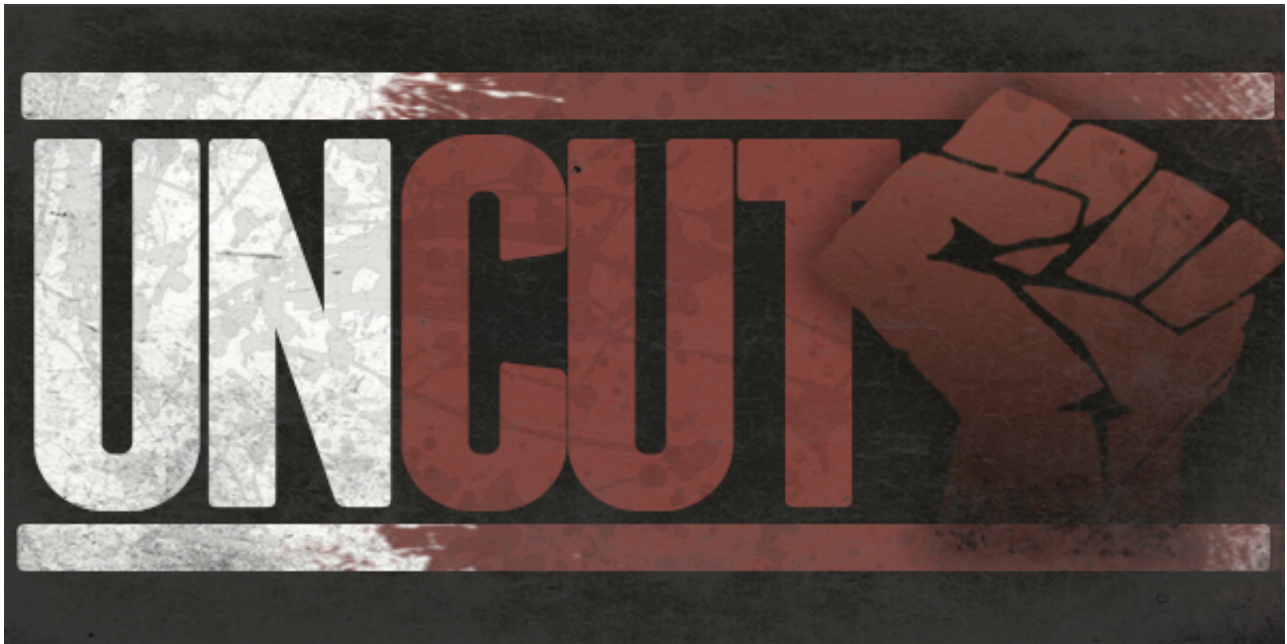


SHOW OPEN

PAYING CUSTOMERS

There is nothing fancy here in this segment. There's no big stages. There's no interview set.

There is Dex Joy standing in front of an empty training ring. From the looks of his yellow tank top drenched in sweat, he's just likely finished a work out. Nothing but a camera to talk to, but the person he is addressing should be clear.

Dex Joy:

Kerry Kuroyama. You want me to keep your name out of my mouth? Buddy ... until you worked with Vae Victis to take my spot in the Acts Tournament away from me you weren't even on my radar. I keep reminding you that you started all this, but since all you want to do is puke up all the same old, tired, lame ass fat jokes chalked up from years and years of grade school insults instead of putting some new knowledge between your ears, let me approach this a little differently, m'kay, pally? Let me tell you a little something about me you may not have known.

He knocks on the ring apron ... you know tHe HaRdEsT pArT.

Dex Joy:

All the things you've said about me and keep saying ... yeah. I'm a hefty hefty hefty guy and not a wimpy wimpy wimpy little brown noser like you. When I first put pen to paper on my DEFIANCE Wrestling contract and I signed up with this company, my big fine self was a much bigger not as fine self that tipped the scales at four hundred pounds. The second that I walked into a locker room, two ass-holes by the name of Shooter Landell and Gunther Adler were trying to tease me right out of DEFIANCE Wrestling. I heard all the jokes about polish sausage fingers, not being able to look down and see Little Dex, how I wasn't going to cut it. When I went home that night, I didn't cry, bitch, piss, moan or whine or worse ... join Vae Victis so I can enjoy the taste of shoe leather. I went and invested in ...

Dex taps the ring again.

Dex Joy:

... One of these. So when I got to go home and I got to be away from the ring ... I was never really away from the ring, you get me, pally? So any time someone questioned my commitment to our fine wrestling promotion, I come right back here to put in the real work. I take all those stupid insults, rumors, snide comments and grade school level nonsense about how I eat everything in sight, I better myself right here, then I make them eat every last bit of nice, warm crisp humble pie instead. I'm down sixty pounds from where I was when I walked in the door. I still have some way to go before I hit some really good fighting weight, but I'm in the best shape of my career. You can turn to your new V-V buddy Oscar Burns. Ask him what Dexy Baby can do in a situation that involves three matches. Go on. I'll wait. I'm a nice guy, so I'll give you a second. Be sure to say "two out of three falls, too. He'll know what that means.

The Biggest Boy waits with a snide grin.

Dex Joy:

Now ... Dexy Baby ain't stupid. Next time you open your mouth, I hope you'll prove me wrong. I want to hear about how good a wrestler you are because, dammit, you're good ... but I'm also realistic. I know you'll just prove me right with the "blah blah fat blah blah gassed" and whatever riveting garbage you think is cutting edge trash talk. Anything I say is just going to be erased by the Vae Victis Kool-Aid that Lindsay Troy is making you chug so if you don't hear anything else that I gotta say, pally, hear this ...

Dex Joy steps one foot closer to the camera filming him.

Dex Joy:

Don't ever tell me my place in this company. I have not only busted but have literally shed major pieces off this ample backside for this company and a high school clique of elitist pricks telling people should wrestle in this company don't determine my destiny. My place is wherever I want it to be. My place has been on a steady rocket ship to the top without anyone's help, without anyone's guidance and without anyone's voices but that of the people that pay to see Dex wreck! And Dexy Baby is going to give all those paying hometown customers what they want because at Acts of DEX-FIANCE ...

Dex Joy:

My place is going to be in that ring ... beating ... you!!!

BUTTERFLIES IN THE SKY

We're at a bustling diner somewhere on Sunset Boulevard. Families and morning commuters occupy the stools at the cafe bar and the numerous booths lining the wall. A waitress, doing her rounds, drops off a couple plates at one table before ambling up to the next, pulling out her pen and notepad.

Waitress:

Well, fellas, what've we decided on?

At this table, we find the ever-dedicated troupe of REAPERS, the lone shadowy spot in the diner.

Gotta hand it to these guys from staying in their outfits out in public in broad daylight.

Reaper Cyan:

Yes, hello! I'll do the country fried steak with hash browns on the side... my associate here is feeling the lumberjack scrambler with sausage links.

Reaper Magenta:

Thanks, bro.

Reaper Cyan:

We're gonna need a kids meal for Charlie over there.

Reaper Chartreuse:

No marshmallows...

Reaper Cyan:

Aaaand... Greenie? Did you want anything?

In the corner of the booth, the leader Reaper Green slouches indignantly, arms cross over his chest. Based on his body language, he's clearly the sole Reaper that doesn't want be there.

Reaper Green:

...toast.

Reaper Cyan:

Some toast for our guy here?

She finishes jotting down the order.

Waitress:

Sure, fellas. Have that right out for you!

She collects the menus and leaves.

Reaper Magenta:

What's got ya down, boss?

Reaper Green slowly looks up. Even with the mask, we can sense the incredulity on his face.

Reaper Green:

...you dare ask what's got me down? FOOLS! Our ranks are as meager as ever! We have recruited NOBODY to the Reapers these past few weeks! The mantles of Reaper Red and Reaper Blue remain vacant!

In a show of overwhelming frustration, he balls one hand into a fist and punches the palm of the other.

Reaper Green:

ACTS of DEFIANCE is only a week away... and despite having more than enough time to prepare ourselves to take over this federation, we've accomplished nothing! This was meant to be our moment... our triumphant return! But all we've done is embarrass ourselves!

Reaper Cyan:

I mean... I dunno, those weapons are pretty badass.

Reaper Chartreuse:

I like things that glow in the dark!

Reaper Magenta:

People really dug the Dio, too. I mean, sure, we aren't in any position to take over DEFIANCE or anything... but it's been a fun ride, hasn't?

Reaper Cyan:

Hail ya!

Greenie sighs and shakes his head. He no longer wields the fury and authority of a leader. He is a man having a spiritual crisis.

Reaper Green:

You three could never understand. This isn't about "fun" for me. The Kabal may be a joke to everyone else... but it was what forged me. It's all that I have... because without it, I have no purpose. *None* of us have purpose...

His head hangs in defeat.

Sobered by this humble admission, the other Reapers can't find anything to say. So they hang their heads as well, and a silence falls over the table.

There's nothing but the static noise of the diner in the background. Heavy seconds pass.

...

Reaper Chartreuse:

♪ "Why are there so many songs about rainbows? ♪

♪ "And what's on the other side?" ♪

The other three Reapers slowly look across the table, where their Chartreuse-hue compatriot swaying in his seat.

Reaper Magenta joins in.

Reaper Chartreuse and Magenta:

♪ "Rainbows are visions, but only illusions." ♪

Reaper Cyan gets in on the action.

Reaper Chartreuse, Magenta, and Cyan:

♪ "And rainbows have nothing to hide." ♪

Reaper Green's arms are still folded indignantly across his chest. But Magenta raps the table to get his attention.

Reaper Magenta:

C'mon, boss! Don't leave us hangin' here!

Greenie groans. This is so fucking stupid...

...

Then he rises to his feet, arms extended to his sides, and lets rip with his surprisingly smooth baritone singing voice.

The Reapers:

♪ "So WE'VE been TOLD and SOME choose TO be-LIEVE it... ♪

♪ "I know they're wrong wait and see! ♪

♪ "Someday we'll find it, the rainbow connection! ♪

♪ "The lovers, the dreamers and me!" ♪

Applause from the other patrons in the diner. The Reapers stand awkwardly... except for Chartreuse, who is naturally bowing gratefully. The others simply nod to acknowledge the reaction to their impromptu performance, and discreetly retake their seats.

As discreetly as four men dressed as grim reapers can do, anyway.

Reaper Cyan:

How do you feel now?

Reaper Green:

GRAVELY better, I must admit! Such is the power of the Reapers!!

Reaper Magenta:

Hell yeah, man! We'll show 'em how cool this gang is! And if not? The four of us are good enough!

Reaper Chartreuse:

Heck'n YEAH!

Reaper Green:

No matter how dark our hopes may be... the colors of LIGHT shall cut through the shadows! With or without the Kabal... we will NEVER surrender! And come DEFIANCE Road... the Reapers shall RISE UP, and--

The waitress returns with a platter full of their order.

Waitress:

Hey, nice song, fellas. You guys part of the studio, or--

Reaper Green:

SILENCE, foul woman! And BEGONE! Return to me with... CHOCOLATE CHIP PANCAKES!!

STRONG AF vs. WES INGRAM

DDK:

We've got more action coming up on UNCUT and we'll be seeing a recent main roster call-up, Strong AF, here momentarily to take on one of BRAZEN's newest members, fresh out of training... young Wes Ingram of Baltimore, Maryland!

Lance:

Strong AF made his debut on our 125th episode of UNCUT from Denver, Colorado with a one-sided win. We'll look to see if he can nab one more tonight and put himself on the map with ACTS of DEFIANCE looming.

The camera goes to inside the ring with Darren Quimbey for introductions. Inside the ring, a young man in shape, wearing purple tights and kneepads, along with white boots makes his debut to a very mild, but polite reception.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a singles match set for one fall! Introducing first... already in the ring, from Baltimore, Maryland... he weighs in at 201 pounds... **WES INGRAM!**

The young Baltimore native stands up on the middle buckle and raises his hands, yelling for the crowd to make some noise. He gets some more cheers before leaping off the middle buckle. He preps himself with stretches before his opponent arrives.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 260 pounds... he is Allen Fosters... **STRONG AF!**

♪ "Watch Me" The Phantoms ♪

The lights start to go dark and in moments, they give way to green lights flashing in tune with the drum beats of the music. Wearing a dark green towel over his broad shoulders, green thigh-length trunks with a white AF logo on the front, he swings what looks like a miniature water cooler in one hand and a microphone in the other. The six-foot one and two-hundred sixty-pound powerhouse looks at the camera standing in front of him. He flashes a cocky smile, then starts a slow walk to the ring.

DDK:

Strong AF defeated another BRAZEN star, Charlie Galt, relatively quickly. He spat water in his face prior to the match, so that alone should tell you the type of person he is.

Lance:

He's a former powerlifter. He's in phenomenal shape, but his attitude leaves much to be desired and seems to think lesser of people.

Strong AF:

Cut my music.

The music fades out with Strong AF slowly stopping mid-ramp.

Strong AF:

Wes Ingram... you're in pretty good shape. Heard you were some little 19-year-old little kid that thinks he's hot shit cause he finished training and you're making your UNCUT debut...

Wes nods from inside the ring and yells at Strong AF off-mic to stop talking and start wrestling.

Strong AF:

I'm 1-0 since I became a full-time member of the roster, soon to be 2-0, skidmark. If you REALLY want a chance at beating Strong AF...

He sets down the cooler, opens the top and pulls out a chilled water bottle.

Strong AF:

You need to hydrate and clear up some of that acne. I could map constellations on that oily, ugly face. And YOU...

The Seattle Strongman walks over to ringside and turns to a rowdy male fan in the front row, hollering and waving an open cup of beer.

Strong AF:

Get rid of this...

He snatches the beer out of his hand and dumps it! He tossed the water bottle at the outraged fan.

Strong AF:

And drink THIS. (turning away to laugh) Clear that belly up and maybe someday, you'll be able to see your di...

The rest of the sentence is cut off, courtesy of a baseball slide by Wes Ingram! The shot doesn't knock Strong AF off his feet, but does knock Mr. H2O into the barricade. Wes gets some cheers from the fans and yells at Strong AF to meet him in the ring. A seething Strong AF does just that and slides into the ring.

DING DING

Young Wes Ingram swings for the fences and pelts Strong AF on the jaw with a running forearm that barely registers. Wes dashes off the ropes a second time and then tries a shoulder, but once again, the Seattle Strongman barely budes. He kicks Wes in the gut and then a whip sends him for the ride. He ducks down for a back body drop, but Wes strikes him with a kick in the gut that knocks him upward, then hits a quick dropkick that brings Strong AF to a knee!

DDK:

Stick and move, kid, stick and move.

When he has Strong AF dizzied from the kick, he gets up and then charges off the ropes...

But The Seattle Strongman comes back off the other side and then hits him with an UGLY rugby-like tackle that flips Wes Ingram overhead and sends him crashing harshly on the mat.

Lance:

Ingram gets a full body check from Strong AF!

DDK:

A lot of power behind that frame! He spent two years in BRAZEN himself from when he was hired, but learned how to harness that power effectively.

Not pleased at all with Ingram's gutsiness, he rolls over and grabs a water bottle from ringside. He holds it up and gets jeers from the crowd before he takes a sip of it.

DDK:

I'm a Gatorade man myself.

Lance:

And does he need to be doing this right now?

Strong AF seems to think he does. He rolls into the ring and hands Jonny Fastcountini the water. He pulls Wes Ingram up...

Then spits a mouthful of water in his face!

DDK:

Oh, come on! That's unsanitary! Especially this day and age!

Wes Ingram tries to get the backwash off his face and that frees up Strong AF to grab him and hoist him overhead with a helicopter gutwrench throw! The crowd winces after young Ingram gets tossed down, but Strong AF is not done with just one. He pushes him back to the corner and when he bounces back, he picks him up and throws him again with a release northern lights suplex! Ingram hits the canvas hard again and flinches in pain with Strong AF sitting up to dust himself off.

DDK:

Strong AF making quick work of this kid! Does Ingram have anything left at all?

The answer appears to be an emphatic "NO" as Mr. H2O hooks the neck. He pulls him up by the neck into a suplex... then hits a slingshot suplex turned into a suplex powerslam!

DDK:

Innovative move there! He calls that move Deadly AF! And that's gotta be it.

Strong AF doesn't hook a leg and instead, just pushes down with both hands into Wes Ingram's chest.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE.

DING DING DING

♪ "Watch Me" by The Phantoms ♪

After being done with the match, Strong AF doesn't bother to stick around for the victory. He climbs outside and then grabs his cooler.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **STRONG AF!**

DDK:

Another win for The Seattle Strongman. He called his shot and completely overwhelmed Wes Ingram. He didn't need to do what he did with that water, though.

Lance:

He's looking very impressive so far. That power is going to be very difficult for a lot of stars to contend with.

Strong AF raises his cooler over his head and then takes a victory drink before casually strolling to the back. With that, the show moves on.

BIG GAME HUNTERS: HUNTING BIG GAME

There he is again, none other than Thurston Hunter, sitting on a stool, staring at a single camera setup in its lens. It looks like he has bags under his eyes from not sleeping well the last few nights.

Thurston Hunter:

You know the drill. Welcome one and welcome all to BiG gAmE hUnTeRs. It is me, the bruisiest one, THURSTON HUNTER! Today, I am going to verbally shred apart Gunther Adler. Little man thinks he can hone in on my turf? Pfffffffffffffft. Get street fought.

Hunter cracks his knuckles.

Thurston Hunter:

Anyone thinks they can take on the wank with the stank? Get street fought. Get, got, grabbed. Y'all end up with tiny little bruises for I ain't the Bruiser Cruiser.

Hunter cracks his neck.

Thurston Hunter:

I can't wait for the Favored Saints to sign my proposed Concrete Construction Ladder match with you, Gunthy. I will end you fully. Like, I will probably do something so insane that I will be on paid vacation for months after our encounter. I want the world to know how serious I am about beating you down.

Thurston rubs his nose.

Thurston Hunter:

A concrete construction ladder match is no laughing matter. It includes concrete and construction zones and ladders. Heavily dangerous. Lots of bruises. I am insane for even thinking of doing this match with you but it's okay. I am a ring general and I will see us through it. All I need you to do is accept my challenge. Accept it or get got street fought bro.

He sighs an unrelenting sigh.

Thurston Hunter:

I will destroy you or else my name isn't Thurston Claribel Hannibal Penelope Trinity Destiny Candy Kristy Hunter! GET GOT STREET FIGHTED PUNK!

Hunter gets up in a rush and pulls his lapel microphone off before the feed cuts to elsewhere.

SLEEPING GIANT

DEFIANCE UNCUT EXCLUSIVE

The camera cuts to the backstage interview with the DEFIANCE backdrop with none other than Chris Trutt.

Chris Trutt:

Welcome to UNCUT... with me! Chris Trutt! I'm about to talk to one of the wrestlers who will be competing at DEFIANCE's next big pay-per-view... er, premium live event... er, pay-per-premium, I'm talking to Titanes Familia member... Minute!

The Littlest Flippy-Doo walks onto the set, wearing his mask along with a blue and gold T. Familia hoodie and black sweats.

Minute:

Que pasa, Chris?

Chris Trutt:

Si, gazpacho to you, too.

Even beneath his mask with no eyes visible... you can tell Minute is puzzled, but lets it go.

Chris Trutt:

Titanes Familia has some big matches at ACTS of DEFIANCE. Uriel Cortez and Titaness either have to win the Unified Tag Team Titles or you don't get any more shots. Some people have asked how come it isn't you competing for the titles?

Minute shakes his head.

Minute:

That's a fair question. Princesa got screwed out of titles once by the fucking Lucks. She took it hard that she got beat even though it was Tom Morrow that chose Sgt. Safety as her partner. I step aside so Uriel and Princesa compete for the titles. I've won Unified Tag Champion with Uriel and Favoured Saints title. She deserve her own chance at glory.

Chris Trutt:

Very admirable of you. Title shots don't come along often for many wrestlers.

Minute:

She put in the work and deserves it. She and Uriel are going to take the titles. Gran celebración una vez que ganan. You're invited, Chris!

Chrits Trutt:

Then you're teaming with Dan Leo James to take on "The Pensacola Playboy" Aaron King and Aleczander The Great. What strategy are you two working out to deal with them?

A tough sigh from Minute.

Minute:

That King is too good to be hanging out with Morrow, even though he asshole. And Aleczander... gilipollas gigantes! Uriel and I fought Team HOSS once. Tough competition, but we won. We can do it again. Danny and I have been putting in ring time working on double team moves and...

CLANG!

CRASH!

BANG!

Minute and Chris Trutt both jump far the hell away when the set collapses! They both back off when it tumbles completely behind them. Chris drops his microphone and starts throwing random pocket change and a few crinkled dollar bills on the ground.

Chris Trutt:

AAAHH! Crap, they're after me again! Just take the money and go! Rezin told you I was good for it!

Minute:

Qué diablos!?

They both stop when standing on the other side of the wreckage is the youngest member of Titanes Familia... Dan Leo James. He stares at both Minute and Trutt on the other side of the wreckage where the interview set once stood.

Dan Leo James:

Aw, holy craps... uh... sorry, guys. I, uh... I was working on my chokeslam. I needed to try it on something HUGE, so I thought I could do it to this whole set...

Minute:

...the fuck?

Dan Leo James:

Sorry! Sorry! I'll help fix it! Um... but honest question. Scale of 1-10, 1 being "limp wrist" to 10 being "BY GAWD, HIS SPINE"... what would you give it?

Minute stares up at Dan Leo James.

Minute:

...The fuck?!

Dan Leo James pulls out a notepad and scans it thoroughly.

Dan Leo James:

No... I don't think I put that on the scale anywhere... wait... is that like an 11 out of 10?

Trutt looks over at James.

Chris Trutt:

I don't know... I was pretty scared. I think my life flashed before my eyes. I'd give that a nine out of ten.

Dan points at Chris, then looks at Minute.

Dan Leo James:

See? He thought it was great.

Chris' phone is heard buzzing his pocket.

Chris Trutt:

Sorry... really gotta take this.

After taking a second to massage his own temples for fear of his head exploding, Minute tries to calmly speak to the Titanes Familia protege.

Minute:

Danny... you... you really want to do this move, eh?

Dan Leo James:

Yeah... Aaron King is kooky-dooks if he thinks I'm going to sit here and take another second of his stupid binge drinking and cool blue leather jacket and sunglasses and his stupid smug jerk face.

Minute nods.

Minute:

All of BFTA are annoying as hell. That's what they do. But I will help you, Danny. I'll help you become giant.

Dan Leo James can't help but stare.

Dan Leo James:

Uh... Minute?

Minute:

What?

Dan Leo James:

But you're sh... you're lit... uh... I'm taller than you. By like a lot... (holding a hand out over his head) ...A LOT.

Minute simply looks up at Dan... and smirks.

Minute:

You think size everything in ring, eh? Trust me... you have to project big, too. I've been hit by some of the biggest men in wrestling. Uriel, too. The Lucky Sevens. But I'm still here. I've seen enough to know what moves you do and don't use. I've seen a few chokeslam variations as well. I have ideas for what we can do for ACTS of DEFIANCE.

Dan Leo James:

You're right... thanks, man. I'm gonna keep working on my technique.

After the two bump fists, they are interrupted again by Chris Trutt, now off his phone.

Chris Trutt:

Uh... so my landlord called and my cat's stuck in a tree again.

Dan Leo James looks at his chokeslamming, then raises it up.

Dan Leo James:

I'll get it!

Minute shakes his head.

Minute:

No!

FLAWED WRESTLING ORGANIZATION

One of those anonymous person interviews begins rolling. You know, one where the person divulging sensitive and incriminating information is sitting in a studio with a shadow completely covering their entire face. The silhouette is even hard to make out and if that isn't enough, the person speaking has their voice scrambled by a decoder.

Anonymous:

Hello. This isn't a message from The Kabal. This is a message from no one and yet everyone all at once.

Pause.

Anonymous:

This is a direct message to the floundering Favored Saints and goofballs who think they are superstars by headlining the main event of ACTS of DEFIANCE. Favored Saints, I don't know why you do this to your fanbase. It's an act of unkindness to book wrestling this way. You might as well piss down the fans' throats and steal money from their pocketbooks.

Pause.

Anonymous:

Lindsay Troy. Deacon. For the FIST of DEFIANCE. Unreal. wAy tO pUt yOuNg sTaRs oVeR. They probably sat there and thought, gee, why don't we let the geriatrics have one more shot at glory?

Pause.

Anonymous:

Furthermore, these two pricks both fondly called the fWo their home for some time. It's an fWo takeover if you ask me. This is supposed to be DEFIANCE, not the fLaWeD wReStLinG oRgAnIzAtIoN!

Pause.

Anonymous:

We should all have a clear personal vendetta against the fWo. They haven't been active since like 2006, so why the hell would we STILL be paying them any respect? The fWo needs to die and go away forever. Never to be spoken about again.

Pause.

Anonymous:

Its old stars of yesteryear are hogging the spotlight and this hasn't been the only time but it needs to be the final time. Give us back DEFIANCE. Give it to those who deserve it. Give it to the younger, hungrier, newer, better stars of wrestling.

Pause.

Anonymous:

Forever yours, anonymous.

JJ DIXON vs. POWERMASTER

DDK:

Coming up next is a man we haven't seen in a while, and we have never seen him here in DEFIANCE in singles action!

The lights dim as dry ice smoke comes up from the floor near the top of the entrance ramp. Then a futuristic robotic voice yells out

TAKE! NO! PRISONERS!

Lightning comes from the ceiling and strikes the floor near the entrance ramp. And as the smoke starts to disappear, we see the outline of a large man standing about 6'6" at 280 pounds of almost full muscle reaching towards the heavens and running in place.

♪Take No Prisoners by Megadeth♪

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, now sprinting down to ringside, hailing from Parts Unknown... THIS IS POWERRRRRMASSTERRRR!!!

PowerMaster comes sprinting to the ring, holding his hands out as he does to slap hands with fans at ringside. His long mullet is also wildly permed. His whole body is baby oiled and bronzed. Around his face is a bright sky-blue and canary lightning bolt around his face, along with tiny trunks in the same color scheme with the crest in front of his junk. He also has color coordinated streamers around his left bicep and each knee along with his boots. He also has a noticeable brace from near the top of his right shoulder and down to mid-forearm. Some of the crowd erupts, probably with major hints of irony, including one laughing grown up holding a lightning bolt sign, but there is mostly a lot of laughter and shrugs. He rolls into the ring and starts shaking the ropes wildly, snarling, and running all around beating his chest.

DDK:

Here is the incredibly strong and energetic channeler of aggro-intenzity and practitioner of fokrucity PowerMaster! Lance, what do you know about his absence?

Lance:

I spoke with PowerMaster earlier today, and he told me that he had been summoned by the spirit lordz from high above to receive instructions on how to reverse the axis of the moon. But my sources told me that he tore his triceps muscle several months ago while working out at Gold's Gym and is now making his return.

Now the lights go out completely black. The DEFTRON screen shows the back and reveals Teri Metlon, Zoltan and "The Special Attraction" JJ Dixon!

Teri leads the front, holding her cigarette holder. She is wearing a scarlet red pillbox head with a black netted veil over her eyes, a scarlet red shawl over one shoulder adorned with sparkling rubies over a black dress that folds into a scarlet red skirt with rubies and ruby red shoes. Behind her, silently looming is Zoltan. And JJ walks behind her to the right. He's wearing a floor-length ruby red robe, with ruby sparkles all over it, with white feathers around the ends of the wrists and the initials "JJ" sparking on his chest in diamonds.

Teri Melton:

We were tickled pink when we saw that... (tries not to laugh) PowerMaster signed our open contract asking for someone who wanted to make their DefTV debut tonight against Mr. Dixon. It's not because of your big, impressive and rippling muscles. It's not because of that 'intimidating' lightning bolt smeared on your face. It's absolutely not because of those day-glo tassels hanging off of your arms. It's because of your arrogance. It's because you think you're good enough to just waltz into this arena here tonight... in front of the Faithful... and make a name for yourself off the back of this man right here. Mr. Dixon waited patiently for years to get his chance. He waited in the part of the dressing room designated for the cast-offs. For the never-weres. For the freak shows all hoping that tonight would be their chance. Well, Mr. Dixon realizes now that he doesn't belong in that corner of the dressing room. He belongs in his

OWN dressing room.

JJ Dixon:

PowerMaster, I'm not wrestling you tonight out of the kindness of my own heart. I'm here tonight to show the world that I am indeed what I say I am. I am not an elite athlete. I am the elite of the elite. I've waited too long for this opportunity. I'm not just going to beat you tonight. I dropped my friend Nicky Synz through a chair. I dropped a man I considered to be family through a chair. PowerMaster? You're just another guy in the locker room who ignored me, who thinks he's better than me, and who wants to take my spot. I'm going to enjoy smearing your face paint across a hard, metallic substance tonight. And I'm going to show you and everyone else that I am no longer the JJ Dixon who could be ignored. Who could be joked about. Who could be laughed at. Because I am THE SPECIAL ATTRACTION... and I now command the spotlight!

Teri Melton:

And Teri Melton... Is ready...

The trio stops walking so the crowd can finish with her.

Teri Melton:

For her closeup!

JJ snaps his fingers and immediately a spotlight is cast at ringside. Teri stands in front, with her back to the ring, and she puffs a long trail of smoke high into the air with Zolton, as always, looming behind her. Standing on the apron facing the ring is JJ Dixon. He holds his arms out wide to show his new elaborate robe - white feathers around the wrists but ruby red to match Teri's outfit, with silver sparkles on it throughout and especially on the back where it says THE SPECIAL ATTRACTION, which glistens under the spotlight.

Darren Quimbey:

And now... currently making his residence in Hollywood, California... accompanied with "The Star of Stars" Madame Teri Melton and Zoltan... this is "The Special Attraction" J!J! DIXON!

There's a loud reaction - a cult audience of loud cheers but mixed with a touch of boos.

DDK:

And now here is JJ Dixon, who has been on quite the emotional and professional rollercoaster recently!

Lance:

Just a few weeks, JJ was a three count away from retiring! But this woman Teri Melton, who was a star in this industry roughly 20 years ago before she faded into obscurity, returned to professional wrestling and entered JJ's life. She's manipulated her way into it... but the results just show for themselves. The newly christened "Special Attraction" dominated Nicky Synz the last time we saw him in a way we never could have predicted!

DDK:

Teri's been described as an 'evil temptress' by some. And it feels like she's even managed to tempt a significant part of the audience into seeing things her way!

Lance:

And like I said before, that's what makes someone like Teri Melton and her mysterious allure dangerous. What she is saying has some truth to it, and a good portion of the crowd is certainly relating to it, or falling for it, depending on your point of view!

JJ somehow slides the robe off of him while barely moving, which falls to the apron and is immediately picked up by Zoltan. The lights turn on as Teri Melton has her back to the ring, and a giant smirk on his face.

DDK:

It will be interesting to see how JJ approaches this matchup against a man who outweighs him by about 75 pounds --

AND JJ JUST IMMEDIATELY SPRINGBOARDED TO THE TOP ROPE AND FLEW OVER HALF THE RING AND CLOTHESLINED POWERMASTER RIGHT OUT OF HIS BOOTS! He calls that The Wire Hanger!

Referee Carla Ferarri rings the bell.

DING DING

Lance:

That's just incredible agility from JJ. He launched himself so high in the air and just caught PowerMaster fully by surprise.

DDK:

JJ now picks PowerMaster up by that long hair of his... AND HE HOISTS HIM ON HIS SHOULDERS! Press Slam Gutbuster! He picked up a 280-plus pound man made of muscle and dropped him on his knees without much strain at all! Now JJ measures PowerMaster up... textbook Shining Wizard! PowerMaster now rolls to the floor to attempt to regroup.

Lance:

He'd better be careful because he's right by Teri Melton, even though her back is still to the ring and she's fully ignoring the man from Parts Unknown!

DDK:

JJ is eyeing something up.... He charges to the far ropes - HANDSPRING TO A BACKFLIP --

The camera cuts to Teri Melton not even flinching but holding her right hand out as if she knew this was coming the entire time.

DDK:

OVER THE TOP ROPE RIGHT ONTO POWERMASTER! OH MY GOD!

The crowd just erupts at that move as JJ gets to his feet and looks around and takes a Broadway bow as Teri Melton smiles widely, her arms out like Vanna White presenting a vowel to purchase.

And a small chant begins before it gets louder.

JJJJJJJJJ!

Lance:

That move was pioneered in Japan and is known as the Space Flying Tiger Drop. And I have no idea or expectations at all that JJ Dixon could do that. Just like I would not expect him to use a fireman's gutbuster on a man who outweighs him. Or a beautiful Shining Wizard. But JJ has managed to just flip a switch and level up ever since Teri Melton, his Mommie Dearest, took him under her wing... or, probably more accurately, placed him under her thumb!

DDK:

Either way, you just have to be completely impressed. Even if she has manipulated JJ Dixon, she's unleashed him as well! But JJ's gloating, as deserved as it may be, has given a chance for PowerMaster to recuperate. He's starting to get up and is shaking the top rope! JJ rolls into the ring and axe handles PowerMaster in the back to no effect as he shakes the ropes violently! Another axe handle to no effect as PowerMaster is back to his feet and he snarls and is beating his chest!

Lance:

PowerMaster has always had these deep, almost mystical depths of energy he can tap into when he needs it the most.

DDK:

PowerMaster beating his chest and reaches to the heavens -- JJ with a superkick right to his face... AND IT HAS NO

EFFECT! PowerMaster now running in place and reaching to the heavens -- JJ WITH A SUPERKICK RIGHT TO THAT SHOULDER BRACE! And PowerMaster felt that one despite this surge of energy! JJ slips behind him, full nelson -- HE DROPS HIM RIGHT ON HIS LIGHTNING BOLT FACEPAINT! He calls that Sunset Boulevard!

One!

Two!

Three!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

And the winner of this match... The Special Attraction! JJ! DIXON!

Lance:

JJ showed a really smart tactical move by targeting the bullseye on PowerMaster's hurt arm as opposed to trying to go toe-to-toe with the big man and all the adrenaline he was mustering. What we saw tonight really was... well... something special.

DDK:

Now JJ is pointing to Zoltan, who grabs a chair and rolls into the ring with it! We've seen this from JJ twice before! Zoltan sets up the chair.

Lance:

This is uncalled for! I know JJ wants to get the attention of DEFIANCE wrestling, but he should just let his dominant results speak for themselves!

DDK:

JJ hoists PowerMaster up in a full-nelson... And he's looking around the audience asking if he should do it! And, quite frankly, there are more than a few people here who are egging him on! AND JJ JUST DROPPED POWERMASTER FACEFIRST THROUGH THE SEAT OF THAT CHAIR WITH ANOTHER SUNSET BOULEVARD!

There is a huge reaction - a lot more cheers than boos. The camera then focuses on Teri Melton, who has a giant smile on her face and extends her arms high for the audience to see.

Teri Melton:

Teri Melton... is ready... for her close up!

She takes her Broadway bow when --

DDK:

Oh my god! Someone just ran down the ring right past Teri Melton as she bowed. That -- that's Earl Lee Roberts! That's Earl Lee Roberts! And he's in the ring making a beeline for JJ Dixon! JJ's mouth is dropped wide open in shock! But Zoltan gets in the way, and JJ rolls out of the ring! Teri Melton points for him to go to the back as she backpedals herself! Earl Lee tackles the big bodyguard and is pounding away on him fists a flying! He gets up - a kick to the ribs to Zoltan as he is pointing at a long gone JJ Dixon before checking on PowerMaster!

Lance:

I didn't recognize him right away because he's wearing a protective face shield. He's still recovering from injuries JJ gave to him when he rammed his face through that chair just a few weeks ago!

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

DDK:

And now Earl Lee is storming out of the ring and up the ramp! He's demanding a microphone!

Earl Lee is huffing and puffing a bit... but he gathers himself as the crowd chants his name!

EARL LEE! EARL LEE!

Earl Lee:

JJ Dixon... you son of a bitch! You son of a bitch! You were my family! You were my family! You held my baby girl in your arms right after she was born! When I got out of the hospital for what you did and when I got home, I held her in my arms while I had to wear this mask. Do you think she called me Daddy? No! She screamed and cried and said I was a monster! YOU did that to me, Leading Man! YOU did that to me! I don't care if that crazy old woman you're strutting around town with hypnotized you. You did THIS to me!

He rips off his mask to show two badly blackened eyes and a clearly broken nose.

Earl Lee:

Two messed up eye orbitals! A nose smashed up in two places. I had a migraine headache for two straight weeks. Well, JJ, I'm calling you out. You made my baby girl call me a monster! Well, Acts of Defiance, I'm challenging you to a fight! I'm challenging you to a fight... if your Mommie Dearest gives you permission!

The crowd is cheering as Teri Melton comes out with a microphone in her hands and is sneering as she walks right up to Earl Lee without any hesitation, with JJ and Zoltan right behind her.

Teri Melton:

Well, Mr. Roberts... I have to say that your proposal is interesting. After all, Acts of Defiance needs its SPECIAL ATTRACTION! So we accept your challenge for Acts of Defiance... but how about you guys fight right now, too! GET HIM MR. DIXON!

Teri snaps her fingers and points at Earl Lee with her cigarette holder. JJ Dixon comes running out. He and Earl Lee immediately start throwing hockey fists back-and-forth. Just ripping and punching and clubbing each other with no one getting the advantage.

DDK:

These two men are just pounding at each other! Earl Lee wants revenge for what JJ did to his face! JJ has years of frustration built up and has been prey to the manipulations of Teri Melton! Security's rushing out!

Wyatt Bronson and his team come rushing out! Both men are continuing to rip and scratch and claw at each other as security pulls them apart.

DDK:

JJ and Earl Lee both break free! Their brawl continues! Both men exchanging frantic blows! Finally, security tackles JJ! And Earl Lee! Both men are being dragged to pposite hallways!

The crowd is erupting at the brawl!

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

Lance:

I did not expect that I would say this even six weeks ago. But I think I speak for everyone watching DefTV that we want to see these two men go at it at Acts of Defiance! They absolutely hate each other!

RAUNCHY FOR MY LOVE STICK PT. IV

Helicopter propellers viciously chop through the sky as the aircraft it belongs to soars over beautiful Santa Clara. A light breeze blows through the copter cabin as its windows and doors are ajar, allowing its occupants a clear view of Levi's Stadium below. The three people in the copter are all safely strapped in. A pilot controls the circling copter as Teresa Ames sits on a passenger bench alongside Shawn Steele. They are able to communicate through the headsets they're wearing.

Teresa Ames:

Would you look at that? Shit guy, shit. Levi's Stadium. What a sight. Worth every penny.

Teresa looks down at the beast of a stadium adoringly, meanwhile Shawn Steele is giving his best effort to keep his lunch down.

Shawn Steele:

How exactly were you able to secure this military grade helicopter anyways!?

She snidely looks back at Shawn and bounces her eyebrows up and down.

Teresa Ames:

You could say I have connections.

Her gaze goes right back to the stadium they are no more than a couple hundred feet from. Teresa reaches out and taps the pilot on the shoulder.

Teresa Ames:

Can you get us closer? I have feelings in my loins that need satisfying.

A nod is all that's needed as the pilot guides the helicopter closer to the bleachers. Ames' eyes widen.

Teresa Ames:

The closer we get, the faster my heart palpitations get! My goodness this is a beautiful building! I really wish the upper seats were covered with a roof though! That would put me over the top for sure.

The Tasty Gurl notices the plethora of 49ers branding in and around the stadium.

Teresa Ames:

Home of the Faithful. Shit guy, shit. No way. I need it.

She begins licking her lips as the expert pilot easily maneuvers them in and around the stadium, not getting close enough to cause any altitude issues.

Pilot:

You want to land on the grass?

Dumbfounded, Ames rubs her chin in contemplation.

Teresa Ames:

Is that even an option?

The aviator wearing, top gun pilot wannabe smirks as he jerks the flight stick around.

Pilot:

Watch this.

The copter swoops in and makes a smooth-as-butter landing on the turf at about midfield. The pilot promptly shuts down the engine as it takes a few minutes before the propellers stop twirling.

Shawn Steele:

Show off.

Teresa is giddy. She hops out of the helicopter when it's safe to do so and she begins lollygagging around the field. She even stops numerous times to get into a downward dog position to sniff and lick the blades of grass around her.

Teresa Ames:

My goodness gracious am I ever in fucking love with this stadium. THIS is true love. I am addicted

Shawn Steele looks less than impressed. Only now is he finally questioning what he's doing with his life as he walks around, trying to stay enthused.

Shawn Steele:

Hey, look at this.

He walks up to a table with Levi jeans piled up on them. He grabs a pair and tosses them Teresa's way. Ames snatches them and rubs them against her cheek.

Teresa Ames:

I've died and gone to heaven. THIS is my love stick. I finally found you. Levi jeans! Real. Comfortable. Jeans! Now I know what Brett Favre was talking about the entire time!

Shawn Steele:

I think Brett liked Wrangler not Levi's.

Whatever Shawn says falls on deaf ears as Teresa is enamored with the jeans.

Teresa Ames:

These can't get on my skinny legs fast enough! Shit guy, shit! I would cream in these so hard!

Suddenly, a rash breaks out on her face. Shawn points to it in concern.

Shawn Steele:

What's that?

Teresa drops the jeans immediately, feeling a fever coming on.

Teresa Ames:

Oh no. Are these not PREMIUM fitted denim!? Don't tell me they are synthetic! I need rEaL denim! You know, gluten free denim!

Shawn Steele:

Why?

The Keyboard Queen stops and stares a hole through Shawn Steele.

Teresa Ames:

Because I am deathly allergic to synthetic denim you dumb fuck twat tickler!

The bitch is back. Like a lightswitch, Teresa lets her temper get the better of her. She storms off to the helicopter and pilot who is standing by.

Teresa Ames:

Get me to the closest hospital, immediately and hurry up! I can't believe I have to deal with this again!

The pilot cranks the engine back on and gives a look back to Shawn Steele who hasn't made any advances towards the vehicle.

Pilot:

What about him?

Like a woman scorned, Teresa glares back at Shawn.

Teresa Ames:

Leave him here. He can learn his lesson and walk home. Stupid simp should know better than to hand me synthetic denim. I AM ALLERGIC TO THAT SHIT! Now get me to a hospital, stat!

The copter lifts off the ground as the pilot figures out where they should go.

Pilot:

The closest hospital is a little ways away but don't worry, I'll get you there.

Teresa Ames:

Yes, good, that's fine. Just hurry up. I hope they have ECG monitors there. I fucking love touching those up. Oh and one other thing comes to mind. We will have to make another stop somewhere else once we're done at the hospital. Don't worry. It won't take long. Just picking something up.

They fly off, leaving Steele standing on the thirty yard line. All he can do is look up and welp.

Shawn Steele:

Shit guy, shit.

DOUBLE V I P

We're in the club. The music is bumping. The lights are hypnotic. The dance floor sways with the beat. Nighttime in Hollywood, baby.

It's here, among this late night bacchanal, where we spy DEFIANCE junior reporter Chris Trutt, sticking out like a thumb that is not only sore, but well past infected by this point.

Chris Trutt:

Good evening, DEFIANCE Faithful! Your ever vigilant junior reporter Chris Trutt is here on the scene...!

He pauses when a pair of ladies dressed for the evening pass by, and he blushes like a kid who knows he's out past his bedtime.

Chris Trutt:

Uhh-h-h-h... anyway, Acts of DEFIANCE may still be a week away, but word is that some DEFIANTs have already settled into the Los Angeles area in the days leading up to the event! I was told I might find a few of them here tonight, and was hoping for...

He trails off, when he spots someone familiar out past the camera.

Chris Trutt:

Why, yes! I think I see them there, in fact! Let's see if we can get a word...

He makes the mistake of trying to go *through* the dance floor rather than around it. The cameraman takes the smarter route, and (thankfully) catches the massacre that follows.

Chris Trutt:

Excuse me, if you would--HEY!! I'm walking here--OOF!! Watch it--OW!! HEY NOW--OUCH!!--OH MY--Hey, WHO TOUCHED ME?!--AAAHH!!

After squeezing his way through a gauntlet of bodies, Trutt is deposited out the other side of the dance crowd, his suit in an absolute tussle. He only has a moment to readjust himself with a roar of laughter from a VIP table gets his attention.

He arrives at his destination, approaching the table occupied by a party of the members of... who else?

Chris Trutt:

They're here! Vae Victis!

The band of DEFIANCE elite--Lindsay Troy, Henry Keyes, Sonny Silver, Kerry Kuroyama, and newest addition Oscar Burns--sit around the table. Their laughter is interrupted the moment the junior reporter announces his presence.

Sonny Silver:

...who the hell let YOU in here?!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Isn't it obvious, Sonny? Clubs in LA just let anybody in these days. More trash than glamor.

Sonny Silver:

Ugh...

Oscar looks over at both of them, dressed in a dark red turtleneck, black slacks and loafers.

Oscar Burns:

Ugh is right, GC. I am now minorly inconvenienced.

The High Queen DEFIANT huffs indignantly as the sequins on her black dress catch in the multicolored lights.

Lindsay Troy:

I told you all we should've stayed in Vegas.

Henry Keyes:

Are you sweating, Trutt? Why are you sweaty? Why are you smelly and sweaty and dressed like a gopher?

Lindsay Troy:

Henry, you and I both know DEFIANCE lets their "journalists" wear whatever rumpled burlap sacks pass for "clothes."

She *tsks* before sipping her bourbon sour.

Lindsay Troy:

It's honestly embarrassing.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Wait a sec... how'd you know to find us here?

Chris Trutt:

Umm... he said that if I snitched, I wouldn't be "punk rock."

A collective groan escapes the group around the table.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Rezin... figures...

Henry Keyes:

That spotted dick.

Lindsay Troy:

God, I hate him. He truly is the cockroach of DEFIANCE.

Chris Trutt:

Uh, a-a-anyway, I apologize for imposing, but the five of you have been difficult to reach for comment as of late.

The ACE of DEFIANCE crosses her arms in annoyance.

Lindsay Troy:

Well, Truttlestilskin, since the sanctimonious shitbag Deacon levied false accusations against us, we collectively decided to make ourselves *unavailable*. On the advice of counsel, you see.

She smiles tepidly.

Lindsay Troy:

Besides, if we really hurt that sentient trash heap of his, Mags would be somewhere in Helen's large intestine right now, not in a hospital.

Oscar Burns:

And you know my sterling reputation, GC. I! AM! DEFIANCE! When I say something, you KNOW it's the truth and that should be enough for you. We had NOTHING to do with Magdalena getting hurt. We're too busy getting munted to care!

Chris Trutt:

Huh?

Burns holds up his brandy.

Oscar Burns:

Drunk, like you Yanks like to say. We're celebrating early because now that I've joined forces with Vae Victis, we can REALLY make a difference making DEFIANCE better... with all of us at the tippy top.

Henry Keyes is wearing a long red crimson shit what non reaper color can we call it cardinal jacket with black trim and shiny silver buttons; it has all the trappings of 19th century naval military fit and finish. Sitting before him is a glass of green liquid, and atop the glass, a slotted spoon holding a sugar cube while a gear-covered device sitting on the table slowly drips water onto it.

Henry Keyes:

I, for one, am also celebrating the chance to throw that dimwitted marble-mouth Matt LaCroix hither and yon, thus maintaining my vice-like grip forever and all times around the current top title in DEFIANCE! And I guess, for that matter, I'm toasting the finale of the Southern Heritage Championship holding top honors for prestige and class in this company, as Miss Troy is going to shove a crown of thorns up the Deacon's urethra and rehabilitate the FIST.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I'll drink to that.

Chris Trutt:

But why must these honors exclusively rest with the likes of you? Why not the likes of heavy fan favorites, like Deacon, or Conor Fuse, or Dex Joy?

The sugar cube has finally fully dissolved and Keyes takes his first sip of the green fairy before chuckling to himself.

Henry Keyes:

"Heavy Fan Favorite", HA...I think you came up with Dex Joy's new nickname, Trutternut Squash. Miss Troy, care to enlighten the sweaty man?

Lindsay Troy:

Um, they all suck. Seriously, Trutt, it's not rocket science.

She looks over at Sonny in bewilderment.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm not speaking another language am I? How is this so hard to understand?

Sonny Silver:

Really.

Oscar Burns:

Yeah nah. Cause who do YOU think should be on top? Whiny, thirsty attention seekers like Malak Garland? That little ponce, Conor Fuse? That walking mix of a dumpster fire, a drug binge and an alleged heart of gold... and drugs, Rezin? You would like these clowns, Chrissy.

Kuroyama scoffs. He's dressed in a silver suit with an open burgundy shirt, hair slicked back, drinking Japanese whiskey neat.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Or Dex Joy? All that doughboy has working for him is size and charisma. What he lacks--what they *all* lack--are the very qualities that we excel in. Qualities like skill. Strategy. Psyche. Conditioning.

While he names these off, he gestures to Burns, Troy, Silver, and Keyes respectively.

Kerry Kuroyama:

The plain truth is that the majority of wrestlers in that locker room don't have the mental capacity to understand what it means to be the gold standard of this industry. They think, and fight, like neanderthals. Many wrestling fans can relate to that, which is why they're as popular as they are.

Lindsay Troy: *[rolling her eyes]*

They also love a loveable underdog.

Oscar Burns:

Truth! Truth! They'll forget all about five years of you being the franchise of this company if it means rooting for some under-achieving putzes.

Henry Keyes:

They cheered and cheered for me as I floundered about for years as one of these "plucky" types, so boisterous, so carefree, until one Corvo Alpha later and I lost more than just a damn match. The people cared more about sharing their little videos of the Balcony Bulldog and their little fan-theories about "what's in the cocoOoOoOn" without considering that it was only my life and livelihood at stake.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Right. They're suckers for mindless key-jangling. The sad truth is, Trutt, the Faithful have forgotten what *good* wrestling is.

He raises his glass to the table.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But here's to the six of us reminding them all... what it means to be DEFIANT, at Acts.

A chorus of "hear, hears" react as the membership of Vae Victis raise their respective drinks and toast in unison to their oncoming hostile takeover of DEFIANCE. Trutt frowns at the sight of this haughty pre-celebration.

Chris Trutt:

Hang on... six?

It's now he notices the sixth empty seat at the table.

The table suddenly falls silent...

Sonny Silver:

...yeah, Trutt! You heard him right! Six! Did you forget about our "member-in-training?"

He gestures over to the dance floor. The camera follows Trutt's vision and finds Butcher Victorious cutting it up, late nineties style.

Butcher Victorious:

HEEEYYY VIC-A-RENA!!

When the camera comes back to the junior reporter, two club bouncers have materialized in the space between Chris and Vae Victis' table.

Chris Trutt:

Uhm... howdy-mc-cloudy, gentlemen!

No response. They move like a human wall, and the junior reporter is swept away with them, being ushered toward the

exit.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Later, nerd. Thanks for dropping in!

Lindsay Troy gives Trutt a shitty little wave as he's tossed out the door.

Lindsay Troy:

mmmBYEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: KLEIN vs. ???

DDK:

Okay folks, so as you know from DEFtv, Arthur Pleasant has had to forfeit the Favored Saints Championship because of an injury. I was not told what the FS Title match would be this week but I was told Klein would be a part of it. However, Malak Garland advocated for Conor Fuse to REPLACE Klein in the match, since Conor defeated Klein a week prior. However, I've been told Conor Fuse DECLINED this BECAUSE Malak Garland got involved last week and cost Klein. Either way, it seems like the Favored Saints listened to Conor Fuse AND Malak Garland. Klein is going to get a Favored Saints Championship opportunity and it's going to be against... get this... Thurston Hunter.

Lance:

Thurston Hunter?

DDK:

I believe since Malak's "best friend" Conor wasn't in the match, he asked for someone else within The Comments Section to be represented. As a result, this is our main event for the vacated title.

Warner shrugs.

Lance:

If you say so.

DDK:

To ringside and Darren Quimbey.

The scene switches to the ring announcer in the squared circle.

Darren Quimbey:

This is for the vacated FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP! Introducing first... from THE STREETS... weighing one-hundred-seventy-five pounds... THURSTON HUNTER!

♪ "John Wick" by Why-S (2019) ♪

The Badass MF Gangster appears but he's not alone. Beside him is Malak Garland wearing an anti fWo hoodie and his wrestling tights, as well as The Game Boy, looking as hulking and Bane-like as ever before, complete with the Nintendo inspired luchador mask. Hunter is dressed in blue jeans and a white undershirt as he makes his way down.

DDK:

A big level match for Thurston. In fairness, Thurston's been advocating for a shot but we all saw what he did against Deacon...

Lance:

He's not on a very high level, Keebs.

With Hunter in the ring, Garland and Game Boy find an apron to rest on.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... weighing two-hundred-sixty-three pounds... KLEIN!

♪ "Man in the Box" by Alice in Chains ♪

Klein isn't alone, either. He's with Elise Ares and The D. Klein comes out to a good cheer from the SF Faithful.

DDK:

I've been told Ares and The D are going to pay MUCH CLOSER attention tonight, -not that they weren't last week- to make sure there's no "funny business" going on.

Lance:

And I can assure you HE (Malak Garland) will try.

Klein enters the ring while the rest of PCP find a spot on the apron across from The Comments Section.

DING DING

Thurston looks at Klein, then he looks at Elise Ares and finally The D. He rolls his eyes and gives each one of them the middle finger.

Thurston Hunter:

You ain't from THE STREETS motherfuckaaa!

The D and Elise turn to each other with varying comments of "Why would I want to be?" and "So, he's homeless."

Inside the ring, Klein crushes Hunter with an inside out clothesline! The crowd cheers while Malak Garland immediately buries his head in The Game Boy's chest with anxiety. Klein lifts Hunter and tosses the "gangster" into the ropes, meeting Thurston there with a hard shoulder block. Hunter falls into the ropes, up and over them and to the floor below... right in front of Malak Garland's feet.

The Snowflake glances upwards, peering through the ropes. He shakes with fear as Klein, through his box eyes, happily waves in Garland's direction but then bunkers down for any shenanigans. Klein exits the ropes, jumps off the apron and peels Thurston off the floor. The Box Man tosses Hunter inside the squared circle and follows but not before Malak Garland grabs Klein by his tights when the PCP member is on the apron.

Ares and D have already seen enough. They aren't angry but they start walking over to the side of the ring Garland and TGB are on. Meanwhile, referee Hector Navarro shouts at both parties to knock it off. Klein enters the ring through the top and middle rope while Garland backtracks, as if he was never going to do anything further. Malak keeps mouthing the word "friendly" over and over again. Ares and The D mutter amongst themselves, going back to their side of the ring.

Throughout this kerfuffle, Hunter regains his consciousness and sprints at Klein, with Klein's back turned. Hunter goes for a flying forearm smash.

Thump.

...Or more like a *whimper*. Hunter hits the mat. Klein hardly did anything but Hunter was barely able to make an impact with his blow. It only stuns Klein; Thurston falls to the canvas, unable to do much with his momentum other than crash and burn.

The Badass From the Streets springs to his feet but is put down on the canvas HARD with a second inside out clothesline.

DDK:

Klein is going to make quick work of Thurston!

Lance:

You'd think Hunter would've learned more on the streets.

DDK:

I don't think he ever "came" from them.

Klein whips Hunter off the canvas, only to scoop slam him down in the middle of the mat and then drop a leg. Malak Garland screams out, reaching forward, as if he was going to run into the ring but The Game Boy has him by the waist. Garland can't do anything, although the announcers wonder if he was really going to, or it was all for show.

Klein throws Hunter into a corner and races in with a splash. Thurston wobbles out of the buckle, as Klein hits the ropes and levels The Comments Section goon with a running knee to the face. As Hunter is on the mat, Klein goes down to pick him up but Thurston rolls Klein into a small package!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Garland thought it was over. He springs to life and slides into the ring, jumping for joy! Referee Hector Navarro loses his mind, demanding Malak get himself out of here, as the count was only two.

Ares nudges D. D nudges Ares. Both of them are on the apron, telling Malak the same thing.

Garland points to Klein and Hunter. He scratches his head.

Malak Garland:

Oh.

Eventually, MagnumG exits the ring as the match continues and it's all Box Man on the offense. He runs Hunter pillar to post, hitting Thurston with more clotheslines, knees and elbows. Klein whips Hunter into the ropes and connects with a powerslam and a pinning attempt!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

Hunter was almost put away but he did get his shoulder up at the last possible second. Klein doesn't argue, nor does he think the match should have been over. He merely drags Hunter to a vertical base and hits the ropes.

Huge shoulder block sends The THIRST(on) Trapper flying into the ropes, ricocheting off of them and into another powerslam attempt!

Klein hooks the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

FOOT ON THE ROPES!

DDK:

Hey, wait just a second!

Garland was the one who put Hunter's foot on the bottom rope but Hector Navarro didn't see it! Malak giggles to himself...

Until he notices The D and Elise Ares saw it! They aren't happy one bit, both members making a bee-line to The Comments Section side of the apron.

Of course Hector Navarro is livid. He doesn't want anything to happen on the outside. As Ares and D make their way over to Malak Garland... they are intercepted by The Game Boy standing right in front of them, blocking their way.

Game Boy doesn't move. He basically takes up the entire pathway to Malak.

The D:

Move... BOY!

Elise Ares:

I think that's actually his name.

The D:

No, wait, really?

Inside the ring, Klein continues to crush Thurston Hunter. Klein is laying into Hunter with elbows in the corner, then the PCP member stands on the top buckle and provides ten head punches... only half the crowd is counting along, though. The other half watches Malak Garland hide behind his Game Boy.

Ares and D try talking sense into Malak but The Snowflake puts his arms forward, with The Game Boy still in front of him. Garland waves his hands around frantically. Finally, Game Boy raises his right arm...

And shoves The D.

It's not a hard shove but with the sheer strength of the giant, it knocks D backwards. Navarro has seen enough, he boots everyone to the back!

Ares and The D are dumbfounded. The Game Boy shows no emotions. And Malak Garland...

...has slithered his way into the ring!

DDK:

Navarro doesn't see Malak!

Lance:

Garland has that cardboard box piece in his hands again. He used it last week. No doubt it's loaded!

Garland waits for Klein to turn around and once he does-

Conor Fuse sprints out from the back to a massive pop! The Ultimate Gamer slides into the ring and grabs Malak by the arm... the same arm that has the loaded box piece. The Keyboard King is rattled upon seeing his "teammate".

Malak Garland:

Oh, hey!

Garland pretends to act like nothing further was in the works.

Fuse shouts at Garland to exit the ring and surprisingly The Mega Troll nods, making his exit. As Conor Fuse exits with him, Klein strolls over to Thurston Hunter and picks him up for Think Outside, the airplane spin into a TKO.

Klein lifts Hunter up and spins him around. He tosses Hunter in the air.

WHAM!

DDK:

What the!?!?

Klein collapses on the mat. Hunter, also, hits the mat. Neither man moves.

...Until Thurston Hunter reveals he's okay.

Meanwhile, PCP and The Comments Section are making their way up the ramp as Malak Garland bickers with Ares and The D.

Lance:

I think Hunter hit Klein when he was in the air, Keebs! I think Hunter hit Klein... with that loaded box piece!

Replays show Hector Navarro turning to see everyone he banished from ringside make their way up the ramp. The referee fails to see Hunter use a foreign object when flipped into the air.

Another replay shows Malak Garland secretly dropping the box piece right beside a fallen Thurston Hunter before he and Conor Fuse exited the ring.

Hunter crawls towards Klein. He rolls Klein onto his back.

And he hooks the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

DDK:

No way.

Upon hearing the bell, PCP and The Comments Section have stopped at the top of the rampway.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match and NEW Favored Saints Champion... THURSTON HUNTER!

The crowd is stunned. Boos reign down as Navarro hands a battered Thurston Hunter the FS Title. Malak Garland has a coy, devilish smile on his face, as he claps his hands profusely and wanders down the rampway to his fellow partner and now champion. Game Boy continues to eye Ares and D. Ares and D don't know what the hell happened. For that matter... neither does Conor Fuse.

Garland slides into the ring. He hugs Hunter as the crowd jeers. The Gangster Thug holds the FS Title in the air, upside-down (likely by mistake) and screams into the rafters how badass he is.

DDK:

This is... awful.

Lance:

Klein got screwed, again!

DDK:

Forget it Lance... it's Malak Garland.

With Hector Navarro out of the ring, Hunter hands that loaded box piece over to Malak Garland discreetly. Garland places it in his anti fWo hoodie before continuing to congratulate Hunter.

Klein hasn't moved, but there's a tell tale sign of tomfollery with his box dented where a man's forehead would be.

Garland calls Conor and The Game Boy down to join him. Neither of them do, as Game Boy is locked on to D and Ares. PCP's only interest in checking on their teammate Klein and Conor Fuse... well... is trying to figure out how Thurston beat Klein.

Hunter stands on the top rope, flipping the title over his shoulder as the UNCUT signature appears in the bottom right hand corner of the broadcast.

Thurston Hunter:

I street fought him! And I'll street fight anyone motherfuckaaaaa!

Garland airplane spins around the canvas while the crowd boos and the announcers convey their disinterest.

DDK:

Malak planned this out, no doubt. He got away with it again. He's screwed Klein twice. I can only imagine what he has up his sleeve come ACTS of DEFIANCE. Some "friendly". Some friend.

The show closes as Thurston gives two middle fingers into the crowd and communicates in an extremely cringeworthy way, that anyone who wants it can "come and get it".

Somewhere, older brother Jack Hunter is smiling.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.