

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.

HOPEFUL WISHES

Magdalena's focus had remained split. She'd covered for Deacon at 141 - told the Favoured Saints enough truth to get them to let the Patron Saint of the Squared Circle have the night off. That took most of her time, but the rest of it remained on the man - the Deacon - who'd hired her to manage those affairs. With that man, she'd felt his despair any time she'd been with him - in the hallways of the hospital, at the altar in the chapel. And in the room - bright balloons with cheerful wishes, almost mockingly decorating the sterile walls.

Because sometimes, no matter how hard you wish, those wishes just don't come true.

Even as that thought broke through, with a shake of her head, she pushed it away. She wouldn't let it overwhelm her. She had to stay strong - for Deacon, even for Leah, and definitely for Jack.

But what could she do?

Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Her stomach grew tighter, and not for the first time, she realized if she bit the metal prong just a bit harder, she might split her lip ring in two. She ran her fingers through her hair and pulled the white strands back as if to put them into a ponytail, squeezed the hair, then let her hands go back to her temples.

What do I do? That question was followed quickly by another - How did Victor Vacio get that information he'd placed in the envelope and "delivered" to Deacon at Acts? Magdalena had seen Vacio at the hospital, but it'd been weeks prior to the results he'd left for Deacon.

This is wrestling - maybe Victor's a time traveller. Stranger things had happened in Deacon's career.

Or maybe--

Magdalena leapt out of her seat and crossed the hallway. Deacon leaned against the window, looking out. Maybe in prayer. Maybe in despair. Likely in both.

"Got a minute?" Magdalena asked.

Deacon turned to her. He glanced at Jack.

"Just in the hallway," Magdalena added.

With another furtive glance, Deacon nodded & followed Magdalena, stepping in the hallway but not pulling the door closed.

"I was thinking," Magdalena said. "Shouldn't the hospital know how Vacio got that paperwork?"

Deacon shrugged.

"No," Magdalena interrupted his thought. "I mean, somehow, those results ended up in public. You know that's against some major rules, right?"

Deacon took a deep breath and looked back into the room.

"Leverage it," Magdalena stated. "Tell them that they need to explain how this happened."

"I sure Leah did," Deacon said sadly, and immediately, Magdalena regretted pushing him. She never wanted to force him to think about Leah - least of all, now.

“Maybe,” Magdalena continued. “Or maybe she’s as overwhelmed as you are. She’s been carrying a lot t--”

“I know what she carry!” Deacon snapped, his eyes glaring and nostrils flared.

Magdalena took a step back. “I’m sor--”

“No,” Deacon’s eyes softened. “I sorry.”

He took a deep breath. “I will ask t’em.”

Magdalena hoped he would learn something. But sometimes, no matter how hard you hoped, those hopes just don’t come true. She just hoped this time wasn’t one of those times.

WRESTLEPLEX TOUR PT26

No time wasted here at UNCUT 76. We get right to the WrestlePlex Tour. Conor Fuse and Trashcan Tim, backstage during DEFtv 141.

Conor Fuse:

And that, my friend, is how you walk down the hallway. You don't wanna give out *too* much confidence but you don't wanna be reserved, either. You wanna make your statement, know where you're going with confidence and take it from there. Care to give it a try?

Conor, face lit up with the widest smile possible, is like a puppy dog, frothing at the mouth as he blankly stares into Trashcan Tim's face, anticipating what's to come. Trashcan tries to look away from Conor, in the hope he can draw his attention to something... or someone else. However, as Tim carefully moves his eyes back towards the peripheral image of the youngest Fuse brother, in the hope to catch Conor looking elsewhere or focused on some shiny object, it's a no-go. Conor's face is frozen in time, eyebrows up, smiled pasted to his face, waiting to see Tim's "hallway walk".

Trashcan Tim:

I mean, I guess I could give it a try?

Conor Fuse:

YAY!

The camera swings in front of Trashcan, leaving Conor behind him to the left-hand side. Trashcan takes one step forward and Conor instantly pulls out a notepad, jotting down thoughts. It's like Trashcan is a model on the runway and Conor is an agent, critiquing every movement he sees.

Conor Fuse:

Chin up, eye forward. We want those shoulders to *pop!*

Fuse goes back to consulting his notes.

Conor Fuse:

Now remember, give me that *attitude* but know when to pull back, my man. And when you get to that corner and turn, rotate those feet first, *then* get those hips in front. Don't drop the shoulders! Shoulders are key!

Trashcan's facial expression is very awkward, as this seems completely unnatural to him. In all honesty, he isn't really doing anything Conor told him to, anyway. He's simply walking like normal. The Codebreaker is so caught up in the moment he probably hasn't realized much of a difference.

Before Trashcan can get to the end of the hallway, however, Conor shouts "stop!" The camera stays in front of Tim so his back is still turned to The Codebreaker. Relief immediately crosses his face, thinking this is over. Meanwhile, Conor jets up to Trashcan, notepad in hand, looking down at it recapping all the observations he's made.

Conor Fuse:

So, you did well. You can definitely be a force here.

Conor goes back to consulting his notes. He flips past a page or two making Trashcan's eyes bulge like "how many notes did you take!?"

Conor Fuse:

And shoulders. Always remember those shoulders. You gotta walk proudly out here or people won't take you seriously. You don't have your shoulders out wide enough. Maybe that shit flew in places like GCW or Action Wrestling but not here, Trashy Timmy- hey, do you mind if I can you Trashy Timmy? I like the name Timmy! Trashcan is such an *odd* first name to have.

Trashcan Tim:

I-

The Game Boy walks into the picture. Conor snaps his head directly towards his "Mini" Boss as if he just remembered! Conor ignores the newly christened Timmy's response.

Conor Fuse:

RIGHT! The elevator! *[Laughs and puts his arm around Tim]* We were supposed to get to that eons ago! Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy! Okay Timmy, let's get to it!

BLOODFIST

Levi Cole enters the Wrestleplex bags in hand he is met with Christie Zane.

Christie Zane:

Levi can I have a word with you?

Cole drops his bag and gives a smile to Christie.

Christie Zane:

Sure, Christie.

Christie Zane:

Tonight you are going against Scrow. He has been on a roll since Acts of Defiance. How are you going to stop his momentum tonight?

Cole ponders for a few seconds.

Levi Cole:

Well Christie I can not argue the fact he has indeed been on a tear since his encounter with Team Hoss and Dex Joy. Let's just say I am not Butcher Victorious, if he thinks he is gonna be bulldozing over me like he did Butcher he is sadly mistaken.

Christie Zane:

Hightower didn't have much luck either.

Levi Cole:

He did however not go down without a fight. Now I am not one to really see eye to eye with David Hightower. I am not a brawler I am a pure wrestling technician in that ring.

Christie Zane:

He does seem to have a problem with pure wrestlers, Burns took him to his limit and he did struggle to beat Burns.

Levi Cole:

Which in the end he could not. I feel much like his encounter with Oscar he will have a sm...

Out of nowhere Scrow strikes with a forearm across the back of the head dropping Levi quickly. Christie leaps in fright. Scrow looks down at Levi, who hit the concrete face-first, he then slowly turns his head to Christie who is stuck in fear. Scrow walks over to her and pulls the microphone tightening pressed to her chest toward his mouth.

Scrow:

Hello Christine, still feel sorry for him?

He cracks that sinister smile toward her. Her fear continues to make her a statue. Scrow looks over his shoulder as Levi's moans catching his attention. He looks back at her.

Scrow:

Scrow will be right with you Christine.

He turns around and Levi gets to his feet holding the back of his head. Scrow tucks his head and looks upward with that sadistic smile on his face once more.

Scrow:

Well, bring it Mr. Pure Wrestler.

Levi clearly not amused he quickly attacks and the two battle back and forth. Levi gets the advantage of driving Scrow

back to a trailer with a picture of Mikey Unlikely, Oscar Burns, and Lindsay Troy on it. Scrow quickly reverses the receiving the blows from Levi and Irish whips Levi into the corner of the trailer! Cole falls to the cold concrete floor, holding his head. He is busted open and the cut looks to be bad! Scrow takes a knee behind Levi shouting in pain. He puts his hand over the blood flowing from his forehead.

Scrow: {softly}

Help.....someonehelp...

He slowly stands up and stares at the palm of his hand drenched in Levi's blood he looks over his shoulder as Christie has dropped the microphone and has her hands over her mouth in horror. Scrow turns to her and slowly walks to her that sadistic smile on his face once more. Christie looks quickly up toward him and finally breaks out of her stuck in fear stance. She backs up as Scrow gets closer she hits the wall behind her and braces for her fate. Scrow puts his free hand not soaked in blood against the wall next to her. He gets face to face with Christie.

Scrow:

Christine...everything is going to be ok the bad man has been put out to pasture.

Zane quickly gets a sudden spike of adrenaline and slaps Scrow across the face. As his head swings to the side. He slowly turns his face to stare at her once more not happy about what she just did. He grabs her face with his hand drenched in Levi's blood.

Scrow:

Tsk...tsk...

Scrow gets closer to Zane, her eyes widen....he kisses her! As he pulls away Zane is in utter horror. Half of her face covered in Levi's blood, Scrow steps back a step and smiles at her, and starts to walk away from her. She quickly takes a few deep breaths.

Scrow:

Oh...

Just hearing his voice she is stuck in fear once more. She slowly looks toward him.

Scrow:

Someone should really get Levi some help. Let him know if you will my dear Scrow will be waiting in the ring for him later tonight.

Scrow walks away, Christie puts her hand over the blood on her cheek. Staring at her hand with blood in it she snaps out of it and rushes to Levi, who is over a puddle of his own blood still in a lot of pain.

Christie Zane:

Someone get medical!

The screen flashes Scrow in his burlap mask for a second with the show quickly moving to the next segment.

DEFTV 141 EXCLUSIVE: MEET THE NEW GUY

DEFTV 141 EXCLUSIVE FOOTAGE

Backstage.

DEFTV Interview backdrop.

That lovable scamp, Jamie Sawyers, standing backstage with mic in hand ready to do his job. Earn that paycheck, Jamie.

Jamie Sawyers:

Hello, DEFIANCE, I'm Jamie Sawyers and it has been one heck of a month! We've had Acts of DEFIANCE! We've had the latest CLASH of the BRAZEN Special! We've had TAG PARTY III! And among some of the new faces we have coming to DEFIANCE, I get to speak with one of our newest members right now! I'd like to welcome none other than a man whose signing was announced just within the last week! Brock Newbludd!

Turning slightly, Sawyers offers up a welcoming smile and a handshake as Newbludd walks up to stand beside him. Clad in street clothes, the veteran grappler gives the interviewer a firm shake and grows a small grin at the audible cheer that erupts from the crowd.

Jamie Sawyers:

Brock, let me be the first to say welcome to DEFIANCE! Pleasure to have you here.

Brock Newbludd:

Pleasure's all mine, Jamie.

Jamie Sawyers:

So we first learned of your signing last week when you were in attendance at the TAG PARTY II Special, watching front row. This time is yours, so why don't you go ahead and tell us a little about yourself and what makes Brock Newbludd tick?

Brock Newbludd:

Well, from what it sounds like, there are already a few fans out there who know what I'm all about. But, for those of you out there who don't, let me fill you guys in. I've been in this business since I was eighteen years old. I've traveled everywhere from Japan to Tijuana doing what I do best, and that's taking care of business in the ring. Whether it's wrestling in front of twenty-five drunks at some shitty dive bar, or headlining some of the biggest arenas in the world, I've made my living by entertaining the fans and dominating the competition. You want to know what makes me tick? That's simple, buddy, it's hearing that bell ring and proving not only to myself, but also to everyone else that I'm exactly what I say I am, the best.

Sawyers nods along.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well put, and I'd say that's a pretty decent mission statement. We heard Darren Keebler and Lance Warner run down your resume as a former multiple-time champion and...

Jamie stops when he sees a man in a suit approach; something that has become signature with this man. A brown envelope in hand.

Jamie Sawyers:

Can we help you?

The man turns his attention specifically to Brock.

Ken Ellis:

Mr. Newbludd? We've never met, but consider my employer a fan. My name is Ken Ellis and I've been asked to give this to you directly.

He hands Brock the envelope.

Ken Ellis:

We've been keeping close tabs on your signing with DEFIANCE and it's good to have you aboard in an official capacity. Once you get acquainted with your new surroundings, my employer would like to speak with you directly.

Newbludd raises a suspicious eyebrow as he examines the plain envelope. Tearing off the top of it, he smirks at Ellis.

Brock Newbludd:

Your employer, huh? If he's such a fan, he would probably know that I don't take too kindly to being interrupted while I'm...

Brock stops himself and smiles approvingly as he pulls out a small stack of crisp one-hundred dollar bills from the envelope. Seeing Newbludd's response, Ellis matches Brock's grin.

Ken Ellis:

I understand the imposition this caused and I'd like to apologize, but we do ask to please reach out to my employer as soon as possible.

Brock Newbludd:

Hate to break it to ya, Ken, but I've been around long enough to know that whatever your 'employer' is selling, I ain't buying. I already have an employer, and their name is DEFIANCE. All a man like me needs to succeed is a chance, and they've already given me that. So thanks, but no thanks. I work alone.

Newbludd lazily tosses the envelope back to Ellis, who fumbles and drops it. Watching the suit bend over to grab the envelope, Brock pulls out a single bill from the stack still in his hand. Producing a shit eating grin, the newcomer stuffs the Benjamin into Ken's breast pocket as soon as the man stands upright again.

Brock Newbludd:

That being said, I appreciate the bribe. A guy can always use some extra beer money, and that right there is a little tip for being a good errand boy. Now, why don't you run along and pass my message along to your boss. Chop chop.

Ken looks at the bill shoved in his pocket and sighs quietly to himself.

Ken Ellis:

It's nice to know that you carry yourself with such decorum, Mr. Newbludd. Have a nice day.

Ellis turns on his heel and walks off, leaving Brock and Jamie by themselves. Stuffing his newly acquired wad of money in his back pocket, Newbludd watches Ellis leave with suspicion in his eyes before focusing on Sawyer.

Brock Newbludd:

Well, that guy sucked. Sorry about that, Jamie. Here, have this for your trouble, buddy.

Reaching back into his pocket, Brock pulls out a now crumpled bill and hands it to Sawyer, who hesitantly accepts.

Brock Newbludd:

Guess I'm just going to have to show DEFIANCE what I'm all about in the ring. But, you know what they say, actions speak louder than words, brother.

With that, Newbludd slaps Sawyer on the back and walks off camera.

THEO BAYLOR vs. AARON KING

DDK:

Hello, everybody and get ready for the first of four matches on this week's UNCUT. For the past two weeks, we've been seeing Theo Baylor take on several heavy hitters from BRAZEN in Titus Campbell and Earl Lee Roberts, but tonight, the young BRAZEN star is actually taking on a member of the DEFIANCE roster! One third of the Gulf Coast Connection, Aaron King, will be taking on Baylor!

Lance:

We've seen Theo just be outright vicious since making a return after spending the last three months working under wrestling Hall of Famer Sonny Silver. We've also seen this Ken Ellis guy that approached him two weeks ago. Will we find out any more about that? I don't know, but we'll see him in action against Aaron King now!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall! First, from Pensacola, Florida, weighing in at 234 pounds...

AARON KING!

♪ "Surf City" by Jan & Dean ♪

The trio make their way down in their playful, yet serious nature, making sure they slap some hands and have a good time before Aaron King gets into the ring. Theodore Cain and Crescent City Kid are both hanging at ringside as Aaron raises his fists in the air. He waits for his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is set for one fall! Making his way to the ring, from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 270 pounds... **THEO BAYLOR!**

♪ "Greatest" by Eminem ♪

Once again, Theo Baylor makes his way out and comes out, basking in the jeers of the crowd. He has on the t-shirt of the Silver Lining Gym and when he hits the ring, he takes it off and tosses it aside. He steps up into the ring and looks over at Aaron King, smirking.

DING DING!

DDK:

Here we go! King and Baylor lock up... OH! Theo Baylor doesn't waste time! Knee to the gut, clubbing blow to the back!

Right off the bat, Theo gets aggressive and has Aaron King on his knees sucking air after his opening salvo. Theo then picks him up and then pushes him back to the corner before he throws him across the ring. Baylor charges forward and THRASHES him with a huge Corner Clothesline! He tosses King out of the corner and lets him hit the mat, then casts a sneer at Theodore Cain and CCK. He goes back to Aaron King and then kicks him in the chest while he's down.

Lance:

Baylor has just been picking up the intensity in his last few appearances and has been attracting some attention.

DDK:

Theo Baylor has just been dominant and King is no slouch, but Baylor is taking him to task.

He picks up Aaron King and then throws him to another corner before he leans up his chin... then BLASTS him with a hard Knife-Edge Chop. King is hunched over in pain when Baylor inches him upward by his chin with his hand, then hits an extra-stiff Elbow Smash to the side of the head! Then another chop! Then another elbow!

DDK:

He's just wailing away on King! Let's hope he can fight back!

King is groggy in the corner when a cocky Theo Baylor boots him in the chest, runs him into the buckles, then comes back out with a huge Oklahoma Stampede! Fresh after the move is completed, Theo goes for the cover!

ONE! TWO! NO!

King kicks out, but Baylor is actually grinning.

Lance:

He almost looks thrilled that Aaron King kicked out! I think he knows he can punish him more.

Theo now goes back to punishing Aaron with another knee before hoisting him up and DRIVING him across the back with a Rib Breaker, then hoists him up and drives him down with a second one! Then lays him flat on the mat to another cover.

ONE! TWO! NO!

Lance:

Another kickout! Look at how dominant Theo is over a main roster star, nonetheless! and then shoves him into a corner. Theo paces across the ring, raising his hands and basking again in the jeering of the crowd who want to see a member of the popular NOLA-trained stars win this match.

Theo Baylor:

Suck it down, motherfuc...oof!

When he goes charging at King, he catches a boot to the chest! King reels back in the corner, but when Baylor comes running again, King nails him with a second boot, this time on the chin. With his GCC brothers cheering him on, King runs out of the corner and finally gets to go on the offensive, striking away on the bigger Baylor with forearms. He nails a few and they only seem to piss Theo off more. But when he swings for a standing Lariat, King ducks behind him and lands a huge Double Knee Backbreaker!

DDK:

There we go! King finds the opening that he needs!

Lance:

But King can't follow up right away! Theo Baylor has just run roughshod which I gotta say is somewhat unexpected!

Aaron punches the mat with his free hand, trying to will himself up while Theodore Cain and Crescent City Kid are both fighting to get back up. King gets up and when Theo gets back to his own feet, clubs him with a Clothesline! Theo stays on his feet, but the blow does rock him some. Aaron bounces off the ropes a second time and charges full steam ahead, but Theo is still on his feet, but wobbles a little more. King tries for the third time... but Theo scoops him up, then heads for another Oklahoma Stampede... NO!

DDK:

Theo tried to catch King, but he slipped out the back door! Theo hits nothing but the turnbuckle!

King runs ahead and nails a Dropkick to Theo in the chest while he's in the corner! Theo finally goes down and that gives the Pensacola Playboy the chance to get to the top rope. He takes flight and then takes down Baylor with a Flying Clothesline before going for the cover!

ONE! TWO! NO!

DDK:

Big move by King! He's looking for the Pensacola Crab now!

Lance:

He's got Theo in a bad spot. Can he lock it in?

He has the crowd on his side when he grabs both of Theo's legs, but the big bad LA native is too strong and uses his leg strength to kick his way free from King. King hobbles back but then goes back with another kick. He hooks him around the side for the Party Down, but before he can hit the Uranage Backbreaker, Theo elbows his way out... then lays him out with a VICIOUS surprise Headbutt out of nowhere!

DDK:

Wow! I could hear that up here! This crowd has just hushed completely after that shot!

King is sprawled up against the turnbuckle after the headbutt sends him to the corner. Theo checks to make sure he himself isn't busted open after the sick strike, then runs at the corner and follows up with an equally stiff Running Elbow Smash!

DDK:

That same succession of blows has put down both Titus Campbell and Earl Lee Roberts in the last two weeks! Is this it for King?

King can barely stand but he doesn't have to because Theo drives him down with a big Powerbomb mid-ring. Theo Baylor then grabs the legs...

DDK:

There's that Inverted Cloverleaf again! He calls that the Shivers and I think this one might be done!

Cain and CCK both try and root on King, but he looks laid out from the vicious blows he's taken moments prior. With no choice, the referee calls the match as Aaron King is out.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match as a result of a referee's stoppage... **THEO BAYLOR!**

Lance:

Big win here by Baylor! We've seen members of The Gulf Coast Connection score victories over teams like The Fuse Bros at one point... but Theo was just too strong here.

Theo lets go of the hold just as Theodore Cain and Crescent City Kid come in to check on him. Theo leaves the ring, absolutely done with the match. There's a new swagger to him as he walks out from the back and then heads toward the entrance where he's met by...

DDK:

Wait, look! That's Ken Ellis! The man that approached Alvaro de Vargas back at ACTS! We just saw that footage with he and Brock Newbludd before this match! And... Oh no...

Ken Ellis shakes the hand of Theo Baylor on the top of the ramp... what stops Keelber is the men he's next to...

Lance:

Oh... of course!

Next to Ken Ellis is Alvaro de Vargas and Junior Keeling!

DDK:

Wait... that's gotta be what he meant when Junior told Thomas Keeling was looking at other talent... these are the other people? And this Ken Ellis guy was handing out payoffs to these people!

Alvaro and Theo bump fists together and Junior raises their hands to the MASS jeers of the crowd, considering what

Alvaro did to Uriel Cortez last week.

DDK:

Junior has been building his own clientele behind his father's back and wanted him in this new outfit, but we saw him side with the Titans! We hope to have an update on Uriel Cortez's condition but... damn it, Junior...

Junior, Alvaro and Theo all smile and put a fist out before the new collective heads to the back, leaving us with one answer, but seemingly many more questions.

PARTY ALL THE TIME!!!

Sunday, 9/20, 11:00am
Brennan's, New Orleans, LA

At the famous Brennan's in New Orleans, four men are having themselves quite a party at brunch occupying one corner of the restaurant at a table that can somehow fit the four large men. "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy, BRAZEN's champion Nathaniel Eye and The Lucky Sevens of Mason and Max Luck. Congratulations are in order for everybody after recent events.

Dex Joy:
TAG PARTY!!!!!!

Nathaniel Eye is to his left and is raising his hands with his best friend.

Nathaniel Eye:
TAG PARTY!!!!!!

Some of the restaurant's onlookers are confused by what is happening at the table with the four large men but they are all clearly having the time of their lives. Mason and Max Luck sit across from Dex and Nate and they are both tearing into their respective bacon and sausage breakfast sandwiches.

Mason Luck:
Look guys congratulations are in order and we went out after that show already. Are you guys just going to continue yelling out 'tag party' like idiots?

Dex and Nate look at each other ...

Dex and Nate:
TAG PARTY!!!!!!

Max Luck:
TAG PAR...

Dex Joy:
SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH people are trying to eat, pally! Come on! This is a fine dining establishment.

Dex turns to the other people.

Dex Joy:
I'm sorry for my friend here Mr. Loudan Obnoxious! Pally here needs to keep quiet.

Dex sits down then he and Nate continue their cheers now quietly.

Dex and Nate:
quietly Tag party

Mason is now having himself a rare giggle fit with Dex and Nate. Max isn't happy but he decides to ignore then all together so he can polish off his sandwich. Eye is about to get cracking on his Crab and Avocado Toast.

Nathaniel Eye:
Cheat day! Let's do this!

Dex Joy:
Well congrats to you guy! N.O.C.! Number one contenders for the tag team titles!

Max Luck:

Hey hey hey that's number one contenders for the Unified tag team titles!

Nathaniel Eye:

Oooh you guys are undefeated in tag team matches and you're getting all high and mighty on us are you?

Max is laughing.

Max Luck:

Well yeah of course we are! We beat the Sky High Titans ... but man I feel so bad for Uriel. I never liked that Alvaro guy always whining about Brazen and I hope they whoop his ass. Sorry that you didn't get to win the Brazen title back, Nate.

Nathaniel Eye is sighing in his seat but he shrugs lightly.

Nathaniel Eye:

If those Terrible Infant guys didn't help Killjoy I would have won it but ... hey, Dex. We get to fight for the Brazen tag team titles on the next double shot.

Dex Joy:

You know what that calls for?

Dex and Nathaniel reach under the table at their feet and then they surprise the Lucks with their trophies from ...

Dex and Nate:

TAG PARTY!!!!!!

Right on the table. Mason looks incredulous.

Mason Luck:

You guys seriously go everywhere with those?

Dex Joy:

Uhh yeah pally, why would I not? And hey let's not forget ...

Dexy Boy tugs on suspenders on his shirt that aren't there.

Dex Joy:

I'm the next contender for the Southern Heritage title booooyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyye!!!!

Nate high fives his friend.

Nathaniel Eye:

Too bad Gage Blackwood already wrote you off about that. What ever happened to that shirt? There was some guy that I read on-line that was just obsessed with it after that aired?

Dex Joy:

Ehh ... I wiped my backside with it. If that Bitter Beerfaced Bitch Gage Blackwood thinks than he's gonna come down and rattle me with fat jokes I've heard a thousand trillion times then he can call Dexy Baby Judas Priest cause he's got another thing comin!

Mason laughs and shakes his head at the thought.

Mason Luck:

If that guy didn't have such a stick up his ass about life in general I think he'd be all right.

Dex Joy:

Maybe I'll help him go on a diet then.

Max Luck:

What do you mean?

He pats his stomach.

Dex Joy:

Well Nate here's been helping me with my own dieting regimen. In the last six months, I've gone down thirty pounds. I'm sitting pretty at three fifty five but I gotta keep going. He's right ... I gotta be able to keep up with him when my time comes. A lot of people have tried to win that title they got beat including Oscar Burns and Jay Harvey. I'm gonna keep going, train my ass off and then I'm going to knock his bitter ass into next year.

Mason is still confused.

Mason Luck:

That's great and all but how does he going on a diet help you?

Dex Joy:

Cause when I get my shot at the title, I plan on helping him lose ten to fifteen pounds ... of gold, baby!

Mason is groaning with how bad his friend's line is. Max laughs at him.

Max Luck:

You walked right into that one bro.

Mason Luck:

Shut up. Let's all enjoy our food and hey ... let's have a toast!

Diet coke glasses go up from the twins, a glass of water from Nate and skim milk (don't laugh) from Dex.

Mason Luck:

To number one contenders! Southern heritage, Unified tag and Brazen tag titles!

Max, Nate, and Dex:

Cheers!!!

They are about to pull away ...

Nate and Dex:

TAG PARTY!!!!!!

The trophies are still on the table and by now a manager is about to approach their table with the scene ending.

TAILORED AND CUSTOM

We are backstage with Lance Warner and the now returned Scott Stevens.

Lance Warner:

Scott, I know you're upset over your chance to win The FIST at Acts of Defiance. That the opportunity was ruined and by one man, James "Perfection" Witherhold.

Just uttering the name makes Stevens' nostrils flare up.

Lance Warner:

Tonight you have a chance at retribution for his actions when you step foot in the ring and...

That's interrupted when we can see behind both a group of security surrounding what looks like the man of discussion, James "Perfection" Witherhold.

It's confirmed not only by the loud jeering from the limited VIP fans in the area yet also the flocking to one direction. It's just a matter of time before Stevens turns his head back and towards the entourage that's pushing people away from Witherhold.

Scott Stevens:

For once I agree with them. Mikey and that stupid name... Perfection. You know what?

Stevens turns away from the interview and marches at the area with the camera raw and bouncing behind.

Scott Stevens:

James! You stupid son of a bitch... hey! I'm talking to you!

Stevens' somehow manages to get through the security trying to stop him and grabs Witherhold's shoulder but more importantly his suit jacket. This action alone triggers James to throw his hands up, turn around quickly, and look at Stevens.

Perfection:

Have you lost your goddamn mind?!

Witherhold takes a step back to let the security create a better barrier between the two.

Perfection:

Don't you ever- EVER- touch me in a suit that's tailored and custom, you incompetent clown! Do you know this is worth more than the studio apartment you crawled out of?

Stevens:

You screwed me over at Acts, James, and tonight...

Perfection smirks, eyes rolling.

Perfection:

Oh god, no. No, no, absolutely not- STOP! We aren't doing the whole "and you're gonna pay" toddler trash talk tonight, Scott and I don't have fifteen minutes to waste with your babbling- that I can tell you. So you know what, because I care and want you to have more than a big fat loss tonight by way of 'Yours Truly'. Here-

James points to the closest of his security officers, the one who corrected him without request. We can't catch

everything that James is saying but just enough.

Perfection:

Yeah... yes that. just give him the goddamn thing- here, Scott. Take it.

The guard hands Stevens a slip of paper.

Perfection:

It's twenty-five dollars at the concession stand, my man. Go get yourself some nachos or something, okay?

James nods, turns, and begins to walk away.

Perfection:

Okay. Let's go, boys.

The camera also turns to the front of the security entourage leaving Stevens in the dust staring at the voucher. James is leading the group as they talk. Just off the way starts bouncing in his step. We can tell Witherhold's overly proud about giving Scott the voucher. He points at the officer who turned over their slip.

Perfection:

Can you believe that prick?

Security Officer:

It's what you're known to call "unbecoming", sir.

Perfection:

Exactly! I do say that a lot... but, who does that!? Just walk up and grab my suit? Unbecoming for sure.

James puts his arms out in an overly excited fashion.

Perfection

Hey! Hey! Hey! There he is!

Camera flips from Perfection to the direction of his travel to see Mikey Unlikely there with his arms also wide open. The two hug for a second before Mikey shows off the newly improved case enclosing The FIST to Witherhold. James takes a step back and stands there with his mouth open, amazed by the precision and craftsmanship.

Mikey Unlikely:

RIGHT!?

Perfection:

Wow. Just- wow!

The jerking off over a case is interrupted.

Voice:

Hey, James?

Perfection:

Christ on the cross. What now?

As Witherhold turns around he's hit in the chest with a serving of nachos. Cheese splattering all over his suit. Mikey uses the case to shield himself and then quickly grabs the shoulder of Witherhold to pull him away. Scott Stevens while being moved back by the security can be seen over both of shoulders. A quick transition to the back camera shot behind Witherhold and Unlikely..

Scott Stevens:

Don't spend all that Mikey Cheese all in one place, James.

Stevens walks away as the camera circles to the front of Perfection who's seething and lathered in cheese. He's fuming on the close up with Unlikely whispering in James' ear.

WRESTLEPLEX TOUR PT68

DEFtv 141.

Time unknown.

By the look on Trashcan's face, he's extremely tired. Tim walks beside Conor and The Game Boy with very little *pop* in his step. Thankfully, they've moved on a long time ago from how to walk down the hallway.

Even The Game Boy looks tired. His head is low, his movements are limited (even for him) and drifts behind the other two at times before trying to catch-up.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, sorry about *that* detour, LOL. We're finally here!

What is now becoming a common Conor mannerism, he holds his hands out in front of the elevator doors, "showcasing" it like a beauty in *The Price is Right*. Conor maintains the pose for some time, as Trashcan raises an eyebrow, looks at The Game Boy and then back at Fuse, wondering if he needs to say anything in order to move Conor along.

Fuse breaks the silence suddenly, startling Trashcan.

Conor Fuse:

RIGHT! So, there's only four floors here and two basement levels. We are on floor one. I know, I know what you're thinking... isn't this floor zero? No, Timmy, no. Only the British say silly things like that. Talk to Gage or Pale Murray. They're wrong but they'll explain to you how *their* system works. In this country, however, any ground floor is floor one. Why? Because it makes SENSE, THAT'S WHY. So let's go up, shall we!?

Conor holds his hands out for Trashcan to press the "up" button, while clearing pointing to the correct one for Tim to locate in case he didn't know his arrows. Timmy hits the up button and Conor claps like he's won a spelling bee. Once inside the elevator, Conor points to the level four button. Trashcan reaches out, however, Conor immediately hits all four floors (and the two basement ones). He giggles uncontrollably.

Conor Fuse:

Lights up like a Christmas tree!

And then he sings.

Conor Fuse:

O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree!

Fuse snaps back at Trashcan.

Conor Fuse:

I can't help myself. I like to hit *all* the buttons. The Game Boy and I live on a twenty-first floor. Yes, I get looks when I hit all the floors. Yes, some people even swear at me but I really can't help myself! They are all super fun to press!!

To Trashcan's surprise, Conor is slowly moving his finger towards the "alarm" button.

Duh, of course Conor presses it.

BUZZZZZZZ!!! Conor giggles.

BUZZZZZZZ!!! Conor giggles.

BUZZZZZZZ!!! Conor giggles.

(If you're still reading this, give yourself a Conor round of applause. Do it, it's fun.)

Anyway, floor one opens (the elevator is a little slow). Trashcan looks to leave but Conor puts his hand out, holding him back.

Conor Fuse:

Oh, no. We're going to the *fourth* floor!

The scene speeds up. The second floor doors open, the third floor doors open. As they get to the fourth floor, Conor's eyes go wide. Finally able to "sense" the other two are tried, he has a new idea!

Conor Fuse:

You know what!? Let's skip the fourth floor for now and call it a night!

Trashcan looks so happy he almost falls back onto The Game Boy.

Conor Fuse:

But not before I show you *ONE* more thing...

Fuse has a mischievous look. He rubs his hands together like some villain in a Care Bears cartoon. He presses the level two basement floor button and the elevator descends. While it does, Conor is in silence. This only creates more tension for Trashy Timmy. He's been told the entire night what is going on and now, for the first time, there's nothing.

They arrive at the second floor basement. There was no pushing of all the floors either this time, not even the use of the emergency button OR God-forbid the *intercom* button. Conor races out of the elevator once the doors open, showing his boundless energy while Tim and The Halo From Hell lag behind.

The location is some kind of boiler room. Most of it's ropes off with yellow "CAUTION" tape and orange pylons everywhere. Conor contemplates taking one of the pylons and putting it over his head but decides otherwise. That gag feels like it's been *done* recently. The Character Formerly Known as Player Two skips under the yellow caution tape and immediately races to a door. He turns towards the other two.

Conor Fuse:

Don't worry, guys. The yellow tape is for *other* people.

Clearly lying, it doesn't matter. The Game Boy is standing behind Trashcan Tim and Tim doesn't want to make a huge fuss. After all, it really *does* feel like WrestlePlex Tour #68 by now (and it probably is).

Trashcan Tim:

To hell with it.

Tim awkwardly ducks his massive frame under the tape and walks to the door. Conor rubs his hands together once more before he turns to his new found friend.

Conor Fuse:

Ready!?

Conor says with excitement. Trashcan's eyes are developing some darkness underneath them. He doesn't have much left to give...

Conor opens the door and a light shines from inside. Tim has to rub his eyes profusely in order to get used to the glare. The camera spins around to show it's a small broom closet filled with "nonsense". There are numerous powder blue question mark boxes stacked up on a shelf. There are at least five potted red-looking flowers. There's some kind of water-looking jetpack hybrid. There's even a dead raccoon laying on the bottom of the floor, right beside the dreaded Game Shark, an oversized piñata used in the past to take down previous opponents of Tyler and Conor. There are

many other items, as well but these are the ones Tim notices first.

Trashcan moves a little closer and takes note of what's written on the sticky tab underneath the shelf of powder blue boxes.

Trashcan Tim: *[reading it outloud]*

Power-up mushrooms...

Conor sticks his hand out as if to tell Tim not to get any closer. He laughs uncomfortably.

Conor Fuse:

Yes, yes. They are *legal* mushrooms, mind you.

Trashcan Tim:

What *is* all this stuff?

Fuse spins to The Game Boy and then towards Trashcan again, with a look on his face suggesting Trashcan should know what's coming.

Conor Fuse:

This is my secret stash. Only The Game Boy and now, you, know about this place. Not even my brother knows where I keep everything. Literally, no one comes down here-

Voice in the Distance:

HEY!

Conor quickly slams the door and turns around.

Voice Getting Closer:

You guys can't be here!

Emerging from the shadows is Sgt. Safety. He's wearing his normal safety attire and holds a clipboard.

Sgt Safety:

It's not safe down here! Didn't you see the caution rope!?

Conor laughs it off.

Conor Fuse:

Oh me, oh my! I guess I didn't, sorry budday!

Sgt Safety might be crazy in his own way but he knows a safety hazard when he sees one and can read through Conor's lies.

Sgt Safety:

Fuse, I've had a problem with you for a while now!

Conor points to himself with a questionable look.

Sgt Safety:

You're always defying these safety measures. It's like you don't even *listen* to them-

Trashcan's face lights up as he appears thankful someone else notices this. However, Conor is quick to cut Safety off.

Conor Fuse:

Well, as the Locker Room Leader, or LRL, as I was telling my boy Timmy here [*smacks Trashy Timmy playfully on the back but the smack is too hard and stumbles Tim forward*], I want to file a complaint... and as the Locker Room Leader, I am by default the Health and Safety Representative of the roster. I feel like we need to carefully examine this dictatorship you're putting forward! It's not gonna fly here! I NEED MY RIGHTS!

Sgt Safety is not one to back down, particularly when it comes to health and safety measures, his one true passion!

Sgt Safety:

Oh yeah!?

Conor Fuse:

Yeah!

Sgt Safety:

Oh yeah!?

Conor Fuse:

Yeah!

Sgt Safety:

Well, I never appointed you anything!

Conor Fuse: [*laughing*]

Oh, you will. We're going to settle this in the ring, right now!

Sgt Safety looks down at his watch. It's 2:00am so while he does have concerns about the safety of two men wrestling in the ring at this hour, he also knows Conor has boundless energy and Safety's reached a tipping point since someone questioned his ability to make others feel safe!

Sgt Safety:

You're on! Find a referee and meet me in the ring. You've got TEN minutes!

Conor shrugs it off, like that's an easy thing to do.

Conor Fuse:

Fine! I'll call Mark Shields. I know he's down the street at the local Irish pub. He texted me earlier and said he wasn't able to seal the deal with Kristie tonight so he's looking for something else to fill his time.

Sgt Safety immediately drops his intensity.

Sgt Safety:

Oh, Kristie, eh? Is she single again?

Conor's about to reply but stops himself after checking out his surroundings.

Conor Fuse: [*modelling appropriate behavior in front of Trashcan Tim*]

Sir, we are not in the right *location* to have this discussion right now.

Safety nods like he understands completely.

Sgt Safety:

Yeah, my bad. See you in the ring.

Safety leaves the boiler room and Trashcan looks so happy to be able to call this a night. Until...

Conor Fuse:

Okay boys, you heard the man! We gotta be at ringside in fifteen minutes!

Conor walks away, giving Trashcan a brief respite from his "charity". Trashcan looks toward The Game Boy

Trashcan Tim:

That boy ain't... *right*... right?

The Game Boy stands stoically, revealing no emotion or response from under his mask. He does not speak.

Trashcan Tim:

Bless his heart.

Again, The Game Boy stares straight ahead giving no signal of interest or perhaps even understanding. Trashcan waits several seconds, flashes a big toothless smile, gives a knowing nod and pats him on the arm.

Trashcan Tim:

Yours too, buddy...

SCROW vs. LEVI COLE

DING DING

♪ *Diabolical - Nyxx* ♪

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

DDK:

Earlier in the night Scrow attacked Levi, DefMedical has told us Levi had to receive 40 stitches.

Lance:

Can you imagine if Scrow managed to become the Inaugural Favoured Champion, and he managed to hold that title for four defense and at the same time, Dex Joy had become the SOHER.

DDK:

It would seem if that scenario came to be, their issues are far from over.

Scrow waits in the ring for Levi, his trademark smile on his face while he stares at the entranceway.

♪ *"Born In The U.S.A." by Bruce Springsteen* ♪

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent from Omaha, Nebraska, weighing in at 265 pounds... he is "American Made" LEVI COLE!

DDK:

Levi has yet to come out. Could Ms. Davine be the reason behind that?

The Faithful cheer as Levi slowly steps from behind the curtain finally, He has a bandage over his forehead. He power walks to the ring and slides in and Scrow quickly jumps and Levi fights back!

Lance:

Levi is not going to let a few stitches stop him from some revenge.

Levi nails a belly to belly. Scrow gets up and Cole leaps at him with a football style tackle. Scrow quickly pops up and Levi grabs Scrow once more and throws him over his head in another belly to belly. Scrow quickly rolls out of the ring.

DDK:

Scrow is waving his hands he is leaving!

Levi clearly is not having any of that he exits the ring and grabs Scrow by the hair The Faithful cheer loudly. He drags him to the ring and Scrow drives his elbow into the gut of Levi forcing him to release Scrow. Scrow quickly slams Cole's head into the apron. Levi quickly covers his head up as he hits the floor. Scrow picks up Levi and tosses him

back in the ring.

Lance:

Scrow is gonna go for that target on Levi's head.

Scrow sits Levi up and sure enough Lance was right as he starts driving elbow shots to the forehead of Levi! Narrvaro tries to get involved but Scrow clearly is not listening to him. After a few more elbow strikes. He mounts Levi and rips the bandage off his head. Hector is admonishing Scrow.

DDK:

Oh man Scrow has exposed those stitches Levi just got.

Scrow starts to drive stiff blows to the stitches. Levi is bleeding once more. The blows have so much force behind them that blood is flying up in the air upon impact of the fist and pulling back. Levi is trying desperately to cover up and Scrow just keeps unloading. Hector is now counting!

ONE
TWO
THREE
FOUR

Scrow gets off, Levi before five his face with splatters of blood on his face. Levi is covering his forehead, the camera catches some of his stitches pulled out. Hector is really concerned for Levi. Cole refuses to give up. He pulls himself up, looking toward Scrow who now has a open clenched teeth evil grin. Levi motions for Scrow to come on.

DDK:

Levi is hurt here, but he refuses to give up.

Lance:

Hector should just call it here before Scrow does any more damage.

Scrow locks up with Levi and quickly drives a knee into the gut of Levi and throws him into the corner!.

DDK:

Scrow is going for the stitches again!

Lance:

He is ripping them out, Hector get in there.

With each stitches Scrow pulls out more blood pours from the forehead of Scrow. Hector gets in between and checks on Levi. Scrow looks at the palm of his hand where he has a couple of the stitches from Levi's head.

DDK:

Hector is calling it! Levi is not happy about it.

DING DING

♪ Diabolical - Nyxx ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

Levi is clearly upset, his music cuts quickly as Scrow spins Levi around...

Lance:

FEARFALL!! This match was over! Was that necessary Scrow?

Scrow covers Levi, Hector tries to tell him he has won already.

Scrow:

Count or Scrow will not leave!

Hector quickly gets down for the count....quickly slamming his hand on the mat.

ONE
TWO
THREE!

♪ *Diabolical - Nyxx* ♪

Scrow gets up and demands Hector raise his hand. Hector does, and Scrow pulls his arm away and steps through the ropes staring back at Levi one last time. Medical has rushed to the ring trying to stop the bleeding.

LOOK AT THIS PHOTOGRAPH

The scene is one of the DEFIANCE locker rooms, which has been transformed into a photoshoot location. There's a black backdrop with the words "DEFIANCE" tattooed in various locations, numerous high-quality lights surrounding the area and a camera set up in the middle. Two members of the DEFIANCE marketing team, James and Jackie (who also happened to be married to one-another and would make for great water cooler conversations) are putting the final touches on the lighting and making sure the camera is in the right spot when a picture is taken while the lights snap simultaneously.

Jackie:

Okay, honey, I think we can bring them in now.

James nods while not looking up through the camera lens just yet.

James: *[shouting to outside the room]*

Alright boys, you can come in!

There's some bumbling around but eventually, "Free Refills" Berry Chernobyl, "Sticky Floors" Alan Goldstein and the extremely large, round, borderline narcissistic "Extra Butter" Gilbert Rogers walk into the scene looking like something out of The Goonies. Chernobyl stands around 6'4", 230 pounds and seems to be the most legitimate looking of the three if he wasn't wearing a Scream mask over his face and dressed in the Scream cloak. Goldstein, also tall but extremely slender/thin, with acne all over his face, dressed in black spandex hanging off his body because he has no muscle definition whatsoever, shakes from fear when he enters the room. And then, of course, there's Rogers, 5'5", 350+ pounds of obesity, wearing black spandex five-sizes too small, who's gyrating about, taking it all in.

Jackie is a little taken back but maintains professionalism.

Jackie:

Hi guys, so if you want to come right into the middle of all the cameras here and we will take your first DEFIANCE pictures!

Alan, still looking around, runs an uneasy hand past his light brown hair.

"Sticky Floors" Alan Goldstein:

And this will go up on the website?

Jackie smiles warmly.

Jackie:

Yes, we will use these shots for your roster profiles on the DEFIANCE website and we may, if you guys end up being a huge hit, use some of the material we shoot for other things, like commercial ads, billboards and maybe even a pay-per-view logo!

Rogers is too self-indulged to hear what Jackie's saying. It's unknown whether or not Chernobyl has picked up anything because of the mask hiding his face. However, Goldstein's eyes flood with fear. He shakes his head no and turns to leave the locker room.

"Sticky Floors" Alan Goldstein:

Yeah, not for me...

But Rogers reaches out and grabs Alan by the back of his shirt before "Sticky Floors" can truly flee the scene.

"Extra Butter" Gilbert Rogers:

Mmmmmmm, gimme that, gimme that.

Jackie raises an eyebrow, not having a clue what this interaction means but it seems to get through to Goldstein, at least for now. Alan takes a deep breath in, turns around and joins the two of them in the middle of the set up.

“Sticky Floors” Alan Goldstein:

Alright, I suppose I can take a few pictures. Mom would be proud. Grandma, too.

As the trio walk into the set-up, James, who is still working on the camera settings, finally sees the three members through the lens. (Well, technically he sees two of them, Alan and Berry... until Gilbert walks into the picture and covers them up while also dominating the entire lens).

James:

Hey, sorry I'm going to need to-

James lifts his head from the lens and becomes horrified at the scene, particularly the short, round man who's blubbering out of his black spandex suit. James looks at his wife with an expression that can only read "this would make for great water cooler conversation". She shrugs in return and James spins back around, putting on his professional face.

James:

Okay guys. So, I'm going to need to know your names...

“Sticky Floors” Alan Goldstein:

I'm Alan.

“Free Refills” Berry Chernobyl: *[somewhat muffled by the Scream mask]*

I'm Berry, with an E.

And then Goldstein and Chernobyl look at Rogers, who's still gyrating up and down, mumbling nonsense to himself.

“Sticky Floors” Alan Goldstein & “Free Refills” Berry Chernobyl:

That's Gilbert.

James directs all three members by name to various locations for the photoshoot. The scene speeds up, seeing some trio shots take place and then individual ones, too. They all go well except for Rogers' pictures. He either doesn't want to take direction or is so lost inside his own head he's not able to comprehend anything unless it's mumbling "yeah, yeah" or something along those lines. Either way, the photoshoot is primarily successful. After the last photo is snapped, one of Alan Goldstein who was told to smile and showed off his vast array of Christmas-coloured braces, James and Jackie thank them both while James walks the group to the door.

James:

Okay, great. That's all boys. Now I need your team name as well.

“Sticky Floors” Alan Goldstein:

Yeah. We're Screen 7!

James scratches his head, curious to know more.

James:

Screen 7?

“Sticky Floors” Alan Goldstein:

Yes, sir. We love movies, horror movies to be exact. We are huge fans and you can catch us playing in Screen 7 on the DEFIANCE roster!

That made sense but it also didn't really make sense, either. James looks back to his wife as they exchange a glance

that says something along the lines of “well, what can you do?”

Holding in his “are you guys serious” smile back, James nods.

James:

We’ll get those shots up ASAP. I think it’s great the DEFIANCE executives are letting high school kids come in and play wrestlers for the day.

James wasn’t being rude or sarcastic. After this interaction, he fully believes the statement he made, coming to the realization the trio in front of him can’t *actually* be wrestlers, not for a critically acclaimed league like this. The comment isn’t followed up on, either, as Rogers is already out the door and Goldstein chases behind. Chernobyl still stands there, in front of James, with a sense of hostility. Then he leaves as well. James walks over to his wife.

James:

Well, that was interesting. Who do we have next, baby?

Jackie pulls up the schedule on her phone.

Jackie:

Next up is-

???:

EVERYBODY OUT!

The couple turn to see Malak Garland and his own group of three standing in the doorway, five belts draped over the Keyboard Warrior’s shoulders.

Malak Garland:

I need my safe space, PRONTO!

BOUDOIR

With Screen 7 out of sight, a crew of people flock into the locker room and poorly transform the set into a makeshift bedroom. A few old fashioned chests are brought in and placed against the black silk curtain backdrop. Many cameras are staged and photographers pace around the set as The Comments Section walks into the spotlight.

Malak Garland:

Yuck. Smells like teen spirit. Who was just in here?

His *attention* soon turns to the decor being brought in.

Malak Garland:

Just look at this, would ya? Amazing what money can buy.

Malak clings to his five stacked belts over his shoulder as the three Keyboard Warriors check out the set that imitates the bedroom of a stereotypical young woman.

Cyrus Bates: *[Gasps]*

Is this real satin? I hope it has no animal by-product in it. If it does, my activist group on social media will have a field day with this.

Cyrus examines the curtain. Teresa strikes a pose at an unmanned stationary camera.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Doing this boudoir photoshoot to commemorate us winning the Tag Titles was a great idea, Malak. I wish I thought of it.

The crew on set continue to work vigilantly with preparations as The Comments Section gets ready to do something only thirst trapping individuals experiencing a midlife crisis like to do. Finally, the head director approaches the team.

Director:

Okay guys, are you super excited and ready to get going? [Turning to the crowd of workers behind him] Okay everyone, let's do this! Guys, welcome to your very own boudoir photoshoot! It's going to be so classy and tasteful!

Cyrus claps, creating an awkward moment.

Director:

Okay, so, hey, let's just get you over here [to Malak] and you over there [to Cyrus]. Oh, that looks so suave!

The director repositions everyone as he sees fit while the photographers in the background begin snapping away.

Director:

Okay, now what if we do one with Cyrus holding the belts?

Silence. The trio stares back at the director like he just became poisonous or something.

Director:

Right, forget that one. How about we bring in the EXTRAS!

Malak leans over to Cyrus as a pair of hulking muscle men enter the set. They are evenly tall and identical in almost every way possible. Seven feet to be exact and just a little bit over three-hundred pounds each. In fact, for any fan of DEFIANCE Wrestling the two giants just recently won the chance to face The Comments Section for the very titles that Malak Garland flaunts around.

It's the Lucky Sevens!

Max and Mason are both waiting for The Comments Section to turn around. When they don't, they decide to have fun with it.

Malak Garland:

You're going to love these two, Cyrus. I hired us some models for some extra muscle. You know, to really make these boudoir photos pop. Apparently, they have acting experience too.

Mason Luck:

No we do not. The sooner we can put that Netflix nonsense behind us the better.

Max Luck:

Stop being a whiny ass, Mason! We got to meet Pauly Shore! How great was that?

Malak can't help but look up at one of the "extras."

Malak Garland:

Hey, you look familiar to me. Haven't you been on Netflix before or something?

Max Luck:

Almost... and it was a pretty tempting offer. They were gonna let me meet the girls from Selling Sunset. I still can't believe Justin Hartley did Crishell dirty like that.

Mason Luck:

I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

Cyrus' head slowly turns inward as each Comments Section member starts to notice exactly who these extras are. Malak does a double take. Mason has his arms folded up and Max waves.

Malak Garland:

Wait a minute. I KNOW WHO YOU TWO ARE! IT'S LUCKY SEVENS! BAIL, BAIL, BAIL! STAGE LEFT!

Without wasting another minute posing for overpriced black and white photos, Malak leads the charge off the set. His heart nearly beats out of his chest after recognizing that the extras he hired to make his photoshoot "pop" are none other than the number one contenders for their belts in Lucky Sevens. The Comments Section storms out of sight as quick as a tornado. Mason Luck doesn't bother running after them but looks at his brother.

Mason Luck:

Hey! Hey! We seriously weren't here to fight! We just wanted to tell you we're fighting for the Unified tag team titles on DEFtv next week... ah I think they're gone, Max. Well... okay, let's get... what the hell are you doing?

Mason turns to see Max talking to the director.

Max Luck:

Do you do head shots? I got money man. I need a good head shot. There's this girl I'm trying to impress. Her name is Crishell right? Her ex was kind of a piece of crap and I think I can...

Mason drags his twin by the arm.

Mason Luck:

I'm gonna show *you* a head shot! Let's go!

Max Luck:

But I'm haggling!

Cut.

O.N.E.

There is an impurity.

Someone unfit to hold such a title.

Someone unfit to carry such a reign.

A reign built from the ground up, by the likes of classic teams such as the Pop Culture Phenoms, The Hollywood Bruvs and The Fuse Bros.

The ToyBox and The Stevens.

Teams that, like them or not, have built this division from the beginning. Teams that have made TAG TEAM wrestling MATTER.

MALAK GARLAND.

YOU are unfit to be a champion.

YOU are unfit to hold a reign.

YOU are unfit for a legacy to follow in this path.

Everyone is after YOU. Everyone has declared the snowflake, the keyboard warrior, the delicate flower, is impure.

Complain and cry. Point the finger and yet never look in the mirror. You are everything that's wrong with wrestling, let alone everything that's wrong with society.

While your reign has just begun, your destruction to discredit the TAG TEAM division will hold no bounds.

Fear not, Keyboard Warrior. If you and your friends prevail over the likes of THE LUCKY SEVENS, THE TOYBOX and other formidable foes, you will be met with justice.

You will come face-to-face with The One.

THE ONE is coming for you, Malak Garland.

THE ONE knows when your time is up.

Tick, tock. Tick, tock.

Get those social media likes while you still can.

CONOR FUSE vs. SGT. SAFETY

The scene goes to the announce table and a *very* tired "Downtown" Darren Keebler who's struggling to get his headset on.

DDK:

I don't know why I did this.

DDK takes a moment to run his hands over his face and collect his thoughts.

DDK:

It's 2:30AM. Conor called me, told me to come down here A-SAP. Like the sucker I am I didn't ask *why*. It's because he wants me to broadcast this match with Sgt Safety. *[Sigh]* I don't need to get into details. You either saw what's taken place by now on UNCUT or maybe, if you're smart, you skipped it entirely.

DDK takes a moment to stand and shout towards the ring.

DDK: *[shouting in Conor's direction]*

I COULD HAVE JUST VOICED THIS OVER IN THE MORNING!

Then he collects himself and sits back down.

DDK:

Sorry about that but *[shouting again towards the ring]* this isn't even live! I don't know why I'm still here. Anyway, we have a few cameramen on location, too. They seem pissed off, like me. *[Deeeeeeep breath]* Let's get this thing over with, okay? To ringside!

The view changes to the hard-camera, where Conor Fuse is in one corner and Sgt Safety is in one across the way. Meanwhile, The Game Boy is acting as the time keeper and ring announcer. He's already announced the wrestlers (in Conor's head at least) and Trashcan Tim... poor Trashcan is at the bottom of the rampway, leaned up against the guard rail, trying not to double over and fall asleep. Tim is playing the role of The Faithful, or so Conor told him.

The only other person to make note of is referee Mark Shields. He's finished smoking a dart in the middle of the ring. Shields looks at both men and with a wink and a smile, turns towards The Game Boy.

Mark Shields:

Ring the bell!

The Game Boy takes the hammer and destroys the ring bell in one **DING**, completely obliterating it for further use.

DDK:

Well, *[yawn]*, here we go! Sgt Safety and Conor lock up in the middle of the squared circle... Conor gets the upper hand by twisting Safety's arm and shoots off the ropes... oh a sit-down hip toss by Sgt Safety! Conor rolls to the outside.

Usually, Keebler would anticipate a color comment at this time but there isn't anybody. Meanwhile, Conor shouts to Sgt Safety inside the ring.

Conor Fuse:

I made a rule not to wrestle NPCs anymore! But for you, I'mma make an exception!

Sgt Safety shakes his head.

Sgt Safety:

You already have! We're *already* wrestling!

Fuse nods. P2 jumps back onto the apron and Safety comes in with a headfull of steam... Conor hangs his neck on the top rope, leaps over and then hooks Safety into a backslide pin!

ONE.

KICKOUT!

Surprised, Conor rolls to his knees and rests. Safety uses the ropes to get up.

Sgt Safety: *[passionately]*

I don't care for your disregard of important safety measures!

Conor rolls his eyes.

Conor Fuse:

I don't care for your elitist attitude and telling the Locker Room Leader what to do!

DDK:

And here we go again... the two charge at one-another with double clotheslines! Conor is the first one up and he wrenches Safety's arm into an arm bar... the Sergeant is trying to slip free but he's having a hard time. The BRAZEN star tries to fire an elbow to Conor with his free arm but Conor keeps slipping to the side of him every time he does.

The Character Formerly Known as Player Two rips the elbow back once more, making Safety cry out before Conor bounces off the ropes but he's met with another sit-down hip toss!

Fuse slams the mat in a rage. He glances over to The Game Boy, who's just standing there and then Trashcan Tim. Tim's eyes are fully glazed over by now and he's about to lose his balance... until Conor shouts his way.

Conor Fuse:

HEY TIMMY, check out what I'mma do next, budday!

Tim's head jolts back, followed by acting like he wasn't falling asleep to begin with. Trashcan smiles warmly and tries to provide Conor with a thumbs up but The Codebreaker is already off, doing his thing.

DDK:

Conor ducks a clothesline from Safety and bounces off the ropes... tilt-a-whirl DDT! Impressive move at this late hour and yet, I'm not really surprised. I'm sure Conor's had many midnight marathons of Fortnite...

Fuse gets to the second rope and drops the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

Barely but, dammit, the show goes on. I want to go back to bed... you know, I was having an excellent dream. I remembered the olds days, when I was an executive coordinator of Wrestlecoast: Cascadia. Those were good times. Some people ask me what I've liked better, DEFIANCE or Wrestlecoast. It's tough to say because-

Keebler keeps rambling while the match moves on. There have been a number of moves hit and countered but the jist of it is: Conor connects with a spinning heel kick and then throws Sgt Safety into the ropes, meeting him there and applying a very well-timed tarantula submission!!

Mark Shields immediately calls for the bell but Sgt Safety shouts he hasn't submitted yet! There's no issue, however, since the ring bell is broken.

DDK:

Mark, doing Mark things...

Keebler has lost all interest.

Conor pulls back and Sgt Safety screams out.

Conor Fuse:

Are you going to let me be the health and safety rep for the locker room!?

Safety is trying to break away... while also questioning if this is a legal submission move since he's already tied up IN the ropes...

Finally, the Sergeant stumbles out and falls to the mat. Conor repositions himself on the apron, outside of the ring while looking down at his opponent, who's trying to collect his breath.

Sgt Safety:

Are you going to show some respect for health and safety measures already put in place!?

Conor rolls his eyes.

Conor Fuse:

I *always* wear my seatbelt!

Sgt Safety shows relief, although that's not what he was talking about.

Sgt Safety: *[going off-topic]*

Well, it's a start. It's good that you're able to recognize when you need to protect yourself. See, the odds of an accident while driving is qu-

DDK:

Conor leaps onto the top rope and crashes through Sgt Safety with a missile dropkick!

Safety gets knocked back into the ropes and then Conor comes in with a SUPERKICK COM-BO! Followed by a running release German suplex and a powerslam, positioning Sgt Safety near a corner.

From floor to top turnbuckle pad, Conor goes in one fluid motion.

The Super Splash 450.

Shields has no one in the crowd to divert his attention. He falls to the mat and counts the pin.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

Again, there's no bell.

Mark Shields:

The winner of this match... CONOR FUUUUUUSE!

Shields looks proud of himself, like he always wanted to announce a winner.

Mark Shields:

I always wanted to announce a winner!

Shields raises Conor's arm as Trashcan Tim falls over to the floor, fast asleep.

DDK:

I'm out, too.

Keebler drops the headset and walks off.

The camera goes back to the ring where Sgt Safety rolls onto his stomach, trying to recover. The Game Boy is still motionless but maybe he's sleeping as well. TGB is wearing his wrestling mask of course so no one is sure.

Conor takes his hand away from Mark Shields with a smile.

Conor Fuse:

Hey, thanks for doing this Mark-o.

Mark Shields:

Oh, my pleasure, Conor. Since Kristie shot me down, what else was I gonna do?

Fuse puts his left hand on Mark's back, giving him a couple of pats and hope for a bright future.

Conor Fuse:

I'm here for you, budday.

Shields thanks The Codebreaker and then walks to a free corner in order to light up another dart. He offers one to the former tag champion but Conor politely declines.

Conor Fuse:

Naaaa. I think I got some Fruit Roll Ups backstage.

Shields' eyes go wide.

Mark Shield:

Shit man, yeah, shit. Can I have a Fruit Roll Up? Haven't had one of those in years!

Conor Fuse:

Well, come along my good man! *[Looking down to Sgt Safety]* Hey, what are you saying?

Conor mentions this like it's automatically all good between them.

Sgt Safety is on one knee, rubbing his head.

Sgt Safety:

You got any Strawberry flavor?

Conor nods.

Conor Fuse:

I think I do. Let's go see. After all, the night is young...

MEET THE NEW GUY (PART 2)

The camera slowly fades in to show the inside of a dimly lit tavern located somewhere in the bowels of New Orleans. Standing behind the bar, underneath a neon sign that reads "Snake and Jake's Christmas Club" a grizzled bartender with an impressive neckbeard absently polishes a beer glass as he chats with the few equally as rough looking locals bellied up on the other side. Classic country music can be heard playing in the background, adding to the subdued vibe of the place.

Clearly this is the type of bar that won't be showing up on any tourist maps of New Orleans, which is just the way the people who frequent it to self-medicate themselves like it.

Seeing one of the regulars push and empty glass towards him, the bartender reaches for it but suddenly stops himself at the sound of the front door opening and loudly shutting a second later. As is usual for local bars, every person in the place makes it a point to stop what they are doing and stare awkwardly at the entrance, no doubt to size up whoever decided to stop in for a drink.

Following the bartender's eyes, the camera pans over to show **Brock Newbludd** standing in the doorway. Recognition passes over the bartender's face and he flashes Brock a welcoming smile.

Walking up to the bar, Brock works his way around to sit on the far end. Seeing the locals blatantly staring at him, Newbludd gives them a small wave as the bartender makes his way down to him.

Bartender:

What are ya havin'?

Letting out a sigh and leaning back in his stool, Brock eyes up the bottles of boozes lined up behind the grinning bartenders and shrugs his shoulders.

Brock:

You know what, why don't we start with one shot of your cheapest brandy and an ice cold bottle of your cheapest beer. It's been one of those days.

Bartender:

Cheapest? You sure? If you are who I think you are you could probably get something that I don't use to clean blood off the walls...

Newbludd puts a hand up to stop him.

Brock:

Listen buddy, I'm here to get drunk and I don't need to pay extra to achieve that goal. I said cheapest, so get me the cheapest. Just make sure it's strong.

Tilting his head, the bartender scratches his beard and shrugs his shoulders.

Bartender:

Cheap and strong, I can do that. Just don't say I didn't warn ya...

With that, the bartender turns on a heel and fetches a glass under the bar while Brock digs in his pocket to dig out a crumpled wad of cash. Ken Ellis' cash to be more exact. Looking up, he sees the locals eyes widen even further at the sight. Gazing down at the bribe that he was given earlier in the night, Brock shakes his head in amusement.

Brock:

Drinks are on you tonight, Kenny...

At the sight of the cash, the bar patron sitting next to Brock wheels around on his stool and turns to face him. It's a larger man than most of the other folks in the bar... a man with a scruffy brown beard... a DEFIANCE wrestler sitting in a dive bar... come on, it's exactly who you're expecting here. Pat Cassidy raises his eyebrows at the sight of the cash and looks to Newbludd.

Cassidy: *(whistles)*

We've got a high roller over here, folks.

Taking his eyes off the cash, Brock looks up with a mischievous grin and locks eyes with Cassidy. Holding his gaze for a second, Newbludd's smile grows wider.

Brock:

Whaddya know, if it isn't Pat Cassidy. I would say I'm surprised to see you here, but from what little I've seen of you I'd say this is your type of place. And, believe me, that's a compliment.

Dropping the money on the bar, Brock leans forward and rests his elbows on the bar.

Brock:

First day on the job, and already some scumbag tried to bribe me to join his squad. I took the bribe, just didn't take the job. Can't pass up easy drinkin' money, am I right?

Cassidy smiles to match Brock's friendly demeanor, but still raises a single suspicious eyebrow.

Cassidy:

You know, I've been a part of DEFIANCE for what... three months now? And not once has anybody come up to me and handed me a wad of cash. What the hell?

Cassidy takes a swig of his beverage.

Cassidy:

Not sure I would've passed on the offer, though. Way things are going these days, having some backup might not be a terrible idea. Especially if they're going to pay you. Seems like you might have missed a decent shot there, buddy.

Brock leans back in his stool, glancing down one more time at the money.

Brock:

You know, maybe there was a time where I would've taken him up on the job, but that time has passed. He could've handed me a trash bag full of money and I still would've said no. I still would've taken the money, don't get me wrong. But, the thing is, guys like Ken Ellis are a dime a dozen in this business. You give a guy like that an inch, and he will take a mile. A word of advice, don't expect someone to hand you a shot because if they do...well, it's more than likely bullshit. You gotta go out there and grab destiny right by the balls. Make your own shot, ya know?

Picking a single one hundred dollar bill off of the pile, Brock waves it at Cassidy and grins.

Brock:

You do that, my friend, and you'll be getting handed wads of cash in no time.

Throughout Brock's speech, Cassidy folds his arms. And while the look is still a little suspicious, Cassidy's face shifts slightly to let us know that some of Brock's words hit home. He nods.

Cassidy:

You know what? You might be on to something there. I just issued an open challenge to anyone on the roster to step into the ring with me. That's my way, I guess, of "grabbing destiny by the balls." I don't know who's going to step up, but I'll be damned if I'm going to be intimidated. I'm not sure people are taking me seriously enough, and that ends in two weeks. This is my chance to prove that I belong here. I plan to make it count. I don't care how big of a "star" takes

me up on my offer.

Cassidy looks down to his drink, momentarily lost in his own thoughts. Giving his new found friend a moment, Brock opens his mouth to reply but stops when the bartender returns with his shot and beer.

Bartender:

Here you go. One shot of piss warm brandy, and wouldn't you know it I found a can of Schlitz in the back of the cooler. Must have been saving it for the day the 'Milwaukee Made Man' would come in for a drink.

Brock smiles slightly at the mention of one of the nicknames he has picked up over the course of his career. Cracking the can open for him, the bartender slides it towards him and walks away. Taking a healthy drink, Newbludd wipes his mouth and focuses back in on Cassidy.

Brock:

Open challenge, eh? Hell yeah, man. Takes a lot of guts to issue one of those, and just as much to accept one. No matter who ends up taking you up on it, star or not, just make sure at the end it's a decision they regret ever makin'. Then, people will take you seriously, win or lose. So, give em hell' buddy.

Grabbing the shot of brandy, Brock raises it up to Cassidy.

Brock:

Now, I challenge you to take a shot with me!

At this "challenge," Cassidy's head snaps in Brock's direction.

Cassidy:

Newbludd, as much as I'm appreciating the pearls of wisdom you're dropping here, NOW you're truly speaking my language.

Cassidy reaches for his ready-to-go shot of whiskey, and raises it to meet Brock's glass.

Cassidy:

To giving 'em hell!

Throwing their heads back, the two men swallow down their respective shots like a couple of professionals. Immediately they signal for the bartender to fill them up for a second round.

FOUR HOURS LATER

We'll never truly know how many shots were consumed on this night, but when we rejoin Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd, they are clearly having a good time. They share a hearty laugh about something, and Cassidy clasps his hands on Newbludd's shoulder and Brock wipes tears from his eyes.

Cassidy: *(coming down from a fit of laughter)*

I gotta tell ya man, I thought you had a royal stick up your ass with all your mortality talk and "I'm too principled to work for sketchy people" stuff. But you're alright, Newbludd. And you make a lot of sense. You've got a good head on your shoulders there.

Brock:

I just figured I could put douchey Ken's money to better use than he could, that's all. I mean a bribe is technically a gift, and I don't want to give everyone the wrong impression on my first day. But, thanks man, I appreciate the fact that you're willing to drink all of it away with me. And after having over a dozen drinks or so, I've come to the drunken conclusion that you got what it takes to make it big. You're gonna crush that open challenge, brother, I know it.

Newbludd reaches for the cash he's been using all night to pay, and realizes that he ran out a while ago.

Brock:

Uh-oh. I think we may have spent all the bribe money.

Cassidy:

No worries, my friend. I've been putting our drinks on Doug Matton's tab for like an hour!

Again, the two new friends burst into a fit of laughter. Suddenly, from nearby, there's a ruckus. Two large, burly men are raising their voices toward a rather scantily clad young woman who is with them. The men are very visibly drunk, and the woman starts to look intimidated as their gestures grow more aggressive. Brock shoots Cassidy a look that says it all - "wanna do something about this?"

Cassidy: *(sighing deeply)*

You'd be surprised how often this happens to me.

Brock:

I hear ya man. Well, you wanna take the lead or should I?

Cassidy makes the "after you" motion, and Brock spins on his stool away from the bar. Standing straight, he digs into his back pocket and pulls out one last crumpled hundred dollar bill. Slapping a hand on the bar, Brock gets the barkeep's attention.

Brock:

Hey pal, bring over that bottle...that one you said is good for cleaning up blood.

Eyeing the money in Brock's hand greedily, the bartender is quick to oblige. Snatching the bottle out of the bartender's hand, Brock slides the hundred bucks over to him as he takes a deep pull from the bottle. Gritting his teeth, Newbludd then offers it up to Cassidy.

Brock:

One more before we go?

Cassidy takes it, downs a deep swig, and then brushes off his mouth with his sleeve.

Cassidy:

This is where I'm supposed to say something cool. But... let's just beat some ass.

Bartender:

That sounded pretty cool to me...but hey, we don't want any trouble now.

Brock:

Don't worry, I don't think we're gonna have much trouble. Though, you might want to keep this poison handy in case of...well, you know, blood.

Handing the bottle back to the dumbfounded bartender, Brock takes a step forward and stumbles badly, knocking his barstool over.

Brock:

Shit! Sober thoughts...sober thoughts...

Collecting himself, Brock smiles at Pat before walking towards the two belligerent men who take no notice as they continue to harass the visibly scared woman.

Cassidy:

Boys!

The two men finally turn their heads, noticing that Cassidy and Brock have walked up to them.

Cassidy:

My associate and myself couldn't help but notice that you two look like you're itching for a fight. Now your friend here doesn't seem like she'll be much of a challenge, but you're in luck! You happen to be in front of two professionals with some time on their hands!

Brock:

That's right! You're lookin' at a couple of bonafide badasses here, fellas. Not a couple of overgrown dipshits who think that pickin' on women makes them tough. That ain't tough, we're tough. And we got an itch we need to scratch too.

The two men look completely stupified by this turn of events. That is until one of them slowly raises a finger to point first at Cassidy and then to Brock. Keeping his finger pointed, he looks back to his friend and giggles.

Drunk Guy #1:

Well I'll be damned! You know who these guys are, brother!? This right here is Pat Cassidy...and Brock Newbludd! They're professionals, alright! Professional fakers! HA!

Recognition illuminates the second man's face and he too starts chuckling.

Drunk Guy #2:

You're those guys from the wrasslin' show! They look different without their spandex on!

The two men laugh at the hilarity of their "spandex" comment. Cassidy laughs along with them, and moves closer to Drunk Guy 2.

Cassidy:

That's right. Professional fakers. Here, let me show you the secret to faking a punch.

Cassidy holds up a closed fist as if to demonstrate, and then swiftly clocks the guy with a STIFF right hand. The drunk guy goes down, and Cassidy starts putting the boots to him. Seeing his buddy get taken down so easily, Drunk Guy #1 tries to sneak a suckerpunch in, wheeling around to throw a wild haymaker at Brock's face. Not wanting to set his drink down, Newbludd simply tucks his chin to his chest, causing the man's fist to crunch loudly against the top of Brock's head.

Drunk Guy #1:

Owwwww!!! I busted my hand!

Instantly the man doubles over in pain as he cradles his broken hand tight against him. Shaking his head, and still holding his beer, Brock makes a quick side step and kicks Drunk Guy #1 as hard as he can in the ass. Propelled forward, all the drunken bully can do is close his eyes as his face smashes into the wall. Effectively dismantled, he crumples to the floor in a heap.

Cassidy lifts Drunk Guy 2 before splitting his nose open with a headbutt! The man stumbles backwards and through the nearby door to the Men's Room. Smiling at his handiwork, Pat begins to make his way towards the men's room. Meanwhile, Brock grabs his assailant up off the floor and begins to drag him by a leg towards the front door.

Bartender:

Alright, that's it! I want you two out of here now or I'm calling the cops!

Both Cassidy and Newbludd stop in their tracks to stare at the angry barkeep.

Brock:

Hey, take it easy, pal! You're in good hands!

To emphasize his point, Brock reaches down and yanks Drunk Guy #1 up to his feet. Holding the woozy man upright, the veteran grappler lines up with the front door of the bar.

Brock:

We can take care of this trash for ya!

Gripping the drunkard by the back of the neck with one hand and his belt with the other, Brock winks at the bartender before rushing ahead to throw the man headfirst towards the door.

Unfortunately, Newbludd forgot that he pushed the door open to enter the bar. Instead of crashing through the door and out of the bar, Drunk Guy #1 let's his face stop his body's momentum for a second time...

CRUNCH!

Hitting the big wooden door like a bug being splattered on a windshield, Drunk Guy #1 slumps to the floor.

Brock:

Ahhhh...shit.

Throwing his arms up in disbelief, the bartender glares at Brock.

Bartender:

Get OUT!

Drunk Guy Number 2 stumbles out of the bathroom. He glares at Cassidy, who has his back turned to him, and the drunk man lunges to catch the DEFIANCE wrestler off guard. Cassidy simply raises his elbow and the drunk guy collides with the point of it. The drunkard falls backwards, out cold.

Cassidy:

Might be time to call it a night. Not in the mood to have to ask DEFIANCE to bail me out... again.

Brock:

You might be right.

The two DEFIANCE wrestlers take one last look at their handiwork, throw the bartender a final courtesy nod, and make their way out into the cool night air.

STEAMFUNK

Coming through the curtain just after their confrontation with The Stevens Dynasty is Jestal and Dandelion. Jestal is still upset with Cary and his boys sticking their nose in their business.

Jestal:

The absolute nerve of those three. When we find those juveniles I swear we are going to get what we rightfully have coming to us...our Blondies!

The siblings walk down the corridor, their night pretty much over they head to their Funhouse. Jestal clicks the Funhouse unlock button on his remote. The sign flashes quickly, Jestal stops and puts his hand out blocking Dandelion.

Jestal:

Burglars! How did they get by our security system? Stay behind me we will catch them in the act.

The siblings slowly creep to their locker room. Jestal and Dandelion put their backs to the wall and sidestep slowly. As the doorknob is within reach, Jestal looks at Dandelion and mouths...

Jestal:

ONE.....TWO.....THREE...!

Jestal and Dandelion rush the room and see... A man standing in the Funhouse. He wears a gold and blue victorian long coat. With a blue suit vest white dress shirt and blue dress pants with black shoes. On each of his joints is a bandage-like wrap with a clockwork key sticking out of the bandage. His face is painted like it was made of copper. With a robotic style jaw painted across the jawline. His eyes have special contact lens like something you would see out of a transformers movie. He wears a top hat with steampunk goggles wrapped around the lower half of the hat. There is a constant tick-tock noise coming from him almost like this man was some sort of robot.

Jestal:

Sal!?

Clockwork Sally:

{tik...tik...tik} Jestal, and Dandelion...I finally found you. {tik...tik...tik}

Dandelion seems relieved at the sight of this strange individual.

Jestal:

What brings you here Sal?

Clockwork Sally:

When you two arrived in the year 2020, I had to see you {tik...tik..tik..} I have brought you something.

Sal reaches into his coat and stops suddenly.

Jestal:

Sal?

Clockwork Sally:

Miss Dandelion would you mind winding the key on my arm, please.

Dandelion nods and turns the key a few times, and Sal seems to be able to move his arm again. He pulls out a key chain with a picture of Jestal and Dandelion's head on the ends of a ponytail keychain. He hands the keys to Dandelion. She looks at the keychain in front of her.

Jestal:

What is this?

Clockwork Sally:

That my fine sir is your new wheels I have been working on for the last three years.

Dandelion is excited as she hands the keys to Jestal and hugs Sal. He pats her back a couple of times.

Clockwork Sally:

I thought {tik...tik..tik..} you might like it.

Dandelion admires the keys Jestal dangles in front of his face. A spinning clicking noise happens behind them as both siblings look toward their strange inventor. His goggles have extended and dropped to his eyes, out from the sides a microphone extends.

Jestal:

Phone call Sal?

Clockwork Sally:

{tik...tik...tik} Come in.

The door opens and a couple of apprentices enter the Funhouse with big model-like sections in their hands.

Jestal:

What is this?

Clockwork Sally:

Put it together over there {tik...tik...tik} lads.

As the apprentices piece the model together and finish they leave. Jestal and Dandelion admire the model of the Wrestleplex!?

Jestal:

Whoa nice work, it looks just like this place. Look Dani it even has The Funhouse in the model. Dandelion looks at Sal and motions with her hands.

Jestal: *{still admiring the model}*

She wants to know what this is for.

Sal has not moved and is silent. Jestal looks up and notices Sal has stopped moving.

Jestal:

You really should get yourself an apprentice to stay by your side buddy.

Dandelion walks over to Sal again and turns the clockwork key on the back of his neck, along with the remaining keys on his legs, torso, and left arm.

Clockwork Sally:

{tik...tik...tik} Thank you my dear. That is an invention that you can use as a hideaway. It requires ...

He reaches into his jacket and pulls out two circular silver rings with a red ruby in each one.

Clockwork Sally:

These are the keys to enter the hideaway.

Jestal looks confused.

Jestal:

Enter?

Clockwork Sally:

Yes, all you have to do is say your name three times! For you, my dear Jestal can say your name for you to enter the hideaway. Given your situation, old Sal had a fix for it.

Dandelion smiles at Sal. He hands each sibling the key to the hideaway. He puts his index finger up in the air.

Clockwork Sally:

Now, remember the key is only keyed to your voices. I {tik...tik...tik} suggest you visit the hideaway alone. So that the other can allow you to escape.

Jestal and Dandelion stare at the keys in their hands, Jestal looks toward the camera.

Jestal:

Epic foreshadowing...

Clockwork Sally:

Well, my friends, I will leave you.

He begins to walk out and stops as he reaches for the doorknob.

Clockwork Sally:

Oh one more {tik...tik...tik} thing Mr. Funsnaps is nearing completion. I will have him delivered to you upon his completion.

Jestal:

Awesome thanks, Sal!

Dandelion waves at Sal who exits the Funhouse. The two siblings stare at the dangling keys in front of Jestal's face.

End scene

DOUG "MOONSHINE" MATTON VS. CRISTIANO CABALLERO

DDK:

Welcome back, folks, and we've got more action in store for you momentarily featuring the stars of BRAZEN! One of the more talked about men we saw during TAG PARTY II was "Black Out" Patrick Cassidy's tag partner, Doug "Moonshine" Matton!

Lance:

He's definitely been popular! We've seen him fight any and everybody in BRAZEN in Hardcore brawls and is a decent technician. But his opponent for the evening, Cristiano Caballero is a BRAZEN vet that I guess has taken exception to the attention he is getting. Tonight, this is Caballero's chance to show what he's made of.

DDK:

Sounds good! Darren Quimbey now with the intros!

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a BRAZEN showcase match set for one fall! First, from Kill Devil Hills, North Carolina, weighing in at 233 pounds... **DOUG "MOONSHINE" MATTON!**

♪ "Workin'" by Big Smo feat. Alexander King ♪

The music starts to thunder and the fans start to cheer for the man stumbling out of the back in a DEFIANCE-themed bandanna tied over his head. Decked out in black thigh-length trunks, knee pads, boots, and a bottle in hand, he tips his bottle to cheers to the fans and then heads inside the ring and... we got inset promo!

Doug "Moonshine" Matton:

Ol' Shiner made himself a good friend in "Black Out" Patrick Cassidy and I guess my opponent got a problem with not bein' invited to the TAG PAR-TAY! Well, Cabby-yerro, Ol' Shiner is gonna tell you this... you got a problem? Y'all better do somethin' about it tonight otherwise I'mma take that arm of yours and turn it ways it shouldn't bend! I'm ready! Are YOU?

And it's back to the ring as the intros for his opponent start.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Barcelona, Spain, weighing in at 228 pounds... **CRISTIANO CABALLERO!**

♪ "Sexy Boy" by Air ♪

The music of his opponent plays and out comes the long-time BRAZEN star, Cristiano Caballero. And as he approaches the ring, he gets an inset promo, too...

Cristiano Caballero:

Disrespect! That's ALL I've been shown since I've been here! I've been with BRAZEN since day one and I get nothing! No title shots! No nothing! Well, that's fine. Tonight, I'm gonna show this stupid drunk that I'M the most good-looking thing in BRAZEN and tonight, this match belongs to me!

And it's back to the ring... where Caballero already goes on the attack!

DING DING!

DDK:

Look at Caballero go! He's showing some much-needed aggression tonight!

Lance:

He can show potential if he isn't busy preening all the time.

He has Matton by the ropes and throws a few punches his way. He has Ol' Shiner near the ropes, but when he tries to whip him, the native of Kill Devil Hills turns that around and then whips him across the ring. He comes back and Matton tries a Clothesline, but he ducks and comes back off the ropes with a Flying Forearm. Caballero gets up and demonstrates how proud he is of himself.

DDK:

You got him, now pin him!

Caballero doesn't try and pin him. Instead, he grabs him by the bandanna and rips it off. He blows his nose on it and tosses it out of the ring. However when he tries to get back up, Matton SNAPS and blasts him across the chest with a nasty Knife-Edge Chop. He fires back with a combination of alternating Forearms and Chops before backing him to the ropes. He throws him to the ropes a second time and this time he finally connects with the Clothesline he wanted before!

Lance:

Nicely done by Matton! Big move right there!

DDK:

And now he's going after that arm! He has that deadly Fujiwara Armbar called Whole Lotta Buzz!

Matton uses a pair of Arm Wringers on Caballero and twists the arm. He then snaps the arm over his shoulder, causing much pain for the good-looking Spaniard. Matton then pushes him to the corner and then throws him out with a Hip Toss. Caballero is still being led around by the arm when Matton grabs him up, only to run forward and plant him with a modified Single Arm DDT!

DDK:

Great work there by Matton! He likes his booze, but he's a lot like Cassidy. He can fight and he can grapple.

Lance:

He just needs that experience!

He tries for Whole Lotta Buzz, but Caballero grabs the ropes quickly. Referee Carla Ferrari tells him let go and he does. But the few seconds is all Cristiano needs to get in a cheap shot by kicking the left knee of Caballero!

Lance:

And there goes Caballero with the kick to that knee! He's not bad at getting in cheap shots.

Moonshine gets stunned and clutches his knee, but when he looks up, he gets caught with a huge Leaping Side Kick!

DDK:

Nice move by the athletic Caballero! He calls that the Pretty Sight! And now the pin!

ONE! TW... NO!

Caballero claps his hands three times to Ferrari, but she ignores him other than raising two of her own. Caballero throws Matton in the corner and then runs his feet across the face of Matton several times! After hitting the boot scrapes to his face, the vainglorious one runs off the ropes then comes back with a big knee to the side of his head! He gets rocked and then dragged out of the corner for another cover.

ONE! TWO! NO!

DDK:

Another kickout by Matton! Stay on him, Caballero. You want a big win? Here's your chance!

Lance:

He wants the win, but Matton has been one to watch! He's been one of the more popular BRAZEN stars at all our shows!

Caballero tries a Tornado DDT out of the corner, but Matton throws him off! Caballero face-plants on the mat and allows Matton to connect with a huge Double Knee Armbreaker! Caballero and writhes Matton pretends to take a drink! He measures him up and then catches him with his signature Running Knee to the face!

DDK:

Little Bit of Buzz! Great shot by Matton!

The good-looking BRAZEN star gets his bell rung and now Moonshine plays for the crowd while heading to the corner. He gets up to his feet and then runs off the ropes, connecting with a huge Battering Ram Headbutt to the stomach! Caballero is hurt now and when he's doubled over, Matton grabs the arm..

DDK:

There it is! Whole Lotta Buzz! Middle of the ring, locked on tight!

Cristiano's arm is bent in a bad way and Matton hangs on like a hungry pitbull on a steak. He tries to free himself, but when he can't...

TAP TAP TAP!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **DOUG "MOONSHINE" MATTON!**

Caballero rolls away and clutches his arm in pain while Matton is back on his feet, raising his hand and asking for what's left of his bottle. He downs it, and then climbs the second turnbuckle to celebrate along with the cheers from the Faithful.

DDK:

Another good win here for Matton tonight! He's on a win streak from the last BRAZEN Double Shot shows and now.

Lance:

Matton will absolutely be one to watch!

Matton is gonna ride that elevator to success while Caballero once again, gets the shaft.

THEN WHO DID?

BEFORE DEFtv WENT OFF THE AIR!

The shower is running as we find ourselves in one of the locker rooms inside the Wrestle-Plex. It abruptly turns off and we continue to move further into the locker room. Jay Harvey enters the scene wearing a towel.

KNOCK KNOCK

Harvey snaps his head toward the door. We cut to the floor of the locker room to see Harvey's feet... and his dropped towel. In a marvelous transition with the beauty of TV editing, Harvey answers the door and is wearing a pair of basketball shorts. He looks down to find a care package. A box of chocolates presumably, a teddy bear, and a card.

Harvey pops the bear off the box of chocolates and gives it a quick once over. He smirks and walks back into the locker room. He places the chocolates and bear on top of his duffel bag and examines the card.

FROM A SECRET ADMIRER... ENJOY THE CHOCOLATES! XOXOXO!

Harvey all smiles as he goes into his locker and grabs his cell phone. Within seconds and a few swipes of his finger, we can hear a phone call being made.

Jay Harvey:

Hey baby... I got, I got your package. A bear and chocolates? Soo romantic. If I didn't know better I'd think you were trying to butter me up for something.

Harvey's smile goes away and his face is filled with confusion.

Harvey:

You didn't send me this stuff? Really?

We can't hear what's being said on the other line.

Harvey:

Cat, if you didn't... then who did?

Harvey listens in as he looks at the card again.

Harvey:

There was a card... it says "*from a secret admirer*".

He continues to look at the handwriting which looks to be more feminine than masculine. The heart over the "I" is a good giveaway.

Harvey:

I figured it was from you, Babe.

Harvey takes the chocolates and the bear and puts them in the trash can off to his left.

Harvey:

I told you I was desirable, Cat.

Harvey chuckles.

Harvey:

Yeah, prolly someone around here just messing with me. Someone will probably come up to me like Dexy and be like "How'd you like the chocolates, pally?!".

Harvey paces in front of his locker.

Harvey:

Is everything good over there? Tom-Tom ok?

Harvey listens.

Harvey:

Good, good... I miss you guys.

Harvey is all smiles.

Harvey:

I'll be home tomorrow... I love you guys.

Harvey sighs, continuing to struggle with his passion for wrestling and his family.

Harvey:

I'll see you soon... night.

He hangs up the phone and looks over at the bin. The camera zooms in on the bear sitting on top of the trash. We slowly fade out.

NEMESIS

The camera is greeted with an opening shot of the top of a black sedan, sitting outside of Wrestleplex, it's a quiet night, say for the music playing from the car - the latest Deftones track 'Genesis'. As the camera pans lower, there is a flicker of light popping up from the back seat. As the music fades into the distance the trance-like audio is soon replaced with a 'clicking' noise in the backseat of Jason 'Stalker' Reeves Uber.

Stalker:

Any minute now - our target will be outside.

Directionally speaking, Stalker referenced with a head nod towards the back doors of Wrestleplex, his eyes shifting to the back seat where the round one winner of The Favoured Saints Tournament sat by himself, Rezin.

Rezin:

Boss, I gotta say, there ain't anything punk rock about these tunes, but your car, your rules, or whatever.

Stalker:

That's right...

Rezin:

Anyhow, this dude you say I'm "replacing"... he's supposed to be like, your final boss? Like an arch NEMESIS, right? So tonight, we're jumping none other than the dastardly, dangerous... ROCKO DAYMON!?

Jason glares into the rearview mirror.

Stalker:

No. No one has heard from Rocko in like four years - I already...

Rezin excitedly interrupts and follows up with another assumption at Stalker's Arch Enemy.

Rezin:

Wait, no, not Rocko... every game has that super-tough "secret" final boss. It's gotta be that other "R" guy... the one, the only, Randall Knox, aye-kay-aye IMPULSE!!!

Once again, Jason Reeves groans and glares into the rearview mirror before dragging his eyes back to the back doors of Wrestleplex.

Stalker:

Impulse doesn't work for DEFIANCE anymore.

Stalker's grip on the steering wheel becomes increasingly rigid as the Uber fills up with silence, Stalker's face doesn't change from the glaring stare he's been producing since his arrival at DEFIANCE. The words coming from his lips next were stoic and told with resentment.

Stalker:

Seattle's Fake Hero - Scott Douglas, is who we are waiting on. The man whose darkness is just itching to be set free. But, for a man like him to crumble we have to take things deliberately slow. Hence, why he's still walking after ACTS of DEFIANCE.

Rezin:

Heh heh... torture done nice and slow? Now THAT sounds PUNK ROCK as FUCK! But seriously, Boss, what makes this normie so special to you anyways? I thought us bad guys were only allotted two Arch-Nemeses at most. Doesn't Scotty make three for you?

Stalker: [answering bluntly]

He fucked' up.

With a pause Jason Reeves doesn't expand what he means by 'fucked up', instead his glaring evil eyes stare forward at the back entrance of Wrestleplex, the camera panning over and almost on queue, Terry 'The Idol' Anderson and Scott Douglas walk out of the DEFIANCE complex together.

Terry is featuring his ever growing assortment of fedora and hawaiian shirts. Scott holds the door open for the retired wrestler/announcer turned Private Eye. With a nod to the cooler air he turns to face Scott Douglas as he fumbles for his keys in his pocket.

Terry Anderson:

Not sure what to tell you, Scott. I heard from Jessica last ... about the same time you did. No freaking idea why Jason brought her up at ACTS of DEFIANCE.

A scrolling reminder that ACTS of DEFIANCE is available on DEFonDEMAND streams on the lower part of the screen.

Scott Douglas:

She's your granddaughter, Terry...

Scott looks at Anderson unconvinced.

Douglas:

You are telling me you have no clue where's she at or why your Son-in-Law has his insane eyes fixated on my back?

Terry:

I promised... Look, I promised I would keep digging. It concerns me alone that Riley doesn't even know where she is. Last we heard, Jason was the last one that spoke to her... other than you.

Terry's voice trails off as the older man peers off into the distance. The cooler September night winds are breezing in but The Idol seems to be distracted by something far off from Douglas and himself. Douglas however is still trying to piece together Terry's response

Douglas:

Other than me? ... I didn't even know she was missing. Much less that her father would use her as some axe to grind with me. Obviously, we had our differences --

Terry's demeanor shifts and Douglas notices, stopping him mid sentence. Terry, clutching his fedora to his head, turns to face bewildered Defiant, he nods forward towards the opposite direction behind Douglas.

Terry:

Let's head to my car... I think we have eyes on us...

Anderson finally retrieves his keys from his pocket and starts walking past Douglas. The confused look on Scott's face doesn't wash away as he turns to follow Terry, unwilling to let this conversation die down. The camera pans back over to Stalker and Rezin who, almost on cue, rise up from hiding in the car.

Stalker:

I told you enough with the lighter! He freaking saw us! God damn Terry, always meddling in my business.

The disgruntled hardcore icon, turned manager/handler, glared his eyes into the back seat as Rezin crawled up from the backseat staring forward into the dark parking lot of Wrestleplex. Watching Scott and Terry climb into Terry's car.

Rezin:

So that's Scott Douglas, huh? Guess I can replace that, but... Boss, do I have to do the Hawaiian cowboy thing?

Flower shirts and me kinda clash...

Jason Reeves shakes his head at Rezin's comment, with a turn of his hand the engine to Stalker's Uber car revs on. Stalker stares forward without acknowledging Rezin, the 'handler' of The Kabal's most threatening combatant, has his eyes focused on potentially Terry Anderson's departing vehicle. As the camera zooms out, Stalker's Uber slowly takes off, Rezin leans forward from the backseat and as the camera fades he makes one last request of his current 'manager'.

Rezin:

Dude, can we listen to the new Primitive Man on the way back?

Fade to black and music.

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: GAGE BLACKWOOD Â© vs. "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS

DDK:

Folks, we have a big match to end UNCUT with tonight!

Lance:

Indeed we do, Keeps! Southern Heritage Championship... "Bantam" Ryan Batts challenges GAGE BLACKWOOD for the title!

DDK:

We've had a HELL of a show here during DEFtv 141. This is the dark match to end it all and my partner, let me tell you, it should be fantastic!

Lance:

To the ring, Darren Quimbey!

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP! Introducing first... from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing two hundred-five pounds, the challenger... "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!

♪ "The Last Garrison" by Enter Shikari ♪

Batts has lots of energy, immediately pumping up the crowd as he rushes down the rampway and rolls into the ring. He sports his normal yellow and black attire, even getting a "yellow and black attack" cheer from some fans in the front row but it's not a real "catchy" cheer so it doesn't find its way throughout the arena.

The next theme song doesn't have to start before the booing follows.

♪ "The King of the Highlands" by Antti Martikainen ♪

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, from Edinburgh, Scotland... weighing two-hundred and twenty-five pounds... the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION... Gaaaaaage Blackwood!

Blackwood emerges, his typical demeanor of not looking happy. The title belt is around his waist as he strolls down the rampway, wearing his kilt-inspired wrestling tights and the trademark "WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR YOU LATELY?" t-shirt, with all the names of past opponents crossed out on the back and two more additions...

Dex Joy, crossed out.

And Ryan Batts, crossed out.

DDK:

Already thinks it's a done deal, huh?

Lance:

I'm surprised he hasn't put the entire roster on the shirt already.

DDK:

Don't give him any ideas...

Blackwood rolls into the ring, hands the title to referee Benny Doyle and takes off his t-shirt. There's no more time wasted.

DING DING**DDK:**

We are off for this go-home dark match! The Faithful are hyped and fully behind the clear underdog, Ryan Batts!

Batts circles the ring, looking to find an opening while Gage Blackwood stands there, eyeing him over with a smirk. To Blackwood, Batts is nothing more than a BRAZEN wrestler he will put down very quickly.

They tie up. Blackwood pulls Batts' arm back and "Bantam" lets out a cry. The smaller wrestler tries to wiggle free but Blackwood keeps the arm twisted and then drops to the canvas, knees up, driving them into Batts's right arm. Batts shouts in pain again as he stumbles forward and Gage takes Ryan's head from behind, driving it into the mat with a modified bulldog. The champion rises, holds his hands high and screams into the crowd.

Gage Blackwood:

I am better than every single person in the back! I am someone who should be universally respected!

DDK:

Here we go again, with that nonstop trash talk.

Lance:

I believe he would say *rubbish* talk? But that's neither here nor there.

Blackwood marches towards Batts, takes him by the hair and hurls him into the ropes. Blackwood looks for a back breaker but Batts slips out of it and spins around Gage, grabbing his head and connecting with a DDT!

Ryan kips to his feet. He quickly decides what set of ropes are closest and runs towards them. Blackwood shoots up at the last second, attempting a powerslam but Batts slides free, turns Blackwood around, kicks him in the chest and then lands another DDT!

DDK:

That's some impressive work by the challenger!

"Bantam" tries to keep the momentum going. He deadlifts Blackwood and throws him across the ring with a German suplex! Then he sprints towards Gage's face and hits him with a front missile dropkick to the face! Batts hooks the legs and looks for a cover...

ONE.

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The Faithful sigh on the kickout, although everyone assumes more work needs to be done.

DDK:

The challenger is working at a quick pace. He fires a few forearms into Blackwood's chest and then Irish whips The Scotsman off the ropes... Blackwood ducks the crossbody as Batts goes flying but rolls over and shoots up while Gage slams into the next set of ropes...

Blackwood comes shooting at Batts with a clothesline but "The Yellow and Black Attack" drops to his knees and tumbles across the canvas. Both men turn to the center of the ring and lock into a grapple.

Back to the beginning of the match we go. Blackwood shows he has more strength and snaps Batts' arm behind him for a second time in this contest. Ryan tries to break out but Blackwood has the hold sunk in. Blackwood moves around the ring, making sure he's always in a better position than his opponent while the fans try to rally behind the

challenger.

Gage Blackwood:

You got a couple shots in, ya bloke. But aye, ya won't be getting anymore...

Batts tries to drop to his knees, however, Blackwood has the arm positioned so high that Batts can't do it without ripping the muscles in his arm. Instead, Batts tries to get his feet into the ropes, in order to climb them and clear Blackwood, who'd be forced to break the hold but the SOHER is a clever technician, ensuring he stays closer to the ropes than his opponent.

Gage Blackwood:

Try, try and you might. You'll end up like the rest of them!

Lance:

You know, I liked Blackwood a lot better when he didn't talk much.

DDK:

Oh, no doubt.

This time, though, as Blackwood keeps mouthing off, Batts finds the opportunity he was looking for. Instead of dropping to his knees or trying to fly over the champion, "Bantam" uses his free hand to reach back and find Gage's face, knocking him in the side of the head... once, twice, three times...

DDK:

Blackwood drops the arm bar...

Batts bounces into the ropes...

DDK:

TILT-A-WHIRL BACKBREAKER BY GAGE!

The air is let out of the area as Batts tries to grab his back with both hands and rolls along the canvas. Blackwood wastes little time and follows this up with an elbow drop. Another elbow drop. And another! Three more elbow drops into Batts' spine (for a total of six if you're counting along) and Gage tosses Batts into the ropes and connects with a roundhouse kick and then a leg drop to Ryan's back!

DDK:

Picking Batts up... snap suplex!

Blackwood holds on.

DDK:

Delayed vertical suplex!

Blackwood holds on.

DDK:

Rolling release suplex, throwing the smaller athlete halfway across the ring! Also known as The Scottish Trinity!

Lance:

I believe Gage grew up on Trinity Crescent in Edinburgh. The move is named after his first trainer, who taught him nothing but suplexes!

Blackwood soaks in the boos but now knows he's in for more of a fight than initially intended. He snatches Batts by the head and for good measure, hits another vertical suplex!

The SOHER is in control. Batts withers in pain on the canvas. Gage looks down at his fallen challenger...

Gage Blackwood:

You've got a bit more fight than Titus Campbell, I'll give you th-

DDK:

SMALL PACKAGE BY BATTS!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Oh no! No! It wasn't a three!!

Referee Benny Doyle shoots up, letting everyone know he did not hit the mat for the three but it was oh-so close. The near-fall wakes the crowd up because Blackwood was barely able to save his reign!

Blackwood's already on one knee. He checks with Benny that the count of two was correct and goes into beast mode. Gage runs at Batts and attempts to punt him in the side of the head but "Bantam" slides away! The force of the slide causes Batts to exit the ring. Blackwood looks up, furiously! He exits the ropes and tries for an axe handle smash, coming off the apron...

WHACK.

DDK:

Blackwood ate the guardrail!

Lance:

Batts is a slippery one! He seems to move at the last-second every time!

Blackwood peels himself away from the rail and rolls back into the ring. The challenger is already there, waiting.

Belly to belly suplex. Batts holds on.

Belly to belly suplex. Batts holds on.

OVERHEAD belly to belly suplex. Batts tries for a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

Not to be outdone, "Bantam" with his own triple set of suplexes... and it almost takes the title home!

The SOHER uses the ropes to get up. His trademark scar over the left side of his forehead has been broken open, something that happens in matches from time to time. There isn't a lot of blood, just a slow trickle... but it surprises the challenger to see his opponent in a state like this.

Both men walk to the center of the ring. Blackwood is near his full rage mode now, mouthing off to the point he can't be understood as his thick Scottish accent breaks through.

Gage Blackwood:

Howf does a bloke lik' ye even git a title shot!? Whin ah wis in yer position ah battled idiots lik' Lisil Jakeson!

DDK:

Blackwood with a left!

Batts is stunned.

DDK:

Blackwood with another left!

Batts is reeling.

DDK:

Blackwood with a-

Batts ducks the left hand, hooks his own arms underneath the champion's and hits a spinning reverse DDT!

Tiger suplex.

Exploder suplex.

DDK:

Ryan Batts is a house on fire!!!

The Faithful rise to their feet, coming to the realization that Ryan Batts hasn't merely held his own in this match... he could, maybe, just MAYBE... win it!?

DDK:

Batts is calling for his finisher... LET GRAVITY DO THE REST.

The challenger shoots to the top rope. He measures Blackwood quickly and takes a leap of faith...

LET

GRAVITY

DO

THE

R

E

S

-

MISS!

DDK:

DAMMIT! Blackwood moved at the last second! And Gage is back up, with more blood rolling down his face...

The champion charges, drops his legs down and performs a spinning toe hold. Blackwood floats over and looks for a crossface... but Ryan is immediately into the ropes!

"LET'S GO BANTAM, LET'S GO!" Clap, clap!

"LET'S GO BANTAM, LET'S GO!" Clap, clap!

"LET'S GO BANTAM, LET'S GO!" Clap, clap!

Blackwood is fuming! He waits until Batts pulls himself together because the champion wants to prove he can get this thing done from square one. Wiping away the blood from his scar, Blackwood marches up to Ryan Batts and gets directly into his face.

Gage Blackwood:

YER NO OSCAR. YER NOT EVEN A CRESCENT CITY KI-

DDK:

Batts drills Blackwood right in the mouth with a forearm! Off the ropes he goes... tilt-a-whirl backbreaker attempt by Gage again but NO... it's reversed into another DDT by Batts! That's FOUR DDTs!

Ryan rises from the mat with a lot of fire! The crowd are rumbling the arena! With one shout into the stands, "Bantam" turns back to his opponent...

DDK:

REVERSE STO! Reverse STO! Ryan Batts is in complete control!

Pointing to the top rope, Batts is already there before the announcers can call it. He tries for a moonsault...

DDK:

BLACKWOOD WITH A DOUBLE KNEE FACEBREAKER! He hit Batts in MID AIR!

The pin is academic.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

HE KICKED OUT!?

Lance:

HE KICKED OUT!

"BATTS!"

"BATTS!"

"BATTS!"

Blackwood looks up at the referee like "what the hell is going on!?"

DDK:

Ryan Batts kicked out of a double knee facebreaker that HE drove his own momentum into!

Lance:

The Faithful are unglued! Who saw this coming!?

Blackwood takes two deep breaths before he sees Ryan struggling to use the ropes. Now is the best opportunity to strike...

DDK:

HOLY SHI-!

Lance:

CROSS ARMBREAKER! CROSS ARMBREAKER! THAT'S BATT'S SUBMISSION FINISH AND HE APPLIED IT FROM OUTTA NOWHERE!

DDK:

The Faithful are going ballistic! Blackwood is stuck in the middle of the ring!!

"TAP YOU ASSHOLE" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"TAP YOU ASSHOLE" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

"TAP YOU ASSHOLE" Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Blackwood is nowhere near the ropes and once again finds himself in a submission hold during another SOHER defense. This time, however, he's not as composed to fight his way through it! Blackwood is screaming as loud as possible and feels like he has nowhere to go!

DDK:

Batts has such heart... such a will... boy would a title switch here change the landscape. A landscape which has already BEEN drastically altered tonight... numerous times over!

Lance:

I can't believe this. All respect to Ryan Batts, he is a FINE athlete but you'd have to think on a dark match like this, maybe it wouldn't be his night. Maybe the crowd wouldn't be as into it. Maybe Blackwood would have done his homework...

Blackwood has nowhere to go! The blood has stopped trickling from his scar but his sweat hasn't and the fear in his eyes only gets worse. In a hail mary attempt, Blackwood tries to use his free hand to reach out, hoping he'd find some ropes but they are nowhere close. The SOHER tries to fight to a knee but Batts' positioning is near perfect and it doesn't allow Blackwood to move without putting more stress on his right arm that's in the submission! Blackwood is pleading with referee Benny Doyle to do something but the vet ref is way too smart for that. There's nowhere to go! There's nothing he can do! The pain is only getting worse!

The camera zooms in on Batts' intensity. He's gritting his teeth together, using his legs as leverage... pulling back on the arm as much as possible...

Blackwood tries to reach out again but shouts in anger, knowing it won't make a difference...

The SOHER takes a deep breath, cries out and pulls his hand up to tap...

The anticipation inside the arena is palpable...

"BATT'S!"

"BATT'S!"

"BATT'S!"

DDK:

THE YELLOW AND BLACK ATTACK-

Blackwood slams his hand down once on the mat but ensures he hasn't given up yet! His fingers rise from the canvas... he's seriously contemplating it now...

His dream is OVER! The nightmare for The Faithful has ENDED!

...That's when Gage feels something on the bottom of his left foot! In kicking his legs about, he happened to graze the bottom rope with his left foot! Blackwood's eyes go wide, he has to be CLOSE to the ropes...

In a last-ditch attempt, the SOHER tries to push backwards instead of forwards. This movement was not something Batts anticipates, because he also has his back turned to where Blackwood's legs are positioned.

Somehow, somehow, this was enough.

Benny Doyle: *[to Ryan Batts]*

BREAK THE HOLD! Blackwood's foot is under the rope!

The air is not only let out of the arena but shock comes across everyone, as it was never assumed this would be a viable way to escape the submission.

DDK:

Blackwood has the hold broken BUT-

Keebler doesn't even have to say it. There's no sour *graps* here, as Batts knows he can still pull this thing off if he focuses on what's to come next. He looks down at Blackwood, grabs him by the arms and pulls him into the DEAD center of the ring...

DDK:

Batts is going to apply the cross armbreaker once more-

Blackwood tries for a desperation roll up!

ONE!

KICKOUT!

The Faithful are pulled back into the battle! Batts kicked out... AT ONE.

Lance:

Batts kicked out... at one!?

DDK:

Batts kicked out... AT ONE!

"Bantam" gets to his feet. He's trying to figure out how to measure Blackwood and if he should wait for him to get up. The SOHER is on one knee... and then one foot...

DDK:

Batts charges Blackwood...

Blackwood ducks, rolls through, bounces off the ropes...

DDK:

Gaelic Storm!

Blackwood falls on top of Batts with the cover but can't hook a leg, due to tending to his right arm.

Gage Blackwood: *[muttering]*

Kick outta this, ya stupid baw juggler...

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

If Keebler swore, he may have said something here.

Lance:

Dammit. Ryan Batts was THIS close but once again, those flying double-knees end it and boy, oh boy, can Blackwood get air under them. He hits Ryan Batts directly under his chin and knocks him out.

The Faithful still give a cheer but in the direction of the challenger as Blackwood is handed his championship title and announced as the winner.

Darren Quimbey:

STIIIIIII Southern Heritage Champion, Gage Blackwood!

Doyle raises Blackwood's arm (left arm) as the champion is seething while trying to attend to his injured body parts. Meanwhile, the challenger is coming to and rolling into a corner of the ring.

DDK:

If there's one thing Blackwood's known for, it's resiliency inside the squared circle. Unfortunately, The Scot can take a beating and keep on coming...

Lance:

Batts pushed Blackwood to his limit. You can see it on Blackwood's face. It's not fear, it's not anger, it's relief. He may never admit it but the facial expression tells the story.

Batts uses the middle ropes beside the turnbuckle in order to pull himself up. He's shaking the cobwebs out of his head as he stumbles to the center of the ring. Once there, he stops and looks directly at Gage who has one foot out on the apron and one still in the ring.

Batts does nothing as Blackwood's theme song comes to a close. "Bantam" is standing there, eyeing the champion.

DDK:

I think Batts is showing the ultimate sign of respect. A true warrior, no doubt about that. So close to the title...

The Faithful hush their jeering of Blackwood, curious to see what's to come. Batts doesn't stick out his hand directly but his body language seems to invite the champion back inside the ring.

What's odd about this encounter is Blackwood has given pause. The SOHER hasn't fully entered the ring but he hasn't exited it, either. Gage, too, stands there. His body language and facial expressions convey he may not have made a decision yet.

Batts doesn't back down. This stand-off seems to go on for a while.

Finally, Batts nods towards Blackwood. The champion takes a deep breath in... and exits the ring to boos.

DDK:

Perhaps, all things considered, not the most disrespectful response from Gage...

The camera trails Blackwood as he marches up the rampway, leaving Batts standing in the ring, watching the victor ascend to the back. Once Blackwood arrives at the top of the ramp, the camera swings around to the front of him, showing the rampway where he came from and the challenger whom he fought, in the exact same position Gage left him.

As the UNCUT signature appears in the bottom right hand corner of the screen, in what has become a recent trademark over the last six months, Blackwood doesn't look back. Instead, he closes his eyes, takes in a deep breath, exhails and vanishes behind the curtain...

Leaving Ryan Batts still standing in his wake.

THIS.

IS.

UNCUT.