

SHOW OPEN

ALECZANDER THE GREAT vs. SOMCHAI

DDK:

We saw an amazing two nights of action from Las Vegas! Deacon successfully defended the FIST over Oscar Burns and Lindsay Troy won the ACTS Tournament over Rezin, cementing their main event at ACTS of DEFIANCE! Another development saw the return of a man to the side of Tom Morrow... from years ago, Aleczander The Great!

Lance:

He aided Tom Morrow and BFTA in complete destruction of Titanes Familia in Las Vegas with the crowd cheering them on the whole way due to The Lucky Sevens' local roots. Later, we'll see Dan Leo James of the Familia against BFTA's Aaron King.

DDK:

Years ago, Aleczander The Great was part of the fabled trio of Team HOSS under management of Tom Morrow... then, Junior Keeling. He rejoined DEFIANCE under the BRAZEN brand, but apparently has not been happy with his lot down there. Aleczander wanted a match to prove he can still go. To that end, Morrow got him this match tonight with the beast from Thailand, BRAZEN member Somchai.

The camera goes to Darren Quimbey and in the ring, a large man already ready to fight.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first... from Pattaya City, Thailand, weighing 289 pounds...

SOMCHAI!

The big man raises his hands to polite applause from the Las Vegas Faithful.

DDK:

And his opponent...

Tom Morrow:

A-HEM!

Saying it out loud just like you read it, Tom Morrow walks onto the stage with the BFTA-branded headset over his ear as he struts out.

Tom Morrow:

GREETINGS, LAS VEGAS!

Loud cheers!

Tom Morrow:

Tonight, I bring to you a man unfairly treated in BRAZEN as trash, but with my help will become the big star he SHOULD BE had it been for inept management in this company! From Miami, Florida, by way of Manchester, England... weighing in at 257 pounds... **ALECZANDER THE GREAT!**

♪ "Great" by Instruction ♪

The music plays and out from the back, adoring new dark purple tights, knee pads, boots and tassels with the flexing "A" symbol on the front?

Aleczander The Great!

He gets jeers from the crowd as he mouths off to them. He shoots Tom Morrow an untrusting look and then stomps to the ring.

DDK:

Aleczaider The Great is a former reality show personality on a number of UK programs. He moved to the States back in 2010 and he's been wrestling primarily as a member of Team HOSS on and off ever since.

Lance:

But Team HOSS have shown a history of prior volatility. Angel Trinidad was straight-up fired for injuring former DEFIANCE World Champion Dusty Griffith. Aleczaider himself was considered reliable enough only to hire as a BRAZEN wrestler and coach... but Morrow seems to think he can do more.

Aleczaider marches to the ring making his first appearance in some time. He climbs up the steps, shoots an annoying smirk at Somchai and climbs into the ring. He flexes his muscles and makes his pecs dance in tune to his obnoxious Brit pop song before it fades out. Tom Morrow watches his manager pace around ringside. When the bell rings...

DING DING

The Mancunian Muscle charges forward and tackles the slightly larger Somchai into a corner! Aleczaider stands six-five and is able to power him into the corner before unleashing a number of shoulder thrust attacks to the rib cage! When he has Somchai stunned, the big Thai native stumbles out as Aleczaider rushes the ropes and then bowls him over with a HUGE clothesline!

DDK:

Dang! Aleczaider The Great already took Somchai off his feet with one big shot!

Lance:

The Manchester native isn't getting paid by the hour tonight!

The crowd is jeering Aleczaider, but he ignores them.

Aleczaider The Great:

Nice to see you wankers, too, eh!

He picks up Somchai and has little trouble picking up the big Thai wrestler before dropping him with a big body slam! He paces around the ring and then **THROWS** Somchai a few feet with a big body toss! The crowd is watching in awe as Aleczaider The Great puts his hands on his hips and does another pec dance like Super Macho Man from Punch-Out!

DDK:

You weren't kidding! Somchai is 6'8" and 289! Aleczaider is just tossing him around the ring like it's no trouble at all!

Lance:

And Aleczaider not taking this match very seriously tonight! He has a great deal of experience over Somchai.

The Thai wrestler gets picked up again by Aleczaider The Great and then tackled to another corner. The Mancunian Muscle then batters him with a number of clubbing clotheslines to the chest! Somchai has the wind knocked out of him while Tom Morrow is on the outside, talking up his client to a number of on-lookers at ringside. After he gets done clobbering Somchai, he hooks the head of the young BRAZEN rookie and then manages to power him up for a huge vertical suplex! Instead of going for a cover, the non-movie-star Great One sits up and rubs his hands together.

Aleczaider The Great:

Too easy, mate! Too easy!

DDK:

If it's so easy, then wrap this match up and stop playing!

When he's done, The Mancunian Muscle stands up. He grabs Somchai by the back of the head... but is greeted by a big right hand to the gut. Somchai doubles him over with a second right hand followed by a huge clubbing forearm to

Aleczonder's back to cheers from the crowd!

Lance:

Somchai fighting back! That's what Aleczander gets for underestimating him!

Aleczonder gets rocked with another clubbing blow on top of the head and then gets taken to the corner for a whip. Somchai charges in and nails a big body avalanche in the corner, followed by a spin and then a huge corner clothesline of his own! When he has Aleczander stunned, he picks him up for a sidewalk slam! He tries a cover!

ONE...

TW... NO!

Lance:

Quick kickout by Aleczander, but Somchai has him where he wants him!

Somchai holds his hands up and he starts to egg the crowd on for cheers! They give it to him, but he's wasting precious time. He grabs Aleczander by the throat with both hands. He tries for what looks like a double choke lift... but Aleczander HITS him with a thumb to the eye first to make him let go! Somchai is stunned when The Mancunian Muscle doubles Somchai over with a gut kick and then THROWS him shoulder-first into the ring post!

DDK:

Ooh! Somchai almost overpowered Aleczander, but he got caught with that thumb followed by getting chucked to the ring post!

Aleczonder then stands to the side and PLANTS Somchai with a huge thrust spinebuster out of the corner! With Somchai hurt, Aleczander The Great kicks him in the ribs to make Somchai roll over. He delivers a painful stomp to the back! Then locks his body in an elevated Camel Clutch!

DDK:

Aleczonder with the submission after the thrust spinebuster! He calls this move the BPI - British Power International!

Somchai hollers. Aleczander The Great and the referee both hear it! And when he can't fight out... he taps!

TAP TAP TAP!

DING DING DING

After the bell, Aleczander The Great stands up and yank his arm away from Jonny Fastcountini. Tom Morrow comes into the ring to get the pleasure of raising his lackey's hand. He switches on his headset.

Tom Morrow:

Your winner of this match and beater of this giant scrub... **ALECZANDER THE GREAT!**

DDK:

A quick victory for Aleczander The Great here tonight! He aids BFTA with the assault on Titanes Familia and now this!

Aleczonder The Great and Morrow have now left the ring and The Mancunian Muscle has his arms raised with a back to the ramp. When he notices the camera near him, he talks some trash.

Aleczonder The Great:

See that, Titanes Familia? That's how things get done, you wankers! I... AGGGHHHH!

The crowd explodes in a big mixed reaction...

DAN LEO JAMES NAILS ALECZANDER WITH THE DASH AND BASH, SENDING HIM FLYING ACROSS THE RINGSIDE AREA!

Lance:

OH, GOOD LORD! WHERE DID JAMES COME FROM?

The mixed reaction is no doubt due to Titanes Familia coming after The Lucky Sevens' Unified Tag Titles last week, but The Young Titan doesn't care! He waylays Aleczander and stands over him!

DDK:

What a shot! That Dash and Bash just leveled Aleczander on the floor! No doubt that's a receipt from the attacks from DEFtv 175!

Lance:

No doubt about that! Dan Leo James is in action later tonight in our main event against BFTA member Aaron King but he sends a message to Aleczander that Titanes Familia aren't done! The Young Titan stands tall!

Dan Leo James doesn't pay any mind to the reaction from the crowd! He throws up both hands in the air, then yells at Morrow while pointing at Aleczander The Great on the floor.

Dan Leo James:

Later tonight... that's Aaron King!

He storms up the ramp and looks back after body checking Aleczander The Great! The show moves to another segment.

PLENTY TO SAY

“Unseen DEFtv 175 Footage” is the brief caption shown on the broadcast feed underneath Jamie Sawyers who, mic in hand, catches Tyler Fuse exiting gorilla from his match against High Flyer IV.

Jamie Sawyers:

Tyler, Tyler, any chance I can get a word?

Fuse comes to a stop after initially passing the interviewer.

Jamie Sawyers:

Report is you broke High Flyer’s arm out there...

Fuse methodically turns to face Sawyers.

And stands there.

Jamie Sawyers:

Was this a message to Jack Harmen?

Fuse says nothing as Sawyers grows increasingly uncomfortable.

Jamie Sawyers:

Sorry to bother you.

But before Jamie can leave the vicinity, Tyler eyes the microphone, as if telling Sawyers to move closer and hold it under his mouth.

At first, Tyler says nothing. Jamie is beginning to think he misread the wrestler and hopes he hasn’t angered him.

Suddenly, Tyler shakes his head no.

Tyler Fuse:

No message.

Jamie’s eyes dart to the left and right, realizing this might be all Tyler has to say. However, he eventually adds more.

Tyler Fuse:

I didn’t mean to break the kid’s arm.

Fuse pauses, likely to contemplate his own statement.

Tyler Fuse:

He just did not tap out in time.

The OG Player shakes his head.

Tyler Fuse:

This isn’t BRAZEN.

Fuse closes his mouth and eyes the interviewer again. Jamie catches on.

Jamie Sawyers:

Thank- thank you, Tyler.

Fuse raises his hand and leans forward once more.

Tyler Fuse:

If Jack would like to discuss this any further, I can meet him in the ring next week.

Tyler quickly makes his exit, leaving Sawyers standing by himself. For some reason, the interviewer still feels the need to comment.

Jamie Sawyers:

Thank you.

WHEN THERE'S LIGHTNING...

The lights go out in the Orleans Arena, which can mean only one thing...

...

...okay, nevermind, it could mean a variety of things, cause when do the lights NOT go out at a wrestling event, but IN THIS ONE INSTANCE, the arena goes blacker than usual. Then, a moment later, four glowing, luminous shapes appear on the stage.

They look like... WEAPONS.

First, **green** light glowing from a kendo stick.

A **cyan** luster radiating from a battleaxe.

A **magenta** gleam shining forth from a crossbow.

Finally, a **chartreuse** luminescence emanating from a... slingshot?

♪ "Rainbow in the Dark" by Dio ♪

The crowd pops. Because why would they not? It's effing DIO, man! If you aren't rocking out right now with this song in your head, then you're doing something wrong with your life.

The stage lights come up, revealing the four final REAPERS of the Kabal, arranged in Ginyu Force Fighting Pose with their appropriately colored weapons. After a beat, they advance down the ramp toward the ring. The leader Reaper Green sternly leads the charge to the ring, while his subordinates follow close behind looking not half as serious as their leader. Reaper Magenta is shucking and jiving to the Dio while Reaper Cyan plays his phosphorus-infused axe like an electric guitar.

Reaper Chartreuse takes up the rear, clapping to the music completely out of time. He's just happy to be there.

At ringside, Greenie puts on the brakes and snaps around to freeze the other three in place and bring about an abrupt end to their foolishness with an angry glare that somehow passes through his green-colored Reaper mask. He orders them into position, and they move...

The Reapers perform their (poorly rehearsed) ring pose: Cyan and Magenta scale parallel turnbuckles and flash devil horns while Green stands front and center, holding the world's shittiest lightsaber high overhead like He-Man. Chartreuse hangs in the ring, just pumping his arms and trying to look semi-important.

The four reconvene within the ring. Reaper Green presses a button near the jaw-line of his mask and can suddenly be heard through the PA without a mic. Not like Quimbey would give one to these morons in any case.

Reaper Green:

People of DEFIANCE... THIS--

"IS - A - MES - SAGE!!"

The Reapers look among each other in astonishment. The tertiary trio are optimistically flashing each other thumbs up, but the ever embittered primary Green chides them for indulging in their newfound--and completely ironic, let's be honest--fame.

Reaper Green:

Mark our words... DOOM is coming to this pitiful federation of wrestling! An age of DARKNESS is coming to DEFIANCE!

Reaper Cyan:

That's right, Greenie! Darkness... IN THE FORM OF RAINBOW LIGHT!!

Reaper Green double-takes.

Reaper Green:

...wait, how are you speaking?

Reaper Cyan:

Built-in mic. Goes right into the public address system. Super secret sci-fi Kabal technology. Cool shit, right?

Magenta presses a button on his mask.

Reaper Magenta:

Whoa! Cool! Have we like, ALWAYS been able to do this?

Reaper Green:

Silence, you buffoons! You're ruining the MESSAGE!

Reaper Cyan:

Mags, help Chartreuse find his button.

Reaper Green:

NO!

Reaper Chartreuse is busy prodding the missing skeletal nose of his Reaper mask. Despite their leader's protests, Magenta helps him in finding his own switch to cut in through the speakers.

Reaper Chartreuse:

DIII-OOO!! DIII-OOO!! WHOOOOO!!

Reaper Green:

Damnit, see what you d--

Reaper Chartreuse:

"WHEN THERE'S LIIIGHT-NAAAAANNGG!!"

"YOU - KNOW - IT- AL- WAYS - BRINGS - ME - DOOOOOWWWNN!!"

Reaper Green:

EVERYBODY SHUT THE HELL UP AND LET ME SPEAK!!

The Faithful BOO Green for raining on everyone's parade.

Reaper Green:

Yes... embrace your HATE, you worthless masses! The final ruination is coming! Slowly! Eventually! Seriously, it IS coming! Allow me to explain...

He procures from within his Reaper cloak two more Reaper masks. Not just any masks, though. These are the primary colors of RED and BLUE. He holds them out in either hand.

Reaper Green:

In the history of our ancient order, the Reapers were led by the PRIMARY THREE... Red, Blue, and Green!

Reaper Magenta:

Hang on, I thought Yellow was the third primary color.

Reaper Cyan:

Nah, that's the subtractive color wheel model. We work off the additive one. That's why Greenie's got the rank.

Reaper Chartreuse:

Man, I didn't know there was gonna be math involved in this...

Greenie, annoyed beyond all belief, trembles with fury, but ignores the idiotic interjections of his underlings for now so that he can stay on point.

Reaper Green:

Under the full might of the THREE PRIMARY REAPERS, we will cut through DEFIANCE like Death's scythe cuts through the mortal coil of your miserable, fleeting lives! The only question that remains is... WHO will be worthy enough to bear such prestigious mantles?

He looks dramatically between the two unclaimed masks.

Reaper Green:

You see, DEFIANCE... the real reason we are here tonight is to search for the TRUE BELIEVERS out there in this wretched company! Those that have yet to embrace their inner darkness... and accept their true LIGHT within our Spectrum of Death!

He hands the masks over to Cyan and Magenta at his sides and daringly points into the camera.

Reaper Green:

This is our call to everyone associated with this failing organization! Have a place in the new age of darkness! Join THE REAPERS!

Reaper Cyan:

Good pay! Great benefits!

Reaper Chartreuse:

And FREE PIZZA!

Reaper Magenta:

When Greenie's checks clear, anyway.

Unable to take anymore, Reaper Green finally turns on the other three to finally discipline them for their stupidity. But just then...

♪ "Get Got" by Death Grips ♪

The Faithful legit pop at the arrival of *real* wrestlers. "Skyfire" Zack Daymon and "The Iceman" Leo Burnett, better known as the team of the Rain City Ronin, appear through the curtain and make their way down the ramp.

In the ring, the Reapers suddenly look elated. Ever on his guard, Reaper Green commands them to settle down while he maintains a steady glare on the young tag duo as they come to the ring without delay and slide in under the ropes.

The music cuts. Both sides stare each other down for a moment.

Reaper Cyan:

Well dang... THAT was easy!

Reaper Magenta:

Right? They got the red and blue thing down already!

Reaper Chartreuse:

Just like Double Dragon!

Greeni thoughtfully rubs the chin of his Reaper mask.

Reaper Green:

Hmm... be as it may, I was expecting candidates with a bit more experience. However, we do have openings available for Reapers Rose and Azure.

Reaper Magenta:

Welcome to the club, in any case!

Reaper Green:

FOOL! It's not as easy as THAT! First we must take them to PROVING GROUNDS, and perform the RITE of UMBRAL PASSAGE... and then the TRIAL of NEON SHADOWS... followed by the RITUAL of PRISMATIC DARKNESS... and finally the CRUCIBLE of--

Leo holds up a hand to cut him off. The Ronin have basic mics tucked into the waistbands of their trunks, which they now pull out.

Leo Burnett:

Hold up, bro. You got us mistaken here. We ain't here to join you.

Reaper Green:

...you're not?

Zack shakes his head.

Zack Daymon:

Nope. Maybe you didn't get the memo, but we swore long ago to fight the Kabal on all fronts. And even though you guys are basically a running joke by this point... it don't change anything on our end.

Reapers Cyan, Magenta, and Chartreuse look amongst each other in confusion. Ever the halfway competent one of the group, Reaper Green recognizes what's coming and snaps to action.

Reaper Green:

REAPERS!! PREPARE YOURSELVES!! These HEATHENS mean to THREATEN us with--

POW.

Cy sprawls through the air off the twin-strike impact of double superkicks from the Rain City Ronin! Then they set their sights on Mags, who uselessly holds up his crossbow.

Reaper Magenta:

Wait! WAIT! I don't have any bolts for this thing--

SLAM!

Leo grabs him by the waist and hoists him overhead, right where Zack is waiting with a single-kneed chin buster. Writhing in pain, Reapers Cyan and Magenta roll out of the ring, and the Rain City Ronin pump up the cheering crowd when they get to their feet.

Then they look upon the leftovers. Reaper Green stands resolute, tightly gripping his electric green kendo stick.

Reaper Green:

So be it... it's just YOU and ME now, Reaper Chartreuse! I shall take the smaller one... while YOU... uhhh, Chartreuse?

Greenie turns around to see that Reaper Chartreuse has (wisely) taken a powder, and waves apologetically back to his leader standing alone in the ring.

Reaper Chartreuse:

We'll miss you, Boss! But no offense, you shoulda led with the free pizza!

THUMP!

He briefly goes airborne when Daymon and Burnett raise him up onto their shoulders, then Greenie crunches into the mat with a double Electric Chair Driver! The Vegas Faithful pop!

♪ "Get Got" by Death Grips ♪

The music resumes as Skyfire and the Iceman continue to work up the crowd, and the clearly overmatched foursome of Reapers rally outside the ring. Reaper Green curses them with a villainous shake of his fist... prompting Zack and Leo to drop out and chase them back up the rampway.

As soon as everyone's through the curtain, "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner return from their coffee break. They take their seats. The headsets come on. They clear their throats, ready to begin... but find the cameras are already rolling.

DDK:

Wait a sec... did we miss something?

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST

Teri Melton sits in a high-backed chair in her dressing room. Her hair is now with her flapper curls, wearing a black fedora style hat with pink flowers flying high around the bowl. She has matching pink eye shadow on her eyes and is wearing a loud pink dress jacket with sparkles, a white blouse, and a matching sparking pink shirt with sparking pink shoes, clutching her cigarette holder. Zoltan as always stands behind her like he's managing a wake at a funeral parlour.

JJ Dixon walks in. He now has short hair, and a plaid blue dress shirt tucked into dress slacks.

JJ Dixon:

Look, Teri... I mean Madame. I've had a lot to think about this week. Earl Lee's wife isn't returning my calls, but word is that he's been in the hospital. And now Nicky Synz wants a rematch against me. I owe him a fair match. This whole relationship... This isn't working out for me. I want to thank you for the opportunity, and I'll gladly pay you back what I owe you. But I just can't work with you anymore.

JJ turns to leave.

Teri Melton:

What about your mother, Mr. Dixon? What would she think?

She says this coldly without any emotion. JJ turns around and is shaking.

JJ Dixon:

Wh-wh-wh-wh-what about my m-m-mother? H-h-how do you-you-you know about h-h-her?

Teri Melton drags her cigarette before blowing it in the air. She then gets out of her chair.

Teri Melton:

Mr. Dixon, do you think I chose you just because of your athletic potential? Just because of your... physical appearance? No, Mr. Dixon. I did my homework and I know all about your life. And I know about your psychological potential, too.

She takes a few paces towards him.

Teri Melton:

And I know all about your mother, Mr. Dixon. How she couldn't get out of bed. How you had to wake yourself up and your sister up to get to school on time. How she used to cry all day long. The nights she never came home because she went home with some man she met at a bar who ended up breaking her heart. And she never paid any attention to you at all, did she, Mr. Dixon? All of those years as a child, hoping for her attention, hoping to please her, and you never could, could you, Mr. Dixon?

Now she moves even closer as JJ just stares down with tears in her eyes.

Teri Melton:

Isn't that a recurring theme for you, Mr. Dixon? All of those times in the dressing room just hoping that you'd get your shot but nobody giving it to you? Seeing the fans swarm the stars of DEFIANCE, men and women you know you are better than, after shows for their autographs while they look at you and ask 'Who?' You may as well be The Invisible Man on this roster, Mr. Dixon. Because from the top to the bottom everyone in your life has ignored you, Mr. Dixon.

JJ's shaking with anger as Teri comes behind him and steers him to look at a mirror.

Teri Melton:

Now, Mr. Dixon, I've shown you so far what you can truly become. I am the one who made you realize who you truly

are. But your hesitation to fully commit to what I have set up for you makes me wonder... was your mother right about you? Was she right to ignore you and think of you as a failure? Was this promotion right to think of you in the same way. Was I wrong to pick you out for greatness? Was I wrong to cast you as my Leading Man?

Teri now starts to rub JJ Dixon's shoulders as he looks down despite the mirror near his face..

Teri Melton:

Mr. Dixon, you have a chance to show them they were all wrong. But you only have one chance to do so... and to make Mommy Dearest proud.

Teri Melton smirks as he says that as she slowly rubs her finger down his chest.

Teri Melton:

You can either go out on your own. Or you can please Mommy Dearest. It's up to you.

JJ Dixon:

I want to please you, Mommie Dearest.

Teri miles as she leans in so close to his ear.

Teri Melton:

Then prove it to me or else this relationship is over.

Teri storms out as Zoltan stares darkly at JJ before following suit. JJ then slowly looks up in the mirror, his eyes puffy and red, and then shrieks and throws the mirror to floor, shattering it.

JJ DIXON vs. NICKY SYNZ

DDK:

Coming up next is a grudge match of sorts between Nicky Synz and JJ Dixon who has been involved in quite the psychodrama as of late.

Lance:

Just a few short weeks ago, JJ Dixon was just about ready to retire. But he gave it one last go against his good friend Nicky Synz. And Nicky Synz looked ready to win that match except for interference from Teri Melton and her bodyguard Zoltan, who were not invited to ringside by JJ.

DDK:

Since then, we have seen Teri Melton worm her way into JJ Dixon's life. He signed a contract for her managerial services in exchange for the help he needed financially to continue as a wrestler. She then manipulated him into throwing his former tag partner and mentor Earl Lee Roberts's face through a chair. And, just minutes ago, we saw the manipulations continue.

Lance:

JJ was about to walk out on this relationship with Teri Melton but then she revealed she knew something about JJ's family background that left him shook, and now said that he needed to prove his worth to her! Teri Melton apparently knew something about JJ's family background and has used that. The dangerous thing about a woman like Teri Melton is everything she says has an inkling of truth behind it, and it can certainly convince someone as vulnerable as JJ into a new mindset. And from his reaction backstage, JJ is in a very vulnerable place.

♪ *"Prime Mover" by Synester Sledge* ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Now making his way to the ring... from Los Angeles, California is "The Frontman" Nicky Synz!

Nicky walks down to the ring a little more serious than we've seen him before - no guitar around his neck this time, but still clapping hands with a bit of an angry look.

DDK:

From what Nicky told us before the show began, he does not care at all about what JJ Dixon has been through the past few weeks. He's really angry that Teri Melton jabbed a lit cigarette in his eye, and he blames JJ - rightly or wrongly - for allowing that to happen.

Lance:

Nicky said that he's been dealing with some recurring issues in his right eye as a result, and they were serious enough to keep him from training for a few weeks. But he says he's ready and he really wants a piece of JJ tonight.

Darren Quimbey:

And now coming to the ring, standing at 6'4" tall and 215 pounds... this is JJ Dixon!

JJ walks to the ring sullenly in just plain black trunks, staring downwards.

DDK:

JJ coming out by himself, and you can just tell by the look on his face that he has a lot on his mind as he steps into the ring.

Lance:

And conspicuous by their absence are Zoltan and Teri Melton --

The lights fully go out, except for some phone lights providing the tiniest bit of illumination.

♪ *"Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" by Bach* ♪

Lance:

Nope, here they are!

The familiar dark organ plays for roughly 10 seconds before a giant spotlight shines at ringside. As it does, Teri Melton - in her over-the-top pink outfit with a feathered hat outfit from before - stands with her back to the ring, smoking from her cigarette holder and puffs a cloud high into the air. Standing next to her and staring coldly at the ring is Zolton.

JJ runs to the ropes.

JJ Dixon:

Mommie Dearest! Are you watching me?

DING DING

JJ is leaning over the top rope as Teri Melton continues to stand with her back to him just looking away!

DDK:

The bell rings and Nicky Synz and Referee Carla Ferrari are both really unsure of what to make of JJ. Nicky shrugs his shoulders and just runs into JJ who was slowly turning to his opponent. JJ is on the mat staring at Nicky.

Lance:

JJ had better focus on his opponent or he's going to go back to his losing ways.

DDK:

JJ still on the mat and he gets up quickly and tackles Nicky Synz! He's slugging away at him! Now he's ripping at that injured eye! Doyle is telling him to stop, but JJ is raking that eye and now he's biting it! JJ now roughly rips Nicky up by his hair and drags him over to the ropes and is raking his eyes on the top rope. And he's screaming at Teri Melton!

JJ Dixon:

Mommie Dearest! Don't ignore me!

Lance:

We've never seen JJ act this vicious, or even vicious at all! He's doing all of this hoping for Teri Melton's attention.

DDK:

Teri has not moved even an inch to look at him. And JJ just has a furious look on his face. He takes Nicky Synz and whips him into the far corner and charges... running big boot over the top rope!

Lance:

And he blasted it right across that damaged eye!

DDK:

JJ now out to the floor and he runs out to Teri Melton.

JJ Dixon:

Please, Mommie Dearest!

DDK:

She is just continuing to ignore him. JJ is now snarling as looks back into the ring and sees Nicky start getting to his feet. JJ hops up onto the apron right from the floor. Now onto the top rope! WHATT? SPRINGBOARD CLOTHESLINE! HE JUST JUMPED FEET IN THE AIR AND HALFWAY ACROSS THE RING TO LEVEL NICKY SYNZ!

Lance:

I can't wait to see a replay later to try and guess how high Nicky got off the ring. He might have cleared a good eight

feet from the mat!

DDK:

JJ looks at Teri who has still not budged. JJ quickly hoists Nicky up - Argentine Backbreaker - but he drops Nicky face first across that knee! And JJ NOW WITH A STANDING SHOOTING STAR PRESS!

Lance:

What incredible athletic ability! The fans here tonight are just gasping at what we just saw. JJ was always highly regarded for his athleticism but that sequence was just at a next level!

DDK:

But JJ is now back over to Teri, who STILL has not looked at him just once! Even after that incredible display, That's giving Nicky a chance to get to his feet and he boots JJ in the stomach. Now a slap -- no, JJ again rips at that eye! And again! Nicky is screaming in pain. JJ backs up - superkick that stuns Nicky. JJ quickly steps behind in a full nelson. HE JUST DROPPED NICKY SYNZ RIGHT ONTO HIS FACE! He makes the cover and makes sure the forearm is across that hurt eye!

One!

Two!

Three!

DING DING DING**Lance:**

The last time they faced, Nicky Synz had JJ Dixon on the ropes until Teri Melton intervened. But tonight, we just saw a mauling for the ages.

DDK:

JJ now back over to Teri, leaning over the middle rope.

JJ Dixon:

Mommie Dearest! Mommie Dearest!

Teri Melton still doesn't move.

DDK:

JJ is despondent looking... but now he looks at Zoltan and is pointing at something... he's pointing at a steel chair!

Lance:

And finally Teri Melton turns to JJ with a Machiavellian smile on her face! She nods at JJ.

DDK:

Zoltan rolls into the ring and unfolds the chair. JJ grabs Nicky Synz in a full nelson! OH NO! HE JUST DROPPED NICKY SYNZ THROUGH THE CHAIR FACE FIRST! JUST LIKE HE DID TO EARL LEE ROBERTS LAST WEEK! NICKY NEEDS MEDICAL ASSISTANCE!

The camera cuts to Teri Melton, who has a wicked smile on her face.

Teri Melton:

Teri Melton... is ready... for her closeup!

Teri takes her Broadway bow as JJ is now standing on the ring apron behind her. Teri makes her "come hither" finger as JJ eagerly walks to her side.

Teri Melton:

That pleased me, Mr. Dixon. Now give Mommie Dearest a kiss, my Leading Man!

She points at her cheek and JJ plants a slow, gentle and creepy kiss on her cheek. She laughs as she clutches his arm as they walk forward up the ramp.

DDK:

And the manipulations of Teri Melton seem to have unleashed a monster within JJ Dixon that we could have never predicted!

MIC SKILLS

Hours after the main event of DEFtv 175 - Night Two

Mere hours ago, Vae Victis showed how dangerous they were. Lindsay Troy became the #1 Contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE by winning the ACTS Tournament over a very game Rezin. The former two-time FIST Oscar Burns also shocked the world by joining the group just moments later, helping Troy aid a two-on-one assault against Rezin.

Now speeding up the footage, other members of Vae Victis are nowhere to be found, presumably getting their belongings together and getting to leave for the night.

Standing in the hallway first is one Sonny Silver, the spokesperson and advocate for Vae Victis. The Hall of Famer looks pretty damn happy standing in the hallway waiting for the rest of the group who can be heard still chattering and celebrating.

Sonny Silver:

Taking over DEFIANCE one night at a time.

Being smug to no one out loud, he then looks at his watch.

???:

SONN-AY SILVER! IN THE DAMN FLESH!

The surly veteran looks up to see a sight that he wasn't expecting to see.

Mic in hand. Stupid mohawk and beard. Slight Texan accent.

Butcher Victorious.

Butcher Victorious:

DUDE! YOU'RE A LEGEND!

Sonny looks at the gaudy purple microphone in his hand and then looks back at the rather unusual appearance of He Who Holds The Stick.

Sonny Silver:

First off... duh. Secondly... who the fuck are you?

Butcher Victorious points a thumb to his own chest.

Butcher Victorious:

Name's Butcher Victorious. You know...

He holds up his mic.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK!

Sonny appears unimpressed.

Sonny Silver:

So... you're an interviewer... with a microphone that looks like a vibrator for some reason.

Butcher looks over his microphone.

Butcher Victorious:

Oh, no, no... this is MY microphone. I spent three months pay in advance to get this customized for ME so I don't have to share the mic with any of these other boners in the locker room. Customized bass for my face.

Sonny Silver:

...wut?

Butcher Victorious:

And I'm a wrestler! I'm with Oscar Burns! The guy that just joined Vae Victis! I'm his official "wrestling understudy" and pupil! The greatest singles wrestler in DEFIANCE history! And you can't have Vae Vic... without BUTCH VIC now!

Sonny Silver:

The fuck we can't.

Before he gets one more and possibly highly offensive word out, Oscar Burns is seen poking his head out of the Vae Victis locker room door.

Oscar Burns:

Sonny! Sorry, GC, almost ready to head out. And... oh, Butcher.

Butcher Victorious smiles.

Butcher Victorious:

Sorry I'm late for the party, boss! Need me to make you guys some drinks? BUTCH VIC'S DRINKS ARE STIFF!

Burns shakes his head.

Oscar Burns:

Quite all right, GC, thank you. We're good. We're about to head out in a sec and we're gonna get MUNTED later.

Sonny looks at Oscar, jerking a thumb in Butcher's direction.

Sonny Silver:

Hey. Is... THIS... with you?

Oscar Burns:

Yeah. My wrestling understudy. I'm gonna make something out of this guy... plus, I need somebody to be doing all the little things that DEFIANCE is too busy to do. Butcher, take my bags, yeah?

Butcher Victorious:

On it!

Burns wheels his bag out to Butcher and then slams the door behind him for VV to finish whatever business they are finishing. Now things get uncomfortably silent in the hallway while Butch Vic waits. He tries to fill the void by speaking more words.

Butcher Victorious:

You know... I have been a big fan of yours for years. I loved your PRIME run. That Old Skool Mic gimmick you do is so much fun. Totally inspired me to do my BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK... SCHTICK.

Sonny says nothing and prays for either Vae Victis to come out... or the sweet release of death's embrace. Whichever comes first.

Butcher Victorious:

Hey... and stop me if this is too weird...

He points to his mic.

Butcher Victorious:

You got a mic. I got this mic. Can... can we touch mic tips?

Very slowly, very tensely, Sonny Silver cranes his neck towards Butcher and blinks.

Sonny Silver:

I'm going to immolate you.

AN INTERVIEW

Returning from commercial, Lance & Keebler are front and center of the camera.

Lance:

Earlier today, I was able to catch up with Magdalena, the voice for DEFIANCE's current FIST, the Deacon.

DDK:

How did you get that gig?

Lance:

Former wrestler, here. I can ask the hard questions.

DDK:

I'm sure that's not all.

Lance:

It was just a sit down interview as we head into ACTS of DEFIANCE for the FIST between the Deacon & the winner of the Acts tournament - the Queen of the Ring, Lindsay Troy.

We cut from this to Magdalena seated in a black office chair across from Lance. The light illuminates only them, their forms against stark blackness.

Lance:

Thanks for meeting with me today. With so much happening in DEFIANCE, I wanted to take a moment to just try to get some thoughts on Deacon's frame of mind, now that we know who will be his challenger at Acts of DEFIANCE.

Magdalena:

I bet you do. We should have seen this one coming. Troy has a way of weaseling her way into these spots.

Lance:

Certainly. She's called the Queen of the Ring for a reason, but you have to respect the match last week against Rezin.

Magdalena:

Not taking her ability away from her on that night, but let's look at her most recent body of work. While we had some whining about not getting in the tournament, we have the self-proclaimed queenie saying it was a joke. Ask DEFIANCE's ratings if it was unnecessary. Ask the fans. What makes it a joke? I only see one part of it that was a pretty good bit of humor - the fact that a quarter of those who started in the tournament are currently in this faction. Sonny, I hate his mouth, but I guess you have to admire his game for playing the odds. He's certainly no gambler. Vae Victis gambled on their queen and they won, at least so far. But if you want to go back a year, Deacon's been in the role of stopping a faction - last time it was 24K, and they learned that you can't just beat a guy who willingly gives his life for a cause.

Lance:

But this year, Deacon isn't facing a faction, he's facing the Queen of the Ring, who has been on an amazing hot streak.

Magdalena:

That she has, and while Troy won cleanly over Rezin, can she say the same about Dex Joy? The goal of Vae Victus from the start was to attempt to crown their ol' queenie. Remember Kuroyama against Dex? Deacon didn't need a lapdog to beat Joy. And a few months before that, Dex didn't need anything more than his own ability to beat Deacon. So, while I can respect Troy getting one win on one night, I can't respect the wide path she took to get there. Or her lapdogs who have run down the rest of DEFIANCE since it was just ol' Lindsay and that guy who can't remember his birthday. I'm guessing too many headshots.

Lance:

But this Vae Victis looks different.

Magdalena:

Does it, really? We have Kraken the airship pirate playing the same role, telling the world that he is DEFIANCE's champion, but here's the thing - there's only one FIST of DEFIANCE, & it's not anyone in that group. Again, probably too many headshots.

Lance:

Yet. Deacon, with all his experience, should be know to be cautious against someone of Lindsay Troy's experience.

Magdalena:

She does have experience. I've seen her resume on Indeed. (Magdalena gives a head tilt.) It's impressive. (Shake of her head.) The fact is, at ACTS, you have TWO wrestlers with nearly 50 years experience. TWO.

Lance:

But in all of Deacon's years, I'm not sure he's faced someone quite as dangerous as Lindsay Troy.

(Magdalena blinks. Hard.)

Magdalena:

All Deacon's years? I won't bore you with a rundown, but that list is long. Everyone of them swore that Deacon's faith would not be enough, that the Mute Freak wasn't strong enough, hard enough, or willing to go the distance against them. The Deacon has two jobs to do ACTS. One, stop a faction from adding a trophy to their case. Two, to remind everyone that, when you have someone whose end is already established, they'll go to pretty awesome lengths to accomplish point one.

The camera cuts from this scene, straight to a commercial.

THE STING OF KARMA

We're poolside at the MGM Grand in Vegas. The day is absolutely perfect. Not a cloud in the sky.

A hotel employee ushers Jamie Sawyers onto the scene, where we see the seasoned interviewer regrettably overdressed for the southern Nevada heat. His interview subject, however, is not.

Kerry Kuroyama is reclined in a sunchair, doing what people do when they sit in sunchairs. He's wearing only a pair of midnight black swim trunks and mirror-lense aviator sunglasses that gaze vacantly into the open sky.

One hand is ashing a cigar, while the other hand swills the ice cubes in his tumbler of Suntory Yamazaki 12-years-aged whiskey. In the seat next to him is a lady who is clearly some kind of supermodel in a similarly black two-piece.

So basically, the Pacific Blitzkrieg is looking pretty damn "pacific" right now.

Jamie Sawyers:

Good afternoon, Kerry.

Kerry draws in a long, sustained breath. His zen has been shattered by this buzzing media insect.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...Jamie.

The reproach is thick in his voice. Sawyers uncomfortably clears his throat and presses forward.

Jamie Sawyers:

Forgive me if I'm interrupting anything, although you *did* request an interview. Hence, the reason I'm here today.

Kerry's head tips forward slightly, not even giving him the courtesy of a full nod.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Correct, Jamie. On both fronts. And while in any normal circumstance I wouldn't want you anywhere near me during my well-earned off-time in a place that thankfully isn't a fucking swamp, I'm biting the bullet out of the imperative need to set a certain record straight.

Jamie Sawyers:

Are you perhaps referring to your recent match against the returning Matt LaCroix at DEFtv 175?

Kerry Kuroyama:

...

Kuroyama puffs off the cigar. He is drawing upon all possible willpower he can muster to maintain his outward sense of serenity.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...

The tension is as thick as the beads of sweat forming on the brow of Sawyers, who really should have thought twice before reporting to the job in a three-piece suit.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...

Finally...

Kerry Kuroyama:

There isn't much to say anymore on the subject of Matt LaCroix. Soon, there won't be much to see either, because after spending time in the ring with him, it's clear that the man is on borrowed time.

He smirks while rotating his arm, just to demonstrate that he *can*.

Kerry Kuroyama:

You want to know the difference between Matt LaCroix and myself? I know how to protect myself. He does not. Which is why he's falling apart. If the roles had been reversed at the end of that match, LaCroix would have fought it. Because that's what he does. That's how he thinks.

He taps his temple.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I look at things in the long term... which, even though I was loath to do it, I begrudgingly chose to tap the moment I knew I was beat, rather than put my body at an unnecessary risk for a one-off match with nothing at stake. Except for "bragging rights", I suppose. So, bully for him.

Kerry shrugs and takes another puff off his cigar as he settles further into the chair. Clearly, he's taking this loss very, very hard.

Kerry Kuroyama:

He can retire with the belief that he got one over on his old rival. And I'll move on, until I eventually eclipse everything he's ever accomplished in this sport. But be as it may, Jamie, I didn't call you here to talk to you about Matt LaCroix.

Jamie Sawyers:

Really? Then I suppose you can only mean...

Kerry half-nods again.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Dex Joy.

Jamie Sawyers:

The Biggest Boy himself. Of course, just to remind our viewers at home, last week at DEFtv, Dex had some powerful words to say to you before declaring a challenge next week when DEFIANCE ventures to San Francisco.

One of Kerry's eyebrows arches. It's literally the most emotion he's shown through this entire "interview."

Kerry Kuroyama:

"Powerful words," Jamie? More like libelous slander. I was unjustly *attacked* on live television, by a man who is angry and bitter that he couldn't further himself on blind officiating.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well, considering you arguably cost him the victory in that match at the UNCUT Special two weeks ago, some might say--

In a flash, Kerry's open palm is held upright into the air, abruptly cutting off the interviewer from speaking anymore.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Hold up, Jamie... but we entertain this narrative any further, there's something I think you and the world should see first. See, I gave special instruction to your production team to procure a bit of as-of-yet unseen footage.

He turns point blank to the camera, drops the shades, and winks.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...roll the tape.

Fade to replay footage from Dex Joy vs. Rezin at the Uncut Special... only from a completely different angle from what appeared on the broadcast. From this side of the ring, the camera clearly catches Rezin's leg falling onto the rope itself.

No contact from Kuroyama; just calling the referee's attention to a legitimate rope break. The evidence couldn't be any more conclusive.

The vindicated smirk on Kerry's face when we fade back to the interview says just as much. Sawyers, seeing what we just saw from an off-camera monitor, pensively nods as he digests this revelation.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well, Kerry... I guess that footage says it all. If you hadn't been there, and that pinfall had been made, Dex Joy would have progressed on yet another tainted win. But still, this begs the question of just why, exactly, you were there at ringside?

Kerry Kuroyama:

Isn't it obvious, Jamie? I was only "eliminated" from the ACTS Tournament because of a mistake made by the referee. And I was there to ensure that the same mistake wasn't made again. Mission accomplished. You're welcome, by the way.

Kerry gulps down the rest of his whiskey and sets the glass aside before getting to his feet. At full height, he now looms over Sawyers. The shades come off so that he can look the interviewer in the eye.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Let's just go ahead and talk about what this is really about, Jamie. Misplaced aggression. Dex Joy is steamed because he lost. And that's understandable. But if he wants to take that anger out on someone, he should look to Benny Doyle, who clearly can't perform the basic duties required by his job as an official.

Jamie Sawyer:

Now, Kerry, look... Benny may have made a few errors here recently, but he's a tenured professional in the field of--

Another flash of the hand, and Jamie falls silent.

Kerry Kuroyama:

The fact is, Jamie, Dex Joy was never meant to make it past that first round. He got by on an unqualified referee's inability to be aware of what all is happening in that ring. The fact that he rightfully lost in the same manner he wrongfully won? That's just karma biting him in the ass.

Sawyers wipes the sweat from his brow, dampening the cuff of his suit jacket. He can't tell if it's the heat anymore.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well then, I suppose that brings us back to the topic of Dex's challenge to you next week at DEFtv. How will you answer to it?

Kuroyama snorts.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Jamie, Vae Victis isn't about to lower itself to having its members answer petty calls to the ring made by minor stars. Especially by those living under the delusion that they have some score to settle. We're an elite team of competitors; not high schoolers. However...

His eyes narrow ever so slightly.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I can't help but notice that this sordid business with LaCroix has led to some conjecture about my appearing "weak" in relation to the rest of the team. And if my reputation suffers, so does that of Vae Victis.

He sternly shakes his head.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I can't abide by that. I have an embarrassment to answer for. And since I'm currently unscheduled for next week, then yes, I could take Dex up on the "rematch" he offered.

He raises the stogie for another puff, and smirks with confidence.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I'd happily accept the chance to rectify the mistake that was made in the first round of the ACTS Tournament... and prove to the Biggest *Bitch* in DEFIANCE where the true strength in this company lies.

His attention is drawn away from the interviewer when his valet rises from her chair. His eyes never leave her statuesque frame as he suggestively walks to the pool and dives in.

Jamie Sawyers:

Well Kerry, I guess we'll see what will happen when you and Dex Joy meet in the ring for the second time in San Francisco--

Eyes never leaving the pool, Kerry stubs out his cigar into Sawyers' mic and drops it into the interviewer's pocket.

Kerry Kuroyama:

We're done here, Jamie. Gonna need you to beat it now. You can find your own way out.

Kuroyama steps out of the frame and takes a dip. Jamie sneers at the blatant show of disrespect, but when he realizes there's nothing he can do about it, he sighs dejectedly and leaves.

CRESCENT CITY KID vs. KAZUO AKAMATSU

DDK:

Welcome back to the show! Up next in action, Gulf Coast Connection member Crescent City Kid takes on BRAZEN's own Kazuo Akamatsu! We understand that he had a pointed reason for this match, but we haven't heard why. He's remained mum on the issue.

Lance:

Intriguing. We saw GCC not have a good couple of nights with Theodore Cain losing to former GCC and now BFTA member Aaron King, followed by Titus Campbell and CCK coming up short against Gentlemen's Agreement, but right now they are looking to press forward, so we'll see what CCK can do tonight!

The camera goes to ringside with Darren Quimbey for the introductions.

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Accompanied by "Wingman" Titus Campbell and Theodore Cain... from New Orleans, Louisiana, weighing in at 184 pounds... he is **THE CRESCENT CITY KID!**

The trio make their way out from the back to a nice pop from the crowd, along with Crescent City Kid... wearing his mask and with a collection of beads that he takes off and throws out to fans in the audience! The Wingman and Theodore Cain throw beads and masks out to the crowd before their opponent arrives.

♪ "Iron Man (instrumental)" by Black Sabbath ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Osaka, Japan...weighing in at 255 pounds... **KAZUO AKAMATSU!**

Akamatsu comes out and heads toward the ring, wearing a look of intensity on his face. The Kid stretches a leg up against the corner and waits as Kazuo hits the ring. The big Strong Style fighter shoots a glare at both Campbell and Cain on the outside, and then climbs into the ring. Once he is there, he stands across from CCK and towers over him as referee Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

Kazuo has about fifty pounds over The Kid and tries to lock up with him early, but CCK rolls underneath it and pops on his feet so he can play to the crowd and get cheers. He turns around and then tries another grapple... but CCK slides between his legs and then goes back to his feet again, executing another cartwheel to cheer the crowd!

DDK:

Crescent City Kid trying to get the crowd fired up!

Lance:

And Akamatsu does not look amused!

He turns around and boots him in the gut. He throws him into the ropes but when he gets there, CCK flips over the ropes quickly and lands on his feet. The Kid rolls around and waves a hand at him to come fight. Kazuo charges forward, only for CC to sucker him in with a leaping enzuigiri from the apron! He stuns him in the face and then leaps up and then jumps up to sit on the top rope and flips him over to the floor with a headscissors takeover!

DDK:

Wow! Great move by CCK!

Lance:

He got under Kazuo's skin with all that jazz at the start!

Akamatsu tries to get up, but quickly, CCK runs off the apron with a big headscissors, sending Kazuo tumbling to the floor!

DDK:

Good grief! Look at CCK go!

The crowd cheers on The Kid as he jumps towards the guardrail and pumps a fist to the cheering crowd. Both Titus Campbell and Theodore Cain clap along with them impressed with their buddy as he takes in cheers from the crowd.

Lance:

And now Crescent City Kid returns to the ring! Kazuo is embarrassed!

Slowly rising back to his feet, Kazuo is angry and red-faced when he sees The Crescent City Kid waves at him. Akamatsu starts to slide in the ring, but CCK rattles his bell with a dropkick to the face. CCK rolls over and hooks a leg.

ONE...

TW... NO!

DDK:

CCK makes the first cover of the match, but Kazuo kicks out.

He tries to pull Kazuo by the hair back to his feet. CCK grabs him by the neck and then spins a finger around looking for the CCT. He tries to leap for the modified satellite DDT, but Kazuo manages to use his power to hang on... then throws CCK back into the corner. He staggers back to catch himself, but leaves himself wide open for a SICK running knife-edge chop to the chest! CCK gets stopped hard in his tracks and crumbles to a knee while Kazuo shakes the pain out of his own hand.

Lance:

OOH! What a chop! He just completely stymied all the momentum that CCK has been building since the match started.

DDK:

And looks like he'll do it again.

Kazuo picks up CCK... then clears out his chest cavity with another sick chop to the chest! The blow is so vicious that Akamatsu shakes his hand, but the Crescent City Kid looks much worse. He doesn't let him fall entirely and instead, grabs him by the neck and then picks him up with a huge vertical suplex! CCK cringes in pain while the other members of the Gulf Coast Connection watch on in a worried manner.

DDK:

Now he's got Crescent City Kid grounded!

Lance:

He sure has!

Kazuo isn't done working over The Kid and shows it off by smacking him with a big headbutt that lands hard enough for him to go down to the mat!

DDK:

What another shot! Kazuo with the cover!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

The Kid kicks out in the nick of time while Kazuo growls low at Rex Knox. He pulls CCK up by the arm and then pulls him into a vicious short arm elbow to the face. He crumbles to the mat quickly while Cain and Campbell worry on the outside.

DDK:

CCK came at this match trying to psych out Kazuo Akamatsu but all it's done is make him angrier.

Lance:

And Kazuo could be closing in on a win!

He slowly yanks CCK up off the mat and then starts to set him up for the Zutsu... but before he is able to hit the Northern Lights Bomb, The Crescent City Kid slips out behind him! Kazuo spins around and shoves him in the ropes, but The Kid bounces right back and lands in a wheelbarrow headscissors setup before swinging up, pivoting, then **PLANTING** him with a flatliner-style move!

DDK:

What a counter! He's got him planted on the canvas!

The crowd cheers on The Kid as he tries to stand. Cain and Campbell both cheer on their masked buddy and cheer him on as he rolls under the rope to the apron. Meanwhile Akamatsu is seeing stars and stumbling around the mat after being faceplanted just moments before.

Lance:

Where is he going?

He positions himself between the ropes and then leaps through as Kazuo stands to drive him once again, this time with the CCT through the ropes!

DDK:

CCT! He scores with the big DDT counter! He's got him!

CCK stumbles up to his feet, then haphazardly to the ropes. He quickly jumps over the top cable to the apron, then makes the climb while Akamatsu is still down. He leaps...

Then hits a huge frog splash!

DDK:

Hurricane Press! That might be all!

CCK hooks the legs as tightly as he can!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

CCK gets up and raises his hand.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **CRESCENT CITY KID!**

He takes in the cheers... but he isn't done and waves his hands to cut off his music. Theodore Cain has a microphone and he stands with Titus Campbell with CCK.

DDK:

What's the meaning behind this?

Crescent City Kid gets helped up by Theodore Cain and when he stops, he whispers in the ear of his tag partner. Theodore Cain nods.

Theodore Cain:

Crescent City Kid... he wants a match with that bogus d-bag, Alvaro de Vargas!

DDK:

I'M SORRY... WHAT?!

Lance:

What about him?

Crescent City Kid nods. He whispers something else in Theodore Cain's ear... then Cain nods.

Theodore Cain:

CCK doesn't like how he's been disparaging wrestlers with masks! So he says if ADV wants a fight... The Kid is going to give him one if he accepts! Alvaro de Vargas... at DEFtv next week, you're done, dude!

He throws down the microphone and CCK gets raised on the shoulders of Cain and Campbell to celebrate tonight's win.

Lance:

Wow... That's a pointed challenge, but ADV has been as dangerous as I can remember. Has Crescent City Kid bitten off more than he can chew?

The trio celebrate as the show rolls on and the challenge lingers in the air.

THE MONSTER BAW GAWD

A panning shot of The Faithful, holding their signs and on their feet.

♪ "Momma Said Knock You Out" by Five Finger Death Punch feat. Tech N9ne ♪

The thundering theme starts to play and the lights flicker on repeat every three seconds between the colors of green and orange as two men stand on the stage. On one side, the 6'1" and 330-pound brawler from Boston, Bobby Horrigan. On the other, the 6'6", 468-pound big man from Georgia, Roosevelt Owens. Both big men bump fists and snarl as they march toward the ring.

DDK:

Folks, we've seen this powerhouse tag team - Heavy Artillery - featured on many Uncuts as of late. They're trying to make a name for themselves by... well, by beating the tar out of Count Novick.

With both the monsters in the ring, Owens snarls and flips off the front row fans as Horrigan gets them a mic from ringside. Their theme dies down as Horrigan smirks, looking into the camera.

Bobby Horrigan:

I told you people... didn't I? Heavy Artillery has been overlooked for far too long. Week after week, we've made a pancake out of your favorite stupid little Halloween costume. And now, DEFIANCE has no choice but to...

Lights out.

The fans begin to murmur as the arena remains seeped in black for many seconds.

DDK:

I have a feeling a certain Count has something to say about this...

With the arena lights still out, the DEFiatron glows to life. On the screen appears the dastardly ghoul known as Count Novick... but much like two weeks ago, he is not dressed in his Transylvania best... instead, we find him in a bright white scientist goat, rubber gloves, and goggles. The arena is still dark, so we can't see Heavy Artillery's reaction, but we do hear a moderately positive reaction from the fans.

Count Novick:

Vat Uncut 125, you saw Count Novick's evil plan come... **ALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLVVVEEEEEEEEE!**

In the arena, there is a flash of a lightning/thunder effect, allowing just the briefest glimpse of the BRAZEN tag team in the ring. Both Horrigan and Owens are standing, arms folded in annoyance, facing toward the screen. In the brief second they're visible, it almost appears as if they're smirking.

Count Novick:

And now... my creation... my partner... MY MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONSTER!

There's another flash of lighting. Again, we see Heavy Artillery... but this time, we also see a glimpse of a LARGE man standing behind them. Much like the tag team, this large figure's arms are folded menacingly. And his head seems... unusually square.

Count Novick:

HEAVY ARTILLERY... MEET... YOUR... DOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!

The arena lights come back on... and there he is. A damn near seven foot tall man towers over both of the other giants. He's big, he's bad, he's dangerous...

...and he's also dressed like Frankenstein's monster. Green skin, bolts, stitches around his head... the whole deal. He's wearing a sleeveless leather jacket and he unfolds his arm to crack his knuckles. Heavy Artillery are still looking

toward the screen as Horrigan elbows Owens in the ribs as the two point and laugh at Count Novick. Eventually, they hear the strange reaction from the fans, and they both turn...

And Rosie Owens eats a big boot from The Monster! Horrigan takes a second to register what the hell he's seeing, and then he snaps back into reality and hits the mystery man with a clothesline... but The Monster no sells! Horrigan gets a head of steam off the ropes and tries another clothesline... again, no sell! Horrigan goes for a third... but he too runs into a boot that nearly takes his head off! Both members of Heavy Artillery are reeling, stumbling around like drunks... and they turn into a DOUBLE GOOZLE by The Monster! Both members of Heavy Artillery flail their arms as their throats are crushed... and then...

Lights out.

For a while.

DDK:

What... what did we just see!?

Lance:

I think you know, Keebs. I think you know.

A flash of lightning, and the lights turn back on... and Bobby Horrigan, Roosevelt Owens, and The Monster are gone. The fans applaud and laugh at the ridiculous display they just witnessed.

Hard cut to the Commentation Station, where Keebler and Warner are speechless. Finally, Keebler manages...

DDK:

Ummm... why don't we just pretend that this didn't happen, folks? Let's... let's move. Anywhere. Now. Please.

Cut.

RAUNCHY FOR MY LOVE STICK PT. III

Teresa Ames:

Whoever said bigger is always better was right. Are you filming this? I need this for my spank bank later.

A wide angle shot shows Teresa Ames standing no less than one hundred feet from Allegiant Stadium in lovely Las Vegas, Nevada at sunset. The big, black, starship-like building is massive. It stands tall on the flat ground surrounding it.

Teresa Ames:

I wonder if I can get inside.

She turns back to the crew filming her.

Teresa Ames:

Do you think the Orleans Arena will find out I'm here? Just promise you won't say anything. It'll be our little secret. This place is huge. I just have to have it. I bet you they have heated toilet seats in there. Mmmmm, I'd love to sit on one of those.

The environment is ideal for Ames as the huge parking lot is empty and there's no one in sight. Good thing the Raiders game isn't until Sunday so Teresa can feel safe knowing she has this space all to herself, unlike the Orleans Arena where Uncut tapings are currently taking place.

Teresa Ames:

Shit guy, shit. I think I am going to walk up and touch it. Look at how bold this place is. I think I'm in love.

Her strut is dainty as she approaches the base of the stadium. Once there, she gently reaches out and touches the door in front of her. It's erotic and inappropriate but Teresa feels nothing but euphoria when her fingertips touch Allegiant Stadium's cold stainless steel doors.

Teresa Ames:

Dear Gosh, I haven't felt this alive in years! I might need to switch to my backup pants if this keeps up.

Ames places the side of her face against the window of the door. Her gaze shoots east toward Mandalay Bay's Michelob Ultra Arena.

Teresa Ames:

Oh, well isn't that a quaint little dish over there?

She starts pacing away from Allegiant only to abruptly stop in her tracks. She's magnetized. She can't seem to compel herself to leave the big football stadium for a rinky dink arena again.

Teresa Ames:

Ugh, I think you've ruined me, Allegiant! Where is Al Davis when you need him? Just win my heart, baby, just win! Who wants that small ass arena anyways? Not when you can enjoy mlsTeR BiG over here!

The Tasty Gurl runs back to the stadium and begins violently licking the door handles until a security guard opens a door and asks what is going on.

Guard:

Ummmm, hi there. Can I help you? Please stop licking the stadium, ma'am.

Teresa says nothing and instead, lunges forward like a feral cat. She blasts by security and into the open door. The camera crew follows and records as Teresa stops to smell certain load bearing posts, kiss various parts of the floor, and head directly for the team store.

Teresa Ames:

My goodness gracious, it's glorious!

Hundreds upon hundreds of black and silver Raiders gear lines the racks and walls of the team store. Teresa goes nuts, throwing jerseys everywhere and running through the aisles without much care.

Teresa Ames:

My love stick! WHERE IS MY LOVE STICK!? I MUST FIND IT IN HERE!

Unfortunately for her, a team of security members converge on her location. One guard straight up blindside tackles her to the ground as a few more pile on once they get there. A security guard rushes the camera and begins shielding them from recording anymore footage all the while Teresa is screaming at the top of her lungs.

Teresa Ames:

ALLEGiant! I MUST HAVE IT! I LOVE IT! I LOVE YOU!

The security guards struggle to apply cuffs and give her verbal direction for her to stop squirming as the camera suddenly cuts to black.

DEATH SLUGGER

Backstage at DEFtv 175, the roars of the main event crowd cheer on as Rezin no doubt kicks out of yet another Lindsey Troy power move. Yet we're here, in the medical tent, as Iris Divine looks over the injured arm of High Flyer IV. Not feet away from her, a concerned father looks on.

Iris Davine:

So, we're lucky. It looks like a clean break, and just on the forearm.

High Flyer IV:

Why's he here?

HFIV nods over to his dad, as Iris just shrugs.

Iris Davine:

He wouldn't let you be seen without being present. Which, I might reiterate, delayed our medical attention. Still, we can cast you up, or we can send you off to the local...

High Flyer IV:

Here's fine.

HFIV uses his good hand to run his hand through his dark blue hair.

High Flyer IV:

I don't need you here. Archer's on his way. This is a LET issue.

Harmen doesn't even acknowledge HFIV, and just turns to Iris.

Jack Harmen:

He'll be alright, right?

Iris Davine:

Four to six weeks... with rest.

Iris turns to HF IV as she says this. He waves her off.

Iris Davine:

He'll be fine.

Jack nods. Without another word, Harmen walks off, slamming open the door to the Medical Wing as he does. HF IV scoffs and turns to Iris.

High Flyer IV:

It's like he's the one with the broken arm...

CUTTO: The backstage hallways. Harmen starts storming through, as we hear the sights and sounds of DEF around him. Shouts of "BUTCH VIC!" are heard near the Gorilla position as Harmen continues his beeline. He reaches a few locker rooms lined up in a row, once with a star.

"Tyler Fuse"

Harmen waits a moment, and times a swift kick to the door to the roars of the Faithful cheering on Rezin. The door swings wildly, leading to a darkened empty room. Harmen doesn't even enter, snarling and spitting before turning back to the camera.

Jack Harmen:

Get out my way.

Harmen shoves the cameraman to the side and bypasses him. The Cameraman quickly recovers and rushes behind Jack, following him out into the parking lot. He starts to scan the lot, mostly still full, but Harmen notices a few empty reserved spots. One, he notices, is indeed Tyler's. Harmen's shoulders sink, and the anger quaffs out of him like a deflating balloon. Harmen turns and sees Lindsey's ride, before producing a quick switchblade.

That's when he notices the cameraman had followed him into the parking lot, so he quickly puts the blade back into his jeans pocket. He takes a few steps toward the camera.

Jack Harmen:

Are you following me? For what? Your job? YOUR JOB?! Alright, fine. You don't want to listen to me? You minimum wage point and click? Well, you can send Tyler a message then. I know he'll be listening. You wanna break my blood? My kin? You wanted my attention. You already had it. Now you have my wrath. When I am done with you, you're going to wish Conor chimera'd you, that you vanished in the womb and that the Reapers took you LONG ago. But see, I don't send Reapers. I'm not a Stalker. I'm the closest fucking thing to Death you'll see until you see the real thing. I am death's chosen acolyte, SCOTT SLUGGER, AIN'T GOT SHIT, ON ME. Take the camera off.

Cameraman:

What?

Jack Harmen:

I said take the fu--

After a bit of jostling, Harmen holds the camera and starts wildly filming.

Cameraman:

Hey! That comes out my budg-

There's a glimpse of the Las Vegas skyline before the camera shatters on the ground in a million pieces.

AARON KING vs. DAN LEO JAMES

DDK:

The main event of UNCUT is here and it is BFTA's newest member Aaron King going one on one against Titanes Familia's Dan Leo James! James attacked Aleczander The Great after his match earlier. Revenge is on the mind of the Young Titan after what happened to Titanes Familia last week.

Lance:

That setup was awful. The Lucky Sevens were insincere to their own home town and got cheered while delivering another Five Star Beatdown to Titaness after setting her up with Sgt. Safety as a partner after promising it would be two members of the group.

DDK:

Aaron King versus Dan Leo James. Let's get to the match!

♪ "My Name Is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots feat. JET ♪

The lights go dark and one white light pulses through the entrance with the opening riffs... then another... then Dan Leo James stands looking far more determined than he has in recent weeks. The drum beats blast loudly and the big protege of Los Tres Titanes regains his composure. He holds his massive hand out and despite his best efforts, gets some polite applause from the DEFIANCE Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

This is tonight's main event! From Hurricane, Utah, weighing in at 260 pounds... DAN!!! LEO!!!
JAAAAMMEEESS!!!

Dan stomps a foot to the theme and gets more cheers from the crowd.

DDK:

This young man has a couple of wins under his belt since winning that BRAZEN Ascension Battle Royal to make it to the main roster, but this one is his most personal match so far.

Lance:

Titanes Familia are just about that... family. Meanwhile, BFTA are aligned only by the money they make. They don't care who gets stepped on to make it.

Dan's music is quiet and is replaced by loud booing when Tom Morrow is on stage.

Tom Morrow:

Dan Leo James ... you big oaf! You're going to pay for putting your hands on one of my clients! This man now has to stop partying so he can come to this ring and handle BFTA business, so he's extra mad! He stands six-foot two! He weighs two-hundred thirty-four pounds and I will gladly hold his beer while he comes down there! He is the K! !! N! G! KING!!! The Pensacola Playboy! He is Pretty Dangerous! He is The King of Breaking Hearts! YOU DONE MESSED UP NOW CAUSE HERE IS A-A-RON ... AARON KING!!!

♪ "U Mad" by Vic Mensa ♪

The beats and trumpet sounds start playing and strutting out to the theme wearing blue sunglasses, a blue leather jacket and black and blue colored leather pants comes out and swishing a small whiskey glass! He takes a quick drink and hands the unfinished drink to Tom Morrow. The coat comes off. Next, the sunglasses. Then he charges to the ring, but Dan Leo James is already outside and meets him at ringside!

Lance:

Slugfest to kick things off early!

DDK:

And Dan has Aaron already!

Aaron King tries to attack early with punches, but Dan Leo James shakes it off by putting Aaron on his shoulder and then slamming his back into the edge of the ring! King is hurt and Tom Morrow is shocked at Dan turning the brawl in his favor so quickly.

Lance:

That didn't go the way Tom Morrow thought it would! Dan has him up! And he has Aaron King in a gorilla press!

He picks Aaron King in a fireman's carry and then hoists him with a gorilla press. He chucks Aaron back through the ropes into the ring! Dan is a man possessed when the crowd is mixing cheering and booing after the Lucky Sevens/Titanes Familia war.

DDK:

Danny telling the referee he wants this match to start!

Aaron King is rolling around the mat and doesn't even look like he knows what afterparty he's at.

DING DING

The bell rings and Dan Leo James puts Aaron King in the corner. He hits a knee into his stomach and a bionic elbow into the top of his skull. King might be seeing stars after that and now he's among them because King uses a giant hip toss and he's pitched out of the corner!

Lance:

That was a huge throw! I believe the exact words Dan Leo James used on social media last week were "yeeting" him and that looks about like what's happening!

Dan has him down, but that isn't enough. He grabs Aaron King again and now he has him on his right shoulder with the legs hooked. Dan screams out "YEET!!!" and then he throws King around for the third time since their brawl began!

DDK:

This raw power from Dan Leo James is really something special. When he can figure out how to harness it fully, he'll be a true force to be reckoned with.

Lance:

The members of Titanes Familia take the sport seriously and they like to train. They are constantly bettering themselves and that's why they are all so close.

Danny Three Sports watches the Pretty Dangerous King hobble around, but he stops and grabs his arm. He wraps the arm up and then uses a la majistral bestowed upon him by Minute!

Lance:

Big roll up from a big man!

One ...

Two ...

Somehow King is able to kick out.

DDK:

Dan Leo James has some good technical prowess. Athletics was a huge part of his background and he's using that well!

Lance:

Aaron King hasn't been able to stop James at all!

Danny runs over but King is able to get a shot in on the powerful rookie. A punch to the throat stops James for a second. King runs off the ropes and tries to hit a lariat on big James ... but James stops him first. He is in James's arms again and then he gets thrown back with a fall away slam!

Lance:

King gets tossed around yet again! King is out of the ring!

The Pensacola Playboy is outside at the feet of Tom Morrow. Morrow tries to fan him off with a towel when he stands up and takes another drink from his glass. Dan Leo James comes after him on the outside.

DDK:

Dan Leo James is heading his way.

King tries moving far, far away from Dan Leo James, but he is still coming. When he gets too close, he grabs his legs and trips him with a drop toe hold against the rail!

Lance:

The Pensacola Playboy just tricked James! He got dropped into that rail!

James is still on his feet but maybe not for much longer. King gets up and snatches the back of the head to slam his face into the steps next. Dan is still hobbled, but Aaron King has his first chance to get his licks in. He jumps back into the ring and then comes back out with his own tope suicida on top of James!

DDK:

Aaron King flies! The tope suicida finally takes James off of his feet!

Lance:

He was good at breaking down a larger opponent like Theodore Cain last week. Can he do it with someone even bigger like Dan Leo James?

Morrow tells King to get him back to the ring. Aaron hears his manager and gets James inside. A pin follows.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The kick out from Dan Leo James makes King angry and he hits James with the punches in bunches until the referee yells at him to stop or get DQ'ed. He stands up and stops punching so he can unleash a number of jumping knees off the ropes into the chest of Dan Leo James. The Young Titan has been completely grounded by Aaron King and King knows it.

Aaron King:

Say it with me! K!!! I!!! N!!! G!! KING!!!

The crowd is mostly jeering King for his antics. The Pensacola Playboy has James up and then hits a trio of jabs to the face as he is against the ropes. King wipes James across the ring and ducks for a backdrop but James stops and slugs him first across the back. Dan fights back and then hits a big chop that would make his "Giant Dad" Uriel Cortez proud! He wobbles back to the ropes. Dan Leo James runs back to the ropes for some move but before he is able to execute said move, King stops him first with a big drop kick!

DDK:

That was a nice drop kick! This personality of King is so obnoxious, but he's technically gifted and athletic to boot!

Lance:

James back in the corner.

Aaron King has James in his sights and then he charges at him with a big spear to the chest in the corner. James has the wind knocked out of his body. The Pensacola Playboy heads to the top rope and then he keeps him in his sights. He jumps off the top rope with a gorgeous missile drop kick and chops down the Young Titan! King rolls and stacks his legs up for a pin.

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

James kicks out with his legs, but King is already back to attack him with another grounded lariat!

Lance:

Aaron King finding a way to neutralize the Young Titan! He's got the leg!

Aaron King throws a half crab on the big man. Dan tries fighting, but King is able to turn him around. Now the grounded Dan Leo James is doing the best he can to get close to the ropes.

DDK:

He's close to getting to the ropes, but the Pensacola Playboy is trying to hold on!

Lance:

Dan is close!

Danny Three Sports is very close to the ropes! He is almost there ...

He grabs them with his right hand!

Lance:

James has the ropes ... but King is hanging on! He's milking the five second rule on the ropes!

He drops the leg of James but kicks the leg out. James is hurt when Morrow tells him to go up top again. He starts going to the top.

DDK:

Is he going to try another missile drop kick? Maybe he's going for the knee!

King is on the top, but James is able to trip him on the top!

Lance:

Oooh! If Aaron King had any plans for an afterparty, Dan Leo James just cancelled them!

Dan starts to slowly climb to the middle rope and then he picks up King ...

SUPER FALLAWAY SLAM!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer on the slam! The landing takes a lot out of both men, but it's Aaron King who clearly gets the most punishment. James starts to shake his left leg so he can make the most of his powerful offense.

Lance:

That was amazing! I don't think I've seen a super fall away slam in some time! Dan Leo James just snatched Aaron King right off of that turnbuckle!

DDK:

Now what is Dan Leo James going to do?

James gets up and stalks the Pensacola Playboy on the other side. King is only able to get vertical in the corner for a second when James launches himself full speed ahead at a big spear of his own in the corner! Payback from King's earlier strike. The Young Titan runs from one side of the ring to the other when King stomps out and then gets the Dash and Bash! King is sent flying backwards!

DDK:

Dash and Bash from Dan Leo James! He did it to Aleczander The Great and just did it to Aaron King!

Lance:

He's going to turn everyone into GIFs after this show with those shoulder blocks!

James hooks both arms of Aaron King. He pulls him into a tiger driver!

DDK:

Dan Leo James uses Titaness's Titanium Driver! Can he beat King?

One ...

Two ...

Thre ... NO!!!

King kicks out at two and nine tenths!!! James is checking with the referee to make sure the count was on point and it is unfortunate. Tom Morrow is sweating bullets outside. James raises a hand out.

Lance:

What's next for James? Choke slam maybe? Has he finally figured out how he wants to hit this move?

DDK:

Now's not the time to goof off with this!

He has King by the throat and he smiles. Dan is about to take King for the ride ... but he sees Aleczander The Great. Dan lets him go and kicks Aleczander in the face with a big boot!

DDK:

Aleczander has no business out here!

Dan gets rid of Aleczander but Aaron King hits a knee strike to Dan's back! Dan is backed to the ropes when King grabs his arm. He hits James with a rip cord knee strike that he calls King Me! After two big knees, Dan Leo James goes down.

Lance:

Aaron King sinks James with the knee strike! That's called King Me!

Aaron King goes up again. He stands up and then jumps off the top rope to hit a flying elbow drop!

DDK:

There's the King's Landing! He hooks the leg of James!

Aleczander checks his jaw, but he and Tom Morrow are still smiling when Aaron King pins James.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "U Mad" by Vic Mensa ♪

Aaron King starts singing along to his music and asks for his jacket and sunglasses back from Morrow. He puts them both on and Aleczander The Great jumps in so he can introduce James to the bottom of his shoes.

DDK:

Now the two on one attack! The rest of Titanes Familia aren't here tonight either to help!

Lance:

Still recovering from their attacks from The Lucky Sevens, King and Aleczander.

Aleczander now has Dan Leo James in the camel clutch submission cranking back on the neck with his powerful arms with Aaron King taking a sip from the last of his whiskey. King kicks the side of Dan's face as an insult added to injury and then he nurses the very last drops of his glass.

DDK:

Dan Leo James tried to stand up for Titanes Familia ... but tonight, Aaron King wins the match thanks to BRAZEN's Aleczander The Great.

Booing fills the arena with Tom Morrow, Aaron King and Aleczander The Great standing over Dan Leo James's body.

DDK:

Next week we will be in San Francisco, California! Uriel Cortez comes from the City of Industry! Will Titanes Familia be back in the house for that show or will The Lucky Sevens and company continue to rule the roost?

Lance:

We will see you next week on DEF TV!

The trio of baddies in the ring celebrate the beat down of Dan Leo James to end the show. Aaron King tips his glass. Tom Morrow and Aleczander The Great bask in booing with Aleczander's boot down on the throat of the Young Titan!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.