

"WORLD" BUILDING

The scene reads "Last Week" on the bottom of the screen as Gage Blackwood walks through the WrestlePlex hallway. Head down, minding his own business, the former SOHER is about to call it a night, carrying a duffle bag in his right hand.

???:

He's coming, Gage.

Blackwood stops in his tracks. He turns and notices a man is leaned against the side of the wall. Not realizing who he passed, Blackwood takes a harder look. The man is wearing faded jeans and a dark blue t-shirt with a "DEFIANCE" hat on. He also has his head down low enough it's near impossible for Gage to make out who this is.

Gage Blackwood:

Excuse me?

Blackwood moves closer. It's only when the man responds does it become clear who it is.

Tyler Fuse:

I said "he's coming", Gage.

Blackwood approaches Tyler with skepticism and a hint of anger, stopping a foot away.

Gage Blackwood:

Um okay? Who's coming?

Tyler Fuse:

It won't be long before he's here...

Gage Blackwood:

Who? Stalker? Rezin? You tell those wallopers of yours to jog on, I have enough shit to deal with.

Tyler shakes his head no.

Tyler Fuse:

I said *he's* coming. *They're* already here.

The former SOHER has had a long night. He has no interest in games. Trying to hold back frustration, Blackwood engages in the conversation one more time.

Gage Blackwood:

Great. Well I'll be waiting.

Tyler Fuse:

You won't have to wait long.

Gage Blackwood:

And how do you know this?

Tyler Fuse:

Intuition. Maybe it's because I used to "unlock" all those characters back in the day. Or it could be something more than that. I know a lot of things, Gage. Just be thankful I decided to share this much information with you. One day, you'll see.

There's an awkward silence before Blackwood laughs it off.

Gage Blackwood:

Listen, Tyler. I have no problem with you or your brother. In fact, I enjoyed what you did to my old championship yesterday. That was quite the vengeful moment you had. I heard you got fined for it, too.

Tyler Fuse:

A pretty big fine. I'm lucky I didn't get suspended...

Tyler's voice trails off, leaving an awkward silence between both men.

Gage Blackwood:

So you're not going to tell me who's coming, huh? You'll say someone **is** coming but not enough to tell me who. That's rather pathetic, if I do say so myself.

Tyler Fuse:

I feel like you already know...

Being too tired to speak any further, The Noble Raider shakes his head and walks back down the hallway while Tyler's voice can still be heard.

Tyler Fuse:

One day you'll thank me for this information, Gage. You'll realize why I couldn't tell you... not yet anyway. One day everyone will thank me. You'll see. This is only the beginning. I'll be happy to share more with you at a later date.

Gage finds the exit doors and heads outside.

Gage Blackwood:

Stupid baw juggler...

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.

A MUCH BALLYHOO'D EVENT

Uncut returns from the short commercial break to show the smiling faces of Darren Keebler and Lance Warner sitting behind the announce table.

DDK:

Welcome back to Uncut, everyone! Before we get back to the action in the ring, we're going to take a look at an event that took place last Saturday right across the street from the Wrestle-Plex. That being the grand opening of Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd's joint business venture, Ballyhoo Brew!

Lance:

There's been a lot of buzz going around about Ballyhoo ever since Brock and Pat announced their plans to open a bar right across the street from the Wrestle-Plex. Personally, I love the idea. Anything that benefits the fans benefits DEFIANCE and that my friend is called a "win win."

DDK:

One-hundred percent agree with you, partner. Now, without further ado, let's check out the footage from Ballyhoo's grand opening!

With that, the camera slowly fades to black. After a few seconds of darkness, the picture slowly returns to show a large crowd of people congregated in a parking lot on a sunshine-filled day. Bright orange snow fence encompasses the entirety of the large lot and as the camera zooms in closer we see that we've found ourselves smack dab in the middle of a bonafide tailgate party.

As the camera pans over the sea of one hundred or so people we see that the majority of them are holding a red solo cup full of beer. Those that aren't are standing in line next to various kegs of beer that have been strategically placed throughout the parking lot. The mood is a festive one, which comes naturally when there is an ample supply of beer to drink.

Moving along, the camera works its way through the partying masses before coming to a stop in front of two large wooden doors that have a bright red ribbon tied across them. Above the doors, we see a large, unlit, neon sign that reads "**Ballyhoo Brew, Est. 2020**".

White font suddenly appears on the screen.

Ballyhoo Brew's Grand Opening Ceremony

Date: 12-12-2020

Time: High Noon

The writing fades off the screen and now the camera focuses on a small wooden stage that is set up off to the side of the brewery's entrance. Standing on the stage and surveying the festive party in front of them are Ballyhoo's two lead bartenders, Siobhan Cassidy and Davey LaRue.

Smiling from ear to ear, the burly Cajun raises a large mug of beer to his lips and proceeds to down the entirety of it in an astonishingly quick manner. Letting out a loud belch, LaRue gives Siobhan a playful elbow.

Davey LaRue:

Can ya believe dis turnout, cher!? Now dis is a party! I ain't been dis excited since I saw Bon Jovi live back in 92! Dat's de night I became a man...

LaRue gets a distant look in his eyes.

Davey LaRue:

Dat night...I was de one givin' love a bad name. Her name was Rhonda. Her mouth said she was fifty-five wit' four kids...but her body said...well...let's jus' say de phrase 'Slippery When Wet' hadda whole new meanin' after de night was done! I don't tink Jovi was jus' talkin' bout moppin' floors!

Siobhan Cassidy:

Yeah, um, maybe it's time we establish like, some professional boundaries? Could we maybe save the list of who we've slept with at concerts until like, our fifth or sixth shift together?

Turning around, LaRue begins to fill his mug back up with a keg that is somehow conveniently placed right next to him. Siobhan steps forward to the microphone that is positioned on the front of the stage and reaches into her pocket for a small notecard. She taps on the mic on or twice to get everyone's attention, and then begins to read from the notecard.

Siobhan: (reading in a very stilted manner)

"Hello! It is my pleasure to welcome you all to the grand opening of Ballyhoo Brew. My name is Siobhan Cassidy, but you might know me as..."

Siobhan makes a sour face

Siobhan:

"You might know me as the younger sister of the..." ew, I can't believe I have to say this. *(reluctantly)* "You might know me as the younger sister of world famous wrestler and co-owner of Ballyhoo Brew, Pat Cassidy. Pause for applau..." oh

A smattering of applause from the crowd.

Siobhan:

"It is my unique pleasure to introduce to you now... the Scrapper from Southie... the Baron of Ballyhoo... the..." okay, you know what? There's like ten more of these and I'm not reading them. Here's Pat Cassidy.

"Gonna Be A Blackout" by The Dropkick Murphys

As Cassidy's theme begins to play over the loudspeakers, the crowd of onlookers begins to part and we hear a beeping noise coming from somewhere within the crowd. As the crowd fully parts, Pat Cassidy comes into view: except he's driving a decked-out golf cart complete with mini-horn. Cassidy pulls the cart up to the stage, where several brewery employees are standing and holding 4th of July-style sparklers. Cassidy stands up in the golf cart, mugging for the fans who shower him with applause.

Cassidy hops up onto the stage, nudging his little sister out of the way and taking her place in front of the mic as the music dies down.

Pat Cassidy:

Probably could've read it with a little more "oomph"... but that's okay, we'll get there I'm sure. *(brightening)* HELLO NEW ORLEANS!!!!

Another pop.

Pat Cassidy:

I'm so happy to see such a turn out today. In opening Ballyhoo Brew, we're changing the experience for the DEFIANCE Faithful AND fans of good beer in general. We want this to be your new watering hole. Your new hangout spot. A place for good times to be had, old friends to reconnect, and new friends to meet up. Who knows? You also might bump into your favorite Defiant... I know for a fact that once we open these doors, we'll be blessed with the presence of both Jack Harmen AND Lindsay Troy. You don't get bigger names than that!

Another pop from the crowd.

Pat Cassidy:

But listen to me: going on and on. It's time for me to introduce the guy I couldn't have done this without. A guy who has my back both in the ring and out. Also a guy whose butt I clearly saved last week, but that's neither here nor there. A guy who thinks he's going to outdo my grand entrance, but he's got no chance. Ladies and gentleman... BROCK NEWBLUDD!

Yet another pop from the people for Brock Newbludd. The cheering continues on for a few seconds but slowly begins to dissipate when nothing happens to signal Newbludd's arrival. No music, no sparklers, and most importantly, no Brock.

"NNNEEAOOOWWW!"

The crowd lets out a collective gasp when a smaller single engine plane buzzes over top of them. Up on the stage, Davey races over to the small DJ booth and quickly pushes a few buttons on the laptop sitting inside of it.

"Nothin' But a Good Time" by Poison

A few drunk guys in the audience howl in appreciation upon hearing the hair metal classic, while the rest of the gathering keep their eyes glued on the plane as it ascends skyward in a looping corkscrew maneuver. As it climbs a large white banner suddenly appears behind the craft and the party people let out a cheer when they see the writing on it.

BALLYHOO DAT!

Stopping it's climb, the plane levels out and for the second time the crowd gasps when something falls out of the plane. Correction. Not something...someone. Having bailed out of the plane at an extremely low altitude (at least for jumping out of a plane), the skydiver almost instantly opens his chute.

Cassidy looks to the sky, shaking his head.

Cassidy:

You amazing son of a bitch...

To Cassidy's left, one of the workers who is still holding up the sparklers from his own "grand" entrance approaches him.

Worker:

Sir... these are getting a little hot, can I get them down?

Cassidy: (defeated)

Put the sparklers away, Roy.

Meanwhile, the skydiver works the steering lines with both hands to make a wide arc in front of the crowd, managing to let go of one line to give the people a brief thumbs up as he does so. The skydiver's descent continues and the crowd sees Brock's smiling face looking down at them and they begin to intensify their cheers as he gets closer. Doing one last sweeping arc over the crowd, Newbludd gives the steering lines one last tug and lands in the parking lot on the opposite side of the stage.

Davey LaRue:

Bons a mis! Please clank your glasses togetha' and givea waaaarm NOLA welcome to de udder half of Ballyhoo Brew! Dis is 'De Innnnoovata'! Dis is Brock Newbluuudd!

Having stripped off his parachute harness during Davey's introduction, Newbludd pumps his fist in celebration as the crowd gathers around him. Producing a can of beer out of one of his cargo pockets, Brock tucks it under an arm as he pulls two other items out from another pocket. The people let out another cheer when Brock raises a Roman Candle

firework high above his head.

Brock motions for the excited crowd to take a few steps back, and when they do he lights the fuse on the firework. This prompts the people closest to him to backpedal as fast as their booze-filled legs would let them. Dropping to a single knee, Brock quickly grabs the can of beer out from underneath his arm and cracks it a second before the Roman Candle begins to spit hot fireballs into the sky.

“PEW! PEW! PEW! PEW! PEW!”

With Bret Michaels singing in the background, the fired up Newbludd proceeds to slam the entire can of beer, finishing it off just as the candle shoots off it's last fireball.

Popping to his feet, Brock throws the empty can over one shoulder and the spent firework over his other. The music stops playing over the loudspeakers and Newbludd finishes his ridiculous entrance by cupping his hands over his mouth.

Brock Newbludd:

BALLYWHOOOOOO!!!?

Crowd:

DAT!!!

Laughing in appreciation of the crowd's participation, Newbludd weaves his way through them and heads towards the stage, slapping hands with fans as he does so. Climbing onto the stage, Brock gives Davey a high five before at Pat and Siobhan with a shit-eating grin on his face.

Brock Newbludd:

Loved the sparklers, guys! Gotta send the message that Ballyhoo is kid friendly, too!

Turning his attention to the microphone, Brock walks up to it and surveys the crowd. Still sporting an ear to ear smile, he addresses them.

Brock Newbludd:

Now this is a party, New Orleans! We can't thank you guys enough for coming out here today to show your support for Ballyhoo Brew. Without that support, none of this would be possible!

Brock turns around and locates LaRue. Clapping his hands together, Brock signals for Davey to toss him a can of beer and the wily cajun quickly digs one out of the cooler he had sat on after Newbludd started speaking. With precision that only comes with years of practice, Davey tosses the can to his buddy and Brock cracks it open. Turning back to the crowd, Newbludd raises the can high in the air.

Brock Newbludd:

Raise a glass to yourselves, New Orleans, you guys deserve it! Salute!

The crowd, along with an enthusiastic Pat Cassidy, lets out a cheer and raises their glasses before taking a drink with Newbludd. Wiping his mouth, Brock continues on.

Brock Newbludd:

You bet! Alright, now I'm sure you guys didn't come here to listen to me talk but I gotta a few announcements before we get back to partyin'. First off, I don't want to see ANYBODY leaving this bar until all this free beer is gone, got it?

The crowd pops in agreement.

Brock Newbludd:

Second! We got living legend Jack Harmen and the NUMBER ONE ranked wrestler of 2020, Lindsay Troy, coming by

later! Be sure to snag those autographs, guys! And if you're feeling a bit shy, please find your way to the free beer. Finally, for this last announcement, I'm going to need the guy who is the REAL reason we're all here today to come up and join me. I'm talking about my good buddy, and my partner, Pat Cassidy!

Brock glances behind him and motions for Cassidy to join him. Pat waves to the crowd and makes his way over to stand next to Newbludd. Grinning at the man they call 'Black Out', Brock puts a hand on Cassidy's shoulder.

Brock Newbludd:

This guy right here saved my ass last week against the kissing cousins who call themselves The Stevens Dynasty...

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Brock Newbludd:

That's right, people, they are a bunch of suckasses. Tom Morrow offered them a whole lot of money to take me out. But, they weren't the only ones who Tom tried buying off to do what he could never do himself. As you all know, Tom tried to bribe Cass here with enough money to make more than a few mortgage payments on Ballyhoo. Too bad for Tommy, my partner here isn't the type of dude to sell his friends out!

The crowd lets out a cheer and Brock turns to face his partner.

Brock Newbludd:

Dude. You chose being a good guy over being a rich guy, and that's why I know the sky's the limit for this partnership. Whether it's here at the bar or inside the ring, I'm gonna have your back, buddy. Between bailing my ass out and going into business with me, I just don't think a simple 'thank you' will cut it. So, I took the liberty to go ahead with approving the first beer to be brewed in house here at Ballyhoo...

Brock points out to the crowd and grins.

Brock Newbludd:

These folks have been doing the taste test all day, and from the empty barrels stacked up against the side of the bar, I'd have to say it's passed! So now, let me formally introduce the FIRST beer to be put on tap here at Ballyhoo Brew...

Behind the stage a giant banner unrolls itself against the side of the building. The crowd let's out another roar when they look up at a giant picture of Cassidy smiling down at them. Underneath him bright white text reads...

Come on down to Ballyhoo Brew and have a tall Can O'Whoop-Cass!

Newbludd sticks his hand out to Cassidy for a handshake.

Brock Newbludd:

Thanks again, brother! Now, let's get to drinkin'!

Cassidy, still beaming with pride at the banner, accepts Brock's handshake and they give each other one of those manly "hearty shake with a pat on the back" deals. Cassidy moves to the mic, wiping a (fake? real?) tear from his eye.

Cassidy:

Brock, you're a hell of a guy and a true kindred spirit. I didn't see that "Can O'Whoop Cass" thing coming at all. And right back at ya my friend - in this era where it seems every sinister bad guy is teaming up with another one, it's good to know I've got a buddy to watch my back. And in that spirt... before we get to drinking, Newbludd and I had one more announcement to make.

Cassidy slaps his hands together, grinning widely.

Cassidy:

I'd love it if Ballyhoo was ALWAYS bumping, but we sure as hell expect this place to be packed on "game nights"...

that is, on Wednesdays and Thursdays for DEFtv! We'll be running our DEFonDRAFT specials on those nights from 8-11... come down, enjoy a cold one, eat some food, and watch all your favorite Defiants tear it up in the squared circle.

Brock moves up next to Cassidy, clasping his hands together in anticipation.

Cassidy:

And for our FIRST EVER DEFonDRAFT special... we're breaking some big news right now. A match announced for DEFtv 146... a match GUARANTEED to deliver...

Cassidy puts an arm around Newbludd.

Cassidy:

Pat Cassidy vs. Brock Newbludd! One-on-one! The war to settle the score! The brawl to end it all! The unstoppable force vs. the immovable object!

A cheer goes up from the crowd in anticipation of the two proprietors of Ballyhoo locking horns. Cassidy turns to Newbludd.

Cassidy:

It'll be my honor, partner. A nice, clean match to give the people a hell of a contest.

Cassidy extends his hand for another handshake, which Brock accepts.

Brock Newbludd:

Let's do this, buddy.

With the handshake broken, Cassidy and Brock are handed the standard comically large pair of scissors. Together, they maneuver to the large ribbon in front of the doors, ready to officially christen Ballyhoo Brew as open. With flash bulbs going off and the crowd filming it on their cellphones, Newbludd and Cassidy make the cut!

BALLYHOO BREW IS OPEN FOR BUSINESS!

CYRUS BATES vs. TITUS CAMPBELL

Chris Trutt nervously stands in front of a green screen set. The campy graphics being televised behind him makes it look like he's at some sort of important barracks.

Chris Trutt:

Is my mic hot?

An assumed producer nods to him off camera.

Chris Trutt:

Okay, send it to the next match. Oh wait, I'm not supposed to read that. Up next on UNCUT, we have one third of The Comments Section in action as Cyrus Bates fights Titus Campbell. Please note, this match was recorded before DEFtv 145 as Faithful were filtering into the arena. Enjoy.

One jump cut later and the sparsely populated arena sits with Titus Campbell already in the ring, checking the tape on his wrists.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

Cyrus Bates walks out to some faint boos, Malak Garland is sporting a white towel wrapped over his shoulders and Conor Fuse of all people follows close behind the big man.

DDK:

What the hell is Conor doing out here with these guys?

Lance:

We've seen Conor and Malak be friendly before, over the past few months. They've even hung out on UNCUT together. Could they be new FML memb-

Lance isn't able to complete his thought, as a cut-in interview of Malak Garland rolls. He flings around a towel with reckless abandon as he talks. The main scene stays on the trio making their way down the ramp.

Malak Garland:

Is my mic hot? Oh okay, cool. Listen up, because I'm only going to say this once! Lots to unpack here. The Comments Section has *plenty* to talk about these days. I can't help but feel like I've garnered so many enemies over the past year and that really makes me sad. It makes me want to write a lot of people up for conduct unbecoming, to be honest. Therefore, it is my pleasure to be joined at ringside for tonight's drubbing by none other than Conor Fuse!

Conor "pops up" (literally, pops up) beside Garland and gives him a hug. At first, Malak's facial expressions read like he's uncomfortable but the hug doesn't last too long. The Best Pout Machine looks into the camera, all smiles and giggles.

Conor Fuse:

Malak and I were gonna game this weekend but we made other plans... like be here to provide social support to the hulking henchman that's going to demolish Tight-Ass Campbell! STOMP on his head! Bahahaha!

The cut-in promo ends as Cyrus gets in the ring. The Bellicose Brawler locks eyes with Campbell, who does not back down.

DDK:

Well folks, the annoying get even more annoying with Conor Fuse along for the ride in this one.

DING! DING!

Campbell runs at Bates and misses with a clothesline. Bates deposits a hard back elbow into Campbell's skull! Malak jumps for joy, swinging his towel proudly!

DDK:

It's not everyday we can call Cyrus Bates the smaller and quicker of two competitors in the ring but that is the case tonight!

Unfortunately for Bates, he remains within arms reach of the big man who latches on and delivers a thunderous jumping side slam that rattles the ring! Malak stares in disbelief, slapping his thigh with his towel. Campbell floats over for a quick cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Bates tries to shake the cobwebs out but Campbell remains on the attack. Malak bellies up to the apron alongside Conor as they both try to yell various exit strategies to the sleeper hold Bates finds himself in. The only thing is that both men are talking way too fast and on top of each other for Bates to hear a single word of advice.

Lance:

I think Cyrus might regret having Malak AND Conor accompany him to ringside, Darren.

DDK:

I mean, Cyrus has been impressive as a singles wrestler so far in his DEFIANCE career. If he can overcome the turbulent odds created by his own team, who knows, maybe he's in line for a shot at something down the road.

Bates powers to his knees and then eventually his feet. He delivers a few elbow shots to Campbell's gut before breaking free. Bates propels himself off the ropes and both men smack each other with a big boot!

DDK:

Both men are down!

Malak looks worried. Conor starts biting his nails. Malak notices this and swats Conor's hand away.

Malak Garland:

Nail biting is a filthy habit!

Conor playfully brushes Malak back. Malak decides to playfully push Conor in return. Suddenly, the attention is entirely on the two friends horse-playing at ringside.

DDK:

Look at this! Conor and Malak are laughing and playing at ringside? Give me a break.

Conor Fuse:

I bet I can grapple better than you!

Malak shakes his head no as he feels the need to twirl the white towel in his grasp.

Malak Garland:

No way! I learned a decent grapple from Sensei Safety! Watch me!

The shenanigans catch the attention of the referee as both Bates and Campbell are still down. Malak and Conor continue to horse-play until Malak throws his towel at Conor but Player Two side steps it, sending the white cloth into

the ring!

Malak Garland:

Come here! I want to show you my new grapple!

It takes both Conor and Malak a few moments to stop and realize what has just taken place. They look with mouths agape as the white terry cloth lay at the feet of the referee.

DDK:

Well I'll be...

Lance:

It looks like Malak threw in the towel! Inadvertently, all things considered!

Malak looks up at the referee with wide eyes while still in the playful clutches of Conor Fuse.

Malak Garland:

No, ref! NO! Simply, no! I did not mean to throw in the towel! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

While Benny Doyle is preoccupied with sorting out the hilarity, Bates begins to stir. Noticing the ref has his back turned, Bates waits for the perfect moment before delivering a match-changing low blow to Titus Campbell. The scattered crowd goffs at the underhanded tactics!

DDK:

Low blow by Bates with Benny's back turned.

Cyrus measures Campbell and nails him down for good with an axe kick.

KEYBOARD KICK!

Doyle finally hands Malak back his towel and warns him not to throw it around again because if it lands in the ring another time, Cyrus will forfeit the match. Malak gulps hard, takes the towel back and slowly walks away from Conor as if they were kids on a schoolyard that just got scolded by a teacher.

Lance:

After all of that, Cyrus Bates was able to take advantage of the distraction!

The ref turns and notices Bates on top of Campbell, pummeling him into oblivion. Once Bates has had enough, he remains over top Campbell for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING!

The crowd boos as Cyrus gets his arm raised in victory. Conor claps from afar and Malak rolls into the ring, celebrating like he just won the match! Malak hugs Cyrus before he begins flinging that annoying towel around again.

DDK:

Well folks, Cyrus Bates picks up a win here against Titus Campbell.

Lance:

No thanks or all thanks to Malak and Conor, depending on how you want to look at things.

Conor heads up the ramp but not before he exchanges a quick thumbs up with Malak, who continues to celebrate like crazy.

GATES OF FEAR: IMPROVEMENTS MUST BE MADE

November 5, 2020 - 6 Days before ASCENSION 2020
Chicago, Illinois

A limousine pulls up to a large corporate building. A line wraps around the building and their attention is taken from trying to get inside the building to who exactly is in the limousine. As a few of the proprietors' henchmen walk to the limo, the driver walks to the door and opens it. One of the henchmen offers his hand inside the limo. A female hand takes it and steps out of the limo, the woman has a gothic plunging cape dress on with yellow and black knee-high leather boots. Resting on her shoulders is feathers of a raven bird shoulder apparel style with a hood covering her face from view. Obviously, it's Hive, this time with more of a revealing outfit than we have normally come to see since we saw her first arrival at DEFIANCE. As she steps out of the limo she looks back into it and out steps....well, the line quickly answers that question as he has become quite the name around Chicago as of late.

SCROW
SCROW
SCROW
SCROW

Scrow has a pair of levi jeans with black boots and a Raven's Eye shirt. His hair is gelled back behind his head. The driver closes the door behind him and Hive grabs his arm as the henchmen lead them into the building.

♪ Let's Get this Party Started - Korn ♪

The song blasts through the PA, as the nightclub is jumping tonight. The henchmen lead the duo to a door guarded by two security guards. Scrow and Hive show their rings to the doormen, and they are allowed to pass as the henchmen blend into the crowd.

Scrow:

Have the preparations been completed?

Hive:

Yes, Scrow are you sure about this?

Scrow pushes a button for an elevator.

Scrow:

He has to face his fears.

Hive looks at Scrow as the bell rings. The two-step into the elevator and press the button. The doors close.

Hive:

Do you really think the experiment should be done so close to ASCENSION?

Scrow stares at the numbers ascending.

Scrow:

Scrow is not sure how long the treatments will take before his body will adapt to them.

Hive:

If you insist.

Scrow looks over toward her then to the door.

DING

The door opens in an office complex with a giant wall window overlooking the night club below. Scrow's financial backer is still a mystery to everyone as a camera shot behind him shows from his shoulders down.

Financial Backer:

There is my champion, I have scheduled your next fight on November 13.

Hive:

Bu...

Scrow puts his hand up interrupting Hive.

Scrow:

Fine by me.

Hive looks back at Scrow.

Financial Backer:

Good, now I want you to meet...

The boss puts his hand out to a man dressed in a gi of his own.

Financial Backer:

Mr. Lorne

Scrow looks at this individual, a bald black man, with a red gi, he then looks back at his backer.

Scrow:

Who is this guy?

Financial Backer:

I want you to take some lessons from him. He is a master of the art of pressure points. I think with his lessons you could become even deadlier than you are now.

Scrow rubs his chin pondering the offer.

Scrow:

Alright, but later Lorne I have other business to attend to.

Scrow pushes the up button on the elevator once more.

Financial Backer:

Before you leave, how many trials have you done concerning Project Black Death?

Scrow's eyes widen. He looks over his shoulder toward him.

Scrow:

The trials have not gone exactly as planned.

Financial Backer:

Start making progress my friend or this business endeavor will be terminated!

Scrow does not respond.

DING

He looks at Hive then nods at the man. They both enter the elevator as the doors close with the Backer talking with Mr. Lorne.

End scene

ALVARO DE VARGAS' BURNING BRIGHT OPEN CHALLENGE

DDK:

Welcome back to UNCUT and coming up next, I understand we're going to hear from Alvaro de Vargas. About what, God only knows.

Lance:

The Better Future Talent Agency have grown in sheer numbers. We know the Lucky Sevens will be in action for the first time since joining the group later... but boy, I wish I didn't have to see Tom Morrow more than on...

He gets cut off when the lights in the arena go out. Suddenly, the image of a burning star, big and bright, starts to flash as it gets closer and closer...

Then ALL WHITE LIGHT...

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

DDK:

And of course he's not going to wait for us to even finish our intro.

The unusual rock/flamenco combination blasts through the Wrestle-Plex and walking out, head full of frazzled curly brown hair, is the massive Cuban-American standout. Wearing a bright purple silk shirt and purple pants with the flame patterns on them, but all by himself for this occasion. He sees the announce table and immediately makes a beeline for Darren and Lance.

Lance:

And here he...

Alvaro de Vargas:

CÁLLATE, PENDEJOS!

The Faithful boo when he tells them to be quiet.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Excuse my language, pendejos... both of them... but if either of you think of talking over me when El Sol Dorado de DEFIANCE is working magic with this microphone... well, you've seen what I've done to that giant pendejo Uriel Cortez and the little pendejo, Minute. Use su imaginación.

Keebler and Warner keep silent as he paces around the announce table with one eye on them and one eye on the camera.

Alvaro de Vargas:

The Better Future Talent Agency is stronger than ever, pendejos! We've got Big Teddy Cool himself, Theo Baylor, who is going to DESTROY that has-been Texan, Scott Stooooooooovins or whatever his name is next week...

He eyes Lance who wants to speak on the match, but he remains silent under penalty of possible fireball to the face.

Alvaro de Vargas:

You'll be seeing our new amigos, Mason y Max showing exactly why they joined our group, then we're going out for a night on the town with another new amigo... OSCAR BURNS!

DDK:

WH...

Alvaro gets in his face again.

Alvaro de Vargas:

WHAT DID I TELL YOU, PENDEJO? CÁLLATE!

He remains silent and the crowd jeers as they can't believe what he's saying.

Alvaro de Vargas:

But before we party... negocio primero. Business first. I asked Senor Morrow to scratch a particular itch I haven't been able to scratch in a couple weeks.

He looks to the ring.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Una pelea! A FIGHT! This is the first-ever ADV Burning Bright Open Challenge! So anybody in the back whether you be BRAZEN or DEFIANCE... fight me. And I mean REALLY fight me! And if you don't give me the challenge I want tonight... then you'll find out why I am El Sol Dorado de DEFIANCE! You stand too close to me and you get BURNED!

Alvaro throws the microphone haphazardly at Darren, who barely catches it after almost fumbling. His music resumes briefly as Rex Knox runs out from the back ready to start a match.

DDK:

There's NO WAY Burns is actually joining Better Future... is there?

Lance:

That's a question I think only Oscar can answer. Right now, we're going to get a match!

El Sol Dorado de DEFIANCE waits for his opponent... nay, any opponent... to arrive.

DDK:

Who do you think is going to take up the challenge?

Lance:

I don't know... out to the whole roster, that covers a lot of ground.

It takes a few moments and the crowd starts getting restless until...

♪ "Flex" by SIP ♪

DDK:

Wow! Flex Kruger?

Lance:

I gotta say not one of the first names I thought that would come out, but the crowd seems to happy to see him. All the good that Pop Culture Phenoms have been trying to do lately!

Marching out in bright red shiny trunks, Flex well... flexes on demand as O-Face points to the former BRAZEN Champion and former Trios Champion. Flex shows off his pecs for the crowd and then heads toward the ring looking game for a challenge. Alvaro de Vargas walks around the ring and smiles, looking like he's ready for a fight.

DDK:

Alvaro wanted this and it's interesting that Morrow isn't here right now, but ADV said he wanted this on his own.

The Faithful cheer on the 275-pound Lord Paramount of Pectoral Perfection as he climbs into the ring and shows off his pecs again. Referee Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING!

The O-Face is on the outside cheering on Flex and the crowd cheer on the PCP member as he gets ready to fight Alvaro. The two start to meet in the middle and the two big bulls lock up and fight around the ring for the advantage until Alvaro de Vargas brakes off the ropes. He shoves Flex and laughs in his face...

So Flex shoves HIM back to the ropes... and flexes the pecs again, getting some laughs from the crowd. ADV kicks the bottom rope in frustration after having been showed up for the moment.

DDK:

Is Alvaro having second thoughts issuing this challenge?

Lance:

I think for right now, he is. It's true... he defeated Uriel Cortez at Ascension. But he can't take Flex lightly. He's beaten Mason Luck of the Lucky Sevens so he can beat bigger wrestlers with that strength, too.

The Cocky Cuban-American decides to try and lock up again, but this time he doubles him over with a kick to the chest and then drives a huge pair of right hands to the face, sending him stumbling back to the corner. He strikes Flex between the eyes with an elbow then pushes Flex to the corner before he unleashes a huge open-handed chop to the chest... then an eye rake for fun!

DDK:

ADV will literally fight dirty in any situation to win, won't he?

Lance:

That has been his MO since day one!

The Cocky Cuban-American grabs Flex and then tries to whip him across the ring, but Kruger stops and sends him over instead before catching him and then DRIVING him down with a huge front powerslam on Alvaro!

DDK:

Big counter by Kruger! There's the cover now!

ONE... TW... NO!

Lance:

Almost a two-count, but Flex Kruger knows how to use that power.

The O-Face continues her support of Flex from the outside when he pulls Alvaro up and then delivers a STIFF chop to the chest. He fires a second chop to back him to the ropes, and then tries to whip him again, but Alvaro hangs onto the ropes, boots him in the stomach and then throws him through the ropes, sending him out to the floor!

Lance:

Uh-oh, this probably isn't anywhere Flex wants to be.

He climbs through the ropes and heads to the floor with Kruger before he picks him up by the arm, then HURLS him with all the strength he can right into the guardrail! The impact moves it back an inch or two and Flex crumbles to his knees in pain!

DDK:

That was some impact right there! When de Vargas takes the fight especially to the outside, there's very few who've been able to match him out there so far.

Lance:

And he just rolled under the bottom rope and back out to reset Rex Knox's count. I hate giving him any credit but that's good thinking.

He picks up Flex off the mat only to scoop him up and DRIVE him down on the floor with a dull thud! The O-Face shows some major concern for Flex as he's hurt now. ADV stands over Flex and holds his arms out, then starts flexing HIS pecs a little to even louder jeers.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Who's got the flex now, pendejo?!

El Sol Dorado grabs Flex by the neck then leads him up and back into the ring. ADV follows him in for the cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

Kruger's shoulder rises, but ADV kneels over him and starts letting him have it with a flurry of right hands!

DDK:

Flex kicks out, but it's back to the fighting by Alvaro! Few wrestling moves, LOTS of brawling.

Lance:

When he's that big, he doesn't need much and uses what he does very well.

ADV gets back up and then waits for Flex to try and sit up, but the second that he does, Alvaro rushes off the ropes and DRILLS him in the chest with a massive running knee strike! The wind gets knocked out of Kruger and he goes for another cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

The heated scowl of El Sol Dorado is fixed on Rex Knox, holding up a two-count. He notices O-Face on the outside cheering on Flex so he decides to stand up and head her way. He leans over the ropes and winks.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Hola. Want to see my o-face, lady?

The O-Face yells back and makes a very specific gesture questioning the size of ADV's manhood. The crowd has a laugh, but ADV ignores them to look down the front of his trunks.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Nope, you got me confused with somebody else, amiga!

Lance:

Alvaro de Vargas always keeping it classy, folks.

DDK:

And now back to... OUCH! Should have paid attention!

He turns... then gets CHOPPED by Flex! Flex isn't fully upright, but he has reach to catch de Vargas. He blocks a punch from de Vargas and then lets him have it with another chop, and then a punch, then pushes de Vargas off the ropes. He sends Alvaro going and when he comes back, Flex drops him with a big Samoan drop on the canvas!

DDK:

Nice Samoan drop there! That's the big move Flex needs to counter.

Flex's back is still smarting, but he gets back up and then is the first to catch ADV with a running tackle that knocks big ADV into the corner. The former BRAZEN and World Trios Champion rushes forward to gut-check de Vargas with a huge tackle in the corner. He then grabs him and then sends ADV into the opposite corner. Flex readies himself and then runs to that side hitting a big leaping splash in the corner, rocking ADV!

Lance:

Big series of moves! The tackle, then the splash and that leads... HUGE powerbomb! He got de Vargas with a huge powerbomb! That's it!

ONE... TWO... NO!

ADV kicks out of the sitout powerbomb, surprising Flex. Kruger gets up to his feet and gets himself ready to finish things. He has the arms out and the fans cheer the PCP member when he hooks the arms looking for the Flex-Plex... NO!

DDK:

He almost has him! Great ring presence by de Vargas!

El Sol Dorado grabs the ropes while Flex tries to pull him away. Rex Knox tries to pull the big man off... when de Vargas drives a finger into his eye! The crowd jeers when Flex backs up and holds his eye, leaving himself wide open to get GOBSMACKED by a running big boot to the face!

DDK:

No! Knox never saw the cheap shot by de Vargas!

The crowd jeers as he pulls Flex up by the neck again and drags him right into a HARD headbutt to the face! Flex is rattled on his feet when ADV makes sure to not waste any more time by hoisting him up...

DDK:

ARDIENDO! THAT'S IT!

The piledriver lands perfectly before he rolls Flex over and hooks the far leg.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

De Vargas sits up and then grins, proud of his handiwork tonight. He

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

DDK:

Flex Kruger did give Alvaro a run for his money on a couple occasions, but tonight ADV was sadly, the better man.

Lance:

Unfortunately, so. ADV notches another win under his belt.

As O-Face goes in to check on Flex and to make sure his brain matter are still intact, ADV climbs out of the ring and blows a kiss their way before turning to head back up the ramp.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Nobody better, nobody brighter!

And as he leaves, he turns to Keebler and Lance on the stage.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Nadie mejor! Nadie más brillante!

GATEKEEPERS OF DEFIANCE: AN ASCENSION 2020 REVIEW II

The scene jumps to “Horror” Hector Harris standing in front of “his boys”, Gilbert Rogers, Alan Goldstein and Berry Chernobyl aka Screen 7. Harris looks middle-aged, approximately 5’7” and 200 pounds. He wears a “SCREEN 7 REVIEW” DEFIANCE branded t-shirt.

“Horror” Hector Harris:

We’re back with another edition of GATEKEEPERS of DEFIANCE, where WE give YOU an honest rundown of this company and its downward spiral. A few weeks ago, we reviewed Night One of Ascension. Tonight, we were going to review Night Two but there’s just too much shit to talk about on this show... and in THIS GOD FORSAKEN COMPANY!

Harris takes a moment and looks behind him. He laughs towards his boys.

HHH:

DEFIANCE is a shell of its former self. Man do I miss the days when I would watch DEFIANCE and there were REAL wrestlers to be proud of. NOT ENTERTAINERS LIKE ELISE ARES ON MY TELEVISION SCREEN.

Harris tries to calm down but he can’t. He’s red faced and all.

HHH:

BWAHAHAHAHA! What a troll job by JFK and all of 24K a few weeks ago! THAT’S HOW YOU DO IT, BABY! Elise Ares, goodbye BITCH. I CAN’T STAND entertainers! Thank GOD Mikey got his brilliant crew together because I don’t know WHAT THE HELL I would do if I had to watch ELISE ARES or THE D parade around this company with the FIST! Mikey may be the only worthwhile person to watch in DEFIANCE over these past four years. GOD BLESS YOU MIKE MAN!

Screen 7 clap for Mikey behind their “manager”.

HHH:

Otherwise, what a wasted space this roster is taking up, huh BOYS. Am I right? Or am I right!?

Harris walks closer to the camera.

HHH:

Conor Fuse, JOKE. Malak Garland, SUCK IT UP PRINCESS. I’m so sick and tired of seeing LOSERS on my television screen. Not like MY BOYS though. MY BOYS are elite! MY BOYS are the future! MY BOYS are ready to go!

The camera shows a confident looking Berry Chernobyl standing behind his manager as he walks back towards them. Arm crossed, head nodding, Berry looks able to take on all comers. The obese Gilbert Rogers also seems to exude confidence, gyrating his body in all directions. The overly skinny Alan Goldstein, however, is terrified.

HHH:

We are so sick of idly sitting by and watching this once fantastic place turn into a BARREN WASTELAND. Soon my AMAZING BOYS will step foot in DEFIANCE and rock its world! We are the best! We are unstoppable! We are that damn good!

Harris speaks these terrible cliché with conviction, like he’s actually believing he’s providing earth shattering trash talk that’s never been heard before.

HHH:

MY BOYS are incredible specimens! They are ready to go at a moment’s notice. ELISE ARES, you PATHETIC ENTERTAINER, be warned! Conor Fuse, a LOSER video game player, STEP ASIDE! Malak Garland, go run yourself OFF A BRIDGE!! MY BOYS are the baddest bitches on the planet! We spout off the freshest takes in the industry!

Nearing a heart attack, "Horror" Hector gasps for air.

HHH:

And the fact none of THESE BOYS were on TEPF #100...

Brain aneurysm coming...

HHH:

MEANS THAT LIST IS A JOKE BECAUSE WE WEREN'T REPRESENTED. EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW WHO SCREEN 7 ARE. HOW DARE YOU RUN THAT LIST WITHOUT OUR NAMES ON IT!!!! BULLSHIT! We refuse to recognize the list and WE REFUSE TO GET WORKED UP ABOUT THE LIST!!! THIS STUPID FUCKING LIST WE DON'T CARE ABOUT!!!!

Harris doubles over, sucking back air. Rogers is still looking straight into the camera while Goldstein shakes in fright. Only Chernobyl stops to check on his manager.

HHH: *[off mic]*

I'm okay...

Harris pulls through.

HHH:

The wrestling industry is a joke and we are the GATEKEEPERS of DEFIANCE, taking a much needed critical look at this company and its downfall. This organization is NOTHING BUT TRASH... and I'm the outspoken critic YOU need in order to SHAPE UP or SHIP the fuck OUT. Am I right boys!?

Harris turns to his "crew" as the scene fades.

NATHANIEL EYE vs. KAZUO AKAMATZU

DDK:

We've got some great BRAZEN action coming up! Nathaniel Eye, the former BRAZEN champion, former tag team champion and Tag Party winner will be in action against Kazuo Akamatsu!

Lance:

He came really close to winning that battle royal last week to earn a chance at the Southern Heritage title. That situation itself is ugly after what Tyler Fuse did to the championship when he got disqualified. But right now, we're gonna focus on Nathaniel Eye taking on Kazuo Akamatsu who is already in the ring!

Akamatsu is inside the ring and looks like his usually chipper self ... except not at all.

Quimbey:

This next match is up! From Japan, he weighs in at two-hundred fifty-five pounds. He is Kazuo Akamatsu!

The big bad man from Osaka doesn't play at all for the crowd and is instead ready to hurt his opponent tonight.

Quimbey:

His opponent for tonight, from Bellingham Washington!! He weighs two-hundred thirty-five pounds ... this is NATHANIEL EEEEEYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEE!!!!

♪"Fix Up Look Sharp" by Dizzie Rascal ♪

The crowd is very happy to see Nathaniel Eye who is now rocking the all crushed-velvet-like attire. The cheers from the crowd get a little louder from the ladies when he takes off his Eyes Up Here t-shirt with the arrow pointing up. He throws the shirt into the crowd and he shows off his eight-pack abs. He struts down to the ring to the sounds of his entrance music and then jumps on the apron. He gives Kazuo a quick look and then he jumps into the ring to flex.

DDK:

No shortage of confidence from Nathaniel Eye! Very decorated young man in BRAZEN and now looking to get something going on the main roster!

Lance:

He's ready for a fight too. He calls himself both a lover and a fighter. I don't know anything about his social life but in the ring we have seen him grow by leaps and bounds!

DING DING DING!!!

Nathaniel Eye wants a clean fight, but a quick cheap shot by Kazuo tells him this will be the opposite. When Eye tries for a lock up he gets kicked low by Akamatsu and then gets struck across the back with two big shots. Then he gets dropped down with a scoop slam and then an elbow drop.

DDK:

Kazuo can be a pretty vicious competitor. He isn't giving Eye an inch.

He drops three elbows right to the chest of Eye and then gives the former BRAZEN champ more than he can handle with a flying knee drop off the ropes. Kazuo doesn't waste any time when he seeks out a cover.

One ...

No!!!

Lance:

He only got a one-count off of that series of moves but he has got Eye where he wants him.

He pulls Eye up by his neatly-combed hair and then he throws him by the back of the neck to a close corner. Eye is

thudded against the corner but when he gets back up to his feet, he gets met with a back elbow smash by the pretty boy. Eye finally goes on the offensive and then leaps out of the corner using a drop kick to put Kazuo flat on his back.

Eye gets going and then with the support of the fans, he comes off the ropes and right into a flipping senton across the chest of Kazuo. The Japanese wrestler has the wind knocked out of him and he starts to try and stand but when he does he gets hit with a second drop kick. That shot sends Kazuo stumbling back to the ropes and a big cactus clothesline from the former BRAZEN champion now takes them both to the floor.

Lance:

Well so far, he's a hit with the ladies and he can throw a mean clothesline so I'd say I can believe in this lover/fighter thing.

DDK:

Here comes Nathaniel Eye now.

Eye is back on the apron and appears to be waiting for Akamatsu to get up. Eye takes flight off the apron with a big clothesline and takes him down to a pop from the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful.

DDK:

Nice set of moves by the former BRAZEN champion!

Lance:

He has Akamatsu back in the ring.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

He kicks out but Eye does not look that concerned.

He wants to wrap things up. A kick to the ribs as Kazuo stands up leads to Eye carrying him on the shoulders but before he can make the run, Kazuo gets out from behind. Eye turns around and gets hammered with a big right hand!

DDK:

Oh my goodness! I think Eye's jaw might be rearranged!

Lance:

Yeah that was brutal!

Kazuo's fist might be throbbing but Eye's jaw is probably worse off. Kazuo shakes the pain from his knuckles and then he has Eye up. He puts him in a corner and then chops him repeatedly. The chops keep coming until Eye's chest is left red.

Kazuo taunts the crowd and gets booed by the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful and then he pulls him out of the corner hitting a big vertical suplex. He does not go for a pin but instead he decides to punish the former BRAZEN champion further by dropping him across the knee using a pendulum backbreaker. That's when he tries another cover.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

He's just one or two big moves away from pulling this out. I can feel it!

Lance:

He's definitely making Eye pay for being a bit too cocky earlier.

Kazuo looks for a big lariat but when he swings, he misses Eye. Eye keeps going off the ropes and not to rain on Kazuo Akamatsu's night but he does not get out of the way of Eye's spear!

DDK:

Big tackle there by Eye! Is he gonna be able to follow up?

Eye is slowly feeding off the crowd reaction and it gets a little bigger when he stands up. He catches Kazuo upside the head using a corkscrew elbow smash and then when he gets back up he takes him down using a jumping clothesline. Eye gets back up and rocks Kazuo with a back drop suplex ... then he nips up! He then jumps in the air and comes down with a big leg drop across the chest!

DDK:

Wow what a great sets of moves by Eye! Hit him and keep moving!

Eye grabs Kazuo and then hits a big full nelson slam in the center of the ring. He points to his eyes and then starts to climb the nearby turnbuckle before climbing up the ropes. He's finally on the top rope when he blows a kiss to the crowd. He leaps backwards from off the top rope with a breath taking moonsault!

DDK:

Ouch! That's a new move that he's been working on! That move is called Eye's Up Here!

Lance:

It's clever but will it get the win?

After a perfect landing on his opponent Eye goes right into the pin!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

The fans pop for Eye after he gets up and celebrates with the official!

Quimbey:

The winner ... NATHANIEL EEEEEYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEE!!!!

DDK:

Nathaniel Eye came up just shy of winning that battle royal next week, but he did earn a nice win tonight over Kazuo Akamatsu!

Lance:

He sure did! It's only going to be a matter of time before we possibly see Eye doing big things on the DEFIANCE roster, just you wait.

Nathaniel Eye slides out of the ring and then gives his shirt to a young redhead in the front row! She hugs the shirt and then plants a kiss on the cheek of BRAZEN's biggest lady killer. Eye points to the fans then heads up to celebrate a big win!

A FIGHTER

THE FOLLOWING VIDEO WAS SUBMITTED FOR UNCUT FOLLOWING THE MAIN EVENT OF DEFTv 145, NIGHT TWO

“Bantam” Ryan Batts sits alone in his home, shaking his head from something that appears to be pretty upsetting to him. He’s taking the video from his phone while sitting at the bottom of his stairwell and lets out a heavy sigh.

Ryan Batts:

I have literally BUSTED my ass or have had my ass get busted by the best of the best to get better this last year after major career heartbreak in January. I lost my tag team to The Fuse Bros 360 and sending me and Jack Mace back to BRAZEN. Oscar did me a solid and with Jack’s blessing, got me back to the main roster cause Burns saw something in me. After some high-profile close calls to people like Lindsay Troy, Jay Harvey and Gage Blackwood where I ALMOST beat him for the Southern Heritage Championship... I spent the last few months working on UNCUT, taking literally any match I can to get better. I spent the last four months after that main event with Lindsay Troy back in August learning EVERY. SINGLE. DAY. I learned from those matches how to make my feet as lethal as these elbows. And on DEFTv 145, Night Two, all those close calls and all that training paid off.

He continues.

Ryan Batts:

That night should have been the crowning achievement of my career since I rejoined the main roster, but before I could even get five minutes to enjoy it. Tyler Fuse... YOU took something that didn’t belong to you and when you got caught in the act, you threw a giant tantrum and destroyed the Southern Heritage Title. I realize that until somebody beats him, the Southern Heritage Title is Dex Joy’s title... but when you took that sledgehammer to that title, whether you realize it or not... you also took something from me, too. Again.

Batts presses on.

Ryan Batts:

I heard what you had to say about me before that match when you threatened Dex. You are dangerous. Like you said... you split me and Jackie up. The havoc you wrought on Kerry Kuroyama. And we can’t forget about DEFTv’s... Display. But when you said that you ended me once on top of what you did to the title... that’s it. I’m done.

Now looking a little bit angrier... Batts stops for a second.

Ryan Batts:

I’ll tell you something I’ve never discussed publicly after you split us up, Tyler. When you and your brother beat us, then Oscar eventually got me back me on the main roster, the FIRST thing I wanted to do was kick the hell out of you and your brother for you splitting us apart... but I gave Jack Mace and Oscar Burns my word that I wasn’t going to go for revenge. I was given a second chance to be a part of the main roster, but I was supposed to stay on the straight and narrow. I’d make jokes in the background but... with all respect to Burns and with all respect to Mace, I have watched you disrespect me and disrespect DEFIANCE for the absolute. Last. Time.

The video inches a little closer to the face of Batts.

Ryan Batts:

I told you and I told Dex after I won the battle royale, that I know who I am now... I’m a fighter. I had to FIGHT for literally every opportunity I’ve had here. I fought to win a tournament to get called up to the main roster in my first go-round. This last year, I’ve fought through failure after failure to better myself, little by little, day by day until I was finally rewarded for that hard work. And this last year, I’ve fought with my conscience to honor my promise to Oscar or to just go out and beat your ass... well, Tyler, after you ran your mouth on me again and destroyed a valuable piece of DEFIANCE history... you made the choice for me.

Batts sits up from his seat.

Ryan Batts:

You've changed a lot in a year, Tyler. Sadly for you, you're gonna find out that I have, too...

Black.

HER STORY

December 2019.

The camera opens up with a panning shot of Jessica 'Reaper' Reeves hovering over a laptop computer, scattered around her dirty apartment complex is an assortment of empty beer bottles, pizza boxes and unknown chinese food containers. Her face is exhausted as she stares mercilessly into the laptop's glowing screen.

Reaper: [talking to herself]

Come on... come on... I know The Guardians portal is he...

Her statement is interrupted by a swift and sharp knocking at Jessica's front door. The former masked combatant of DEFIANCE looks up from the comfort of her dirty couch and her face is suddenly filled with disdain.

Reaper:

Who.... who is it?

Calling out Jessica's voice is broken and tired sounding. Scampering to her feet Jessica looks around at the current state of her well being and let's out an exhausted sigh while she repeats her inquiry.

Reaper:

Who's THERE?

Yelling out this time there is a noise on the other side of the door followed by a low pitched woman's voice responding back.

Voice:

Jessica... it's me Courtney.

Letting out a sigh of relief, Jessica stands up and crosses the dirty apartment to open her front door. Without a pause she swings the heavy wooden door open for Courtney Paz to enter through. The former lawyer, now wrestling agent, looks on with caution in Jessica's apartment before joining her inside.

Paz:

I see you have been doing well.

Courtney stated while her tone said everything that she was thinking.

Reaper:

As well as can be expected for a 23 year old recently out of work wrestler.

Pausing to close the door, Courtney shakes her head before responding to Jessica's comments.

Paz:

You are out of work because you refuse to answer my calls. We are VERY close to signing a new deal with DEFIANCE for you. I just need you to actually show up when I text you, Jessica. Not like last time.

Reaper:

I told you before, Courtney. I'm not suiting up as 'The Reaper' again and most likely DEFIANCE has seen the last of me.

Paz:

It's not just DEFIANCE that wants you there. You have obligations to 'The Kabal' and unfortunately I was sent here to remind you once again what those are.

Reaper:

Remind me that if I don't do what they say... that they ruin my career, right? Like they did to my Father's career right?

There was obviously some weight between the two women as Courtney pauses to soak in Jessica's statement back. Courtney's eyes were drifting along the dirty and unkept apartment, while Jessica shut close the monitor to her laptop.

Paz:

I think we both know Jason's career wasn't destroyed by anyone but himself. Drinking, disillusioned thoughts about 'The Guardians', avoiding responsibilities.... This list can go on, I was only his agent, you are his daughter.

Looking to satisfy her thirst with a bottle of beer Jessica looks through the trash in her apartment for something to drink, Courtney's face turns into disgust when Jessica downs a long sip from a beer that looks like it had been out in the open for at least three days.

Paz:

With your previous arrangement with 'The Kabal' they have a list of targets they would like you to look over and pick the most suitable one to approach first. This time is different... remember they are looking for utter chaos. Not just a bunch of scared wrestlers being afraid of the boogeyman that goes bump in the night.

Reaper:

I'm not fit for that role, Courtney. Find someone else, tell Fear to go fuck off. Anything at this point, i'm done with The Kabal. I'm not fucking with anyone's life anymore... especially those that I care about.

Paz:

You mean like Sco...

Before Courtney can finish her statement, the beer bottle that was downed into Jessica's throat for thirst, is now flung like a weapon across the room. Shattering on impact against the wall, the expression on Courtney's face says it all - she was not expecting that.

Reaper:

We aren't friends, Courtney. You are my Agent and all you need to know is I have no interest in wrestling right now. The Kabal, DEFIANCE - anything you say is not going to change that.

Paz:

The Kabal are not the type of people you can refuse, Jessica.

The tensions in the room did not subside when Paz's response was heard by Jessica.

Reaper:

Well maybe I'll just join The Guardians and help them shut down The Kabal for good.

Courtney's face turns a pale white when Jessica states her refusal once again.

Paz:

Jessica... that is not the route you want to take. Your Father wouldn't want you chasing Phantoms, just take the money The Kabal wants to pay you and do what you do best. Wrestle!

Reaper:

Jason isn't here to cast his judgment on me. He did enough of that hiding behind those damn 'red eyes'! The Kabal can send you here with these vague threats all they want but I AM NOT going to be their PUPPET to wage their stupid war.

Paz:

YOU AREN'T GOING TO BE A PUPPET, JESSICA! You are going to be a target if you don't LISTEN TO ME!

Her voice cracks as she screams at Jessica, Courtney's stance is unrelenting as she hugs her purse tightly against her body while staring at the disheveled Jessica.

Reaper:

Tell them to come for me... Tell them that when I got into the car so many years ago after Randall shut me away - it was MY mistake. MY MISTAKE that i'm correcting! Step one to correct that is by turning away from The Kabal for good. You say i'm chasing phantoms by seeking The Guardians when you do nothing but work with a fake shadow organization that's mouthpiece is one man... one MAN!

Utter rage in her eyes now as Jessica grabs Courtney by the arm and forcibly removes her from Reaper's apartment. Shoving the wrestler agent out of the apartment, the two women stare each other down at the entrance to Jessica's self induced hell hole.

Reaper:

Tell FEAR to come for me, tell him to come for me if they want me that badly but if they do... i'm not working for them anymore. They'll have to torture me and use me to get what they want but I WILL NOT PLAY THEIR GAMES ANYMORE!

Slamming the door with thunder in her face, Jessica's apartment door is shut heavily in Courtney's face as she looks with exasperation on her face. Without lingering, Courtney retrieves a cell phone from her purse as she presses it closely to her ear as the camera fades away, the last words heard on camera are 'Put Fear on the phone.'

Static.

RICK vs. EARL LEE

As the scene shifts back to the interior of the arena, Earl Lee Roberts is being checked over by referee Mark Shields.

Darren Quimbey:

Currently in the ring, standing at six foot two inches, and weighing in at two hundred forty-nine pounds, hailing from Alexandria, Virginia...EEARRLLLL LEEEEEEEEEE ROBERTS!

The crowd cheers as Roberts waves.

DDK:

We're just getting set for another debut match here, Lance. Earl Lee Roberts taking on Rick Dickulous tonight, what's your take?

Lance:

Are you kidding?! He's a giant, and from what I read on the cheat sheet, he's a lumberjack. I saw him backstage! Have you seen the size of Rick Dick--

Lance is cut off as suddenly the crowd is bathed in deep blood red lighting as a powerful kick drum resonates through the building's sound system.

♪ "Face Fisted" by Dethklok ♪

Rick strolls out onto the entrance ramp, his massive frame making the entryway seem tiny, eyes narrowed and staring daggers through Earl Lee Roberts' chest, his reddish full beard accentuating a wicked scowl. His shaven head glistens in the crimson light, along with his shimmering, oiled upper body. An axe occupies his massive and taped right hand (both are, up to his wrists), resting against the bare flesh of his shoulder. His legs fill the brown industrial work pants - his quads flexing through the thick material, and he sports a pair of plain black boots.

Darren Quimbey:

... and his opponent, making his way to the ring, standing six foot nine inches tall, and weighing in at four hundred twenty-five pounds...

Lance:

--ulous?

DDK:

Sweet mother of...

Darren Quimbey:

...hailing from Toronto, Canada...RIIIICK DICKULOUUS!

DDK:

I don't know what Earl Lee Roberts has in store for him tonight, Lance, but I don't think whatever it is going to be good. What I DO know, Rick Dickulous isn't here to make any friends.

Lance:

I think Earl Lee Roberts might be in for a world of pain. Just look at this guy...

Rick makes his way down the ramp and up to the ring area, his eyes still exuding hate and loathing towards Roberts. He walks up the stairs slowly and steps over the top rope and into the ring. Earl Lee Roberts, while shaken, can be seen pumping himself up in his corner as Mark Shields points to the axe and nonchalantly motions for Rick to hand it over - which he does - and sends him to his corner.

As the lights return to normal and the music fades, Shields calls for the bell after handing the axe off to a ringside staff member.

DING DING DING!!

Rick stands firm in his corner as Earl Lee Roberts cautiously walks towards the centre of the ring. As he reaches midway, Rick inhales sharply and lets out a roar, taking a giant step forward, stopping Roberts in his tracks - literally. Chest to...face, Rick stares down at Earl Lee Roberts with a growl.

Earl Lee Roberts stumbles back in shock, but quickly composes himself, returning with a stiff chop across Rick's chest to no effect; the big man simply continued to stare a hole through Roberts. Roberts comes back with a second, harder chop that rang through the arena with the same result - a giant simply staring at him. Frustrated, Earl Lee Roberts takes a step back towards the corner to collect his thoughts. He can be seen muttering to himself before turning around and slamming his fist down on the turnbuckle pads in anguish - or he would have had Rick not charged forward with a corner splash!

DDK:

What kind of man attacks another man with his back turned, Lance?

Lance:

Clearly a massive Canadian...I thought they were all supposed to be nice...

DDK:

Me too.

Rick spins Earl Lee Roberts around, his massive left hand around Roberts' throat, as he rains down blow after blow from his right. Mark Shields slowly counts to five before Rick releases a gasping and dazed Roberts who slumps into the corner. Shields begins having what looks to be a friendly conversation with Rick about releasing at a five count, with a tap on Rick's shoulder at the end...which is met with a growl from Rick. Shields holds up his hands in apology and motions for Rick to continue.

Rick pulls Earl Lee Roberts to his feet and slaps him across the face, shocking him back to his senses. Rick's scowl turns to a twisted smile as he backs off to the centre of the ring. His deep, booming voice can be heard over the crowd as he yells at Earl Lee Roberts.

Rick Dickulous:

YOU'RE NOT A BIG ENOUGH MAN....

DDK:

Rick Dickulous calling Earl Lee Roberts on here, Earl Lee Roberts won't stand for that.

Lance:

I think Rick Dickulous is baiting him here.

Not one to back down from a fight, Earl Lee Roberts squares up, this time carefully closing the distance. As he moves forward, Rick's fists come quickly to the ready like a boxer. He feigns a few punches, testing Roberts...almost playing with him like a cat with a new toy. Suddenly Earl Lee Roberts sprung into action, landing a hard body blow, followed by a stiff roundhouse to Rick's jaw that would easily have dropped a normal man to a cheer of encouragement from the crowd. Rick was not a normal man, however.

Rick returned a rapid flurry of calculated body blows, ending with a hard right to Earl Lee Roberts' solar plexus, causing him to stumble backwards clutching his chest and midsection gasping for air for a second time. Again, Roberts reaches for the ropes to steady himself, turning his back to Rick, who took the opportunity to close the distance with two large steps capped off with a big boot to the back of Earl Lee Roberts' head, sending him tumbling over the top ropes and out to the floor.

Rick Dickulous quickly steps over the ropes and hops down to the floor with a thunderous crash. Mark Shields begins to slowly count to 10.

1....

Rick Dickulous walks towards Earl Lee Roberts' stirring body, ignoring boos and insults from the crowd, his eyes still locked on his target. Before lifting Earl Lee Roberts to his feet, Rick stands over him, his deep laughter sounding almost akin to a cartoon villain laughing at the protagonist. Earl Lee Roberts, digging deep into his bag of tricks, manages to rake Rick's face with his fingertips causing the big man to release him. Earl Lee Roberts quickly escapes to the other side of the ring to compose himself again.

DDK:

Earl Lee Roberts with a little offense, finally able to break free of Rick Dickulous.

2....

Lance:

He better put some distance between himself and Rick here, or he may end up in a precarious position.

As Rick Dickulous begins stalking Earl Lee Roberts, the latter begins looking under the ring for something - anything - to attempt to even the odds. Mark Shields slides out of the ring, quick to begin yelling for Earl Lee Roberts to get out from under the ring as Rick Dickulous slowly rounds the corner, taking his eyes off of Earl Lee Roberts long enough to signal to Mark Shields to allow Roberts to continue to dig.

3....

As Rick Dickulous watches, Earl Lee Roberts stands back up brandishing a kendo stick, his confidence restored, while Rick merely wrings his hands together with another deep laugh. As he steps forward...

4....

Earl Lee Roberts swings the kendo stick, attempting to maintain distance between himself and Rick Dickulous to no real avail. Rick keeps coming, Earl Lee Roberts continues to back up around the corner of the ring.

5....

Again, Earl Lee Roberts rounds the corner of the ring, around the ring steps, and spots a better weapon leaning against them - Rick's axe. Dropping the kendo stick, Earl Lee Roberts reaches for Rick Dickulous' axe to a loud bellow from Rick who quickly closes the gap.

DDK:

Uh-oh...I don't think Rick likes people touching his toys.

6....

Lance:

Look out!

As Earl Lee Roberts touches the axe handle, Rick "touches" Roberts with a stiff European uppercut, nearly taking him off his feet, followed by a hard belly to belly suplex on the floor.

7....

Rick Dickulous stands back up, pulling Earl Lee Roberts to his feet and shoving him back under the bottom rope. Grasping the top rope, Rick takes a massive step up onto the apron from the floor and hoists himself up, stepping over the top rope again and into the ring. Not wasting any time, Rick Dickulous hauls Earl Lee Roberts to his feet yet again and with another loud yell Rick pulls Roberts towards him and into a stiff clothesline, Roberts' body crashing in a heap on the mat. Rick Dickulous, now aware of the boos raining in from the crowd, begins to showboat, seeming to bask in

the hatred and vitriol showered upon him from the audience.

Rick Dickulous:

I told you...you're not a big enough man....stay down.

Earl Lee Roberts barely moved as Mark Shields checked to make sure he was alright after nearly having his head removed. As Rick approached, he motioned for Mark Shields to start counting as Rick placed a giant boot on Eric Lee Roberts' chest.

1....

2....

DDK:

Near fall for Rick Dickulous, looks like he may have let Earl Lee Roberts kick out.

Lance:

Rick Dickulous is simply toying with Earl Lee Roberts now.

Earl Lee Roberts pushes a shoulder off of the mat to a cheer from the crowd, managing to wriggle free of Rick Dickulous' boot at the last moment. Scrambling to the outside again, Earl Lee Roberts makes a beeline to the kendo stick he retrieved earlier, Rick climbing out of the ring and landing on both feet solidly, makes his way towards Earl Lee Roberts.

1....

As the two meet, the sickening crack of a kendo stick can be heard as it impacts with Rick Dickulous' midsection, causing him to double over, followed by a hard strike across Rick's exposed back to a rousing cheer from the crowd as Mark Shields can be seen trying to maintain order from inside the ring.

2....

Earl Lee Roberts drops the kendo stick and slides back into the ring, playing to the crowd as Rick Dickulous slowly stands tall outside the ring...laughing?

DDK:

Earl Lee Roberts connecting with that kendo stick. Is it enough to capitalize?

3....

Rick Dickulous climbs back into the ring, unbeknownst to Earl Lee Roberts who is still busy playing the crowd standing on the second turnbuckle. Rick leans his neck to the left, then back to the right before stepping towards the centre of the ring.

Rick Dickulous:

HEY!! ROBERTS!!

Earl Lee Roberts stops and slowly turns his head, looking over his shoulder at Rick Dickulous with a gulp. As he hopped down off the turnbuckle, Rick charged. Another hard corner splash, followed by a hard irish whip into the opposite corner. As Earl Lee Roberts ricochets out from the corner backwards, he's met by a massive headbutt from behind. As Earl Lee Roberts began to collapse, Rick Dickulous hoisted him up on his shoulders in the crucifix position before effortlessly tossing Earl Lee Roberts over his head, catching him around the waist and delivering a massive sit-down powerbomb, Rick's legs pinning Earl Lee Roberts' arms to the mat.

1....

2....

3!!!

DING DING DING!!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, by pinfall....RIIIICK DICKULOOUUS!

♪ "Face Fisted" by Dethklok ♪

Rick Dickulous leans over the top rope, gesturing to a ringside attendant for a microphone as the crowd boos. Rick taps the microphone with an audible thudding over the arena speakers. He brings the microphone up to his mouth, his deep, booming voice filling the room.

Rick Dickulous:

STOP THE MUSIC!

As the crowd can now be heard booing loudly, Rick Dickulous glares.

Rick Dickulous:

What in the name of hell was that, besides a waste of my time? Yeah, that's right, boo. Get it all out...I've got all night.

As medical staff reach the ring, they slide into the ring checking over an unconscious Earl Lee Roberts while Rick stands in the centre of the ring, arms crossed.

Rick Dickulous:

You all just witnessed what happens when a predator hunts - it's far from pretty, and I'm here for one thing, and one thing only...to hunt...

Again, the crowd boos, Rick extends his arms to the sides, basking in the hate. He brings the microphone back to his mouth.

Rick Dickulous:

...but y'see, I'm not here to hunt the weak, no...I'm here for the strong. I'm here for the biggest DEFIANCE has to offer....

The crowd, beginning to clue into where Rick is going, begins to cheer.

Rick Dickulous:

...I'm here for the biggest game available - to prove to them that even THEY are small fish in a large pond...or maybe, a large kaiju in a larger ocean.

The crowd begins cheering now with the hint of the God-Beast in Rick's words.

Rick Dickulous:

Just to show you, Mushigihara, what you have in store for you when I DO finally meet you face to face? Pay attention.

With that, Rick drops the microphone and turns towards the medical staff in the ring, shooping them away before again lifting Earl Lee Roberts to his feet and over his head by Roberts' throat before crashing him down to the mat with a MASSIVE chokeslam. Rick reaches into his pocket and retrieves something, wrapping it around Earl Lee Roberts' throat and pulling taught. Earl Lee Roberts' eyes nearly burst from their sockets as Rick chokes him with a garotte.

DDK:

Is that? Is that a WIRE SAW he's using as a garotte? What the hell is this? Where is security?

Lance:

Forget security, where's the military? We need to get this under control before Rick Dickulous seriously injures Eric Lee Roberts!

Suddenly a mass of security swarm the ring and prise Rick Dickulous off of Earl Lee Roberts as the crowd boos loudly.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, as much as we don't want to stop the action here from the arena...

Lance:

...we are. Enough is enough! I understand we have something on tap that's not a one-sided match! Let's get to it!

As security begin to gain control of the ring, the screen fades to black.

GATES OF FEAR: THE TREATMENT

Floor 66

Scrow hears the ding from the elevator looking up he sees 66 on the digital panel above the doors. The two enter the floor, there are about 25 scientists all in white coats doing medical testing and creating samples of various substances. The lead scientist notices Scrow and Hive have arrived.

Lead Scientist:

Sir, here are our latest tests for Project Black Death.

Scrow takes the clipboard and flips through the pages. He can not help but notice the scientist seems to have something on his mind. He flips the pages down and lowers the clipboard from mouth view.

Scrow:

Tenshe you have something else to say?

Tenshe rubs the back of his neck for a moment.

Tenshe:

Our latest test, you can find on page 10...it ...

Hive:

Spill it!

Scrow raises the clipboard and flips to the page.

Tenshe:

The serum gives the results the project required but...

Hive:

Get on with it.

Scrow:

Autoimmune Hemolytic Anemia.

Hive looks at Scrow.

Hive:

That is?

Scrow flips back the pages and hands the clipboard to Tenshe.

Scrow:

The body rapidly kills red blood cells, at a rate the body can not keep up with the loss.

He looks at Tenshe.

Scrow:

Will it give him what he wants?

Tenshe:

Well, yes but it's almost like a deathwish.

Scrow walks past Tenshe and toward a door in the background followed by Hive.

Scrow:

Keep the serum on file, try to find a way around the side effect.

Tenshe:

Alright, sir.

As the two enter a new room, there is a glass window to their right as they walk down a short hallway. There is a door next to the window, with a serum testing panel next to the door. Another scientist is writing on a clipboard next to the panel on a table in front of him are 3 vials of yellow liquid. The scientist notices Scrow and Hive have entered the room.

Scientist:

Sir, Mistress the installation was a success. However, there is no telling what this substance will do to your mind, or if your body can take the stress.

Scrow:

Scrow knows the risks, now give him a few moments to mediate in the chamber before releasing the toxin into the air.

Hive:

We do not approve of this Scrow, we have spent years trying to calm the demons in your mind and focusing them on a single objective. You are trying to disrupt your nirvana for unreasonable means.

Scrow looks back at Hive, removes his shirt, and tosses it to her.

Scrow:

Do not and he means DO NOT stop the treatment no matter what!

Hive sighs, and nods. Scrow enters the chamber walking to the center of the room and sits on his knees and closes his eyes, his breathing slows minute by minute. After a few minutes have passed he raises his arm slowly.

Hive:

Slowly administer the drug to him.

Scientist:

As you wish mistress.

The scientist slowly pours the contents of the vial into the spherical container. He then covers the container and slowly turns a shower like knob little by little. Inside the chamber, Scrow is completely calm as the ventilation system starts breathing a yellow like mist into the air. Upon contact with the much warmer room, the mist changes to vapors and smoke. We catch Scrow's facial expressions as he twitches his eye and mouth.

Hive:

How much is left?

Scientist:

This is the last of it.

Hive:

Let it in the room.

He turns the knob once more and the gas envelops the room soon making Scrow disappear in it.

Hive and the scientist watch closely.....Suddenly coughs and gasps for air echo throughout the room. Hive gets close to the window just by her body language you can tell she is very concerned. She quickly looks back at the scientist.

Hive:

How much longer before the gas subsidies?

Scientist:

He has another three minutes before the ventilation system kicks on.

Scrow:

GAHHHH!!!! Make it stop!!! AHHHH

Hive presses the intercom button.

Hive:

Scrow!

She quickly looks at the scientist again.

Hive:

Turn it off ABORT...ABORT!

Scrow:

NO!!!

Scrow slams his hand on the glass, the two jump back as Scrow's face presses against the glass and slowly slides down disappearing into the smoke.

Hive:

How much longer!?

Scientist:

Thirty seconds.

Scrow is gasping for air, all Hive can do is watch.

A red light goes off, and the ventilation system kicks in and sucks the gas out of the room. Hive shoves the scientist away and quickly enters the room. Scrow is curled up in a ball gasping for air, his eyes have turned pale and the red veins in his eyes are clear as day.

Hive:

Scrow...Scrow!

She shakes him, after a few minutes of Hive trying to check on him. He lets loose a huge gasp of air. Hive helps him sit up, Scrow has his hand on the side of his head, groggy and disoriented.

Hive:

You are ok Scrow.....how do you feel?

Scrow slaps the side of his head a few times and tries to get to his feet, Hive helps him accomplish this task. The Unhinged looks around until he notices the scientist outside.

Scrow:

JOY! What are you doing here!?

Scrow slams his fists against the glass with so much force it rattles the window. Hive tries to calm him down and he swings around and knocks her to the ground. Her hood flies back but only a visual of Scrow's demeanor is present.

Scrow:

Dex...how can you be in two places at one time?

He looks down at Hive then back at the scientist then back to Hive.

Hive:

GET THE SERUM!

The scientist loads a serum-like gun and rushes into the room. Hive tackles Scrow and the scientist injects the serum into the neck of Scrow who is fighting to free himself. The veins bulge from the side of his neck as the serum enters his body.

After a few minutes, Scrow seems calm...Hive gets off him and puts her hood back over her head. Scrow turns over on his hands and knees shaking his head. He musters enough strength to get to his feet. Resting his forehead on the window.

Scrow:

One dose...next time DOUBLE IT!

Scrow staggers out of the room and exits his meditation chamber. As Hive and the scientist look at each other.

End scene

LUCKY SEVENS vs. LOUISIANA BULLDOGS

Lance:

I'm ready for the next match and I know our jobs require us to be unbiased but ... the fact that The Lucky Sevens turned on the fans to join the Better Future talent agency.

DDK:

What they did to the Sky High Titans and Thomas Keeling was heinous. Now we're gonna see them in action with Tom Morrow managing them. Well, let's do our jobs right partner?

Lance:

Yeah we should. Right now the Louisiana Bulldogs are already in the ring and they look raring to go.

The Louisiana Bulldogs are both in the ring warming up. Denver and Oliver Brandt are both raising arms for the crowd and get ready.

The camera is on the stage now where Tom Morrow is standing and Ken Ellis holds out his mic for him so he doesn't have to.

Tom Morrow:

Hello, you human targets in the ring. You are about to be the first of many many *many* victims of Better Future talent agency's newest clients! Welcome the *new and improved!* Big Money Mason! Big Money Max! Welcome to the men now out for that Almighty dollar!

He points up and the 7 7 7 appears on the DEFIA-Tron but it is now no longer gold ... but solid green!

Tom Morrow:

THEEEEEEEEE LUCCKKKKKYYYYY SSSSEEEVVVVENNNSSSSSS!!!!

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

The lights come back on and the fans now show the twins putting up "The Winning Hand" while wearing solid green capes! Now both twins have goatees to show that they have indeed turned to the dark side and the weight belts both men wear have green dollar signs.

DDK:

They're getting really heavy-handed with this new greedy moniker of theirs. They take a loss to Comments Section this hard?

Lance:

I guess so ... but something was there. They were frustrated chasing those titles for as many weeks as they did with nothing to show for it and let themselves get manipulated by Malak Garland. Tom Morrow just brings the worst out in people.

Max and Mason Luck walk to the ring with both Thomas and Ken behind them cheering them on. They both get to the ring and step over the ropes. The giant twins get ready to fight as the bell rings.

DING DING! DING!!!

Mason and Max play a very quick game of rock paper scissors and it is Mason who wins for his team. He has his right hand wrapped in green wrist tape - the same hand used for their Winning hand. Oliver Brandt does not look afraid even when Mason towers over him.

Tom Morrow:

Big Money Mase! Big Money Max! Let's go!

Oliver goes behind Mason and tries to take the big man off his feet with a waist lock. Mason lets out a belly laugh and the big monsters from Las Vegas throws him away! Mason then walks away from Oliver and raises his hands. Morrow and Ellis watch him impressed.

Lance:

They aren't even taking this very seriously. Come on now.

DDK:

Tag to Max.

Max gets in the ring with his brother laughing. Max waits as Oliver gets up and then he gets angry and goes right at Big Money Max using forearm strikes. The blows do little against Max who picks him up and then he throws him down with a slam right in front of his corner. Mason claps his hands and then tells him to tag his brother. Oliver tags Denver and he comes into the ring at Max, but Max boots him then dumps him over with a big released side suplex. A quick tag is sent to Mason and then he climbs inside and then he takes a turn using a released side suplex.

DDK:

Look at them go!

Lance:

This isn't the proud grandsons of "Wild" Winston Luck that first came to DEFIANCE Wrestling that's for sure.

Mason tags Max again. The two giants pick him up and then use a big double vertical suplex ... and then they throw Denver across the ring.

DDK:

Wow! That is strength!

Lance:

Yeah it is!

Max stands over where Denver fell and then runs from the ropes and then delivers the big Box Cars Elbow!

DDK:

Ouch! Box Cars elbow driven right into the heart of Denver.

Denver is hurt and Max stands over him putting a boot on his chest for a cover.

One ...

Denver kicks out. Max yells at Denver for being a party pooper and then tags Mason. He gets up and then tries to hit a back suplex. When he does ... he back flips out and lands on his feet! Max tries to back suplex him and then then back flips out and lands on his feet a second time! Oliver gets a tag!

DDK:

Amazing foot work by Denver! Oliver is now in side to Mason!

He runs and throws more blows. Mason tries to swing twice but misses both times. Oliver hits one drop kick and then a second and that rocks Mason. Morrow and Ellis don't like what they are seeing. Oliver runs and hits a drop kick in the corner. Mason is rocked from that and then he comes off the second rope with flying forearm that finally gets Mason off his feet.

Lance:

He's finally off his feet!

One ...

T ... NO!!!

Mason powers out but Oliver tries to grab his leg and look to use an amateur style of leg lock ... but Mason reaches up and grabs his face with the Winning Hand! He has a full grasp of the iron claw and is now standing to his full height. Denver tries to come into the ring, but Mason grabs him with his free hand! Both brothers are in Winning Hands!

DDK:

Wow, he's got them both! Those claw submissions they have perfected over the years.

Mason sees his brother climbing to the top rope. He lets go of his Winning Hand and then Denver gets thrown into Max who comes off the top rope and takes him down with a huge flying clothesline called the Check-Raise! Max rolls out of the blow and sits up with Mason pulling Oliver up into a canadian backbreaker rack while pulling down with the Winning Hand! Oliver taps quickly!

DDK:

Ow, ow, ow! That's it! He calls that submission Rack City!

He throws Oliver off his shoulders and then boots him out of the ring so that way they can stay inside.

Quimbey:

Here are ...

Tom Morrow:

Get outta here!

He gives Darren Quimbey the boot so he can have the honor of the announcement. Max and Mason high five one another with Ken Ellis there to hold the mic for Morrow.

Tom Morrow:

Ladies and gentlemen ... your winners of the match and every match thereafter are Big Money Max and Big Money Mason! They are LUUUUUUCCCKKKKYYYY SSSSSSEEEEEVVVVVEEEENNNSSSS!!!

DDK:

Oh good grief.

Morrow looks at Ken Ellis.

Tom Morrow:

Hold the mic for them now, Ken!

Ken goes over. Mason and Max haven't broken too much of a sweat. Ken is stretching his hand up high to get to the Sevens.

Mason Luck:

Higher mic, Kenny, come on! We're tall! If we gotta crouch and hurt our neck muscles, you're gonna be sorry!

Max Luck:

Genetically jacked and athletically stacked Kenny! Bring that mic up, bud!

Ken does the best he can. Mason rolls his eyes. Tom has his own microphone now.

Tom Morrow:

Come on, guys! The people want answers! Tell them! Tell them why you joined the winning team and joined Better Future?

Mason and Max exchange glances as Mason goes first.

Mason Luck:

That's simple, Tom ... we joined because of all of *you*.

He points at the crowd.

Mason Luck:

Max and I have done nothing but shown great things since the day we set foot in DEFIANCE Wrestling! We beat Team Hoss and showed we were the real dominant team. We beat the Pop Culture Phenoms and made *them* so relevant that Elise Ares got a shot at the FIST because it! We beat the Sky High Titans, the team that held those belts twice. But then something changed ... and the night it all changed was Ascension .. Kenny! Mic!

Kenny is tired of being on his tippy-toes to hold the microphone but he does it again and then goes to Max who wants to talk.

Max Luck:

We'd been chasing those Unified tag titles for weeks with Comments Section sneaking out each time until we got them in a cage match. We had them dead to rights but you people turned on *us*! They cheated, they ducked us, they had that stage five clinger Teresa Ames - you know the crazy woman who tried to break up a marriage on live TV for weeks? She runs in to help keep the belts ... but we beat Malak around, break him, put him in a hospital bed, throw Teresa in a cage and beat up the third guy in that group nobody knows and *WE* are suddenly the bad guys? We read the match reviews! We heard all the locker room talk! Suddenly we were bad guys! We didn't change ... you dumbasses did!

Morrow pats Ken and finally he stops standing on his tip toes.

Tom Morrow:

As the kids say, oh, HELL to the naw naw! Max and Mason have done NOTHING wrong, but do what they've been raised to do and you boo them for that? Screw you. Screw all of you. But what you don't know... in addition to "Wild" Winston Luck being one of wrestling's greatest ass-kickers, the one thing that many people don't was that he loved getting PAID for kicking asses for over thirty years! And that's why the Lucky Sevens have this gear! To remind them of what's really important. MONEY! And speaking of... I have something I need to get off my chest, too.

He turns to the camera to directly address someone.

Tom Morrow:

Dad... I told you last week you had something of mine and that... is a little thing called intellectual property. Uriel Cortez's moniker. "The Titan of Industry." The Sky High Titans name. Those were both MINE and you know it. *I* created those. Every dollar that Uriel has made this last year and every Sky High Titans bomber jacket, Minute replica mask and t-shirt that you sell... those are mine, too! All mine! Not yours!

DDK:

What? What's he talking about?

Tom Morrow:

So I have a little proposition for you, Dad, and that's this... At DEFIANCE Road, if the Sky High Titans want the Lucky Sevens? Then they'll get it. But if they want it... then I want it all. I want Uriel's name and I want the Sky High Titans name. I want ALL of it just so you can't have it anymore. I want what's mine and I will take it with the Lucky Sevens' help! If you want this match and to get back to the Unified Tag Titles you love so much, those are my terms!

Lance:

He wants WHAT?!

DDK:

Morrow really is a greedy SOB, isn't he! That's ridiculous! They'll never agree to that!

Tom Morrow:

You have until the next DEFtv to answer. Come on, guys, we have a bus to catch!

The Lucky Sevens look so smug, they could generate smug clouds as they leave with Tom Morrow. Ken Ellis pulls the top rope down as fast as he can so Max and Mason can climb over and leave.

DDK:

That is the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard!

LIVESTREAM SERMON

Uncut turns to the Balleyhoo Brew and the booth furthest away from the bar itself. Coming live to your screen, direct from Avril Selene Kinkade's Samsung Galaxy S20 Plus, is Gunnar Van Patton with a freshly-poured double of Jack Daniel's whiskey. In a flash, the glass of good old number seven is sent flowing down his gullet. The glass is placed back on the table with an audible "clink". He raises his hand to signal for more, which has Siobahn Cassidy send Toby hurrying to the booth with the entire bottle of whiskey. The young bar back goes to pour more for the Texan, but has the bottle snatched from his hand.

Toby:
Hey!

Van Patton looks back at him as if to say, "seriously?" In anticipation of such events, Mrs. Kinkade already has her American Express Centurion Card drawn and offers it to the teen.

Avril:
Put it whatever he desires on my card. It will be easier than paying for the dry cleaning to get your blood from his clothes. In addition, I shall have a pint of black and tan. And for your continued good health, any that shite American "beer" best not enter that glass.

Toby:
Yes, ma'am.

The adolescent scurries back to the bar and more importantly to safety. The Lycan pours easily a quadruple shot into the glass and immediately swigs it all, before beginning the cycle again. The brunette adjusts the cell phone to make sure the picture is perfectly placed before she speaks.

Avril:
You know who we are. Now, on to the business at hand, shall we? Apparently, having an actual wrestling contest is frowned upon by the executives of DEFIANCE. On the last Uncut, Sergeant Van Patton and Pietro Geist put on a war worthy of any pay-per-view event their promotion has ever held. DEFIANCE would gladly give twenty minutes or more to the ramblings of the myriad of humorists or oddities that are forever displayed on the various screens throughout your home. Yet, when a match has the same amount of time elapse, there is an issue. You have competitors like my client, who have devoted their life to this SPORT and you cannot be bothered to give them enough time to exhibit their skills? Absolutely atrocious. It appears that the DEFIANCE executives put the company's matches on the same level as advertisements... miniscule, meaningless breaks in the cavalcade of idiocy. Maybe they have lost sight of what their company is. Could it truly be possible that they have lost sight of what DEFIANCE is? Have they forgotten the fact that DEFIANCE is a WRESTLING company? The executives' unhappiness over such a display of true competition is a large factor in why my client was not booked for DEFTV ONCE AGAIN or even worse, this Uncut. If we had participated in a skit more in the vein of Benny Hill complete with Yakety Sax blaring in the background, Sergeant Van Patton would surely be given all the camera time he could ever desire.

Toby hands Mrs. Kinkade's her drink of choice and wastes no time in heading back to the bar. She takes a sip before placing the glass on the table before her.

Avril:
Or perhaps there could be another reason. Maybe they are driven more by spite, as my client consistently rebels against their rule and they cannot find a method to stop him. He soundly thrashed the gigantic, German obstacle they placed in his path. It was clear as day. The DEFIANCE executives hoped to silence Sergeant Van Patton and the truth he personifies by calling in a mercenary to quell his one-man war on sports entertainment. While Heir Geist is quite the respected combatant and an opponent that deserves the celebration that surrounded his return, he could not complete the mission assigned to him. My client sent him to BRAZEN with a deviated septum and lacking multiple quarts of blood. Now, I ask you... Did those in power really think that Sergeant Van Patton would cower like a frightened child? Did they for one moment think that he would order a hasty retreat at the very sight of their paid

enforcer? If so, they truly have no idea the level of competitor my client is. They do not know the righteous conviction that drives him. Good people of the viewing audience, this is no stereotypical DEFIANCE braggart. Before you is the very wrath of God. A one-man apocalypse sent to cleanse DEFIANCE of its comedical impurity in the most lethal method possible.

Mrs. Kincade's attention is pulled away from her mobile device, as a cute, little, blonde female approaches their booth. Tulane Cheerleading is written upon her tank top and she smiles at the Lycan. This puts an immediate halt to Van Patton's binge drinking. His lone working eye opens wide, surely liking what he sees, and he leans back in his seat while giving the guest his full attention. Avril over to the young woman, not at all impressed by her, and a little miffed at being interrupted. She remains polite though.

Avril:

Is there something we can do for you, miss?

Blonde:

I'm so sorry to interrupt, but you're GVP from DEFIANCE, right?

The Texan's legal counsel goes to speak, but her client cuts her off with an extended hand, causing Avril's eyes to roll. From just looking over the coed, she knows full well what is about to happen and that Van Patton will be greatly distracted from the task at hand..

Van Patton:

That ah am.

The cheerleader cannot contain her excitement, bouncing up and down like a child on Christmas morning.

Blonde:

I knew it! I totally knew it!

She looks back to her group of friends with a gigantic smile, who all get a laugh out of her fan-girling over the Texan.

Blonde:

I told you it was him!

Avril can't hide her annoyance and looks at her client with her own "seriously?" look. She is fully aware of the Lycan's love of a certain type of woman, of which the young woman easily checks off every single box. Van Patton can't help but smirk at her before focusing on their unexpected visitor. The cheer captain turns back to the Lycan and is smiling from ear to ear.

Blonde:

My friends wanted to come here because they all hoped to see Connor Fuse or Uriel Cortez. Caitlin, over there, so totally has the hots for Connor... like borderline stalker. Not me though. I mean he is cute and all, if you're into that teen heartthrob stuff, but in my book, you're the best in DEFIANCE for sure! I mean the muscles, tattoos, and scars... Sooooo BOSS.

Van Patton:

Thank ya kindly.

The Texan nods and tugs on the bill of his trucker cap.

Blonde:

I'm sorry if I interrupted anything. I really didn't mean to bother you while you were out with your... mom? Aunt?

Avril:

Attorney.

Blonde:

Attorney... right! But I just couldn't stop myself from trying to meet you!

That got the cheerleader a hateful glare from Mrs. Kinkcade, while Van Patton can barely stop himself from outright laughing. The coed is completely focused on the Lycan, never once noticing how Avril is internally plotting her death.

Blonde:

Can I ask a huge favor?

Van Patton:

Fire away, darlin'. Ah'm all ears.

Blonde:

Would it be possible to get an autograph and pic with you? That would be so frickin' amazing! What do you say? Can I get one?!?! Please!

Van Patton:

Ah reckon ah can make that happen for ya.

Blonde:

REALLY?!?! That is soooo sweet of you!

The young woman swipes a sharpie from behind Toby's ear, as he passes by with drinks for her friends, and offers it to the Lycan. A rare smirk appears on Van Patton's face, as he takes it from her and takes the top off the writing utensil, ignoring the loud, frustrated sigh from his mouthpiece.

Van Patton:

What would ya like me to sign? Now, ah ain't one of those jackasses that carry around eight by tens. There might be a coaster or somethin'...

Blonde:

Ummm... Let me think.

Van Patton goes to reach for a napkin when he is cut off by the cheerleader, who has devised an idea.

Blonde:

How about you just sign right here?

Tugging on her tank top, she exposes nearly all of her bosom to him.

Avril:

Of course...

Van Patton holds back a smile and scribbles his John Hancock on the female's soft flesh, as Avril unhappily looks on. He adds the number thirteen at the end of his signature, as he is known to do.

Avril:

You are enjoying this far too much.

Van Patton:

What if ah am?

The Texan puts the cap back on the marker and hands it back to the Tulane cheerleader. He rises from his seat, easily dwarfing the barely five-foot tall female. He leans down, so he is in view, as she holds up her cell phone. Van

Patton takes off his Violent Gentlemen trucker's cap and places it on her head. He smirks and holds up his firearm-shaped hand with the coed squeezing in tight with him, so they fit in the picture. With a click, the photo is taken and the young woman bounces with excitement.

Blonde:

Thank you soooooo much!!!

Van Patton:

Yer very welcome, darlin'. Mah pleasure.

The coed goes to hand the Texan's hat back to him, but Van Patton takes it and places it back on her head.

Van Patton:

It's all yers. Looks better on ya anyhow.

Blonde:

NO WAY!!! You are the best!!!

Tulane's cheer captain pulls Van Patton to her by his Dallas Stars hockey jersey and gets on her tippy toes to give him a kiss on the cheek, causing a smile to stretch from ear to ear on his face. The young woman starts back to her friends to excitedly show them all the treasures she has received.

Blonde:

HE GAVE ME HIS HAT!!!

They all join her in celebration, as she rejoins her squad. She stops for only a moment to look back at Van Patton.

Blonde:

Look for my sign at the next show!

Van Patton:

Will do. Have a good night.

The Lycan sits back down in his booth, as the perky little gal hugs her pal in jubilation, her night having been made. A single eyebrow is raised, as Avril looks over to her smirking client. He casually pours another triple shot of whiskey.

Avril:

Did you enjoy yourself?

Van Patton downs the entire shot without issue and sets the empty glass down.

Van Patton:

What if ah did?

Avril shakes her head with a massive sigh.

Avril:

You and your vices... Let us get back to the task at hand, shall we?

Avril looks to start talking again, yet Van Patton puts a quick stop to that. Taking his attorney's phone and focusing it solely on himself, the Lycan's demeanor changes in an instant.

Van Patton:

Now, ah could sit here an' let Mrs. Kinkade's yap flow with truth like the Mississippi an' bet yer bottom dollar, she loves the sound of her own voice more than anyone, but ah'm in good mood an' ah'd like to focus on that there bottle of

Jack, so ah'm gonna cut right to the damn chase. DEFIANCE higher-ups an' yer schemin' bullshit... psalm thirty-seven, line twenty-eight in the good book. Don't know it? Ah'm gonna teach it to ya.

With that, the Lycan tosses the phone to Avril, who gives the camera one last devilish smirk.

Avril:

Thy will be done. Amen.

End feed.

TRASHCAN TIM vs. CRISTIANO CABALLERO

DDK:

Next up we have Cristiano Caballero taking on Trashcan Tim.

Lance:

These two guys have never matched up before and, to say the least, they have very different styles. This could be an interesting mix.

♪ "Sexy Boy" by Air ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Barcelona, Spain, weighing in at 228 pounds... CRISTIANO CABALLERRRROOOO!

Caballero saunters into view of The Faithful, a rose between his teeth. As he makes his way to the ring, he mockingly offers the rose to several women before changing his mind and pulling it back in disgust. Once at ringside he discards the rose and rolls under the bottom rope.

DDK:

This guy is a real piece of work, Lance! Every time we see him he pulls this stunt.

♪ "Honky Tonk Attitude" by Joe Diffie ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing his opponent, from Merigold, Mississippi, weighing in at 304 pounds.... TRASHCAN TIIIIIIIM!

Trashcan Tim receives a raucous response when he appears, ever-present toothless smile plastered on his face. He makes his way to the ring and slaps every hand he can possibly reach. When at ringside, he picks up the discarded rose and gives it to a woman in the front row, flashing a ridiculously hokey double thumbs up at her afterward. He steps up the ring steps and enters through the middle rope.

DDK:

Trashcan Tim is coming off a difficult loss to Matt LaCroix who, frankly, outworked him in their matchup. He had his first shot at DEFIANCE gold and he came up well short of the goal, Lance.

Lance:

All that considered he still appears to be in good spirits! I think that's what The Faithful love most about him: he's always got a positive attitude and he's always so grateful and happy to be in the ring.

DING! DING!

Immediately after the bell rings, Trashcan advances toward Caballero, but Caballero ducks under the top rope and wails for the referee to back him up! Trashcan obliges the referee and backs up toward the center of the ring. After a near five count, Caballero removes himself from the ropes and—extremely cautiously—approaches the center of the ring. The two lock up and Tim quickly overpowers and scoops Caballero up with a big scoop slam! Caballero yells from the mat, arching his back dramatically and reaching wide-eyed for the ropes. As he's crawling away, Trashcan cuts him with an elbow drop to the small of the back! Trashcan grabs Caballero by the head and starts to lift him up, but Caballero drops to his knees and quickly scurries between Trashcan's legs, once again clutching the ropes for a timeout.

DDK:

This is ridiculous! We're barely thirty seconds into this match and Caballero has already pulled this twice!

Lance:

Remember: Caballero has significantly more experience than Trashcan. He may be trying to get into his head and gain a mental advantage.

DDK:

Or he's terrified!

After a series of releasing the ropes only to grab them again, Trashcan tires of the game and approaches Caballero in the ropes. He reaches for him, but Caballero positions himself in such a way to put the referee between them and pokes Trashcan squarely in the eyes! Trashcan backpedals and clutches at his face, throwing a few haymakers that narrowly miss both Caballero and the confused referee! Caballero wades through the haymakers and kicks Trashcan hard in the knee! He buckles but doesn't quite fall. Caballero leaps up and connects with a dropkick square to the chest! Trashcan staggers back but, again, stays on his feet. Frustrated, Caballero gets a running start to the far ropes and comes careening back with a dropkick that takes Trashcan off his feet! He crashes to the mat and Caballero begins to celebrate profusely, self-congratulation on display for the crowd.

DDK:

This man is so self-absorbed he hasn't even noticed that Trashcan Tim is back to his feet!

Indeed, Trashcan stands at the ready for a turning Caballero, who immediately throws his hands up in an attempt to beg off but Trashcan connects with a stiff left jab! Another! Another! Another! Caballero is on spaghetti legs when Trashcan raises his right arm and rubs his armpit. He grabs a petrified Caballero and rubs his face all in the armpit! Caballero stammers and staggers, walking right into being scooped up on Trashcan's shoulders. He crunches him, locks his hands, and drives him head first into the mat! Trash Compactor! Trashcan hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

Trashcan Tim making short work out of Cristiano Caballero here tonight!

In the ring, Trashcan now has a microphone. Caballero has rolled to the floor outside. Tim raises his hand politely, causing his music to stop.

Trashcan Tim:

Now y'all know I ain't usually the talkin type. But I wanted to take the chance tonight to say thanks for all the kind words and support after my loss to Matt LaCroix.

The Faithful cheer for Trashcan, who smiles and nods his appreciation.

Trashcan Tim:

I ain't tryin to make excuses or tell no stories about what happened. I lost. I lost fair n square to the better man. Matt LaCroix is a helluva wrestler and I didn't belong in the ring with him that night.

He pauses in a rare moment of solemn reflection, his face fixed in a mix of determination and disappointment. After a few moments, he smiles broadly again and nods enthusiastically, getting The Faithful riled up in the process.

Trashcan Tim:

But that don't mean the end for ol' Trashcan! NO SIR!

He slaps the top rope and points out, scanning the fans with his finger.

Trashcan Tim:

Because there ain't nothin in this world that I want more than to be a DEFIANCE champion! And yeah, I came up short against LaCroix, but you know what? I'ma keep fightin, keep scrappin, and EARN another shot! And when I do, you

best believe that I'ma come with everything I got! So y'all can expect to see me out here every single time bustin my butt and provin that I got what it takes to be a champion!

Trashcan is a little huffy, clearly excited and amped up. He takes a moment to calm himself and, in a much more characteristically mellow tone, thanks The Faithful once more before exiting the ring. On his way out he shakes several hands and thanks everyone he can.

A DEFIANCE CHRISTMAS

It has been an hour since The Faithful have left the Wrestleplex. The Defiants who were backstage are now in catering where Christmas music is playing. Some are dancing, some are drinking, in Elise Ares case she is doing both! Add in some gold tinsel she has wrapped around her red dress, some are just being your typical snowflakes, Pat Cassidy is sipping on eggnog and chatting it up with Christie Zane. Sgt. Safety is keeping guard at the entrance to see if any safety violations happen.

Jestal who is a bit tipsy himself walks up to Klien. He puts his arm around the man in the box.

Jestal:

Do you ever take that box off?

Klein shrugs. He wonders if Jestal ever takes off his face?

Jestal:

You...{HICCUP}...better not try anything fancy with my sister!

Klein tries to speak but pauses, thinking better of himself. With defeated lowered shoulders, Klein clearly puts away the "Fancy" ketchup he brought.

Speaking of which Dandelion is sitting on the photocopier getting her ass photocopied. She is dancing dressed in a Santa hat and a Mrs. Claus coat. Levi Cole is taking the copies as they pop out of the copier. The Jester is in deep conversation with Doug Matton now. Jestal glances over at The Comments Section surrounded by presents and giggling at Dandelion. Jestal notices Cyrus put a flask in his back pocket.

Jestal:

Excuse me Cat.

Pat Cassidy;

It's Pat.

Jestal looks back at Cassidy.

Jestal:

That's what I said Nat...

Jestal tries to walk by Cassidy.

Pat Cassidy:

Hey before ya go here...

Pat hands Jestal a business card. Jes squints his eyes and then looks up at Pat.

Jestal:

Pat Cassidy, successful businessman.

He looks up at Pat.

Jestal:

Why do you have Cassidy's business cards Doug?

Pat smirks and doesn't answer. Jestal points at him.

Jestal:

I am watching you, buddy, don't cause any trouble or I'll get Sgt. Sufly...{HICCUP}.. to remove you from the party.

Cassidy puts his hands up like he doesn't want any trouble as the jester walks away.

Pat Cassidy:

Haha..poor jester. Drinking clearly is not in his wheelhouse.

Jestal walks over to The Comments Section their chuckles go away as they notice Jestal. He looks back at Dandelion. She has hopped off the copier and is doing some kind of dance, spilling eggnog everywhere. Elise and Dani do a quick dance together before she dances off. Jestal looks back at Malak and his crew, who stop laughing while he stares at them.

Jestal:

What did you three do to the egg nog....

He looks at the glass he has.

Jestal:

I thought it {HICCUP} seemed pretty strong.

Jestal looks back at Dandelion who has snatched a mistletoe off the wall. She starts chasing Klein around the room. Stumbling around the room as she tries. Klein tries to hide behind the Titan of Industry Uriel Cortez. Dandelion gets down in a football stance ...dropping the mistletoe she lunges at Uriel who sidesteps.....and

Minute is in shock as Dandelion has laid one on him. Klein puts his hands on his box. Dani pulls away from Minute and squints her eyes toward him.

Jestal:

Who would've thought you three could make a party more entertaining than it already was.

Klein picks up the mistletoe and quickly runs away. Dandelion looks around the room, if she could see straight she would be able to find Klein quickly but she can't. Behind her, Uriel puts his hand out toward Minute. Minute slaps his hand while Uriel smirks toward his tag team partner.

Jestal:

Would you care to dance Sugar Baby?

He offers his hand to Ames, who stares back at it with a blushing face.

In the background, it looks like Ryan Batts has Christie Zane over his shoulder carrying her around the room. As Cassidy does a shot with Doug Matton.

Ames nods and grabs Jestal's hand as the two enjoy their respective eggnogs dancing....Dandelion has finally cornered Klein. She lunges at him and takes the box off his head and puts it on and dances away with the box on her head. Klein cocks his head to the side kind of taken back.

Entering the catering area, Dex Joy with a white beard and Santa coat on. Next to him is Nathaniel Eye in an elf outfit.

Dex Joy:

MERRY CHRISTMAS!!!

Dex bellows.

???:

SANTA!!!

Jestal and Ames are broken apart by Conor Fuse making a beeline toward Dex.

Jestal:

HEY wa...

Jestal stops suddenly staring up at Game Boy not far behind Conor. Game Boy has a Christmas themed outfit on with a red bucket with a bell on it. Ames and Jestal let him through.

Conor shoves Dex into a chair and quickly jumps on his knee.

Dex Joy:

What a...

Conor quickly interrupts him.

Conor Fuse:

I want a tonka truck... I don't need any video games though, I have them already cause I have ins, sometimes more ins than you teehee. Got the PS5 and Xbox Series X but some accessories would be neat. I'd like some Reese's peanut butter cups... so yummy. I'd like a new pinball machine, a new gaming mask for my Game Boy, he has been so helpful recently. Can you give Tyler something, too? Anything, he's really angry right now. Also can you get Patty a new bar playset, Deacon a voice, Trashcan new clothes -something sharp-, Malak some courage, Douglas maybe shampoo for that greasy hair? I really like all my DEFIANCE friends and I want them to have a super swell Christmas, they deserve it.

Dex tries to say something and looks up at Game Boy shaking the bucket.

Meanwhile Dandelion is dancing around with a box on her head....She collides with Mushighara! The massive frame of The God-Beast knocks her down on the ground. The box falls off her head. Dante bends down and grabs the box as Mushi offers his hand to Dani, she takes it and Dante hands the box back to her. She smiles at the two and proceeds to put the box on her head again and dance-off.

In the background we see Scott Douglas and Jay Harvey staring at a photo of 24k that somehow managed to find its way into catering. Tim joins in on the portrait viewing. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out two permanent markers and hands one to Jay and one to Scott. They look at Tim with that toothless grin, they look back at each other with a smile of their own.

Conor is getting his picture taken on Dex's knee by Game Boy with Eye next to Dex.

Rezin:

HAPPY KRAMPUSNACHT!

The record scratches and the music stops. Everyone stares at Stalker and Rezin. The camera catches Scott and Jay next to the 24k poster, now with villain mustaches, and glasses on JFK, and Cayle. A penis on Mikey's forehead and have colored Perfection's face to look like an Ultimate Warrior face paint job.

Rezin:

Boss...I thought this was a Krampusnacht Party?

Stalker:

I told you in the car it wasn't

Rezin:

They're all staring at us.

Stalker points to the door and the two Kabal members quickly make their exit. After their exit, the party resumes with the music.

Next to the Christmas tree is Lindsay Troy with a glass of eggnog chatting it up with Brock Newbludd, the two are interrupted by The D and Flex apparently filming some sort of video footage. LT puts her hand over the camera that Flex holds. Brock hands a card to The D reading...

BALLEYHOO BREWERY

The D looks like he has an idea and grabs Flex and wanders off disappearing in the crowd of Defiants.

Through all the festivities we see the newest Defiant Rick Dickulous, just staring at the room. He walks to the middle of the room and walks over to a table of food.

Crunch...crunch..crunch...

Rick looks up and sees Trashcan Tim with a mouth full of food.

Trashcan Tim: *{with a mouth full of food}*

Merry.....*{swallows foods}* Christmas!

Rick turns away not even giving a response, all you can see is him rolling his eyes as he walks away from the table. Tim stuffs a Christmas cookie in his mouth while he watches Rick leave.

The final shots of the party circle above the jumping party. The music slowly fades out along with the picture...

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.