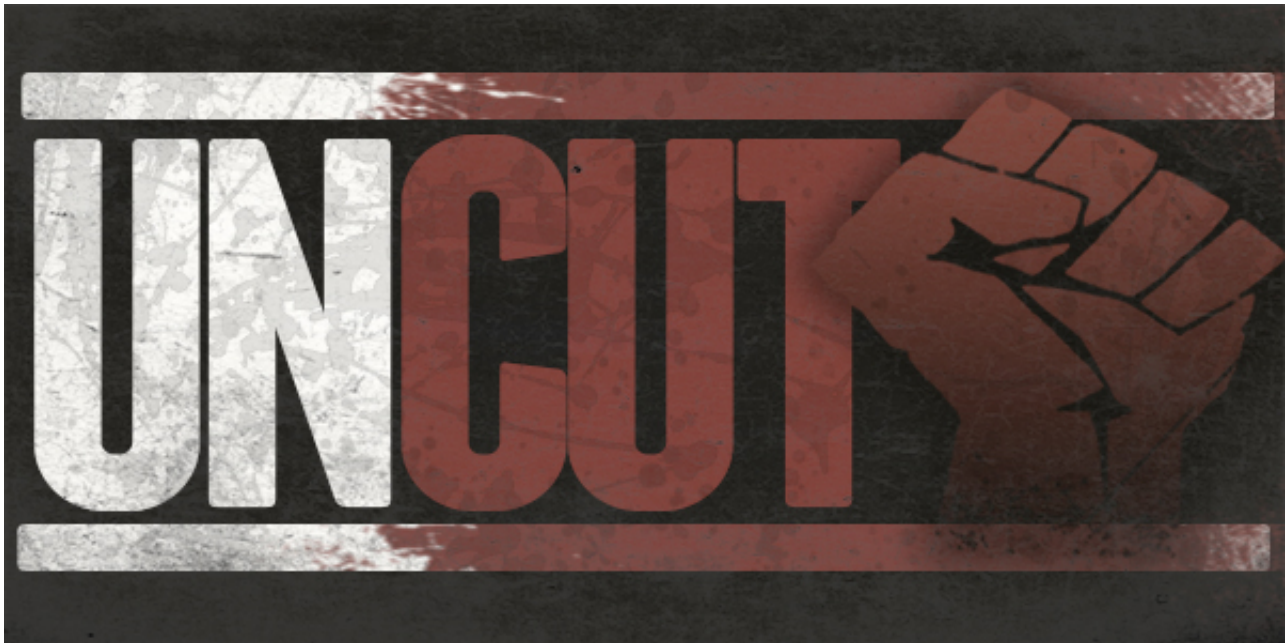


SHOW OPEN

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.

CAMEO AND IDLE THREATS

High up above the DEFplex in the 24K! Suite we see the lads and Gangrel.

Just kidding.

We open to a scene high above the DEFplex in the 24K! Suite. The first thing we see is Mikey Unlikely's large smiling face. He looks wayyy too happy to be here. Something is up.

As the camera pans out we see the rest of 24K! Standing with him in a semicircle. Mikey is holding his cell phone high into the air with a selfie stick and is recording himself and the boys.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey Joe! Thanks for reaching out and buying this Cameo for your sister Suzie! Suzie, Joe wants you to know that you're PURE GOLD baby! You've been a great sister all these years and really supported him! Now Suzie do you know where I am?

He pauses nonsensically knowing the person can't answer back on the recording. He takes the camera over to the large glass window and points it down towards the ring.

Mikey Unlikely:

We're LIVE on DEFtv! The show is going on RIGHT NOW! You know me and Cayle, and Kendrix and Perfs like to chill up here in our own spot and watch what happens down in the ring. It's nice having a different view to scout from!

He turns the camera back to the boys.

Mikey Unlikely:

Suzie, Joe wants you to have a very happy birthday... now when you see Joe I want you to kick him in the balls and then hit him with a pair of brass knuckles... As I always say, you gotta do what you gotta do to get the job done!

JFK butts in.

Kendrix:

I've always said that!

Mikey Unlikely:

Yea but I said it first!

JFK nudges Murray.

Kendrix:

He's right, he did say it first!

The FIST of DEFIANCE takes it back over.

Mikey Unlikely:

Anyway Suzie, we're 24K! We wanted to wish you a happy 73rd birthday!

Kendrix:

Hey, that rhymes!

Mikey Unlikely: Glad to hear you're healthy, and loving the Mikey Money on DEFtv! You love to see it Suzie!

With that he stops recording the video and lets out a guttural noise of disgust.

Mikey Unlikely:

I hate being nice! That is the literal worst!

Perfection looks Mikey's way with an eyebrow raised.

Perfection:

Then why do you do it?

Mikey Unlikely:

Because I charge \$1000 per.

Perfection nods knowingly. Allowing himself a quick smile.

Unlikely turns to face the actual DEF Camera now. He's got another quick message to deliver.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hello DEFIANCE fans and merchgrabbers everywhere! I your loyal, dedicated, hard working champion is here to say just a few things. I'm not going to take up too much of your time.

He looks back over his shoulder with a smirk.

Mikey Unlikely:

It's come to our attention that there is someone out there, looking to tear 24K! Down piece by piece! It's come to our attention that someone out there is trying to "Rile the troops!" and get everyone worked up about taking us out. Yes... I'm talking about Gage Blackwood.

The crowd in the DEF Plex cheers loudly at the name.

Mikey Unlikely:

Gage, You couldn't put together a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, and you expect us to believe that you're going to be the man to motivate the masses? The man with the weakest sleeper hold I've ever seen in my life? The guy who LOST his championship, then followed that up by LOSING to Scott Douglas, Chris Ross, and damn near every roster member DEFIANCE has? PUH-LEASE!

They group laughs amongst themselves.

Mikey Unlikely:

You go out and you form your ragtag group of musketeers Gage. The difference between me and you is quite clear. You're going to gather up a bunch of DEFIANCE people we've already beat to come against 24K! ? Are you insane!? I went out and pulled the best talent IN THE WORLD! You're working with whatever is in Louisiana right now. I think in the south they call that "Slim Pickins".

JFK walks up and puts his arm around Mikey. A sign of unity.

Mikey Unlikely:

We're not afraid of you, we're not afraid of whatever undesirables you're able to find. We're 24K! We're the best in the business, we're SOLID GOLD! There's nothing you... or anyone else is going to do about that!

Unlikely lets it linger before switching gears.

Mikey Unlikely:

Speaking of someone who's going to do nothing.... Scott Douglas! Tonight you face the Stalker in a very interesting matchup! One that you might feel you're ready for, but you better keep one eye open. 24K! Doesn't sit around and wait for things to happen, we MAKE them happen. One way or another we're going to see each other tonight! You can count on that!

The boys go back to the semicircle formation as Mikey raises the selfie stick up for the next Cameo as the scene fades out.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey Will! It's your favorite wrestler Mikey Unlikely!...

Fade.

PREPARING FOR THE FALL

Stalkers Den

The scene opens with a view of an open area and members of The Kabal observe Scrow and Hive deep in meditation. After a brutal conflict with Dex Joy at 150, Scrow prepares for his final exam. An exam that has not been revealed to him, by his financial backer. Although Stalker knows just what this exam is. The final piece of the puzzle to unlock Scrow's full potential....HIS MIND. For a couple of hours now the two have been locked in this meditative state. With Stalker reviewing a few notes on his grand plan. Yellow Reaper and Orange Reaper stare at the Reaper costume displays. Rezin is nowhere to be seen.

A loud burst echoes through the den. It's enough to get Scrow to break his meditative state, judging by his eye twitches. Hive seems unphased by this obnoxious noise. Victor looks over to the entranceway with the rest of the Kabal. Rezin has arrived, with an iPod and jamming to some form of loud noise that is a... song? He rambles on with the lyrics.

Rezin:

GRRRRRGRRRR BRRR BRRRR DDRROOOO DOOOO!!!! EERRGGBERGERBRRG DRRGGG RRRROOOO!!

He turns the corner and walks over to Stalker. He lowers his pad and stares at The Goat Bastard.

Stalker:

...what the fuck is that trash?! How many times do I need to remind you - Ohms first, then you rotate the others.

Rezin:

Bro don't be knockin' Primitive Man, this extreme sludge doom is straight--

Stalker:

Yeah yeah, "punk rock aye-eff", we get it already. Just remember to switch the set for my session.

Rezin continues to be a disturbance and has finally broken Scrow from his meditative state. He quickly looks over at Rezin.

Scrow:

Do you mind!

Rezin looks back at Scrow.

Rezin:

AHH! FUCK! SCROW, you creepy bastard! Sorry, I guess I forgot you were a part of this ragtag gang of crazies.

Scrow:

Great now Scrow has to start all over! Hive...

Hive remains in the meditative state.

Scrow:

How can you concentrate with this noise?

Hive opens one eye and looks up at him.

Hive:

You have more training to do. Now calm your mind and purge the demon from your mind.

Scrow looks at Rezin, who could care less what kind of hippie shit Scrow is trying to do, and goes back to jamming to the unlistenable extreme sludge-doom blaring out of his iPod. This gets a grumble from Scrow.

Hive:

Your final exam is near Scrow, you must prepare.

Scrow looks down at Hive who resumes her meditative state.

Scrow:

Just what exactly is this test?

Hive does not answer, Scrow looks at Stalker.

Scrow:

Do you know?

Stalker nods his head and does not give him an answer.

Scrow:

Blah...can you at least get him out of here!

Hive quickly interrupts again.

Hive:

He stays!

Scrow:

Come on you can see he is obviously trying to be obnoxious.

Hive:

Scrow, resume your meditative stance. Learn to focus your mind to block everything else from your mind. Focus on the lone demon....DEX JOY.

Scrow grumbles as he tries to resume his meditative pose. Rezin clearly is making it very difficult for him to concentrate. After a half-hour of trying to find his nirvana, he finally is able to block out everything going on in the den. Leaving him and the lone demon in his mind...the demon known as Dex Joy.

ASMR WITH EVERYONE 10: PITY PARTY

Teresa Ames paces back and forth outside her locker room.

Teresa Ames:

Where are they? They told me they'd be here by now.

Her worried resolve gives way to anger.

Teresa Ames:

I swear, when I see Berry, I am going to grab him by his twig and twist them right—

Suddenly, all four members of Screen 7 come blistering down the hall. They breathe heavily but "Horror" Hector Harris speaks first.

HHH:

Sorry we're late, Teresa. We just came from a script signing at the mall.

Ames remains mum as she can see the sweat glisten off the foreheads of Harris, Chernobyl, Goldstein and Rogers. She quickly pivots, entering her locker room.

Teresa Ames:

Let's do this. I really appreciate you guys joining me and supporting me on my journey.

The group collaborates in front of Teresa's usual ASMR recording set. Ames is already recording on her phone as the ambient lighting in the room is dark.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Hellllllllooooo, Helllllllllllllloooooooo everyone and welcome to a very special edition of ASMR with Ames.

Berry Chernobyl:

Hi!

Teresa's glare immediately shoots back at Berry who is brash enough to shout during an ASMR taping. She simply puts a finger to her mouth and shushes him as if they are in a library.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

As I was saying, welcome to ASMR with Ames as today we welcome my special guests, Screen 7!

She gives them the proverbial rub.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

You know what that means. Today, we're going to tap on some movie props and items!

The obnoxiousness and horseplay between Goldstein, Rogers and Chernobyl for more 'air time' ensues behind Ames as she crinkles an empty bag of popcorn. It makes a delightfully fulfilling sound.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Who wants some melty, buttery popcorn?

The red-striped bag adorned with the word 'pOpCoRn' on it is eventually discarded in favor of a pair of cheap 3D glasses. Ames plays with them, pretending to put them on the viewer by placing it over the camera lens.

Gilbert Roger:

Move it or lose it, Alan. I could give you a little extra extra and chest you out of the shot completely.

Alan Goldstein:

Bring it on. I will dropkick your kneecaps.

Berry Chernobyl:

Reel it in, boys.

As if one cue, Ames not only ignores the background commotion but pulls out an old fashioned film spool to play around with.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Can you believe movie films used to be on these things? Teehee, who knew?

Her mood seemingly improves as Harris is entranced while watching the ASMR unfold in front of him. Without realizing it, Harris pulls out a silver flask from his pocket and sets it on the table.

HHH: *[Whispering]*

Do more.

He's addicted.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Hehe, okay.

Teresa reaches around for other movie related items until she pulls up an unopened can of soda. She stares a hole right through it. Goldstein, Rogers and Chernobyl are near fighting in the background as laying eyes on the soda can triggers a trance within Ames.

HHH: *[Whispering]*

Are you going to tap on that thing or what?

Teresa puts the can down on the table, in exchange for the flask when no one is looking.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering and entranced]*

I need to use the little girls room. Excuse me.

She grabs her recording phone in her free hand and exits the noisy room with haste, leaving Screen 7 to look at each other.

HACKED

Somewhere in New Orleans

Stalker:

Y'all wanna single say fuck that... fuck that.. Fuck that...

Scene opens to Jason 'Stalker' Reeves drumming his fingers on the steering wheel of his Uber mobile to the low volume music of Korn's lesser known single - 'Y'All want a single'. As he hums along to it, he sits in the otherwise empty vehicle. His part time Uber job is his only real way to keep his otherwise dangerous mind, constantly occupied.

Buzz.

Looking down, Stalker turns over his buzzing smartphone and his eyes narrow, unfortunately the mystery buzzing was not someone requesting his Uber services.

Stalker:

Twitter? What... 'Is This You?' - The hell does that mean?

Turning his music off Stalker looks bewildered as he thumbs through his smartphone, a few moments pass and he grunts in frustration. Opting to connect with someone more knowledgeable he accesses his contact list and selects the one person who might be able to help him.

Courtney Paz: *[on speaker phone]*

Hello - Mister Reeves.

Jason sighs at the Kabal's Agent/Attorney's greeting, she wore many hats and most recently was assigned a more 'close' relationship with Stalker's ragtag bunch.

Stalker:

Court... something for Twitter popped up on my phone that said '@DEFReaper' asked if it was me? What the hell does that mean? I don't have Twitter.

Courtney:

Did Jessica ever use your cell phone? That's her handle.

Stalker:

Well... I mean. Maybe years ago when I was Red. You know.. Nevermind. About that it's probably nothing.

Courtney:

Oh.. it's certainly not nothing. I'm looking at the posts right now - looks like that ninja that attacked you at last DEFTv has hijacked Jessica's twitter.

Stalker:

Bullshit - you can't just hack someone's twitter... can you?

Courtney:

It looks like her handle and last I knew she was still with.. Nevermind.

Stalker:

Spit it out Courtney. I've been waiting for months for a proper update on her training in the Pits. Fear says nothing to me anymore. Refers to these cryptic damn emails with links to his broadcasted fights. I'm not interested in that shit, Courtney.

Courtney:

I'm not Mister Fear. He has shut me out ever since he assigned me to be closer to you all, if I knew how Jessica was

doing I would tell you.

There is a pause in Stalker's cadence, something about her tone unsettled him.

Stalker:

How long have we known each other Courtney?

Courtney:

What... what do you mean?

Stalker:

HOW LONG HAVE WE KNOWN EACH OTHER?

The words rumble from Stalker's gut with a heated flare.

Courtney:

I was your lawyer for what the first Insanity Wrestling Federation run? Your whole career - Jason. What the fuck do you want me to say? You've introduced me to some well paying clients - so thank you? I guess?

Stalker:

I'm not looking for a thank you Courtney. You are lying to me.

Silence. Stalker eases back in the front seat of his Uber mobile, the song on the radio has switched over to Deftones 'Rubicon'. He turns it up a notch, just enough to hear it but not drown out the phone conversation.

Stalker:

I'm not getting off this phone call, Courtney. Explain to me what you know.

An exhausted breath of air is let out from the other side of the call.

Courtney:

You would be surprised how little I actually do, Jason. If you feel like i'm lying to you - then so be it. Stop calling me. But... If you want my help, then I'll dig into whomever has hacked Jessica's twitter and follow up with Mister Fear for you. I'm not going to force myself on you.

Stalker grunts while holding back a grin but it soon fades into a more serious look.

Stalker:

The agreement was ending Deacon. As far as the eye can see... he's gone. So you tell MISTER FEAR, that my part is done. He needs to own up his end of the deal and release Jessica from her contract.

Courtney:

If that's what he promised you then I'm sure he'll deliver. I'll pass your message along and mark it with urgency.

Stalker:

Also - send me instructions on how to 'Twitter' again. I don't ever remember having this App on my phone.

Courtney sighs with a disgruntled response and hangs up on Jason Reeves. He looks at the phone awkwardly for a moment before clearing his throat. Jason scopes out the rearview mirror - as the Deftones song plays on. A few more moments pass and the back door of the Uber Mobile opens up. Before we can see who enters we fade to black.

LEVI COLE vs. GUNTHER ADLER

DDK:

Are you ready for this match, Lance? We've got what's sure to be a very physical match with a recent graduate of BRAZEN, Levi Cole, taking on the always dangerous Gunther Adler!

Lance:

This should be a good one! Levi Cole has always been one of the biggest standouts of BRAZEN, in fact part of the original class from a few years ago. Adler, on the other hand, has been trying to find his way lately, but a big win here could put either of these guys on a path to the hotly-contested Favoured Saints Championship.

DDK:

Absolutely. Let's go to the ring for the next match on tonight's card!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall! Introducing first, from Omaha, Nebraska, weighing in at 265 pounds... **LEVI COLE!**

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

The music plays and then the crowd gives a nice round of applause for the former amateur wrestling standout and all-round nice guy. Cole raises both hands on the stage as an inset promo appears on his way to the ring...

Levi Cole:

Almost... almost... now, I'll be the first to tell y'all that the word "almost" been haunting my career in DEFIANCE. Four years, man... four years, I was a part of the BRAZEN system. But I've fought with former champions like Impulse, Mikey Unlikely, Cayle Murray... but I'm tired of almost, y'all. That's why tonight... my first singles match since I got the old promotion to the main roster... I'm turnin' "almost" into "Aw, hell, he can do this!"

Cole now enters the ring and then looks ready for his opponent to come to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Dusseldorf, Germany, weighing in at 260 pounds... **GUNTHER ADLER!**

♪ "Preliator" by Globus ♪

Adler's theme plays and the cold, calculating fighter stands on the stage, looking ready to give a bad time to Levi Cole. And as he walks to the ring, he gets an inset promo of his own...

Gunther Adler:

Levi Cole... you are in my way. And that message goes for ANYONE standing across from me. I don't see peers, I don't see contemporaries... I see targets. I see people trying to take the accolades I deserve. And tonight, you people see me make an example out of a kid whose entire BRAZEN career has been marred by complacency...

There is little to no fanfare from Adler as he wipes his bare feet on the apron then gets into the ring. He waits for the bell as referee Rex Knox looks to make sure both he and Cole are ready to go...

DING DING

DDK:

Here we go! Both men lock up! Cole with the go-behind... and wow! He is ready for tonight!

Cole grabs Gunther with a rear waistlock takedown, then tries to bridge him for a pin, but Gunther kicks out before Knox can even register the one-count. He grabs the ropes and then hooks the bottom rope, forcing Cole to make a clean break. Gunther angrily gets back up and then he charges at Cole again, but the big Nebraskan moves out of the way. Gunther comes back looking for a clothesline but Cole ducks that and then comes off the ropes. When both men

meet in the center of the ring, Cole BLASTS him with a big shoulder tackle then goes for the leg with a half-crab...

Lance:

Wow! Cole off to a good start, but... no! Adler to the ropes again.

DDK:

But Cole stays on him!

Cole then grabs the leg and tries another hold, but Adler fights him off. When Cole holds his hands up, he backs off, but Gunther Adler takes a cheap shot and kicks big Cole in the knee! The crowd jeers as Adler grabs him by the back of the head and then slams him face-first into the turnbuckle. Then as Rex Knox tries to chastise him for his tactics, Adler snarls his way, then throws a series of hard back elbows to the side of the head of Cole, trying to take control.

DDK:

Adler increasing the pressure here on Cole! Adler hungry for a win here tonight!

Adler then pulls Cole out from the corner and then picks up Cole, DRIVING him down with a big vertical suplex. Cole gets slammed into the mat and then Adler follows up by picking Cole up by the hair. A boot to the gut leads to him attacking from the side to drop Cole down with a huge backbreaker across the knee! Cole howls out in pain when Adler goes for his first cover of the match.

ONE... TW-NO!

DDK:

A few big power moves by Adler there, but Cole kicks out. Cole looking for his first singles win since joining the roster, but Adler wants it badly too!

Lance:

He tries pulling Cole up... no! Cole fighting back!

Two big forearms to the chest from Cole rock Adler, but the ice-cold competitor buries a knee into the chest of Cole, then fires off a few uppercuts under the jaw, bringing Cole back to his knees. The crowd jeers Adler when he buries a few more blows into the chest and then hits a push kick to the chest, sending Cole back to the corner. He whips Cole cross-corner, then tries to follow him with another attack, but Cole throws a boot up and catches Adler in the chest!

DDK:

Adler had the advantage... but Cole with the elbow!

Lance:

But... NO! Adler catches Cole, then hits the full nelson slam!

Adler drives him down and then goes for the cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

Knox's fingers only flash a two-count but Adler doesn't agree and lets him know it with his signature icy stare. He reaches down and then grabs Cole by the arm. He pulls him into a HARD ripcord-style clothesline! The crowd boos after he fires the next shot.

DDK:

There was extra venom in that ripcord clothesline! Now the cover!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

The shoulder of Levi Cole comes up this time, angering Adler even further. A crack starts to show itself in his

otherwise stoic demeanor, but he now opts to laying into Cole with big right hands. Rex Knox tells him to break it off or risk getting disqualified, but Adler throws a couple more cheap shots before he starts bossing Cole around, yelling at him in German to fight back.

DDK:

Cole had a good opening salvo, but it's been Adler since then. He's about one or two big moves from putting this away.

Adler decides that he's had enough. He stuns Levi with a knee and then has him over the shoulder for the Renaissance Facade... but Cole frantically kicks his legs to save himself by slipping out the back and hitting the nearby corner. Adler turns and then tries a suplex... but Cole WOWS the crowd by catching Adler in mid-air! Adler shakes his head and tries to fight his way out of the big Nebraskan's grip, but Cole turns around then fires off a huge release T-bone suplex!

DDK:

There we go! Cole fights back! Adler tried for that running knee in the corner but Cole turned it into one of those signature suplexes he likes to use!

Lance:

And now Cole needs to try and fight back and string some moves of his own!

Adler is holding his back in pain but Cole grits his teeth and then punches at the mat in an attempt to get the crowd behind him with claps. They start to follow his lead when he gets back to his feet with Gunther using the corner to get himself up. When Adler is up to his feet, he gets rocked in the gut with a running corner shoulder thrust! Adler doubles over in pain when Cole pushes him to the ropes and then sends Adler off the ropes. The product of the Conclave training facility gets taken over with a big overhead belly to belly suplex!

DDK:

Another big move by Cole! He's getting back into this!

Lance:

He is... and what's Cole doing? Is he... is he gonna FLY?

Indeed, the big Nebraskan is in the corner and leaps to the second rope as Gunther Adler tries to stand after being tossed around with suplexes. This time, there's a new page in the Levi Cole playbook and it's a diving bulldog off the second rope! Adler gets faceplanted and the crowd pops as Cole goes for the cover.

ONE... TWO... TH-NO!

DDK:

So close by Cole! He really wants this win tonight, but Adler is not an easy opponent for ANYONE.

Lance:

Now Cole's trying to end things!

Cole grabs Adler by the side and the former Division I amateur wrestler tries to get him up for his signature Gutwrench Powerbomb, but Adler hooks the leg to fight his way out. He strikes the knee once again and Cole winces in pain, leaving himself open for Adler to hit a big knee strike! Cole goes down and Adler tries the cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

No! How the hell did Cole kick out of that knee? That was right on point to the chest!

Lance:

I don't know, but Adler isn't done!

Adler can't believe it, but he tries a sleeper on Cole. He tries to choke him out, but Cole reverses by grabbing the leg, then HOISTING him up... into a HUGE blue thunder-style toss powerbomb into the mat!

DDK:

What a move! Cole said he was working on new things! He calls that Red, White and Blue Thunder!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

The crowd applauds Cole as he sits up and looks elated to have a huge win under his belt after a tough match!

Darren Quimbey:

Here's your winner... **LEVI COLE!**

DDK:

Cole gets a nice win tonight over a very game Gunther Adler! These two threw some bombs, but in the end, a brand new move by Levi Cole gets him the win here tonight!

Adler is nursing a sore back in the ring while Cole celebrates on the floor, heading up the ramp. He starts undoing his wrist tape as he leaves but the good-hearted Nebraskan waves to the fans.

Lance:

Big new move by Levi Cole pays dividends! Folks, we'll take a look at some more from our various DEFIANCE stars before we get back to more in-ring action so stay tuned!

DEFIANCE GETS REFORMED

Black screen. We hear the sound of a single droplet hitting the surface of water.

Fade into a stage... by now, you know the deal. Ned Reform stands in the center of the stage under a spotlight, facing out toward rows of seats and the same audience that can't see due to the dim lighting. The professionally dressed Pedagogue of Pain adjusts his earpiece mic and clears his throat. In the corner of the screen, we see the following text:

NED TALKS - March 23 - New Haven, Connecticut

Ned Reform:

For several weeks, my lectures have focused on a single topic: the great need of DEFIANCE, a regional professional wrestling organization in New Orleans, to be reformed. My goal here has always been to make a case for you, my dear pupils, that that den of ignorance and savagery is a victim of its own failings. It's not DEFIANCE or it's "Faithful"'s fault that it exists in a broken system. But we CAN change that system. With targeted and strategic intervention, DEFIANCE can be made better. And I have a plan.

Reform produces a small clicker. With a click, a screen behind him (previously unseen) glows to life. On the screen is the DEFIANCE logo.

Ned Reform:

Still not convinced that I'm the man for the job? Let me prove to you that Dr. Ned Reform always does his homework.

Reform clicks again - and the image shifts from the DEFIANCE Fist logo to a picture of Trashcan Tim in the ring holding up the Favored Saints Championship.

Ned Reform:

This is the man they call Trashcan Tim. He is, of course, celebrated by the DEFIANCE Faithful. He's best known for flashing an idiotic toothless grin and running around like a simpleton. A greasy, stupid, waste of space. Why do we celebrate the unremarkable?

Reform clicks again. Now it's The Saturday Night Specials, walking through the crowd on their way to the ring.

Ned Reform:

Ah yes. A pair of drunks. That's their whole thing. They consume alcohol and act like teenagers making sophomoric jokes. Harmless fun, they say. The fans find them humorous. I don't. They lower the discourse every time they appear on screen.

Click. Matt LaCroix, standing on the top rope and brandishing his Favored Saints Championship.

Ned Reform:

Here's an interesting one. An addict. A drain on society. And yet, we're supposed to forgive him for his past transgressions because he can kick really hard. Do you think Matt LaCroix betters the world by being in it? Do you think Matt LaCroix is worthy of hero worship? I do not.

Click. Conor Fuse and his Gameboy in the ring. Fuse is grinning from ear to ear.

Ned Reform:

Pop quiz: how do the DEFIANCE Faithful treat an overgrown man-child whose obsession with children's games borders on personality disorder? If you answered, "by making him a beloved hero" - congratulations, you get the point.

Click. The Biggest Boy, Dex Joy. He's in mid-leap, about to squash some poor fool in the corner.

Ned Reform:

Dex Joy is fat, and overweight people are mentally weak and morally bankrupt. Being "the biggest boy" is not

something one should celebrate, and yet here we are.

Click. Scott Douglas in the ring, glaring at Stalker and poised to hit a big move.

Ned Reform:

And finally we land on the...

Smirk. Condescending head shake.

Ned Reform:

Heart and soul of DEFIANCE. Now, I know what you're thinking. The centerpiece of a wrestling promotion. You're likely picturing some sort of Greek God... a chiseled winner in his athletic prime... and instead you get...

Reform jerks his thumb at Douglas' picture.

Ned Reform:

That.

Click. This time, it's a photo of Ned Reform. But he's not dressed like a scholar, no - he's wearing his ring gear. Purple and white singlet with a white "R" in the center. White knee pads. Black boots. He stands in the center of a ring, looking focused and determined. He's considerably more jacked than you'd expect someone like him to be.

Ned Reform:

But fear not, my pupils. In two weeks time, at Uncut 90, Ned Reform arrives in DEFIANCE. Finally, the so-called "Faithful" will have an example of what professional wrestling can be. Finally, I will lead the deluded masses out of their prison of ignorance and show them that there is a better way. In two weeks time, DEFIANCE gets reformed. In two weeks time, my strategic plan is realized. In two weeks time...

Suddenly, the lights turn on and the auditorium that was previously hidden in shadow is fully lit. We finally get a good look at the audience that Reform has been lecturing to all this time, and surprisingly... it isn't people. It's cardboard cut outs of people placed in the seats. And not just ANY people... they're cardboard cut-outs of the DEFIANCE roster! We see Mikey Unlikely, Lindsay Troy, Jay Harvey, Scrow, Stalker... literally every DEF wrestler is represented in cardboard form making up Reform's "captive audience."

Reform raises his arms out wide.

Ned Reform:

...my lesson begins.

The screen goes black again, except for one sentence written in white lettering:

DR. NED REFORM DEBUTS... ON UNCUT 90.

INGLORIOUS MISADVENTURES

The scene opens backstage before a DEF-logo backdrop, with a flat angle shot on CHRIS TRUTT, standing with a mic in hand and beaming his best smile. The junior backstage reporter is showing more life and confidence than we've seen since his awkward beginnings on Uncut.

Chris Trutt:

Welcome back, ladies and gentlemen, as we continue yet another magnificent episode of Uncut! As you know, the monumental event of the year -- DEFCON -- is just on the horizon! Real quick, let's just take a moment to run down the matches that are currently--

"TRUTT!!"

The aforementioned confidence suddenly wanes and the reporter's smile melts into a grimace. The Escape Artist REZIN saunters into the frame, veils of smoke drifting off his shoulders as if he just walked out of a fire. He glares down the reporter like a hungry jackyl.

Chris Trutt:

Rezin... sheesh. Why do you keep pestering me?

Rezin snatches the shrunken reporter across the shoulder and pulls him into a weirdly affectionate half-hug while holding his free hand out in the air above them, as if picturing something written across the marquee.

Rezin:

AW C'MAWWN, Trutt-stuff! You can't tell me that we ain't got that one of a kind badass-and-wimp dynamic! I figured we were doing a sorta Uncut tradition, every two weeks, tune in for the "The INGLORIOUS MISADVENTURES of Rezin and Trutt!" Double-you double-you double-you REZIN AND TRUTT dot com... a HUNDRED TIMES, double-you double-you double-you TRUTT AND REZIN dot come!

Chris Trutt:

Aw, geez, Rezin, I dunno...

Trutt suddenly remembers he's dangerously close to an admitted arsonist and promptly shakes him off.

Chris Trutt:

Wait a sec, why are you even in the building still?!

Rezin:

...um, I kinda live here?

Chris Trutt:

But you tried to burn the building down! How is it that security hasn't thrown you out yet?!

Rezin raspberries out of the corner of his mouth, scoffing off the loyal DEFSec crew with casual indifference.

Rezin:

Security... pfft! Those overpaid knuckle-draggers couldn't throw out yesterday's trash, let alone the most PUNK ROCK wrestler in professional wrestling history! And get your facts straight, Trutt, all I tried to burn down was that consumerist sideshow you normies call a "merch stand". Hell, Alvaro de Vargas is setting actual HUMAN BEINGS on fire, and nobody complains!

Chris Trutt:

Actually, there are numerous people who aren't all that happy with that habit of his. But that's beside the point! You could have endangered the staff and the fans! Not to mention, the blowback DEFIANCE is going to get from the city of New Orleans will be staggering!

Despite this real threat to the safety of everyone in the WrestlePlex, Rezin can't help but snicker.

Rezin:

Ah yes, because nothing says "We are DEFIANT" quite like pussy-footing around politicians and city officials, and delivering the most safe, boring, vanilla-ass wrestling product they can!

Chris Trutt:

You can't tell me the front office is just going to let all that slide without SOME sort of punishment!

Rezin:

Yeah, well, truth be told, they tried throwing the whole "suspension" thing at me. But all I had to do was remind them of how STUPID of an idea that would be...

Chris Trutt:

Why, because you threatened to burn the ENTIRE WrestlePlex this time?

Rezin:

BAH! I don't bother making "threats", Trutt... I just act on impulse! But no... burning this whole building down would only be a harmless little spark compared to the INFERNO they'd be feeling at the idea of losing all that cold hard cash in their pocketbooks! So we settled on a fine, which I promptly paid in triple, in hopes that they'll leave me the hell alone.

Chris Trutt:

You paid TRIPLE the fine!? Where did you get that kind of money?!

Rezin:

What... you see a wild and hairy bastard like me, and you just readily assume I'm some BUM without a dime to his name?!

Chris Trutt:

Well, uhh... yes?

Rezin threateningly shakes a finger in his face.

Rezin:

I'm gonna let that slide, Trutt... only because we can't have any "Inglorious Misadventures" with you sipping out of a straw! It may be true that I don't believe in the entire concept of "capital", but just between you and me...

He grins and rubs his thumb over the tips of his fingers. The classic "dollar bills" gesture.

Rezin:

...the Kabal is VERY well financed. And considering all that the BOURGEOISIE in Favoured Saints give a shit about is amassing wealth, there is NO PRICE that's too great to get them to keep their mouths shut and let the inmates stay in charge of this asylum!

Chris Trutt:

I dunno, I hardly see how Favoured Saints would stand to lose money by simply locking you and throwing away the key!

The Escape Artist snorts with all the pretentiousness of a Facebook troll tilting the fedora on his head and bringing down the "facts" on some intellectually inferior commenter.

Rezin:

Well the problem, Trutt, is that you aren't seeing the burned forest for the scorched trees! All I did was cost this company a few thousand bucks in cheap, materialistic garbage that was probably manufactured in a sweatshop

overseas. So Pat Cassidy and Oscar Burns sell a few less t-shirts... big fuckin' whoop! But you know what I brought IN?

Chris Trutt:

What's that?

Rezin:

HEAT, Trutt! The kind of HEAT that you can't buy! But I bring it in as naturally as you look terrible in that suit of yours!

Chris Trutt:

Really? I kinda like this suit--

Rezin:

FACT of the MATTER IS, Trutt, I can pay triple the fine, because those PARASITES in Favoured Saints know they're gonna make triple what they lost in that stupid merch stand at the gate next week at DEFTV 151, when all those stupid normies yet again file into the Plex, in hopes of seeing the most HATED man in all of DEFIANCE get his comeuppance!

Chris Trutt:

How do you figure that? You really think MORE fans will be in attendance, just to see you get your face beat in?

The Goat Bastard's sneering smile only seems to get wider.

Rezin:

Heh heh heh... I KNOW IT, Trutt! In fact, I guarantee it! The Faithful are more predictable than anything else!

Rezin redirects his attention to the camera, speaking now to the greater DEFIANCE universe spread out all over the world.

Rezin:

Ya see, if there's one thing you can always rely on with these fans, it's the stupid levels of HOPE they invest into the art of professional wrestling. They HOPE to see their heroes triumph over evil, to bring some sort of purpose and meaning to their small and infinitesimal little lives! They want to be fed the validation and warm fuzzy feeling that there is GOOD in this broken universe we live in, and that GOOD will always win in the end!

Looking back to Trutt, he shakes his head. The smile never leaves his face.

Rezin:

But it's all a delusion, Trutt. I've known this for years... and Favoured Saints? They know it better than anyone else. They PROFIT off of those rubes and their predictable notions of "hope". But yeah, somehow I'M the bad guy for trying to burn down the whole corrupt system!

Chris Trutt:

Sometimes, Rezin, I feel that if ANYONE is living under a delusion, it's YOU!

Again, Rezin threateningly shakes his finger Trutt's face.

Rezin:

You better watch your tone, Trutt-Stuff! You may not be any good to me sipping out of a straw, but you can still serve a purpose holding that mic when I leave you peeing and pooping into a plastic bag!

The junior reporter gulps as he envisions this unpleasant fate.

Chris Trutt:

Forgive me, Rezin, it's... I just don't know how I feel, knowing that you can just run around DEFIANCE and cause

chaos in the ways that you do, and suffer absolutely NO consequences! It bothers me on so many levels!

Rezin leans in and points daringly at his brown scruff-lined jaw.

Rezin:

HA! Ya know what, I'll take that as a compliment, cause I pride myself on how many people I can bother! But if it's all that BOTHERSOME to you, Trutt, then why don't you take a swing and try an' STOP ME!

Trutt considers the offer, but doesn't look at all confident in his chances. It would be suicide against an unhinged beast like this.

Chris Trutt:

I think that'd be an unwise thing for someone of MY skills to do, but... I wouldn't be surprised if HENRY KEYES was up to that task!

Finally, the smile washes away from Rezin's face. Now it's just an ugly sneer.

Rezin:

BAH!! You DARE bring up that name in presence!

Chris Trutt:

Well, forgive me again, but the other big story, outside of your anti-consumerist exploits in pyromania, is that you ran away from your match with Henry Keyes before--

Rezin:

Hey... HEY!! I DIDN'T RUN AWAY FROM ANYBODY!! I just remembered that the new EYEHATEGOD album dropped!

He looks directly into the camera.

Rezin:

Spoiler alert, it's TERRIBLY underwhelming! What the fuck happened to your sludge metal scene, New Orleans?!

Rolling his eyes, Trutt is now beginning to look more annoyed than fearful, as previously seen.

Chris Trutt:

Stop changing the subject! You and Keyes were slated to settle the score in a Weapon's Match last week at DEFtv 150, but you called the match OFF the moment you realized the Airship Pirate was going to compete without a weapon!

Rezin:

Well, what the hell was I SUPPOSED to do!? We were supposed to hash it out in the most PUNK ROCK battle of all time, and he straight up broke the rules!

Chris Trutt:

...so what you're saying is, following the rules is "punk rock"?

Rezin:

YES!! ...wait, NO!! GOLDAMNBIT, TRUTT, YOU'RE GETTIN' ME AGITATED!

Chris Trutt:

I'm sorry! I'm just trying to understand why you continue to dodge a direct contest with Henry Keyes!

Rezin:

You couldn't understand even if I laid it all out to you in black and white! But none of that matters, Trutt, cause all you

normies won't have to wait much longer to finally see the EPIC SHOWDOWN between the masters of SMOKE and STEAM! Next week, at DEFTv One-Fitty-One, Henry Keyes will FINALLY face his doom!

Chris Trutt:

Oh, my... next week? What sort of nefarious schemes are you brewing for Henry Keyes this time!

The creepy, knowing smirk reappears on the Goat Bastard's face.

Rezin:

Heh heh... to know that, Trutt, you just have to look a bit deeper! DEEPER... INTO THE VOID!

The overhead lights begin to flicker. Rezin continues his raspy chuckle.

Chris Trutt:

Oh no... what's happening now?!

Everything goes BLACK, and we can only hear the sounds of Rezin's evil laughter...

Then they pop back on. Trutt looks around, confused. Rezin also looks confused.

Chris Trutt:

Ummm... was something supposed to happen there?

Rezin:

...SHIT! Gimme a sec, Trutt, don't you go ANYWHERE!

Chris Trutt:

O-okay!

Rezin walks off to the side, and the camera follows. He opens a door to a nearby room and scowls angrily at the unseen persons inside.

Rezin:

You IDIOTS! You were supposed to come out when the lights went out and "mysteriously appear" when they popped back on! Now GET OUT HERE!

Three Reapers, of colors previously unseen, sullenly file out of the side room. Rezin leads them back to the backdrop, where Trutt is still standing.

Rezin:

Man, I fuckin' hate this spooky shit...

Chris Trutt:

Who are--?

The Escape Artist cuts the question off as he swipes the mic out of the junior reporter's hand and pretends that the whole bungled appearance of his henchmen never happened.

Rezin:

HAHAHAHAHAAA!! HEN'RY KEYES!! What you see before you is my own PERSONAL DETAIL of Reapers! Turns out, when you win the big matches, you earn a little more CLOUT with the powers that be behind the Kabal! And this is only the BEGINNING!

Reapers Cyan, Magenta, and Chartreuse all look to be slouching over. None of them has what could be considered an intimidating stature. Even Trutt seems to notice this, but Rezin continues to crow as if he were standing amid

bloodthirsty giants.

Rezin:

ERRYBUDDY KNOWS, you're only as PUNK ROCK as the posse you got at your back! You have your plague doctors... and I have my plague BRINGERS! So my NEWEST CHALLENGE to you, HENN'RRY KEEYYES, is an ol' fashioned four-on-four GANG WAR!!

He daringly points into the camera, directly calling out the Airship Pirate.

Rezin:

You bring your crew, HENNERRY KEEYYEES, and I'll bring mine... and we'll see AT LONG LAST just who is the most PUNK ROCK in all of DEFIANCE!!

The pointing finger transitions to a slowly clenching and shaking fist.

Rezin:

Fly away while you still can, HENNERRY KEEYYEES!! To quote Darth Vader... "NOW YOU WILL KNOW why you are afraid of the dark! NOW YOU WILL LEARN why they fear the nights!"

Chris Trutt:

...um, that's Thulsa Doom from Conan the Barbarian. I think you might have your James Earl Jones roles mixed up.

Rezin's snarling smile again melts away, now into a frazzled pout.

Rezin:

...pfft-HNNFF-GRRG-PBLBLB--GOLDAMBIT, TRUTT, SHUT THE HELL UP!! NOBODY ASKED YOU!!

The Escape Artist raises his clenched fist over his head.

Rezins:

Reapers... VANISH INTO THE NIGHT!! HAHAAHAHA!!

Again, the lights flicker before going out completely. Now we can only see the glowing eyes of the Reaper masks, which seem to glance around in the dark in confusion.

The lights come back on, and now it's just Trutt and the three Reapers. Rezin has disappeared... except--

"FUCK!! YOU IDIOTS!!

The camera pans to the right. Rezin's head is now poking out of the doorway the Reapers earlier emerged from. His face is full of embarrassed rage.

Rezin:

That was your cue to DISAPPEAR!! Stop making me look like a FOOL and DISAPPEAR ALREADY!!

The trio of Reapers leave the backdrop set and again sullenly go through the door whence they came. When the last finally "disappears", Rezin points down the junior reporter one last time as though he were aiming a gun at him.

Rezin:

As for YOU, Trutt... see you in a couple weeks at the NEXT Uncut, for even MORE Inglorious Misadventures!

The Escape Artist SLAMS the door shut behind him, and the camera returns to Trutt before the backdrop. The junior reporter breathes a sigh of relief before returning his attention to the camera.

Chris Trutt:

Anywhoozles... let's get on with the show!

BALLY-WHO DID THIS?

Location: Ballyhoo Brew - 3/20/21

Time: 5:00 A.M.

The scene slowly begins to fade in and we hear four distinct groans followed by the familiar sound of a pile of poker chips being moved across a table.

“Now dat’s what ol’ Davey’s talkin’ about, boys! Ya’ll are makin’ dis too easy!”

The picture comes fully into focus and we found ourselves in Ballyhoo Brew’s basement. The bar’s significant inventory of liquor and bottled beer are stacked high in cardboard cases against the walls. Rows of metal shelving racks stocked with even more the tavern’s supplies line the remainder of the space, and the camera works its way through one of these rows before coming upon five friends sitting around a makeshift poker table.

Four of them, Brock Newbludd, Pat Cassidy, Uriel Cortez, and Minute, share the same defeated look as they watch Davey LaRue giddily stack up the pile of poker chips in front of him.

Davey LaRue:

Ooooweee! Lemme tell ya, Brock. Ever since ya came down ta DEFIANCE, Ol’ Davey is happier denna pig in shit, bon ami. Ya got dis’ beat up ol’ gator a job and ya brought more people ta poker night. Dat means more money for me ta take!

LaRue lets out a hearty laugh and Newbludd snorts as he rolls his eyes.

Brock Newbludd:

Eat shit, Davey. You keep taking all our money like this, and I won’t be able to pay your ass. I’m sure Tom Morrow would take you under his wing though, buddy.

LaRue’s face quickly sours as he processes that possible nightmare, causing the rest of the group to laugh.

Brock Newbludd:

I’m just kiddin’ buddy. Now, hand those cards off. It’s Saint Pat’s turn to deal.

Breathing a sigh of relief, LaRue nods his head and slides the deck of cards over to Cassidy. Cassidy begins to shuffle.

Pat Cassidy:

Correct me if I’m wrong, my Cajun friend, but doesn’t the house get a cut in situations like this? And wouldn’t Newbludd and I be “The House?” I’m just saying.

Brock smiles and slowly moves his hand towards Davey’s pile of chips. Catching a glimpse of Brock’s hand, the Cajun slaps it away.

Davey LaRue:

Ya move dat grubby hand towards dem chips again and ya’ll get cut for sure!

Cassidy begins to fire the cards across the table to each competitor. After dealing, he plops the deck on the table and grabs his nearby drink, holding it high in the air.

Pat Cassidy:

Boys, Paddy’s Day didn’t turn out exactly like I’d hoped, but this right here? This is the shit I love for. You guys pulled our asses out of the fryer at 150, and it’s very much appreciated.

Brock grabs his own drink, bringing it up alongside his partner’s.

Brock Newbludd:

Damn right. We owe you boys one. Cheers, fellas.

All five men clink their drinks together and proceed to chug. After their collective chugging, Uriel and Minute set their glasses down on the table.

Uriel Cortez:

It's no trouble, man. Brock helped me out once or twice when Alvaro and Theo were down our necks. Any time we can come out and make Junior shit his pants, that's a good night.

Minute:

Si, si. You guys see him run? He was like... (arms flailing) "AAAAHHHHHHHHH!"

Uriel Cortez:

And the way Holly KILLED that little shoe-shining bitch, Ellis? That was amazing. I watched that on my phone in the car like four times on the way over here.

Minute shoots a dirty look at his tag partner.

Minute:

I know... Deja de mirar tu teléfono mientras conduces!

Uriel Cortez:

Fool, shut up, I only did that at stop lights.

Brock and Pat laugh.

Brock Newbludd:

Well, yeah, I enjoyed that, myself. You know how to pick 'em, big man.

Uriel smiles.

Uriel Cortez:

Yeah, man, I got lucky. We met the night of Jestal's crazy-ass Christmas party when Minute here got his tongue down Dandelion's throat...

Minute slaps Uriel on his arm, but the blow doesn't even so much as phase him.

Uriel Cortez:

Things have been really good. When Holly got promoted, that was good timing. And I say between her and the four of us, we dedicate our time to making Tom Morrow shit every last pair of his prissy-ass britches.

The group of buds has a collective laugh... that is, until the group's laughter is suddenly interrupted by the rumbling of a diesel engine outside of the bar. The two members of SNS look at each other and look at LaRue with raised eyebrows.

Pat Cassidy:

I lost all sense of time hours ago.

Newbludd pulls out his phone and checks the time, eyes widening in surprise as he does so.

Brock Newbludd:

Oh shit, it's five in the morning! I guess time does fly when you're having fun...or losing money. It must be the beer truck, coming for the morning delivery. Dude's early today though...

Uriel Cortez:

Ohhh, shit... all that good stuff I said about Holly, I might have to take back. I was supposed to meet her parents for lunch at noon and that's like in... not enough fucking hours.

LaRue stands up out of his chair and drunkenly stumbles a few steps before regaining his balance.

Davey LaRue:

I gotta take a leak, boys. I'll go open up de backdoor for de delivery.

Davey maneuvers around the table as gracefully as his booze-fueled legs allow him to. Stumbling towards the stairs leading up to the main level of Ballyhoo, the Cajun looks over his shoulder and points at the stack of chips in front of his chair.

Davey LaRue:

And dose chips betta' be dere when I get back!

The four friends sitting at the table all smile mischievously at LaRue, and the Cajun wags his finger at them before disappearing up the steps. A moment later the sound of the bartender opening up the bar's backdoor is heard. Leaning back in his chair, Cassidy opens up a refrigerator that's strategically placed within arm's reach and expertly grabs four bottles of beer with one hand.

Pat Cassidy:

I think we've passed the point of no return fellas. Might as well have one more before...

THUD!

Startled by the loud noise, all four men look towards the stairs that LaRue went up. Then, the sound of their friend crying out in pain causes them to jump to their feet.

THUD! THUD! BANG!

Brock Newbludd:

What the!? Yo Davey, what's going on up there!?

Minute:

Eh? Davey?!

The loud roar of an engine returns and is quickly followed by the unmistakable sound of screeching tires. The four men all look at each other with concerned looks and without a word they quickly make their way up the stairs. Reaching the top first, Brock sees the backdoor wide open and runs towards it. Cassidy, Uriel, and Minute are quick to follow and when the three make their way outside they all stop in their tracks in shock at the scene in front of them.

Brock Newbludd:

Holy shit! Davey, wake up man! What happened!?

Sitting on the ground with his back against a dumpster, Davey LaRue is a bloody mess.

Pat Cassidy:

Jesus! Is he alright!?

Newbludd is crouched next to him with a hand on LaRue's shoulder. Davey's face is covered in fresh blood and the faraway look in his eyes indicates that he took some hard shots to the head. Taking a moment to survey the damage done to his friend, Newbludd begins to pull the burly Cajun to his feet. Uriel is quick to step in and uses his considerable strength to throw Davey over a shoulder.

Uriel Cortez:

Let's take him inside and get him cleaned up.

Cortez disappears back into the bar with LaRue, leaving SNS and Minute outside.

Brock Newbludd:

Whatever happened out here...whoever did this...we're gonna find em'...

Newbludd balls his fists and clenches his jaw in anger. Cassidy looks his partner dead in the eye.

Cassidy:

No need to wonder. Who's looking to send us a message? A certain pair of identical dickheads and their puppet master...

Minute growls and balls a fist.

Minute:

Pedazos de mierda... fuck the Lucks!

The Saturday Night Specials share a look that is an unspoken agreement that their upcoming match just got a lot more personal.

URIEL CORTEZ, MINUTE & TITANESS vs. THE DUNSON CLAN

DDK:

Folks, welcome back as we get to more in-ring action on UNCUT! Coming up, we'll have a six-person featuring the return of the former Sky High Titans, Uriel Cortez, Minute and the new member to their group, that young woman that attacked Ken Ellis to end the show! They'll take on Finn, Richie and Todd of the Dunson Clan from BRAZEN momentarily!

Lance:

They made their return in grand fashion at the conclusion of DEFtv 150: Night One! They came to the aid of The Saturday Night Specials when they were jumped by The Lucky Sevens, the team responsible for taking their Sky High Titans name. But they didn't come alone! Their new associate is a former BRAZEN Graduate who used to go by the name Princess HOSS, a graduate of the Create-A-Hoss School by former DEFIANT Angel Trinidad. But I've got the scoop, Darren. I've learned that this young lady's new name will be revealed tonight!

DDK:

That's amazing! And we'll have to see what she can do in the ring. We already know Cortez and Minute are former two-time Unified Tag Team Champions so they know how to get it done! Without their former manager, Thomas Keeling, around we'll have to see how they operate with this mysterious new powerhouse so let's take it to the ring with Darren Quimbey.

And to the ring we go. Already in the ring, The 6'1", 264 pound Finn Dunson is barking orders to his two smaller cousins - 5'11" and 215-pound Richie Dunson and the 5'8 and 200-pound Todd Dunson. Metallica's "Turn The Page" is playing as they discuss strategy.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a six-person tag set for one fall! Already in the ring at a combined weight of 679 pounds... Finn, Richie and Todd Dunson... **THE DUNSON CLAN!**

As they continue their talk, the lights go dark. Several seconds pass as on the stage before a silver beam of light shows the massive Uriel Cortez and his luchador BFF, Minute, approach the stage. Uriel Cortez in typical ring gear for perhaps the very first time wearing a black two-strapped singlet with silver trim. Minute wearing his regular black mask with black trunks and a white line down the sides. Uriel Cortez has a microphone.

Uriel Cortez:

Sorry for the less flashy entrance tonight, but right now... allow us to introduce the world to the woman that kicked the hell out of Ken Ellis...

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Uriel Cortez:

...As well as the woman that's going to help us put Better Future and Tom Morrow in their goddamn places the first chance we get. You may own the Sky High Titans name, Morrow, but we will get it back for Thomas Keeling and so you can't draw one more dime off the hard work that me and Minute put in...

Minute:

Si! Better Future... bitcholas!

The crowd laughs as Uriel raises an eyebrow.

Uriel Cortez:

Did... did you just make up your own swear?

Minute:

Si.

Uriel Cortez:

(shrugging) Works for me. I... (stops as a chant starts to pick up.)

BITCHOLAS! BITCHOLAS! BITCHOLAS!

The crowd seems to enjoy it while The Dunson Clan doesn't.

Uriel Cortez:

Okay... we're already marketing. I think we're doing okay here on our own. But without further delay, allow Minute and I to introduce our collective middle finger to Tom Morrow and Better Future...

The lights go black once again.

Then one word appears on the DEFTron in silver...

TITANESS

♪ "THE BADDEST" by K/DA ♪

The Faithful show love for one of the new kids on the block as a single violet spotlight shines on the new female powerhouse, flexing her arms, back to the stage. Wearing a purple top with silver trim to match Uriel and Minute, she turns to face the ring and pops The Faithful with a cartwheel into a flip, landing on her feet to cause a shower of silver and violet pyro to go off. Minute jumps while Uriel looks pretty happy for the first time in a while.

DDK:

What a way to make an entrance! Love the name! The Dunson Clan are the only ones right now who don't look impressed, but I know they're taking this match seriously against former two-time Unified Tag Champs!

Lance:

That they are. Big opportunity for Cortez, Minute and Titaness to show what they can do, but much bigger for The Dunson Clan if they pull off the upset!

Minute runs up the ring steps and then climbs inside. He leaps from one rope to the other corner, then backflips into the ring! Uriel picks up Titaness onto the apron, then she climbs inside as the former Titan of Industry steps onto the ring apron, then steps over the ropes. Referee Carla Ferrari gets both sides ready. Richie Dunson starts off with Minute as the bell rings.

DING DING

The two high flyers for each side lock up quickly with Richie Dunson locking up with Minute. He has him kept where he wants him until the 5'6" and 160-pound luchador back up and then shoots him to the ropes. Richie comes back and knocks Minute down with a shoulder block. He starts talking trash, but Minute kips right back up. He waves at Richie, which angers the youngest Dunson.

DDK:

Great action here! Both men off the ropes! Minute ducks and keeps running... and... WOW!

Minute POPS the crowd when Richie Dunson ducks for a back body drop, but Minute leaps and STANDS on Dunson's back! He leaps off and runs the ropes again, then comes back snapping Richie Dunson over with a flying headscissors! He snaps Richie into the corner and then Minute pops The Faithful again with a front flip into a kip-up to land on his feet again. He points at the corner and charges, but Richie steps out of his way. Minute adjusts quickly by landing on the middle rope adjacent to the corner, he spins around to hit the other side and then takes flight with a second-rope dropkick to Dunson's chest!

Lance:

Minute's athleticism is UNREAL. He blends that lucha style with a more Americanized influence so well!

DDK:

And Richie has had enough! Tag out to Todd who gets into the ring.

Lance:

And Minute... oh, no, wait! Look who wants the tag!

Minute gets stopped when Titaness reaches a hand out. He slaps her hand the crowd cheers as she comes face to face with Todd Dunson. She has a few inches in height over the 5'8" BRAZEN star, but Todd mouths off about being Uriel's girl. She remains stoic and waves a hand, Todd Richie to take his best shot. Uriel and Minute watch as Richie disrespectfully pefaces her to a chorus of boos!

DDK:

Wow! That's kind of classless right there, no matter what gender your opponent is. And... OOOH!

DDK gets cut off as Todd starts to back away from her, only for Titaness to grab him by the waist and THROW him over with a release German suplex! Todd gets dumped when Titaness shoves him into the corner. She holds out both hands... then CHOPS Todd in the chest with her own version of Uriel Cortez's Chop of Ages!

Lance:

Titaness taking a page out of Cortez's book with this... and now what?

Titaness makes the tag to Minute as they both corner Todd. Minute hits a few kicks before Titaness PRESSES Todd over her head to a big gasp from the crowd!

DDK:

Oh, my God! She just pressed Todd Dunson! Now he's down!

After throwing him on the ground, she picks up Minute... and Uriel tags as she presses MINUTE now! She holds him up before throwing him down into a splash on Todd! Then Uriel comes in... and PRESSES TITANESS! He holds her high... and then THROWS her into a SPLASH! The Faithful are LOVING this and the commentary team howl with laughter.

DDK:

I gotta say I have NEVER seen anything like that exchange in DEFIANCE!

Lance!:

I know, I know! Unreal strength by Titaness and a great triple team by this trio!

Todd is holding his ribs when Uriel picks him up and puts him into the corner... then SLAMS both hands into Todd's chest with the OG Chop of Ages! Todd shakes in pain and falls to his knees, holding his chest in pain as Uriel tags Minute in again. Todd is left reeling when Minute runs the ropes and comes back to hit a huge handspring enzuigiri kick to the face! He rolls over and goes to gover Todd.

One... Two...

But Finn comes into break up the cover with a boot to the back of Minute! Finn angrily claps his hands at Todd and yells at him to get to their corner, but when he doesn't move, he bullies his smaller cousin to the corner.

DDK:

That's one way to break up the cover!

Lance:

And now Finn gets in for the first time. I've heard only good things about this heavy hitter. He used to play college

football for an entire four-year tenure, but it was his uncle and the Dunson Clan patriarch, Paul Dunson, that convinced him to join BRAZEN.

Finn gets down in a three-point stance and then smashes right into Minute with a massive shoulder tackle, bouncing him back across the ring! Uriel and Titaness show concern as Finn aggressively pulls Minute by the leg next and then drags him mid-ring before dropping a huge trifecta of elbow drops into his chest. After the third elbow drop, Finn stays on top for a pin.

One... Two... NO!

The shoulder of the mighty Minute comes up, but Finn does not spare a moment to follow up. He bullies Minute into the corner of the Dunson Clan and then tags Richie. He puts the boots to Finn, then Richie does the same. He tags Todd next and then after Richie gets done stomping on Minute, Todd comes in and beats him down with kicks as well before he runs back and hits a corner dropkick on Minute!

DDK:

Good combo by The Dunson Clan! That series of stomps and the dropkick could be it.

One... Two... NO!

The TJ Tornado kicks out again, but Todd now waits for the luchador to come back to his feet.

Lance:

Todd setting up something. He runs...

DDK:

NOOO! Interceptor by Minute!

An incredible reversal by Minute sees him leaping off the ropes as Todd just runs off and hits him with a Tornado DDT! The crowd cheers Minute as he reaches over. Both Uriel and Titaness are ready... BUT URIEL GETS THE TAG!

DDK:

Ooooooh, boy, here's trouble for the Dunson Clan!

Uriel charges in like a tall-ass bull and KNOCKS Todd over with a massive shoulder block of his own. Finn tries to get into the ring and runs at Uriel with a tackle of his own, but he bounces off him and then Uriel scoops him up and SLAMS him right onto Todd! Todd doubles over in pain when Richie tries a springboard attack... but get CHOPPED out of mid-air by the former Titan of Industry! Richie falls to the mat while Uriel unleashes a guttural roar that gets reciprocated by the thousands in attendance!

DDK:

Just like that! Uriel Cortez just levels all three members of the Dunson Clan!

Todd gets picked up and HOISTED in the air, high over his shoulder. Todd frantically shakes his head but as Titaness tags Uriel's shoulder, Uriel DRILLS Todd to the mat with the Industry Standard!

DDK:

Industry Standard! But now Titaness going to the top rope. What's she gonna do?

She looks out to the crowd who start to cheer! She flexes an arm, and lets Minute tag her before she takes flight with a senton bomb! And when it's all said and done, Titaness moves off of Todd when Minute leaps for the springboard and then connects with the springboard 450 splash!

DDK:

Minute Detail! That's all she wrote!

Minute makes the cover as Titaness and Uriel stand guard. Finn gets up, but Uriel lays him out with a huge big boot and when Richie gets in, Titaness takes him down with a HUGE spear!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "THE BADDEST" by K/DA ♪

The crowd cheers as Minute gets back to his feet and celebrates with Titaness and Uriel Cortez.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **URIEL CORTEZ, MINUTE AND TITANESS!**

Minute high-fives Titaness, then reaches over and hugs Cortez as the crowd celebrates.

DDK:

It looks like Titaness fits in just fine with Uriel and Minute! The former Titans are getting off to a hot start, but after the main event of DEFtv 150, Cortez and Minute definitely have a score to settle with Tom Morrow and when they can, they'll do just that.

Lance:

And with Titaness as part of this group, Morrow is gonna have a harder time with them then he ever has. He has screwed over the Ex-Titans more than enough and now... they are done.

Uriel, Minute and Titaness celebrate their win in the middle of the ring as the show heads elsewhere.

TOTAL RECALL

Malak Garland innocently floats in his sensory deprivation pod. He is one with his sky blue speedo.

Malak Garland:

Lots. Lots to unpack for sure. Gotta get my shinies back. Gotta get them back no matter what the cost.

He speaks softly to himself as he closes his eyes and drifts off to nappy land.

Malak Garland:

Shiny shinies. Need them. Anxiety.

His voice trails off as he weakly holds out his arms, throwing delicately soft pretend punches before falling into a lucid dream.

The gentle sound of the pods water coddling Malak's body is accompanied by a soothing spa soundtrack in the background.

Malak Garland:

Shiny shinies. Where art thou?

Before he knows it, he is fast asleep but as soon as his body relaxes, thoughts and visions of having his shinies taken from him by the big bad Fuse Bros. One interlace in his mind.

Malak Garland:

No! NO! NOOOOOO! Get away!

He yelps out in his pod like a helpless puppy but it's of no use.

They're gone.

Shinies out, bro.

Malak shutters to an awakened state. He nearly whacks his head off the top of the sensory deprivation pod but manages to realize his surroundings in time.

Malak Garland:

Need my fidget spinner right now.

Pure panic sets in as the Keyboard King recalls purchasing his hand spun toy. It came in a brown Amazon box about a week ago and he was beyond thrilled with anticipation to open it.

Malak Garland:

My fidget spinner.

He needs something in his hands right now because he most certainly cannot hold and cherish his beloved championship belts.

Malak Garland:

Paper championship belt. I need that too.

The Source of Envy also recalls that luxurious belt made out of paper that he found in a dumpster not too long ago. He made a mental checklist of things to touch and coddle as soon as he gets out of the pod.

Malak Garland:

Still, both those things don't compare to the real thing.

He floats there, twiddling his thumbs with anxiousness.

Malak Garland:

You know who is really to blame for all this, Malak?

He talks to himself.

Malak Garland:

Sgt. Safety. If you think about it, he's been a bit too conspicuous with appearances throughout the last little while.

He listens to his ambient surroundings for a moment before taking a big boy breath in.

Malak Garland:

Yeah. Sgt. Safety. I know what to do.

Garland gently knocks on the roof of the pod, signifying he is done with his meditation. The capsule opens and Malak is able to reach his phone from his clothes strewn about a nearby chair. He frantically begins texting.

Malak Garland:

We'll see what the Favoured Saints say about this. In the meantime, I am done here.

He finishes a quick text before calling out to a sensory staff member.

Malak Garland:

Hello!? Is there anyone outside my room!? I demanded to have a staff member personally assigned to me so there better be someone waiting out there to give me service! I need help getting out of the pod because I still don't have the will to walk and I need help getting in my wheelchair.

PROMO CLASS W/ BOXER

It's during DEFTv 150 Night 2, right after a certain one sided tag team match.

We're in front of the black and blood red vinyl DEFIANCE banner. That sweaty place backstage where promos happen. Where men and women still red and running and adrenaline fueled scream and yell and curse the earth their adversaries tread upon. Pain and humiliation just happened...

... time to rub that shit in. Like we used to do.

From stage right The Bombastic Bronson Box enters the frame digging what must be Aaron King's charred skin from underneath his jagged right index finger. He's got a blood dappled towel tossed around his neck and the straps of his singlet down around his whisky barrel-sized chest. From stage left saunters quietly The Gentleman German Reinhardt Hoffman, his hands carried casually in the pockets of his ring jacket. The two men stand resolute in front of the camera.

Their eyes are both dead center. Looking right into ours. Reinhardt's steely cold blue, Bronson's wild bloodshot brown. As is the obvious deal in this partnership, Reinhardt takes a back seat to the returning Wargod. But ask the Panzer if he cares. Ask the Ring General and head trainer of The Conclave and first ever BRAZEN champion if he has anything to prove. He glares with his usual dignified silence as The Original DEFIANT steps up to his pulpit.

Bronson Box:

Why aint'cha goin' after the Squid, Boxer? Why aint'cha ripped into Troy yet? Have ye' lost a step, Bronson? Are ye' a GOOD guy or a BAD guy this go 'round, aye? Have ye'... gone soft? Tell me Hoff, you think ol' Boxer's gone soft?

A rhetorical question. Bronson's eyes never lose focus. He doesn't skip a beat. Reinhardt just grins slightly and stands his ground without moving a muscle. Boxer's shadow.

The Wargod's huge lunchbox sized mits each grasp an end of the red spattered towel around the back of his neck pulling it taut.

Bronson Box: *[serious as an open grave]*

... I 'aint got nothin' to prove to anyone. Least of all those two. I'll pluck out Unlikely's eyes one evenin'...

The Faithful probably really like the sound of that.

Bronson Box:

And break the spines of those two insipid Pop Culture Phenoms the next...

That probably far less so.

Bronson Box:

You lot desperately want to paint ol' Boxer a certain color, don'tcha? Well guess what... I AINT THAT FOOKIN' EMBARRASSIN' PRICK STALKER! I AIN'T TRAIPSIN' OUT THERE TO THAT RING IN A FOOKIN' HALLOWEEN COSTUME WITH A TROOP OF FOOKIN' POWER RANGERS! I ain't preenin' and wallowin' in empty accomplishments, ridin' on attitude and little else like our current FIST and his prick friends... NONE of which are even worth wastin' breath mentionin' by name.

Something primal flickers deep in the eyes of The Original DEFIANT.

Bronson Box:

And I sure ain't Lindsay bloody Troy. Queen of every pissant promotion from coast to coast. Puttin' in half effort in half the fookin' wrestling industry. The only difference between you and those 24K pricks is they're honest, Troy. High Queen of fookin' DEFIANCE? You're the queen of not but breath and wind, lass. Always have been. Like a bloody snake oil salesman wanderin' the roads sellin' lies and bullshit from town to bloody town. That's you fookin' full stop you arrogant twat. Got a problem with that? Finish yer' Squid dinner then we'll chat any time you like, lass.

Vroom vroom, here we go.

Bronson Box:

DEFIANCE's Favorite *this*, DEFIANCE's King of *that*, DEFIANCE's Saint of *whatever*... seems everybody around here is claimin' to be somethin' at the heart of this company, ain't they? Claimin' they MEAN somethin' to DEFIANCE Wrestling and it's... Faithful... I've mentioned before that I coined that term, aye? If the fans of this company are still the goddamn Faithful then I'M THE BLOODY PASTOR OF THIS FLOCK?! YOU PRICKS UNDERSTAND THAT?!

He's gripping the ends of his towel around his neck so hard it's likely to transform into another element under the unspeakable pressure of Boxer's vice-like grip.

Bronson Box:

What's old Boxer's plan? What's his GOALS... be bloody me, you fookin' bastards. BE. ME. That a good enough answer to the burnin' goddamn question on everyones mind? Anyone that's unduly decided their the bloody this or that of DEFIANCE Wrestling? I'll probably be checkin' in with ye' at some point, lads. I don't call myself The Original DEFIANT because it's cute. I call myself that because it's fookin' accurate. Before Troy, or the Squid, or Oscar Burns, or Henry Keyes, or Dan Ryan, or Scott Stevens or or or or BLOODY ANY ONE OF THEM SET BOOT TO BLOOD RED DEFIANCE CANVAS BRONSON FOOKIN' BOX WAS DEFININ' THIS COMPANY ACT OF VIOLENCE BY ACT OF VICIOUS, NASTY, VENOM FILLED FOOKIN' VIOLENCE!

Those same old veins in his forehead throb in cadence with his heaving chest. He's probably expended more energy with all the yelling than he did out in the arena against the Gulf Coast Connection.

Bronson Box:

Put my fookin' bio on whatever side of the roster page ye' bloody like. I'm back like a long nasty needle of much needed adrenaline to the heart of this fookin' company... the Faithful? They'll cheer, they'll boo. Either or. But as they're filin' out of this church what's foundations were poured with unexpected acts of unforgettable violence they'll know who "won" the evening... they'll know who's name above all others represents what they CAME HERE FOR... and believe me, lads, it ain't to hear the Squid, Unlikely, Kendrix and that Edward White cosplayin' twat... the other one... whatever his fookin' name is bloody TALK their way into the main event. It ain't to watch Lindsay Troy go through the motions before flyin' off to some other promotion on the other side of the fookin' country given' less than a SHITE about this place. DEFIANCE is just another stage to people like Troy... just another promotion to build her fookin' "brand." Just like Unlikely...

Oof.

Bronson Box:

Just. Like. The Squid. Peas in a fookin' pod. Yer' just too much of an egotistical twat to see it. You know what BRAND I built? *THIS ONE!*

Reinhardt does the pointing for his friend, hooking a thumb back towards the vinyl DEFIANCE banner hanging behind them.

Bronson Box:

BRONSON BOX IS DEFIANCE! *AND ONLY DEFIANCE!* The only reason I stop walkin' these halls is because I'm unable . The last handfull o' years I wasn't out plyin' my trade with some other wrestlin' outfit, I wasn't bein' a "star" somewhere else... I was fallin' apart. I ain't ashamed to admit that. Nobody with true bollocks would be. With a little help I was able to find my way out of that dark and back to the only thing that matters in my whole miserable fookin' life.

DEFIANCE.

He steps a little closer to the camera.

Bronson Box:

This go around I'm goin' to be so much smarter. Sit back in the cut, as they say. I'll enjoy a fine glass o' scotch as I watch Troy and the Squid tear each other apart. I'll honestly smile as Scott Douglas has his moment in the sun embarrassin' our *beloved* FIST of DEFIANCE, sendin' him packin' from our locker room for good. I'll just be keepin' my eye out. Keep it peeled fer' folks abusin' their place. Abusin' this precious company. Abusin' the people that make it tick. Most of the pricks on this roster don't fully appreciate the platform DEFIANCE affords them, the home it gives 'em... followin' in Troy's example they go about treatin' it like any other ring anyplace else in the world.

I aim to fix that.

Boxer turns on his heels and vanishes stage left.

Reinhardt takes a beat, making sure to give the camera a confident, knowing look before following after The STARMAKER.

#CANCELBRIANSLATER

♪ "Danse Macabre" by Saint-Saens ♪

The orchestral bliss of the Saint-Saens classic hits with a barrage of violins, causing the Faithful to stir uncomfortably in their seats. Before long, Arthur Pleasant begins making his way out from behind the curtain onto the main stage area. Stopping, he looks up at the heavens and raises his arms outward. Three figures, all wearing the black cloak and skull masks of Death Himself, appear behind Arthur.

Lance:

Oh here we go.

DDK:

Yyyep. Here comes Arthur to piss on everyone's fun for the evening and this show hasn't even really gotten started yet!

Arthur lowers his head with a giant, cancer-causing smirk plastered onto his face. "The Provocateur" walks slowly down the ramp, moving his hands in wave-like motions as if they were conductor batons. The three personas of Death keep a close proximity to their Scourge leader as they make their way to the ring.

Lance:

Arthur has been awfully quiet since losing that hard-fought match to Lindsay Troy last week on DEFYtv.

DDK:

Yeah, it's been nice. So far, it seems LT has been the only person capable of actually shutting the idiot up!

Promenading around the outside of the ring, staring a black hole into the faces of all the Faithful, Arthur makes a full revolution around the ring perimeter before eventually walking up the steel steps. Stepping between the ropes, Arthur walks to the center of the ring and waits expectantly with a hand out.

Lance:

Arthur looking for a handout? Literally?

DDK:

In the form of a mic from one of his stupid lackeys? More than likely.

One of the "Death" figures approaches the time-keeper's table and holds a hand out much like Arthur is doing inside the ring, presumably for a microphone. Once handed the microphone, this version of Death walks back to the ring and slides underneath the bottom rope. Almost slinking towards Arthur, he holds the microphone out and places it in his Master's hand. Arthur then raises the microphone to his mouth when all of a sudden the Faithful break out into a chant!

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

Lance & DDK:

Hahahaha!!!

Arthur lowers his arm away from his mouth, a smirk turning into a laugh. He buries the bend of his elbow into his face, stifling his own laughter as he is clearly amused by the Faithful's anticipatory reaction to his inevitable words.

Arthur Pleasant:

Oh, you're just too much fun! Go ahead! Get it all out! Burn yourselves out and go hoarse early so you can't even utter a whisper for your heroes later on. No, really. By all means!

The chants eventually turn to boos as they grow tired of their own chant.

Arthur Pleasant:

As expected. Tsk, tsk, tsk. You people fizzle out about as quickly as a fidget spinner's popularity wanes. Fucking MORONS!

"BOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Arthur Pleasant:

Now then. AS I was about to say... there has been a grave injustice served unto me, ladies and gentlemen.

DDK:

The hell is he talking about "grave" injustice?!

Lance:

I don't know, but perhaps this is the reason for the sudden change from "Comedians" to "Faces of Death" from the Nameless Three? Who knows.

The Faithful all simmer down a bit, listening to Arthur's carefully chosen words one syllable at a time.

Arthur Pleasant:

Of course, I am talking about that IDIOT, Brian Slater, not stopping the match and awarding me a well-deserved, epically-fought victory against Lindsay Troy!

"BOOOOOOOOOOO!"

DDK:

Ugh.

Lance:

Of COURSE he's going to find a way to complain about that loss.

Arthur Pleasant:

This is 2021, people! We live in the age of political correctness and germaphobia! The moment a fragile, brainless, curly-headed fuck like Lindsay Troy starts to bleed from anywhere but her fishing hole, the match should be stopped.

Lance:

Hey! Come on, now! That's DISGUSTING!

DDK:

He really makes me ill. Such a vile human being to say something like that about the Queen of the Ring!

The inFamous One shakes his head at this as the Faithful continue their booing.

Arthur Pleasant:

But what does Brian Slater do? Instead of doing his job and taking control of the situation, he actually bends a fucking knee to the Queen and asks HER what to do! I mean, a referee asking a wrestler, and an unintelligent one at that, how to proceed? Apparently, even an amoeba could officiate in here, because that's exactly what Brian Slater is! A thoughtless, aimless speck of an organism! Brian Slater, in all his blatant stupidity and disregard for a wrestler's well-being, should be #CANCELED!

"BOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Arthur Pleasant: *[waving them off]*

But alas, my dear Complainants, I didn't come out here to complain about an unfair decision being made against me in a

match I clearly should've won before it even began. There's nothing we can do about that until this place begins to implement retroactive wins and tally them onto my win-loss record. Well, I guess I DID come out here to address that, but that's not ALL I came out here to address!

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

DDK:

I agree, Faithful! I agree!

Ignoring their chants, Arthur just continues.

Arthur Pleasant: *[yelling over them]*

I ALSO CAME OUT HERE TO ADDRESS THE FACT THAT MATTHEW IS THE BEST FRIEND A *(the chants stop and Arthur's voice lowers accordingly)* guy like me could have. I truly feel blessed knowing that the Bayou Berserker, the Cajun Fried Calamity, and the Louisiana Bloodletter required my help for these past several weeks. It truly is an honor to be needed in such an important capacity!

Lance:

Wait, what?! I don't think anyone has ever called Matt LaCroix by those names!

DDK:

Um, more to the point Lance? Did Arthur just reveal that Matt LaCroix ASKED for his help?!

Arthur Pleasant:

I'm not, nor can I, lie to you all. When Matthew lost his dear, dear Favoured Saints Championship at DEFIANCE Road? That was an obscenely embarrassing moment. Not so much for Matthew, though it had to have been embarrassing to fail on such a massive stage as a DEFIANCE Pay-Per-View, but for DEFIANCE as a whole! To have a GARBAGE WRESTLER like Trashcan Tim defeat such a fine wrestling specimen like Matthew? For shaaame! I mean, don't get me wrong... Matthew *does* unfortunately fall short of being considered a PURE WRESTLER in the same vein as I, but that is neither here nor there I guess.

Pausing, he waits for the Faithful to start chanting again. But much to his satisfaction, they seem to want to actually listen. In a "can't take your eyes off the body hanging out of a window from a car crash" kind of way.

Arthur Pleasant:

The point is, Matthew reached out and told me that he needed help. He needed to obtain the glory he was robbed of by Trashcan Tim. Matthew needed MY help in order to obtain those four title defenses as The Favoured Saint!

Lance:

Why do I feel like Arthur's full of crap?

DDK:

Because he is?

WHIRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR~~~~~

Lance:

Wait a second!

♪"Airship Pirate" by Abney Park♪

The crowd snaps out of its extended hate-spiral and jumps to their feet at the interruption. Henry Keyes, looking fresh as a daisy and with microphone in hand, takes a few bracing steps through the back, raising his hand to cue the sound guy to pause his steampunky tunes.

Henry Keyes:

Sorry to interrupt this, uh...Super Interesting Tale, friend.

DDK:

FINALLY.

Henry Keyes:

The thing is that, well...I've got an itch. An itch I haven't been able to scratch for WEEKS now. I've had this reeeeeeeal hankering for a proper fight ever since things turned south for me at Defiance Road.

Henry takes a few steps forward. Arthur remains still, his eyeballs scanning every which direction. It has become quite obvious that "The Provocateur" is perplexed by this sudden intrusion from someone he has had no interaction yet in his DEFIANCE career. A stray fan shouts out a classic "*FUCK HIM UP, KEYES!*" that pops a few other Faithful around him.

Lance:

Keyes has been angling for a one-on-one contest with Rezin for WEEKS, and that slippery Goat Bastard keeps finding a way to escape!

Henry Keyes:

The thing is that Miss Troy, the Deacon, and I had a little chat after Defiance Road - settled on the idea that we need to take our own paths for a while, rather than try to go gangbusters on a group of bastards. Surgical precision, so to speak - go at the wounds across this great place individually. Find ourselves on our own. Rezin, that son of a gun, has been on my radar for weeks now and refuses to face me man to man - for now, anyway. And then I saw what you did, Arthur - I saw how you bloodied my closest friend in this glorious arena of warfare we're all contained within. And I see you out here, now - out in front of the world, asking all of us to behold your presence. And I figured - maybe this is a chance to kill two birds with one stone.

The crowd rumbles with this last statement. Keyes has progressed to the point where he's now standing on the ring apron, hand on the top rope.

Henry Keyes:

I can scratch this itch for a proper fight, you can get a shot at vengeance for this perceived slight against you - you and me. One on one. Right now. What say you?

DDK:

The challenge has been laid out!

Lance:

The Faithful are on their feet! How will Pleasant respond to this bold challenge from the Airship Pirate?

Arthur Pleasant STILL doesn't quite know what to make of the situation as he keeps an eye on Keyes' distance from him.

Arthur Pleasant:

Wait, wait, waaaaait! You're... you're challenging me?! Why on EARTH would I fall into an obviously laid trap and accept?! Of course I won't accept!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Lance:

Silly me. Here I thought Arthur would be a man for once and actually accept Henry's challenge.

DDK:

Yeah. This crowd isn't havin' it. Listen to them!

"ARTHURS-GOT-A-PUUUUUUUUUSSSSSSSSYYYYY!"

"ARTHURS-GOT-A-PUUUUUUUUUSSSSSSSSYYYYY!"

"ARTHURS-GOT-A-PUUUUUUUUUSSSSSSSSYYYYY!"

"ARTHURS-GOT-A-PUUUUUUUUUSSSSSSSSYYYYY!"

Trying to ignore them as best he can, Arthur puts his hand up as if to stop Henry from speaking. After a few moments, the Faithful settles down again and Arthur continues.

Arthur Pleasant:

Do you not see that we are on the same journey, friend?

The Provocateur takes a step closer.

Arthur Pleasant:

The only difference between us? You remain delusional that it can be done on an individual level. To this I say... why? WHY not have friends surrounding you to fix the damaged foundations of this crumbling structure?

Arthur extends his hand. He smirks.

Arthur Pleasant:

Instead of fighting one another, Henry... why not join me! Be my number one... well, number TWO under Matthew... and together as the SCOURGE of DEFIANCE... we close all wounds. Permanently!

Arthur's unyielding smirk suggests he isn't *at all* serious about this invitation and is instead trying to worm his way out of having to fight a man he doesn't know on an impromptu basis.

Keyes looks at Pleasant's hand in front of him, raising an eyebrow.

Lance:

No. Tell me... no way.

DDK:

I don't think so. There's just no way it's possible.

Looking out to the crowd to gauge their response (a quickly escalating "NO! NO! NO! NO!" answers that), he slowly raises his own right arm, inch by inch.

Lance:

TELL ME HENRY FREAKIN' KEYES IS NOT JOINING ARTHUR PLEASANT!!!

DDK:

I'm at a loss for words.

The Airship Pirate's arm is almost level with Pleasant's.

But then, with a quick snap, Keyes swings both arms in the motion of a BELL CLAP~!

The crowd POPS. HARD.

But much to their dismay, Pleasant ducks just in time and shuffles back several steps as Keyes shakes his hands out.

Pleasant still clutches his microphone, looking rattled after nearly having his melon smashed in.

Arthur Pleasant:

Dear GOD, man! Are you trying to hurt me or something?! FINE. ALRIGHT. I CAN TAKE A HINT. You're... not interested in being friends with me. Okay, okay. I can take rejection just fine and dandy. So... let's do it.

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

Arthur Pleasant:

But let me just say THIS, Henry... you're going to be fucking sorry that you made this challenge in the first place. BRING OUT A REF! COME ON! LET'S DO THIS! AND IT BETTER NOT BE-

Almost as if he was on cue, Brian Slater comes running out from the back.

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

Arthur Pleasant:

AREYOUFUCKINGSERIOUSRIGHTNOW?!?!?!

Arthur bites his knuckles as the entire Faithful continue to pop and laugh their collective asses off at him and the predicament he's found himself in.

Arthur Pleasant:

For f- whatever. (pointing at Brian Slater) You better not fuck me, or I WILL get some signatures on petition dot org!

Arthur places both hands on his head, unable to process what is happening. As soon as Slater is in the ring, Arthur approaches him as if he's going to harm him. But Slater doesn't back down! Slater actually points at his referee stripes and motions for Arthur to concentrate on Henry Keyes.

Lance:

Hahahahahahaha!!

DDK:

My God. This is the best thing I've seen since... I can't even recall, Lance! Keyes is about to give Arthur a lesson in... well EVERYTHING!

Lance:

Folks, I'm just getting word that we need to cut to a commercial break, but once we return... Arthur Pleasant vs. Henry Keyes is HAPPENING! Stay with us, folks!

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON

NIGHT 1 & 2 LIVE from the **LAKEFRONT ARENA** on *Wednesday, April 28th and Thursday, April 29th!*

CARD AS IT STANDS...

MAIN EVENT
FIST of DEFIANCE

Mikey Unlikely © vs. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS
Fuse Bros. One © vs. The Comments Section

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP
Dex Joy © vs. Scrow

ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. HENRY KEYES

As we come back from our commercial break, Arthur Pleasant is sulking sulks in his corner. Henry Keyes has a look in his eye like he's about to have his first home-cooked meal in two months.

Brian Slater looks at both competitors... and calls for the bell!

Lance:

Here we GO!

DING DING

Keyes charges across the ring at an immediate full sprint; instant replay will catch that he started running before the first DING. His right elbow connects flush with Pleasant's mush and they are locked into a corner of the ring. Keyes keeps going with straight elbow strikes over and over and over until referee Slater starts a five count - Keyes gives it until about 4.2 before backing away.

Lance:

My god, Keyes ran at Pleasant like a starving man who just caught sight of a steak dinner!

DDK:

I don't know if Arthur Pleasant knew what exactly he signed up for!

Keyes locks Pleasant in a Front Chancery and attempts to go for a suplex, which Pleasant blocks. Pleasant throws a few clubbing blows to Keyes's ribcage and pushes him into the ropes, shooting him off with an Irish Whip. As Keyes returns off the ropes, he swings hard with a clubbing lariat that connects flush with Pleasant and knocks him to his back! Keyes goes for the quick cover but barely gets past a one count.

Keyes pulls Pleasant off the mat and locks in the Front Chancery again, this time lifting Pleasant high up into the air and slamming him forcefully to the mat with a vertical suplex. Another cover, another kick out just past 1.

Lance:

It's been all Keyes so far, but Pleasant is showing his resilience by hanging into this fight.

DDK:

With how fired up Keyes is in this match, you have to wonder if he's going to be a candle that burns too brightly. You're not going to end the night of a gritty scumbag like Arthur Pleasant too early.

Both men are back to their feet and Keyes swings hard with another lariat attempt. Pleasant ducks and swiftly peppers in a few Muay Thai kicks to Keyes's thighs and midsection. Keyes keeps pushing forward, absorbing more shots, before grabbing Pleasant by the back of the head and delivering a thunderous European Uppercut! Another! Another!! The crowd roars their approval as Keyes shoots Pleasant off the rope this time, lowering his body in anticipation of Pleasant's return run.

Scouting the duck-down early, Pleasant slows down, gives a quick snort, and simply raises two fingers up from below, poking Keyes squarely in the eyes. Keyes stumbles backwards into the ropes as Pleasant lombasts him with more Muay Thai punches and kicks. Keyes is dazed by this and leans against the ropes as Pleasant runs back to the opposite ropes, bounces off, and charges, connecting with a PROVOCATION! Keyes stumbles through the ropes and to the outside from the momentum of the hit!

Lance:

Pleasant has quickly turned the tables here!

DDK:

Yes, but you can't get a pinfall outside the ring! Oh boy - looks like Pleasant is chewing out referee Brian Slater again!

Suspensions are confirmed as the camera picks up *"IT'S YOUR FAULT HE FELL THROUGH THE ROPES!"*. Slater has no truck with plots as he motions for Pleasant to bring his fallen opponent back to the ring. After laboring to get all 249 pounds of Keyes up and into the ring, Pleasant slides under the bottom rope and gives a sinister-looking cover, only to get a two count. Pleasant hops up furious once again to chew out Slater, this time complaining that it would have been a three count if Slater was competent.

DDK:

Leave him alone and focus on the match, jerk!

Lance:

You have a point, Keebs, I don't think Pleasant is aware what's happening behind him now!

Keyes has recovered and is on his feet, glowering at the back of Arthur Pleasant's head and seeming to be chomping at the bit for him to turn around. Pleasant does, and with a very sudden HEAVE~, Pleasant finds himself several feet up in the air, falling just as quickly into the escalating uppercut of Henry Keyes!! Keyes goes for another cover - the crowd is clearly annoyed when Pleasant kicks out at one again.

Pleasant scrambles to his feet, backing into the corner and almost out of instinct begins to climb the ropes facing the middle of the ring. Keyes does not let up, meeting Pleasant step for step and delivering more straight elbow strikes. Both men find each other at the top of the ropes, Pleasant almost dazed and Keyes looking ferocious - after giving a quick look to the ring, Keyes delivers a top rope belly-to-belly suplex!

Lance:

CLOCKWORK from Keyes!! Here's the cover!

ONE....

TW-NOOOOOO!

DDK:

Jesus Mary and Joseph! ALMOST TWO! How is he able to kick out at ONE so damn much?! There's just something not right about this guy!

Lance:

We've seen this week after week, Keebs. Arthur has inhuman levels of pain tolerance, but when it comes to actually wrapping him up for a pinning predicament? That's when he gets caught. If Keyes has done any homework on this guy, he'll realize that's what he needs to do rather than worry about going for the Bell Clap.

DDK:

You make a great point but... it's the BELL CLAP we're talkin' about. That will surely knock him out for three, never mind only two!

Pleasant kicks out once again, and Keyes is genuinely surprised to barely get a two-count out of that maneuver. He looks out to the crowd and gives a quick nod, acknowledging that there is still one tool in his toolbox he hasn't connected with yet. He gives Pleasant space and backs into a corner of the ring. A few sections of the Faithful begin clapping in rhythm - big, wide claps like a sideways Daddy Shark - signaling their desire for the beloved Bell Clap.

DDK:

You make a great point but... it's the BELL CLAP we're talkin' about. That will surely knock him out for three, never mind only two!

With Slater mere feet in front of Arthur, the self-proclaimed Denizen of Decay grabs Brian by his belt buckle to help pull himself up. Brian yells *"Get your hands off me!"* but it's too late as Arthur pulls Slater towards him while ducking!

SMAAAACK!

The Faithful “OOOOOOOH!” as Keyes nails the beloved Bell Clap... on referee Brian Slater!!!!

Lance:

NO!!

DDK:

Holy hell!! Brian Slater just got his noggin’ SMASHED with that Bell Clap!

Keyes’ eyes go wide as he realizes what just happened. He instinctively kneels down to check on the poor official. Pleasant, meanwhile, grins devilishly as he looks down at the unconscious Slater and his own distracted opponent. Retreating into the ropes, Pleasant charges forward and nails Keyes in the back of the head with a shining wizard! Keyes goes down face first on the mat, but Pleasant lifts him back up to his knees. Keeping him there for a moment, Pleasant charges into the ropes facing the ramp. On the rebound Pleasant flies forward with a SECOND shining wizard, this one catching Keyes right in the face!

Lance:

He calls that sequence of front and back shining wizards “Friends Till The End”! I think it might be the first time we’ve seen him hit that in a DEFIANCE Wrestling ring!

DDK:

But thanks to Arthur’s own evil intentions, there’s no referee!

Arthur goes for a lateral cover... when one of the “Faces of Death” slides into the ring! This figure sheds the big black cloak... and reveals a referee shirt underneath!

Lance:

WHAT?!

DDK:

What the HELL is going on?!

Keeping the skull mask on, the impromptu “referee” gets into position!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR- KEYES KICKS OUT!!

“RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!”

Death Ref holds his hands to his mask as Arthur looks angrily at him. Death Ref holds his hands up as if to say, “No! Please!” but a pissed off Arthur grabs him by the arm and pulls him up in a fireman’s carry! Pushing up underneath Death Ref, Arthur jumps up and nails him under the chin with both knees for the Calamity Pain! Sweeping him out of the ring with both feet while pulling himself towards the bottom rope, Death Ref falls to the outside mat in a sickening thud. The other two “Faces of Death” appear to be motionless and uncaring about what happened to their colleague.

Lance:

I don’t know what the hell just happened, but it certainly didn’t go in Arthur’s favor!

DDK:

Who the hell ARE these guys?! Wait! HENRY IS UP!

Arthur doesn't even realize what's going on when suddenly behind him:

SMAAAAACK!!

Lance:

BELL CLAP!! HE HIT IT!! HE HIT IT!! ARTHUR IS OUT!!

DDK:

BUT THERE'S NO- WAIT! HERE COMES HECTOR NAVARRO!

In all of the excitement, Hector Navarro comes sprinting down the rampway, sliding into the ring. Keyes drops down and hooks a leg!

ONE!!

TWO!!

One of the "Faces of Death" reaches way into the ring and pulls on the leg of Henry Keyes, breaking up the pin attempt just before the three could be administered. "Death" slides back out of the ring like a smooth operator before Hector can see what has happened. This "Death" however, just stares back into the ring at Henry Keyes. Keyes shrugs, races to the other side of the ring... AND DIVES THROUGH THE ROPES, HITTING A BELL CLAP IN MID-AIR TO A FRONT FACING "FACE OF DEATH"!!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

Lance:

WOW! Not only did The Airship Pirate just catch some major air, but he NAILED that annoying Death Cosplayer with a mid-air BELL CLAP!

DDK:

Henry Keyes has run the GAUNTLET of BS in this match... and he will not quit!

Yelling *"Two down, one to go."* and motioning the same with his fingers, he stares across the ring at the last remaining "Face of Death". Running towards him, he swings around the post when suddenly...

...CRAAAAASH!

With perfect timing, Arthur Pleasant nails a vicious suicide dive onto the running Henry Keyes, slamming his body into the Airship Pirate!

Lance:

Where the hell did Arthur come from?!

DDK:

There's that resiliency we were talking about earlier, Lance. Arthur recovered pretty fast from that Bell Clap!

After tumbling pretty hard on top of Keyes and the outside ring area, Pleasant grimaces as he gets to his feet. Guiding Henry to his own, Pleasant tosses him back into the ring, following him closely. Pleasant grabs Keyes' legs and jackknife covers him so that when he somersaults over him his legs, they land on the middle rope. Suddenly, the last remaining "Face of Death" reaches in and holds Keyes' legs down, unbeknownst to Navarro!

Lance:

No! REF!

ONE!

DDK:

NO!

TWO!

The Faithful freak out as Navarro counts to **THREE** and signals for the bell!

DING DING DING

Before Hector can see what happened, the last "Face of Death" is back outside as if nothing had happened.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... The Provocateur... ARRRRRRTHUUUUUR... PLEEEEEEEEEASAAAAAANT!

♪"The Swan (Le Cygne) - Carnival of the Animals" by Saint-Saens♪

The tranquil music plays over the WrestlePlex, bathing the riotous Faithful in an unwanted serenity. Some of them are confused due to this theme being different from the one he came out to. Soon though, everyone seems to understand what is happening as Pleasant displays an almost orgasmic facial expression: in victory, Arthur is in his happy place.

Lance:

Seriously?! After all the bitching Arthur just did about Brian Slater not calling a fair match against Lindsay Troy, THIS is how he beats Henry Keyes?!

DDK:

I'm so mad right now I could spit on a puppy.

As Arthur and the last "Face of Death" retreat up the ramp, Henry Keyes sits up in frustration, realizing Arthur scammed his way to a victory on this night and there's not a damn thing he can do about it. But rather than complain to Hector Navarro, Henry exits the ring and checks on Brian Slater. Filled to the brim with concern and remorse over the Bell Clap Arthur caused him to hit Slater with, Henry just shakes his head in disgust as he inaudibly asks Slater about his condition.

Meanwhile, at the top of the ramp, Arthur grabs "Death" and kisses the entity right right on his masked skull lips. Then, in one fell swoop... he pulls the mask off of him to reveal none other than...

... **Aaron King**.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Lance & DDK:

What?!?!?!?

Realizing that Aaron King is the one who helped Arthur Pleasant secure the victory, the Faithful lay into them both with absolute condemnation. Arthur cackles maniacally, bent over while keeping a hand on the Gulf Coast Connection member's shoulder.

The camera then closes in on Aaron King's stoic face. In particular, the burnt scarring where he needed skin graft work done from Arthur Pleasant.

Lance:

I don't get this, ladies and gentlemen. I don't get this at ALL.

DDK:

Why did Aaron King join the Scourge?! Why did he just turn his back on all the Faithful?!

Lance:

You gotta wonder what Crescent City Kid and Theodore Cain think about this after everything Arthur put them through months ago.

DDK:

God. I feel sick.

We fade to a commercial break with the lasting image of Henry Keyes helping Brian Slater up outside the ring and Arthur Pleasant disappearing with Aaron King into the backstage area, arm in arm like a couple of BFFs.

BLUE CATERPILLAR ONLY @ BALLYHOO BREW!

BallyHoo Brew, is jumping this evening. It is shortly after an explosive night at DEFTV 150. Faithful quickly flood into the bar. Everyone discussing their favorite moments at the show. Not everyone is happy though. Jestal who sits at the bar has been brushing off fan after fan. Growing more annoyed by not getting any sort of peace and quiet. In front of him is a **Blue Caterpillar** - a blue vodka beverage, with green sugar cane around the rim of the glass and red whipping cream floating on the top of the beverage which is poured into a vinifera cascade wine funnel glass. Sip after sip, the jester just can not seem to enjoy a drink he has enjoyed ever since BallyHoo opened.

Everything has changed in his life. The loss of his sister, The Toybox disbanding, The insurgency of Klein, The depths of how low the Pop Culture Phenoms would sink. All for what? To keep the guys and girls in the backdown. To keep their spot in the tag team division high amongst the rest. To not cause their legendary status to be jeopardized by a team that was more entertaining than they ever were?

The more he thought of the PCP and Klein the angrier he became. More and more questions emerged. How could he let Klein get that deeply involved in The Toybox? Why did he not see his true motives? Perhaps it was his thirst for enjoyment not only at his job but in life in general. He never imagined PCP would do such a thing. Alas, they had done it, and he for one was not going to stand for it any longer.

He takes another sip of his drink, in the distance for the second time in the span of two nights...Tom Morrow.

Tom Morrow:

No, Nigel... get in there NOW. I wouldn't set foot in a place like THIS... Ken's hurt, so YOU'RE taking his place. Now get in there and talk to Jestal. NOW.

The small man in the black business suit sighs and has a woman with him. He sighs, then nods before heading into the bar. He then approaches Jestal at the bar.

Nigel:

Hi, you're Jestal, right? My name is Nigel Barnes and I am working on behalf of Tom Morrow...

Jestal continues to try and enjoy his drink. Now Nigel's voice is like a bad migraine in his head. A Woman...did he actually just bring a WOMAN? What did he actually think a girl was going to be the secret formula to get him to join his band of misfits? Much like the fans trying to socialize with him, he brushed off the girl and continued to try and enjoy his beverage. He noticed out of the corner of his eye through a stock guy with a cardboard box filled with beer.

Nigel:

Sir... he doesn't seem receptive.

Tom Morrow:

Then you're clearly a terrible Assistant TO my Executive Assistant, Nigel!

Jestal continued to stare at the man as he walked by them he finished his drink. Ignoring everything Nigel even said or the girl trying to sway him. He sets his glass down and grabs the box from the stock person. He quickly drops the box not realizing how heavy it was.

Nigel:

Sir... maybe it's not my place to ask, but WHY Jestal?

Tom Morrow:

Nigel, you're right... it isn't your place to ask why. Your place is to get back over there and cut a deal...

He quickly started pulling bottles out handing them to the stock guy. At least as many as he could carry. The rest he set on the floor. Many of the patrons noticed a disturbance going on and we're eager to see what was going on. When

they are able to see it. Jestal is once again wrestling an empty cardboard box!?

Stomp
Kick
Punch
Elbow Drop
Thou Press

The ravaged box now lay flat on the floor, and security rushing over to break up...well it was not actually a fight as they noticed. The labored breathing of the jester. The jester quickly stares at them and then down at the ripped apart box. He storms off and grabs the girl that Tom and Nigel tried to use to recruit him. Tom smiles thinking "He got him!"

Tom Morrow:

Nigel, good work!

Nigel:

Thank you, sir! So... do I have Ken's job?

Five minutes pass and the girl reenters the bar. Tom and Nigel notice her and quickly meet her. The woman approaches the two.

Girl:

He had me pay for his cab fare and left me at the curb. Tommy, you said he was a fun-loving guy.

Tom Morrow:

...He's dressed like a CLOWN. Unless he's doing it ironically, he should be all about fun!

Girl:

Well, he is an utter DICK!

The woman storms off while Morrow looks at Nigel.

Tom Morrow:

Oh, to answer your question, Nigel... pack up your shit.

Morrow storms off with Nigel looking like a sad child whose puppy dog was shot in front of him.

EYE HART GAJE BALCKWUD

Teresa Ames waltzes down the halls of the WrestlePlex, obliterated. She's a complete mess with an empty flask in one hand and her live streaming phone in the other.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Welcome back [hiccup] to another ASMR [hiccup] with Ames haha.

Seeing that unopened can of soda made her think about what Gage Blackwood had done to her a few moons ago.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Let's continue, [hiccup] shall we? [hiccup]

Teresa finds herself standing at a locker room door she thinks is hers. She enters to find none other than DEFcepticons sitting around a table, playing a miniature figurine battle game.

Septimus Tyne:

I am activating my Hammer of War on my Intrepid Sentinel Mark II to cause blast damage to your Mongrel Keeper.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Whoa, this isn't my room.

The belligerently drunk Ames decides it's a good idea to walk around the table and record the action.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

What's going on here?

She asks Starscream, who is clearly getting his ass handed to him in the game.

Starscream:

We're playing HammerWars. It's all the rage. I painted these figurines myself. I could use some patented finger flutters for good luck though because my chieftain is about to get walloped.

Ames zooms in on her hand as she does some ASMR finger flutters next to the figurine. It's of no use though as Tyne rolls a 9 which means he obliterates the field.

Septimus Tyne:

I win!

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Woo hoo! Who wants to get me zero calorie cake?

Megan Kron rises from her chair.

Megan Kron:

What are you talking about?

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Zero calorie cake. I need it. I deserve it. Gage Blackwood is a bitch who broke up with me so you should all feel sorry for me. He is nothing but mean to me and our relationship is over even though I had thoughts about carrying his baby and getting married. Too much? I don't care. Now, who is going to get the cake for me?

Septimus Tyne:

Starscream and I will. After all, you were kind enough to watch the end of our game and you're an awesome trainer up at the AVALANCHE ACADEMY. It's the least we could do.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Good. Take this.

She hands her phone over to Starscream.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Use it to document you guys getting the cake for me.

Tyne, Starscream and Ames exit DEFcepticons locker room. Starscream has the phone still focused on Teresa who has trouble standing.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

[Hiccup] Ugh [hiccup] haha.

Just then, Kristie Bellis walks by and says nothing.

Teresa Ames:

Oh what the fuck, bitch!? You want a piece of this!? KEEP WALKING, SLUT! HOMEWRECKER!

Bellis freezes in fear.

Kristie Bellis:

I'm not dating Gage Blackwood.

Teresa is still blasted but she lightens up a bit.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Hey... [hiccup] wanna go out sometime? Have a girls night? I could use the support.

Bellis literally runs away in fear.

Teresa Ames:

K girl, I'll call you.

Teresa turns back to Tyne and Starscream.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Get me my zero calorie cake.

With that, Ames collapses to the floor in a heap while Tyne and Starscream are left with the duty of a lifetime.

Starscream:

Before we do that, can we go through the pics on her phone?

Septimus Tyne:

Of course. She wouldn't want it any other way.

BEST OF 5 SERIES, MATCH #2: CONOR FUSE vs. "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS

DDK:

Our main event of the night... match number two of five! Ryan Batts won the first and made the challenge after to potentially go four more!

♪ "The Last Garrison" by Enter Shikari ♪

Darren Quimbey:

This is the main event of UNCUT! Introducing first, from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing in at two-hundred-four pounds... "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!

The lights in the arena flash rapidly in shades of red as out from the back, Ryan Batts out in his newer thigh-length trunks and a red version of the "Bantam" logo on the left side. Black knee pads and boots with dark red kick pads to round out his new attire as he waves a black and red rally towel overhead on his way to the ring. He throws it to the crowd and then heads to the ring at a rapid pace. He slides inside and then does a front flip to his feet to pop the crowd!

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

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, weighing in at two-hundred pounds... he is The Power-Up King and one half of the UNIFIED Tag Team Champions... CONOR FUUUUUUUUSE!

Fuse leaps out from behind the curtain, carrying two of the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships to a !RANK response. Once at the apron, Fuse places the belts on the floor, jumps onto the apron and jumps over the ropes.

DDK:

Not wasting any time here...

DING DING

The bell rings with both men meeting in the middle for a collar-and-elbow tie-up. Fuse and Batts fight for the advantage with Batts using his quickness to outmaneuver the younger Fuse. Conor tries for a snapmare but Batts rolls through and lands on his feet-

Crack.

DDK:

Superkick by Conor!

Lance:

I was going to say, I had a STRONG case of deja vu for the start of this contest until Conor hit that kick!

Fuse snatches Batts in a hurry and connects with a snap suplex.

Conor holds on...

A second snap suplex but even before the announcers can say it, Conor hits a third!

DDK:

I believe Conor's calling this trifecta the Sonic Suplex! Three snap suplexes in a row and boy are they ever fast!

Fuse leaps to his feet, bounces off the ropes and attempts a missile dropkick but The Bantam (barely) rolls out of the way. As Conor raises from the canvas, Batts kicks Fuse in the chest and pulls him by his arm, coming across with a STIFF kick aimed at the arm! Conor winces in pain after the first shot... and then shouts hard after the second one. The

Gamer maintains radio silence for the third blow... because, by then, his arm is already numb.

CRACK.

DDK:

This time it's Batts with a boot to Conor's head!

The Scrappy Young Wrestle-Lad bounces off the ropes and aims for a penalty kick but Conor leaps to his feet and hits a spine buster out of nowhere!

It's clear the wind has left both combatants as Conor tries to find the ropes. It takes a good moment but when he does, he drags himself up and measures Batts for his own penalty kick to the head.

Swoosh!

DDK:

Batts rolls underneath Conor and has a small package!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Lance:

SO close, let me tell you!

Fuse is up first with an intense look in his eyes. Gone are the fun and games as Player "Two" waits for Batts to stand along with him. Conor applies a waistlock to his opponent and then tries for a release German suplex but Batts flips in mid-air and lands on his feet!

The Bantam comes in with a knee strike.

Another!

Another!

Conor is reeling in the corner and Batts Irish whips Fuse to the buckle across the way. Conor hits hard and just like his older brother, he flips on the padding and sits on the top of it... only to flip back down, land on his feet and stumble backwards to the center of the ring.

Pop.

DDK:

A STIFF kick by Batts has Conor OUT!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER!

Lance:

I mentioned it last UNCUT but these Ryan Batts kicks sure are something!

Batts applies a waistlock to Fuse and looks for his own release German suplex but Conor, not to be outdone, somehow flips in mid-air and lands on his feet... albeit a lot more wobbly than The Bantam. Batts bounces off the ropes with an attempted running knee strike but Conor pulls his head back and Batts strikes the air instead!

DDK:

Conor with an Olympic slam!

Lance:

Where did he learn a move like that?

DDK:

Batts has been training with Lindsay Troy. I think, but don't quote me on this, Conor has been working out with Gage Blackwood!

Conor drops to the mat, meeting Batts there and looks to apply some type of submission but the former WrestleFriend is into the ropes. Conor gives a clean break from referee Benny Doyle as he walks to the center of the ring. Once Ryan seems ready to go... Conor races in with a clothesline, knocking Batts onto the apron but not off it.

DDK:

Oh wow... Conor has the tarantula submission locked in! That was so smooth, so fluent... I didn't see it coming until the end result!

Lance:

It's NOT a move he can win with, folks, given the ropes and Doyle's five count. Last time we saw this, I'm pretty sure the referee was Mark Shields and he wasn't even counting!

DDK:

You say that like you're surprised.

Lance:

Oh... right.

Conor breaks the hold at four and Batts lands on the apron. Conor with a baseball slide knocks Batts off the apron. The younger Fuse slingshots himself over the top rope with a crossbody splash...

DDK:

BATTS CAUGHT CONOR! Dear God! Powerslam by Ryan Batts of all people!

The Bantam is hurting but rolls inside the ring. Doyle's count gets to eight before Fuse makes it inside, too. The self proclaimed "Locker Room Leader" sees his opponent charging at him so Conor drops the ropes.

DDK:

Batts falls out of the ring but is still on the apron! He kept his balance... and a kick to Conor's head for good measure. Batts slingshots himself over the ropes and a flying forearm to Conor's head!

Belly-to-back suplex.

German suplex.

Exploder suplex.

DDK:

Alllll of the suplexes from Ryan Batts!

Lance:

If Conor loses this match he's going to be in TROUBLE with a capital T down 2-0 in a best of 5!

DDK:

Double knee armbreaker to Conor. Ryan's really letting Conor have it here!

Looking for a tiger suplex, Fuse blocks it... so Batts tries again. Fuse blocks it. One more time...

DDK:

DDT by The Gamer! Both men are down.

Lance:

You like to see the desperation move pulled by Conor here. If nothing more, it ensures we see more of this contest. It also gives Conor a chance... a small window... to recover and get back in the game.

The Faithful are rattling their feet on the ground, enjoying the contest and cheering on both men. The Power-Up King is crawling to a corner, hoping to use the turnbuckle padding to pull himself up. Meanwhile, The Bantam is going towards the ring ropes on the opposite side, in the hopes he can drag himself up rather quickly.

WHA-

DDK:

Almost straight into a superkick by Fuse but Batts has the leg.

WHACK.

DDK:

Enziguri!

Conor's up quickly. He grabs Batts and hurls him into the ropes but Batts rolls through a superkick, leaps onto Conor's back and works him down into the canvas...

Courtesy of the keylock submission!

DDK:

Batts, for back-to-back contests, has the keylock submission- OH NO! ROLL UP BY CONOR FUSE!

ONE.

TWO.

BARELY A KICKOUT!

The fans thought it was over. Even Benny Doyle had to check his hand did not hit the mat for three and if he did, it was inadvertent.

DDK:

What a clever roll up by Conor!

Lance:

This is what happens when you go back-to-back so quickly! I think both men are going to find that out!

Batts drills a forearm into Conor's head but it's immediately returned and a !RANK chant begins.

The forearms continue.

The !rank chant continues.

!RANK !RANK !RANK

Conor whips Batts into the ropes, leaps onto his shoulders for a hurricanrana but Batts catches him. However, it's still in The Ultimate Gamer's hands as he finds a way to spin around Batts and turn it into PWN'd, the tilt-a-whirl DDT.

Fuse leaps to the top rope and connects with the Side Scrolling Senton...

DDK:

He hits it!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Air is taken out of the arena but then put right back in as they know this match will go on!

Lance:

You may be asking yourself if Conor's on the top rope, why doesn't he just go for his Super Splash 450? I'm telling you, even though Conor goes canvas to top buckle FAST, that move takes A LOT more time to measure your opponent before jumping. Conor must not have felt too confident and thus, went with the senton splash! However, it could not finish things off!

Fuse drills Batts in the head with some left hands and Irish whips Batts into the ropes. Batts ducks the clothesline and goes into the next set of ropes...

DDK:

HEAD STOMP BY CONOR FUSE!

Lance:

That's one of his new finishers!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... tying the best of five series at one APIECE... "THE POWER-UP KING" and one-half of the UNIFIED Tag Team Champions... CONOR FUSSSSSE!

Fuse rolls to his back and puts an arm in the air. It takes him a moment but he drags himself to a knee. The Bantam, too, is trying to knock his own cobwebs out.

DDK:

Really good contest that saw Ryan Batts continue to give a physical pummeling to Conor when he could but Conor, showing some resiliency himself with reversals and then The Head Stomp for three.

Lance:

Could've gone either way, Keebs. But the winners? The Faithful.

Conor gets to his feet as a !RANK !RANK !RANK chant grows within the WrestlePlex. He looks across to Ryan Batts and gives him a slight nod.

Conor Fuse:

Tied up, bro! See ya at 90!

Batts nods back as the DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right hand corner of the feed and Fuse turns to The Faithful, !ranking it up.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.