

SHOW OPEN



OMINOUS

Two days after MAXDEF...

The BRAZEN Training Center, where the next generation of DEFIANCE's best and brightest train and test their mettle, is an hour or so away from coming to life for another day of blood, sweat, tears, and yelling.

Heavy emphasis on the yelling.

The motion-sensor fluorescent lights flick awake as one of the promotion's guest trainers, Sonny Silver, with a to-go coffee cup in hand, grumbles his way toward the row of offices at the far side of the space. He's not a morning person, never has been, and his usually surly demeanor is always amplified when he's required to be the first one in the building. Unfortunately for his students, they get the brunt of his bad attitude, which is only made bearable by the fact that he's very good at what he does and very few people have the stones to call him out on his shit.

"The Silver Lining" stops in front of his office door, turns the knob, and nearly has a heart attack as his office lights turn on and he sees Lindsay Troy sitting in a chair in front of his desk.

Sonny Silver:

What the fucking shit?!

Troy stares at him, coldly. She has one foot on the chair, with her elbow propped up on her knee. Her chin rests in the fleshy space between her thumb and forefinger.

Lindsay Troy:

You didn't lock the door.

Sonny Silver:

Usually, I don't have to around here... but you can bet my ass is gonna start now.

He puts his belongings down on his desk in front of his former tag team partner and (he'll begrudgingly admit) friend, but Troy doesn't budge from her spot.

Sonny Silver:

All right, I'll bite if you leave soon. Some of these kids like to come in early and start yammering away with questions and my caffeine hasn't kicked in. What the hell's eating you? This have anything to do with that Scrow weirdo?

Lindsay Troy:

Partly.

A beat.

Lindsay Troy:

Amongst other things.

It's at this point that Sonny notices Lindsay isn't dressed in casual streetwear for a morning of running errands or finding a weekend brunch spot with the gals. She's in her training gear, hands taped, knee brace gone, ready to put in some work.

Sonny Silver:

I'm guessing that you're not here for a relaxing chamomile tea, dressed like that?

She says nothing but adjusts the tape on her wrist.

Sonny Silver:

Annnnd I'm guessing some poor kicking pad is about to get the shit kicked out of it?

Lindsay Troy:

I'm not here to kick the shit out of some kick pads, Sonny. I'm here to kick the shit out of some *bodies*.

The Queen reaches over to take a sip of Sonny's coffee, then wipes her mouth with the back of her hand.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm done fucking around with the pissants in this place. I came back to be the one at the top of the mountain and instead I watched Michael Unlichael tarnish the FIST of DEFIANCE's legacy with a near 500 day reign that should have ended right after he won it once I stepped foot back in New Orleans. And rather than get a rematch after I got goozled out of the belt, I've marched in-time like a good little Favoured Saints foot soldier, having some great matches, sure, but watching plebe after plebe fail at figuring out a way to defeat one of the most disgraceful cockbags to ever lace up a pair of boots. Wasting my time punch-kicking the amoebas in the Kabal who share one brain cell among them, and then to see *Deacon of all people* get recruited by that white velcro-shoed, vanilla yogurt dullard Gage Blackwood for Team DEFIANCE? Fuck outta here.

She stands up, palms flat on the desk, her face a thundercloud.

Lindsay Troy:

I've lost sight of why I returned in the first place, and I need to refocus. And you're gonna help me with that, *partner*.

Nodding in understanding, Sonny then takes his cup and tosses it aside.

Sonny Silver:

People gonna get got. Got it.

He reaches over and grabs some MMA gloves from one of his drawers.

Sonny Silver:

All right, let's get to it then. It'll be kind of cool if I go into class already fired up. Especially scaring that Caballero kid... again. Hahaha.

Lindsay Troy:

You're a sadist. (A grin) Don't ever change.

Sonny Silver:

Pfft. Why start now?

The once dominant force known as Silver and GOLD~! make their way out of the office and over to the ring, Sonny strapping on his gloves as the pair walk.

Sonny Silver:

Just like the old days then, huh?

Lindsay Troy: *[nodding]*

Just like the old days.

Sonny Silver: *[chuckling]*

God help DEFIANCE...

THURSTON HUNTER

Mounds upon mounds of gently soaked facial tissues litter the ground of the COMPLIANCE Warehouse main office.

There, sitting in the middle of all the sad chaos is none other than Malak Garland.

Holding his own pity party, he's got Teresa to his left and Cyrus, MEE6 and ALEX to his right. He tries to control his breathing but it's tough.

Malak Garland:

And then, and then, and then big bad Brock Newbludd slammed my head down! And then Pat Cassidy came in through the crowd and I was so caught off guard and the next thing I knew, Cyrus got pinned for the one, two, three and lost my tag team titles! I've got the sads!

The Source of Envy lets out a wail of a cry as Cyrus pats his longtime partner on the back.

Cyrus Bates:

I'm so sorry I failed you, Malak. It's my fault I took the pin.

MEE6 nudges ALEX off to the side.

MEE6:

Wasn't it Malak that ate the pin?

ALEX nearly punches MEE6's lights out.

ALEX:

Shut up, Martin! Not so loud! It's Malak's truth, after all.

The sobs continue as Malak buries his face into Cyrus' pecks.

Malak Garland:

I'm so sorry for calling everyone in here but it's a crisis! Cyrus, MEE6 and ALEX, you guys should go back out there and continue your search party adventures. Teresa, honey, you should run off with The Kabal and continue doing whatever dark art magic they have you doing. Sniffle. It's just that I'm hurting so much right now.

He can't control himself. He's literally shaking at the core, Malak's body continues to dehydrate itself with an overwhelming amount of waterworks.

Malak Garland:

I have all you people here with me and that's great and all but it isn't as good as having all my belts, too. I doubt Brock knows how often to shine-wax those things properly. Sniffle. I should text them instructions but I can't bring myself to message them! Maybe later. So unsure. So indecisive.

Malak empties yet another box of tissues before carrying on.

Malak Garland:

I mean, I have my health, lots of money, this warehouse, fame, athletic gifts, the deed to the funhouse, a safe space box I don't use anymore and my paper belt but all that still doesn't compare!

If he sounds like an entitled brat, it's because he is and nothing is good enough compared to what he lost. His sniffles dry up for just a moment as the door to the room swings open. In walks a short man with an intense look on his face.

Malak Garland:

Who the heck are you?

Thurston Hunter:

I'm Thurston Hunter. The mightiest street fighter from the east. I'm cousins to my cousin Jack, who is my cousin.

Malak looks at Thurston with confusion through his red eyes.

Malak Garland:

Sniffle. What are you doing here? You're interrupting my pity party. Sniffle.

Malak wipes his nose as Thurston grins.

Thurston Hunter:

I am such a bad dude with such a bad reputation from THE STREETS and after I saw the number those two beer swellers did to you, I decided you need an UNDEFEATIFIABLE friend. So consider this my online application in person to join The Comments Section as your enforcer. I'll always be around.

Thurston doesn't look like he could punch through a paper bag yet Malak looks impressed.

Malak Garland:

Tickle me intrigued, Thurston. I'm sorry though, I'm just going through a lot of emotions at the moment.

Thurston goes to help out by grabbing a Kleenex box and bringing it to Malak but instead of handing it to the crestfallen one, Thurston ends up shoving the box right in Malak's face!

Thurston Hunter:

Oh crash! Sorry! Hope you don't get covered in little bruises because of that!

Malak is too busy soiling tissues to care to respond. Thurston does some karate chops before sitting next to Malak.

Malak Garland:

Sniffle, sniffle. So by my count, our Comments Section is me, Cyrus, Teresa, MEE6, ALEX and now Thurston. Oh wow, we're unpacking more and more. Gotta get stronger.

Thurston nods with an insatiable eagerness.

Malak Garland:

Thurston, do you, do you think I should proceed with plans as planned?

Thurston never stops nodding.

Malak Garland:

Okay, wow, you've convinced me. PLANS GO ON AS SCHEDULED! Cyrus, MEE6, ALEX! Get your asses back in the field! Teresa! Go do ASMR things!

Malak slams the tissue box down.

Malak Garland:

Thurston? We have a speech to give.

Thurston cracks his knuckles but then yelps in pain because he did it too hard.

Thurston Hunter:

Can't wait to chop the competition.

Thurston begins to rise from his seated position but gets held down by Malak.

Malak Garland:

One other thing.

Garland holds out his phone with details about the DEFIANCE and BRAZEN Tag Party III Tournament on it.

Malak Garland:

Seeing that the rest of my crew is busy, do you think you can help me with this?

Hunter stares a hole through Malak's misty eyes. Thurston gently places a hand on his new leader's shoulder.

Thurston Hunter:

It would be my honor's privilege to kick ass with you. We're, like, subreddits after all.

The spirit of Hunter's voice invigorates a glimmer of hope and love in Malak's eyes.

Malak Garland:

Oh boy, oh boy. Tickled me excited. Sniffle.

A BOLD AND INNOVATIVE IDEA

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The DEFarena instantly is awash in the boos of The Faithful.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, here comes a man who has a lot of explaining to do...

Ned Reform, dressed formally, walks out from the back - all smiles. He turns and gestures behind him, where Levi Cole appears - also wearing a suit. Cole doesn't even bother to glance at the legions of jeering fans as he walks past The Good Doctor with a stoic strut on his way to the ring. Reform, for his part, milks the moment a little bit more, smiling broadly to the fans as he slowly makes his way down the aisle.

Lance:

Two weeks ago, Levi Cole shocked the world by aligning himself with Ned Reform after a brutal beatdown of his former TAs.

DDK:

I've known Levi Cole for the better part of a decade. In that entire time, he's always been an upstanding man of morals. I can't... I just can't wrap my head around why he would throw his lot in with someone like Ned Reform.

Lance:

I think, partner, we're about to get some answers.

It would look that way: Reform has entered the ring and is gesturing for a mic from a nearby ring crew member. Cole plants himself in the center of the canvas, his arms folded coldly and his face betraying no emotion. Reform can't take the grin off his face and he waits for the theme music to die down before raising the mic...

...but he brings it back down as it becomes difficult to speak over all the booing. Still smiling, Reform shakes his head as one might at a child that is acting up but is also kind of amusing you. Ned turns and says something off mic to Cole. His new TA simply nods but Reform breaks out into a cackle. Finally, with the noise at a sufficient level, he dubs it time to speak.

Ned Reform:

Today's topic... is accountability.

The people aren't sure what to make of this unorthodox opening to a promo. Reform makes a condescendingly sympathetic face.

Ned Reform:

I know, I know children - you're all on pins and needles waiting to hear from TA Cole here about why he allied himself with me last week. And rest assured - you'll get the answers you seek. But first, let me take you on a journey of self discovery, yes? Together, we will grow as people today. So, here's what we'll do. Our discussion today is going to be centered around accountability. I'm going to put two minutes on the clock. Take a look at the DEFtron...

On the big screen, a "2:00" timer appears.

Ned Reform:

I'm going to give you all two minutes and I'd like you to turn to an elbow partner - somebody near you - and briefly discuss a time that you either felt you were held accountable or you had to hold someone else accountable. Now, don't be shy if you don't know the person, but please be quick with introductions as we're short on time here...

Reform frowns, looking around the arena. When he speaks, it's very slowly, as if speaking to a simpleton.

Ned Reform:

PEOPLE! I don't think some of us had our listening ears on during the instructions. Please, let's try and be respectful listeners. To recap: two minutes. Discuss with a partner a time you were held accountable or a time you had to hold someone accountable. Are we all ready?

Reform looks out in the crowd, and is met with a combination of jeers and middle fingers.

Ned Reform:

And.... GO!

On the tron, the countdown begins. **1:59. 1:58. 1:57.** As the numbers dwindle down, Reform walks slowly in a circle around the ring, pursing his lips and looking out into the crowd to observe their conversations. As he does, he narrates out loud what he sees.

Ned Reform:

I see a rather portly gentleman in the fourth row who appears to not be following directions... I see an unphotogenic child here in this section who appears to be staring off into space rather than engaging in discussion... over here we have a very old woman who may or may not be sleeping...

As Reform speaks, the jeers intensify. Eventually, Reform stops his walk and leans forward on the ropes on his elbows, looking exasperated.

Ned Reform:

Children, you're not following the instructions.

More jeers. Reform looks around, perplexed for why his exercise isn't going according to plan. TA Cole walks up to Ned and quietly whispers something in The Pedagogue of Pain's ear. Reform makes an "of course" motion and then pats his TA on the shoulder in gratitude. He turns toward the entrance and makes the "cut it" hand gesture.

Ned Reform:

Okay. Okay. Stop! Stop the timer.

The timer pauses at **:55.**

Ned Reform:

TA Cole has been so brilliant as to point out the error of my ways: it's likely many of you don't know the meaning of the word accountability! Of course! That's on me. Sorry. However, even though many of you struggle with basic word comprehension, I did see these two gentlemen over here in the front row engaged in what appeared to be productive conversation...

Ned points to the front row and the camera turns to two guys in their mid-twenties wearing SNS shirts.

Ned Reform:

Mr. Cole, would you mind?

TA Cole exits the ring and grabs a microphone. He walks over to the two guys and holds a mic up to them.

Ned Reform:

Hello gentlemen! Dr. Ned Reform here. Tell me, what important discussions did you both have regarding "accountability"?

One of the guys puts his mouth up to the mic.

Random Fan:

Fuck you.

The crowd POPS! TA Cole immediately pulls the mic away from the foul mouthed youngster. In the ring, Reform visibly composes himself before continuing.

Ned Reform:

I see. Well, as rude as that was...

A smile.

Ned Reform:

...I thank you for proving the point. Albeit in a roundabout, sophomoric way. See: you never would have said that if you felt that you were being held accountable. If, for example, I was able to instruct TA Cole to bash your head against the cement floor until you were unconscious... you would not have said that to me.

Reform's smile turns a little darker as the fan who was rude to him eyes up the big Levi Cole nervously. Cole stares daggers through the kid before turning back and getting back into the ring.

Ned Reform:

So you see, children... accountability impacts behavior. Take Mr. Cole here, for example.

Reform walks over and puts a hand on TA Cole's shoulder.

Ned Reform:

Levi Cole has been a DEFIANCE wrestler for SIX YEARS. He's a talented and hungry competitor with nearly endless amounts of potential. And what has this promotion done with him?

Reform shakes his head regretfully.

Ned Reform:

Nothing. And why? Is it Mr. Cole's fault? Or is it a total lack of accountability on the part of the brass of DEFIANCE?

Doc Reform moves away from Cole, getting more animated and sticking a single finger into the air.

Ned Reform:

That's the heart of the matter, children. Levi Cole has aligned himself with yours truly because I was the only one who vowed to him that I would become accountable for the next stage of his career. That I would help shine the spotlight on him where it truly belonged. That I would change DEFIANCE for the better so that talents like him would no longer toil in the doldrums of the opening match on Uncut against "the next big thing." Mr. Cole knows that his decision was an unpopular one, but Mr. Cole also knows it's time to be just a little bit selfish.

Levi Cole, whose face has been nearly unreadable throughout this entire promo, allows himself a look of pure determination and a slow nod.

Ned Reform:

I've been spending the better of two months learning the in's and out's of DEFIANCE. Turning over rocks to find what disgusting bugs lived underneath. And I have finally... FINALLY... discovered the true heart of the problem with DEFIANCE...

Reform pauses to milk the moment. He looks directly into the hard cam.

Ned Reform:

A total. And utter. Lack of accountability.

Reform snaps his fingers.

Ned Reform:

Case in point: at Maximum DEFIANCE, I lost to Nate Eye.

The fans cheer at the mention of the Handsome Face!

Ned Reform:

Yes. He's very popular. But that's not the point, children. Please keep your listening ears on. During the bout, a former colleague of mine, TA Holyoke, struck me. On accident, assuredly. But still in full view of the referee. Do you think this logically resulted in a disqualification? Or do you think it was ignored? Referee Carla Ferrari, perhaps fatigued from her many assignments on that event, failed to do her job and disqualify Mr. Eye. I should be standing before you as the victor. But I am not.

A sigh.

Ned Reform:

And who do I bring this injustice to? For that matter, who do I register a complaint about my assigned party for the Tag Party tournament - an idiot who believes that he is a vampire? Do I go to this mysterious "board" of Favored Saints? I tried. Do you know how difficult they are to contact? And it dawned on me: DEFIANCE is a ship without a captain. Without a strong leader, how can DEFIANCE hope to function, nevermind improve? Where do people around here go to get questions answered? They go nowhere.

Again, the doctor looks directly into the hard cam.

Ned Reform:

DEFIANCE needs ACCOUNTABILITY. DEFIANCE needs a figurehead. DEFIANCE needs... an authority figure.

A smirk.

Ned Reform:

I am calling on the Favored Saints to create the position of General Manager of DEFIANCE immediately.

The fans begin to groan at this idea.

Ned Reform:

I know, I know. This is a radically unique and innovative idea in the world of professional wrestling. It's never been done! This person, whoever they be, should have final say on ALL day-to-day operations within the company as well as booking, talent relations, and championship rankings duties. I recommend posting the position and beginning the search ASAP.

Another dramatic pause. Reform looks a little sheepish before...

Ned Reform:

I would also like to be the first to throw my name in the ring for consideration.

Here come the boos! Of course he wants it to be him.

Ned Reform:

That's right. Earlier today I emailed The Favored Saints my complete *curriculum vitae*. I believe they will find my credentials make me uniquely qualified for such a position. I am eager to sit down and discuss my vision for DEFIANCE and how my talents can be put to the best use for the good of the fed. I look forward to hearing from you.

The Good Doctor turns again toward the crowd.

Ned Reform:

As for you, children... please consider endorsing me as the next General Manager of DEFIANCE. It'll likely make the transition of power more smooth if you're all on board. Remember: together... we CAN reform DEFIANCE. Thank you

for your time.

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

Reform lowers the mic and looks around to the angry crowd one more time as his music kicks in. He gestures to Cole and together they climb out of the ring and begin to head toward the back.

DDK:

I... I don't even know how to respond to that?

Lance:

Ned Reform is not only pushing for the appointment of a DEFIANCE authority figure... but he also wants it to be HIM!

DDK:

He's not going to get anywhere with this... right?

Lance:

Your guess is as good as mine, my friend...

BFTA (ADV/JACK MACE) vs. SHO NAKAZAWA AND NICKY SYNZ

DDK:

Welcome to UNCUT and we've got tag team action up on deck! Sho Nakazawa ran afoul of a very angry Jack Mace two weeks ago. Not happy with the result, a tag team match was booked. This time, Nakazawa teams with one of the newest members of DEFIANCE, Nicky Synz, to take on Mace and his partner, Alvaro de Vargas.

Lance:

This match won't be easy. It will be a massive test for Synz and Nakazawa so let's get to the ring and Darren Quimbey for the intros.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first, weighing in at a combined weight of 415 pounds... the team of **SHO NAKAZAWA AND NICKY SYNZ!**

♪ "Prime Mover (Zodiac Mindwarp cover)" by Synyster Sledge ♪

Nicky Synz explodes from the back, headbanging his long, blonde locks on his way down to the ring slapping hands with the fans as he goes. As he does this, the young Japanese star Sho Nakazawa is behind him, slapping hands. Nicky then whips out his signature Flying V behind him and starts playing a few riffs for the crowd. He continues on his way down, getting some pops from the Faithful. When he gets inside, Sho starts doing some headbanging along with him before his music cuts.

Alvaro de Vargas:

¡basura! ¡basura! ¡basura! ¡Apágalo ahora, pendejo!

The crowd BOOS as ADV steps out from the back with a microphone in hand. Making his own first appearance since MAXDEF, ADV snarls with microphone in hand.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Nicky Synz... pendejo, you still work here? I haven't seen you here since El Sol Dorado himself beat your ass and dropped you on your cráneo way back when! Let me welcome you to the main roster... by introducing your opponents...

Nicky Synz leans against the ropes and tells Alvaro to stop talking... but that's not happening.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Introducing first... El Oso Asesino! The Killer Bear! 268 pounds! From some place in England I won't try and pronounce like when you idiots butcher MY languages... both of them... The man who will make Sho Nakazawa his personal shoe polisher again... **"EL OSO ASESINO" JACK MACE!**

♪ "The House Jack Built (instrumental)" by Metallica ♪

The music plays and out comes a very well-built man wearing silver trunks, knee pads, wrestling boots... And a black overcoat with a hood over his face. The hood comes off and the Killer Bear looks out to the crowd. He wants to go to the ring now, but ADV stops him as his music fades.

Alvaro de Vargas:

And his partner... the man that will be kicking the vivir mierda out of that pendejo, Conor Fuse, on DEFtv 157...

ADV stops and the crowd JEERS as he disappears to the back.

DDK:

Oh, no... not again...

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

Lance:

Yes... [sighing] Again...

ADV steps out to his own entrance music and then looks out among the sea of the jeering Faithful.

Alvaro de Vargas:

EL SOL DORADO HIMSELF... 271 POUNDS! BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY PROUDLY PRESENTS...

ALVARO DE VARGAS!

The two men finally start heading to the ring while Synz and Nakazawa are ready for a fight.

DDK:

That was insufferable... but you can't deny their talent. BFTA will no doubt look to reset going forward. And with Tom Morrow set to make his return on DEFtv 157, you'll have to see how they rebound.

Mace and ADV hit the ring and then head to their corner... then make the corner. ADV and Mace talk amongst themselves for a moment. Nicky Synz wants to start for his team and on the other side, Mace will do so for his. ADV goes back to his corner...

DING DING

Referee Hector Navarro moves out of the way as Nicky Synz comes out like a rocket and launches a big jumping forearm against Mace!

DDK:

Synz is fired up! Big opportunity for his first match as part of the DEFIANCE main roster!

Synz backs up with the crowd cheering him on and then fires off with another big forearm in the corner. The blow rocks Mace as he runs off the other side and then nails a big dropkick in the corner! The Killer Bear gets stunned by the blow as Nicky stands up and starts strumming the air guitar...

Lance:

Come on, don't do this against BFTA. You gotta follow up, Synz!

Mace doesn't go down, but Synz tries to push him to their corner. Mace comes back and nails him with a huge forearm of his own... but he doesn't see that Sho Nakazawa got the tag before hand. Sho nails Mace with a leaping face kick from the apron and then quickly goes up top. He comes up and then flies off with a huge missile dropkick off the top, knocking Mace off his feet!

DDK:

Big Jack Mace gets knocked down! Cover by Sho Nakazawa!

ONE...

TW... KICKOUT!

Mace powers out, but Sho comes back and then nails him with a big thrust kick to the jaw that knocks him on his back. Nakazawa follows up with a springboard moonsault from the ropes, then makes a cover.

ONE...

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Sho learning from two weeks ago! Mace has turned up the viciousness, but they have kept Better Future off-kilter

since the match began!

Lance:

Sho is feeling it!

Sho gets up as Mace tries to get away. He runs right at Jack in the corner... only to get caught and then SPIKED down!

DDK:

NO! Mace catches him there and drops him like a bad habit with that Jackdrop Suplex!

After the painful suplex variation dumps Sho, Mace gets back up and then drag's Sho's body by the leg over to the corner. ADV makes the tag and the crowd reaction grows even louder with jeers for the 6'8" Cocky Cuban as he enters the ring. He turns... then NAILS Nicky Synz with a big running kick to knock him right off the ring apron! Synz spills to the floor while ADV pretends to dust off his boot.

ADV:

Bye, pendejo!

He turns around and then goes to work on Sho by dropping him with a massive body slam! He picks him up again and then drops him with a second one... then a third.. And then a fourth!

Lance:

Wow! ADV going to work on Sho. He's not giving him any sort of chance to fight back.

El Sol Dorado picks Sho up yet again over the shoulder... he paces around for a moment and then THROWS him more than halfway across the ring with the Cuban Missile!

DDK:

NO WAY! Did you see how FAR he threw Nakazawa!

By now, Li'l Nak has been completely wrecked by ADV and Mace. ADV tags Mace and then tells him to finish the job. He nods and then grabs Sho by the neck to try and get in his move, the Jack of All Holds... but before he can fully lock it in Nicky is back and nails a dropkick to the side of Mace's head!

Lance:

No! I think Nicky Synz knew that he had to save Sho there otherwise it was over!

DDK:

I think so, too! He's back in his corner and calling out to Sho!

Mace is still stunned from the dropkick, but he tries to go for Sho, who now has a chance to crawl for the corner. Mace pulls him up by the leg, but Sho gets to his other foot and then cracks him with a big enzuigiri out of desperation! The blow rocks Mace and takes him to a knee... and he jumps over to tag Nicky Synz!

DDK:

Here we go, let's see what he can do!

Nicky Synz heads into the ring and then runs under Mace to dropkick ADV off the ring apron with a dropkick as payback for earlier!

Lance:

Turnabout is fair play there!

Mace turns around, but Synz nails a big kick to Mace's knee then bounces off the ropes with another high-speed dropkick to the side of the big man's head. He tumbles over and then Nicky takes to the nearby middle ropes then

takes flight with a big middle rope meteora!

DDK:

Big move off the middle rope! He calls that move Double Platinum!

And after he nails it, he tries to get up and head up top again! But when he does, a PISSED-OFF ADV shoves him off the turnbuckle violently, sending him flying right into the turnbuckles!

DDK:

Oh, no! That was a very bad spill! Nicky might be done!

ADV returns to the ring apron and then reaches his hand out for a proper tag from Mace. ADV climbs down and then grabs Nicky before throwing him back into the ring. When he gets him back inside, he follows. Sho tries to come to his partner's aid, but ADV swats him out of the way with a HUGE lariat! Then he turns Nicky upside down...

DDK:

Ardiendo! That's it!

After the piledriver hits, it's academic.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... ALVAR...

ADV SNATCHES the mic and then stares down Darren, forcing him to leave the ring. After he does so without hesitation, El Sol Dorado huffs.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Conor... Conor Fuse...

He gestures to the fallen bodies of Nakazawa and Synz, amidst a sea of jeers.

Alvaro de Vargas:

DEFtv 157... this... is... you... pendejo.

He flips the microphone off to the side and then Mace throws an extra-big stomp to the chest of Li'l Nak on his way out! Sho gets the wind knocked out of him and then the two monsters leave the ring.

DDK:

A powerful win here for ADV and Jack Mace who continue to roll since MAXDEF. We'll see what happens moving forward when Tom Morrow returns on DEFtv 157 to helm the BFTA ship.

ADV and Mace pose for the crowd on the ramp and then disappear with the show moving on.

THE TAPE

When: Earlier this week

Location: WrestlePlex's Training Center

SLAM!!

Leo Burnett:

I don't know man. This plan seems a bit shady...

"The Iceman" Leo Burnett pauses as he slams the locker door closed. Staring at his partner "Skyfire" Zack Daymon, he awaits his younger partner's response.

Zack Daymon:

You are the one that told me to just bite my tongue and agree. I don't think i'm ready for him now but in a few weeks who knows!?

The tag team of NEW Rain City Ronin are dripping in sweat, after their recent PPV debut the two DEFIANCE newcomers have been spending extra time at the training center. In hopes that their extra hours spent here will transition to success in the ring.

Leo Burnett:

Did you see the way he looked at the cameras during MAXDEF? Or even remember seeing him up close?

Leo is heated and concerned with whatever diabolical plan The Guardians or at least one member of The Guardians has in store for the rising duo. Leo paces back and forth in front of the makeshift lockers, where only the most dedicated wrestlers spend their off time. Oddly enough they seem to be hovering over a larger locker that does not seem to belong to them.

Leo Burnett:

Just thinking about it though gives me the shivers. He reminds me of Michael Myers. And she... Jessica is acting just like crazy ass Laurie Strode man.

Zack Daymon:

Leo man... this idea gives us our best shot at shutting down the boogeyman for good. Just help keep me focused. We are... remember.. The... NEW! RAIN CITY...

As the outgoing Zack Daymon is about to wrap up his shouting team name, the pair are interrupted by none other than DEFIANCE'S STRONGEST MAN, RICK DICKULOUS! Dripping in what only could be described as a future cologne for DEFIANCE, the heated big man stares the two oddball young guys down.

Rick Dickulous:

You two fuckheads gonna stand in front of my locker all day, or should I make a fucking appointment?

Leo Burnett:

Oh shit.. Sorry sir, no we are not.

The Iceman wisely grabs Zack's shoulder, urging the younger tag team partner of his to move out of the way of the recent star of DEFIANCE Radio's latest episode.

Zack Daymon:

Hey man! I really dug your interview with Scotty Flash!

Zack attempts to break the awkwardness as he steps out of the way, raising his hand to get a high five from none other than the strongest high fiver in DEFIANCE. Rick scans him from feet to head, and as the two lock eyes, the large Canadian shoots him a confused look as he points to Zack's extended hand.

Rick Dickulous:

Y'know, that's a damn good way to get hurt, right? Put your goddamned hand down, and get the fuck out, unless you're both lookin' for some full on male frontal nudity.

Leo Burnett:

Look, man, we ain't lookin for trouble. Zack's just...a little starstruck. He just wanted to see if you were as big as they say you are - n-not for anything bad, just curiosity, y'know? Don't get many big guys that are as big as you!

Rick takes a deep breath as he turns towards his locker and slowly unlatches it with a sharp snap before opening it slowly. A pair of light blue jeans hang on a hook to the right, a black shirt hangs on the left, and a very large white bath towel hangs on the back wall. On the built-in shelf various personal items sit haphazardly strewn about, along with a VHS tape which reads: "MILF FACTORY 2: OLD MCDONALD HAD A FARM."

Leo and Zack both exchange a quick glance behind Rick's back as Leo shoots a thumb up at his partner. The Lumbergiant looks up and notices the intruding, out of place tape with a sigh that almost sounds more like a growl as he picks up the tape and slowly turns around.

Rick Dickulous:

I'm gonna assume that this here is from you two, because I know for a *fact* the last time I closed this door, *this* wasn't in there. Either one of you got anything to say?

Zack Daymon quickly chimes in seamlessly, bolstering his partner's confidence.

Zack Daymon:

Look, it's a gift! Honestly, I wasn't trying to cause any problems, I just really did love your interview and I figured you might appreciate a classic...y'know...like for later on? Say, so, were you right about Jersey Mick's mom?

Rick Dickulous:

I'm sorry...who the fuck are we talkin' about now? You mean from Saturday? That broad up in Baton Rouge? Yeah, the one with the reta--err, the special kid? Hey, any port in a storm, right? So, I'm supposed to take this...as a gift...from some random guy I've never talked to...that happens to be pornography.

Leo Burnett:

I know, it sounds like an after school special, man. Look, Zack hasn't even let me see that one, and I'm his best friend...I've seen...well...more than I probably should've when it comes to him. Is it so hard to accept that maybe you actually have a fan back here?

Rick taps the tape in his empty hand a few times as he speaks, looking back and forth between Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett with a flat stare.

Rick Dickulous:

Whatever. Here's the deal. I am gonna take this, and I am gonna give it a watch. If I ain't tossin' crib midgets around my living room later on, I'm gonna come and find you both...and then we'll all have a little talk.

Rick pokes Zack Daymon in the chest.

Rick Dickulous:

You....

Rick then pokes Leo Burnett in the chest.

Rick Dickulous:

And you...

The Lumbergiant then places his finger to his own chest, his voice a low growl.

Rick Dickulous:

And me...now leave before I change my mind, skip watching this, and move right on to the fighting bit. Now...if you'll excuse me...

As the shot pans out, Rick's shorts fall to the floor as a very large blurry spot covers his crotch area. Zack and Leo quickly exit as Rick turns back around, setting the tape back up on the shelf in his locker with a pat

Rick Dickulous:

E-I-E-I-OH.

Fade to black.

WAAAAY BETTER THAN THE DC MOVIES

We're in the garage of the DEF-Plex, though clearly a portion with exceptionally high ceilings. There is a bustle of activity, a handful of Plague Doctors carrying luggage and packages of varying size up towards the hull (as far as we can tell) of the ship that made its appearance with the Friendship Members League. Keyes enters the frame, carrying a large leather bag over his shoulder and in what passes as street clothes for an Airship Pirate; most notably, a long dark trenchcoat and his steampunk goggles over his eyes.

Then without warning, glass shatters and doors bust open. Bodies charge, spring, and crawl into the scene from all angles. The mundane afternoon explodes into a scene of chaos as a gaggle of colorless REAPERS suddenly surround Keyes from all angles.

If this was a comic book, there would be a rapid series of colorful onomatopoeia text-balloons as Keyes POW!s WALLOP!s and SMACK!s his way through each REAPER, like a Power Ranger martially arting a gang of putties. The classics of Keyes's arsenal are all on display - the Propeller-Edge Chop, the Tilt-a-Whirl Backbreaker, and punctuated of course with a thunderous BELL CLAP~~!

An EXPLOSION suddenly interrupts the brawl as a hole appears in one of the near brick walls (or at least a plaster wall with brick wallpaper covering it). Through the misty cloud of dust and smoke left in the explosion's wake a human shape appears... eventually emerging into a figure dressed all in black, save for the shiny Favoured Saints Championship wrapped around his waist

Rezin:

KYAAAAA-HA-HA-HA-HA!!!

The Goat Bastard REZIN is in a full-on Dick Dastardly outfit, looking like a Victorian-era villain that would be getting into zeppelin races with Nikola Tesla. His gallant black long coat is covered in buckles, flaps, and pockets, many of them serving no practical purpose. Tilted upon his skullet-lined dome is a tophat with goggles around the brim, for some reason. He looks like a Tetsuya Nomura character design on a bad acid trip.

Eyes widening into full Nick Cage mode, Rezin throws an accusing finger directly at the Airship Pilot.

Rezin:

HEN'RY KEEYYEEESSS!! For WEEKS, I have combed every dark corner of this wretched city in search of YOU!!

Keyes stops, raises his goggles, and a wide grin erupts on his face. Before Rezin can resist, Keyes walks up and engulfs him in a rib-cracking lifting hug that bulges his eyes out before dropping him back down.

Henry Keyes:

REZ!! Good to see you old pal! What's on your mind?

Teeth clenched and veins popping on his neck, Rezin's eyes look as if they might bulge out of his skull....

Then, as if a switch was flipped in his head, his intensity disappears and his demeanor changes entirely.

Rezin:

Dude, can I get your advice on something?

Henry Keyes:

PLEASE GOD yes - what's up?

The Escape Artist sits himself on a nearby bench and drops the belt in the spot next to him. He sighs dejectedly, like a man with a heavy burden on his mind.

Rezin:

It's this dumb belt. Having it... I dunno, it bothers the hell out of me. The whole idea of being "champion" and all that.

The Airship Pirate is caught off guard by this sudden shift in temperament, but sensing his frenemy is in a place of crisis, he takes the seat at the far end of the bench and lends an ear.

Rezin:

I mean, I always HATED champions! I hate the very idea of it! To me, a "champion" was just any random punk on a winning streak, and a "championship" was just some empty, material thing for them to hold over everyone else, to validate some unearned sense of accomplishment.

He seizes the belt and holds it up, looking incredulously into the "Fleur de Lis" designed face of the title.

Rezin:

Everybody always talks about the honor and distinction of being "champion" of something, but... to me, it's all just fake bullshit. Champions come and go... out with the old and in with the new. And here I am now, realizing that I've unwittingly become the very thing I hate.

Looking at it becomes too much, and with a grunt, he tosses the belt aside to the bench again.

Rezin:

Deep down, I'm not sure I even WANTED this! I was just trying to be the greatest high flyer... THAT'S a title more important than any belt, in my eyes! But I couldn't hold a candle to Minute's high-flying greatness. And if I can't be the greatest high flyer... or the most punk rock... or the craziest, or the creepiest, or the most hardcore... then what does that make ME?

He holds his hands out to the belt.

Rezin:

Is this belt ALL I'm ever gonna be known for in DEFIANCE? Is this the summation of all my hard work and sacrifice? To be the flavor of the week? I dunno if I can stomach that, Hank...

Rezin's head drops into his hands. Keyes looks forward for a moment, brows furrowed in thought, before turning back to Rezin with a sigh and a harder-than-he-probably-realized pat to the shoulder.

Henry Keyes:

You know, I've danced around this topic with you, but now seems as appropriate a time as any to give you a fuller answer about something. That handshake moment we had at DEFCON? That handshake...it isn't for just *anyone*. It's rare for me to find. Anyone I've ever met in the world who I've been able to share that with, I've found that they're bonded brothers and sisters with me for life.

Rezin:

So it's some Thor's Hammer shit or something?

Henry Keyes:

Something like that. The point is - there are vast, magical depths to you, Rez. Deep, smoke-and-bong-fueled caverns of untapped magic that we all see you exploring more and more ALL the time and it's the greatest and best thing to watch as your friend.

Rezin half snaps back at the word "friend".

Henry Keyes:

You don't need to focus on being any sort of "most" "est" "THIS arbitrary thing in all of DEFIANCE"...just know that there's WAY more in store for you here than *this*, if you want to pursue it.

Keyes taps on the belt.

Henry Keyes:

Your DEFIANT spirit is not for other people to choose.

Rezin ponders over these words and nods understandingly.

Rezin:

Ya know what? You may be right... I just need to go with the flow, and not worry about this kind of shit.

Clearing his throat uncomfortably, Rezin gets back to his feet and Henry rises as well.

Rezin:

Thanks, Hank. I owe ya one.

Keyes chuckles.

Henry Keyes:

You know, I keep getting harassed by these Christie Zane types about what gold I'm supposed to be heisting, being a pirate and all that. I wouldn't mind a crack at calling myself a Favoured Saint, come to think of it.

Rezin thoughtfully scratches his beard, then nods in accordance as he pops the tophat back onto his head.

Rezin:

Ya know what? Let's do it, dude... let's tear the fuckin' house down again like only you and I know how to!

This time, it's the Goat Bastard offering the hand. The Airship Pirate jovially takes it, and the two immediately go through the secret handshake sequence. Coming off the double-down low, round the back, and do-si-do, Keyes tries to cap it off going up high but instead finds Rezin's accusing finger pointing inches from his face and the sinister gleam reappearing in the Escape Artist's eye. Henry bumps squarely on his arse and goes wide-eyed at the sight of the dreaded finger.

Rezin:

SET THE DATE FOR YOUR FUNERAL, HENNERRYY KEEYYYYEEESSS!! At DEFIANCE TV 157, you will FINALLY be brought to your DOOOOOMMM!!!

Rezin jumps back a few feet, pulls a magically etched smoking pipe from his long-coat, and takes a few puffs. All at once, a cloud of SMOKE billows up around him. As he disappears in the haze, we can hear his villainous laughter erupting.

Rezin:

KYAAAAA-HA-HA-HA-HA!!!

The laughter devolves into a fit of hacking and coughing, and when the smoke dissipates, practically nobody is surprised to see Rezin still standing in place, his dramatic exit failing spectacularly.

Rezin:

...oh shit! REAPERS... RETREEAATT!!

Rezin scrambles out of the room, with his troupe of drones shuffling out in tow. Keyes gets back to his feet and dusts himself off, watching the Escape Artist leave with a gleam in his eye.

ARDS: TESTING THE NEW FORMULA

A Red Death Sequel: Scrow relieved the past, as he saw for the first time a petite reaper obviously revealed to be Teresa Ames standing in front of Jason Reeves capsule. When Scrow approached her to find out why she was there he got no response. Although she left a vial of Red Death lying on the floor. Scrow noticed that somehow she injected this test serum into Reeves capsule. Scrow in a fuss quickly wanted to wash the experiment. When Scrow returned to the present time he was approached by Ravanna, Reaper the Grey, and Victor Vacio. The Cerberus wanted a perfected formula of Red Death. Scrow was reluctant given what had happened to Jason Reeves. The liaison of The Cerberus was firm in the demands of The Cerberus. Against his better judgment Scrow agreed to make a variant of the formula that would not allow all the power to be in the hands of one person but to the collective Cerberus itself.

August 11, 2021

Stalker's Den: Scrow's Lab

On the counter spins five centrifuges. Scrow with a white lab coat and black latex gloves on he overlooks a glass freezer with three shelves. Biohazard logo over the front of the glass. One shelf is labeled "Black Death" the second shelf "Red Death" and the third is covered in frost and is not readable. Each shelf has a different combination of colors. Black Death ranges from shades of deep purplish color. Red Death varies in deep reds and cloudy reds. The final shelf with the unknown name is filled with clear serum. In the background and only becoming visible are five reapers "Known only to The Kabal is the Two-Tone Reapers"

Test Subject Two: The Persecution of Complex Serum

The Centrifuge stops as Scrow grabs a vial that has a rosewood red color to it. He inserts the tube into his serum gun. In his other hand is a voice recorder, he hits the record button.

Scrow:

Test Subject Two: Scrow has removed a component he believes was the cause of the mind control.

Scrow walks up to Yellow/Green Reaper and jams the serum into his neck. The reaper struggles in pain dropping to a knee. He starts to cough violently. He suddenly stands up and looks around then back at Scrow.

Yellow/Green Reaper:

What are you going to do with that?.... You are going to use that on me, aren't you?.... What did you just say about me?

Y-G Reaper stares at Red-Blue Reaper.

R-B Reaper:

I never said anything.

Y-G Reaper:

Yes, you did!

R-B Reaper:

No, I did not!

Y-G Reaper:

Yes, you did!

R-B Reaper:

No, I did not!

Y-G Reaper:

Yes, you did!

Scrow interrupts the argument, as Y-G backs away from the reapers looking at him very cautiously. He looks around at his surroundings.

Scrow:

It would appear that this variant does not give the result Scrow was expecting.

Test Subject Three: The Trepidation of Panic Serum

The Centrifuge stops as Scrow grabs a vial that has an amaranth red color to it. He inserts the tube into his serum gun. In his other hand is a voice recorder, he hits the record button.

Scrow:

Test Subject Three: They say the third time's the charm.

Scrow walks up to Red/Blue Reaper, who after witnessing the condition of Yellow Green he is very reluctant at being a test subject. Before he can make a move Scrow jams the serum into his neck. The reaper suddenly grabs his chest, which makes Scrow raise an eyebrow. R-B backs away from the other reapers. Y-G says in the background.

Y-G Reaper:

You are going to hit me aren't you!

Scrow observes R-B's reaction as the other reapers now clearly have no desire to be there right now realizing there are serums for them as well. R-B runs his arm over the table filled with glass and various test tubes and containers. As a loud crash is heard. R-B screams in agony as he sees the glass has ripped some of his reaper outfit and has caused him to bleed. With a loud screeching agony he shouts in pain. Quickly looking around and through his eyes, it would seem he is staring into figures made solely of darkness each with different color monstrous eyes.

R-B Reaper:

Get away from me you monsters!

Black and White Reaper tries to slowly walk toward him and see if he can try to calm him down...

Test Subject Four: The Melancholy of Dejection Serum

Before Black and White can really calm R-B down he is injected with the fourth serum! Its color is that of a ruby red. The gasps of pain as B-W receives the serum. R-B notices this and runs away quickly. Y-G once more in the background says.

Y-G Reaper:

You are going to give me another shot, aren't you?

Scrow looks over toward him as the serum empties into B-W. Scrow observes the Reaper cuddle into a ball quickly and buries his face in his knees.

Scrow:

Not the result he expected.

Scrow observes the reaper, only interrupted by Rezin entering the lab.

Rezin:

...what in the unholy name of G.G. Allin did I just walk into? There's even MORE of these guys?

Scrow:

Yea, it's like they come off an assembly line or something.

Scrow looks back at the B-W Reaper.

B-W Reaper: *[looking up at Scrow]*

Please just put an end to my life, this world just reminds me too much of her.

Scrow:

Her?

B-W Reaper points at a picture still sitting on the table of Scrow's dearly departed wife Basile Krowe. Scrow intrigued by that reaction looks back at the reaper. His mask is dark in parts, almost like it's damp. Rezin walks next to Scrow.

Rezin: *[points at Y-G]*

Well, I'm not an accredited psychoanalyst by any means here, but this dude looks paranoid...

Y-G Reaper:

Are you guys talking about me?

Scrow observes for a moment. Rezin then points at R-B who is cowering in the corner.

Rezin:

This dude looks like he would shit his pants at the sight of his own shadow...

Scrow raises an eyebrow, as Rezin points at B-W.

Rezin:

...and this dude looks like he'd rather be hangin' from a noose than hangin' around here.

Scrow:

Naaa that can't be it.

The two Kabal members look toward the Red-Green Reaper. The man has his hands up backing away from the two Kabal members. Scrow walks back over to the centrifuge, as Rezin stares at R-G pulling on the doorknob. When he suddenly is able to open the door in walks, Teresa and Crimson Stalker. Scrow loads the gun with an eyebrow raised to Teresa and the monstrosity he is responsible for creating, Crimson Stalker.

Test Subject Five: The Blue Devils of Desolation Serum

Scrow walks next to Rezin once more with the gun in his hand. R-G looking up at the monstrous Crimson Stalker. R-B walks over to Crimson Stalker, to the intrigue of everyone.

R-B Reaper:

Are you afraid?...well...

Crimson Stalker just makes a slight move of his arm, followed by a low humming growl, and R-B screams in fear and runs right into a wall knocking himself out.

Scrow:

Fear...come on how could Scrow not see that. Although Scrow uses fear he is not a victim of it.

Y-G Reaper:

You are going to hit me next aren't you?

Scrow:

Now come on, is Scrow truly that paranoid?

Rezin chuckles along with Teresa.

Scrow:

Noted.

While they observe that test subject B-W has come face to face with Stalker.

B-W Reaper:

Please end it all for me.

Teresa Ames:

Awww, that's cute. But Putties are not cheap to come by, so I'd rather not. Just rough him up honey, just a little bit.

Stalker grabs the back of B-W and throws him back first into the concrete wall instantly knocking him out. By this time Red-Green has backed right into Scrow who instantly injects him with a serum in a vermillion red color.

R-G shouts in pain and then looks at Rezin, whose eyes widen.

R-G Reaper:

Please I have no one anymore in this world. I just want someone to talk to. Will you be my friend? PLEASE!

Rezin:

Uhhh, who are you again?

Scrow's eyes widened as well. Rezin backs away from the reaper, and now he is grabbing his leg like a child clinging to a parent.

R-G Reaper:

PLEASE! No one will even talk to me.

Rezin exasperatedly looks at Scrow.

Scrow:

Ok....maybe your right Rez.

Test Subject Six: The Psychosis of Neurosis Serum

Teresa Ames:

Let's not waste any time or resources waiting, okay!? That's what I really like about the Cerberus, they are so proactive.

At first, her question seems to fall on deaf ears as Scrow is ignoring the pseudo leader.

Teresa Ames:

Mr. Fear wants to know if you had a chance to check out the dossier of our next target? The Perfect specimen, as you all keep putting it.

Scrow:

Between Red Death and Black Death, Scrow has been slaving in this lab to satisfy The Harvester and Fear! Give him a break!

Stalker's glaring crimson eyes would make any 'regular man' tremble but as Scrow turns and catches a glimpse of the Frankenstein monster looking at him, he doesn't even give him a second thought. Instead, he continues with his work

while hoping Teresa Ames and Stalker disappear from his lab.

Teresa Ames:

We aren't going anywhere. We'll be in the background as quiet as some finger flutters. I need to know if you are ready so I can prepare our next steps.

Scrow:

Are you blind? What the fuck do you think Scrow is doing here giving a vaccine to people who think its a conspiracy?

While all this is happening Red-Black Reaper is trying to find a way out of the room. Noticing Scrow has what can only be his injection in his hand. Stalker approaches Scrow and the two men stare each other down while Teresa clicks her fingers against a nearby desk, the noise almost seems to be keeping Stalker at bay.

Teresa Ames:

If you aren't careful, then my monster will be unleashed on you as well. But... since it's clear you are busy, we will just leave it up to you to properly update our stakeholders. Just remember who's in charge around here and who carries the biggest sword. It's not you - if that's what you are thinking.

Shrugging her shoulders she turns away and heads out of the lab, a simple finger snap is heard and Stalker's attention draws away from his former protege. Like a zombie, Crimson Stalker walks away from Scrow leaving him to his work as he wanted from the very beginning.

R-B sees an opening but before he can escape, Scrow grabs him by the front of the neck and with force injects the serum into the back of R-B's neck. He collapses to the ground face first.

Scrow:

Yea...yea...I know the bitch is becoming a problem.

Rezin:

Harsh, dude.

As Rezin and Scrow carry on a conversation, R-B is now thrashing Y-G leaving him a bloody mess as he looks around crazed.

Scrow:

He seems Unhinged....almost deranged.

Scrow looks at an ear-to-ear grin from Rezin.

Scrow:

Shut up...

Scrow tosses the injection gun on the table.

Scene fades.

WINS

Backstage with Christie Zane.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen I have standing by with me ... The Lucky Sevens, BRAZEN star Kid Black Jack and their official spokeswoman: Ophelia Syk ...

She can't get another word out when Ophelia Sykes comes up and steals the microphone from her. Dressed up like what one can only describe as being a Vegas showgirl with angry energy she shoos Christie away.

Ophelia Sykes:

Get out of here Christie. There's only room for one hot-ass woman back here and it isn't you.

Christie looks over when the massive twins of BFTA, The Lucky Sevens appear next to Ophelia. Mason and Max Luck tower over Christie while behind Max, a masked man from BRAZEN known as Kid Black Jack appears.

Ophelia Sykes:

I ... said ... LEAVE!!!

Christie finally bails on the scene. Mason and Max stand on either side of their spokeswoman with Kid Black Jack standing by taping his fists.

Ophelia Sykes:

We aren't going to listen to a bunch of twisted questions about how Maximum Defiance went because my ex-boyfriend and those people holding me down got lucky. We're moving on. You are talking to the official spokeswoman of The Lucky Sevens! You can call me "Lady Luck" Ophelia Sykes from here on out! And these giants next have goals! We all do!

Ophelia is looking up at Max Luck.

Ophelia Sykes:

First things first! We hear that there's that little Tag Party thing that Elise and Flex won a couple years ago. Nobody cares about them. The Lucky Sevens have beaten every version of PCP over the last yera! All they are going to remember now when Big Money Max walks into this tournament - even though he didn't ask to be in it, he doesn't want to waste his time with this Kid Black Jack guy, and the \$100,000 is like pocket change to BFTA ... but whatever. We'll play along for now.

Max Luck:

It's true. I blow through that amount in a week. Ain't that right, Kid?

Kid Black Jack tries to talk.

Max Luck:

Shut up, rook. Just cause we trained together doesn't mean we're at the level.

Kid Black Jack sinks his head.

Ophelia Sykes:

What we really want is on DEF TV 157! There is a tag team battle royal sponsored by Ballyhoo Brew to find their next contenders for the Unified Tag Team Titles ... you are looking at them. The last men who beat the Saturday Night Specials in a proper team match? You are looking at them! We heard that the PCP's, The Los Sky High Whatever's and all them will be part of this ... but nobody owns the Specials like Max and Mason do? Your next Number One Contenders for those Unified Tag Team belts? I told you ...

He points up.

Ophelia Sykes:

You are looking at them.

Mason moves off camera and then comes back with a few glasses of their 777 Whiskey. Max, Mason and Ophelia clink their glasses.

Mason Luck:

Ophelia ... I think we can all toast to that. To the next Unified Tag Title champions!

Max Luck:

To us!

Kid Black Jack looks up and Mason offers him a drink. He starts to take the glass ... then Max slaps it out of his hand!

Max Luck:

This is for winners Jacky!

KBJ storms off with the trio of Mason, Max and Ophelia having a pre-celebratory drink.

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. DAN LEO JAMES

DDK:

Coming up next, one of the participants of Tag Party 3 are going to be in competition! Young BRAZEN star Dan Leo James is partnered with Uriel Cortez and was originally set to take on his partner... however, due to his wrist injury from DEFMAX, Uriel was forced to withdraw.

Lance:

The match was set up to help Dan fight a bit of anxiety he's been having with crowds... but Tonight, the 6'7" star from Utah takes on DEFIANCE's own eclectic superstar, Butcher Victorious.

DDK:

Butcher has certainly had a change in attitude since coming back from his trip to Mexico... Bizarre, sure. He claims to be an innovator of new moves, but all I saw was him in the ring goofing off until a lucky roll-up got him a win over Kenny Yi. But we'll see what he can do next!

And to Darren Quimbey we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a singles match set for one fall! First, from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 210 pounds... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

♪ "Junior Kickstart" by The Go! Team ♪

The fans right away do not like the song that sounds like a rock band playing over a marching band, but it plays Butcher Victorious heads out from the back... now wearing a purple sparkling sequined coat and a matching... yep, a top hat like a complete asshole. Taking in a mix of some jeers and indifference, Butcher's music fades as he starts to speak.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC HAS GOT THE STICK! SHOW ME SOME LOVE, NEW JERSEY!

He only gets more booing as the crowd gets on him for that.

DDK:

You... he knows we don't travel, right? We've been in NOLA for like, ever.

Lance:

Oh, you know, he knows.

A sole "YOU SUCK!" in the background that's awfully loud. Butcher turns in that fan's direction.

Butcher Victorious:

Nah, that's Count Novick, pal. He's the vampire... and I'm the always-innovatin', rookie-hatin' DEFIANCE star! Total wrestle-vet over hurr.

DDK:

Oh, my God...

Butcher continues and looks down.

Butcher Victorious:

And speaking of rookies... Dan Leo James? First off, when you have two first names, you completely suck and you can't be trusted. That's just the truth. Second of all, it's too bad your giant dad, Urinal Cortez or whatever, couldn't be out here to watch what I do to you, Dan! So before you wet your pants when you have to wrestle in front of an actual crowd... come on down with your two left feet, kid! I'll show these idiots how a WINNER like me should have been in

Tag Party 3 and not you, you undeserving LOSER!

The mic mercifully goes away as he finally gets into the ring. He takes off his top hat and sequined coat and then hands them off to ringside, threatening the attendant not to wreck or wrinkle them respectively.

♪ "This Is Letting Go" by Rise Against ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Hurricane, Utah... Not THAT UTA... weighing in at 255 pounds... **DAN LEO JAMES!**

There is a bit of positive fanfare for the young man as he comes out and looks out to the big crowd in the DEF-Plex... but he's a little more pissed at Butcher's comments to focus on the Faithful.

DDK:

Oh, boy... Dan Leo James looks angry with Butcher's comments. Dan Leo James has had this nervous reaction to these larger crowds. Uriel helped set up this match so maybe this is what he needs to get over that anxiety?

Lance:

Maybe... he's got a solid technical background and he could pose a threat to Butcher here.

Dan Leo James then runs towards the ring and has some fans behind him. Butcher looks afraid when the big man races to the ring... but when he looks out to the Faithful on his way down, Dan slips and takes a nasty faceplant onto the ring apron!

DDK:

Oh, no! What just happened?!

Lance:

I think... did he just knock himself out? That fall looked really bad!

The camera then shows replays as a few fans laugh, but some show concern for what just happened. They show Dan Leo James racing down to the ring and then glancing out to the crowd to bask in the reaction... then his faceplant on the ring apron.

DDK:

This weird thing he has with this crowd... I... he just laid himself out.

Lance:

And look at Butcher.

As the crowd wonders what the hell just happened, Butcher gets a glimpse of the downed James, looking completely out of it as a pair of trainers and referee Rex Knox go to check on him. After a few moments, Rex points at the timekeeper and declares the match done.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... this match between Butcher Victorious and Dan Leo James has been called off due to injury...

DDK:

I... uh... did the match even begin? It looks like James had his bell rung.

Lance:

I know... oh, lord, what is Butcher doing?

Butcher Victorious runs out and snatches the microphone from Darren Quimbey.

Butcher Victorious:

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The crowd boo Butcher for laughing at James' misfortunes as he gets checked on near ringside by the trainers.

Butcher Victorious:

I saw it! You all saw it, too! This numbnuts over here tried to get out of this match on purpose because he heard I had this really awesome, intricate and to you non-wrestling laymans... convoluted... submission hold all ready to go. I have the instructions right here...

He pulls out a note.

Butcher Victorious:

...In my pocket! And he'd rather hurt himself to get out of fighting me and tapping out to it! So I win again! Suck a butt, rookie!

He throws the microphone away and then jumps up and down the ramp to jeers from the crowd.

DDK:

Oh, God... he... he didn't do anything.

Lance:

We can hope that James is okay. Hopefully we'll have more on his condition... HEY!

He gets stopped when Butcher grabs Lance's headset off his face and yells into it.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC! ON THE COMMENTARY STICK!

And then tosses it off before disappearing to the back like the living troll he is.

DON'T SHOOT THE MESSENGER

As we cut to elsewhere backstage we see Chris Trutt waiting for his upcoming interview.

Chris Trutt:

Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is none other than everyone's favorite Texan, Scott Stevens.

Stevens steps into view and the Faithful chant his name.

Chris Trutt:

Seems like the Faithful have missed you.

The comment brings a smile to the Texan's face.

Scott Stevens:

Well, I've missed them.

Stevens replies and the Faithful cheer louder.

Chris Trutt:

This is your first appearance since your war with Arthur Pleasant.

The crowd boos loudly and the mere mention of Arthur's name almost causes a riot in the stands.

Scott Stevens:

That is true Chris. Arthur Pleasant and myself went to hell and back and unfortunately he was victorious that night, but we both know you weren't the better man though.

Stevens implies as he looks directly into the camera.

Scott Stevens:

We will cross paths again Arthur and if you don't have your lackeys we both know who will be walking out of that ring the victor.

Stevens says as he points to himself.

Scott Stevens:

But enough about Arthur Pleasant. I've given that numbnuts too much time already, and get to why I'm here.

Chris Trutt:

Which is?

Chris asks with enthusiasm in his voice.

Scott Stevens:

That next week, I'll be cleared to return to the ring and when that happens I'll be looking to get back on track to becoming the FIST of DEFIANCE was again.

Stevens proclaims and Chris is a little hesitant to reply.

Chris Trutt:

Please don't take offense, but some have been saying as of late that the ship has sailed on you being the FIST again.

The Faithful boo loudly at Chris and Stevens nods.

Scott Stevens:

No offense taken Chris. I hear the whispers. I read what's being posted on social media and the dirt sheets and you know what I agree.

The Faithful begin to boo louder.

Scott Stevens:

Maybe I have lost my edge. I remember when I first came here I proclaimed, "Fuck DEFIANCE" and I dominated and decimated everyone and anyone put in my path and I won every single championship I challenged for. Hell, I've accomplished more in my short career here in DEFIANCE than most have accomplished ever.

Stevens states as the Faithful cheer and applaud the Texan's accolades.

Scott Stevens:

However, when Matt LaCroix put me on the shelf it started the downward spiral of me losing my edge. I thought I was on the right path when I became the ACE of DEFIANCE, but there is no way in hell I should've lost to Mikey Unlikely.

The Faithful jeer merciless at Mikey's name.

Scott Stevens:

Mikey's my bruv, but he isn't on my level and him having to use Perfection to beat me proves my point.

Stevens takes a moment to focus.

Scott Stevens:

For the first time in a long time my mind is clear and focused on what truly matters.....MYSELF!

Stevens says with a sternness in his tone.

Scott Stevens:

No more distractions. No more lackeys getting in my way. No more powers that are trying to prevent me from getting what belongs to me! I will be the rightful FIST of DEFIANCE and there is no one who can stop me.....

Without warning, Stevens drops violently to the floor from a charging forearm to the back of the head, and now another man is standing over him.

Chris Trutt:

WHAT?! KERRY KUROYAMA!?!?

The reporter is paralyzed with shock and stares agape as "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama, dressed in street clothes, kneels down and rains more forearms across the back of Scott's head and neck. The Faithful react with confusion and surprise.

Kuroyama tries to get Stevens up, but Scott's fight-or-flight reflexes suddenly kick in as he charges him into the brick wall. Suddenly, both men are holding each other by the head and mercilessly trading shots, and Trutt snaps awake from his stupor.

Chris Trutt:

We're gonna need help back here!

DEFsec flood the hallway from both sides and quickly use their numbers to pry the men apart. Kerry immediately throws his hands up and walks the other way, satisfied he made his point. Scott Stevens, on the other hand, has to be restrained by at least four men in black polo shirts to be kept from running after him.

With the chaos dying down in the background, Trutt can only look to the camera and meekly shake his head, having no idea on how to process this turn of events.

THE BIRTH OF THE GUARDIANS

When: A Fateful Night - June 2008

Location: Charlotte, North Carolina - A local major hospital

SLAP!!

Caitlyn Daymon:

You said you were going to be able to control him... you said my husband would be safe and now look at him! His career might be over because you can't even handle your own talent!

There was a fury and rage in the eyes of Caitlyn Daymon as she furiously shook her finger at the one and only Dan Ryan. This exchange came after the owner of Empire Pro Wrestling just received a brutal slap from the wife of his World Heavyweight Champion. A champion he just witnessed crash three stories into the hood of a sports car.

Dan Ryan:

I can't control Jason Reeves. No one can. Your husband should have known that himself.

A brief commotion happens in the background which distracts both of the main stars of the on screen action, but as the camera pans over the real stars are finally caught in view. Jessica Reeves, red haired and all is sitting on a waiting room seat next to a little boy. Both of them seem eagerly desperate to avoid the adult conflict happening not even twenty feet from them.

Jessica Reeves:

I'm sure your Dad is fine, Zack. I've seen him go through a lot worse.

That was a lie from Stalker's only daughter, but she had the silver tongue of a fox already at only 12 years old. It certainly seems like she believes it, even if the camera shows a completely different perspective. The eight year old Zack Daymon doesn't look any less concerned for his father, considering the events that just took place. No one would be surprised by his reaction.

Zack Daymon:

MOM!! Is Dad going to be okay!? I thought, I thought that man was going to kill him!

Cringeworthy, was a word to describe how Jessica felt right now. Sitting next to the son of the man that her father potentially destroyed less than three hours ago. Both men were rushed into the hospital after the most recent EPW Aggression show, which showcased Rocko Daymon as EPW's world champion, being viciously attacked with no remorse from Stalker, Sean Stevens among others.

Caitlyn Daymon:

He'll be fine sweetie! I promise!

With tears rolling down her face, Caitlyn moves to one knee, embracing the young son of Rocko Daymon in a hard but meaningful hug.

Caitlyn Daymon:

Your Father is a strength that must never be forgotten. He fights for the good in all of us.

Jessica restrains herself a bit from throwing up in her mouth at the assertion, but it's not because she disbelieves Caitlyn's, it's because her father has taught her the most important lesson. Things are never what they seem to be.

Jessica Reeves:

I can watch over Zack while you tend to Rocko's needs.

Jessica offers up, almost like she is the adult in the situation, but in these days no one was acting like an adult.

Caitlyn Daymon:

Yell for the nurse if you need anything.

Caitlyn took the cue to exit as if she was the child in the scenario. Jessica let out a frustrated sigh, looking at Zack Daymon. A kid who was the son of her father's worst enemy. How was she supposed to watch over him? Why did she even volunteer for it?

The Collector:[off camera]

It's because you care.

As soon as Caitlyn Daymon exits the frame a new 'star' has arrived to take her place. Zack Daymon's focus is caught in a curled up ball of tears.

Jessica Reeves:

Who... who are you?

The Collector:

Me...? I'm...no one important. Just a messenger for those willing to pay the highest dollar.

Jessica Reeves looks around confused almost as if time is standing still. The voice is coming from a man who has sat furthest away from the pair of children. Dressed in all black the scene makes it hard to discern exactly who is speaking to Stalker's daughter.

Jessica Reeves:

Why are you talking to me?

The Collector:

It's just to let you know. When it's all said and done. That your choices are what will make the difference. It will be you standing at the end. No one else.

Jessica Reeves:

I... I don't want that. I'm not like him.

The Collector:

I know that, Jessica. The Kabal knows that.

Placing a hand on Jessica's shoulder the man has stood up, standing next to the young girl with a grimace on his face.

The Collector:

Jessica, you... are much.. much.. worse than your Father...

The tone in his response seems to have put a heavy weight on the use of the term 'your Father'.

The Collector:

So, do your best to change that. Because, as much as you run away from it - as much as you want to stray from it. They will always have their eyes on you, on you both. Your family and Zack's family will always be in danger.

A pause in the mysterious stranger's statement makes the world wonder who it could possibly be.

Jessica Reeves:

What should I do? I'm only... a kid.

The Collector:

Yes, a child. But... Children are never children for long. So... You wait. The right time will find you. Just as I have. Until then...

The red headed daughter of Stalker stares at this mysterious man dressed in black, this would be called Collector? Her eyes have a thousand questions but suddenly Zack Daymons' cries draw the attention of the nurses on standby. Stepping in, the nighttime staff is curious as to why a young girl was left by herself watching a boy in the lobby. The mysterious man in black disappears into the shadows as we fade to black.

I WANT YOUR FULL ATTENTION

Darkness.

[This song plays.](#)

A large room with bookshelves lining either side. The only light comes from candles placed in overhead chandeliers. The camera slowly pans down across this room to the far wall, where a large organ (complete with candles scattered all around) is being played.

The song echoes off the stone walls as we see the figure sitting in front of the organ and playing frantically. Although he's faced away from us and his face is hidden, we do catch sight of his slicked back black hair - and his cape. Yes, he's wearing a black and red cape that flutters as he pounds away on the keys.

Finally, he abruptly stops playing. The room falls silent. The figure does not turn to face the camera. In the distance, lightning cracks. The SPOOKYSCARY figure speaks, but does not turn around.

???:

DEFIANCE. Uncut 100. Be... ready.

Another crack of lighting.

???:

I want your full attention.

The man breaks out in a full on evil cackle as lightning flashes one final time and we cut out abruptly.

GULF COAST CONNECTION (TITUS CAMPBELL/CCK) vs. THOMAS SLAINE AND "CUNNING" CURT CUNNING

DDK:

Folks, welcome back to what has already been a noteworthy episode of UNCUT! We have a blockbuster announcement that on DEFtv 157, we will have a Battle Royale sponsored by Ballyhoo Brew! The Saturday Night Specials are looking for new contenders for the Unified Tag Team Titles and the winner will meet them at Acts of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Very true! And coming up next, one of those teams will be in action! The Gulf Coast Connection came back in a big way by adding former BRAZEN Onslaught Champion and now DEFIANCE member, "Wingman" Titus Campbell. NOLA's favorites look to build some momentum tonight!

DDK:

They take on DEFIANCE member Thomas Slaine and BRAZEN member "Cunning" Curt Cunning in action next. Let's go to ringside for this match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first, being accompanied by Theodore Cain from RIGHT HERE IN THE CITY THAT CARE FORGOT... "Wingman" Titus Campbell and The Crescent City Kid... **GULF! COAST! CONNECTION!**

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

The trio make their way out from the back to a nice pop from the crowd! Theodore Cain has on a new Gulf Coast Connection Mardi Gras-themed jester hat, along with Crescent City Kid, getting the crowd fired up with a collection of beads. Titus Campbell brings up the rear and the powerhouse throws a few jester hats out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young girl in the audience with her parents before they get to the ring. Campbell and CCK bump fists before their opponents come out.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, at a combined weight of 446 pounds... **THOMAS SLAINE AND "CUNNING" CURT CUNNING!**

♪ "I Feel Love (Every Million Miles)" by The Dead Weather ♪

The music hits and Thomas Slaine is ready for action tonight and even though he got beat up by Gage Blackwood one night prior he is ready to make a statement at the expense of a man looking to break himself as one of the main roster. Thomas directs the masked Cunning and the two talk strategy. Thomas himself has one of the new CCK jester hats... and promptly pretends to wipe his backside with it, showing what he thinks of their new merch.

DDK:

Them's fighting words... or actions, I guess!

Lance:

I'm guessing Slaine and Cunning are not in partying moods!

The duo head to their corner opposite the GCC and start talking strategy before they head to the ring. "Cunning" Curt Cunning wants to start for his team and Slaine lets him have it. "Wingman" Titus Campbell goes to his corner and then CCK stars for the duo with referee Hector Navarro in the middle.

DING DING

The two masked men circle up in the ring. The taller Cunning tries to go for a quick headlock, but the Crescent City Kid

spins around and then takes him down with a fast drop toe hold! CCK leaps over and then grabs a headlock on tight! But quickly, Cunning starts to get back up. He pushes CCK off of him and waits on the return, but CCK slips behind him and runs a circle around him to go back to the ropes before coming back with a big dropkick!

DDK:

Nicely done by The Crescent City Kid! Great to see the GCC back in action!

Theodore Cain yells support from the outside as CCK clobbers Cunning with a jumping back elbow in the corner. The 184-pound Kid slips backwards with a roll and gets up to his feet before rolling back and hitting a big corner spinning back elbow again! He makes the tag to Titus Campbell who climbs in. The 6'7" and 283-pound Wingman lives up to his name by taking him for the ride with an airplane spin that he calls Turbulence! The crowd cheers with each rotation!

Lance:

And they are looking good right now! Titus has him around and around and around... Darren, I'm getting dizzy.

DDK:

Don't look directly at it then.

Titus stops for a moment to catch his breath... then goes around the other way, spinning Cunning around again! He keeps on keeping on until he lets him loose and hits the mat! When Titus stumbles back, The Wingman makes a tag back to CCK. He climbs on the shoulders slowly of Titus, then leaps off with a big diving crossbody on a staggered Cunning! He goes for the cover!

ONE... TWO...

But Thomas comes in with a big knee drop to the back of The Kid to break it up!

DDK:

The veteran Slaine breaking up that cover! Gulf Coast Connection almost had it there.

Cunning has enough to crawl to make the tag to Slaine. The brawler from Alabama goes to town and wails on Crescent City Kid with right hand after right hand until Hector Navarro tells him to back off. He pulls him up and then jabs him in his masked face before bullying him back to the corner. He looks out to the crowd and then **KNOCKS** the ever-loving wind out of CCK with a huge shotgun dropkick sending him back to their corner!

DDK:

What a big dropkick! Slaine catches him right on the money! Cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

The cover fails, but he tags to Cunning. Campbell and Cain watch as CCK gets worked over with stomps by both men until Slaine has to leave the ring. The Cunning One pulls up The Kid and nails a few uppercuts to the jaw with the third one knocking him on his back. The tag goes back to Slaine and the two work well together with a big double front suplex against the ropes! Slaine then nails a running boot to The Kid, knocking him back in the ring!

DDK:

Big moves there by Slaine and Cunning! Can they get the upset?

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

The hometown crowd cheer CCK's valiant kickout! But Slaine stomps on him some more to jeers before he yells that he'll cut them... wow, lots to unp... **UNCUT** there? Anyway, Slaine pulls CCK back up, then tags Cunning again. The two try a big double suplex again... but this time, CCK manages to land on his feet behind them and then **DROPS** them both with a double jumping neckbreaker!

DDK:

Counter by The Kid! What a great move! Can he tag in The Wingman?

Campbell has a large hand out and then... gets it! He comes into the ring and then hits a big body slam on Cuning! Then one for Thomas Slaine ON top of Cuning! Then a beaten CCK comes into the ring and wants up... then Titus SLAMS his own partner on top of them!

DDK:

Wow! I can't say I've seen teamwork like that! Titus has gelled so well with Cain and CCK since joining!

Lance:

That he has!

Titus then gets Cuning, the legal man, in his sights. He picks him up and whips him to the corner before SLAMMING into him with a bone-crushing clothesline, then planting him with a big front powerslam! Titus then climbs to the middle rope and then tags CCK. Titus manages to hit Take Flight off the second rope with a diving headbutt on Cuning! After he does, The Kid goes up top and leaps off with a Stuka Jr-style frog splash, the Hurricane Press! He stays on Cuning as Titus runs over and LEVELS Thomas Slaine with a huge shoulder tackle to knock him out of the ring!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **GULF COAST CONNECTION!**

Cain enters the ring and high-fives Titus and CCK for a job well done! The trio have their arms raised.

DDK:

Another win for Gulf Coast! They look great and look like they are serious about coming for the Unified Tag Team Titles!

Lance:

Titus and his power have been a difference maker for the trio. After that ugly business with AP and the Scourge now behind them, can they go for the gold? Big battle royale coming up on DEFtv 157! Don't miss it!

The hometown trio head up the ramp and Theodore throws out more jester hats and beads to the Faithful as the show rolls on.

SEARCH PARTY CYRUS 010

Supply shop.

Cyrus Bates, MEE6 and ALEX get equipped with all sorts of gadgets as they peruse the COMPLIANCE Warehouse armory. Yes, there's an armory now.

Cyrus Bates:

Make sure you guys pick wisely. We need good equipment when we head back out into the field. You heard Malak, after all.

MEE6 picks up a tear gas canister and looks at it with puzzlement.

MEE6:

Wonder what this thing does.

He reaches his finger towards the pull pin, but Cyrus manages to stop any shenanigans before they can start.

Cyrus Bates:

Don't touch that! We're inside! Pull your head out of your ass, for crying out loud!

ALEX wipes some sweat from his brow like the trio really dodged a bullet there. MEE6 promptly places the tear gas back where it came from like a kid being told no by his parent in a grocery store.

MEE6:

What are we doing now, anyways? Joe Stats was found, wasn't he?

If the tear gas fiasco wasn't enough, MEE6's stupid question enrages Cyrus beyond belief.

Cyrus Bates:

ARE YOU KIDDING ME RIGHT NOW? FIRST OFF, NEVER SAY A SUBJECT'S NAME OUT LOUD. SECONDLY...

Cyrus looks around to make sure no one is listening. They're in the safety of the COMPLIANCE Warehouse after all, so no worries there.

Cyrus Bates:

I have it on good authority we're heading out on a new operation. Apparently, someone of high importance has gone missing and it's up to us to secure the target.

ALEX steps into the conversation.

ALEX:

Do we have any intel?

The Bellicose Brawler nods with confidence.

Cyrus Bates:

Yes. Apparently, the subject is excellent at posting memes. Take that at face value but I have an idea where we can start looking. It'll be a tough task for sure, but there's a Louisiana server room not too far from here. I say we break in and try to find a data trail to follow.

MEE6:

Nice. I love it when Blue Eagle always has a plan.

MEE6 and ALEX high five ignorantly.

Cyrus Bates:

But. Apparently, the place has heavy security. Make sure you guys LOAD OUT! This one's for real.

The trio furiously stow assault items from that point on before departing to the server building where they plan to do a bunch of unpacking.

99 PROBLEMS AND AN OPEN CHALLENGE AIN'T ONE

The camera cuts to "Downtown" Darren Keeber and Lance Warner back at the Commentation Station... but before they get a word out...

♪ "Raise Your Flag" by MAN WITH A MISSION ♪

And without a word, the fans go completely APE! Standing out on the stage, the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns heads out and raises an index finger in the air for the Faithful!

DDK:

OH, WOW! OSCAR BURNS IS HERE TONIGHT!

Lance:

He wasn't scheduled tonight?! What's he here for?! Anything to do with DEF Radio?!

DDK:

I don't know, but we'll find out!

The Technical Spectacle makes his way out and the response is THUNDEROUS! Wearing black basketball shorts, bright orange sneakers and his orange "HI, I LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt, Burns greets the fans with as many high-fives and fist bumps as possible before he finally gets to ringside. He starts to walk the steel steps and then wipes his feet on the apron before climbing inside.

DDK:

Burns looks to be in the best mood he can be after how MAXIMUM DEFIANCE went down. He came as close as one could come to winning the FIST. He survived along with Gage Blackwood, but it was Gage who got the pinfall and became our new FIST of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Indeed. You've got to wonder where his mind is at.

The Technical Spectacle's music fades quietly and he grabs a microphone.

Oscar Burns:

Not long ago... a bright, young GC by the name of Kerry Kuroyama said one of the greatest things I've ever heard after 499 days of being dragged through the muck of that sPoRtS eNtErTAlnMeNt garbage... ACTUAL WRESTLERS are holding titles! The Saturday Night Specials became your Unified Tag Team Champions and they're in action later!

A pause for the popular team being mentioned.

Oscar Burns:

Matt LaCroix and Dex Joy, two of the best rising stars we have in this company, PERIOD... those GCs laid it all on the line in a near-perfect match!

He pauses for a big pop for both men being mentioned, the hometown boy as well as The Biggest Boy.

Oscar Burns:

And then Gage Blackwood won the FIST...

Burns' response is a little less friendly for a man he has had BAD blood with in the past... but the crowd is showing love to the fighting Scotsman!

Oscar Burns:

Trust me, I have words for him, I promise you that. But my personal feelings aside for the man and everything we have

been through... all these men are WRESTLERS. Actual WRESTLERS here to fight for the love of the sport and honor great tenets in this ring like sportsmanship, fair play, and giving you, the fans, the Faithful, everything that YOU came here to see! They're not here just to stand on the heads of everyone in this promotion that helped build it! They're not here to jump to the next thing like other sports, television, movies and all that bullshit... like me, they're all here because for us... THIS... IS... IT!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

The response is massive from the Faithful as Burns lets them have the moment. Once he does so and it dies down a little, he continues.

Oscar Burns:

And now with Mikey Unlikely taking his ball and going home and the rest of 24K being MIA, I'm good with that. I'm ready to get back to the wrestling. How about you, Team Graps? Are the lot of you ready to see us go hard out in this ring? Yeah nah? Let me know if you like the Graps as much as I do!

The Team Graps Cap holds out the microphone to all sides of the ring as a big chant starts out.

WE LIKE GRAPS!

WE LIKE GRAPS!

WE LIKE GRAPS!

WE LIKE GRAPS!

Letting them go for a moment, The Technical Spectacle enjoys the response.

Oscar Burns:

So enough of me flapping my gums, GCs. What I want to do now is turn my attention to a special thing called UNCUT 100!

He points to the back.

Oscar Burns:

With the likes of 24K gone, there's a lot of hungry people back there. People that might be looking to rise in the power vacuum left by the Fools Gold Arseholes or people who are looking for one chance to come out and make a statement. Well, if any of you back there are feeling stroppey... here's your chance...

He points to the back.

Oscar Burns:

For UNCUT 100, I'm declaring an open challenge and if anyone back there wants a fight against one of the best Grapplemen to put on a pair of wrestling boots... can anyone back there handle the jandle? I'm right here if you want to meet me in this ring.

DDK:

What an opportunity that is going to be! Oscar Burns, one of DEFIANCE's best, putting an open challenge against anyone that wants it!

Lance:

This could be a massive chance for someone back there! Nothing to lose and everything to gain!

Burns waits... the faithful buzz with anticipation. Just as it appears Burns has given up waiting, raising his microphone to his lips with a sly smile -- the lights abruptly cut out.

Lance:

What is this?!?

Red spotlights slowly crawl around the arena... and the fans in the know let you know they know.

♪ *“Electric Funeral” (Instrumental) by Black Sabbath* ♪

DDK:

Oh my! Are you KIDDING?!?

The curtain pulses for a moment before being thrust open. A thick, squat brute of a man steps through. Long dark hair wet and spindly, head hung low. The arena erupts in displeasure. He stops at the top of the ramp, head still hanging low.

Lance:

Corvo Alpha ... is accepting the open challenge from Oscar Burns for UNCUT 100?!?

The camera cuts to the chiseled face of Oscar Burns in the ring. Red lights playing off his stoic features. Eyes fixed upon the beast that came through the curtain.

The Tron blinks to life, showing a picturesque scene of sweeping fields with distant rolling hills and a bright sunshine-filled sky. As the camera sweeps across we note that something with this scene isn't quite right. The hills in the distance move mechanically as the camera does so. The hanging clouds swing and swoop casually through the “sky” and suddenly it becomes clear that what we are looking at isn't a beautiful vista at all. It is layers of painted wooden planks fashioned to appear as such -- all of it is false. Finally, the camera rests on a man facing the diorama wearing a fine black suit and a matching black bowler cap. He turns slowly to the camera as the booing in the arena grows, his face a false-mask of a smile.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I hear you, Mr. Burns. The intensity in your voice. The yearning inside. I... can't imagine how you must feel. To have fought so hard, so valiantly, to have given all you could give... so someone else, someone perhaps less worthy, someone NOT YOU could reap the rewards. Tonight, you bask in the adulation of this unwashed crowd...

The arena lets out a mix of approval for Burns and disdain for Trickelbush.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

...but do you deserve it? What's it all for, Mr. Burns? Your struggle. That intensity, the yearning... Your ... “grappling”... What's it all for... if the world knows you came up short when it mattered most? The world may be passing you by--

The “clouds” and “rolling hills” start rolling and breezing more quickly now. In spots, you can see the ropes holding them aloft.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

--but not Us.

Darkly painted “clouds” encroach on the screen just as Corvo Alpha drops to his knees atop the stage. Trickelbush's eyes flit downward, as if he could see Alpha kneeling below him, then stare somehow harder at the camera -- his face still oddly smiling.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You, the proud but flawed “wrestler”, against my hardened warrior. I know... you like “graps”. You'll have little of that from him. He might have been a “wrestler” once.

The camera cuts to Alpha. Red paint drips down his hirsute chest and stomach. He slowly raises his head. Through wet hair and a smear of black paint across his face, the whites of his eyes shine madly. He glares at the ring and the technical marvel inside of it. A quick cut to Burns in the ring shows he isn't shook. Back on the 'tron, what was once a majestic scene of a bright countryside is now a dark, foreboding mess of clouds and darkness.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

He is a "wrestler" no longer. Now he is something more. Perhaps... he is just what you need. At just the right time. Perhaps... he will show you that your precious "wrestling" can only get you so far. At Maximum Defiance, you "GRAPPED"... so that another man could be CHAMPION.

Corvo Alpha slowly climbs back to his feet. He begins a slow walk towards the ring as the arena starts to shake with fans reacting.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

At UNCUT 100... perhaps... my MONSTER will make you the man you were destined to be. Something more. Something worthy. Or... perhaps...

Alpha stops at the ring steps, eyes locked on Burns.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

He makes History.

A crash of thunder and the lights cut out once more.

DDK:

What the--!?!

When the lights return, Corvo is gone. As is the scene on the 'tron. It's clear the words of Lord Nigel might be in his head in some way... but after a moment of silence, he raises the microphone to his lips. He takes another moment to himself...

Oscar Burns:

...I'll see your monster on 100.

With that, he throws the microphone down and his music plays him out of the ring. Burns raises a hand to the crowd and then beats a rather quick exit, having said all he wants to say for tonight.

DDK:

WHAT A MATCH! "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns has accepted the challenge of Corvo Alpha on behalf of his manager, Lord Nigel Trickelbush. In the brief time we've seen Corvo, he's been a killer. Can Burns find a way around that?

Lance:

If there's anyone who can, it's him.

Burns raises a hand to the Faithful again before departing as the show rolls on.

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: SNS Â© vs. THE HALLMARK JOURNEY

DDK:

Alright, folks, up next is our main event of the evening! A main event featuring the new tag team champions, The Saturday Night Specials, putting the titles on the line against The Hallmark Journey.

Lance:

This is Brock and Pat's first title defense since taking the titles from The Comments Section at Maximum Defiance. Both men have said that they've buried the hatchet and are completely focused on defending the titles and being the best tag team they can be. Now it's time to see if they can back it up and secure their first successful defense here tonight.

Inside the ring, referee Carla Ferrari stands next to ring announcer Darren Quimbey. The veteran announcer slowly raises his microphone up to address the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen! The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championship!

Quimbey's booming voice draws a roar from the crowd as their attention turns to the stage...

♪ "As Long as You Love Me" by The Backstreet Boys ♪

There is a collective groan from the fans as they know exactly who this song heralds the arrival of: first Jonathan-Christopher appears from the back. He reaches a hand back and beckons... and here's his beloved, Vickie Hall.

DDK:

Folks, I'm not even sure how these two qualified for a tag title shot...

Lance:

The crazy word around the back is that The Saturday Night Specials requested them for their first title defense, but I can't imagine why. Oh, here we go...

JC raises a hand, asking for the music to stop. It does. In his hand is a mic and he turns and looks into the face of his love.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

Darling. My everything.

The fans begin to boo.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

The fact that we're about to compete for the Unified Tag Team Championship is only because our love is strong enough to push us up to this level. Vickie - you are the wind beneath my wings.

Vickie looks like she's about to tear up. She takes her husband's face in her hands and looks deep into his soul.

Vickie Hall:

I couldn't be your wind if you weren't my rock, baby. It's you and me against the world, and now it's going to be you and me - tag team champions!

The fans boo again, but both the fans AND The Hallmark Journey are interrupted by...

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

The DEFarena explodes!

DDK:

Looks like SNS were not going to wait around for the love-fest to end...

The cameras begin panning the audience, knowing how The Saturday Night Specials like to walk through their people on the way to the ring. On the right side of the arena, it finally catches "Black Out" Pat Cassidy standing in front of a fan entrance, brandishing one of the DEFIANCE Unified Tag belts over his shoulder and holding a microphone - but no Brock Newbludd in sight. The camera cuts to the opposite side of the arena, where "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd is standing in front of some rowdy fans, also holding a mic and holding a second tag belt high for all to see.

Pat Cassidy:

Wait! Wait! Cut the music.

The Saturday Night Special's theme fades out. Still standing in the entrance way, The Hallmark Journey seem a little annoyed that they were interrupted. Up in the stands, Cassidy speaks.

Pat Cassidy:

Listen! Listen, everybody. I know there's been some concern about the status of The Saturday Night Specials. Last time we were here on DEFtv... we had a... what's the word, buddy?

From across the arena...

Brock Newbludd:

Spat?

Pat Cassidy:

Quarrel?

Brock Newbludd:

Tiff?

Pat Cassidy:

Dust up? Anyway - for those all three of you who missed the Pay Per View...

On both sides of the arena, Newbludd and Cassidy hold up their respective belts.

Brock Newbludd:

You're looking at your NEW Unified Tag Team Champions!

The crowd CHEERS. JC puts his hands over Vickie's ears.

Pat Cassidy:

As for how Brock and I are doing... well... Newbludd... I just wanted to say...

Cassidy makes a show of getting momentarily choked up. He wipes a fake tear from his eyes and shakes his head, building up the courage.

Pat Cassidy:

I LOVE YOU, MAAAAN!

A laugh comes up from the fans at Cassidy's overdone melodrama. Across the arena, Brock pretends to be touched.

Brock Newbludd:

NO DUDE! IT IS /WHO LOVES YOU! You are... the salt on my margarita.

Pat Cassidy:

You are... the worm in my tequila!

On the ramp, The Hallmark Journey have begun to figure out that they're being made fun of. Both JC and Vickie look at each other - this time not with love in their eyes.

Brock Newbludd:

You are... the Jack to my Daniels!

Pat Cassidy:

You are... the salty nuts on my bar top!

Awkward pause. Brock tilts his head at that one. Cassidy reads the room.

Pat Cassidy:

Too far? Too far? Yeah I felt it when I said it. BUT! The point is, Newbludd... you're all the way the hell over there. And bros don't stand across the arena staring at each other....

Cassidy pauses. Then, at the same time...

Pat Cassidy & Brock Newbludd:

BROS HUG!!!

The crowd laughs as both men begin an intentionally ridiculous slow motion run down the arena steps toward the ring with their arms outstretched. The fans laugh, applaud, and move out of the way as the tag champions get closer to the squared circle. Meanwhile, JC and Vickie are still standing on the ramp and slowly boiling.

Lance:

Our tag team champions having some fun at The Hallmark Journey's expense.

DDK:

I'd say they're back on the same page, wouldn't you?

Brock and Pat reach the ring at roughly the same time, and meet in the middle with a classic BRO HUG! The crowd pops... but The Hallmark Journey does not. Jon-Christopher still has his mic. His wife snatches it away from him.

Vickie Hall:

Excuse me!

Cassidy and Brock break their bro hug to look toward their challengers.

Vickie Hall:

You two are disgusting. You're just jealous of our love.

The Saturday Night Specials have a good laugh at that.

Vickie Hall:

You are! My husband here is TWICE the man as either of you.

JC looks at his wife with pure joy on his face as SNS continue to be amused.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

You're too sweet, buttercup. And obviously... 100% correct! I mean, look at these two.

JC points to the champs in the ring.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

One of them likely cries himself to sleep every night with a bottle in his hand to fight the loneliness.

Pat Cassidy yuks it up on that one, until he turns to Brock and it dawns on Pat that Jon-Christopher is talking about HIM. Cassidy points to himself and Brock nods to confirm yes, he is talking about you. Suddenly Cassidy is pissed.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

And the other... well, he had no choice but to start dating...

JC and Vickie look at each other and make sour faces.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

...the *help*.

There's an audible "oooohhh" from the crowd and Brock narrows his eyes as the two lovebirds share a laugh at his expense. Glancing over to his partner, Newbludd sees that Cassidy didn't appreciate the dig at his sister either. The two friends lock eyes for a brief second before turning their attention back to the still laughing Hallmark Journey.

Vickie Hall:

The truth hurts, doesn't it guys? Face it, our love is unbeatable! Our love can't be conquered!

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

And our love is going to deliver us the Unified Tag Team Championship! Our love...

Brock Newbludd:

Bought both of you a first class beating from the champs! Enough of this shit! These people didn't pay money to watch you two idiots dry hump each other on the ramp. They came here to see their boys, the Saturday Night Specials, doing what they do best! Nah nah, check that! They came here to see us do what we LOVE more than anything else!

Pat Cassidy:

And that's kicking some ass, kids. C'mon Newbludd, let's go share the love with these two clowns...

The Faithful let out a roar as both men drop their mics to the mat and quickly exit the ring. Up on the ramp, JC and Vickie start to stumble backwards in surprise at the two men stomping towards them.

DDK:

Hallmark Journey maybe should have thought twice about talking about Siobhan Cassidy!

Lance:

It's never wise to degrade a man's sister or his girlfriend right to his face. Jonathan-Christopher managed to do both at the same time. I don't think a lot of 'thought' went into that decision!

With SNS bearing down on them, the two lovers stop backpedaling and take a brief second to look into each other's eyes. JC grabs Vickie by the back of the head and whispers something into his soulmate's ear. While the camera didn't pick up what JC said, it's obvious from Vickie's swooning that it was something really heroic and brave.

DDK:

They can't help themselves, can they?

Lance:

Love makes you do stupid things, partner.

With only a few steps between them and SNS, JC grabs Vickie by the shoulders and pushes her behind him. Determination etched on his face, Hall turns on a heel, ready to take on the tag champs. The instant he gets completely spun around, Cassidy NAILS him directly between the eyes with a haymaker!

DDK:

What a shot by Cassidy! Jonathan Christopher is reeling from that blow and here comes Vickie right behind him!

With a look of pure rage spread across her face, Vickie rushes past her stumbling husband to charge at Cassidy. The matriarch of Hallmark Journey lets out a battle cry and tries to take Cassidy's head off with a wild clothesline but whiffs badly due to a quick sidestep by Black Out. As Vickie stumbles past him, the Southie Scrapper gives her a hard shove in the back and right into Brock's waiting arms.

Lance:

Vickie put everything she had into that clothesline but she telegraphed it badly!

With only a few feet between herself and Newbludd, Vickie surprises Brock by leaping towards him. Caught off guard by her sudden jump, Brock stops in his tracks and Vickie lands on his shoulders. She immediately starts to lay into him with a wild combination of punches, slaps, and scratches!

DDK:

Vickie is in absolute frenzy and Brock's having trouble staying upright!

Lance:

Cassidy cold-cocking Jonathan set her off! She's rabid!

Meanwhile, Jonathan shakes his head and catches a glimpse of his wife tearing into Brock. Reinvigorated by her courage, he lunges at Cassidy and hits him in the face with a forearm. Pat takes a couple steps back from the sudden blow and JC lunges towards him again. Cassidy's ready for him this time and nails JC with a knee shaking headbutt. JC starts to drop to the ground but Pat stops him by latching onto an arm. In one fluid motion, Black Out yanks him in and picks him up off the ground...

DDK:

Black Out's got Jonathan-Christopher up...and he SLAMS him down to the ramp with a spinebuster!

Vickie sees her husband get driven into the ramp and the sight causes her to lose focus on Brock for a second. Using the brief opening to regain his footing, Brock takes a step forward...

Lance:

Vickie took her eyes off the prize. That might be a mistake...

With Vickie still on his shoulders, Brock takes one more step forward and then promptly removes her by powerbombing her right onto Jonathan!

DDK:

Return to sender! Now husband and wife are both down and this match hasn't even started!

Lance:

Cassidy's spinebuster followed up by Newbludd's powerbomb has reduced Hallmark Journey to a broken mess on the ramp.

Standing over Hallmark Journey, SNS bump fists and then raise them up to the crowd who respond with a cheer. Inside the ring, Carla's voice cuts through the commotion and both men turn their attention to her.

DDK:

Referee Ferrari just gave SNS their first, and last, warning to get things inside the ring or risk a double DQ. While they won't be losing the belts if that happens, something tells me Brock and Pat don't want their first title defense to end in a draw.

Sure enough, Brock and Pat are quick to oblige the veteran ref as they each grab ahold of one of JC's ankles and yank

him out from underneath Vickie's limp form. Leaving Mrs. Hall lying on the ramp, SNS roughly drag JC down towards the ring. Bringing the woozy Jonathan-Christopher to his feet, SNS deliver a double knife edge chop that sends him stumbling backwards into the ring apron. Carla barks at the tag champions again and Newbludd throws his hands up while Cassidy rolls JC into the ring. Rolling in to join JC, the Scrapper from Southie taps the non-existent watch on his wrist and asks Carla why she hasn't started the match yet. Ferrari shakes her head and signals to the timekeeper...

DING DING**Lance:**

Finally, this tag team title match is officially underway and Hallmark Journey's back is already against the wall.

DDK:

Well, partner, it's hard to feel any remorse for them seeing as how their insults directed at Siobhan Cassidy got them in this mess. I'd have to say The Faithful are feeling the same way based off of the way they cheered Vickie getting folded in half on the ramp.

Lance:

Speaking of Vickie, she's just starting to stir on the ramp. I wonder if she even knows that the match has started?

While Vickie tries to pull herself together on the ramp, JC finds himself being dismantled inside of the ring as Cassidy yanks him up off the mat and immediately sends him back down with a Pumphandle Slam!

DDK:

There's that big pumphandle from Cassidy! Boy, he really knows how to execute that to perfection.

Lance:

Yes, he does DDK. Probably why Newbludd's leading the crowd in a round of applause for his partner.

Having made his way to The Specials' corner, Brock stomps his foot and sticks a couple fingers in his mouth to show some appreciation for his partner. Cassidy gives his partner a big thumbs up as he rises back up to his feet, bringing the groggy JC along with him. Latching onto an arm, Pat rears back and fires JC into SNS's corner. Pat backpedals to the opposite corner, raises an imaginary glass to the crowd.

DDK:

Cassidy's calling for it!

Lowering his hand, Cassidy explodes out of his corner and races across the ring from JC. Leaping into the air, Black Out soars towards his target...

Lance:

SPLASH OF JAMESON! Jonathan is not in a good spot right now at all.

On the outside, Vickie has managed to push herself up on fours while inside the ring her shell shocked husband collapses into a sitting position in SNS's corner. Cassidy doesn't give his opponent a second of respite and pulls him back up to his feet. Maintaining control with a rough standing side headlock, Cassidy reaches out and tags in Brock.

DDK:

Newbludd's the legal man now and he enters the ring in a hurry. He's headed for the opposite rope with a full head of steam!

Lance:

SNS has got something planned here, partner. Cassidy has got JC up in the air for a belly to back...

As Cassidy spins to suplex JC back towards the middle of the ring, Brock rebounds off the ropes and races towards them. Just as Cassidy reaches the apex of the suplex his sprinting partner leaps up into the air and grabs JC by the

back of the head. The Faithful let out a cheer as the champions drive the back of JC's head into the mat with a slick belly to back/neckbreaker combo!

DDK:

SNS showing some creativity with that one!

Lance:

Cassidy powered Hall up with the suplex and Newbludd drove him down with the neckbreaker. Good double...

DDK:

Hold that thought, partner. It looks like Vickie's finally made it to the ring!

Still looking woozy, Vickie crawls up onto the ring apron and begins to pull herself up with the ropes. As Cassidy steps through the ropes to stand in the corner, Brock spots Vickie. Newbludd waits for the perfect moment and when it comes he hits the ropes at full speed, causing Mrs. Hall to go flying down to the floor!

Lance:

Vickie's back down on the outside, courtesy of Brock hitting the ropes! Here he comes back off them now...

Newbludd closes in on his down opponent and suddenly hits the brakes. Spreading his arms wide, Brock falls forward and nails JC in the face with a headbutt.

DDK:

Swan dive headbutt by Brock connects but he isn't going for the cover. He's bringing the delirious Jonathan back up!

Keeping his opponent upright, Brock wraps his arms around JC and looks out to the crowd...

Brock Newbludd:

BALLY!?

The Innovator suddenly pops his hips and sends JC flying with an overhead belly to belly just as The Faithful chime in...

The Faithful:

HOOOOOOOO!!!

Intentional or not, the crowd's chant is timed perfectly with JC flying head over heels in the air. The instant he crashes to the mat, they end it with a loud roar of approval. Rising up to a knee, Newbludd looks out to them and grins in approval.

Lance:

Big belly to belly from Brock and apparently SNS isn't done with Jonathan-Christopher.

Scraping JC off the mat, Brock applies a snug side headlock and maneuvers back to SNS's corner to tag Cassidy in. Brock extends JC's arm as Cassidy comes off the second turnbuckle with an axe handle that dazes The Hallmark member. With Carla beginning the count for Brock to have to leave the ring, The Saturday Night Specials send Mr. Hall off the ropes and catch him on the rebound with a double spinebuster! Standing over his form, they lock arms in a manly handshake before dropping double elbows into his sternum!

DDK:

You think these two are on a mission to show they're functioning as a team? They're breaking out all the tandem moves tonight!

Respecting Carla's authority, Brock moves back to the SNS corner... but Cassidy quickly tags Brock back in! Newbludd heads up to the top as Cassidy moves JC into the all-too-familiar piledriver position. Standing on the top

turnbuckle, Brock turns towards the fans and begins to rally them as he pumps his fists...

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

Brock flies off, spiking JC's head in the piledriver and completing The Saturday Night Special's signature maneuver, The Keg Stand. The Innovator hooks the leg as Cassidy drops Vickie, who was struggling to make it back into the ring, off the apron with a right hand.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... and STILL DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champions... The Saturday Night Specials!

DDK:

And in their first ever title defense, The Saturday Night Specials have turned in a dominating performance!

Vickie rolls in the ring to tend to her unconscious hubby as Cassidy and Newbludd take position on top of opposite turnbuckles, raising their arms (and titles) high for the fans!

Lance:

I'm told that we see Brock and Pat here with only two of the five Unified Championship belts because the other three are on display at Ballyhoo - where, I'm told, you can have a picture taken with them for a small fee.

DDK:

Nobody can ever claim SNS don't have entrepreneurial spirit.

Lance:

We'll see you at DEFtv 157 folks!

Our last image is Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy, standing directly on top of the ringside barricade, smashing beers together that fans had handed them and holding their tag belts into the air.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.