

SHOW OPEN



ACTS OF DEFIANCE PRESS CONFERENCE - NIGHT ONE

Two tables are set up before a black backdrop with a checkered pattern of ACTS of DEFIANCE and Favored Saints Financial logos. Four chairs have been set up, paired with four individual microphones. We can hear shutters snapping off-camera from the photographers on the scene.

A number of faces, both recognizable and unknown, fill up the folding chairs of the press pool. Right away we can see backstage reporter JAMIE SAWYERS and the Defiant's own RYAN SCOTT up front, notepads out, ready for action. In the same row sits junior reporter CHRIS TRUTT, absent-mindedly picking wax out of his ear. Behind them, DEFIANCE superfans DEB WARENSTEIN is applying make-up using her phone, which the young CRAIG HAMBURGERS squirms impatiently in the seat next to his dad. Sitting in the back row by himself is JOE STATS, presumably on loan from DEF Radio, looking at his laminated press pass with the same amount of curiosity a primitive man would look at the wheel. A few other randos from dirtsheets and sports magazines fill out the other seats.

After a beat, KERRY KUROYAMA walks out from the other side of the backdrop, dressed out of his ring gear and in a sharp three-piece suit, with his newly won Favored Saints Championship draped on his shoulder. He sets the belt face forward on the table before taking one of the two middle seats and leaning into the mic to speak.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Let's begin. Who's first?

Joe Stats: *[screaming mostly off mic]*

Scott Douglas is an old friend of yours... Do you miss the smell of his nuts?

Kerry rolls his eyes, but otherwise ignores the interjection and instead nods to Ryan Scott.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...Mr. Scott? Let's go with you.

Ryan Scott comes to his feet.

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott, the Defiant... first of all Mr. Kuroyama, congratulations! There was a lot of hype going toward a match between you and Mr. Stevens. That, however, was not the case. When did DEFIANCE tell you about the match not happening and you would be in the Favored Fiveway Match for that championship you have on the table next to you?

Kerry Kuroyama:

I found out earlier tonight, as it so happens. There was an opportunity to enter the opening match and considering championship gold was on the line, I naturally decided to jump on that opportunity. As for Scott... things didn't pan out, for reasons I can only speculate on. Out of respect for what he meant to this company at various stages of his career, I'll keep my opinions on that matter to myself. Next question?

Chris Trutt:

Hi, Kenny! It's Chris Trutt! Can you tell us, do you feel guilty in the slightest bit after that win?

Kerry Kuroyama:

No... not at all. Why do you ask?

Chris Trutt:

Well, uhhh, considering the heroic effort put forward by Titaness to make it that far in the match from the very beginning, some might suggest that you undercut her showing by coming out last, completely fresh, and picking up what some might call an "easy win" given the condition she was in. So uhh, yeah... do you feel bad about that, at all?

Kerry shuffles uncomfortably in his seat. He seems annoyed by this line of questioning.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Right, well... as to the order of competitors going into that match, I didn't really have any say or control in that. What happened was an opportunity was presented to me, and I decided to accept it. Titaness put on a great performance, I'll agree with that. If she wants another chance at this title, I will gladly grant her another chance, one-on-one. Next question, please?

Deb raises her hand and seizes upon the moment.

Deb Warenstein:

How does it feel to officially be on my Dimes list now that you're the Favored Saints champion and not that uggo Rezin?

Kerry Kuroyama:

I'd say I'm honored, miss... although it's too bad it took winning this title to make that list. Who's next? Wait... is that a kid?

Encouraged by his father, Craig stands up on his folding chair to be seen and heard.

Craig Hamburgers:

Hello Kerry Kuramm, you're a good fighter what's the best fighting move in the world thank you.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Hm, thanks for the compliment, kid. As for the best fighting move in the world, can't go wrong with a good old fashioned Tiger Driver. Or anything that just drops them on the head. Gets the job done. Anymore questions?

Joe Stats:

Yes, this is Joe Stats from DEF Radio... Kerry, I'm a big fan. Why is Seattle the most depressing place on earth?

Kuroyama rolls his eyes and does not answer.

Joe Stats: *[awkwardly reading from a piece of paper]*

How do you respond to the untrue rumor that you left your personality in Seattle, Kerry?

He sighs deeply into the mic and looks to somebody in the front row.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I think it's about time to wrap this up... Jamie, one last question.

Jamie Sawyers:

Thanks, Kerry. I just want to know, how does it feel to finally acquire your first singles championship?

Kerry picks the belt up from its cradle and looks it over for a beat before returning it to the table.

Kerry Kuroyama:

It feels satisfying, and... at the same time, unsatisfying. That probably doesn't make sense, but that's the best way to describe it. On one hand, I'm happy to know that this brand is being represented once more by a *legitimate* wrestling talent. But on the other, I don't feel any need to slow things down and rest on my laurels.

Jamie Sawyers:

Could you elaborate on that?

He leans forward in his seat. His entire face is intense. He wants everyone to know he means every word he's about to say.

Kerry Kuroyama:

There's still work to be done. Taking this title is a great first step, but now I am looking forward to fulfilling its stipulations as soon as possible. One championship was taken back from the clownshow known as the Kabal, but they managed to take another. I intend to rectify that, after earning a shot at the Southern Heritage Title with four successful defenses with this championship.

After a glance at his watch, he picks up the Favoured Saints Champion from its display stand and prepares to rise out of his chair.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I'm afraid that's all the time I have... I have a meeting with Favoured Saints Financial. Thank you all for being here.

Kuroyama shoulders the belt as he stands out of the chair. He walks a few paces off to the side of the table where more men in suits are waiting, applauding him. Members of the board from Favoured Saints Financial, to be exact. He shakes hands and poses with the title showing their company brand as the photographers snap away.

Cut to a few minutes later. Behind the table now sits the members of Dangerous Mix, with EDDIE DANTE sitting between TROY MATTHEWS and MUSHIGAHARA.

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott, the Defiant... Mr. Dante, what are your goals with Dangerous Mix coming off a win here tonight?

Eddie Dante:

Well, Ryan, seeing as Troy and Mushi just wrestled their first match as a team in several years, I'm willing to let them savor their big victory at Acts of DEFIANCE, while also preparing them for the road ahead. But the main goal? Championship gold. And to get to that point, we're going to prove that the Dangerous Mix is WORTHY of those belts. But until then, we're just going to train, and wrestle, and do a damn good job at both.

Craig Hamburgers raises his hand and stands up on his chair, eager to speak without being called on. Nobody chides him on this, because it's too damn cute.

Craig Hamburgers:

Mushimushi what's the most you ever ate in one day and how do you train to do that do you think you could beat Joey Chestnut at eating hot dogs thank you.

Mushigihara: *[stares incredulously at Craig before shrugging and muttering...]*

...osu?

Craig Hamburgers:

Ohhhh, I get it, so you stopped eating in large quantities since you retired from sumo and lost over a hundred pounds, and simply prefer to eat according to your actual needs. Got it.

Deb raises her hand, and Eddie nods to her.

Deb Warenstein:

Since your name is the Dangerous Mix, do you prefer the original version of "Dangerous" by David Guetta or the remix?

Dante and Matthews enjoy a good laugh, while Mushigahara looks lost upon this humor. Then Troy perks up.

Troy Matthews:

OH! While it's on my mind! Acts of DEFIANCE was the first step of a fresh new start; for Eddie and Mushi, but especially for myself. And frankly, I don't need to hang on to a ring name I picked twenty years ago because I thought it sounded snotty enough for the kind of jerk I was back then. So. From this point on, as far as DEFIANCE is concerned? My name is **David Fox**.

A ripple of intrigue flutters through the press pool. Jamie and Ryan scrawl away into their notepads.

Deb Warenstein:

OK, then... but can I ask why you're making such a drastic change?

Troy Matthews David Fox:

Aside from that fresh start I was just talking about, think about it like this. I've had a reputation of being a giant killer here in DEFIANCE, much like the David from the Bible, right? I mean, we share a name AND a game, right?

The newly-rechristed David Fox chuckles.

David Fox:

And Fox, well... that's an animal that survives and thrives, not through its strength, or its speed, or its hiding abilities... but its CUNNING. And that's frankly my greatest strength, if I do say so myself. So it's a fitting name change for a new era.

Cut again, jumping forward another chunk of time. Now behind the table sits TERESA AMES aside her pet monster, CRIMSON STALKER. The two are still wearing the clothes they appeared in during the street fight far and away from the WrestlePlex.

We switch over to Chris Trutt, who's sitting down, pen and paper in hand.

Chris Trutt:

Uh.....

Trutt's slow start is due to his trance-like stare at none other than Crimson Stalker who is sitting next to his handler and Kabal Queen Teresa Ames.

Teresa Ames:

STOP staring at my pet and ask me your question, Strutter.

Chris Trutt:

Strutter... oh me and my stutter sorry about that!

Trutt snaps out of it and immediately tilts his posture to face Teresa Ames.

Chris Trutt:

Teresa Ames, we all saw The Kabal walk away from The Guardians and most specifically, Jessica... ummm Reeves? In a very bad position. Will we be seeing her anytime soon? I... wanted to ask

Teresa Ames:

FIRST of all, you should be saying "Hi, Teresa Ames! Great job in leading The Kabal to a unifying victory against those FAKE Heroes, The Guardians!" But, yet here you are asking me about who again?

Chris Trutt:

Jessica... Fear?

Crimson Stalker's fist SLAMS into the table as he leans forward and Chris Trutt falls from his chair.

Teresa Ames:

NEXT question please!

Ryan Scott raises his hand and stands up.

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott, the Defiant. Teresa why were you not out there to help Malak Garland? I would have a question for you Mr. Reeves, but I would guess a lot of reporters in this room want to see you leave before that table is coated in any more of your saliva.

Teresa ignores Ryan Scott's comment as she pulls out her cellphone to distract herself. Crimson Stalker, meanwhile, slams his fist into the table once more and growls in anger at Ryan Scott. Unfortunately, that's all that comes from the King and Queen of The Kabal. Scott meekly takes his seat as behind him, Deb pops up from her chair.

Deb Warenstein:

My questions are for Teresa and not for the uggo sitting next to her, thank you. HAY GIRL!!!! Like, you're way super prettier in person. My first question is, can you please tell me who you're wearing?

Teresa Ames:

She's cute. I think DEFIANCE should hire more reporters that speak to me with respect. Well, Deb you know I'm a big fan of yours, too.

Teresa stands up to display herself. With the display, it showcases the new 'The Kabal' t-shirt available soon on EWTEES.com. Spinning around she points to her own face with a sinister grin.

Teresa Ames:

The shirt will be available soon on your FAVORITE Wrestling companies t-shirt website.

She takes her seat again.

Teresa Ames:

Also, Deb, to answer your question cause we are, you know... tight and what not, I'm wearing Victoria's Secret elsewhere, sweetie. But make sure you pick up an EW t-shirt when it's available cutie!

Deb Warenstein:

My second question is can we, like, do a girls day sometime? Mani Pedis? Facials? The whole nine?

Teresa Ames:

My current agent is Mr. Fear; you'll have to book through him. But if you simply 'reach' out, he's quite receptive, *teehee*.

Mr. Hamburgers: *[speaking on behalf of Craig because he is too scared to ask]*

Why are you all wrestling at this point and why aren't you in the hospital??

Crimson Stalker:

.....

Teresa Ames:

StalkyBear, he just wants to know why you are so special... do you want to tell them?

Stalker slams his fist into the table with arrogance and frustration.

Teresa Ames:

Your answer is no! Next question!

Jamie Sawyers steps up.

Jamie Sawyers:

Uh... yeah first time interviewer, longtime fan... so, I guess my question is what exactly is planned for 'Crimson Stalker' next. If the Guardians are gone what are you going to do next?

A smirk appears on Teresa's face as she leans into the microphone, casually petting Crimson Stalker's bald head.

Teresa Ames:

Well, apparently someone from StalkyBear's past has demanded a match with him at DEFtv 161, if I were you I'd tune in to find out just what exactly MY PET can do to DEFIANCE's MONSTERS!

Jump cut to CONOR FUSE sporting an "8-BIT BADASS" t-shirt behind the podium.

Chris Trutt:

Conor, hi, uhhhh a- a year ago you fought Deacon, now you teamed with him. Can you comment on your growth over the past year and a half?

Fuse smiles, nods and takes a quick sip of his green colored Kool-Aid.

Conor Fuse:

Sure can bro! Look, when I started off on my own Player One Journey I was looking to make a name for myself. Who knew the DEFIANT of Mischief wouldn't need to resort to low tactics to gain support. The past year has been a great learning experience for me. I genuinely felt bad for what I put Deacon and Magdalena through back then and I'm glad we were able to make things right. Dr. Ned Reform is a special case... I was never that annoying and righteous, was I?

Conor's mind wanders as he stares off into the ceiling, legitimately asking himself the question and trying to find an answer. Realizing there's dead air, Trutt continues.

Chris Trutt:

A few months ago we, uh, saw a brief interaction between you and Pat Cassidy. You wrestled former foe Ryan Batts in a best of five series, then shook his hand. And the obvious save of Magdalena and plead to Deacon. Is there anyone else you'd like to make amends with?

Conor takes another sip of Kool-Aid before answering.

Conor Fuse:

That's a good question. No one off the top of my head. I didn't actively go out and seek approval from Deacon. It just so happened Dr. Ned targeted Magdalena after he took *me* down. Now, is there anyone I want to get even with would be the next question.

Conor winks at Trutt as if he should ask it. Trutt is confused but does anyway.

Chris Trutt:

Ummmm is there anyone you want to get even with?

Fuse grins evilly and then laughs it off.

Conor Fuse:

Of course!

The Ultimate Gamer looks like he might continue but someone from the production crew walks into the picture. He hands Conor an envelope, saying this was found laying backstage. It reads "tO: cOnOr fUsE" on the front. Conor looks to his left, then his right and shrugs, placing the letter in his pocket.

Conor Fuse:

I'll look at this later. Any more questions?

The camera switches to Deb.

Deb Warenstein:

OK so, like, if you had to pick between Abercrombie, American Eagle, or Hollister, which brand would you prefer to wear and why?

Conor's mind is blown.

Conor Fuse:

That's an excellent question.

He says this with no sarcasm in his voice whatsoever. You can tell the wheels are REALLY turning here.

Conor Fuse:

It's not a video game question but wow. Hmmmm. So I'm gonna go with Abercrombie. My brother was a big American Eagle fan back in the day but shhhh don't tell him I told you.

Fuse pauses and then pipes up to add more thoughts to his answer.

Conor Fuse:

Hollister is super underrated. And everyone, I mean everyone enjoys a good AE hoodie am I right? Or am I right? Hahaha.

The younger Fuse looks over the interviewers as the camera finds Craig, who's so ecstatic he can't speak. Conor waves to everyone, ending his interview period.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, thanks all. I'm off to find whatever new campaign comes my way...

Cut again, jumping to the end of the presser event. BROCK NEWBLUDD and PAT CASSIDY of the Saturday Night Specials sit at the table, still in their ring gear and lathered in sweat and blood after their epic battle to defend the titles. The belts themselves are propped up on the table in front of them. They look exhausted and beat up, and seem to forget to call on someone. Somebody breaks the ice for them.

Deb Warenstein:

Hi.

Brock waves while Cassidy nods. Deb gives a shy smile.

Deb Warenstein:

...hi.

SNS take a second to clear their heads, and then Brock elbows his partner in the ribs and points.

Brock Newbludd:

Dude... that's Deb. Our biggest fan.

Cassidy breaks out into a smile.

Pat Cassidy:

Oh yeah. Love your reviews, Deb.

This makes Deb's day. She looks down at the floor, neviously twirls her finger, and then looks at Pat.

Deb Warenstein:

So, like, will you go to Homecoming with me? Since, like, you're not dating that crazypants hussy screechmonster Ophelia?

Cassidy and Brock look at each other. They blink. Brock shrugs. Cassidy shrugs back. They turn back to Deb.

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah. Sure. You're buying.

Deb squeals with excitement and immediately starts tweeting about it. Craig frantically waves his arm to be called.

Craig:

CAPACITY what does futt mean? Thank you.

Cassidy, who seems to have completely tuned out (probably due to blood loss), snaps back to attention. He smiles at Craig.

Pat Cassidy:

Hey buddy. Let ol' Uncle Pat let you in on a little secret: that's a word grownups use when they're mad, but it's totally out of line. So don't say it unless someone really pisses you off. Ah, wait... don't say that. Shit. WAIT! Don't say that either.

The crowd lets out a chuckle. When it simmers down, Ryan Scott clears his throat and stands up again.

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott, the Defiant... I have to say Mr. Newbludd and Mr. Cassidy, that was a hell of a match you had there with the Sevens. Who has been your toughest competition in the tag division?

Brock Newbludd:

As much as I hate to admit it, nobody has brought the fight to us like The Lucky Sevens. Tonight (last night?) was a war like Cass and I have never been a part of before.

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah. They're mean. They're nasty. So to answer the original question... toughest challenge...

Brock and Pat look at each other and nod.

Brock Newbludd & Pat Cassidy:

Hallmark Journey.

The room bursts into laughter as the camera fades out.

REDECORATING

The COMPLIANCE Warehouse is home to many quaint activities. There's the cuddle service which is booming, a funhouse which is a cash cow, and even a ball pit that does well on weekends and holidays, but the cavernous sensory deprivation pod center is where the point of contention is today. Row after row of innocent useless pods sit across the massive landscape as Malak Garland gazes around the room.

The tone is solemn as the Snowflake Superstar walks with a limp. His arm is in a blue medical sling and oversized sunglasses do a horrendous job of covering the black eye on his face. His scowl is more of a pout, which is typical but he's even more sour today for obvious reasons.

Malak Garland:

My sensory deprivation pods let me down against Lindsay Troy.

He sadly mutters to himself as Thurston Hunter runs up to his master's side, holding a sippy drink for him.

Thurston Hunter:

Hey Mal, I gots you a cup of comforting espresso from your favorite cafe just down the street cuz I know you got street fought.

Thurston holds the cup out to allow his mentor to sip from the environmentally friendly paper straw. Malak indulges.

Malak Garland:

Two and a third cream. Hand crafted with care just for me. Just how I like it.

The distraction doesn't last long as Malak continues his diminutive walkabout.

Malak Garland:

These pods failed me. They failed getting Troy into them and they failed in giving me the chakra energy to take her down.

After enduring an embarrassing loss to Lindsay Troy and the fans, Malak takes a good hard look at himself in the mirror hanging on the wall by the exit doors.

Malak Garland:

I'm deciding things aren't working for me the way they are right now so it's time for a change.

Suddenly, Game Boy and Cyrus Bates walk up with sledgehammers in their hands and nasty looks on their faces.

Malak Garland:

I thought putting the time into these sensory deprivation pods would reward me with instant gratification, when all it did was leave me with a ton of dusty white crystals in my ears and on my clothes. Pitiful. This isn't working for me. I'm not all about it.

The Keyboard King turns to his vicious associates.

Malak Garland:

Get your particiPANTS on and clean this disgrace up. If calm and cool isn't the way we can go with dep pods, then I will find a new way. A ragey one.

Cyrus and Game Boy each start to hammer away at the pods, easily destroying them and flooding the drains in the area with ankle high oily float water. A slushing occurs off in the distance until it's clear that Percy Collins is sprinting towards Malak, who is taking yet another sip from Thurston's cup.

Percy Collins:

MALAK! MALAK! WOW! Thanks for bailing me out of jail and inviting me to your wonderful warehouse! I especially enjoy the build-a-box store you have on the grounds. My custom safe space box will be ready in only 2-3 months! They had to special order a large sized box because of my size, but it's worth the time and money!

Malak finishes his drink as he gently smiles at his superfan. Collins looks around at the chaos Cyrus and Game Boy are causing by destroying the pods in the background.

Percy Collins:

What's going on here? *Redecorating?*

Malak nods at the genius remark.

Malak Garland:

Yup. I am done with the spiritual lifestyle because it is a farce. It didn't work for me so I'm replacing the sensory deprivation pods.

Percy leans in and listens intently to every word his lord has to say.

Percy Collins:

That so? Well, it just so happens that I'm a sports psychologist. Did you know that, Malak? I can be quite valuable to your psyche as you try to mentally and physically recover from this devastating loss!

Malak Garland:

A sports psychologist you say? I knew there was something special about you, after all.

The clanging in the background continues as the two converse.

Percy Collins:

Yeah, well, I only took two courses in community college before not finishing and dropping out but still. I gained some real tangible sports psychology stuff during that time! So maybe I can be your sports psychologist!? Maybe I can guide you with what to do with this space next!?

Malak pauses. His smile changes from genuine to fake in a heartbeat.

Malak Garland:

Oh, you can be my sports psychologist, no doubt. However, I already know what this space is going to be used for.

Malak, Thurston and Percy turn to watch Game Boy and Cyrus go ham on the pods.

Malak Garland:

We're promptly demolishing the sensory deprivation pods and replacing them with rage rooms because I'm about to prove how extreme I am and nothing says extreme like destroying late 1990s electronics in a sterile and controlled environment. Nothing.

Fade.

I FEAR NO MAN

Backstage with Christie Zane, standing in front of a DEFIANCE banner with a big red fist. Next to here, dressed in his wrestling attire, is TA Cole.

Christie Zane:

Levi Cole... in a moment, you're set to face off with BRAZEN's Jack Halcyon. But since I've got... a lot of fans were shocked when you first allied yourself with Ned Reform. I've known you a long time, Levi, and it just seemed so... out of character. You've never shared your reasons, and I think myself and a lot of fans have one simple question: why?

Cole isn't amused by this question in the slightest. He rubs his chin for a second before responding.

TA Cole:

You want to ask me why, Christie? Does that really have to be said? Let me ask you a question: did you see me at ACTS of DEFIANCE?

Christie Zane:

I did.

TA Cole:

Second question. What was the last DEFIANCE PPV I had a match on?

A beat. Christie thinks for a moment before shaking her head.

Christie Zane:

I don't know.

TA Cole:

The answer is none, Christie. Acts of DEFIANCE was my first PPV. I've been here for almost ten years and last week was my first PPV appearance. And you ask me why I accepted Dr. Reform's offer? You're going to pretend that my career hasn't jumped away by leaps and bounds in a matter of weeks? You're going to act like I somehow betrayed you - betrayed the fans - because I finally figured out the only way to stop spinning my wheels was to do something drastic? Well, guess what Christie? Guess what Faithful?

Cole looks directly into the camera.

TA Cole:

Screw you.

We can hear boos echo from inside the arena. Cole doesn't seem phased.

TA Cole:

I would have loved to keep being the nice guy. But where would that have gotten me, Christie? I think...

Suddenly... the lights go out. The promo area is engulfed by a red glow. There is a crack of thunder and a flash of lighting. From slightly behind Zane and Cole... COUNT NOVICK emerges! But he's not standing... he unfolds himself from the top of the arena, hanging upside down like a bat. Cole and Zane instinctively take a step back as Novick glares into the camera while hanging upside down.

Count Novick:

LEVI COLE!! Ve heard your pathetic excuses. Ve hear your vhine and cry. VE DON'T CARE!

The crowd pops in agreement as Novick turns to face Cole.

Count Novick:

What I see when I look at Ned Reform's lackey... is a man who is VERY. VERY....

A pause.

Count Novick:

AFRAID!!!! AH!!! AH!!! AHHH - ARRGRGGGHH!

Before Novick can finish his classic phrase, Cole reaches up and grabs Novick by the collar and YANKS him down from the ceiling. The red glow goes away and the lights resume their normal hue. Cole lifts the smaller Novick up by the collar until they are face-to-face.

TA Cole:

Listen to me, you flavor-of-the-month walking joke. I need you to hear this: I fear nothing. I fear nobody. And if I ever see your goofy ass again... I'm going to break your neck.

Cole dumps Novick to the floor unceremoniously. He shoots Christine on last sneer before moving out of frame. The Count scurries to his feet, brushing himself off and trying to regain some of his lost dignity. He takes his cape and covers his face dramatically, looking into the camera.

Count Novick:

He fears nothing, he says? VE. VILL. SEEEEE!!

With a crack of thunder, Novick dashes off screen, leaving poor Christie utterly confused.

TA COLE vs. JACK HALCYON

Lance:

Welcome to Uncut, ladies and gentlemen! A moment ago, we heard from TA Cole... and we're about to see him in action against BRAZEN Star Cup holder: young Jack Halcyon.

DDK:

We're coming off an earth-shattering Acts of DEFIANCE, partner, and our opening match tonight sees the young "One Shot" looking to make a name against Ned Reform's right hand man.

♪ "Lonely Boy" by The Black Keyes ♪

A decent sized cheer comes up from the crowd because "One Shot" Jack Halcyon has been having a good amount of success in the BRAZEN ranks. Halcyon appears from the back, looking fresh faced and ready to go. He takes in the moderate amount of cheers from The Faithful and pumps his fists in excitement. He slaps some outstretched hands as he begins to walk toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first, the current holder of the BRAZEN Star Cup, he... oh!

Quimbey is cut off as TA Cole blindsides Halcyon from behind! The fans let TA Cole know that they do not approve of this action as he rains kicks down on the unsuspecting "One Shot." Cole picks Jack up and taunts the crowd before bringing him closer to the ring and throwing him into the ring steps! In the ring, Benny Doyle shouts at Cole to step back so that he can return order and begin the match proper.

DDK:

TA Cole showing his true colors here. He and Reform have shown they have no problem with unprovoked attacks as of late.

Lance:

Interestingly enough... I don't see Reform tonight. Cole seems to be flying solo without his mentor.

Halcyon is dazed from being run into the ring steps, but Cole gives him no quarter as he rolls him into the ring. Reform's Teaching Assistant follows the BRAZEN star by rolling under the bottom rope. Doyle tries to get Cole to step back but no such luck - TA Cole mounts the downed BRAZEN star and begins to rain down with right hands. Benny tries to warn him to get off, but Cole pays him no mind.

DDK:

This match hasn't even started... and by the looks of it, it might never even begin.

Keebler is right. Doyle tries, for a good thirty seconds, to stop TA Cole from laying in ruthless punches into Halcyon's forehead. Finally, he waves his arms and motions to the timekeeper. Cole doesn't stop - and in fact, he's punched Halcyon so much that the young man's head is busted open!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentleman... because of his actions, referee Benny Doyle has declared this match a FORFEIT. Your winner... "ONE SHOT" JACK HALCYON!

Upon hearing the announcement, Cole snaps out of his punching trance. He stands up and snarls in Benny Doyle's direction, but Doyle doesn't back down.

DDK:

Be careful, Benny... Cole has no problem laying his hands on DEFIANCE employees...

With Jack Halcyon bleeding on the mat, TA Cole and Benny Doyle get right up in each other's faces. It looks like some

physicality might break out... until the lights go out!!

The crowd pops as...

♪ *"The Vampire Song" by Concrete Blond* ♪

A red light shines onto the entrance way, where Count Novick stands. His theme song lowers so that it's still playing in the background but we can hear him speak. He has a mic and he strikes a mysterious vampire pose as he addresses Cole in the ring.

Count Novick:

COLE!!! YOU VILL KNOW... THE MEANING... OF FEAAAARRR! AH! HA! HA!!!

Suddenly, Novick is launched high into the air!! The crowd gasps in surprise as The Count begins to fly over The Faithful around the ring with his hands on his cape and forming a pseudo pair of bat wings. It becomes clear that he has a harness attached to his back as he swirls too and fro, taunting TA Cole in the ring. Cole has both his hands on his hips and he shakes his head in annoyance.

Lance:

Count Novick is flying!! This is... this is something.

Or... he *was* flying. Suddenly, his cable jerks roughly and he stops moving. Count Novick is left hanging and twirling in circles over the crowd. He looks very disappointed, but still tries to maintain the "vampire" illusion as best he can. His theme fades out and the normal lights turn back on as Novick is left to slowly twirl.

DDK:

Uh... I don't think this went as The Count intended.

TA Cole sighs and shakes his head in annoyance as he exits the ring, not even bothering to look in Novick's direction. The Count watches him go and he can hear him exclaim...

Count Novick:

I VILL... MAKE YOU AFRAID!!

DON'T BET AGAINST THE HOUSE

Favoured Saints offices

The office doors open and out come two large forms that may be unfamiliar to some of the paying audience for DEFIANCE Wrestling but they are two people who have students in the system: two people that just main evented the first night of Acts of DEFIANCE, the Lucky 7s.

One is a large muscular, bald man in a dark blue dress shirt and slacks while the other is a larger heavysset man, pulling the salmon-colored tie from around his neck and tucks it into his coat. Soon the coat comes off and he throws it over his shoulder.

Adam Roebuck:

I hate these monkey suits. I've always hated these stupid-ass monkey suits! Why'd I let you talk us into this, Derrick?

Derrick Huber, the muscular man, slaps his tag partner of almost twenty years on the shoulder.

Derrick Huber:

Look man, sometimes if you want the part, you gotta dress the part. And since there's not a lot of wrestling parts much longer for old fogeys like us, training is the next best thing. You heard those guys in there man they loved us. DEFIANCE Wrestling is looking at two of its newest wrestling coaches!

He throws another slap on Adam's big chest.

Derrick Huber:

We have twenty years experience in that ring as a team and as singles guys, bud. We've done everything. DEFIANCE Wrestling has a huge tag team division between their main roster and they've got a great crop of talent in Brazen but need more experienced people to show them the way. We should be doing that.

Adam Roebuck doesn't look happy in his suit but the big burly monster takes off his glasses.

Adam Roebuck:

Ugh I'm 46 but my body feels 75 right now. These stupid glasses add thirty years. Why couldn't I wear my contacts?

Derrick Huber:

The glasses make you look more professional, Roe, that's why! You can take them off now anyway, cause we go the job and you look like the world's biggest dork with that shit on your face.

Adam Roebuck:

Eat a dick.

The glasses come off and for the first time the interview looks comfortable.

Adam Roebuck:

So what do you think, Derrick? Think Max and Mason are gonna be happy to see us here? We haven't seen those two giant sumbitches since they got done training with us.

Huber smiles.

Derrick Huber:

I'm hoping they are, but I'm also cautious, dude.. I'm happy for how far they've come in the business, but they looked like killers with those SNS guys. That was a main event after my own heart and they got their tag work down but ... I don't know. I've only heard really bad things about their little shit bird manager Tom Morrow. What a stupid name, by the way. I'm gonna get a manager of my own and name him Yes Terday.

Adam Roebuck:

Get out of here with your corny-ass dad jokes.

The two walk out with their new employment papers in hand now proud members of staff in DEFIANCE Wrestling's training facilities.

THE FINAL COUNT

Head sunk between his legs in the cold moonlight, a homeless man looks to be sobbing into his own knees. Only noticing the trademark "This Side Up" on one side of a box allows the viewer to deduce this is actually Klein.

Broken, battered, beaten. If you didn't know better, you'd expect a single cloud to form above his head and start raining just on the spot he sits.

His veils of anguish are ghostly, apparitions that will echo throughout time, powerful energy that transforms from grief into an ever present cry

At Acts of DEFIANCE, Klein lost the will to defy.

He lost Dani.

The cold metal doors of the DEF Plex open and shutter just as quickly. Tall slender legs appear next to Klein's side. There's a slight gutural reaction, a sense of worry and empathy but also a "this is not my problem" to it all. Klein doesn't acknowledge the presence, but tries to hold back his cries. After a moment, a referee's jersey is tossed over Klein's box.

Klein quickly pulls it off and looks at it. His sobbing subsides for a moment. He looks up, and sees Carla Ferrari, dressed in elegant street clothes. He sniffles to compose himself, looks at Carla and shakes his head in disgust at Arthur's actions. Klein stands up, nods.

Carla nods.

And the two hug.

After years of Klein annoying Carla by attempting to be a referee, the two adversaries find themselves broken and beaten, and only have one another to comfort.

For one last time.

Carla about faces, her heels clattering down the pavement as she tosses her hands up.

To make one last count for the Faithful.

One... Two...

While a saddened Klein softly mimes her count in the deep background.

NICKY SYNZ vs. ELIJAH CROSS

DDK:

Welcome back to more action on this latest edition of UNCUT! Coming up next, we've got some high flying action between the rocker, Nicky Synz, taking on a member of the BRAZEN roster, the Xtreme veteran... and I say that rolling my eyes... Elijah Cross!

Lance:

That should be a good one. Nicky Synz is looking for his first singles win since becoming a member of the main roster and is looking to set himself apart from the pack tonight, meanwhile a big opportunity for Elijah Cross to get something going for himself! A win over a main roster member gets a lot of eyes on you and can open some major doors.

DDK:

Indeed. Let's go to the ring for the next match.

And already in the ring, Elijah Cross leans over the ropes and then yells at the camera, talking lots of indecipherable trash as Quimbey makes the intro.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Currently in the ring, from The Mean Streets of Philly... weighing in at 225 pounds, this is **ELIJAH CROSS!**

Elijah Cross:

XTREME! WITH AN X, BOY! YOU HEARD!

He makes a crappy X motion with his hands to the hard camera and then waits for his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 216 pounds... he is the lead singer of Synyster Sledge and their new EP, Behind Fiery Eyes, is now out on Spotify and wherever you can get ahold of music... **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..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, Elijah Cross is headbanging to the theme like an idiot before he remembers this is his opponent, then brings up the X again to show how cool he is (in his own mind).

DDK:

Here we go!

The match referee, The Referee, calls for the bell.

DING DING

Right at the top, Synz holds a hand out to Cross to offer up a friendly handshake... and then he gets the hand slapped away and then he puts the X up in his face.

DDK:

We often say this when Elijah Cross comes around, but... what the hell is he doing?

Lance:

Being xtreme with an X, Darren. So I'm told, anyway.

He boots Nicky in the gut and then tries to swing for the fence with a big punch, but Nicky stops that and then slaps on

a headlock. Elijah doesn't sit around and let Synz have his way so he backs to the ropes and pushes him off, but Nicky explodes right back with a big shoulder block and knocks down the Xtreme Philly native. He keeps running, but Cross drops down. He gets back up, but Nicky is one step ahead, twists him around with a whip and then sends Cross into the ropes.

DDK:

Elijah Cross off the ropes... and gets caught with a DEEP arm drag! Synz grabs the arm and works it over!

He has the arm locked down, but Cross rakes the eyes to get him to let go. The crowd jeers him as he tries to get up once again and then drops Synz with a big scoop slam near the ropes. He rolls his fingers to show what he's going to do next as he runs off the ropes. He tires for a rolling thunder-style splash, but Nicky gets both knees up to the chest!

Lance:

Show, don't tell, Cross! That taunting cost him! And now Nicky with Japanese arm drag this time...

This time, the crowd cheers Nicky as he starts playing air guitar while he has him locked in the arm bar! Cross angrily tries to get back to his feet and then breaks free with a right hand. Yet again, the X goes up like a dumbass and then runs to the ropes, but when he comes back, Nicky comes back with a jumping back elbow to the jaw! He is knocked silly and then tries to get up, only to get knocked down with a spinning heel kick off the rebound. Cross retreats from the ring while Synz rolls up and then points to Cross on the outside.

DDK:

Synz takes over, but where does he go?

He readies himself and then heads to the top rope. He throws up the rock horns and then LEAPS off the top rope and wipes out Elijah Cross with a huge leaping crossbody to the floor!

Lance:

That spaceman plancha was a huge risk, but it pays right off for Nicky Synz! He wipes out Cross on the floor!

It takes Nicky a few moments after the dive but he grabs Cross and then throws him back into the ring before throwing up the horns again to the Faithful's delight. Nicky climbs in to follow up with another big attack on the offensive with a slingshot senton, then a cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Kickout by Cross, but Nicky is in control right now.

Before he can follow up, a winded Cross backs off and crawls away towards the corner. And just when he thinks that he has him cornered, Nicky gets his belt grabbed by Cross and then gets pulled face-first into the turnbuckle!

DDK:

Veteran move! Cross wasn't born yesterday... if anything, he was born in the 90's and got stuck there, but Nicky was too concerned about playing to the crowd.

The Xtreme one decides to take this to the streets (aka, the floor) by striking Nicky with a standing side kick that sends him through the ropes. The Frontman of Synyster Sledge falls out to the floor and then rolls around nursing a throbbing jaw. Elijah stands on the ring apron and then leaps off with a flying thrust kick that knocks down the young rocker!

Lance:

Finally, Elijah gets on board with the attack, but... yep. Wasting time.

He stands over Nicky and points to himself with his thumbs like a dumbass.

Elijah Cross:

E... LI... JAH!

He gets a few boos from the crowd, which in turns causes him to give Nicky some boots to the body. He keeps stomping away at him until he gets a warning from The Referee to take it back to the ring. He grabs Nicky by the hair and then throws him into the ring, then follows him in for a cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Kickout by Nicky! And now what's Elijah going for?

He puts a few more boots to Nicky then goes to the apron. He heads up top...

Lance:

And what does he call this move? The 2 F'N Xtreme or something?

DDK:

Let's see if he can hit it!

He taunts yet again, then dives off with a splash that has little to no grace... and he hits nothing but his face! Nicky moves out of the way and then leans against the corner, getting himself ready as Elijah tries to recover from his bad fall.

DDK:

Nicky has a chance to take the reins back, can he do it?

He gets ready as Cross ends up in another corner. When he does, he runs right at Cross and then rocks him with a huge running back elbow in the corner! He does a lucha roll for a little bit of flash, then returns to the corner with a big corner spear!

DDK:

Double Platinum! I'd say Nicky is looking good right now! Running bulldog out of the corner!

The young brawler and high flyer sits up after the running bulldog and then takes in the positive response from the fans before turning back to face a hurt Elijah. He nails him with a hard kick to the gut and then pulls him back to the corner where he nails him with a HUGE snap suplex into the turnbuckles!

Lance:

Nice! Nicky Synz picked up a few new moves since we last saw him! That suplex into the buckl might keep him down!

DDK:

And now out to the apron. What's he got planned?

Synz is against the ropes and then looks out to the crowd before he leaps... and then connect with a big springboard swanton bomb!

DDK:

That's it! Nicky Synz calls that move The Flying V! Is that it?

After connecting, he goes for the cover.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **NICKY SYNZ!**

Synz celebrates the big win by jumping up and leaning against the buckles! A stagehand at ringside hands him his guitar back and he starts to play a riff or two to pop the crowd.

DDK:

Synz gets his first victory as a member of the main roster! He looked good out here tonight and we'll have to see what the future holds for this young star!

THE WORLD IS A VAMPIRE

When: Tonight

Location: The Kabal Lair

Teresa Ames: *[singing loudly]*

The WORLD IS A VAMPIRE!!!!

Banging her arms around in the air as she jams out to Smashing Pumpkins 'Bullet with Butterfly Wings', Teresa Ames circles and dances in an almost drunken euphoria of power.

Teresa Ames:

DESPITE ALL YOUR RAGE! Stalky Bear.. there is still so much work to be done!

Crimson Stalker:

... ..

Standing in the center of The Kabal's nearly empty lair, Crimson Stalker stares at a familiar object, 'The Target Board'. Currently Jessica Reeves' picture is the only one hanging from the board, the broken bloodline of 'Reeves' weighing heavily on the mind of the leashed monster. A giant Red X has been plastered through her faded photograph in the Guardian costume.

Teresa Ames:

We're still just rats in the cage, Jason. Until you get who I want and you get revenge on who you want!

Teresa continues to dance excitedly around Crimson Stalker as he breathes against the red mask. The mystique of the scene soon halts as a red image appears on the giant monitors next to the target board and suddenly a silhouette of a man appears on the monitor. It's Mr. Fear.

Mr. Fear:

Teresa Ames... congratulations on acquiring our Sword back. The Kabal is certainly pleased with your efforts and you know my fellow Cererbus members have you to thank for crushing The Guardians interferences once and for all.

The Kabal Queen is annoyed that her jam out session was interrupted but Teresa soon relents to listen to the Kabal's mysterious money tree man.

Teresa Ames:

Didn't even break a sweat. Stalky bear here came back to Momma so easily - like you said playing the tape did the trick. But I can tell he's getting hungry and I'm curious to know what you want to see happen next.

Mr. Fear:

I think you'll be pleased with the latest target in mind. Have our weapon focus his aggression on the man I'm displaying to you now.

The monitor next to Mr. Fear lights up brightly with the dossier of The Kabal's next target.

Teresa Ames:

We are NOT recruiting him. I want this one dead!

Mr. Fear:

No you are not going to recruit him, Rick Dickulous was a successful test subject and we are in sincere gratitude for your recommendations and working with us to secure him. You'll see a sizable bonus in your bank account during your next payment. For this next exercise for our display of power we are going to hurt DEFIANCE at it's core to the point where NO ONE can EVER turn away their television screens when DEFIANCE airs.

Crimson Stalker is led by the hand of his handler Teresa Ames to face the picture on the monitor, he slowly breathes in

and out while staring at the picture.

Teresa Ames:

My pet... that is the man responsible for your daughter lying to you... Jason...

Teresa pets Jason's bald head, stroking over the scars above his eyes.

Teresa Ames:

This is the man that is stopping you from being what you want to be most... 'free'. Now Crimson Stalker... my pet... focus your thoughts and remember who tells you the truth and who lies to you. So... Let's kill this Man... together. And show everyone what a world that 'bleeds' Crimson really looks like.

Crimson Stalker:

.....

The two exit the room, and a few minutes later the sound of footsteps enter the room. As the camera pans up Scrow stands next to Ravanna.

Scrow:

How much longer is this charade going to last Ravanna?

Ravanna:

That is on a need to know basis, Mr. Lord left marching orders for you upon his departure from this swamp called New Orleans.

Scrow grumbles under his breath.

Ravanna:

Since Rezin failed to hold onto the Favoured Saints Championship, I think you should direct your focus to Kerry Kuroyama. I doubt a guy like that will wait very long before he is breathing down your back.

Scrow looks down at the SoHer folded up and cuffed in his right hand.

Scrow:

Kuroyama...

The scene fades to black with Scrow with a stern glare toward where Teresa and Stalker left, while Ravanna is once more back on her phone.

ACTS OF DEFIANCE PRESS CONFERENCE - NIGHT TWO

The second presser event for ACTS of DEFIANCE opens much like the first at the end of night one: same table, same backdrop, and same reporters in attendance. Behind the table, the Airship Pirate HENRY KEYES sits triumphantly.

Ryan Scott:

Ryan, Scott the Defiant... Henry, have you had a chance to see if Helen was harmed? Judging by the ending with you and Mr. de Vargas, will you be looking to repay him for that Ardenido he gave you on the stage?

Henry takes a deep sigh and almost instinctively puts a hand to the back of his head.

Henry Keyes:

Helen's fine... malnourished a bit, and definitely in need of cleaning up, but fine. Thank you for asking. It's a wonder she didn't cause more harm than she did; she doesn't usually take to strangers if I'm not around, but I didn't see TOO much blood under her claws so I'm assuming I don't have litigation headed my way. As for Mr. de Vargas, well. It's a real shame he's made the choices he has. The whole locker room knows - I'm a fierce fighter, but an even fiercer friend, and I was prepared to bury that hatchet once and for all after our scrap. It seems like HE'S not done, and well - you're never going to see me turn down a fight, are you.

He spies Deb lightly waving for his attention and nods for her to speak.

Deb Warenstein:

So like, how frequently do you dye your hair to keep it that bright?

Henry runs his hand through his locks self-consciously.

Henry Keyes:

Appearance can be everything to a pirate, you know - intimidation and image and all that. Reputations to maintain. Truth be told, you might have seen some of these grays poking through lately. Hair Upkeep has been on the back burner. My shipmates tell me all the time that I need to take "time for me", that's the phrase I hear over and over - all I can think about is all the things that need fixing HERE, so it's hard to make that balance. Good question though - maybe I need a spa day, eh?

The room laughs. Once again, Craig Hamburgers is standing up in his seat, waving frantically. He doesn't need to be called upon, and likely wouldn't wait if he was asked to.

Craig:

HENRY I ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW, what do tigers eat and if Helen has a baby tiger can I have it thank you.

Henry can't contain his smile.

Henry Keyes:

Young fella, I believe you could handle a tiger one day. Helen doesn't have any cubs free for rearing right now, but I'll keep you in mind if that ever changes. As for what they eat - whatever they darn well please, of course! Even HAMBURGERS, if the mood strikes! Ha - just kidding lad, no need to worry.

Cut forward in time, as we now find ARTHUR PLEASANT behind the table, flanked by his cohorts in the scourge, JACK HARMEN and AARON KING. He doesn't even bother calling on anybody, until someone volunteers himself to the task.

Deb Warenstein:

My question for this uggo is how do the rats manage to stay put in that greasy nest you call a hairstyle?

Arthur grabs the microphone and simply grins into it, flashing a twisted smile with his broken and missing teeth.

Arthur Pleasant:

They needed a home after crawling out of that stank ass piece of roast beef you call a vagina.

He spits between two fingers before licking them furiously while staring at Deb. She gags in revulsion. Perhaps as an attempt to keep things formal, Ryan Scott rises up to his feet.

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott, the Defiant... Arthur, after watching you on Acts of DEFIANCE, I have to ask why we do not see more of Arthur Pleasant the wrestler. Rather than the garbage can that reminds me of you everytime a big show comes around?

Arthur bangs his head on the table, startling everyone in the vicinity.

Arthur Pleasant:

Don't you get it by now, RySco?! I have always given you Arthur Pleasant, the wrestler. Everything I do is wrestling. From a dropkick, to a shooting star press, to a chair shot, to smacking a punk ass motherfucker like you upside the head with a light tube and jamming the end of it in your neck. It's a story that's as old as time. I am a brawler. I am a technician. I am a High Flyer. I am the VIOLENCE of DEFIANCE. I am every style from every corner of this planet. I am... the PUREST WRESTLER you have ever fucking witnessed.

He cracks his neck, licks his dry, chapped lips and sighs.

Arthur Pleasant:

But you will see... what you see. You can only lead a Gremlin to water after midnight... you can't make him drink it when in Rome.

Cut again, several minutes later. Los Tres Titanes have a seat at one of the tables to participate in the post-ACTS of DEFIANCE press conferences. After having some time to clean up, URIEL CORTEZ and MINUTE are both dressed in white and gold matching Los Tres Titanes tracksuits along with TITANESS in the same gear. And with that, the flurry of questions begin.

Deb Warenstein:

My question is for Titaness, do you agree that Sonny Silver is a zaddy?

Titaness looks up at Uriel and then Minute.

Titaness:

Er... what?

Uriel and Minute head to Urban Dictionary with the quickness on Minute's phone... then Uriel whispers in Titaness' ear. Her eyebrows perk up.

Titaness:

Oh! Well... I don't know about all that. He's a tough SOB if anything, I can speak to that. He really helped work with me for my cardio which helped me in the Favoured Saints title match and I appreciate the support there.

The camera then goes to the young kiddo, Craig Hamburgers.

Craig Hamburgers:

Titaness, are you the biggest woman in the world?

Titaness:

Uh... I think Lindsay Troy might have me beat on that by a little? I mean, I'm tall, but...

Uriel Cortez:

But you got the gunzzzzzzz.

Minute looks up strangely as Uriel flexes his arms.

Titaness:

Stop saying things. Who's next?

Over to the other corner with Joe Stats, from DEF Radio.

Joe Stats: *[straining to read off the paper in his hand]*

Cortez! Uriel Cortez! Joe Stats, from DEF Radio... How's the air up there? And, follow up, can you confirm that Chris Trutt's bald spot is in the shape of Brazil?

Uriel Cortez:

Joe, welcome. Hopefully Scotty Flash is doing okay. We miss doing ads on the show. First off, I get so tired of these tall jokes. The air up here is fine. We're trying to conduct ourselves in a serious manner, so serious questions only... also, yes, EERILY like Brazil. Isn't that dude only like 27 and you're gonna have a bald spot like that?

Joe Stats:

Minute! Minute, if you were to steal some of Rezin's stash... Do you think it would get you high... or low?

Minute looks up at Titaness and Uriel Cortez, before he turns back.

Minute:

Rezin is... how you say... garbage person. Good question. I feel like answer is... both?

Joe Stats:

Uriel, settle a bet for me if you could. What's smaller, the last dump you took or *[points towards young Craig Hamburgers sitting nearby]* this adorable pipsqueak?

The Titan of Industry stands up.

Uriel Cortez:

I told you, serious questions only...*[mumbles quickly]* thekidbutbarely. I'm done with these questions, Stats.

Titaness sighs in her seat as the next person comes up.

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott, The DEFIANT. Having watched your tag team match with PCP, I wanted to tell you guys THANK YOU. It's guys like you that make tag team wrestling a great watch. Since things were not settled at ACTS, one would have to assume you and PCP will meet yet again in that ring for your chance at SNS. I know a lot of fans, including myself, were disappointed by the final fall. How are your feelings after coming to a draw at ACTS?

Minute:

I'm pretty sure I had the fall! Ganamos!

Uriel Cortez:

That was a tough one, but ending aside, I'm really proud of that match and the body of work that all of Los Tres Titanes put together this weekend. I should have just gone with my first instinct and chucked The D into the third row instead of taking myself out of the match too, but you do crazy things in the heat of the moment to win as any wrestler here can attest to. I don't know what the future holds, if we have another rematch, but we'll be ready.

Minute:

Si. Estaremos listos y ganaremos!

Cut forward in time once again. FLEX KRUGER sits at the table, arms folded over his chest, swiveling back and forth in his seat. The room is completely silent. An awkward cough can be heard from somewhere.

Flex Kruger:

...well, doesn't anybody have a question for me?

Someone that nobody has ever seen before rises to his feet. He looks middle aged and grumpy and holds a tape deck in his hand along with a microphone. The man presses play on the tape deck and puts the mic to the speaker.

Yannick Fillmore: *[voice from the tape deck]*

Hi. This is Yannick Fillmore from bOOKed beTTER. I am not there in person tonight because I do not feel safe expressing myself in public. Instead, this is my associate, Juan. Anyway, what is wrong with DEFIANCE and how would you fix it? Why is Gage Blackwood an awful FIST? Why is Scrow a miserable SOHER? And why, god why are Cassidy and Newbludd still friends?

Flex Kruger:

...uhh, well--

Flex proceeds to clear his throat. He then pulls out a piece of paper.

Flex Kruger:

Per the D, I am not allowed to speak about matters that do not relate to the Pop Culture Phenoms.

Flex puts the piece of paper down, and then pulls out another sheet of paper, this one canary yellow.

Flex Kruger:

And per Elise, I am not allowed to speak about matters that relate to the Pop Culture Phenoms.

Flex blinks. He looks at the note, then back at the D's note, then back at Elise's note. This would continue for some time...

Awkward cut forward in time again, now to an empty table.

All eyes flick to the left and cameras begin snapping as LINDSAY TROY makes her way over to the interview table. Having been checked out by Iris Davine following her match, the Queen's now cleaned up and dressed in street clothes: black leather motorcycle jacket, black and purple tank top, jeans, and boots. She gingerly eases herself into a chair and settles in, putting her phone in front of her.

Lindsay Troy:

Fire when ready.

Ryan Scott:

Ryan Scott from the DEFIANT... Lindsay, you took a high risk there when you jumped off the second floor. How are you feeling after that fall?

Lindsay Troy:

Alive. Invigorated. A little sore.

There's some mild laughter from the audience.

Lindsay Troy:

I'll be feeling it worse tomorrow, but I guarantee it'll be cake compared to what Malak's gonna be feeling.

Ryan Scott:

Who is next on your list?

Lindsay takes the briefest of pauses, then smirks.

Lindsay Troy:

Everyone.

Some chatter from the crowd before Deb Warenstein bolts upright from her chair.

Deb Warenstein:

I don't have any questions, I just want to say your hair looks super fierce, okay, thanks!!!!

The teen immediately returns to her seat and the Queen laughs, touching the curls still piled in place atop her head.

Lindsay Troy:

That's high praise coming from you, Deb, thank you.

Deb beams in reply as a man on the other side of the room raises his hand.

Thomas Teelliger:

Hi, my name is Thomas Teelliger, first time caller, long time listener. What's your favourite breakfast cereal?

Lindsay Troy:

Odd question but okay. Cinnamon Toast Crunch.

Craig Hamburgers:

LINDSAY TROY AHFFF!!!!

Everyone looks over to the six year old and his father, Jim. Craig looks SUPER EXCITED as he waves his hand at the Lady of the Hour.

Craig Hamburgers:

Can I- can I give you a hug, you look like you need a hug.

The Queen can't stop a tiny smile from forming as the youngster looks on.

Lindsay Troy:

Of course.

Thrilled, Craig jumps off his father's lap and sprints toward her. Lindsay stands up, walks around the table to meet him, and Craig flings himself into her arms. It's a Kodak moment as the oft-intimidating Queen of the Ring returns the hug and whispers something into the child's ear.

Craig runs back to his seat and Lindsay returns to hers.

Lindsay Troy:

Anyone else?

Joe Stats: *[squinting at the half-crumpled paper shaking in his hand]*

Lindsay... Joe Stats here, DEF Radio, I'm a big fan! Quick question... who is your favorite broadcaster and why is it Scotty Flash?

Troy narrows her eyes, shooting a death glare at the hapless DEF RADIO producer and sidekick. Joe tugs at his collar, looking very nervous.

Joe Stats:

Is it hot in here all of a sudden or...

Lindsay Troy:

You don't actually expect me to answer this.

Joe Stats:

It's a valid question!

The Queen starts rising from her seat again, at which point DEFSec moves in and starts trying to remove Joe.

Joe Stats: *[as he is being removed, screaming off mic]*

Free Scotty Flash! DEFIANCE is unfair to Scotty Flash! Free Scotty!

Lindsay shakes her head as Joe is hauled away. Her phone lights up as she does, indicating an incoming text message. She glances at it, then looks back up at the press corp.

Lindsay Troy:

If there are no more questions, I'll be calling it a night. Thanks for your time, everyone.

With that, she takes her leave. With the presser event concluding for the evening, the camera fades to black.

JACK MACE vs. DAN LEO JAMES

DDK:

Welcome back to more action on this Post-ACTS edition of UNCUT! We saw some incredible match-ups! We saw the Favoured Saints and Southern Heritage Titles change hands! And tonight, we'll be seeing little bits of the fallout, but right now, we've got a match coming up between BFTA's "Damn Fine Pro Wrestler" Jack Mace against a standout of BRAZEN, Dan Leo James!

Lance:

During Tag Party 3 earlier this year, the man called Dan Leo James put up a great effort and made it to the finals along with Uriel Cortez as the Tech Giants. While he did not win, he's been really having his stock raised in BRAZEN. He gets a huge opportunity to impress tonight, but as you'll see later on in the show with footage we received from an altercation at Ballyhoo Brew, Mace is in no mood.

DDK:

That was explosive! We'll have footage after this match, but right now, we go to action in the ring!

♪ "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 looking out to the crowd is the Killer Bear. No ADV. No Morrow. All by himself.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Grewelthorpe, England... weighing in at 268 pounds... he is "A DAMN FINE PRO WRESTL... OH, HELL!

The intro gets cut off as a HEATED Mace speeds toward the ring and then almost shoves Darren Quimbey aside again. The member of Better Future Talent Agency heads into the ring and gets into Quimbey's face, staring him down in the corner. He stands there coldly, then goes back to waiting for his opponent.

♪ "This Is Letting Go" by Rise Against ♪

There is little fanfare for the young man, but he comes out and looks out to the big crowd in the DEF-Plex and is taken a little aback, but tries to shut that out. He marches forward wearing black pants with a red line down one side and a blue down the other with black boots. He heads down to the ring and when he gets there, he looks at Mace. Realizing the opportunity laid out before him, he tries to shake off any nervousness and gets in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

Mace stares a hole right at Quimbey, making him stop.

Darren Quimbey:

Uh... weighing253DanLeoJames!mout...

Quimbey takes a powder from the ring as Mace continues to wait.

DDK:

Dan Leo James can't afford to be nervous right now. This kid needs to get his head in the game especially against someone like Mace.

Lance:

Indeed.

James gets into the ring and Jack Mace looks ready to rough someone up. When the big Utah BRAZEN star comes

face to face with his opponent, referee Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

Mace runs at James and then shoots both legs, getting him down on his bacon. However, instead of going right for a hold of some sort, Mace starts WAILING away on James with stiff forearms to the face!

DDK:

Goodness! The Killer Bear comes swinging out the gate!

Lance:

We've seen him turn up the viciousness in his recent outings and that fight at Ballyhoo Brew did James no favors, not to mention his recent issues with Titaness from DEFtv 163!

He continues battering on the face of the BRAZEN star, but when Rex Knox starts to count, Mace pulls away instantly to stand up and get in his face.

DDK:

Mace may want to turn this down a little bit! He's gonna get disqualified if he gets in Rex's face.

Rex pulls at his shirt, but self-anointed Damn Fine Pro Wrestlers turns to Dan Leo James. The BRAZEN star manages to catch him off-guard with a big forearm to the chest. He then stands up and then fires him off with several more forearms to the chest to try and stun Mace. The Killer Bear fires back with a NASTY extra-stiff forearm and then sends him stumbling at the corner.

Lance:

Ouch! The folks in the mezzanine heard that shot!

Dan stumbles back in the corner. Mace comes at him with a corner clothesline attempt, but at the last second the Utah native comes around and moves, shoving Mace into the corner in the process. James yells out to the Faithful and they give some love right back when he wallops Mace in the corner with a big clothesline of his own! He then grabs Mace over his shoulder to the applause of the crowd and then plants him with a big front powerslam!

Lance:

Wow! I bet Mace didn't expect that! Big powerslam by James!

After popping the crowd with a slam, the junior member of Los Tres Titanes raises his hands! Dan stands up and then goes for the legs for a boston crab... but before he can get it fully locked in, Mace kicks him away. The 6'7" James stumbles back and then runs forward, but Mace catches him and then THROWS him overhead with a huge belly to belly suplex!

DDK:

OOOH! Mace turns it around just like that.

Jack has taken James too lightly for a moment, but he stands up and then picks up James by the back of his head before throwing him to the corner. He hits a shoulder thrust, then an uppercut, then finally a huge chop that will no doubt clear his sinuses. He then grabs him and then nails another huge suplex in the form of a double underhook!

The power of Mace is impressive as he kneels up and then pays no attention to the fans. Instead of going for a pin, he grabs his hair and then lays into him with a vicious 12-6 elbow smash to the top of his head! Leo gets rocked by the shot, but it get worse when Mace nails a stiff kick to the back and then one more shot to the top of the head.

DDK:

Mace just manhandling this big kid right now.

Lance:

He's just vicious right now. Laying right into him.

James scatters around the mat, then Mace grabs him by the waist and gets sent across the ring with a big German suplex. The big Utah native gets bounced off the mat again and then Mace stands up again, ready to go for the kill.

DDK:

I'm thinking Mace is done messing around with James.

He waits and then tries to grab James by the neck for a move, but before he can hit the DDT, James springs to life and then the Utah native catches him with punches. He rocks him for a second but then he runs off the ropes and then KICKS him in the face with a huge big boot! The move rocks Mace and sends him to the ropes!

Lance:

Big boot by James! And now he hits a spinning belly to belly suplex out of the corner! Cover by James!

ONE!

TWO! KICKOUT!

DDK:

The shoulder comes up, but James is fighting! He has promise!

Dan then grabs the arm of Mace while he's still down and the tall Utah native busts out of all things, a La Majistral!

DDK:

The Minute-approved La Majistral! Cover by Dan!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The crowd almost bites on the cover, but Jack kicks out! Dan Leo James then tries to get Mace up and hit a powerbomb, but when he tries, Mace reverses out of it and then DRIVES him down with a huge Jack's Driver out of nowhere! After hitting the sitout side slam, Jack segues right into the Jack of All Holds!

DDK:

Mace is done playing and the Arm Triangle choke is locked in!

He has the hold locked in tightly and cranks back... then James taps! Mace hangs on for a few extra seconds and then pulls back on the hold, making the kid tap out.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner by submission... **JACK MACE!**

But Jack HANGS with the choke and keeps it going! He cranks back on the hold even further now and Dan is helpless to fight... but the mood changes when unexpected help arrives!

DDK:

It's Titaness! Titaness is here to help Dan Leo James!

The woman who made it big this past weekend in the Favoured Fiveway match rushes out when Mace can't see her and begins unloading rights into the head of Mace to get him to let go! She keeps on firing punches until he is able to shove her off and escape the ring!

Lance:

Mace turning tail here... or is he?

Mace thinks about it, then turns and starts heading to the ring, but Titaness is already ready and pulls a chair out from under the ring. The Killer Bear stops in his tracks but flashes a grin as she stands over a recovering James.

DDK:

This was Mace sending a message to Los Tres Titanes, specifically Titaness. He's still angry over Titaness inserting herself into BFTA business back on DEFtv 163 and he wants payback, but Titaness has shown she's not intimidated.

Mace grins and then walks to the back while The Show of Force continues to stand tall for the moment.

Lance:

I very much doubt we've seen the last of these two. And in a moment, we'll see this footage and see why Mace was in such a foul mood. BFTA tried to party it up at the show, but there was an unexpected visitor that crashed the party...

FISTICUFFS

October 15, 2021

Ballyhoo Brew

Post-Acts of DEFIANCE Night 2

On this night at Ballyhoo Brew and all through the bar, many creatures were stirring. Especially... at the bar. Yeah, we rhymed bar with bar. Don't @ us.

Holed up in a corner is Alvaro de Vargas, Jack Mace and one Tom Morrow. ADV takes his third shot of Patrón to help dull the pain of a pretty physical match with Henry Keyes. Mace stands by with a Guinness with Morrow having himself a nice glass of Scotch.

Tom Morrow:

Sorry those ungrateful assholes didn't find a place for you on this show, Jackie.

Mace grunts.

Jack Mace:

Oi... it's fine. I've got a score to settle of my own, mate, and I'll settle it sooner than later with that muppet, Titaness...

ADV scoffs.

Alvaro de Vargas:

It's a conspiracy, pendejo. The Lucky Sevens had those titles won. They let Pat use his cast and heard that pendejo had a steel plate and they don't get disqualified? Gilipollas tramposos no buenos.

Tom Morrow:

That's why THEY were the last men standing. That's why YOU were the last man standing, Alvaro. All Keyes did was take that tiger off our hands... who'd have thought Rezin was right about upkeep on a tiger? That man is clearly insane, but... he was right.

Alvaro de Vargas:

It ended with that dejando caer Keyes sobre su cabeza, fue una buena noche! I'll drink to that.

Morrow, Mace and ADV clink their respective glasses and bottles together before taking another drink.

MEANWHILE...AT THE BACK OF BALLYHOO....

Unbeknownst to the baddies in the BFTA, the bar's side door opens and in walks Lindsay Troy with her phone in hand. She gives the landscape a quick once-over as patrons start nudging their friends excitedly, a few even taking photos of the fauxhawked High Queen DEFIANT. Head of Security Dametreyus posts up next to her and leans against the wall, arms folded across his massive chest.

Dam: *[quietly]*

Second level. Back right corner.

Troy slips her phone into the back pocket of her jeans and nods.

Dam:

Still think this is a bad idea, Boss.

Lindsay Troy:

So's fucking with Henry and talking shit about my personal life.

The Lady of the Hour steps around her longtime friend and walks up the stairs to Ballyhoo's top floor, winding her way

around tables and bar-goers. Dam watches her for a minute, then makes his way toward the front door and a handful of additional security guards.

The lighting is dimmer upstairs than it is on the main level, and Morrow, Mace, and de Vargas are so wrapped up in their conversation that they're unaware of who's approaching until a hand softly comes to rest on Alvaro's shoulder. El Sol Dorado's face twists in confusion.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Autographs are \$100...

...and as he turns around a right fist blasts him square in the mouth!

El Tigre Cubano flies off his seat onto the floor and Troy pounces, grabbing a fistful of Alvaro's hair and raining down blow after blow to his pretty face.

Shrieks and shouts erupt around the fight as customers scramble to either get out of the way or get a better vantage point to film the fracas. Jack Mace and Tom Morrow jump into action to help their stablemate, Morrow getting there first and pulling the Queen off his prized client.

Tom Morrow:

YOU GAWDDAMN PSYCHO, WHADDAYA--GUH!

A **stiff as fuck** elbow finds its way directly against Morrow's nose, and blood immediately spews from his nostrils. He flails backwards and crash-lands on his ass against the legs of a stool. From the first floor, Ballyhoo Security, Davey LaRue, Brock Newbludd, and Pat Cassidy high-tail it up the stairs while from the left sprints Troy Matthews, Eddie Dante, and Mushigihara.

Lindsay glares at the fallen Junior Keeling and spits on him, which gives a dizzy de Vargas enough time to get his bearings, grab Mace's half-full beer bottle, and blast it against her head. The Queen drops to her knees and a river of crimson starts running from near her temple.

Alvaro de Vargas:

You want to join el dirigible pirata en el hospital?

He takes another bottle and readies another attack.

Alvaro de Vargas:

You and your mid-life crisis haircut can join him!

Jack Mace looks to add insult to injury with a kick to her face but Dametreyus gets there first and pushes The Killer Bear backwards with help from Mushigihara.

Dametreyus:

Back the FUCK UP, Jack.

Mushigihara:

OSU!

Jack Mace:

OI, take your FUCKIN' HANDS OFF ME. THIS DON'T CONCERN YOU, MOOSH!

Alvaro scoots around the Damn Fine Pro Wrestler and attempts to do what he couldn't, but he's cut off by Dante, Matthews, and Ballyhoo Security, who push him back towards Mace. Davey and a few guards stand around Morrow while Newbludd and Cassidy help Lindsay to her feet. The Queen tries to wobbly wrench herself out of their grip to go back at de Vargas but the SNS boys keep her in place. ADV tries to do the same, but Morrow and Mace both hold him

back while the voice of BFTA yells out.

Tom Morrow:

I want her ARRESTED! I want to PRESS CHARGES! I want--

Pat Cassidy:

Shut the fuck up, Morrow.

Brock Newbludd:

Like your dumb ass didn't have this coming. You keep flappin' your gums and I'll have Davey go get Mojo. Ain't that right, Davey?

Morrow's eyes go wide in fear, while Davey's go wide in excitement. The burly Cajun winks at the leader of the BFTA and smiles menacingly.

Davey LaRue:

Dat's right, bon ami. Mojo, she took a shinin' to you, Tommy. I tink a lil' alone time wit' her would straighten ya out real quick.

Morrow angrily points a finger at the crowd.

Tom Morrow:

And I think you'll all be hearing from my lawyers after you all co-conspired against me and my clients in YOUR shitty little bar. Ballyhoo Brew's gonna be another goddamn Starbucks when I'm done with all of you! I'm gonna...

As Morrow continues ranting, he gets pulled away for his safety by Mace while ADV shoots one more glare at Troy. He flashes her a roughed-up, but still shit-eating smile and points to the cut on her head before he turns on his heel and leaves. Brock gives Lindsay a once over and raises an eyebrow at the significant cut on her head.

Brock Newbludd:

And as far as you go, LT. Next time you stomp in here lookin' for a fight, be a good friend and give us a heads up, eh? We could've cleared these tables out to give you enough room to deliver a proper ass-kicking. All ya gotta do is ask.

Troy lifts a hand up to her head, wipes away the blood, and scowls.

Lindsay Troy:

Yeah, I'll be sure to call ahead next time, since you're real good about picking up the phone.

The Queen walks off toward the restroom to clean herself up while Newbludd and Cassidy exchange a glance. They look to Dametreyus, who subtly shakes his head before following in her wake.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.