor, holding her stomach as medics and security attend to her. Zoltan walks into the scene from the doorway, holding a plate of food, which he drops as he moves to her side..

Teri Melton:

Oh god, please help me... JJ... Earl Lee attacked me... Ohhhhhh... I need your help, JJ....

JJ stares at the video and then turns to Earl Lee.

JJ Dixon:

Did you do this? Did you attack her?

Earl Lee Roberts:

Come on, JJ. You know I'd never attack no woman!

JJ turns to walk back to the locker room. Earl Lee grabs him by the shoulder and --

DDK:

OH NO! JJ DIXON JUST LEVELED EARL LEE ROBERTS WITH A CLOTHESLINE! He can't believe it! He's shocked! JJ's apologizing and helping Earl Lee up... OH NO! EARL LEE JUST LEVELED JJ WITH A PUNCH TO THE FACE!

Earl Lee Roberts:

What the hell is wrong with you, man?

DDK:

JJ JUST KICKED EARL LEE DOWN LOW! He gets up and now slugs Earl Lee in the face! We've got a hockey brawl going on, with both these men slugging each other! JJ is now on top of Earl Lee, pounding away! You can just see the years of frustration built up!

The lights go out black.

♪ *Toccata and Fugue in D Minor by Bach* ♪

The lights come back on and in front of the area is Teri Melton, her eyes closed as she pantomimes playing a symphony orchestra! JJ is standing up as Earl Lee Roberts is on all fours, trying to pick himself up. Zoltan is next to JJ with a steel folding chair. He pounds the chair on the floor --

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

Before he unfolds it and sets it up.

JJ Dixon:

Get up! Get up, Earl!

Teri Melton steps in front of the camera and opens her eyes and lets out a cold smile.

Teri Melton:

Teri Melton... is ready... for her closeup!

Teri takes a Broadway bow --

DDK:

JJ Dixon helps Earl Lee up with a full nelson - OH NO! HE JUST DROPPED HIM FACE FIRST INTO THAT CHAIR! EARL LEE SCREAMING IN PAIN! He might have a broken nose or jaw or worse!

Lance:

And Teri Melton seems just fine to me! This has all the feel of a set-up!

JJ Dixon is just staring at what he did, in disbelief. But Teri Melton stands with her back to the scene and makes her "come hither" finger without even looking. JJ, his mouth dropped wide open in disbelief, still stares back even as he walks to Teri's side, as she clutches his elbow and they walk away as she has a giant woflish smile.

SCROW vs. "SUN TWIST" SKYLAR

♪ "Welcome 2 Hell" by Eminem and Royce da 5'9 ♪

Scrow's DEFTRON video plays as the Raven's Eye steps from behind the curtain about a couple of moments later. His wet black hair draped over his right eye, his monocle now with an etched Raven's eye in the glass. He is in orange ring gear with yellow trim and blackbirds on the shin pad and on the side of his trunks. His new logo is of a bird trying to escape a puddle of ooze on the front of his trunks. That same logo is on the back of his black leather coat.

Scrow heads to the OUT OF NOWHERE!

Skylar spins Scrow around and cracks him over the head with a coconut, the same coconut necklace he wears to the ring. Scrow quickly drops down to the stage holding his head in pain. Skylar wastes no time ignoring the sea full of boob birds and stomps away at Scrow.

DDK:

Scrow never saw him coming!

The camera catches Scrow and he is busted open!

Lance:

Skylar, one of the newest Brazen, is taking it to the former SOHER.

STS picks up Scrow and levels him with a discus lariat! The back of Scrow's head slams against the steel of the entranceway. Skylar looks out to the sea of heat he is receiving. He picks up his coconut necklace and puts it around his neck again. He struts to the ring, while Scrow has his hands and arms covering the majority of his head.

DDK:

What an arrogant man this Sun Twist Skylar is.

Lance:

If he was trying to make a statement to DEFIAНCE, hard to say it was not heard.

STS reaches ringside and just struts around proud of himself and jawing with a few fans on his trip around the ring. He slowly walks up the steps and enters the ring getting a mouthful from Johnny Fastcount. Skylar climbs the ropes and takes off his necklace again and raises it in the air to dislike of the Faithful.

DDK:

So proud of himself for using a weapon to get the advantage over a former champion.

Lance:

Well, his five minutes of fame look to be coming to an end here, Scrow is getting up.

Scrow has managed to get to his feet, and staggers to the ring, blood really starts to flow from the gash in his head. Skylar looks from the turnbuckle as Scrow slides into the ring. Johnny checks on Scrow and he motions for the timekeeper to ring the bell.

DING DING

Skylar hops off the turnbuckle and drives a few elbow drops to the back of Scrow. Before lifting him up and shoving him in the corner. He pie faces him and then continues to mock Scrow. Where Scrow finally retaliates and strikes STS with a knife edge chop that sends the strongman back a bit. He returns and tries a chop of his own. Scrow blocks it and quickly takes STS to the ground in a half angel wing submission. Lucky for STS he is able to get his foot on the

bottom rope. Scrow breaks the hold at three. The Raven's Eye slowly gets to his feet, as STS slides out of the ring. Scrow rubs some of the blood out of his eye.

DDK:

If Skylar is going to keep this momentum he needs to keep his ego in check, it only takes a few seconds for Scrow to surprise his opponent with the Raven's Call.

Lance:

If he watched that proving grounds match on DEFTV 174, he should know that...IF.

Backstage:

Ravanna and Reaper the Grey watch the match on the monitor. Ravanna just seems stoic, but Grey seems to be enjoying the match.

In the Ring:

Scrow slides out of the ring, and catches STS from behind he chops at Skylar over and over, mixed with some stiff punches. STS manages to counter and looks for a german suplex. He lifts Scrow up...

DDK:

Scrow flips behind STS!

Scrow shoves Skylar head first into the ring post, dropping the three-hundred-pound strongman. Scrow staggers about the blood still flowing, he slides in the ring to break the count and back out once more. Scrow picks up STS and now he is busted open!

DDK:

The former SOHER has returned the favor it would seem!

Lance:

This match looks to be turning into a bloodbath!

Scrow irish whips Skylar right into the steel steps followed quickly by a devastating knee strike compressing Sun-Twist's head against the steps. Scrow gets to his feet hobbling a bit but resumes his attack. He picks up STS and throws him in the ring. Skylar is trying to now rub his own blood out of his eyes. Scrow who is breathing heavy steps through the second and top rope.

DDK:

The Raven's Eye is now seeing red and is going for the kill here.

Lance:

Turnabout is fair play here.

Skylar crawls to the corner, and now is begging Scrow to not hurt him. The Raven's Eye just flips his hair behind his head and moves in only for Skylar to grab his trunks and pull him into the turnbuckle. STS quickly gets to his feet and nails a release german suplex. He points at his head, for a second and then grabs Scrow once more and nails a release belly-to-belly suplex. STS hops to his feet breathing heavily as he soaks in the heat he is getting from the crowd.

DDK:

Scrow got suckered in and Skylar has once more taken control back!

Lance:

I have to say the power of this man is remarkable. Scrow is nowhere near the size of say Minute, but Skylar is tossing him around the ring like he is.

He moves in as Scrow stumbles into the corner, just as he is about striking distance. Scrow surprises Sun-Twist Skylar with a barrage of kicks, fists, and knife-edge chops. Skylar backtracks to the center of the ring and Scrow quickly hits a jawbreaker, followed by a lariat! Scrow goes for a cover.

ONE
TWO
KICKOUT!

Scrow heads for the turnbuckles and begins climbing them. Just as Skylar gets to his feet.. Scrow leaps with a double ax handle....Skylar catches him mid-flight and launches him with a release belly-to-belly suplex, forcing Scrow to slam upside down into the opposite turnbuckles. The Faithful shouted "Oh!" Skylar is slow to get to his feet, when he does he hits the opposite turnbuckle and charges at Scrow who is upside down in the corner.

DDK:

Skylar with a cannonball in the corner!

STS gets to his feet rubbing the blood from his eyes and drags Scrow to the center of the ring and covers!

ONE!
TWO!
THR...Shoulder Up!

Skylar argues with Johnny about the count. STS picks up Scrow once more...

Backstage:

Ravanna and Grey have not taken their eyes off of the monitor in the back.

In the Ring:

Skylar grabs Scrow setting him up for a belly-to-belly, only it's the release belly to belly. Scrow manages to land on his feet, to a pop from The Faithful! Skylar turns around and is met with a superkick! The massive Brazen star wobbles back and forth until Scrow kicks him in the gut and hits a powerbomb pinfall!

ONE!
TWO!
THRE...Kick Out!

The Faithful shouted in surprise. Scrow hits the mat face first, leaving a small puddle of blood under his face.

DDK:

Both men are beating the hell out of each other here. They are both bloody messes, but can not seem to put each other away.

Lance:

Sun Twist Skylar has been impressive here for his first match on DEFTV.

As Johnny has reached a nine count, both men manage to get to their feet and begin to trade knife edge chops back and forth. Skylar tries another chop but Scrow ducks it and hits the ropes and catches Skylar with a sling blade! Scrow hops to his feet waiting for Skylar to get to his.

DDK:

Scrow might be looking for the Raven's Call here!

STS manages to look over at Scrow poised to strike, he rolls out of the ring. Leaving Scrow annoyed and The Faithful outraged. STS points to his head while he jaws with a few Faithful outside the ring one certain fan really gets under his nerves, he has completely forgotten the count, or Scrow for that matter who is now perched on the top rope.

DDK:

Skylar has no idea...Scrow from the top MOONSAULT!

Skylar is nailed by Scrow who gets up and braces himself with help from the barricade as the fans who are close by having a chance to pat Scrow on his arms and chest before he pushes himself away from them.

Lance:

Scrow has been doing some high-flying moves as of late, aerial moves you have not seen him do very much.

Scrow grabs STS and throws him in the ring. Once more he waits for Skylar to get to his feet, The Sun Twist man is on Groggy Street, and just as he turns around...

DDK:

RAVEN'S CALL! Scrow with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING

♪ "Welcome 2 Hell" by Eminem and Royce da 5'9 ♪

Darren Quimbley:

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

DDK:

Scrow picks up another win here tonight and continues his winning ways, but it appears he has something to say.

Scrow has a microphone and breathing heavily his music cuts.

Scrow: [breathing heavily]

Ravanna!

Backstage:

Ravanna has not changed her stoic glance at the monitor, Grey on the other hand is upset.

In the Ring:**Scrow: [breathing heavily]**

Ravanna!

Backstage:**Reaper the Grey:**

I will take care of this personally.

As RTG begins to walk away Ravanna stops him.

Ravanna:

Mr. Lord would not want you to dirty your hands...[she looks back at the monitor, as Scrow continues to call her name] at least not yet.

In the Ring:**Scrow: [breathing heavily]**

Ravanna! Scrow knows you are in the back so let him put it to you this way. He wants Hive's contract, and he is willing to do whatever it takes to free her from your little house on the prairie group. So what exactly do you want?

♪ "See you... in Hell" by Christopher Drake ♪

DDK:

Scrow wants to free Hive from the House of The Harvest and it looks like he is going to get his answer tonight.

Lance:

Crimson Lord's house has been putting Scrow through hell these last few weeks. I doubt freeing Hive from her duties to his house is going to be an easy thing for Scrow to achieve.

DDK:

One would have to wonder though does she really want to leave the house? She has chosen Lord over Scrow already, not to mention has been helping the house beat down Scrow as well. This could all be for naught.

Ravanna steps from behind the curtain with Grey. The music cuts.

Ravanna:

Anything you say, *[she takes a moment to think on the proposal until she comes to a decision]* let's just say I have something in mind, but you are not going to get your answer here tonight.

The Faithful show their dissatisfaction from that response as The house's theme hits again and Ravanna just stares at Scrow before leaving him in the ring, with his thoughts wondering just what exactly she has in mind?

DDK:

Ravanna has something up her sleeve, judging by how we have gotten to know her it can not be anything good for Scrow.

Lance:

What exactly is Scrow going to have to do to free Hive from the clutches of The Kabal's House of The Harvest?

Scrow stares at the empty entranceway for a moment before exiting the ring and heading up the ramp.

COMMERCIAL: DEFonDEMAND

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THE CONVERSATION, PART 2

JJ Dixon is despondent in his dressing room, crying frantically. Teri Melton sits nonchalantly in her chair, with a stern look on her face.

JJ Dixon:

I can't believe I did that! You... you lying psychopath! He didn't attack you! Earl Lee's in the hospital because you set me up!

Teri Melton:

Yes, I did set you up, Mr. Dixon. But let's be honest. You knew deep down inside what I was going to do. Like I told you. Earl Lee Robers was going to manipulate you and gaslight you into seeing his version of the truth. And there you were, about to fall for what he said, about to hug a man who failed you so many times in the past. A man who lies and calls you a 'brother' in order to keep you in line. And he played on your heartstrings and it was about to work... until I stepped in.

Teri dramatically stands up and walks closely to JJ, invading his personal space.

Teri Melton:

Is that what you wanted, Mr. Dixon? To remain a member of a struggling tag team? Or do you want to become what you and I know what you can and will become? And that's a Leading Man? You could have walked away, Mr. Dixon. But instead, you attacked Earl Lee and broke his face because deep down inside it's because it's what you have always wanted to do. You CHOSE to do this. All I did was give you a bit of incentive to be man enough to finally break free from his grasp. Am I wrong, Mr. Dixon?

Teri starts to run her finger up and down his bare arm. JJ pauses and gulps.

JJ Dixon:

I... I have to go.

He storms out of the locker room as Teri sneers as he leaves.

A NEW DIRECTION

DDK:

We are moments away from the main event and the finals of the FIST Tournament. However, I'm told Conor Fuse will be out to address his most recent match, a semi-finals loss to Lindsay Troy at the UNCUT 125 special.

♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪

Fuse walks out to a massive pop from The Faithful but he's not alone. Malak Garland wanders behind him, almost like a lost puppy dog, following the gamer down the ramp while wearing a "cOnOr gOt screwed, suppOrt cOnOr tOday" t-shirt. (Yes, that's a shirt now.) Conor smiles and smacks a few hands, although he's clearly working through the disappointment of losing one week ago. It's also clear Malak Garland may not have been invited to join him in the ring but is doing so regardless.

The Ultimate Gamer approaches the end of the rampway. He leaps onto the apron and then clears the top ropes in another impressive display, the entrance he's usually known for. Fuse lands perfectly in the center of the ring on his own two feet while his theme song dies down.

The cheers do not.

!RANK
!RANK
!RANK

Garland enters the ring as well. He was initially trailing far behind, presumably picking an argument with a fan in the front row. The Keyboard King claps for Conor Fuse as The Character Formerly Known as Player Two seems appreciative of The Faithful... and still off-put by his nemesis who's acting friendly.

Conor Fuse:

Last week didn't go as I had hoped.

Conor nods at the thought of remembering his loss.

Conor Fuse:

But I **am** getting closer to the Main Event, Last Level Legend I intend to be. When I signed up for this game, I NEVER thought there would be on Easy Mode. I know getting to the top is difficult. I've main evented before. Hell, I even main evented a DEFCON. But to go for the FIST of DEFIANCE... and to WIN the FIST of DEFIANCE is a completely, different, story...

Garland seems triggered. He rattles with anxiety, shaking the ropes as his body trembles. Gosh, he would probably kill for an Easy Mode too but he allows the Locker Room Leader the time and space to exist. Conor tries to power through, even though he can see Malak from the corner of his eye.

Conor Fuse:

So what's next for Conor Fuse on his journey? TBH, I'm not sure. I've had a lot of side quests recently but I'm hoping...

Conor continues trying to speak through Malak Garland's meltdown.

Conor Fuse:

I'm hoping...

Fuse stalls. He turns away from Malak.

Conor Fuse:

I'm hoping...

Conor can't help but see the ring ropes shake, from every side of the ring.

Conor Fuse:

I'm...

Finally, The Power-Up King gives in.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, dude. What the hell is it?

Fuse snaps around to Garland, expressing a tone of voice suggesting he's exhausted with Malak's antics. Garland, however, doesn't stop quivering. If Malak IS doing this for show, he's doing a damn good job. Conor politely holds the mic out. Malak steps up to the plate and looks timidly into the crowd. He opens his mouth but at this point, even Deacon has more to say than The Social Media Savant.

Malak Garland:

Uh.

The Snowflake Superstar can't find the words. He tries to open his mouth but nothing comes out again. His eyes meet Conor's... then fall back to the canvas floor. Then they find Conor again... and fall back to the canvas floor.

Fuse shakes his head.

Conor Fuse:

Man, honestly. You gotta get it together. If you want to be friends, fine. You've done a lot of bad things to me. Stole my friends, ended my abilities to tag with my brother. Sideswiped me every chance you get.

Conor looks Malak over. He sighs.

Conor Fuse:

I guess you could be worse, though.

Garland tries to put together a thankful grin but his anxiety won't allow it.

Conor Fuse:

Okay man, let's get talking.

Conor walks over to Malak and offers the microphone. Garland continues to shake profusely. He looks at the microphone and then at Conor. FINALLY, the former Tag Champion and leader of The Comments Section leans forward and like a shy toddler, being encouraged to speak up for himself, he gives it a try.

Malak Garland:

I. FIST of DEFIANCE.

Pause.

Malak Garland:

Lost, too.

The crowd boos wildly as Garland begins sobbing while Conor rolls his eyes with a WTF look on his face. Fuse takes the microphone back.

Conor Fuse:

Seriously, don't make me smack you upside the head. Yeah, you lost your FIST of DEFIANCE match to Deacon, I know. I was there. I had a part in it.

Garland reaches out and pats Fuse on the back like it's okay and all is forgiven on his end. Malak leans forward, as if expecting Conor to put the mic in front of his face once more. Fuse does.

Malak Garland:

Wow, lots to unpack here. You know who is at fault for all of this? The fWo. Yeah, I just name dropped them HARD. Don't get me started on the soapbox I could go on about that shit hole of a fed. The fWo was the fLaWeD wReStLiNg oRgAnIzAtIoN everyone loves to circle jerk about!

DDK: *[not impressed]*

Okkkkkaaaayyyy, he found some words.

Malak Garland:

Deacon was from fWo and I lost to him! It's his fault! Lindsay Troy was from fWo and you lost to her! It's her fault! It's not like the Fuse Bros. were ever in such a shit place! fWo is a stupid organization everyone still holds in high regard when in reality everyone is just horny for a nineties nostalgia trip. The fWo is SOOOOO nineties and no one cares about the past anymore. I should know. I was born in the nineties! It's all about right now and everyone knows how Deacon and LT are utterly IRRELEVANT in today's wrestling landscape!

DDK:

He was born in ninety-nine. I'd hardly call him familiar with the nineties.

Garland stops to sooth his ongoing anxiety.

Malak Garland:

It's not your fault, Conor. It's all Deacon's and fWo's fault. I really hate the FwO.

DDK:

Great, so he's changed the narrative.

Lance:

Whatever helps him sleep at night.

Conor takes the mic back, unsure of what to say. He crinkles his face together, reaches out... and mildly pats Garland on the back to some light boos from the Vegas Faithful.

Conor Fuse:

Alright, so as I was saying...

But Garland sticks his face forward once again, as if indirectly asking to speak. Conor, eventually, gives in.

Malak Garland:

You don't have a direction for ACTS of DEFIANCE? cOnOr, you know what they say. If you choose not to choose then the choice will be made for you. TAKE CONTROL OF YOUR OWN NARRATIVE, CONOR!

Fuse shakes his head no. The Mega Troll stops to contemplate but then points to himself.

Malak Garland:

Conor. It's okay because I've chosen not to choose either! I don't have any plans for ACTS and it's a scary thing to think about when I lay my restless head on my hotel pillow at night. I toss and turn until I can't get a good enough sleep. However, there might be SOMETHING.

The wheels are turning in Garland's mind. He isn't shaking as much and is standing upright. Soon, he's able to find enough power and take the microphone for himself.

Malak Garland:

I know how we both can feel better, Conor. Let's get some direction going here.

The gamer is intrigued, though still on the defensive.

Malak Garland:

I know I've been a bad friend to you but I am going to make it up to you now. Yes, see, now we are good friends and we are attached to each other circumstantially, through time and space and since you are a part of The Comments Section forever...

The fans boo. Malak continues to build some (minor) confidence.

Malak Garland:

I know you always dreamt of a big Fuse Bros. versus PCP match. I tried to put that together but it can't seem to happen anymore due to circumstances simply beyond my control, so I spoke to the Favored Saints yesterday...

Everyone can sense where this is going.

Malak Garland:

At ACTS of DEFIAНCE, we are going to have a quaint little tag team match with no fWo losers in sight!

♪ “Live For The Night” by Krewella ♪

The Faithful rise to their feet in a chorus of cheers as Elise Ares and The D swagger out into the Orleans Arena wearing match purple leather jackets. Twirling a microphone around between her fingers, Elise soaks in the attention before The D cuts through the music with a microphone of his own produced from... somewhere?

The D:

The fWo?! You mean the FOOD WORLD ORDER?! Klein and I retired that gimmick DECADES ago.

Elise Ares:

You know what BBY... the early 2000s was a wild time and lots of fashion mistakes were made, but I think we might've gotten off on the wrong foot. You see, after I became another footnote in the “what Lindsay wants, Lindsay gets” campaign towards the FIST of DEFIAНCE I was a little salty. And a little drunk. You caught us at a bad time. We really do miss our good nerd friend Conor.

The Pop Culture Phenoms begin making their way towards the ring to the applause of the Faithful.

The D:

Conor is the good kind of nerd. The young attractive male who plays video games with a good physique kind of nerd.

Elise Ares:

I totes think they call them “gamer bros.”

The D:

The type of nerd you take off his glasses and go, “Woah, that’s Clark Kent.” Not the needs to be reminded to take a shower and creepily writes fan-fiction about being a professional wrestler kind of nerd...

Malak thinks they’re talking about him, but The D turns away from both Conor and him without hesitation and addresses The Faithful.

The D:

But if you’re either kind of nerd, please continue to buy our merchandise and show up to our paid meet and greets.

Elise Ares:

Yes, please, I need a fourth pool and six feet of personal space. Also D, don’t forget about the “Um, actually...” kind of

nerd.

The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE rolls her eyes.

The D:

Ugh, those are THE WORST.

Everyone in the Orleans Arena collectively looks at Malak Garland, who visually displays his distaste for such nerds as well, completely unaware. The former DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions walk up the stairs and enter the ring where Elise produces a flask from a magic pocket.

Elise Ares:

So as a peace offering I've made a drink for our best non-PCP, non-airship pirate friend Conor, which is a mix of Kyle Shield's new BRAINSTORM Energy Drink, Mountain Dew GameFuel, and the most Russian sounding vodka I could find in Las Vegas with 10 minutes notice.

The camera cuts back inside the ring where Malak is fuming. Keyes-level steam would shoot from his ears if humans were capable of such a thing. Garland viciously points his index finger towards PCP if that can even be done.

Malak Garland:

This is donkey piss! I exist too! Through space and time my existence is REAL! RECOGNIZE ME! REACT TO ME! ACCOMMODATE ME! Or I'll throw a chair at your eye!

The D is confused.

The D:

But we don't know you! How were we supposed to know what you like?

Elise Ares:

Does he like anything? I'm not sure if being angry has a drink.

The D:

Jack Daniels! Dang, don't know why I didn't think of that sooner.

Malak doesn't like the sound of any of that. Instead, he exits the ring and rummages under the apron for a moment before pulling out a box. Not just any box, it has the words 'SAFE SPACE' written on it and it's just the perfect size to fit over an overly anxious head. Malak holds it up for the world to see.

Malak Garland:

Member this? Member? Member when Klein gave me this when I was suffering from anxieties BAD!? You know I exist. Our inner chakras aligned that day and ever since then, PCP, you have OWED me something and I'm trying to cash in. PCP, you owe my best friend and I a tag match at ACTS of DEFIANCE. Look at both of us. We're broken over the fWo, a fed that hasn't existed in decades! Make our days, give us what we want. Give us a match.

Garland drops the box and stomps a hole through it, much to the surprise of the fans. Somewhere, Klein's heart cracks three times before shattering.

Malak Garland:

No safe space necessary because I have The Power-Up Prince by my side and we will WEAPON GET GOT YOU ALL THE WAY TO VICTORY!

The D scratches his head in frustration.

The D:

Kid, I don't know what to tell you. If you expect me to remember every person Klein ever gave a box to I think you have

some unrealistic expectations. That'd be like me remembering everyone I gave a D to, and I was a teacher. But we have no issues sports entertaining whenever anyone wants. I think we're free at ACTS of DEFIANCE, unless Lindsay Troy drops dead of acute stick-up-her-assitis, right Elise?

Elise Ares:

Yeah, SURE, I guess I'm not the next FIST of DEFIANCE and I'm free or whatever. Are you gonna drink this or not BBY? Do you know how hard it is to find Mountain Dew GameFuel anymore? Or what it's like having to talk to KYLE SHIELDS? I'm not letting this go to waste.

A sulky Malak frowns at the offering. Elise shrugs and just starts drinking it herself as Conor looks on confused.

Malak Garland:

Drink up, washed up has been who never was! Just give us our dReAm mAtCh! DREAM MATCH! DREAM MATCH! DREAM MATCH!

Elise does a spit take spraying the gamer cocktail all over the canvas.

The D:

Oh, is it that bad?

Elise Ares:

Oh it's awful, but what did that loser just call me? A never-was? The fuck have you ever done? You're obsessed with having a match with us AND WE DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU.

The D:

Yeah Conor, why do you even hang out with this lame? Come hang out with us instead.

Malak's eyes linger over to Conor, interested to see if his "best friend" wants to take the bait. Somewhat indifferent, Conor stands there, taking it all in. Before the younger Fuse can move, Malak walks over to his Fire Flower pal and wraps his arms around him.

Malak Garland:

Conor, seriously, you're my friend. I've got you. You've got me. We're in this together. We will get our dream match against PCP because it's what **you** deserve. Don't listen to these scoundrels. I, on the other hand, feel quite hurt and disrespected by these scrubs so I need to take a self imposed genuine timeout and excuse myself from the ring right now. I'll see you in the back whenever you're ready to hangout.

Garland releases his hug and storms out of the ring, leaving everyone standing there, just sort of puzzled.

DDK:

Well, it seems like Malak wants to prove his friendship for Conor by securing this match, yet PCP are resistant and understandably so. This "new" Malak seems to be hard to trust ONLY because of his previous track record. Where this will go next is anyone's guess.

Lance:

Commercial break pending so we can all think about this further!

And, like Warner said, the scene goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE

IT'S MIDNIGHT, MOTHERFUCKER

Wide establishing shot of the Orleans Arena. The ring is clear for the main event. And then...

♪ "Apocalyptic Havoc" by Goatwhore ♪

The fans pop to their feet cheering wildly as face-shredding blackened thrash riffs tear through the PA. With no lights and no video to accompany him, "The Escape Artist" Rezin steps out onto the stage.

Lance:

We're moments away from the finals of the Number One Contender's tournament and it looks like Rezin's getting here a little early.

The Goat Bastard is not his usual unhinged and maniacal self. He walks through the curtain slowly and stoically. He lingers at the head of the ramp to look out into the crowd with an uncharacteristically sober, stone-faced scowl worn on his face.

Along with his usual battle vest, he's sporting a brand new muscle-cut t-shirt: On the front, a heart-shaped jerry can with a lit rag hanging out the spout and his name scrawled on a duct tape label. On the back, two simple lines that Darren Keebler recites for the crowd at home.

DDK:

"If it ain't burnin', ya ain't learnin'." What do you think that line means, Lance?

Lance:

I don't know. Maybe it's something like, if you don't have fire in your heart, you won't grow? Like, possibly suggesting that one must have passion for this sport and this industry to truly grow and evolve and improve themselves? As we've seen over the past two years since Rezin arrived in DEFIANCE?

DDK:

...wow, that's... a lot more poignant and insightful than I was expecting. I just figured it was something he thought sounded cool.

Lance:

I mean, you may not be wrong there, Keebs. I think if it were me, though I would've gone with "You are my fire, my one desire."

DDK:

Careful, Lance. We don't need the Backstreet Boys thinking of suing us.

Lance:

...who are the Backstreet Boys?

The Vegas Faithful roar thunderously. Those at the barricade reach into the aisle and pelt his back and shoulders with slaps of support. Still, the Escape Artist barely acknowledges the mass show of support on his way down the ramp.

At ringside, he circles around the ring and wordlessly holds out his hand while passing by Darren Quimbey, giving the ring announcer the cue to hand him the stick. Mic in hand, Rezin climbs the steps and goes through the ropes.

He walks out to the middle and stands there for a moment, expressionless, head down, milking the moment as the crowd launches into a chant.

"REZ-IN!! REZ-IN!! REZ-IN!! REZ-IN!!"

He raises the mic to speak.

Rezin:

Here I am... in this ring. Standin' on the canvas that we paint over with a palette of valor and violence.

He lifts his head

Rezin:

Here I am! In the main event. DEFYin' all odds and expectations by making it to the finals of the ACTS Tournament!

The quiet rage on his face grows just a bit louder, and his reddened eyes get wider.

Rezin:

HERE I AM... in DEFIANCE! The company that molded me into the lone warrior that keeps PUNK ROCK in professional wrestling!

He suddenly looks confused.

Rezin:

Only thing I can think of is... how in the FUCK did I get myself here?!

Scratches his beard, lost on an answer.

Rezin:

I mean, nobody believed I could make it this far. Hell, even *I* could scarcely believe it! I thought I was just in this tournament to fill a slot! And yet... here I am. Livin' in the moment...

He chuckles.

Rezin:

Ya know when I arrived here years ago, you gave me nothin' but hate and scorn. And maybe... maybe I deserved that. Cause truth be told, when I came here, I was a product of years of stagnation and self-hate and self abuse. I was made to hate, and to be hated.

He sneers, recounting his time with the Kabal.

Rezin:

I was a mere cog in a really fucked up and convoluted machine that we all know and remember now as the Kabal. A lapdog to corrupt swine hiding behind the veil of secrecy. Coulda really sent me down a dark path, but... the fire of this company burned just a bit brighter, and I couldn't help but notice.

He gazes longingly into the crowd, a sea of black and red.

Rezin:

Looking back now, I can see how so much has changed in me. I mean, I went from smokin', drinkin', and snortin' my way into blacking out and shittin' my pants every night... to running through the fuckin' desert EVERY DAMN DAY!

His determined smile melts into his affable simper.

Rezin:

...until I black out and shit my pants.

The Vegas Faithful cackle.

Rezin:

POINT IS... two years is a microcosm in the grand scope of the universe. But for me, it's been the defining period of my career.

He points to the canvas at his feet.

Rezin:

Few may remember this... but in my first real row here in DEFIANCE, while I was taking orders from a man who took orders from a man who wasn't really a man... three names stood across the ring from me. The "Heroes" of DEFIANCE, my ol' pal called 'em.

Holds up one finger.

Rezin:

Henry Keyes... the enemy, who became my friend, who became my enemy. The man who is the ever constant reminder that NOBODY in this world can ever fully be trusted! Even now, as I'm feelin' all this love from you tonight, it's 'cause of Hank that I can't shake that cold, crippling doubt in the back of my head that you could turn at me at any point on a whim...

Holds up the next.

Rezin

Then there was Deacon... the FIST of DEFIANCE. The pious man that errybuddy is gunnin' for. The man that you, the Faithful BELIEVE in. And I BELIEVE that... even if he and Mags don't BELIEVE in me enough to give me the courtesy of a mention when they run down all the names that came and went in this tourney.

Holds up the third.

Rezin:

And finally... the Queen herself... *Linnd-ssayy Trrrroooooyyyyy...*

Mixed reactions from the Vegas Faithful. There's a LOT of blue and white peppered amongst the black and red in the crowd. The camera gets a shot of a sign that reads "VEGAS IS PRIME COUNTRY." Somehow, it isn't blurred out.

Rezin:

Some of you are out here tonight to support your Queen. And that's fine. She's done and keeps on doing enough to deserve that.

He shakes his head. Sneers.

Rezin:

But gang... I just can't get behind this Vae Varsity bullshit.

When he arrived, he was dormant. Now he is active, animated, and angry as all fuck. Rezin is circling around the ring, pointing into the crowd, practically frothing at the mouth as he speaks to his foes.

Rezin:

You wanna cut the bullshit outta this company? Then that means you wanna cut ME out! Cause I'M the BULLSHIT, LINN-ZAY TUH-RROYYY!! I'm the FILTH! The WASTE! The REFUSE! The RUNOFF that industry creates!

He pounds his fist into his heart.

Rezin:

You may see a CIRCUS... but I see it as ALCHEMY! I'm the PIECE OF SHIT that DEFIANCE turned into FUCKIN' GOLD!

He points to the back.

Rezin:

And I don't give a fuck if you ARE the greatest wrestler on the planet, LINN-ZAY TUH-RROYYY!! Cause if you ask me, there ain't anything at all PUNK ROCK OR DEFIANT about surrounding yourself with a buncha ass-kissers and try-hards!

Rezin leaps upon the ropes, braying into the mic.

Rezin:

LLLLUUUHHIIINNNDDZZAAAAYYY TUUUUHHHRRROOOOYYYY!!! I WANT THAT FIST AROUND MY WAIST, AND MY FOOT IN YOUR FACE!!

The Vegas Faithful explode into a booming pop. It's almost a perfect moment for the Escape Artist, standing on the greatest stage of his career.

Almost...

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Two words occupy the super-sized DEFIATron:

V A E V I C T I S

♪ *Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose... ♪*

There's no pomp and circumstance. No arena lights cutting to black, no spotlight and an OLD SKOOL MIC~!...nothing except the entirety of Vae Victis stomping out to the stage and looking very, very annoyed.

DDK:

Oh, if things weren't hot enough between the Escape Artist and the Queen of the Ring heading into this match, they're on fire now.

Sonny Silver has a regular old microphone in his hand; apparently he decided to be a plebian for the night. The tandem once known as Silver and GOLD~! glare daggers at Rezin, who is pacing back and forth in the middle of the ring. The reaction from the Faithful is split down the middle; on the one hand, they've truly embraced the Goat Bastard these last few months, but on the other...the Ace has made Vegas her home, and she can do no wrong. Sonny casually twirls his microphone in hand.

Sonny Silver:

Oh... Rezin. Rezin, Rezin, Rezin. All of that... that sounded great. You got to these people and kicked them right in the feels. Tugged at the heartstrings. You... the thing that should not be... have been! These people love you! And how could they not? They love a great Cinderella story! You're one match away from the promised land! Malak Garland? Beat him! Pat Cassidy? Beat him! Dex Joy... you beat him, too! And he was the guy I was sure was going to make it to the finals. Good thing your foot was on the rope, yeah?

Lindsay Troy chuckles and nods in agreement.

Sonny Silver:

Stupid hall space taker. Anyway... here's the skinny, Rez... you've impressed me. You've impressed the hell out of me. That's a real compliment. But if you THINK for one second that Vae Victis' hard work goes down the goddamn drain all at the hands of a slacker stoner with an anti-authority complex? You're even more of an empty-headed dumbfuck than I tell people! Tonight, CindeRezin... when that bell rings between you and Lindsay Troy... the magic is gone.

The Queen's checking her invisible watch and points it at Rezin as Sonny sneers.

Sonny Silver:

Cause it's midnight, motherfucker.

The Silver Lining nonchalantly flips the microphone onto the stage as the ACE of DEFIANCE has a quick conference with Henry Keyes and Kerry Kuroyama. The Kraken and the Pacific Blitzkrieg nod and make their way back through the curtain. Troy then begins walking down the ramp with Sonny by her side.

Lance:

Rezin is about to find out that life is no fairy tale!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy asking the rest of Vae Victis to stay behind. They've all watched each others' matches from the stage up to this point.

Lance:

I can't speak for her obviously, but if I had to guess Troy must figure she can beat The Escape Artist without their presence.

DDK:

Or she doesn't want to give Rezin any room for complaints. In any case, let's go down to the ring!

FIST TOURNAMENT FINALS: LINDSAY TROY vs. REZIN

Troy, Silver, Rezin, and Darren Quimbey are all in the ring, waiting for DQ's introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for your main event of the evening! Introducing first, from Indianapolis, Indiana...weighing in at 205 pounds... "THE ESCAPE ARTIST" REZIN!

RAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

Sonny Silver marches out of Lindsay Troy's corner and shoos Darren Quimbey out of the way. With a smirk, he holds his hand up and the OLD SKOOL MIC~! is lowered into his hand to a big nostalgia pop from the PRIMEates in attendance.

Sonny Silver:

And introducing your ACTS Tournament Winner in a matter of minutes! She is a high-speed wood chipper in human form and is about to eat this fool ALIVE! She is the Vae Victis Head Honcho and the NEXT FIST of DEFIAНCE! High Queen DEFIANT! ACE of DEFIAНCE! She pretty much runs this shit and this ring she stands in... LINDSAY TROY!

DDK:

This crowd is about to blow the roof off of the arena! And it sounds almost completely divided down the middle!

The capacity crowd is boozing with dueling chants.

"LET'S-GO-REZ-IN!"

"HAIL-THE-QUEEN!"

"LET'S-GO-REZ-IN!"

"HAIL-THE-QUEEN!"

Lance:

There's a lot of blue and white t-shirts in the crowd tonight.

DDK:

Welcome to Las Vegas, Lance! There's a LOT of wrestling that goes on in this city!

Rezin paces like a raging animal, eyes wide and filled with fury, breathing hard through clenched teeth. An Escape Artist waiting to escape the invisible wall holding him back until the bell rings.

Troy is unmoving, unflinching, and regally stoic. She stands like a statue, arms folded over her chest, an arrogant smirk on her face. A queen ready to sentence someone to death. Sonny gives her a pat on the shoulder and makes his way to the outside.

Ready for anything, Benny Doyle gives the cue to the timekeeper...

DING DING

Lance:

And it begins!

Troy immediately sets herself into a ready position as Rezin lunges at her off the bell. She catches him low and puts him to the mat with a quick takedown. Rezin almost immediately pops back up and lunges again.

DDK:

Here comes Rezin right out of the gate like a man possessed, but he goes to the mat after a swift drop toe hold by Troy! Again, he's quickly back up, but not before Troy gets ahold of him!

LT traps him into a headlock in an effort to force Rezin onto his knees, but he slips free, snags a wrist, and goes behind with a hammerlock. The Goat Bastard wrenches the arm, but Troy, with an annoyed shake of her head, smoothly reverses and goes behind into one of her own.

DDK:

Quick series of reversals, and now the Queen of the Ring has Rezin from behind... Rezin with the back elbow--NO!!

Troy sees it coming and ducks in time, spinning Rezin around and burying her shoulder into his midsection to bully him backwards into the corner. Doyle steps in to call for the break, and she immediately steps back.

Lance:

Clean break.

DDK:

No games for the Queen tonight.

LT flashes her fingers to beckon Rezin back into the fight. Tenacious as ever, he comes ripping out of the corner and crashes into the collar-and-elbow.

DDK:

Hard lock-up! Twisting and trampling across the ring! Pushing off the balls of their feet! Fighting tooth and nail for leverage! Neither one of these competitors is backing down, folks!

Troy finally puts her foot down, pivots, and uses all of her weight to toss Rezin through the ropes!

DDK:

And Lindsay Troy just THROWS the Goat Bastard from the ring!

Rezin tumbles and rolls onto the floor mats until he ends up on his knees, glaring audaciously back up into the ring where LT haughtily smirks down at him.

Lance:

Thrown out like a mere peasant thrown out of the Queen's castle!

DDK:

Rezin looks like he's about to EXPLODE! Here he goes, back into the ring!

Rezin slides in and tears to his feet. LT lets him come, sidestepping and delivering a trip to the leg that leaves the Escape Artist stumbling before she grabs him by the neck and belt and throws him through the opposite ropes.

DDK:

Back to the outside goes Rezin!

Troy congratulates herself by walking a circle and arrogantly posing to the fans, who fill the arena with a deafening and widely divided roar of cheers and jeers.

Lance:

The former FIST Lindsay Troy is sending the message to the Faithful tonight. She wants everyone to remember that the Queen owns the DEFIANCE ring.

DDK:

And she's doing it in a way to disrespect and belittle her opponent in this finals match! It's like she's saying that the Escape Artist doesn't belong in the same ring with her!

On the outside, Rezin lingers for a few moments on his knees, stewing with anger while trying to think. In the ring,

Doyle is dutifully giving the count. Troy verbally tears into Hell's Favorite Hoosier.

Lindsay Troy:

Let's go, Raisin, I don't have all night!

Rezin's back is to the ring, but as he hears this derision, his face grows a deeper shade of red. Adding insult to injury, Troy goes so far as to prop herself on the middle rope and mockingly hold them open for him.

Lance:

I don't know if the Goat Bastard has it in him to cool that fiery disposition of his, but if he doesn't get a handle on it, Lindsay Troy will only carve him up and humiliate him before moving on to her match against the reigning FIST at ACTS of DEFIANCE.

Benny Doyle:

Five... Six... c'mon, Rezin--Seven!

The Escape Artist takes a deep breath to get rebalanced. Finally, he comes to his feet and goes to the steps, climbing up to the apron. Troy goes back to the center of the ring and Kill-Mode resumes. Rezin nods once to Doyle as the official reaches eight before stepping through the ropes.

DDK:

Rezin looks a bit more focused as he re-enters the ring to again try his hand locking horns with the Queen of the Ring!

Lance:

Easy does it. It's a marathon; not a race.

They circle for several moments, before Rezin shoots in to grapple. He doesn't expect a toe kick to the abdomen to double him over, followed by a forearm to the temple to bring him to his knees, and capped off by a kick to the face to send him to the mat.

DDK:

Punishing strikes delivered by the Queen of the Ring to bring Rezin to the mat, and a STOMP to the head to follow it up barely misses when the Escape Artist rolls to the side!

Rezin tries to scramble to his feet, but LT snags him by the head and again throws him into the ropes. This time, the Goat Bastard rolls through into a handspring, rebounding off the ropes and bouncing back into a three-quarter facelock.

DDK:

Wait a sec, Rezin with the CUTTER--NO! Pushed off at the last second by Troy! Here goes Rezin now, off the ropes... and Troy greets him with a back body drop--and he ROLLS right over her back!

The fans whoop as Rezin vaults over the Queen and hits the other ropes to build more momentum. Troy is ready for him again, showing off her impressive vertical leaping prowess but springing into the air and catching his head with her legs.

DDK:

Troy with the Hurricane--NO, Rezin flips through and lands on his feet! Rezin into the ropes... SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT!

Lance:

Nobody home!

DDK:

But Rezin sticks the landing! But here comes Troy... ENZIGURI--NO!!

Rezin narrowly DUCKS the Queen's foot coming for his head and instead throws the other foot up to flip her onto her back, but she rolls through and lands on her feet. The Escape Artist seizes her from behind...

Lance:

What an exchange! Neither one of these two are giving the other an inch.

DDK:

Troy reverses, but here's Rezin from behind with a O'CONNOR ROLL--NO! Troy ROLLS THROUGH right into a Rolling Prawn Hold, and shoulders are DOWN!

ONE!

TWO!

Rezin kicks out!

They scramble to their feet, and crash shoulders as they lock hands.

DDK:

Here we go, folks! Test of strength!

For a moment, they shake and quiver against one another in an absolute stalemate... until Troy starts gaining an upper hand, literally pushing Rezin steadily back across the ring. An arrogant grin crosses her face as he slowly shrinks beneath her.

DDK:

The Queen is bending the Goat Bastard to her will!

LET'S-GO-REZ-IN!

CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP!

LET'S-GO-REZ-IN!

CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP!

Hearing the chants, Rezin digs deep and pushes back with renewed fervor. Gradually, he forces Troy back, inch by inch. The Queen is snarling. The Escape Artist is wild eyed with a tongue hanging out of his mouth like a dog. The fans are growing raucous!

DDK:

Rezin is feeding off the energy of this crowd! It's hot outside here in Vegas, but these fans are HOTTER! Lindsay Troy can hardly believe it, but Rezin is showing resilience! He is showing audacity! He is showing DEF--

LT suddenly goes down into a low waistlock, using Rezin's overcompensation in strength to float him over onto his back.

DDK:

TROY WITH THE NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX, right into the bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

REZIN BRIDGES OUT!

Lance:

WHOA.

The audience likewise *oohs* in amazement while both bodies suspend mere inches over the mat for a moment, until Rezin stands up and corkscrews himself around to put Troy into the front facelock.

DDK:

Rezin out on top, looking for the DDT--Troy sweeps the legs and rolls into the jackknife!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Shoulder up!

LT beats him to the punch on their way back to a vertical base, looking to cave his face in with a couple of STIFF rights and lefts that earns her a (feckless) admonishment from Benny Doyle. While Rezin staggers, she takes him by the arm.

DDK:

Troy going for the whip--Rezin REVERSE! Troy coming off the ropes, and here goes the Goat Bastard with the headscissor takedown--SHE CARTWHEELS THROUGH!

Lance:

It's like she has an answer to everything Rezin throws at her!

DDK:

Troy off the ropes... Rezin going for the leapfrog--but Troy catches him out of the air, and OOF!! Drops him to the mat like dusting a rug!

The Alabama Slam knocks the wind out of Rezin, but Troy keeps ahold of the legs and deadlifts him straight into an inverted waistlock!

DDK:

Troy setting up for a PILEDRIVER--but Rezin SCISSORS the face! Now REZIN with the reversal!

The moment Rezin's feet hit the mat he stands up and sends Troy over the ropes with a back body drop! LT lands safely on the apron, but the moment she turns around--

DDK:

CLOVEN HOOF KICK--

ALMOST! The heel of Rezin's boot comes within a HAIR of connecting with her nose, but reactively, the Queen drops to the ringside floor.

DDK:

Oh wow, THAT was a near miss!

Standing tall in the ring, Rezin runs a victory lap, arms out at his sides and wailing like a banshee to get the crowd FIRED UP!

Lance:

Well this is a turn of events! After throwing him out of the ring as a show of dominance earlier in this match, the Queen of the Ring now finds herself on the outside looking in!

DDK:

The upstart Escape Artist is giving the former FIST Lindsay Troy more trouble than she could have possibly anticipated!

It's Rezin beckoning the other into the ring this time, with Troy staring daggers back at him. Sonny's right there next to her, talking strategy. A ringside cameraman gets shoved to the floor when he makes the mistake of moving in too close to get a shot of the absolutely vexed expression transfixed on the Queen of the Ring's face.

Lance:

Troy may consider slowing the pace of this match.

DDK:

She's been at the top of her game thus far, but that can all change with one false move to change the momentum. And with a shot at the FIST on the line, she isn't taking any chances.

Lance:

Well put. She didn't come this far in the tournament just to be beaten by Rezin. Especially with so much at stake.

Doyle reaches seven, but stops the count after LT tells him to stuff it before dauntlessly sliding back into the ring. Rezin advances as she quickly gets to her feet.

DDK:

Here comes Rezin, with a LUNGING inside kick--SIDESTEPPED by Troy! She sweeps him to the mat with a Reverse STO... and goes right into the DIVINE RIGHT!! SHE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!!

Lance:

What a quick turnaround! She's got him dead to rights in the middle of the ring!

Rezin's eyes are bulging from the other side of Troy's calf while the Queen cinches in the Koji Clutch and squeezes the life out of him. The fans are on their feet, screaming wildly, half applauding what appears to be a decisive finish while the rest are pleading Rezin to keep fighting.

Lance:

Rezin can't linger in this spot! He has only a few short moments until he's choked out!

DDK:

Not enough time, or space, to make it to the ropes! If he can't hold on then--REZIN BRIDGES and TROY'S SHOULDERS ARE DOWN!

ONE!

TWO!

And she rolls back into position!

Lance:

Smart on Rezin's part, but Troy keeps it locked in.

DDK:

Rezin bridging AGAIN, looking to turn this hold into a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Troy rolls him over again! WAIT...

When they go down again, Rezin twists just enough to get his shoulder between Troy and mat. She swiftly tries to correct herself, but it's too late. The arm slips free, as does Rezin a moment later. He somersaults back to his feet, and the crowd peals loudly!

RRRAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

REZIN ESCAPES!! The Divine Right is not enough to put away the Goat Bastard, and--TROY! BOOT TO THE GUT!! FINAL JUDGMENT!!

The Queen is no longer smirking. Her glare is borderline homicidal. She uses her foot to flip him over and drops into the north-south position.

DDK:

Rezin is a STAIN on the mat, and Troy goes for the cover! For a shot at the FIST!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE--NO!! REZIN GATOR ROLLS OUT! LOOK AT THIS!

To everyone's amazement, Rezin DEADLIFTS LT off the canvas and comes to his feet with the Queen upside down in his arms! But before he can capitalize, she kicks her legs, and the two flip over and exchange positions...

DDK:

TOMBSTONE!!

Lance:

Good NIGHT!

Rezin bounces off the spike of the inverted piledriver and, incredulously, lands on his feet. A few stiff steps later, he collapses against the bottom rope, drooling from the mouth and eyes rolled back into his head.

DDK:

Rezin is COMATOSE! Troy has the opportunity to finish this now, and goes to retrieve him...

...but the buffoon's arm is caught on the rope! Troy has to YANK to get him free, losing precious seconds!

DDK:

The Goat Bastard gets tangled in the ropes off of that piledriver, but Troy pulls him free, and she hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE--

Rezin SPASMS a shoulder up! Troy is LIVID!

Lance:

Where is Rezin getting this energy?

DDK:

If you find out, I'm sure the Queen of the Ring would like to know!

The former FIST storms to her feet and punishes the Goat Bastard with furious stomps to the chest and face. Rezin soaks it up, too out of sorts to know where he is let alone what is happening to him.

Lindsay Troy:

You. (stomp) Dipshit. (stomp) WHY. (stomp) WON'T. (stomp) YOU. (stomp) DI-

The Queen's unable to get the last word out as Rezin catches her foot in his hands! Troy's eyes go wide as she's forced to hop on one foot while Rezin gets to his feet. He quickly twists her leg and sends her to the canvas with a dragon screw leg whip, then leaps into the air...

DDK:

Rezin CONNECTS with the STANDING REZINSAULT!! No cover as he's RIGHT BACK UP!

Troy is rising, clutching her chest, but Rezin is already springboarding off the ropes.

DDK:

ANOTHER REZINSAULT OFF THE ROPES! And he's BACK UP!

The Queen of the Ring is slower on the move this time around as Rezin rushes to the corner, bounds to the top in one leap, and backflips off with astounding hangtime.

DDK:

REZINSAULT NUMBER THREE!! It's RAINING REZINS in the ring, and Lindsay Troy is getting DRENCHED!

Lance:

And he's not finished!

Troy is clutching her ribs and struggling to breathe after the onslaught of flying presses. Rezin is rolling with the fury of his own momentum, again daring to go to the top rope. Slowly but surely, the Queen pushes herself to her feet, just as Rezin dives off.

DDK:

Rezin with the REZINRANA--

And Troy somersaults through the air, landing on her feet!

DDK:

WOW!!

Lance:

Exactly what happened at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE when Rezin attempted the same--

SMACK!

DDK:

CLOVEN HOOF KICK!! THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN LAST TIME!!

RRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!

The spinning heel kick catches Troy flush in the face. She balks and listlessly falls into the ropes, on the verge of collapse. The Faithful are roaring. Rezin is moving on instinct.

DDK:

Could this be IT?! DO YOU BELIEVE IN MIRACLES, LANCE!?

Lance:

I may very well after tonight!

Three-quarter bulldog. Rezin pushes off the mat, and Houston, we have liftoff.

DDK:

INTO THE VOOIID!! HE NAILED IT!!

Lance:

IT'S HAPPENING!

DDK:

HOOKS THE LEG!

ONE!!

TWO!!

TTTHHRREEE

LOL, nah. Shoulder up.

DDK:

GOOD GOD, LINDSAY TROY KICKED OUT!! SHE KICKED OUT!!

Rezin sprawls uncontrollably across the mat in a fit of shock and maddening fury. He rolls out of the ring. Swearing, frothing, he marches up to the barricade and grudgingly KICKS the HELL out of it until it leaves him with a limp! Then he hobbles to the steps and throws them recklessly across the ringside area!

DDK:

Rezin is on a rampage right now! He thought he had it! Heck, *I* thought he had it!

Lance:

I don't think I've ever seen such emotion from a near fall, but if the shiranui can't put down the ACE, what can Rezin do to put her away?

Rezin is bent over, hands at the apron, incredulously glaring at the DEFIANTly resilient Queen of the Ring who is barely stirring on the canvas. After a beat, he finally slides back into the squared circle.

Back on his feet, Rezin walks a circle around Troy, watching her slowly come to and work herself back to her feet.

He gives her the bird, to let her know everything he feels about her in that moment.

He draws the thumb across the neck, letting her know he's about to give her the Marie Antoinette treatment.

It's perfect.

It's poignant.

It's DEFIANT.

Unfortunately, he makes the mistake of looking the Queen in the eye, right before he goes for another spinning heel kick...

DDK:

TROY DUCKS THE CLOVEN HOOF KICK!! BOOT TO THE GUT--

Three words: Package. Pile. Driver.

DDK:

THY KINGDOM COME!! THY KINGDOM COME!!

The Vegas Faithful are turning themselves inside out. Bodies lie on the mat. Rezin is convulsing like fresh roadkill. The

Queen is face-up, but in her eyes we can see that she's somewhere else. Sonny Silver is pounding on the mat and screaming for Lindsay to make the cover.

Lance:

This battle has been unbelievable!

DDK:

I agree with you whole-heartedly, Lance! Definitely the contest we expected from the final round of the ACTS Tournament!

Troy sits up and takes a beat to catch her breath. With much effort, she pulls herself to her feet. She looks out into the Vegas Faithful, half screaming for her blood and half bellowing in her favor.

Then something catches her attention...

Lance:

Look at THIS, Keebs...

Rezin is at her feet, having crawled the few inches to her position. One hand clutches her boot while the other is balled into a fist, punching away at her ankle with the few fumes of energy he has left in the tank.

DDK:

Unbelievable! Fighting to his last breath!

The Queen snarls voraciously at this annoying peasant. She reaches down and grabs him by the hair to peel him off the mat and bundles him up again...

DDK:

THY KINGDOM COME AGAIN!!

Lance:

Good God, she's going to KILL HIM!

The fire is finally extinguished as Rezin flops onto his back, face going dead. By now, the Vegas Faithful are crying upon their Queen for mercy.

Troy doesn't even bother with a cover; she plants a boot on his chest and makes the belt motion around her waist to let every person watching out there know EXACTLY what's to come.

DDK:

Lindsay Troy, with the ultimate ACT of DEFIANCE...

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

Three.

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

BOOOOOORAAAAAAHHHHBOOOOOOO!

Sonny's swiped Darren Quimbey's microphone and scrambles into the ring.

Sonny Silver:

The winner of this match....AND YOUR NEXT FIST OF DEFIANCE....LINDSAY TROY!

Benny Doyle raises the Queen's hand and then drops to the mat to check on Rezin.

DDK:

What a battle. What a war!

Lance:

What a tournament final!

DDK:

Rezin gave it his absolute all but Lindsay Troy was not to be denied.

Lance:

This is going to be one heck of a FIST title match, Keebs. And we still have the ACTS of DEFIANCE go-home show to go!

DDK:

There's gonna be fireworks and fallout for sure. But until then, for Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler, and THIS IS DEF—

UNWANTED PRESENCE

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Friedrich Habetler ♪

The mixed reaction from the Faithful quickly switches to all-encompassing *BOOOOOOOOs* as the man who lost in Night One's main event storms through the curtain. In the ring, Lindsay Troy snaps her neck toward the stage and watches Oscar Burns stomp down the ramp toward her.

DDK:

Uh oh, Lance, Oscar Burns is here. He said last night he'd be having words with the tournament winner.

Lance:

Burns feels like he should've beaten Deacon for the FIST and it doesn't seem to me like his mood has improved at all.

DDK:

Should've 48 hour ruled himself instead of 24.

Lance: *[confused]*

...what?

DDK:

Nevermind.

Oscar slides underneath the bottom rope and gets to his feet. The ACE stands with her hands on her hips while Sonny Silver curiously watches on. Benny Doyle is on one knee at Rezin's side, his eyes darting between the fallen Escape Artist and the man known as "DEFIANCE."

Burns starts jawing away as he marches over to Troy. Lindsay's face twists in anger, upset that her moment's been ruined and that Burns has the gall to get in her face. The two DEFIANTS are nose to nose, shit-talking back and forth, before Oscar shoves Lindsay away.

Lance:

Oh, I don't know if that was wise, Keebs.

The Queen stumbles back a bit, then regains her composure and shoves Oscar right back! Sonny puts a hand on Lindsay's arm, trying to get her to leave, but she rips her arm away from him and is right back in Burns' face.

DDK:

This is starting to get ugly, someone get DEFSec down here.

The venom spews forth from Oscar's and Lindsay's mouths until, abruptly, their talking ceases.

And they slowly look over to Rezin.

Quick as a hiccup, Troy and Burns pivot and begin putting the boots to the Escape Artist! Benny Doyle has to roll out of the way to avoid catching a kick himself, but as he does he's tossed out of the ring by Sonny Silver!

Lance:

Are you kidding me?!

DDK:

It was a damn set-up!

Rezin tries to cover up, however Troy and Burns are relentless. Kick after kick after kick finds their way into the Goat Bastard's ribs before Burns stomps on his head for good measure! He then switches it up and DRILLS Rezin upside the head with forearm after forearm after forearm!

Lance:

This is horrible, absolutely horrible.

DDK

Rezin might be out here. Where is DEFSec?!?!

Henry Keyes and Kerry Kuroyama saunter down to the ring, looking smug. Burns rips Rezin off the canvas and holds him upright while Lindsay slips between the ropes and ascends a corner.

Lance:

What's Troy going to do now?

DDK:

Add insult to injury, looks like.

The Queen stands tall on the top turnbuckle with her back to the ring. She blows a double-handed kiss to the rapt Faithful, before leaping backwards and twisting through the air.

Lance:

OhmyGod...

WHAM~!

DDK:

CROWNING GLORY ON REZIN! Lindsay Troy just spiked Rezin to the canvas once again with that Corkscrew 630* Tornado DDT!

Lindsay grins as she rises from the mat while Oscar Burns and Sonny Silver gleefully look on. Sonny's clapping, Keyes and Kuroyama are smirking as they enter the ring, and Burns extends his hand for a handshake...

...which the Queen takes as boos rain down from the rafters.

Lance:

I cannot believe this. Oscar Burns has... he's joined Vae Victis?! Why?! When?!

DDK:

Vae Victis' power keeps growing. Deacon is going to have a heck of a task in front of him.

Lance:

We need some help out here for Rezin. He could be seriously hurt.

DDK:

For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler. We'll see you in San Francisco in two weeks!

One last closing shot of Vae Victis in the ring! Oscar Burns now raises Lindsay Troy's arm in one hand and Sonny Silver raises his other. All the while, Oscar's eyes don't leave the fallen form of Rezin before those end credits roll...

VAE VICTIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.