

SHOW OPEN

TITANESS vs. PAUL DUNSON

DDK:

Welcome, one and all, to UNCUT! Last week, our ACTS Tournament kicked all the way off with EIGHT Round One matches! Lindsay Troy, Henry Keyes, Dex Joy, Oscar Burns, Conor Fuse, Elise Ares, Pat Cassidy and Rezin all advanced! We'll be seeing the Quarter Final matches next week, but for tonight, we take a brief stop here on UNCUT!

Lance:

And coming up next, we kick the action off with Titaness from the newly rechristened Titanes Familia taking on the patriarch of BRAZEN's own family, former BRAZEN Onslaught Champion, the crafty 54-year-old Paul Dunson!

DDK:

This should be good! We saw last week that Los Tres Titanes officially "adopted" the graduated BRAZEN star, Dan Leo James and became Titanes Familia. They made no bones about coming after our new Unified Tag Team Champions, The Lucky Sevens, but right now we see Titaness one-on-one with Paul Dunson up next!

The bell rings for the GCU Arena as Darren Quimbey kicks off the intros.

Darren Quimbey:

Your opening match on UNCUT is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... being accompanied to the ring by Uriel Cortez, Minute and Dan Leo James... from The Bronx, New York, she is a member of Titanes Familia and is One Tall Glass of Whoop-Ass... **TITANESS!**

THE SHOW OF FORCE TITANESS

♪ "Giants" by True Damage ♪

The lights fade except a piercing violet spotlight, where Titaness steps into the light looking out to the crowd, getting into the zone stretching her shoulders before flexing for the Faithful. They salute her with a cheer before she does a standing backflip on the stage, sticking the landing with an explosion of silver and gold pyrotechnics popping the crowd for an even bigger reaction before making her way towards the ring. Not far behind, the luchador Minute, the tall rookie Dan Leo James (training himself with hand exercisers) and the giant and Titaness' titanic fiancé, Uriel Cortez and follow. Titaness rolls into the ring and sheds her vest as she awaits her challenger.

♪ "Turn The Page" by Metallica ♪

The cover of Turn The Page fills the arena and out comes Paul Dunson, along with Finn, Richie and Todd right behind him. The Golden Opportunist as he is known in BRAZEN starts walking to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent, weighing in at 230 pounds, from Mt. Hope, West Virginia... being accompanied by The Dunson Clan... **PAUL DUNSON!**

Paul Dunson looks like he's ready to talk some smack with microphone in hand.

Paul Dunson:

Look at this crap... these four calling themselves a family when none of them are even blood! What kind of lie is this! And look at those men. The lucha guy, the rookie kid that STOLE Ascension from me and the giant... hiding behind a woman. You're cowards! COWARDS!

The crowd jeers while Uriel Cortez can't help but smirk. Minute and Dan look at one another and mimic someone talking too much.

Paul Dunson:

A little birdie told us in the locker room that Tom Morrow is willing to pay good money if someone takes any of you out,

so... I'll be collecting a check and a W. Let's do this!

Titaness doesn't look afraid at all. The ringside area is full as Paul Dunson enters the ring and sheds his brown leather coat.

DDK:

Paul Dunson is the oldest active competitor in BRAZEN, but with his nephew Finn and his sons, Richie and Todd, he's got numbers. But so does Titaness!

Referee Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

With the groups for both sides watching, Titaness and Paul Dunson both lock up quickly! Paul tries to take over quickly with a headlock and laughs when he has control over The Show of Force. Unfortunately for him, Titaness lives up to her name and does a spin and twist around him so now he finds himself in the headlock! The crowd cheer when Titaness is in control while she holds the headlock.

DDK:

Titaness takes control! Remember, she was also an amateur wrestler all throughout high school and college! She knows what she's doing on the mat! One of only two females to have competed in that school's wrestling program while she was there!

Paul tries to wiggle around, but Titaness scoops him up on a double leg and then drops the 54-year old to the mat, much to the surprise of The Dunson Clan at ringside! The Show of Force then goes for more professional wrestling fare as she runs the ropes and then knocks the Dunson Clan patriarch down with a shoulder block!

DDK:

About 200 pounds for Titaness! She's a powerhouse and lives right up to her name! We've seen her pull off crazy good feats of strength and over this last year, she's drastically improved!

Lance:

That's true! Recent singles wins on big shows against former BFTA member Jack Mace and most recently against former two-time Unified Tag Team Champion Teresa Ames!

Dunson tries to get up on his feet in the corner as Titaness runs again. He tries to swing one way for a clothesline and misses. An elbow off the other side does the same, but the flying shoulder tackle from Titaness does not and she knocks him right down again! The crowd cheers as she hauls up quickly and then pushes him into the ropes. He comes right back and gets SNAPPED over into a quick release German suplex! He bounces off the canvas as the crowd continues cheering Titaness!

Lance:

Look at her go! What confidence she poses the ring with now!

Paul doesn't know which way is up, but it gets worse when he gets grabbed by the side and DEADLIFTED into a gutwrench suplex! No cover from her because Paul rolls away. He moves and then Finn Dunson reaches in to grab him by the leg and pull him out of the ring. Finn has to hold Paul up while Todd fans him off with a towel and Richie hands him a bottle of water. Paul Dunson takes a sloppy swig while Titaness gives a total "WTF" look outside while the Phoenix Faithful jeer.

DDK:

All of them rushing to protect the Dunson papa.

Dunson gets his wits about him. Dan points to the group, but Uriel shakes his head no to indicate he wants Titaness to handle this. Paul starts to get back into the ring while holding his back. He yells at Rex Knox to get Titaness back. The

Show of Force goes with the official's instructions as Paul heads in. Richie Dunson throws a towel into the ring which catches Titaness' attention just enough for Paul to catch her with a forearm! Dan Leo James protests with the official, but no rules are technically broken!

Lance:

No! A brief distraction from The Dunson Clan leads to Paul taking over!

He hits a forearm and then picks up Titaness to hit a big belly to back suplex. She bounces off the mat and then Paul gets up to bounce off the ropes slowly to hit a jumping knee drop! After finding the mark, The Golden Opportunist makes a pin.

ONE... TWO...

Titaness kicks out, but Paul realizes the opportunity he has to advance he and The Dunson Clan's career with a win over a main roster member. He picks her up and then tries to pick her up before dropping her with a hangman's neckbreaker. Another cover as he turns around.

ONE... TWO...

But he gets surprised by another kickout! He decides enough is enough and then goes to hook Titaness by the head before slowly dragging her up.

DDK:

Uh-oh! He has a modified DDT move called The Walk Down Memory Lane!

He tries to get Titaness for the DDT... but to his surprise, she blocks it by hanging to the nearby rope, causing Dunson alone to take the drop! She holds her ground and now she looks pissed. Uriel watches with a smirk from ringside while Dan and Minute cheer her on.

Lance:

Titaness now has her opening!

When Paul tries to get back up, he gets SLUGGED with a double-handed chop! She rears back and CRACKS him with a second one and it echoes through the arena!

DDK:

OOH! What a shot! Paul gets stunned!

He doubles over in pain as she runs off the ropes. He recovers just enough to stop her momentum with an uppercut of his own. Dunson laughs successfully and then runs off the ropes... but he doesn't expect for Titaness to come running past him, bounce off the ropes with a handspring, then turns to CLOBBER him with the Lady Lariat!

Lance:

What a Lady Lariat! She takes his head off with that handspring into the lariat!

The crowd cheers while the rest of The Dunson Clan want to intervene, but don't for fear of Titaness's retaliation. Titaness picks up his head and then holds him into a fireman's carry with Dunson on her shoulder. She then PRESSES him and then THROWS him into a corner!

DDK:

OOOOH! She just pitches Dunson into the corner like a lawn dart!

He's left laying when Dunson tries to get back up, only for Titaness to come off the ropes and then SMASH right into The Dunson Clan patriarch with a running spear! She cuts him in half and gets a huge cheer from the crowd!

Lance:

And this one might be done! Titaness feeling it!

The Show of Force stands up and basks in adulation from the fans. She turns her attention on Paul when Richie Dunson tries to grab him by the leg again... but this time, Dan Leo James has seen enough! He rushes forward and CLOBBERS him with a big shoulder tackle that sends Richie flying into the barricade!

DDK:

OOOOH! The newest member of the group makes an impact by slamming Richie into that barricade! What a tackle!

Dan Leo James gets cheers from the crowd and raises an exerciser-covered hand while on the inside, Titaness has Dunson up in the double underhook... into The Titanium Driver! She powers him up to the tiger driver and then hooks the leg.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Giants" by True Damage ♪

Titaness slides away from the fallen body of Paul Dunson and has an arm raised by Rex Knox!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **TITANESS!**

As Finn and Todd Dunson both go to check on Richie and Paul respectively, Uriel Cortez and Minute go into the ring while Dan gets ready to chokeslam someone... probably?

DDK:

Nice win for Titaness in singles action tonight! Victorious over a crafty Paul Dunson! Their attention is set on The Lucky Sevens and The Unified Tag Team Titles!

Lance:

The history between those two teams is extensive, bitter and personal and it may be renewed... but we'll see The Lucky Sevens in action on DEFtv next week! Titanes Familia... wait... what's Dan Leo James doing?

Dan Leo James motions for a microphone. A stagehand throws him one that he almost drops... but then BARELY manages to catch in a exercizer-covered hand.

Dan Leo James:

Hey! Dunson dorks!

The Dunson Clan collectively turn back from the ramp. Dan motions for something to the rest of the Titanes crew. After being given a silent go-ahead from the other members on whatever he wants... Dan continues.

Dan Leo James:

If you guys REALLY want to impress and you REALLY want to fight us... how about on DEFtv 174... in MY hometown of Salt Lake City! You four... against Titanes Familia!

The crowd cheers at the thought of all four in action. Paul Dunson shouts no, but the muscleheaded Finn Dunson yells out "WE ACCEPT!" The rest of The Dunson Clan - save Paul - look like they want to jump at the chance!

DDK:

Wow! Dan Leo James stepping up for the team! James makes his DEFtv debut and what a better way for him to do it than his homecoming in Salt Lake City, Utah, next week!

Dan grabs the microphone and then starts to try and chokeslam it, but Titaness takes it from him first. She shakes her head, tells him "no!" and then gives it back to a stagehand. Dan shrugs before the two of them start to head out of the ring.

THE O SPOT

Shaky camera work. We're watching cell phone footage.

When the camera steadies, the frame is filled with Ophelia Syke's face. She steps back so we can see more of her, and her hair is up and she is dressed in professional attire. She turns the camera so that it is horizontal instead of vertical, and we see more of the scene: what appears to be a professional waiting room. A desk with a secretary typing away, some artwork on the wall, a few fake potted plants, and a small black leather couch. On that couch sits Pat Cassidy, tapping his foot and looking around nervously. In a very rare sight, he is also dressed professionally - khakis, dress shirt... and tie! Sykes must have dressed him.

Ophelia Sykes:

Welcome to the O-Spot! This is my... that is, the lovely, radiant, and desirable Ophelia Sykes... new instablog! Right here, on MY Instagram, will be your inside view to the one and ONLY power couple of DEFIANCE... myself and this man right here!

She walks backwards, keeping her face in the frame but also including the still seated Pat. Cassidy looks up at the camera in confusion.

Pat Cassidy:

What... what the hell is this?

Ophelia Sykes:

This is the O-Spot, babe! This is where all our Ballyhooligans can keep up with our lives! It's an inside glance into...

Cassidy does a "thumbs down" and blows a loud raspberry to interrupt her. Sykes doesn't sell it... instead she shifts gears.

Ophelia Sykes:

Tell everyone on Instagram where we are.

Cassidy throws his head back and sighs. He shakes his head, but after seconds of silence it becomes clear Ophelia won't allow him to escape this torture.

Pat Cassidy:

We're outside the Favored Saints Boardroom, alright?

He looks away from the camera, again scanning the room.

Ophelia Sykes:

...and why are we here?

Pat Cassidy:

Come on. You know why we're here.

Ophelia Sykes:

Yeah! But tell the people.

Pat Cassidy:

Fucking hell. I can't do this right now.

Sykes sighs in disappointment before again plastering the smile back on her face. She speaks to the people watching on Instagram.

Ophelia Sykes:

Okay! So, you know how much Pat and I love all you Ballyhooligans, right? So OF COURSE we're looking to rebuild

Ballyhoo Brew! It's gonna come back bigger, it's gonna come back better, it's going to be a whole new experience. But the problem... well...

Cassidy suddenly stands, cutting into the frame.

Pat Cassidy:

The problem is... we're fucked!

Ophelia Sykes:

We are not! Tell 'em our plan, babe.

Pat Cassidy:

Okay... so obviously the place had fire insurance, right? But guess what... they don't fuckin' cover arson, right? What kinda bullshit is that? So now we've got this big plot of land, but not nearly enough to rebuild the thing. So we're shit outta luck, right?

Sykes answers him, but does it while still speaking to the people.

Ophelia Sykes:

No! We're not. Because this handsome hunk of man here...

Sykes reaches out and rubs Pat's shoulder.

Ophelia Sykes:

Is going to go ask The Favored Saints board to invest the missing capital! Become a third partner! Think about it: it's genius! How much does the existence of Ballyhoo help the DEFIANCE brand? Hell, now that we're on the road, it had become DEFIANCE central for DEFtv in New Orleans. And so there's sooooo many reasons for the Favored Saints to help rebuild!

Cassidy reaches down, attempting to tighten his tie.

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah. Except it's all on me to talk them into it. And this...

Cassidy motions to his professional dress.

Pat Cassidy:

This ain't me. I... don't know if I can do this.

Ophelia Sykes:

Babe! I've seen you sweet talk an entire bar into buying our rounds for the night. I've seen you cut promos in front of thousands of people. Hell, a month ago I saw you run naked down the Miami strip. You're gonna seriously act like you can't talk to people?

Pat Cassidy:

That's different! Those are... those are my places, you know? In the wheelhouse. But I'm not the corporate type, Ophelia. I have no idea what to say to these people.

Sykes pouts her lip in a "awww, ain't he cute" smile.

Ophelia Sykes:

You've got this, Pat. I'll be with you. And I'm sure somewhere, Brock is with you in spirit. You're gonna go in there, you're gonna hit those suits with a little Pat Cassidy razzle dazzle, and you're gonna walk out ready to be the owner of a bar again. You can do anything.

Cassidy sighs. His face goes through several emotions in the span of about seven seconds. Then he nods.

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah.

Ophelia Sykes:

I can't hear you!

Cassidy gets more into it.

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah! I'm gonna fucking rock this!

Ophelia Sykes:

Yeah you are!

Cassidy dusts himself off. Just then, the secretary, who up until now has been completely disconnected from this conversation...

Favored Saints Secretary:

They're ready for you, sir.

Cassidy and Sykes share a fist pound and smile before they turn to the fancy door that leads to the conference room. The door opens as they walk up to it, and someone steps out. Although this person is wearing an expensive suit, it's not a member of the Favored Saints board that steps out to greet the two Defiants. Instead, it's a man with a familiar slappable smirk...

...stepping out of the Favored Saints boardroom is none other than The Sage on the Stage, Ned Reform. Reform turns to look back into the room.

Ned Reform:

I'll see you Sunday! And this time, I'm taking the handicap!

A round of male laughter comes out of the conference room as Reform pantomimes hitting a golf ball. Reform himself laughs before waving a warm goodbye and turning to face the couple. Sykes looks confused and Cassidy's eyes narrow. Reform, for his part, is beaming ear to ear. He lets out a small laugh before extending his hand to Pat.

Ned Reform:

Hello, old friend!

Cassidy doesn't accept the handshake. Eventually, Reform withdraws his hand but his smile never fades.

Ned Reform:

Well. Best... best of luck to you.

He lets that hang for a moment.

Ned Reform:

...you're going to need it.

Another cocky laugh and head shake before Reform walks off, out of camera shot. Pat and Ophelia turn to look at each other, meeting each other's gaze.

Pat Cassidy:

What... what did he do?

Cut to black.

QUEEN OF THE BLING

Deleted Scene

DEFTv 146, Night 2

December 24, 2020

Lindsay Troy paces through the DEFplex hallway, making her way towards gorilla and the eventual main event match between The Queen of the Ring and The Mute Freak, Deacon. She has no time for others as she sharply passes by staff and talent at various locations. Upon arriving at her destination, Troy readies herself and cracks her knuckles.

Tap, tap.

She turns around, straight into the looming Mini Boss' large muscular chest. The Game Boy, as is known, says nothing of course, but points her in the direction of the Friendship Members League (FML) registration table off to the side.

There it is. The glowing neon green lights... the massive construction paper design... forms and flyers scattered all over the table... FML branded buttons and swag...

And behind it all, a clever and mischievous looking Conor Fuse. The lime green gamer struggles to get out of his hammock behind the display. A coy smile covers his face as he strolls up to the "Queen of the Ring," in a sleek manner, sales pitch in mind.

Conor Fuse:

Well hello, hello, Lind-SAY! It's about time the two of us met face-to-face and boy oh boy *girl* do I have an offer for you! For the next FIFTEEN minutes I am providing the ultimate discount on FML membership! People have said Conor you're outta your mind! *[Nudging Lindsay]* Oh I AM outta my mind! I've gone mofo loooooopy! It's madness I say, MADNESS! A free registration to FML!? "But Conor," they say, "isn't it **always** free to join?" And that's where I tell those people to shut up because they aren't supposed to say anything!

Fuse takes a moment to realize he's probably backed himself into a corner but then continues anyway.

Conor Fuse:

Either way, Lind-SAY, FML is the hit new rage where evrrrrybody is lining up! Just think, girl, you and me... The "Queen of the BLING" and "The Locker Room Leader" teaming up together to stop those bad evil Bosses like... "Twist and Shouts" Oscar Burns and anyone who WOOOOO's a little too loudly, if you get what I'm saying. We're bros, sis. Me, with my pop'n'fresh jams and you, with your grounded realities and take-no-shit from anybody!

Conor pauses, batting his eyes at Troy, waiting for her reply... except for the fact he can't shut up and keeps on going.

Conor Fuse:

OH! I forgot to mention, FML just got sponsorship approval! My marketing and sabermetrics guru, Alex, worked OVERTIME to secure me this one! It's right up your alley!

Like a magician, Conor pulls out a gift card from his sleeve. (He's not wearing sleeves.) He places it in Lindsay's hands...

A \$100 gift card to...

Forever 21.

Conor's eyebrows shift up and down.

Conor Fuse:

I saw they had denim jeans on sale for TWELVE DOLLARS. Steal. Comfy and cool jumpers starting at FIFTEEN DOLLARS. And hey, my favourite, I've been known to wear a couple or two in my time believe it or not...

Conor turns to The Game Boy.

Conor Fuse:

Drum roll please, my muscle!

The Game Boy does nothing.

Conor Fuse:

Checkered open-front cardigan cropped sweater only TWENTY-SEVEN DOLLARS!

Conor can't wipe the smile off his face. He's beaming. Then he goes into a monologue from Dumb and Dumber.

Conor Fuse:

"PULLOVER!?" *[Pause]* "No it IS a cardigan AND thanks for noticing!" LOL!

Still beaming.

Conor Fuse:

Forever 21, girl. You do you.

Conor claps for himself. It's his own literal round of applause.

And that's it. Now he waits for Lindsay's response...

The Queen of the Ring looks down at the gift card, then looks back to Conor.

Gift card.

Conor.

Lindsay Troy:

Um.

She crinkles her eyebrows together, thinking of how best to put this.

Lindsay Troy:

I don't really think Forever 21's my scene.

She holds the gift card back out to Conor.

Lindsay Troy:

But if you hold onto this for me until after my match, I'm sure my daughter might like it.

Fuse's eyes are wide.

Conor Fuse:

So does this mean you're-

Lindsay Troy:

No. I don't really think groups are my scene either. At least, not right now. Good luck, though.

Into gorilla Lindsay goes, leaving Conor Fuse standing there, a smile still stuck on his face. Eventually, he turns to The Game Boy.

Conor Fuse:

Hard shell to crack, lol. But I'll do it!

Scene ends.

ALVARO DE VARGAS vs. ELIJAH CROSS

DDK:

Welcome back to a JAMPACKED show tonight! Coming up next, we're going to see a very bitter and very angry Alvaro de Vargas in action momentarily!

Lance:

We saw something occur between Alvaro de Vargas and Masked Violator #1 last week! MV1 petitioned the Favoured Saints board and other matchmakers in DEFIANCE for a spot in the tournament when an irate Tom Morrow and ADV came out to get in his face. After a physical altercation, ADV was left standing tall over MV1, but we can't think this will be the end of things between them.

DDK:

I'd have to agree with that assessment. And if I were Elijah Cross -- that's ADV's opponent in a moment -- I'd probably be leaving right now. That match is up next.

To Darren Quimbey we go once more!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, weighing in at 225 pounds... and he hails from the XTREME WITH AN X side of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... **ELIJAH CROSS!**

In the ring, Elijah Cross stands over and raises both hands in the air, ready to fight. He keeps on mumbling some shit about how he's "Xtreme with an X" and keeps mouthing it over and over again while flashing an X symbol into the nearby camera.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opp...

♪ "Wherever I May Roam" by J Balvin ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Fire erupts from either side of the stage and coming out from the back in wrestling gear - dark purple tights with orange and yellow flames, red Adidas sneakers, a sleeveless hoodie is the man called Alvaro de Vargas. He doesn't wait for an intro, nor does he take off his sunglasses or hoodie. He storms to the ring.

DDK:

ADV looks like he means business! He's not even waiting for an intro from Darren Quimbey!

Lance:

He's not looking to get paid by the hour!

ADV rushes into the ring and climbs up the steps. When he gets into the ring, Elijah Cross tries to attack him!

DING DING

DDK:

Elijah Cross trying to do unto Alvaro before Alvaro does unto him!

Elijah goes for him with a flurry of right hands and then tries to stun the big Cuban... but Alvaro quickly grabs him by the throat with both hands and HURLS him into a corner! After Alvaro shakes off the punches, he turns around and then charges at Elijah Cross... only to get both feet up to the chest!

Lance:

Oooh! Elijah Cross on the middle rope now!

He leaps off hitting something like a flying forearm and it only knocks ADV in the side of the head. The big man is stunned when Elijah gets up and then tries to fight him off! He runs off the ropes...

SCORCHER UNDER THE CHIN!

DDK:

OOOOH! Alvaro added a new strike to the arsenal! He calls that standing thrust kick The Scorchers! And I think he just scored Elijah's chances of winning!

ADV doesn't waste any time. He picks up Elijah Cross off the mat. He's barely able to stand when he gets WHACKED upside the head from a big spinning backfist from the 6'8" Cocky Cuban!

DDK:

GARRA DEL TIGRE! THAT'S DONE!

Alvaro doesn't even take off his clothes and he's still fully dressed when he pins Elijah quickly.

One.

Two.

Three.

DING DING DING

But before Darren Quimbey can even get to the intros, Alvaro de Vargas is already on the outside of the ring. He swipes Quimbey's mic and scares him off...

Alvaro de Vargas:

FAVOURED SAINTS... PENDEJOS!

Not even breaking a sweat, he climbs back into the ring with the microphone in hand.

Alvaro de Vargas:

DEFIANCE WRESTLING MANAGEMENT? PENDEJOS!

He turns the object of his scorn elsewhere.

Alvaro de Vargas:

MASKED VIOLATOR #1? ...GIANT WHINY FUCKING PENDEJO!

Still bubbling over with rage, the hot-tempered Alvaro looks at Elijah Cross.

Alvaro de Vargas:

THIS... isn't the fucking match I wanted! Brock Newbludd NO-SHOWED his match cause The Lucky Sevens broke him! Perdió la sonrisa y corrió.... so you just give the spot to someone else ALREADY IN THE FUCKING TOURNAMENT? AND HE **LOSES?!**

For the first time, he takes off his sunglasses while the Phoenix Faithful jeer him. He squeezes the sunglasses in one hand while clutching the mic tightly in another.

Alvaro de Vargas:

I promise you, DEFIANCE... Crees que me estás castigando, pero solo estás castigando al resto de esta lista!

The sunglasses finally BREAK in the palm of his hand and he lets the remnants crumble on the mat. ADV leaves the

ring and heads back up the ramp.

DDK:

Wow... that agreement was worked out last-second by Pat Cassidy and Elise Ares for Pat to wrestle in Brock Newbludd's spot. ADV was heated before but that looked like it really set him off.

Lance:

We've seen first-hand what a danger ADV is... especially when that temper of his takes over!

Alvaro de Vargas storms off and out of sight quickly. Pissed over the situation... and probably having to buy new designer sunglasses.

SPECTRUM OF DEATH

Within the burnt out remains of the Kabal Cave, souls continue to stir. A quiet murmur of whispering voices fills the air.

The shot is fixated on a stage before the frayed shreds of a large wall scroll that once portrayed the three-headed sigil of the Kabal. Reaper Green marches out onto the platform and approaches the hollowed-out, charred remains of a podium.

Reaper Green:

Minions!

The greeting is punctuated with a dramatic hand-clenching gesture. The chattering voices fall silent.

Reaper Green:

This situation is dire. Our ancient order has fallen into disgrace. Our failures have mounted. Our numbers have dwindled. The House of the Harvest have lured away and subsequently severed ties with the other heads. We are all that remains of the House of Fear.

He leans over the podium, passionately gripping the sides hard enough that blackened pieces crumble into his gloves.

Reaper Green:

Our sacred mission depends on the loyal few of us who remain, dedicating our lives to the very end. But I am confident that we will succeed. We are the SPECTRUM OF DEATH! Darkness cannot exist... without shades of light.

He pauses a beat on this last line to let it fully resonate. The only real reaction is an uncomfortable cut through the silence.

Reaper Green:

Now... are there any questions?

We go to his POV: of the nearly three dozen chairs arranged before the stage, all stand empty but three. Naturally, those three are occupied by reapers Magenta, Cyan, and Chartreuse... arguably the most useless of a crew of drones that were mostly useless to begin with.

Reaper Cyan raises his hand.

Reaper Cyan:

Uhh, yeah, what's the mission again?

Reaper Green glares in stunned silence for several moments.

Reaper Green:

How do you seriously not know what the mission of the Kabal is at this point? How long have we been doing this?

Cyan shrugs.

Reaper Cyan:

I mean, I just figured I was being paid to stand around and look intimidating. Had no idea there was a "mission" involved in all of this.

Reaper Magenta:

Yeah, I definitely missed the seminar on that. Are we, like, supposed to be making a surprising reveal, or something?

The primary colored Reaper on the stage groans and shakes his head.

Reaper Green:

I shouldn't have to remind you of this, but... the mission of the Reapers is to serve the whims of the Kabal.

Reaper Cyan:

And those whims are...?

Reaper Green:

They'll be revealed in time.

Awkward silence follows.

Reaper Magenta:

..."in time"?

Reaper Green:

"In time." That's the command they gave us, and that's what we're sticking with. But until leadership returns, it's our job to ensure that the Kabal remain an ever constant presence in DEFIANCE. Now, are there any serious questions?

Reaper Magenta raises his hand. Greenie motions to him to give him the floor.

Reaper Magenta:

Is it seriously just the four of us right now? Like, what happened to all the other Reapers?

Greenie grunts. He's getting annoyed by these petty queries.

Reaper Green:

YES! Like I told you, the House of the Harvest poached the majority of our membership!

Reaper Cyan:

The House of the what now?

Reaper Green:

HARVEST!

He gets confused silence.

Reaper Green:

...Crimson Lord's branch of the Kabal?

More confused silence.

Reaper Green:

Ugh... Scrow's gang?

Altogether, the tertiary trio "ahh" in revelation.

Greenie hunches over the podium, nearly causing it to collapse under his weight. He pinches the bridge of the non-existent nose to his Reaper mask, digging deep to keep himself from going into a full mental shutdown.

Reaper Green:

Do you stooges have any more stupid questions to ask? Let's get them out of the way now...

This time, Reaper Chartreuse timidly raises his hand. Greenie glares at him, by this point annoyed to death by this lot. No pun intended.

Reaper Green:

...what?

Reaper Chartreuse:

Yeah, I was just wondering, could we switch up from Reapers to, like, animals?

Green:

...NO!!

Reaper Cyan:

I mean, Charlie brings up a good point. Arthur Pleasant looked super, super spooky in that snake get up.

Reaper Magenta:

Yeah, like BADASS kinda spooky! Imagine how spooky we'd look if we were like, I dunno, bats and spiders or some shit.

Reaper Chartreuse:

And skeletons! And ghosts! And--OOH!--jack-o-lanterns!

Reaper Magenta:

No, that's Halloween stuff. I thought you were talking about animals that were like, spooky? Hey Greenie, what animals are spooky?

Greenie, unable to take this tortuous banality any longer, throws his head back and unleashes a loud wail of spiritual surrender.

Reaper Green:

FOOLS! You guys are worried about looking SPOOKY?! We're REAPERS! We are LITERALLY dressed up as symbols of death right now!

His fists hit the podium, which collapses like a house of cards upon impact, ending up as a pile of charred wood and ash at his feet. He sighs in defeat, shoulders slumped.

The other three look among each other. It's Cyan who clears his throat and breaks the silence.

Reaper Cyan:

Okay... can I ask one more question?

Reaper Green's head slowly rises. Even with the mask, he somehow still looks murderous.

Reaper Cyan:

Could... we order a couple pizzas?

Reaper Magenta:

Yeah, man, I'm starving! And, no offense, it kinda sounds like you're gettin' "h'angry", Greens.

Reaper Chartreuse:

But no marshmallows. I hate marshmallows on my pizza.

Cyan and Magenta give their slower-minded third a brief glance before looking back to Green for an answer. Greenie sighs again.

Reaper Green:

...fine, let's just get some Domino's. We'll pick this up next time.

Reaper Chartreuse:

NO MARSHMALLOWS!

RAUNCHY FOR MY LOVE STICK

Recorded from the GCU Arena during the last DEFTv.

Christie Zane's attractive smile stares into the camera in front of her as she has her left hand to her earpiece and her right hand holding a microphone close to her lips.

Christie Zane:

Are we on? Hi Faithful, Christie Zane here and as you can see, we're standing just outside some of the arena lavatories. Apparently, there happens to be some sort of a ruckus taking place in here, hence why we've been sent to investigate. Let's have a look, shall we?

Zane turns and faces the female washroom door. Muffled moans and groans can be heard from inside the bathroom. Daringly, Zane pushes the door open as the camera crew follows close behind.

Christie Zane:

Hello? Anybody there? Christie Zane, with the DEFIANCE interview team in tow are coming in.

Zane speaks into her microphone as she stealthily slides across the tiled floor. Stall after stall sits empty yet the high pitched shrieking only gets louder.

Christie Zane:

Stay close, stay close. I think I see something.

She begins whispering as they approach a closed stall door somewhere in the middle. Curiously, Christie lurches towards the stall just as the sounds settle down.

Christie Zane:

Hello?

Being so brave and strong, Christie gently knocks on the door. A stir takes place on the other side, clearly indicating there is someone doing something inside the washroom stall.

Christie Zane:

I can hear you in there. What are you doing?

There is no direct response. Instead, just noises and random voice inflection.

Womanly Voice Inside Stall:

Oh my candy bear, melt my heart. GASP! STAINLESS STEEL TOILET PAPER HOLDERS! That goes so well with your reclaimed wood panel walls! Be still, my pattering heart. Yeah, of course they're out of seat covers but that's okay, I like sitting on it bare. I'm that kind of bitch.

The famous DEF interviewer glances back at the camera, confused.

Christie Zane:

Te-Teresa? Is that you? It sounds like you. Are you okay? Do you require some assistance? What's going on?

Again, no response, just more random babbling by the woman in the stall.

Womanly Voice Inside Stall:

Oh yeah. Oh gluck yeah! Hit me with that raunchy love stick! Flush, flush, flush my love down the runny river of dreams! Become a TRUE red river soldier! I will grab your handles all day long if I must. If I must, if I must. Shit guy, shit. This just got super steamy.

Christie's ears are almost bleeding from whatever the hell is going on. She looks into the camera lens with fear on her

face and tears formulating in her eyes.

Christie Zane:

I have no idea what's going on. I'm leaving. This is messed up.

Zane walks out of the view as the camera leans towards the crack between the stall wall and door. Teresa Ames is briefly shown in a blur. The passing shot shows her doing some sort of unspeakable things to the objects around her before the camera quickly turns and heads towards the exit.

Teresa Ames:

GCUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU. I've had my way with you. Onto the next. Can't wait to hit up Utah where I can LICK the salt from their lake city. Yusssssssssss.

Cut feed. Thank goodness.

WILL YOU STICK WITH BUTCH VIC?

EXCLUSIVE - DEFtv 173 Night Two

Walking backstage through the curtains, a delighted and grinning Oscar Burns makes his way down the hallway just a tad when he finds himself getting stopped by a camera.

Oscar Burns:

GCs! GCs! You see that? You see THAT? Step one of the OSCAR BURNS IS DEFIANCE TOURNAMENT is underway! And next up? That ponce Conor Fuse! Same one that I beat back at DEFIANCE Road to get my career FIFTIETH win in this company? MY company? Might as well quit now, Conor! You're in MY company! You're in MY ring and you'll be standing before this promotion itself ready to suffer defeat once again!

Burns still can't hide elation.

Oscar Burns:

Arthur Pleasant... yeah nah, he brought it tonight. Unlike a bunch of other people who might blow smoke and say a win was easy... it wasn't. It wasn't at all. Something lit a fire under his ass while he was gone. Favoured Saints Champion, too. Can't argue that. He earned that title... but he's not Big Match Burnsie! I fight through! I find a way! When people are feeling stropky and want to fight, I'm using this...

Oscar taps the side of his head.

Oscar Burns:

Highest in-ring IQ in all of DEFIANCE! Because I! AM! DEFIANCE! I...

Butcher Victorious:

YES! YES, YOU ARE! OSCAR BURNS MAKES DEFIANCE TURN! AND I'M BUTCH VIC...

He has his new purple microphone.

Butcher Victorious:

...AND I HAVE THE STICK!

Burns looks annoyed at Butcher ever so slightly... but he's still in a whole-ass good mood, so he doesn't entirely let it get to him.

Butcher Victorious:

Oscar! Oscar! I gotta ask you a question...

Oscar Burns:

You know what, GC? I'm in a damn great mood right now! I'm right! Go ahead and ask.

Butcher Victorious:

What? For real? Oh, uh, I mean... HELL YES! SO...

He points at himself.

Butcher Victorious:

I think that I'm super damn awesome and it's about damn time that the rest of DEFIANCE gets that message, too... but I only have a certain bandwidth backstage, you know? I've been studying your moves! Studying the things you do in that ring and I want to learn from you! I want to learn under your tree, Oscar! The best to ever do it in DEFIANCE! And the question is this... WILL YOU STICK... WITH BUTCH VIC...?

Butcher turns back to Oscar...

But he's already disappeared.

He looks around for him, but he's nowhere in sight. Butcher shrugs.

Butcher Victorious:

I'm sure he heard me! He's just mulling it over... Dude's a busy-ass man...

Victorious walks the other direction as the scene fades out.

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. NO FUN DEAN

DDK:

We're ready for more action on tonight's episode of UNCUT! Up next, we've got Butcher Victorious in action going one-on-one with No Fun Dean!

Lance:

No Fun Dean had an outing a couple weeks ago against Tyler Fuse and is looking for his first win, while Butcher Victorious looking for win number two in a row -- apparently all in the name of getting the attention of one Oscar Burns. Oscar didn't give him the time of day like we saw in our interview earlier tonight, but tonight Butcher is looking to start a new win streak! With that said, let's get to the action!

To Darren Quimbey in-ring!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Popsong Singalong" by Flyscreen ♪

The crowd jeers as Butcher Victorious comes bounding through the curtain, with a smattering of vocal support sprinkled throughout the GCU Arena. Huge shit eating grin spread across his face, Vic is pointlessly jawing and gesticulating at the camera the whole way down the aisle... and sadly... Yes. Mic in hand. And this time... he has his own special purple-colored microphone.

Butcher Victorious:

Say it loud and say it proud, boners! BUTCH VIC...

He holds the mic out, but when it's clear only a few people say "HAS THE STICK" he pulls the mic back to himself.

Butcher Victorious:

...HAS THE STICK! Screw you all, this ain't no sing-along with Butcher!

Butcher starts a slow walk to the ring.

Butcher Victorious:

And tonight, I'm dedicating tonight's win to YOUR hero and mine, the man who IS DEFIANCE... Oscar Burns!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

THAT gets a reaction! He grins.

Butcher Victorious:

That's right! Boo me, you idiots! Boo me when I beat that silly-ass ho, No Fun Dean!

DDK:

Did he just call him a...? No, nevermind... not indulging him.

Butcher rolls underneath the ropes and then stands up. He throws his precious microphone at referee Jonny Fastcountini, who almost fumble with it! He barely catches it and then Butcher yells at him off-mic for almost dropping it as his opponent heads to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, accompanied by Slightly Fun Jen... from Morrisburg, Ontario, Canada, weighing in at 250 pounds...

NO FUN DEAN!

No Fun Dean has his arms in the air while Slightly Fun Jen tries to garner more cheers for her husband as they

approach with no music, but some cheers. Butcher does a few lunges in the corner to warm up just as Dean rolls into the ring. The young Canadian stares down Victorious as the crowd starts to cheer.

DING DING

Butcher and NFD start to lock up quickly with Butcher going for the quick arm drag! He snaps the bigger man over, but jumps back up to his feet and then holds his arms up.

Butcher Victorious:

You just got outwrestled! Suck it, boner!

The crowd's jeers turn to cheers when Butch Vic turns right into a big arm drag from No Fun Dean! Butcher spins around only to catch a hip toss next! He gets slammed into the mat before No Fun Dean then grabs the body of Butcher and deposits him mid-ring for a big body slam!

DDK:

Butcher patting himself on the back for that arm drag, but No Fun Dean hitting with some Wrestling 101 of his own!

Lance:

Dean had a great showing a few weeks ago over his old rival, Tyler Fuse!

The Liberal City Landlord gets picked up and dropped with a big body slam that Dean follows right up by grounding himself along with Butcher for a tight bodyscissors hold. Butcher starts to freak out and then tries to crawl to the ropes quickly! Victorious continues to try and squirm until the larger Dean manages to roll himself over back into a grounded cradle pin out of the bodyscissors!

ONE...

Butcher kicks out, but when he tries to stand, NFD manages to catch him once again and then gets taken over with a headlock takeover. Butcher then counters with a leg scissors over the neck, forcing NFD to let go. When both men get back to their feet, NFD counters Butcher again with a big flapjack!

Lance:

Impressive wrestling by No Fun Dean! He has the talent, but he's still trying to find that spark in the ring that's really going to make him successful.

DDK:

And I think he has a DDT in mind!

He hooks the head of Butcher for a DDT, but when he drops, Victorious grabs the rope to save himself and forces NFD to hit the match! Butcher tries to save himself, but Dean is trying to get up. He goes for a kick on Butcher, but Victorious blocks and throws his leg in the direction of Jonny Fastcountini. Jonny catches it, not wanting to be hit but he serves allow Butcher to leap up and hit a jumping neckbreaker that puts NFD on the mat! Slightly Fun Jen is surprised on the outside and yells at Jonny!

DDK:

Jonny becoming an unwilling participant there! No disqualification since the ref wasn't struck, but still a stupid move.

Lance:

And now look at Butcher go!

Butcher turns up the aggression a bit! He gets jeers as No Fun Dean tries to sit up while holding the back of his head, but leaves himself wide open for a snap kick to the spine! Dean flinches in pain when Butcher hits the ropes and cracks him right in the mouth with a basement dropkick! NFD gets knocked flat on his back after the succession of moves and then Butcher hooks a leg.

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

No Fun Dean kicks out, but that basement dropkick might have rung his bell!

Lance:

And now what's Butcher doing?

Taking control of the match for the moment, Butcher continues to stomp away on NFD and looks out to the crowd as he does so. He gets jeers as he continues to stomp him Dean like he's on fire and eventually scooches him closer to the ropes. Butcher then stands on his back on the ropes while he chokes him, starting a five-count by Fastcountini. He makes it to four before Butcher jumps off his back. While Dean is left choking against the ropes, Butcher makes a beeline for the other side of the ring to come back and crash into NFD with the Victory Landslide!

DDK:

Oooh! Butcher likes to mess around, but that Victory Landslide move is wicked!

NFD flinches off the ropes after the impact and then crumbles to the canvas for Butcher to hook a leg.

ONE... TWO... NO!

No Fun Dean kicks out and leaves Butcher in shock!

DDK:

Victory Landslide doesn't get the victory! I'm surprised he kicked out of that!

Butcher tries to grab NFD by the leg and then stomps him a few more times to wear him out. He points at the corner and gets jeered by the crowd as he starts to climb up the ropes. He starts going up... but he then jumps down.

Lance:

Ugh... this stupid "Quintuple Jump Moonsault" he says he invented. Maybe a few less flips and flops and he'd hit this!

He jumps back up, then to the top, then tries the five-leap moonsault... but crashes and burns after NFD rolls out of the way! Victorious flops like a fish out of water and clutches his chest in pain.

DDK:

Butcher stuck now! Can NFD mount a comeback?

Butcher is hurt while No Fun Dean starts to get back up again with Slightly Fun Jen trying to cheer him on. Butcher gets picked up from behind and pushed to the ropes when NFD comes back and boots him before delivering a big vertical suplex!

Lance:

Nice suplex by No Fun Dean!

Butcher tries to hobble back up when he gets picked up from behind by Dean and then launched away with a German suplex this time! Butcher bounces off the canvas but he still is not done. He gets back up and then manages to nail Butcher with a big elbow before taking him up and over with a third double arm suplex! After the flurry of multiple suplexes, Dean hooks the leg!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

DDK:

Big series of suplexes by No Fun Dean, but can he put away Butcher! I'd have to call this at least a minor upset if he does!

Lance:

He's trying!

He tries to fully lock in You Quit, but the wiry Victorious starts to flail around. He ducks forward in between the ropes with Dean still trying to hang on, but he gets a faceful of top rope!

DDK:

Oooh! I don't know if that counter was intentional or not, but Butcher took No Fun Dean through the ropes and smacked him face-first into that cable!

Slightly Fun Jean freaks out with Dena being rattled by Butcher's (un)intentional counter to the crossface chickenwing. He grabs his face in pain when Butcher grabs the arms and rolls him forward. Dean's shoulders are pinned when he tries to get his legs up, so Butcher quickly traps his legs with his own for the cover!

DDK:

New move by Butch... NO! WAIT! HE'S USING THE FRUIT ROLL-UP AGAIN! OSCAR BURNS' MOVE!

Butcher holds the European Clutch tightly!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Popsong Singalong" by Flyscreen ♪

Butcher gets the win and leaves the ring after stealing it from Dean! NFD still looks a bit starry-eyed after crashing into the ropes while Butcher goes back to grab his customized microphone. He huffs and puffs as he yells into the microphone.

Butcher Victorious:

You all suck! A winner is Victorious! That win was for you, Oscar Burns!

He marches out of the arena and laughs after the victory while Slightly Fun Jen goes to help a frustrated NFD out of the ring.

Lance:

...Ugh.

DDK:

I agree. Ugh. Butcher Victorious is your winner with that same move! I still don't know what he's thinking by doing these moves. He's winning matches on UNCUT with Burns' moves and if he keeps it up, I don't know if the attention he wants from Oscar is going to be the good kind.

Once more, Butcher flashes a slimy grin on the top before disappearing backstage to crow about it.

I'M READY FOR MY CLOSE-UP

All of a sudden, the lights go completely off.

Lance:

We really need to figure out the utility bill here because this happens with some frequency.

♪ "Toccatta and Fugue" in D Minor by Bach ♪

As the familiar organs start, a spotlight appears at the top of the entrance ramp, revealing a middle-aged woman standing in the middle of the spotlight, with another older man beside her. The woman has jet-black hair in 1920s loopy flapper curls and is wearing a tiara, black eye shadow that crowns her eyes and a black dress with ruffles upon ruffles on her shoulder pads and black gloves that go up to her wrists. She is also holding an old-fashioned cigarette holder in her right hand. The man, about 6'7", is completely bald and is wearing a perfectly tailored black dress jacket, dress shirt, black tie, and black pants like a funeral director.

DDK:

I can't quite put my finger on it but do these two look familiar to you?

Teri Melton:

Hello, everyone.... It is I, Teri Melton, THE GREATEST MANAGER OF THEM ALL... who has returned to... her spotlight!

Teri's eyes are open way larger than they should be as she holds her arms out triumphantly and a wild larger-than-life grin on her face!

Teri Melton:

Please light my cigarette for me... Zoltan!

Lance:

Oh, of course! That's Teri Melton. She was a huge star decades ago in the CSWA and other promotions. And that's Zoltan, also known as The Mysterious Zoltan, who was also a wrestler-slash-bodyguard years ago!

DDK:

The way she's looking around this arena and his grimace make me feel like she should go by the name 'Lady Unhinged.

Zoltan shows no emotion as he lights Teri's cigarette. She takes a puff on it, stares upwards, and emits a large cloud of smoke into the air, her face smiling wide in self-admiration. Finally, she stops and turns to the crowd with a scolding look on her face.

Teri Melton:

Zoltan! Zoltan! Why... why are they not applauding me? Why are they.... Why are they not on their feed in adulation? Why are they not cheering and chanting my name as they should? Do they not know who I am?

Lance:

I think that may be the case...

Zoltan:

No, Madame. They are simply in awe of you.

Zoltan's voice carries with it almost a sense of pity. Teri takes a second to ponder this before nodding in agreement, as she flamboyantly and dramatically waves her arms in the air.

Teri Melton:

Yes. YES! YES! Of course! That is always how the LITTLE PEOPLE have always acted around me, and as they

should! I understand why they tremble. I, a woman who has a steel-trap mind... a woman of grand accomplishment... a woman of great wealth... and a woman of infinite beauty, the most downloaded woman in the world in 1998... these peons both adore me and fear me!!! I apologize, my darlings, I shall never leave any of you insignificant people ever again!

She again looks wild-eyed in manic, delusional glee, laughing without any recognition that fans are starting to boo at her condescending remarks. Zoltan stands rigid straight behind her, never showing an ounce of emotion.

Teri Melton:

I have returned to your lives for a reason! Because I, Teri Melton, am The Star of Stars... and THIS STAR IS REBORN!

She theatrically waves her cigarette holder in the air along with her other hand, her eyes bulging out with a gigantic smile on her face as she looks at the farthest corners not just of the arena but the entire planet earth.

Teri Melton:

My raison d'être is to take an alleged talent on this roster and to mold him, guide him and SHEPHERD HIM into greatness beyond his wildest dreams! I will build a statue from the dirt as a pillar to the empire I never relinquished... And he in return shall gift me the glittering commodity all crave but only stars deserve! I WILL ONCE AGAIN WEAR GOLD!!!

Teri hands Zoltan her cigarette holder as she holds up her glittering tiara and repositions it on her head.

Teri Melton:

DEFIANCE Wrestling... Teri Melton...

She holds her hands to her heart.

Teri Melton:

Is ready...

She takes a step forward, keeping her hands on her heart. Then she takes a dramatic pause and looks with an appreciative glare as if she is being thrown roses at her feet and not receiving boos, with Zoltan carefully taking a step behind her. Her eyes look around to the furthest corners of the arena before finding the camera and staring coldly into the middle of it.

Teri Melton:

For her close-up!

Teri takes a huge Broadway bow before the spotlight turns off.

A REAPER RESURRECTION!

Shortly after the Main Event of 173 night one.

Scrow is seen backstage walking down a corridor, his hand on the back of his neck. Every step he takes he cringes in pain. After Troy worked over his neck, and the powerbomb from Reaper the Grey the former SOHER is clearly not in any condition to get into anything physical.

Suddenly!

The lights in the hallway he is walking in start to turn off! One at a time like it was some sort of horror movie. Scrow stops in his tracks and before he can react a tree trunk of an arm comes from behind him and locks in a choke, lifting him up in the air. Scrow struggles to break free, kicking and trying to pull this huge arm wrapped around his neck off of him.

???:

Now Mr. Grey I want him conscious.

Now known it is Reaper the Grey with the reverse chin lock on Scrow. He sets him down on his feet but keeps the chin lock firmly locked in. A match lights in the darkness, followed by a few fades-in and fades-out of what could only be a cigar. Crimson Lord steps out of the darkness, Ravanna close by his side. Lord stands in front of Scrow just out of arm's reach.

Crimson Lord:

Shame another loss to Vae Victis. I have some wonderful news for you though. I had a talk with Faourved Saints owners. They accepted a proposal I presented them with.

Scrow:

Pro..*[grasp]*..posal.

Crimson Lord:

Indeed, you will be in that ring on DEFTV 174, in a Proving Grounds Match!

Crimson snaps his fingers and behind him in the darkness pairs of eyes light up.

Red- eyes/Blue - teeth

Yellow

Orange

Yellow - Eyes/ Green Teeth

White

Purple

Pink

Crimson Lord:

You look surprised, did you think the reapers were dead? Oh no, there are still those that work for me personally. I believe three of them you conducted tests on. The rules of the little match are simple. They will be around the ring, and you will have to defeat each one to wi...no survive the match.

Crimson snaps his fingers and the colors disappear.

Crimson Lord:

Oh, I am sorry where are my manners, Mr. Grey releases him. I am sure Scrow has been through enough tonight.

Gray releases Scrow, who drops to his knees gasping for air. Crimson just looks down at him and shakes his head.

Crimson Lord:

It really is a shame my young prodigy. You could have continued to live like a champion. I could have made you a world champion, but you chose to go down your own path. Pity...

Crimson turns and walks toward the darkness before Scrow is able to attempt to stop him. Grey attacks. In another brutal beating as Grey tosses Scrow around the hallway like he was nothing more than a bag of lemons. He ends his assault by throwing Scrow into some production boxes. He gets into a catcher stance while Scrow grunts in pain face first on the hallway floor.

Reaper the Grey:

The boss forgot to mention I will be a part of The Proving Grounds. I can't wait to break every bone in your body, little bird.

Grey gives one more stomp before disappearing into the darkness, leaving Scrow coughing while holding his stomach.

THE COOLEST GHOUL IN SCHOOL

August 11, 2022

10:15 pm

The Grand Canyon University Arena in Phoenix, Arizona - in full set up for DEFtv. Oscar Burns has just left the ring, the announcer's desk sits empty, and The Faithful have begun to pour out when a familiar voice booms over the in-arena audio...

"VAIT ONE MINUTE!"

The hoards of people on their way out stop and turn to look back toward the ring quizzically.

♪ *"Bloodletting (The Vampire Song)" by Concrete Blonde* ♪

A small cheer goes up and most of the folks stop leaving as the theme song of the one and only Count Novick begins to play. Although the show is over, his red mist begins to spill out from the rampway - and among that mist stands the dastardly fiend Count Novick! He dramatically unwraps his cape from around his body and strikes a scary vampire pose. Novick nods along with his theme as he scans the fans and the theme fades out. He produces a mic from inside his cape.

Count Novick:

VAIT! Before you go... I am HERE!!! I am... the EVIL, VILE, MONSTER... COUNTTTTT NOVICK! AH!

The Faithful:

Ha! Ha!

Novick is pleased with the response.

Count Novick:

Count Novick is pleased today, my little ghouls. And he is searching... not for a victim, but for the biggest Count Novick fan here tonight! For if you are the coolest ghoul in school... Count Novick will award you...

The vampire motions to his black and red flowing cape.

Count Novick:

To take home the one... the only... the demonic cape of COUNT NOVICK!!! AH! HA! HA!

There's a smattering of cheers, as some fans (most of those with young children and a few grown men who appear to still be children) begin to rush back down the steps to the ringside area. Novick makes his way toward the ring, taking his cape off and approaching the eager Faithful who are swarming the barricade. Novick scans the faces... before he points. A father holds up his son, no more than six, who is wearing a Dex Joy shirt. Novick approaches the boy and puts his cape around him as the crowd gives a cheer.

Count Novick:

NOW! YOU ARE TRULY...

Novick doesn't get to finish... as he's suddenly blindsided from behind by Bobby Horrigan and Roosevelt Owens... the giant tag team of Heavy Artillery! What fans are left in the arena let the men have it as they put the boots to Novick right in front of the young fan who wears his cape. The kid and his father yell at Heavy Artillery, which just causes Horrigan to smile at the kid before he blows his nose right on Novick's downed form!

They roll Count Novick into the ring and follow him in. As the ringside fans continue to boo and jeer, each huge Heavy Artillery member takes turns giving him running body splashes, completely flattening the smaller man. Horrigan retrieves Novick's mic just as DEFsec hits the ring and forces them away from the injured vampire.

Bobby Horrigan:

Listen!! You mad!? Huh? You made we squashed this little goof flat!? Well... too bad! See, we're sick of JOKES like this getting TV time while Heavy Artillery, the most DANGEROUS tag team in the game, doesn't! Novick thought he could mess with us at the BRAZEN Double Shot, but we got news for him!

Horrigan points to Novick's broken form, now surrounded by DEFsec.

Bobby Horrigan:

We're not gonna stop until you're outta here! Heavy Artillery is just gonna keep coming for ya until you can't go anymore, and then your spot becomes ours! So if you know what's good for ya, kid, this'll be your last show.

Hoorigan turns to the fans and says sarcastically.

Bobby Horrigan:

Ha. Ha. Ha.

He spikes the mic as Rosie Owens flips off the people. They exit the ring, and our last shot before we fade elsewhere are Novick's eyes just beginning to flutter.

NED REFORM vs. JJ DIXON

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentleman, now in the ring, from Houston, Texas... JJ DIXON!!!

JJ waves politely to the crowd with a bit of a nervous, morose look on his face as he stretches the top rope.

DDK:

In the ring right now is JJ Dixon, a featured member of The Southern Bastards.

Lance:

Or as I would call him, "Journeyman" JJ Dixon.

DDK:

That's not a nice thing to say about JJ, who is regarded as one of the nicer wrestlers we have here in DEFIANCE or on Brazen.

Lance:

And being one of the "nicer" wrestlers means you're a journeyman. He's not young enough to be called a future star. He's not yet old enough to be called a grizzled veteran.

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The crowd groans and hisses as out from the back walks Ned Reform in his wrestling gear, walking to the ring as if he is en route to make a valedictorian address at a high school, with his minion TA Cole right behind him, dressed exactly the same applauding his mentor.

Darren Quimbey:

Our next match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Litchfield, Connecticut, weighing in at 227 pounds is Ned Reform!!!

TA Cole gestures menacingly at Darren, who rolls his eyes.

Darren Quimbey:

I stand corrected. DOCTOR! Ned Reform!

DING DING

DDK:

Referee Mark Shields rings the bell, but TA Cole is pointing and jawjacking at JJ Dixon, who is charging at TA! Shields goes to force TA out of the ring... and Ned Reform with a cheap low blow to JJ! And he times it... spinning heel kick with JJ already on his knees! Ned gestures to his brain as TA Cole applauds.

Lance:

A master strategist at work!

DDK:

Ned Reform now stalks behind JJ Dixon... and he has on The Ad Homeinen! That Crossface Chickenwing! Dixon's struggling. He's trying to get out of it... but he taps!

DING DING DING

The bell rings repeatedly as Ned applies the hold for two or three seconds longer than he has to before getting off as TA Cole walks into the ring and pretends to kick dirt on JJ Dixon.

Lance:

Quick work from our resident genius! He came with a plan and achieved it to perfection! Devious perfection!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match... Ned Reform!!!

REPRISE OF JJ DIXON

Christine Zane:

I'm here with JJ Dixon, who has had another tough loss here in Defiance. Could I get a few words as to how you're feeling, JJ?

JJ is staring down at the floor, a towel over his shoulders. He then looks up and punches the locker behind him.

JJ Dixon:

I'll be honest, Christine, I don't feel so good. Pro wrestling, it's a hard industry. It's cutthroat and it's ruthless. I spend so much time training and working hard. But it's so difficult. I have to be honest. The only thing I've ever wanted in my life is to be a pro wrestler, but I also have bills to pay. And the only way to really make a living in wrestling is to win matches on the big show. It's just so damn hard to even get the attention to get on the big show. and then to lose a match like that to Ned Reform. I try and play by the rules and keep my head up... but it's just... Like, I didn't even get a theme song!

JJ starts crying. He wipes a few tears from his eyes and regains composure.

JJ Dixon:

I'm maxed out on five different credit cards. I missed a bunch of my rent payments. I've been crashing on people's couches for months or I've been sleeping in my car. The only reason I'm able to train at the gym is because I clean the equipment and locker room bathroom at the end of the night. People here look at me crazy when I go nuts at the craft services food table before shows, but that's because I maybe eat a few peanut butter sandwiches or one MET-RX Power Bar a day to meet my nutritional needs...

JJ again looks at the floor.

JJ Dixon:

I... I just don't know how much I can keep doing this, Christie. I really don't know. Maybe I just have to admit I don't have what it takes to make it as a wrestler.

As JJ looks down, two figures emerge from the door and look at him. Zoltan stands with his stone-cold face, arms folded as Teri Melton eyes JJ up with a huge, predatory smile on her face before taking a long drag on her cigarette and blowing the smoke high in the air.

FIST of DEFIANCE, DEACON (C) vs. THURSTON HUNTER

♪ "John Wick" by Why-S (2019) ♪

The music started and the crowd... maybe reacted, or something. It was the main event, and Thurston had been around DEFIANCE for long enough to be known so... Hunter stepped to the stage and took in the crowd ready for a main event - HIS MAIN EVENT! He nodded a few times, and then threw his arms violently into the air before executing a picturesque roundhouse kick, if by picturesque you mean something your kid brother filmed in his basement after stealing his grandmother's kodak. The swinging leg might have looked great; the landing, not so much. Hunter shook it off though and charged to the ring, sliding beneath the ropes and bounding to his feet.

Or that was the plan.

What we got instead was an attempted "bounding to his feet" that looked more like that drunk girl who always swore she was "fhiiiihne" with more "h" in the word than consonants.

The lights went out, and no one complained.

♪ "Gregorian Chant" ♪

Everyone cheered (except Thurston, and probably somewhere else Malak Garland, but we don't know for sure about that last one - afterall, he did hug Conor last week).

The Deacon, led by Magdalena, steps through the curtain about the time the Chant turns into-

♪ "Resistance" by Skillet ♪

The Deacon wasted no time with entrance antics, stepping over the top rope and into the ring. Immediately, Thurston moves to take Deacon out from about 5 feet away with a harsh-ish punch that is deflected by the referee. After an admonishment, Thurston backs slightly away and the bell rings.

DING DING

DDK:

Thurston Hunter wasting no time going right after Deacon.

Lance:

He tried that last time, with a partner, no less, and ended up going down lightning quick.

DDK:

But Deacon doesn't appear to be in a hurry this time.

Lance:

I'm guessing he wants some little bruises.

The Deacon's desire for tiny bruises aside, the Mute Freak silently stands as Thurston Hunter hacks away at him - a punch-ish, a kick (of sorts), a body blow (which might feel more like a slight breeze). The Deacon holds his position, eventually relaxing by leaning toward the ropes, holding the top one for support. The referee knows his job and slips in there, getting between Thurston's heavy offense and Deacon. Enraged, Thurston pushes the referee, who tosses a warning at the Comments Section scion (no), heir (definitely no), uhm... member (barely). The ref and Hunter argue for a moment before Thurston turns back toward Deacon.

Kick to the stomach.

Lock Thurston's head between Deacon's thighs.

Up Thurston goes for the Altar Call.

Thurston squirms and wiggles and fights for all he's worth. The Deacon's grip slips momentarily and Deacon staggers forward a step before leaning toward the ropes. Thurston's arms wave, trying to grab the top rope, but with a roar like a bear snagging the wagglings trout, the Deacon's hands cinch tighter. Thurston yelps from the grip and then screams as the Deacon sends him to the mat with the crucifix powerbomb. No more screaming, or yelping.

Only a 3 count.

DING DING DING

The Deacon rolls off Thurston and uses those ropes again to pull himself to his feet just as the referee brings the belt signifying the Deacon as STILL the FIST of DEFIANCE. Leaning against the turnbuckles, the Deacon holds the belt into the air for a rare glimpse at UNCUT.

DDK:

Not much of a fight.

Lance:

Were you expecting it TO be?

DDK:

Not really. Let's hope this puts to bed any and all of The Comments Section against Deacon moving forward.

Lance:

With Malak out of the tournament, we can only hope.

The UNCUT signature appears at the bottom right hand side of the broadcast feed as Deacon exits the ring and The Faithful chant on.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.