

SHOW OPEN

The screen fades up from black ...

Energetic music begins to fade up ...

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



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

THIS.

IS.

UNCUT.

SEND EM HOME HAPPY

The very end of DEFtv 140...

Lindsay Troy hops to the mats below and saunters up the ramp. Oscar Burns looks after her for a moment before turning to check on Ryan Batts.

DDK:

It's going to be a hard-hitting affair between Burns and Troy in just two short weeks, Lance.

Lance:

You ain't kiddin', Darren! I couldn't pick a favorite in this one even if I wanted to.

DDK:

That's gonna be about it for us tonight folks. Acts of DEFIANCE, two weeks, LIVE and SOLD OUT. For Lance Warner, I'm Darren Keebler. Goodnight, and ...

Cue Wilson Phillips...

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

The footage changes slightly. It becomes slightly less clear and a little more hazy. In the corner of the screen is the date and time. The television part of the show is over, but the cameras are still running. We're getting some raw, unpolished footage.

The fans in the arena, still high off the hell of a show they just witnessed, begin to stir. Darren Keebler and Lance Warner remove their headsets and begin the process of packing up their things. Suddenly...

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!"

♪ "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by Dropkick Murphys ♪

With his entrance music playing, "Black Out" Pat Cassidy suddenly comes through the curtain! The fans stop packing up, confused by an appearance of the Defiant after the show has ended. Cassidy has changed out of his gear and sports a DEFIANCE t-shirt and jeans. His hair is still wet from recently showering. He makes his way to the ring, slapping a few hands along the way, grinning from ear to ear.

Cassidy enters the ring and motions for a mic, which is handed to him by a ringside worker. Cassidy waits for his music to die down, and then raises the mic to his lips.

Cassidy:

Was that a HELL of a show or what!?

Cheer from the appreciative crowd! Cassidy smiles at the reaction and paces around the ring as he talks, looking directly at the fans.

Cassidy:

I don't know about you guys, but I'm pumped for Acts of DEFIANCE. Scott Stevens comes out of nowhere to claim his title shot? Are you kidding me? It's going to be a hell of a night.

Cassidy stops pacing, but still looks directly at the Faithful, as if this message is strictly for them.

Cassidy:

But tonight was a hell of a night, too. And I had a hell of a fight. My toughest one in a long time, and even though I don't care much for the guy, I have to respect Kazuo for bringing it.

Cassidy touches his chest gingerly as if reminding himself of the pain he endured. He pauses to see if the mention of Kazuo gets a cheer, but it doesn't. So he moves on.

Cassidy:

As you guys know, I'm still pretty new in town. And as much as I'm loving getting to know the locals, your customs, and especially your food - I'm here right now to try and bring a little piece home to the Wrestle-plex. See, where I'm from, we love a good fight. I'm told that's what we have in common with The Faithful.

Approval pop!

Cassidy:

And when we've had a hell of a fight, it's customary to celebrate in two ways. With a good drink, naturally. And with a good song!

The crowd isn't sure what to make of this.

Cassidy:

Trust me, a good drink in your hand and a good song in your heart is the perfect chaser for knocking somebody's lights out. If you'll indulge me, I can show you right now.

The crowd still isn't sure what to make of this, but Cassidy's genuine demeanor has them along for the ride to see where this goes.

Cassidy:

We're going to sing one of my favorites - this is "1953" by the Dropkick Murphys. I'll do the heavy lifting on this one, I just need you all to help out with the chorus. If you look up there on the DEFIAtron, I had the nice fellas in the back get the lyrics ready for you all. Just follow the ol' bouncing ball.

Cassidy points to the DEFIAtron, and we see the first line of the song's chorus on the screen, with the old school "sing along" dot above the first word. The dot will move along with the words as the chorus plays. Cassidy might be setting up the largest Karaoke sing along in history!

Cassidy: *[clearing his throat dramatically]*

Alright, we ready? Get your drinks held high. Hit the music, boys!

♪ "1953" by Dropkick Murphys ♪

As some of The Faithful who began to leave start to move back toward the ring to catch this show, the instrumental intro of the song begins to play over the speakers. Cassidy continues to pace around the ring. As the lyrics kick in, he raises the mic to his mouth, ready to sing. As he sings, he uses his free hand to motion dramatically along with the lyrics. While he isn't the world's greatest singer - he's not half bad!

Cassidy/Dropkick Murphys:

*On that snowy bright December day
She came and took my breath awayyyyyyy
It was there I met my love so fair
A beauty oh so true and rare*

Cassidy points to the DEFtron as the chorus fires up. Many, but not all, of the Faithful play along, signing along with Cassidy as the bouncing ball directs them.

Cassidy/Dropkick Murphys/Some of The Faithful:

*For who we are
and what we'll beeeee
I'll sing your praise eternallyyyyyyy
When I was lost you carried on
When I was weak you kept us strong!*

Smiling, and with many of the Faithful smiling along with him, Cassidy hops out of the ring. He jumps up onto the ringside barrier, impressively balancing himself on the top. He now stands over the fans with mic in hand, ready to belt out the next set of lyrics. A good natured fan hands Cassidy a beer, which he gladly accepts! He raises the beer high and sways it as he sings the next verse.

Cassidy/The Dropkick Murphys:

*You walk the line so gracefullyyyyyy
Of friendship, love and loyaltyyyyyy
In troubled times
you did your best
Of lesser strength I must confess*

Cassidy lowers the mic and takes a swig of his beer. He sings along with the chorus, but not into the mic. Instead, in a surreal moment, the voices of the Faithful fill the arena, as now almost everyone is joining in to Cassidy's sing along.

The Faithful/The Dropkick Murphys:

*FOR WHO WE ARE!
AND WHAT WE'LL BE!
I'LL SING YOUR PRAISE ETERNALYYYYY!!
WHEN I WAS LOST, YOU CARRIED ON!
WHEN I WAS WEAK YOU KEPT US STRONG!*

Smiling from ear to ear, Cassidy jumps off the barricade and makes his way up the ramp. He walks over the announce table, where an amused Darren Keebler still sits. Cassidy sits in Lance Warner's empty seat, placing his beer on the announce table and raising the mic back to his mouth. As he sings the next round of lyrics, he puts one arm around Keebler's shoulders and sways with him.

Cassidy:

*As seasons come
and seasons pass
The bond we know will always last
We built a life remaining true
I pledge my heart and soul to you!*

After jokingly pointing at Darren for that last lyric, Cassidy removes his arm from Keebler's shoulder and grabs his beer. He hops on TOP of the announce table, raising his beer to the fans and letting them sing the chorus all by themselves. He uses his drink to "direct" the crowd like the conductor of an impromptu acapella band.

The Faithful/The Dropkick Murphys:

*FOR WHO WE ARE!
AND WHAT WE'LL BE!
I'LL SING YOUR PRAISE ETNERNALLLLLYYYYYY!!
WHEN I WAS LOST, YOU CARRIED ON!
WHEN I WAS WEAK YOU KEPT US STRONG!*

Cassidy jumps off the announce table, and goes to stand directly in front of the entrance to the backstage. He raises his beer and belts out the final chorus along with The Faithful. This is the big finale!

Cassidy/The Faithful/The Dropkick Murphys/Everybody:*ON THAT SNOWY BRIGHT DECEMBER DAY!**SHE CAME AND TOOK MY BREATH AWAYYYYYYY**IT WAS THERE I MET MY LOVE SO FAIR**A BEAUTY OH SO TRUE AND RARE!**FOR WHO WE ARE!**AND WHAT WE'LL BE!**I'LL SING YOUR PRAISE ETNERNALLLLYYYYYY!!**WHEN I WAS LOST, YOU CARRIED ON!**WHEN I WAS WEAK YOU KEPT US STRONG!*

Cassidy chugs the beer, tosses the cup to the ground, and raises his arms to the Faithful for one last cheer. Gotta send 'em home happy! The feed cuts out with Cassidy's arms raised high to the cheers of the amused crowd.

HE LIVES?

Darkness. Silence. Yet again.

7

6

5

“NO, NO, NO, NONONONONO.”

The film reel is suddenly cut off, giving way to a disgruntled Cristiano Caballero, greeting is with righteous indignation carved upon his face.

Cristiano Caballero:

For the past few weeks, all that’s been on our TVs was “he lives this, he lives that,” these... MOVIES, these simple-mindedness popcorn flicks; a WASTE of time that could be spent celebrating the brightest star in DEFIANCE _AND_ BRAZEN, ME! Cristiano Cabellero!

The Spaniard shakes his head and continues his spiel.

Cristiano Caballero:

So I tell you WHAT, scary movie monster man... I challenge you to bring your ugly hide to New Orleans, to Acts of DEFIANCE, step in that ring... and I can make a fool out of you in front of this entire industry, and expose you for the fraud that you are.

A grin.

Cristiano Caballero:

What say you, ah?

Just as he finishes his challenge, the screen dissolves. Back to the countdown portion of the film reel.

4

3

2

We cut to an abandoned stretch of highway, on the foreground of a city ablaze and in ruin. The din of screams and ambulance sirens from another country fill the air, but mostly as background noise, with no real noise coming right at our ears.

WHAM

Until a single giant letter I, probably pulled from a billboard, plummets onto the asphalt.

WHAM!!!

Again, the sound of impact on the ground, as a chunk of another billboard, this time only showing the word “ACCEPT”, falls and cracks the asphalt.

“I ACCEPT”

Darkness.

Silence.

Cut.

RETURN TO DEFIANCE 45:00 55:00

Jestal, who is out of breath quickly, opens the door to his locker room and enters it.

FIVE MINUTES LATER

A group of Brazen's have collected in front of The Toybox locker room. Some strange music can clearly be heard from inside the room. Dandelion comes into the picture, still, with her snow cone she got from The Lucky Sevens. She waves at the crowd and enters the locker room. A few brazen quickly look inside before the door closes. She taps her brother on the shoulder. Jestal quickly turns around. He pulls the earbuds out of his ears. The music he was listening to seems to have calmed his nerves a bit.

Jestal:

Can you believe this DEFIANCE has a Kaiju problem?

Dandelion motions with her hands a bit.

Jestal:

Monsters that are nice? I doubt that. By the way, where did you get that snow cone?

Dandy motions a bit with her hands.

Jestal:

Those Kaiju bought one for you? Stop joking around.

Dandelion glares at Jestal and then points to the door.

Jestal:

A crowd? Well everyone wants to come into our funhouse so at least that hasn't changed. Funny you don't seem very spooked anymore by all these new people.

Dandelion continues to eat her snow cone.

Jestal:

Figures. You are more concerned with a cone of ice than anything else.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

A fist pounds against the closed funhouse door as it catches the *attention* of Jestal and Dandelion. They stay quiet as the funhouse door eventually swings open with an eerie creaking sound to it. Through the crowd of loud BRAZEN stars, Malak Garland, Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames push their way into the room. The door promptly slams shut behind them.

Malak Garland:

Wow. Just wow. I knew this place would be amazing! Who knew the Wrestle-Plex harbored a Funhouse!? Wicked.

Malak looks around in astonishment. Drool nearly escapes from his very happy mouth. Jestal and Dandelion are a bit gobsmacked at the sight of vagrants in their space.

Malak Garland:

Oh, there's people here. Hello circus performers! To be honest, my fellow Keyboard Warriors and I were just out for a stroll when we saw this group of ragtag BRAZEN losers gathering outside this place, so we decided to roll on up and investigate this colorful dwelling. Don't mind us.

Teresa Ames slithers over to Jestal. She can hear the music he is listening to.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Is that a calming session of ASMR that you're listening to!?

She leans in with an unsettling wink. Shivers shoot down Jestal's spine.

Malak Garland:

Honestly, though, this place is SO cool! It totally reminds me of a carnival! OH, MY WORLD! LOOK AT THIS!

Like one of those annoying kids that you don't want touching your stuff, Malak helps himself to one of the many confetti machines laying off to the side. He examines it intently. Cyrus starts to rummage through whatever toy props he can find. Ames just stands there, checking out Jestal. It's clear The Comments Section is enthralled with the vibrant funhouse, instead of preparing for their Unified Tag Team Title match.

Jestal:

Dani, these guys are called Keyboard Warriors.

Jestal briefly stares at Teresa who is still eyeing him out of his peripherals. Dandelion finishes her snow cone and tosses it in the trash can near the wall and looks at her brother.

Jestal:

It would appear these guys are called The Comments Section and are in line for a shot at our Blondies.

Dandelion's eyes widen as she continues to watch Cyrus and Malak act like children. Jestal quickly peeks at Teresa again then back at Cyrus and Malak.

Jestal:

For once that voice has something good to say.

Dandelion motions with her hands but her eyes quickly catch Malak getting close to her snow cone machine.

Jestal:

Not what I expected.

Dandelion quickly runs away from Jestal as Malak is now a few mere feet from it. She pushes herself between Malak and her snow cone machine with her arms out to the side.

Malak Garland:

Hey, what's the big idea!? I can't have a snow cone?

Dandelion appears to be trying to get Jestal's attention but she quickly becomes agitated as Jestal now seems interested in Ames. His face rests in his palms staring back at Teresa. Dandelion points at the door, expecting Malak to leave. She then notices Cyrus is now at their gag chest. She rushes away from Malak and this time is able to block Cyrus from the gag chest. Dandy is clearly a bit torn as she can't be in two places at one time and it appears her brother is not going to help her.

Cyrus Bates:

You don't understand, gags were my thing back in high school.

Dandelion bumps Cyrus away as she rummages through the chest and pulls out a boxing glove. She turns around and Cyrus quickly backs up. In a fury, she throws the glove past Cyrus and smacks Jestal in the head!

Jestal:

HEY!

Jestal's attention is taken from Teresa and now directed at Dandelion. She races back to Malak, who tries to make himself a snow cone but she shoves him away and blocks the machine once more. She stares coldly at Jestal and points at the gag chest. Jestal rubs his head as he looks at Teresa and then at the chest, which Cyrus helps himself to since it's not guarded and been opened. Dandelion stomps her foot and Jestal quickly looks at her.

Jestal:

Ok...ok.

He looks back at Teresa, with a grin.

Jestal: *{mouthing the words to her}*

Call me.

He winks and pulls Cyrus away from the gag chest. The Comments Section grows tired of not being able to fully use stuff that isn't theirs so they regroup near the door.

Malak Garland:

Nice place but I wanted to use the snow cone machine... sniffle, sniffle...

Malak, Cyrus and Teresa somberly exit the funhouse as The Toybox watch them leave. Jestal seems deep in thought before Dandelion looks exhausted from this encounter. Finally, the clown breaks the silence.

Jestal:

Dani are you thinking what I am thinking?

Dandelion nods.

Jestal:

Chinese?

WHY WAIT!?

Christie Zane is all smiles under the bright lights. The big-screen 4K TV behind her is a deep red and dark black with the DEFIANCE logo prominently displayed. We cut to a side shot of Zane sitting behind a desk and then quickly back to a headshot view.

Christie Zane:

Some fireworks today went down at the press conference to officially sign the contract for the Southern Heritage Title match between Gage Blackwood, the current champion and the challenger, a former Southern Heritage titleholder, Jay Harvey. DEFIANCE cameras were there to pick up the contract signing and got a lot more than they thought.

We cut to footage from the press conference. Quick footage of each man signing the contract, then the two men are shown standing next to DEFIANCE CEO Daniel Davidson, as flashes go off. Davidson is seen holding the Southern Heritage Championship title as he stands between the two men who will battle for it at ACTS of DEFIANCE.

Christie Zane: *[in a voice-over]*

Everything was going as normal as most press conferences but things would soon heat up when both men got in front of the mic. The last few months with the two men, battling in the ring and on the mic, made for an exciting night for all in attendance.

We go to footage of Jay Harvey behind the microphone, speaking first.

Jay Harvey:

Like I said some weeks ago... I know The Faithful are in Gage's head. He's got a lot to prove to the people who pay money each and every time we go out there. I know I'm in his head... I mean he tried to run me over for Christ's sake.

Blackwood is heard scoffing in his microphone.

Jay Harvey:

Problem over there? You'll have your time to talk...

Gage Blackwood:

I have something to PROVE to the people? Are you high? Seriously, did Mikey give you a roll or something, whatever you cool kids call it. I don't have to PROVE anything. This title right here proves it. My matches prove it. Did you watch my pay-per-view match with Oscar Burns two months ago? Beat his ass, clean. Five-star contest, too.

We go to a zoomed-out view of both men and some DEFIANCE officials all at the dais. Blackwood is getting animated as he continues on.

Gage Blackwood:

Something that's lost in translation: I am UNDEFEATED on pay-per-view singles matches in my DEFIANCE career. Going on three-plus years. I've beaten David Hightower, Lisil Jackson, Chris Ross, Shooter Landell, Mushigihara, Elise Ares, Victor Vacio, Oscar Burns and now, Jay Harvey. WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR YOU LATELY? I beat you. Crossed you off the back of my t-shirt, bloke.

Jay Harvey:

Count the days, Gage. I'm gonna whoop you around the Wrestle-Plex and knock your teeth down your throat! You are a little shit who is in need of a Wake Up Call!

Gage Blackwood: *[sarcastically under breath]*

Shaking in my boots.

Gage Blackwood pushes the papers and glasses off the table. DEFIANCE officials are trying to calm down the Southern Heritage Champion but to no avail.

Jay Harvey:

Why wait?! Let's do this now!

Gage Blackwood:

Fine by me. By the way, how are we rivals when I don't care about you at all!?

The two men bolt up and are now nose to nose. The smack talk continues and microphones aren't able to pick up what is said. Out of nowhere Jay Harvey smacks Blackwood square in the face. Blackwood lifts Harvey up and slams him down on top of the dais.

Before things can go any further the officials present as well as security come in and get the two apart. We cut back to Christie Zane as we go split-screen for a few moments.

Christie Zane:

Jay Harvey and Gage Blackwood have had history and in recent months, things have really come to a boiling point. Two fierce competitors in the squared circle are set to face off in a few short weeks at our next Pay Per View, ACTS of DEFIANCE. I know I'll be watching this match close, could we see the reign of Gage Blackwood continue? Or will Jay Harvey become a two time Southern Heritage Champion? You are going to have to tune in LIVE and see for yourself!

Music hits and we zoom out on Christie. A stagehand comes on the stage and hands her some papers for an upcoming segment. We soon fade out and move on with the show.

HEAVY ARTILLERY vs. THUGS 4 HIRE

DDK:

Folks, welcome to UNCUT and our first match of the evening is a BRAZEN showcase tag team match featuring the televised debut of one of its top teams! Challenging at the next CLASH special for the BRAZEN Tag Team Championships in a three-way match... the team of Roosevelt Owens and Bobby Horrigan aka Heavy Artillery!

Lance:

Their opponents, Thugs 4 Hire, are one of the more popular teams in BRAZEN and this will be a good test for Heavy Artillery, but during our BRAZEN shows, this team of almost EIGHT HUNDRED POUNDS have been great! Bobby Horrigan is an indy veteran of just over ten years! Roosevelt Owens was a former World Trios Champion with former stable No Justice, No Peace, but Rosey turned on his own uncle Lucius to join under the tutelage of Bobby. They've been undefeated in tag action so far!

DDK:

Here we go! Heavy Artillery in action next!

And to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

♪ "Regulate (PhoteK Remix)" by Warren G. feat. Nate Dogg ♪

The fans haven't been so happy to hear the remix of Regulate as both members of Thugs 4 Hire come out from the back to a good response. Emilio Byrd tipping his hat and Hurtlocker Holt looking badass as usual, with the donation box, taking payments from the crowd to lay a beatdown upon the their opponents for the evening.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... weighing in at a combined weight of 495 pounds... the team of Hurtlocker Holt and Emilio "The Pigeon" Byrd... **THUGS 4 HIRE!**

DDK:

And here they come! Thugs 4 Hire are always popular with the fans and tonight is no different!

Lance:

Emilio in particular has a fan at ringside.

Emilio turns to a guy in the front row yelling "EMILIOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" over and over again. Emilio smirks and tips his hat to the fan before entering the ring with Hurtlocker Holt. Once the two get inside, they pose for the crowd and then wait for their opponents...

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... at a combined weight of **798** pounds... The team of "Boston Strong" Bobby Horrigan and "Big Rose" Roosevelt Owens... **THE HEAVY ARTILLERY!**

♪ "Mamma Said Knock You Out" by Five Finger Death Punch feat. Tech N9ne ♪

The thundering theme starts to play and the lights flicker on repeat every three seconds between the colors of green and orange as two men stand on the stage. On one side, the 6'1" and 330-pound brawler from Boston, Bobby Horrigan. On the other, the 6'6", 468-pound big man from Georgia, Roosevelt Owens! The two simply nod at one another and then storm down to the ring slowly.

DDK:

Here they come. Ever since Bobby Horrigan has taken Roosevelt Owens under his wing, we've been seeing more of an aggressive side out of Rosey. Rosey had champoinship success in his previous stable, but he was always somewhat meek despite being as big as he was. Now this new partnership has brought out a new confidence he lacked before.

Lance:

Before they challenge for the BRAZEN Tag Team Titles at Clash, we'll see if they can win tonight!

The two men enter the ring through the ropes with Bobby posing in front of Big Rosey. They both raise their arms in the air in front of the other and then head to their corner. The big men wait for the bell...

DING DING!

Emilio starts for his team and Bobby Horrigan for his. The two men lock up forcefully and they muscle one another around the ring with both men fighting around the ring for the best position. Emilio has him in the ropes, but before Hector Navarro can break the two up, Bobby forcefully shoves him back!

Lance:

Wow! Breaking down already!

Emilio CHOPS Bobby across the chest and he doesn't budge. Bobby spits on his hand and then unleashes an even STIFFER Chop to the chest of Byrd, making him flinch! Emilio fights back and hits a chop. Chop from Bobby. Chop from Emilio. Chop from Bobby! Chop from EMILIOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Wow! What shots being thrown!

Emilio takes the high road and then hits a huge kick to the gut of Bobby and then tags Hurtlocker Holt. The two men are in the ring and muscle Bobby into the ropes before bowling him over with a huge Double Shoulder Tackle!

DDK:

Nicely done by Hurtlocker Holt! Now a cover!

ONE... NO!

Horrigan powers out! The Boston Irishman sits up to the surprise of Hurtlocker Holt, but he doesn't give up his lead. He has a few inches on the somewhat portly Horrigan, but he picks him up and wails away on Bobby with big right hands. Holt sends him to the corner and then CRACKS Bobby with a big Running Clothesline there!

DDK:

Wow, what a sh... oh, no!

When Holt turns around, he gets MOWED with a huge Running Body Block by Horrigan! And then a Running Senton! Bobby sits up with a smile and rubs his shoulders while Hurtlocker Holt cringes on the mat, not expecting Horrigan to recover so quickly.

Lance:

Not only did he take that shot from Holt, but he gave it right back with the Body Block and the Senton!

Bobby Horrigan sits up and tags in Big Rose! He pushes down the ropes and steps over then before measuring Hurtlocker Holt. He then DRIVES a big Elbow Drop to the chest and then goes for a cover...

ONE...

TWO...

Owens pulls Holt up!

DDK:

Wow, disrespectful. That's definitely not the same Roosevelt Owens that was a member of No Justice, No Peace.

Rosey smirks and looks like he's literally having fun battering Hurtlocker Holt. He picks him up and the dumps Holt with a big Body Slam, getting jeers from the crowd. He picks him up again and then drives him a second time with an even stiffer Body Slam. He comes off the ropes and and a HUGE Leg Drop connects!

Lance:

Wow, what a move! Holt is in a bad way now!

Emilio Byrd is on his corner looking pissed off that he can't get in to save his buddy. Thugs 4 Hire have fought Rosey Owens many times, but this attitude of Bobby Horrigan appears to rubbing off on a man who used to be known as a follower. Roosevelt picks up Holt and sets Holt in the corner before tagging Bobby. Horrigan comes in when he puts him down with a Sidewalk Slam, followed by Horrigan coming off the middle rope with a big Vader Bomb out of the corner!

DDK:

What a combination there! I think Holt is done and Horrigan with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

SAVED BY EMILIO BYRD!

Emilio talks trash to Bobby and then returns to his corner. Holt is hurt badly now and Horrigan sits up to finish him off. He pulls Holt up and hoists the former Marine in a Fireman's Carry... but Holt slips out and spikes Horrigan down with a Reverse DDT!

DDK:

Good save by Emilio and a desperate counter! Heavy Artillery are looking good right now, but Emilio needs to get that tag!

Holt holds his ribs in pain while Boston Strong is still hurt, holding the back of his head. Holt makes the tag to Emilio! And the crowd starts to cheer as he climbs to the top rope. He waits for Horrigan to get back up, then he takes flight with a big Flying Clothesline off the top rope! The crowd cheers when he gets back up and then runs at Roosevelt in the corner to catch him with a big Forearm. When Rosey growls at him, he grabs him by the neck and then snaps him over the top cable!

DDK:

There's one way to stop them!

Emilio Byrd finally gets back up and waits for Bobby Horrigan to get back to his feet... he cranks back with the WIND-UP, cracking him with a Wind-up Punch to the face! Bobby doesn't go down and Byrd even holds his hand and shakes it, but then he runs off the ropes and hits a Spear! He covers Bobby Horrigan!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Lance:

Kickout by Horrigan! But now Byrd is looking to give him a Spinebuster he calls... well, the Byrd...

Emilio tries get Bobby up, but he gets a Bell Clap for his troubles, and then a Headbutt! Byrd is hurt now when he hooks him...

DDK:

Irish Car Bomb by Bobby! And now he throws him out of the corner... Rosey is back...

Lance:

This doesn't look good!

Bobby and Rosey nod. The two run off the ropes where Bobby hits a big Running Splash on Emilio... then Big Rosey hits an even BIGGER Running Splash on him! He doesn't even hook a leg and just plants a forearm across his body. The tandem Splashes called The Big Guns connects.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **HEAVY ARTILLERY!**

Rosey gets back up and Holt tries to get into the ring, but Bobby Horrigan comes barreling at him with a HUGE Thesz Press right into a barrage of right hands.

DDK:

Oh, come on! You two won!

Rosey and Bobby put the boots (and feet) to Holt over the theme playing until they're done. Then the Big Guns connects again, this time on Hurtlocker Holt!

DDK:

Well... I'd say after this they look more than ready to challenge for the BRAZEN Tag Team Titles!

Bobby and Rosey dab fists and then each mockingly let out an "EMILIOOOOOO!" at the fallen Byrd, then leave the ring proud of their handiwork.

Lance:

A big win tonight against another big team in BRAZEN and they made it look easy.

METAL FEAR

The scene is backstage in what looks to be a short time after the events of DEFtv, where The Deacon reappeared behind Conor Fuse and smacked him down with a chair. Conor is on one knee, half-leaned up against the wall, trying to shake the cobwebs out.

Conor Fuse:

Ga- Ga- Game Boy? Are you there? Are you anywhere? Owies, I think I hurts my head!

Yes, he said hurts.

Fuse rolls his eyes and lightly touches the back of his skull. He cringes in pain right away before taking a deep breath and struggling to get on his feet.

Conor Fuse:

The Defcon and his... *magic*. Whatever kind of cheat code that was, I gotta get my hands on it.

The younger Fuse stumbles down the hallway while using the side of the wall for much needed leverage. It's clear he's rattled and still confused on what transpired.

Conor Fuse:

Or was it The Defcon? I dunno, dunno, dunno...

His voice trails off as he stops dead in his tracks. Suddenly, he looks worried. The light has gone off; he remembers it now! It WAS The Defcon behind him! He heard Madagascar speaking and then WHAM, darkness!

Conor's eyes bulge from his head. A sense of terror looms over him! He spins behind him. Then back in front. Then behind again.

Conor Fuse:

Oh no! The Defcon could be lurking ANYWHERE!

Immediately, Conor cries for help.

Conor Fuse:

GAME BOY! Oh Game Boy, where art thou!?

But no one is around.

Mercifully, Conor continues to walk down the hallway and cites various iterations of the Game Boy system for no apparent reason than to bring him peace of mind.

Conor Fuse:

Game Boy. Game Boy Colour. Game Boy Advance. Game Boy SP. Game Boy Mini. Game Boy Pocket. I'll take any one of you right now... even a *virtual* one... I need some help!

Click. Conor hears a noise and freezes like a deer.

Click. Again, a noise. Coming from behind him.

Click, click. It's too close now.

Conor Fuse:

STOP TORMENTING ME DEFCON. YOU WIN, YOU WIN, OKAY!? I DON'T WANNA FIGHT YOU!!

???:

Pardon?

The voice says behind him. It takes Conor a millisecond to realize The Defcon doesn't talk so he turns around and sees Levi Cole standing there, wondering what's up.

Levi Cole:

Hey, Conor, you okay?

Fuse shakes his head no.

Conor Fuse:

Sorry, who are you? I think I hurts me head and not thinking clearly.

The man from Omaha smiles politely and puts his hand on Conor's shoulder.

Levi Cole:

It's me, Levi Cole. From BRAZEN.

Conor's puzzled and tries to process what he just heard.

Conor Fuse:

Levy... Cole?

Cole pats Conor's shoulder.

Levi Cole:

No, no. *Levi* Cole, but close enough.

Conor raises an eyebrow, becoming more confident by the second.

Conor Fuse:

That's what I said, Levy Cole.

The BRAZEN wrestler is far too nice to correct him again.

Levi Cole:

You alright?

Conor nods.

Conor Fuse:

I thinks so. Me head hurts but I'll be okay.

Cole drops his hand from Conor's shoulder and picks up his duffle bag, about to head out.

Levi Cole:

Well you hang in there, got it?

Conor nods like a little kid who just got his knee bandaged up and a green sucker for his troubles.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah. Got it.

Cole turns away but not before bumping into a member of the ring crew.

Levi Cole:

See ya, Stephen!

Crew Member:

See ya, Levi!

Conor's face goes into deep thought upon hearing the exchange.

Conor Fuse:

Levi? I don't even wear jeans.

Suddenly, he's met with a looming shadow over him. Fuse screams a high pitch call for help...

Until he sees it's The Game Boy.

Conor hugs him for comfort.

Conor Fuse:

GAME BOY! I MISSED YOU, BUDDY! I think that Defcon guy hit me in the head... I think he's out to get me!

Conor doesn't let go of The Game Boy but looks up. Even though The Halo From Hell says nothing in return, it's like he's telepathically linked to The Codebreaker.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, don't leave my side again. Yeah, we will get that freak and his little girl, too!

Conor is all smiles as the scene fades but he doesn't let go of his hulking henchman.

PRIVATE INVESTIGATION: PART II

The Holy Ground. *Again.*

Nothing has changed. Aging green bar top, a few drunks bellied up.

In the back corner, Terry "The P-Idol" Anderson has once again taken up residence in a booth in the back corner. The dim table is cast in the same yellow hue from his desk lamp or as the waitress has pointed out ... an unwelcome addition to the establishment decor. The light shines on scattered and stained paperwork set out in front of the hard weathered Anderson.

From the shadows just beyond the table's light, the would-be detective fumbles through some pages, scribbling notes on some and passing over others quickly.

A growingly familiar waitress approaches with her empty serving tray folded under her arm.

Waitress:

Why can't you just stare at the wall and get drunk like the rest of these goons?

Anderson doesn't look up, instead he holds his empty glass out to the questioning waitress, his eyes affixed to the documents in front of him. The waitress snatches the glass and heads off back to the bar.

Suddenly, the view goes dark and out of focus ... our last viewing would suggest Victor Vacio has once again joined the office/booth. The thud of the bench seat across from him being occupied in haste, grabs Anderson's attention.

Anderson:

Victor! Oh man, I did it, bud! As promised, Terry Anderson .. delivers!

Victor, black suit jacket, black shirt ... black mask. I think you get the picture, has no reaction and no discernable expression from beneath the mask.

Anderson:

... I told you, bud, have patience, just give me some time and ol' Terry will come through, EVERYTIME!

If, by come through, you actually mean slinking around a hospital long enough until you can fully violate someone's HIPAA rights. Which is exactly what Terry means.

Anderson:

It's all here... wait, here... no, here.

"The Idol" cycles through manilla folders and liquor stained sheets of paper, his hands frantic, until his panic fades with the folder with the ketchup stain on it.

Anderson:

HERE!

He holds it out toward the silent Vacio.

Anderson:

It's exactly the kind of dirt you were looking for! A little tacky for my taste but --

Anderson is interrupted by something being snatched from his hands for the second time in as many minutes.

Anderson:

Well ...

Vacio flips the file open and quickly looks over the information before closing the folder back. He folds the folder in half, creasing it's hard manilla edge before slipping it inside of his black blazer.

Anderson:

So ... the only thing left then, obviously... would be the matter of payment.

Vacio pauses for a moment, still wrist deep to his lapel.

Anderson:

I completely understand your need for this information to have been delivered... ah, muahy rapido but you see, things like this take time --

Vacio pulls his hand from his jacket having deposited the file folder and retrieved an envelope. He drops this stack of money sized package down on the table causing Anderson to halt his stammering pitch for payment. Anderson's a lot of things but he isn't stupid.

Terry reaches for the envelope and pulls it to the table's edge before taking it below and out of sight. He peers down as he thumbs through the amount and seeming more than satisfied he turns his attention back to Vacio.

Anderson:

Seem like everything is in order here ... wait

Terry halts himself this time as he finds the seat across from his empty.

CLINK

Waitress:

Who do you think you are talking to ... ? Do I need to cut you off!?

Terry takes a moment before replying with a glance to the money in his lap.

Anderson:

... ahhh, no one. No one at all.. But you know what ... keep 'em coming! There is a decent tip in it for you.

Along with Terry's freshly deposited drink, the waitress puts the edge of her tray down on the table top and drags it down, spilling it into this lap.

Waitress:

If you ever look at your crotch and say the word tip again ... I'll have you and your lamp tossed out on the street.

Anderson, dumbfounded but catching up quickly, is left with a lap full of soaking wet blood money.

Cut to elsewhere.

WINNERS AND LOSERS

POST-MATCH, BLACK PANDA AND ALVARO de VARGAS VS. TRASHCAN TIM AND MATT LACROIX

Coming into the hallway after leaving the gorilla position, Alvaro De Vargas huffs, but has an unshakeable grin on his face when he laughs. There's no interviewers around, but the camera is focused on ADV... something he naturally notices.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Oooohhh! You've come... you've come to talk to the winner, yes? El ganador! Me! El perdedor! Trash Bags McGee!

He takes a second to catch his breath and looks at his taped thumb.

Alvaro de Vargas:

DEFIANCE? Do you see that? ¿Entiendes lo que acabo de hacer? Excuse my language... both of them...

Another breath. Another bullshit line about to drop.

Alvaro de Vargas:

At not even 100%, I just defeated a member of the DEFIANCE roster! This thumb, this old basketball injury that has hovered over my career like a grim reaper... this won't stop me from being the biggest star in the DEFIANCE roster! And at Actos de Desafío... Trashcan Tim... I'm beating you!

He smiles.

Alvaro de Vargas:

...Oh, you didn't think I knew his name, did you? Of course I do, pendejos! I'm not some idiota! What YOU all need to understand is Alvaro de Vargas is the only name WORTH remembering because my name means something!

He grins.

Alvaro de Vargas:

You want to know what's bothered me? And I mean REALLY bothered me about where I am? Me! A REAL star who cut up this fine body for pennies a night in agujeros de mierda worked his ass off, to be put in BRAZEN! While that dumpster-diving pedazo de mierda walks in and gets handed a job! I have proven my toughness! He hasn't! DEFIANCE shouldn't reward a spot to people who smile with their missing teeth and can tune their banjo! You shouldn't get on the main roster because you're plucky or happy to be here or lo que sea. They should focus on people that can fight! They should focus on those that have WORKED to be here...

He angrily huffs harder.

Alvaro De Vargas:

STARS like me! La verdadera estrella en ascenso! Remember this, DEFIANCE! Recuerda esto, Timmy! At Acts of DEFIANCE, you and everybody on the roster will find out...

He now grins.

Alvaro de Vargas:

DE VARGAS ES DINERO!

The camera gets shoved away violently and the feed cuts.

GOOGLE MAPS IT

The lower chyron displays "DEF TV 140: Post Match Exclusive" appears on the screen and chairs are being tossed all around in one of the backstage area. The cameraman catches sight of chair flying across the screen and then peeks down the hall in the direction of the chair.

It is Mason Luck going aggro on some equipment backstage. Mason hurls another chair and lets out another scream as he hurls objects backstage. DEF Sec now try and get him under control while Max pleads beside him.

Mason Luck:

Damn it!!

Max Luck:

Bro it's okay! I'm all right! Iris said that I would be cleared by Acts of DEFIANCE!

Mason is still upset over the fact he let himself get fooled by The Pop Culture Phenoms to get rolled up by Flex Kruger.

Mason Luck:

No!

He starts to grab another chair when two more members of DEF Sec walk in.

DEF Sec member #1:

Hey! Stop!

DEF Sec member #2:

Mason, that's enough! Control yourself or you're out of the building!

Big Mase takes what they are saying into account and then drops the chair at their feet.

Mason Luck:

Fine ... but you can tell The Pop Culture Phenoms that we don't care what stipulation they pick. Until they attacked my brother this was all fun and games. Now? I'm not playing.

He grabs the nearest DEF Sec member by his shirt.

Mason Luck:

Tell them it doesn't matter what stipulation they pick for this match or how many titles they've won in DEFIANCE Wrestling. Tell them we're kicking their asses, one by one by damn one until we get payback. And they can bet on that!

Mason Luck pushes the DEF Sec member out of the way with Max Luck starting to head down the corridor. When they turn the corner, they get slipped a note by a man wearing a cardboard box on his head. Before Mason realizes what's going on, the man flees through an emergency exit and Mason goes after him.

Mason Luck:

Come here asshole!

Mason chases him through the exit and DEF Sec goes after them while Max Luck sees the paper that Klein dropped for them. Max picks it up and reads the note over.

Max Luck:

What the hell? "Meet us at this address."

Max pulls out his phone and uses Google Maps ... and then the most confused of looks is on his face.

Max Luck:

Oh man ... Mason's really gonna shit a brick.

Max hobbles off after his brother and the clip ends.

SCREEN 7 vs. LOUISIANA BULLDOGS

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for one fall and it is no holds barred! If the team of Screen 7 defeats the Louisiana Bulldogs in this contest, they will receive a six-month DEFIANCE contract! Introducing first, from Bayou Cane, Louisiana, Oliver and Denver Brandt... the Louisiana Bulldogs!

♪ "Born on the Bayou" by Clarence Clearwater Revival ♪

The Brandt brothers emerge from the curtain. As they make their way down the ramp, they smack hands with some fans before sliding into the ring.

DDK:

This dark match has some pretty high stakes, particularly for one team.

Lance:

Indeed, Darren. The duo known as, uh, "Extra Butter" Gilbert Rogers and "Sticky Floors" Alan Goldstein have weaved their way into this contest. For the record, I can't believe we have guys named like this!

DDK:

Well, we don't have them... yet. Pretty sure we're all behind the Louisiana Bulldogs to get the W and not give these guys contracts.

The Brandt's speak to referee Benny Doyle before their theme song closes.

DDK:

Look, don't get me wrong. Rogers and Goldstein don't look a day past 19. In the end, they're probably good kids. But that's the thing, they're kids! They don't have experience in the ring. Their two empty arena try-out matches received very poor reviews.

Lance:

They left people speechless and for the wrong reasons!

♪ Saw Movie Theme Song ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Their opponents... from Alberta, Canada... "Extra Butter" Gilbert Rogers and "Sticky Floors" Alan Goldstein... the team known as SCREEN 7!!!

The borderline morbidly obese Gilbert Rogers strolls out first, looking as confident as ever before. He sports the same black spandex bodysuit, except it's five-times too small for him and his large stomach protrudes out, partially falling to his knees. Goldstein is also wearing a black spandex outfit. Except, it's five-times too big! This is due to the fact he doesn't have an ounce of muscle on his body and is as paper thin as one could imagine.

DDK:

For the first time in front of a live audience, Screen 7...

But it doesn't seem to affect Rogers. He bumbles and bobbles his way down the ramp, smacking his stomach and pointing at different people in the crowd, proliferating confidence. Goldstein, however, hides behind Rogers (while this is possible in width, it is not possible in height since Alan is so much taller). Goldstein is shaking from head-to-toe and closing his eyes numerous times so he doesn't make eye-contact with the men inside the ring, knowing they want to kill him for their previous encounters.

Finally, S7 get to their corner, although Rogers needs significant help climbing the stairs and is breathing heavily after. Goldstein enters first and awaits Oliver Brandt.

DING DING

“Sticky Floors” Alan Goldstein: *[to Oliver Brandt]*

Please don't hurt me. Please.

He begs Oliver to reconsider as the Bulldog cracks his arms to loosen them up.

Oliver Brandt:

Too late, kid. Fool me once...

DDK:

Oliver comes charging at Goldstein but Goldstein tags out!

Oliver is irate.

Oliver Brandt:

You punk! Just take what's coming to you, okay!?

Alan exits the ring and stands beside Gilbert on the apron. “Extra Butter” is all excited as he gyrates before trying to enter between the top and middle ropes.

Oliver Brandt:

Alright, kid. You'll do. You're the confident bitch, aren't you?

It takes a good 30-seconds but Gilbert enters the ring and addresses Oliver.

“Extra Butter” Gilbert Rogers:

Mmmmmm yeah, yeah.

Denver Brandt: *[shouting from his corner]*

Just murder these fools! Teach them a lesson!

DDK:

Oliver rushes in with a head full of steam and knocks Rogers into the ropes! Oliver bounces off the far set of ropes and hits Gilbert with a dropkick!

It doesn't knock The Buoyant Blob off his feet, not yet because Rogers is significantly tied up in the ropes already and can't seem to get out.

DDK:

Oliver with a stiff kick to the side. Another stiff kick! And a third! It seems to hurt Rogers but his body is absorbing the blows, as well.

Lance:

Yes. Rogers' large frame is... unique to say the least. It's like he's a sponge and sucking every shot up easily!

Oliver tries to pull Rogers out from the ropes. Eventually, he's able to and tosses him into the ropes across the way. It's slow and methodical, like Gilbert could actually stop himself from running, bouncing into them and then coming back around but he doesn't.

DDK:

Oliver with a shoulder block!

Oliver ricochets off Rogers as both men crash to the floor! The older brother of the Bulldogs looks at Denver who's waiting for a tag.

DDK:

Oliver gets up and makes the tag! Denver shoots himself over the top rope and crashes into Rogers with an elbow drop!

It takes Denver awhile but he pulls Rogers to his feet. He tries for a scoop slap but realizes he's not able to. Even though "Extra Butter" is reeling, it's like Denver can hear the kid faintly under his breath say "mmm yeah, yeah, gimme that, gimme that" but chalks it up to being obsessed with wanting to seek revenge, so Denver never fully investigates further. Instead, Brandt elbows Rogers in the back of the head a few times and then shoots off the ropes and hits a missile dropkick!

The Faithful are cheering as Denver tags Oliver back in. The oldest Brandt looks down at Rogers and leans over.

Oliver Brandt:

Learned your lesson yet, kid? Now tag the skinny one. Let me give him a few shots and then we will call it a day, alright? You've got nerves though, I'll give you that.

Oliver helps pull Rogers to his feet and tosses him into Screen 7's corner. Rogers meets the buckle hard and inadvertently tags Alan Goldstein. At first, "Sticky Floors" is a deer in the headlights and doesn't know what to do. Oliver, rather politely, greets him in.

Oliver Brandt:

Look, kid. I don't know why you made this match no holds barred but just get in here. I'm gonna smack ya around a few times, pin you and we get this over with, okay? Just don't make my eyes bleed again and I won't bust your skull open.

Alan shakes his head "okay" but is very, very nervous upon entering. His body trembles from head to toe as he watches Oliver like a hawk, anticipating the worst.

"Sticky Floors" Alan Goldstein:

Mr. Brandt, sir, I am really sorry for what happened. I didn't mean to hurt you. I just wanted to make an impression...

It's surprising The Slender Man can even speak since he's shaking so much.

Oliver sighs. It looks like he's going to let up.

Oliver Brandt:

Look, buddy, I-

WHAM!

DDK:

WHO THE HELL IS THAT!?

Brandt falls to the floor as a man dressed in a black cloak and hoodie appears from... somewhere. Denver sees this and comes into the ring... running dead into a pump kick to the head!

The Faithful boo as the man, who looks to be around 6'4", 230 pounds wastes little time and throws Denver into the ropes... connecting with another pump kick to the head! Next, he takes Oliver and pulls him to his feet. The cloaked man hits a roundhouse kick, complete with a loud smacking sound as Oliver's body goes limp and he collapses to the canvas in a hurry!

The man's hood falls off but it doesn't matter. He's wearing a Scream Ghostface mask. He grabs Oliver again and Irish whips him into the turnbuckle. As Oliver comes out he's met with a sidewalk slam! Benny Doyle watches on as if he'd like to call for the bell but knows it's no DQ!

DDK:

This guy is a house on fire!

The man takes Denver. He hits another roundhouse kick and tosses him out of the ring. Then he snatches Oliver quickly by the neck and performs a split-legged sitdown brainbuster! He spins to his feet and looms overtop of the elder Brandt. Slowly, his glance turns to Alan Goldstein... who still hasn't moved an inch.

“Sticky Floors” Alan Goldstein:

Oh, hey Berry.

DDK:

Berry?

“Extra Butter” has since recovered in his corner. He is eyeing down “Berry” with an awkward “I told you so” kind of smile.

Lance:

Actually, Keebs, I think I know who this is. When Rogers and Goldstein initially signed a waiver to try out for DEFIANCE there was another signature on the contract, too. Berry Chernobyl. I didn't piece it together until just now.

DDK:

Berry Chernobyl?

Lance:

Yeah. Berry. With an E.

Rogers gets into the ring and starts dancing while leaning against the ropes. He nods and The Ghostface Grappler lifts the fallen Oliver once more.

Sitdown Double-Arm Powerbomb.

Chernobyl backs away from Brandt and puts his arms out as if to say “here he is”. At first unsure, Goldstein looks at Rogers for approval. All Gilbert does is bounce up and down and tell him to “do it, yeah, yeah, do it”.

DDK:

Goldstein's making a cover...

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING**DDK:** *[in disbelief]*

These guys now have six-month contracts...

Lance:

... .. yep.

As Screen 7's theme music plays over the PA, Extra Butter wobbles his way to Goldstein and gives him a big hug. Meanwhile, Berry Chernobyl doesn't move an inch.

DDK:

I don't see any scenario where these guys can hang here.

Lance:

I would typically agree with you but look at what just happened. It's like this Berry guy is a straight ringer!

The music comes to an unforeseen close when Denver Brandt gets back into the ring and right into Chernobyl's face.

Denver Brandt:

Man, what the hell!? We weren't going to kill your friends or anything... we just wanted to teach them a lesson. What makes you think you can get involved here, anyway?

Denver is irate. He pushes Chernobyl, knocking his mask off in the process. The camera zooms in on the man in the cloak. His face is rather pale and he looks to be just as young as the other two except with no acne on his face. Berry looks down at his mask, then at Denver.

DDK:

Another pump kick!

Which knocks the spit right out of Denver!

This is followed by a second sidewalk slam and as he spins to his feet in one fluid motion, Berry snatches Denver by his hair and drops him on his head in a tilt-a-whirl DDT!

The Faithful keep their silence and show concern for the Bulldogs as Rogers pats Chernobyl on the chest and the trio eventually exit the ring.

DDK:

I don't know how to process this yet. It seems like this Chernobyl guy has legitimate potential. Why he's associating with these clowns, though...

Lance:

I guess over these next six months, we'll see...

Screen 7's theme song replays on the airwaves as the camera zooms in on the trio and UNCUT heads to commercial.

RETURN TO DEFIANCE: Finale

After an awkward encounter with The Comments Section, the siblings have found a piece of paper on the floor by their door. As they finish their Chinese food, Jestal notices a piece of paper lying on the floor. He walks over and picks it up. His eyes scan it. Dandelion signs a bit, Jestal looks up from the paper.

Jestal:

Its a casting call....for something called Tiger Queen!?

Dandelion seems deep in thought for a moment before motioning again toward her brother.

Jestal:

Says the location for the casting is locker room 2c.

Dandelion motions a bit more.

Jestal:

Well, since we're stuck here in 2019 thanks to Conor! The Stevens don't have our Blondies anymore, and Clucky is still missing...remind me to send a picture to TruMoo so they can put his photo on their milk cartons.

Dandelion rolls her eyes.

Jestal:

I suppose we could see what this casting call is all about. We pretty much have hit a wall in our quest.

Jestal and Dandelion leave the funhouse. Brazen are still around the locker room trying to get a peek inside as the door closes behind them. Jestal pivots to the side and pulls out control and clicks a button.

A clown horn beeps twice as the multicolor neon light saying

THE TOYBOX

Turns from multi color to red. Who would have thought The Toybox actually have a Locker Room alarm system?

10 MINUTES LATER

The siblings have arrived at Locker Room 2c, a piece of paper is attached to the door saying

THE TIGER QUEEN

The siblings open the door and the first thing they see is Ryan Batts exiting the room. They exchange a quick confused look at one another when Batts narrows his eyes.

Ryan Batts:

...I'm gonna rip off your arm and beat you with it someday.

Before Jestal can leave, Batts leaves. Next, just behind Batts is The D. He wears a golden monocle with the one lens flipped up so he's staring through nothing, and holds a clipboard and chews on a pen. He's also wearing one of those garbs that might remind someone of a fisherman with one too many pockets, Dandelion is ecstatic, thinking that if the D is here, then her favorite wrestler of all time Ms. Elise Ares, Queen of DEFIANCE is not far away. She jumps up and down slamming her fists on the top of Jestal's shoulders. As she beats the holy hell out of Jestal in excitement The D turns to them.

The D:

Oh, someone's excited. Yes, I believe next on the agenda for Tigers for our wonderful showcase piece is...

The D squints, and then lowers the monocle lens. Suddenly, he can see.

The D:

The Toybox. Are you... tied, to that face paint?

The D cocks his head to the side. As Jestal goes to answer, he's cut off.

The D:

Anyway! Time is money... or... makeup, to you. Let's do this. Come into my casting couch.

The D winks toward Dandelion, who's too enthralled looking around for her favorite wrestler to even notice. The D shrugs, and opens the door, ushering Jestal & Dandelion inside.

Once there, O-Face, dressed in a punk rocker skirt suit, hands each of them small 5x7 postcard-like stapled stacks of papers called sides. She nods to each as she does and does a little courtesy bow. The D pulls out the pen from his mouth and waves it above his head.

The D:

Alright, from one, lights, camera, ACTION!

The D points to Dandelion, and a spotlight floods her, shined on her by Flex Kruger who's standing on a ladder in a small otherwise empty room. At first she looks blinded, and then tries to squint to see what's happening. She starts to read her sides and nods in understanding. Dandelion raises both her hands like claws to the camera and mimes rawling. There is no sound. Klein is excited, but then sees The D isn't, so now he's not. He secretly tries to wave at her and blushes. He then quickly grabs a box and puts it on his head in the background.

The D:

Cut! We need you to project Ms. D. Alright, how about you! Clown baby!

The D points over to Jestal, as Flex moves the spotlight manually. He audibly groans as he does.

Jestal: *{in a Shakespearean voice}*

For I am a tiger...ROOOAARRR!!

The D:

CUT! Cut. Okay... so no. You're barely recognizable as human people. You make garbage tigers. Maybe, I dunno, you have a lot of makeup. As long as you don't make Elise look too whorish, you could probably add some rouge to her cheeks or something. Be our on set make up artist. And you... pretty mute girl.. You can like... feed her grapes or --

Suddenly the door swings up to show Elise Ares wearing an orange tiger-striped bikini top under a biker-style leather vest with matching bikini bottoms with leather chaps. Her arms are covered in temporary tattoos and eyes covered by mirrored aviator sunglasses.

Elise Ares:

Back away from them you GORRAM heathens!

She pulls a cap gun out of her chaps and fires it into the air twice.

Elise Ares:

Go get more meat off the expired meat truck and... OOF!

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style is thrown to the floor with a flying spear. Dandelion has Elise Ares locked in a death hug, rubbing her face against the arm of the former SoHER and kicking her feet in excitement. Ares tries her best to wiggle her way free but it's locked in deep as Dandelion smiles from ear to ear.

Elise Ares:

Help. Please. Somebody. Help. Me.

Klein leaps into action as Flex and O-Face share a chuckle at the situation. He hesitates but then wraps his arms around Dandelion's waist.

Jestal: *{softly says to himself}*

Here we go.

The D:

Don't just stand there you idiots, go help the star!

Klein already has Dandelion somewhat pried away when O-Face and Flex Kruger jump to action. Elise Ares desperately kicks Dandelion away with a look of terror on her face before she loses her grip and the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE quickly crawls away to the other side of the room. Dandelion continues to try to break free from Klein and go after her favorite movie star, but Klein has her cradled. Ares crawls around and hides on the other side of The D's desk and screams her displeasure.

Elise Ares:

I can't work under these conditions! What's wrong with her?!

Jestal:

That is no way to greet your hero. Seriously I have no idea why you find her so fascinating?

Elise Ares:

D, if people are going to want to touch me after this I'm going to need a BIG RAISE.

The D:

Well if this all goes wel...

Elise Ares:

HUGE.

The D:

We will buy the tallest billboard. I promise.

Jestal:

Oh come on, she just got a bit excited. We were born to perform and act. It's in our blood, come on Big Daddy D give us another shot.

The D looks down at Elise, who is still hiding behind the desk

The D:

Your part? Your part is to get the fuck out of here and never show your face in Hollywood again. You and your... female Klein. NEXT!

Jestal:

Female Klein?...now wait just one minute Dani doesn't wear a cardboard box!

The D:

I said NEEEEEXXT!

Elise stands up, nodding as Flex escorts Jestal out of the room. Klein carries Dandelion out, and as she gets close to the desk, she tries to break free but Klein holds her tight. As Klein reaches the door, he gently puts Dandelion down. Dandelion looks at Klein, who produces a single dandelion from his back pocket. He extends it to Dandelion and

smiles. She simply looks at Klein with a tilted confused expression. Klein shoves it in her hand and closes the door.

Jestal:

Well, so much for show business.

Dandelion admires the dandelion given to her by Klein they head back down the hall.

The D:

Alright. Who's next?

The door clinks open and in walks the former FIST of DEFIANCE, Cayle Murray. Minus some small updates, he looks as strong and virile as ever. He looks at Elise, back to the D, sees a giant posterboard with the handwritten words "TIGER AUDITION" on them. He takes one last look to his right and sees Klein, who extends a small piece of Kale. Cayle just shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

Nope. No way. I'm calling my agent.

Cayle quickly exits the room, before any of the members of PCP can say a word.

The D:

I feel like I know that guy. NEXT!

The door clinks open, and the D's jaw drops. He tries to say something but no words emerge. Elise even stands, head tilted in confusion. Flex stands there with a knowing nod.

Elise Ares:

Whoa, whoa, hold up. This is totes some kind of prank, right?? What in God's name are you doing here?

End Scene.

CYRUS CONFESSIONALS 3: ENTITLEMENT

Cyrus sits across from Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch in mid-session at Shimmering Reflections. His therapist drones on and on about how individuals within society can make the world a better place until Cyrus interjects.

Cyrus Bates:

I need to stop you right there. You see, I think we live in a very entitled world now, more than ever. There is no sense in making this world better. Everyone is out for themselves.

The counsellor shuffles his seated position across from Bates.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

What makes you say that?

A moment of pause lingers.

Cyrus Bates:

Because you see it everywhere. It is everywhere. 'I want this,' or 'I want that.' Heck, even Malak didn't want the tag titles until he saw them. Now, it's all he can talk about and we're just a week or so out from the biggest match in our careers. Do you know how much pressure that has put on us?

Dr. W-C hums and haws at the introspection.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

You realize, Cyrus, you're able to identify entitlement within your very own realm? How self-conscious of you.

Cyrus nods.

Cyrus Bates:

I ain't dumb. I can call a spade, a spade. It still doesn't mean that I can dissociate from my entitlements. There's stuff I want too, you know?

The Good Doctor can tell Cyrus is conflicted. The immense pressure of chasing after the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships is undoubtedly a daunting mental burden.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

Well, you're human, not a robot, so I wouldn't expect anything less. Tell you what, sometimes it's a good thing to be entitled. In a sense, that was what I was trying to promote. We, as a society should be entitled with creating the best world, not destroying it. Therefore, you should be focused on helping your friends capture those gold belts!

The Bellicose Brawler stares a thankful glare towards his therapist. He knows he is way too hard on himself. His eyes loiter over to the window where he can see a Blue Jay and Cardinal squawking at each other on the same tree branch. Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch turns to witness the birds as well.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

Not all is what it seems.

Such a cryptic quote is left up to Cyrus to decode. The two men refocus their attention back to the conversation at hand.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

So, what are you going to do about it?

Bates takes a deep breath in.

Cyrus Bates:

I'm going to give it my all and let the chips fall where they may. I just hope it's good enough to get Malak all those belts he wants so badly.

The counsellor fixes his glasses before replying.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

Belts? As in plural? How many are there in total you're going after?

Cyrus Bates:

Up for grabs? Five of 'em. He wants all five.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch gasps in amazement.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

FIVE BELTS! What is one wrestler going to do with five belts? Now, that's not entitlement, no. That's straight up GREED. There's a whole other unit for that.

The doctor hastily turns back to his desk and clangs away on his computer until he pulls up some digital files on the new subject matter. Cyrus sits back as he knows this session is only just getting started.

ERASER

There is an ACTS of DEFIANCE backdrop to the interview room, where three chairs are situated. One, off to the left and two, off to the right. Lance Warner is the first to enter the scene and take a seat on the left-hand side. He is followed by Tyler Fuse and The Princess on the right. Lance wears a nice white dress shirt, black tie and black dress pants, nothing overly fancy. Tyler, on the other hand, is in faded gray jeans and a plain back t-shirt. The Princess sports a white and black designed dress, with her blonde hair pulled back into a ponytail.

Lance Warner:

Thank you both for joining me here. This is something I've been really looking forward to.

There is silence on the other end, although Warner wasn't anticipating a response as he continues.

Lance Warner:

There are a lot of questions out there, particularly within the past month regarding yourself Tyler, Scott Douglas and The Original Reaper, Jason Stalker Reeves. I was surprised you took me up on this interview because I'm actually not sure if you intend to provide any more clarification...

As Lance speaks, Tyler simply stares a hole through his forehead. Desire, on the other hand, is a little more distant and calmly sits in the chair, looking around, somewhat disinterested.

Lance Warner:

However, I will begin the interview. Again, thank you both for this. Tyler, I wanted to start with your obsession with Scott Douglas. I know you've mentioned why you initially attacked him and Kerry Kuroyama and why you took The Pacific Blitzkrieg out. You wanted to make a stand, to prove you're more than just a tag team wrestler and I think no one would argue this point with you now. From Kerry, to the developmental wrestler Dean Neenon on UNCUT, to JJ Dixon and your recent blood bath with DEFIANCE's Favorite Son himself, you've proved your point. But what is this Replacement Era stuff you're speaking about?

There is silence. Tyler hasn't stopped his trance-like state on Lance. At first, it seems as though he may never answer the question but he leans back in his chair and takes a quick look at The Princess before addressing Warner.

Tyler Fuse:

First off, you don't have to thank me, or my wife, about anything. I am coming to you because you are in the business of helping me and it is not the other way around.

Warner seems a little stressed and confused by Tyler's statement, but not fearful. He listens intently as Tyler speaks on.

Tyler Fuse:

Everything I do is cold and calculated. When I accepted this interview, it was because you are going to be a catalyst in this process and you are going to get some answers but not all. Now, onto your point. The Replacement Era... it's not something you're going to be privy to right away. It's not even something you can grasp at this stage. It's far too advanced of a notion. But I will say this, Scott Douglas will be replaced. That is certain. And he will be replaced by me.

Warner readjusts his tie before nodding.

Lance Warner:

Well, Tyler I-

Tyler Fuse:

Scott came to DEFIANCE a weak, pathetic, scared little boy. A boy who needed to call his Mommy every day in order to feel better about things. Go look up his history, he's on the phone with her all the time. But then... then he grew up. He became one of the Mount Rushmores in DEFIANCE, there's no doubt about that. Yet over the last two years he's

failed to progress any further. He failed to *upgrade* and I don't mean that in gaming terminology. We should be talking about *THE* epitome of the DEFIANCE roster. A guy who stands alone. On his own. Literally above the top of the mountain because no one else can touch him. But Lance, Scotty got soft. He grew weak. He lost to this wrestler and that wrestler and this clown and that clown... so it was time for a wake up call.

The stoic Tyler looks at The Princess and then methodically stares down Warner again.

Tyler Fuse:

Yes, I wanted to prove I was better than a typecasted tag teamer. That was goal number one. Goal number two was to take Kerry Kuroyama out and give Scott his wake up call. But what happened, Lance? WHAT. HAPPENED? That righteous dbag, who's so noble and so strong said he would STILL stand behind the man who held him back... even after I did him a favor and took Kuroyama out for good.

Tyler puts his hands in the air, as if to say "slow down".

Tyler Fuse:

Alright pal, he didn't get the wake up call. So now... it's time to take him out. Because I don't have patience for idiots like Sub Pop, who have the world in front of them and yet, do nothing. Douglas could become the FIST tomorrow if he really wanted to but he lost his...

Fuse sports a rare, sadistic smile.

Tyler Fuse:

Scott Douglas is ungrateful. He is taking a spot at the TOP of the ladder and now I am going to take him out, once and for all and truly replace him. But let me make one thing clear... there is more to this Replacement Era than just kicking out Douglas. Like I said, it's only step one.

Silence again. Tyler leans back in his chair and Warner takes a deep breath. The interviewer collects his thoughts before continuing so there are more uncomfortable moments as the anticipation builds.

Lance Warner:

Tyler, then I have to ask... how does Jason Stalker Reeves come into this? Is he a partner? And if he is, how is that no different than being in a tag team? How are you going to replace Douglas and get the credit for yourself if someone else is in the picture, too?

Warner looks initially worried, like the question would infuriate the former tag team champion, but surprisingly, it doesn't. Tyler simply nods before pulling his left hand to his mouth and then running it through his hair.

Tyler Fuse:

See, that's the misconception.

Lance Warner:

What is?

Tyler Fuse:

That I have a partner. Jason Reeves and I... you don't know it yet, but we go back, too. In time, you'll see. He and I share similar beliefs and a mutual hate for Scott Douglas. It was easy to get in touch with him and *summon* him back to DEFIANCE.

Lance Warner:

So you were the one who brought him here?

Tyler Fuse: *[shurgging]*

Yes and no. He's been here the whole time. He just needed to choose the right moment... and I told him, there is no better moment than now.

Warner tries to make sense of this but it's challenging to do so. Either way, he decides to continue on with his questions by looking into his notepad.

Lance Warner:

Tyler, what is with this mean streak of yours? Why are you going through the process of not only hurting people but trying to end careers? Kerry Kuroyama may be back but he also may not. He's out for a while, though. That Dean Nenonen kid, you destroyed him. How did he deserve anything like that?

The Princess continues to mind her own business and, again, Lance braces himself for a furious reply... but Tyler stays calm and collected, albeit with intensity in his voice.

Tyler Fuse:

You gotta start somewhere. You have to make an impression. Look at this roster now. It's growing day-by-day and I REFUSE to get lost in the shuffle. You can sit there, Lance and say "oh don't worry Tyler, you're a former DEFIANCE Tag Team Champion" or "everyone knows you and Conor come to wrestle and put on a great show, you'll be fine regardless". I've heard it all before. I don't need to go through this process to understand what the roadblocks are. I *foresee* the roadblocks. You want the real answer, Lance? The one that will devastate everyone watching... you can't handle it yet. When that time comes, no one will be able to. That is a promise.

Tyler leans forward again, hands on his chin.

Tyler Fuse:

But for now all you need to know is, I grew up. I grew-up faster than you'll ever know and I have always been steps ahead of the process. Sometimes, it might sound like I'm speaking in riddles but I assure you, if anyone else can crack these codes, you'll know exactly where I am going. And if you can't, Lance, that's fine. Fall in line like the rest of them. I'm not spelling it out for you.

Warner starts looking through his notes again but Tyler cuts him off.

Tyler Fuse:

ACTS of DEFIANCE will be the end of Scott Douglas. You can say whatever you want about me, you can like me, you can hate me, you can not understand me. But Lance, when I say something gets done... it gets done. When I promised Kerry Kuroyama was going to get his, he did. When my brother and I said we'd take the tag titles at DEFtv 100, we did. When we ended... let me repeat that... when we ENDED the tag team careers of The WrestleFriends... WE DID.

Tyler stands up and walks towards the main interview camera.

Tyler Fuse:

When I say Scott Douglas' days are numbered... they are. I am not some happy, peppy, fan favorite moron who refused to progress with the times. I will be DEFIANCE's most feared wrestler... smarter than them all, manipulating the game to get what I want. It's inevitable.

Fuse turns back to Warner.

Tyler Fuse:

And why do I know that? Because no one works harder. No one takes things more personally. And no one knows where they're headed more than I do. I may not be the *gamer* my brother is. I may have given that world up. But there are traits I developed over these past three years that have been burned into my skull. I will manipulate. I will play you. I will get exactly what I came here for. Rest assured, I already did. I got all the information I wanted out of this interview.

Tyler walks back to his chair as The Princess stands up to meet him. They begin to unhook their interview mics.

Tyler Fuse:

This interview is now over, Lance. Thank you for taking the time to get my message more out there.

And just like that, they're off... leaving Lance Warner in silence, looking down at his notes.

UNIFIED TAG TITLES: THE SKY HIGH TITANS vs. VIKING WAR CULT

DDK:

We're up next for our premiere match of the evening and it is The Sky High Titans defending the Unified Tag Team Titles against the Viking War Cult members Ivor and Floki Holmstrom, former Trios champs in their own right! We understand Junior Keeling is still nursing a slight neck injury from that Keyboard Kick from Cyrus Bates, so he isn't here tonight, but he will be in the corner of the Titans at Acts of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

And what an opportunity for them! While they are slated to defend against The Comments Section, we've been told if Holmstroms win this match, then the scheduled title match will become a three-way match. Either way, nothing to lose and everything to gain!

DDK:

Thomas put this match together to try and get the Titans on the same page after the fallout from these leaked messages from The Comments Section have just wreaked havoc on their partnership. They have to work together or risk losing the titles, so let's go to ringside for our main event here on UNCUT!

And to Darren Quimbey we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall and it is for the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships!

The graphic for the title appears on screen as we head to the entrances.

♪ "Warriors of Asgard" by Amon Amarth ♪

The crowd jeers as the arena gets bathed in a red spotlight. Out come the twin contingent of the Viking War Cult, Ivar and Floki Holmstrom. The twins look out to the crowd with disdain and then slap one another's chests to fire the other up for the biggest opportunity of their careers.

DDK:

The VWC members look ready for this match! Thomas wanted the best of the best and got one of the top groups in BRAZEN today!

Lance:

They have extensive history in BRAZEN as one of its most dominant acts and tonight, they can step up in the biggest way possible!

Ivar and Floki get in the ring and continue firing the other one up before the music of their opposition hits.

♪ "Let's Go (The Royal We)" by Run The Jewels ♪

As they belt out the lyrics, two new spotlights shine on stage. On the left is "The Sky High Kid" Minute, decked out in his black spiked luchador mask, along with a snazzy-looking business suit, but his smirk is gone and has a pensive expression that can be seen on his lips. On the right, the GIANT form of "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez, wearing the exact same business suit, looks down at his partner.

DDK:

Minute is here! But look at his body language. He is clearly not happy.

Lance:

I have to wonder if this was such a smart idea by Thomas Keeling to make this match so close to another scheduled title defense!

Cortez looks at Minute and tries to offer a hand, but he brushes past his large partner and heads to the ring with his portion of the five-belt collection making up the Unified Tag Belts.

When both men approach the ring, Crotez steps onto the ring apron while Minute moves off to another direction, leaps from one corner rope to the other, then backflips right in. the crowd pops at the feat of athleticism. Cortez enters the ring behind him. The collection of championships go to referee Benny Doyle. He raises them up and then waits as the bell rings.

DDK:

No Thomas or Junior. This is an issue they want the two men to sort out and hopefully through competition and keeping those titles, they can do it.

Lance:

They better or they're going to lose the Unified Tag Team Titles this close to the Acts!

DING DING!

And right away from the onset, both Ivar and Floki go on the attack by hitting Uriel with a Double Dropkick! He hits the ropes and when Minute tries coming to his partner's aid, Ivar and Floki both hit Minute with kicks to the gut and then send him into the ropes. He comes back and gets spiked with a lift from Ivar into a HUGE European Uppercut by Floki!

DDK:

Wow! Assisted Flapjack into an Uppercut!

Floki hurriedly goes into a cover after the surprise attack.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Minute kicks out, but barely and now Ivar goes back to his corner so Floki can pull Minute up, then tag his brothers. Uriel is back in his corner growling while they both continue working over Minute quickly. They both lift up his arms, then double him over with a pair of gut punches, then a pair of big Double Sledges to bring the luchador to his knees.

Ivar shouts something in his native language and then picks up Minute off the canvas before taking him down with a huge Belly to Back Suplex into another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Another close one right there!

The crowd jeers Ivar now as he stands up and paintbrushes Minute in the back of the head, yelling at him to get back up and fight.

DDK:

You have him down, you should be trying to win the titles!

Lance:

Rookie mistake there. If you give Minute ANY chance to fight back, you know he'll leap at the chance to take it!

Ivar tags Floki and the two brothers continue to pound away on Minute for a moment. The luchador then gets tossed into the ropes. They try the Aided lift again, but when Ivar launches Minute into the air, he grabs onto Floki and DRILLS him with Eso Es Tada!

DDK:

Wow! Minute's Eso Es Tada DDT! He just spiked Floki with that Flying Tornado DDT!

Lance:

But look! Ivar is on him already!

As the TJ Tornado tries to get back up, Ivar boots Minute into the gut and then tries to hoist him with a German Suplex, but Minute backflips and lands on his feet. Floki rolls out of the ring while Ivar tries to fight back, but Minute hits a Backflip Kick and lands on his feet, then follows with an Jumping Enzuigiri to the side of Ivar's face, sending him out of the ring as well. Minute looks out to the cheering crowd and then at Uriel Cortez, who wants a tag. Minute looks at him...

Then gives it to him!

DDK:

Uh-oh!

Uriel Cortez now rolls out of the ring to where Ivar and Floki are both trying to stand on the floor. He charges...

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! A DOUBLE SPEAR BY URIEL CORTEZ! HE JUST WIPED OUT BOTH OF THE HOLMSTROM TWINS!

Uriel stands up and lets out a roar that gets cheers from the crowd in kind. The Faithful cheer when Uriel grabs the legal man Floki and throws him back into the ring. The monster in the nice dress shirt climbs back into the ring and then throws him back into the corner of the Sky High Titans. Uriel makes the tag as he grabs Floki...

DDK:

INDUSTRY STANDARD! AND NOW HERE COMES MINUTE!

The Sky High Kid hits the ropes and looks out to the crowd...

Lance:

Here we go!

DDK:

MINUTE DETAIL! SPRINGBOARD 450 CONNECTS!

Minute hits the spectacular aerial maneuver and then hooks the leg of the fallen Floki.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Their theme plays and the Sky High Titans regroup in the ring as the belts are handed back.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners and STILL the Unified Tag Team Champions... **THE SKY HIGH TITANS!**

DDK:

The Viking War Cult got off to a hot start in the midst of the Titans' awkwardness at the beginning. But once they found that groove again, they showed why they've been one of DEFIANCE's most winningest pairings in some time.

Lance:

Look at the laundry list of teams in DEFIANCE history they've beaten. The Stevens Dynasty! The Pop Culture Phenoms! Team HOSS! Batts and former two-time FIST Oscar Burns! If they can put this awfulness aside and can focus on the task at hand of dealing with The Comments Section, there's no reason they can't walk out with those titles!

Uriel and Minute look at one another after the camaraderie is over. Uriel offers him a hand... and Minute takes it!

DDK:

I'm not sure what's happening with The Family Keeling, but it looks right now that The Sky High Titans are on the same page at least enough to try and keep the Unified Tag Team Titles!

Lance:

They looked great! I think Malak Garland and Company will have a lot on their hands!

DDK:

That they will! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and we'll see you at Acts of DEFIANCE!

The final shot is the successful Unified Tag Team Champions, The Sky High Titans, holding out the collection of championships as the show fades to black.