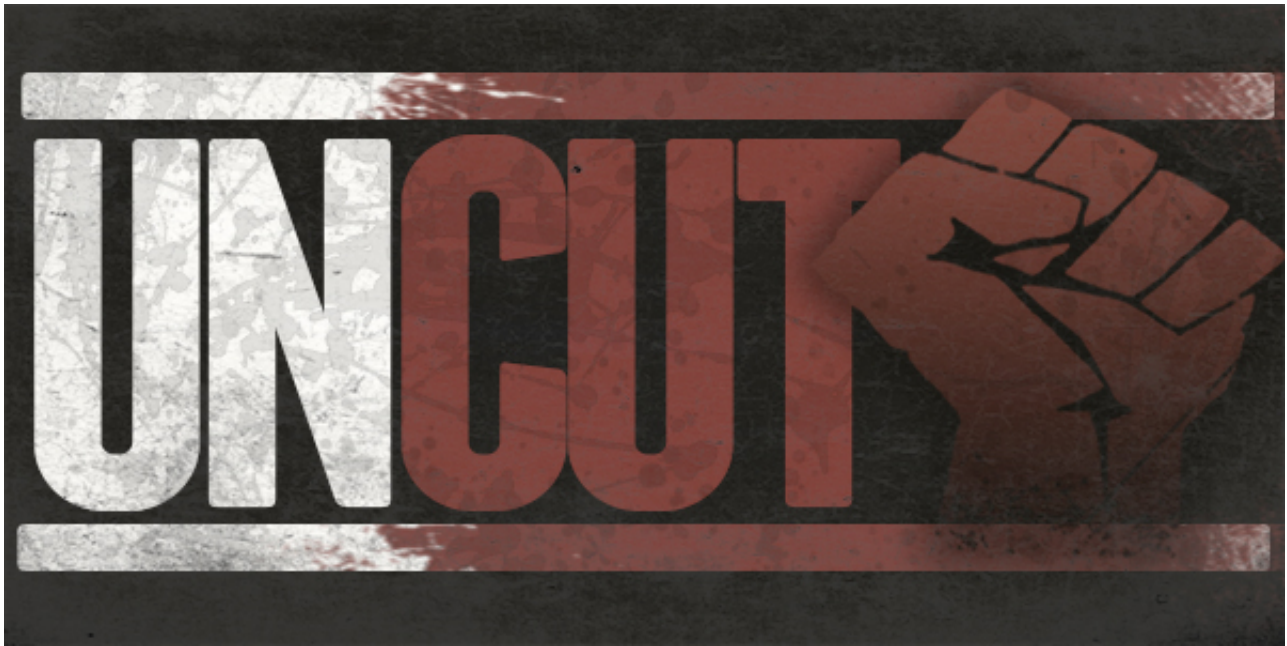


SHOW OPEN



DAN LEO JAMES vs. LORD SEWELL

DDK:

Welcome to UNCUT! Up first, we have Dan Leo James of Titanes Familia in action going one-on-one against Oliver Tarquin Monroe of the Gentlemen's Agreement! GA were close to winning the Unified Tag Titles a few weeks ago against-then champions Uriel Cortez and Titaness! That hasn't sat well with Gentlemen's Agreement since.

Lance:

And now I think that Dan Leo James is going to get the brunt of that frustration, but much easier said than done for The Young Titan! We've seen James get into it with another recent BRAZEN graduate, Strong AF, but he'll have to table that to take on OTM, who is sure to have Lord Sewell in his corner. Let's go to ringside now for this 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 your opening match to UNCUT! Introducing first... from Hurricane, Utah, weighing in at 260 pounds! Representing Titanes Familia... he is **DAN! LEO! JAMES!**

Dan stomps a foot to the theme and gets more cheers from the crowd! The seller of Young Titan Protein Powder starts heading to the ring.

DDK:

Dan Leo James got into it with Strong AF after two back-to-back shows of the former strongman talking trash about him. Dan got a little revenge by eliminating him from the FIST and SoHer Battle Royal, but tonight he's focused on what's ahead.

The Young Titan leaps from arena floor to ring apron, then pumps a fist in the air! He steps in between the ropes and acknowledges the cheering crowd before he waits for his opponent.

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

The theme plays and out comes both men, dressed in fancy new gear for the occasion. Lord Sewell with a red overcoat and yellow epaulets. and Oliver Tarquin Monroe with a dark gray sleeveless coat. He takes it off to reveal a sleeveless button-up shirt and tie, which he adjusts, but his arms are free to show off his chiseled guns.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, being accompanied by Lord Sewell... from Hartford, Connecticut, weighing in at 224 pounds, representing Gentlemen's Agreement... **OLIVER TARQUIN MONROE... O! T! M!**

The two men stop in front of the ring, exchange a gentlemanly handshake and then slowly climb up the steel steps while getting jeers from the crowd. Once they shed their respective jackets, they neatly fold them and put them away. The Young Titan stands across the ring from Oliver. He unclips the tie attached to his sleeveless dress shirt that he wrestles in... cause of course he does... then gets ready as referee Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

Dan Leo James stands several inches over the fellow wrestler with three names, but the quicker OTM slides across the mat trying to secure an ankle pick. James steps away and shows off a little amateur skill of his own by meeting OTM on the mat! Danny locks in rear waistlock behind OTM and then powers the tag team wrestler up and over before dumping him on the mat with a big takedown!

DDK:

Danny digging into his amateur background! He was called Danny Three Sports for the fact that he excelled in amateur wrestling, baseball and track for a man that big.

Lance:

Once Danny got more confidence in himself in BRAZEN, the light started to come on! He's still a work in progress, but he's got to figure some things out!

Danny stands up with The Faithful cheering him on while Oliver heads to the ropes to talk some brief strategy with Lord Sewell. After their quick discussion, OTM heads back up and wants Danny in another test of strength. They lock up, but Monroe switches things up on the Young Titan and slinks around him to come around the other side to apply a headlock. He tightly hangs on to the hold and has DLJ held captive, but Danny shoves him to the ropes using his power.

When OTM moves around on the comeback, Danny does a dropdown! He gets back up on his feet and then leapfrogs over OTM as he continues running, then on his way back, Danny catches him with a quick shoulder tackle! Monroe goes down while James looks out to the cheering Faithful and smiles.

Lance:

OTM tried to get all technical on him, but Dan Leo James shows some of that crazy footwork for a kid that big!

DDK:

And what's he doing...? Look at this!

Danny applies a double arm on OTM and holds him up, up, up! He smiles to the crowd and then brings him down with a big double arm suplex to the mat! OTM arches his back in pain when Danny Three Sports goes for the first cover of the match.

ONE...

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Kickout by OTM! Lord Sewell watching closely from the outside.

Lance:

Lord Sewell had a wealth of independent wrestling experience before coming to DEFIANCE. He was teamed with Monroe in BRAZEN and they've become a very formidable duo in a short time since joining the main roster.

Dan picks up Oliver off the mat and tries the whip across the ring. When he gets him across the ring, OTM slides underneath DLJ's legs, then stands up to greet The Young Titan with a big uppercut! He fires off another one, followed by a forearm. Lord Sewell is laughing as OTM hits the ropes again... but he hasn't stunned DLJ enough as he picks him up and drives him down with a massive powerslam! James starts to go for another cover, but OTM rolls away in pain and out to the floor first! He gets jeered by The Faithful as Lord Sewell comes over to fan him off with a towel.

DDK:

James taking control right now! OTM is having a hard time getting going against The Young Titan!

Lance:

But James isn't done!

As Lord Sewell continues to fan him off with the towel and help his protege strategize, Dan grabs him by the hair to pull him up! OTM screams out while Lord Sewell pulls the leg trying to keep him from going back inside!

DDK:

Ow! Oliver caught in a game of tug-of-war between his opponent and his tag team partner!

Rex Knox yells at Lord Sewell to stop getting involved or he'll be sent to the back.

Lord Sewell:

How DARE you question my integrity, knave! I'll you know that I am Viscount Vice Admiral Lord Sewell! And I...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The boos come in while Rex is distracted; OTM grabs the arm of Dan Leo James and SNAPS it downward against the top rope! Dan falls back to a knee and grabs at his arm!

DDK:

Nice distraction by Lord Sewell, boring him with those Buzz Killington-like tales.

Lance:

Now what does OTM go for?

He shows some rare aerial prowess and connects with a picture-perfect springboard clothesline!

DDK:

He calls that the Pistol Whip! Could a big singles win be in store for OTM?

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Dan kicks out, but Sewell counters by going after the arm of Danny! He grabs at the left arm and hits a single arm DDT to the mat, dropping The Young Titan!

DDK:

The Pistol Whip only got a two-count, but Oliver finds a great way to compromise the power advantage of James by working that arm! The single arm DDT is a great weapon.

The Young Titan writhes around in pain holding the arm, but not for long because Oliver Tarquin Monroe makes a dash to the ropes and comes back with a grounded dropkick on the button! He knocks him flat on his back and then goes back to the arm again. He hovers over Danny and Lord Sewell watches approvingly when he drops a knee drop into the arm!

Lance:

Great work on that arm!

DDK:

Indeed! Gentlemen's Agreement are a pair of underrated technicians. A win here would get them noticed for sure!

He grounds the arm of Danny and then impressively locks in a hammerlock. He adds a little razzle-dazzle to it by grounded the arm with the hammerlock while executed a headstand for good measure! Some of The Faithful are paying close attention as the arm work continues. He drops the hammerlock and then starts to try a choke with his other hand when Rex Knox warns him against doing it to avoid disqualification.

Lance:

That isn't very gentlemanly, is it, Darren?

While Danny is grounded near the ropes, Lord Sewell grabs the arm and snaps it over the middle rope, making The Young Titan recoil in pain!

DDK:

And neither was that!

OTM grabs the arm and then plants him with a second jumping single arm DDT! He turns the giant over on his back and then goes for a cover!

ONE...

TWO... KICKOUT!

Danny powers out, but his arm is in a bad spot!

DDK:

Dan Leo James kicks out, but he has to find a way to counter this offensive by OTM!

The Faithful start cheering on Danny Boy as the big kid tries to push OTM off of him, but Monroe's grip on his left arm with a grounded armbars is too tight. Danny uses his size to get a grip around OTM and muscles him over! Danny gets back to his feet in the corner while Oliver ends up on the other side. He charges at Dan, but The Young Titan hooks him first...

DDK:

Hurricane, Utah-plex out of the corner! But that arm is bothering Danny!

Lance:

OTM has painted a bulls-eye on that arm! What's Dan going to do now?

James lands the spinning belly-to-belly suplex out of the corner, but Dan is too hurt to follow up right away as he clutches at the arm. Dan starts to get back up to his feet first with Lord Sewell yelling at Monroe to stand again. The big Utah native is up first and yells at OTM to get up and when he tries, he gets clobbered with a big clothesline first that knocks him down. When he tries to get up a second time, Danny fires OTM into the ropes and when he comes back, he catches him over the right shoulder using his good arm...

Dan Leo James:

YEET!

...and THROWS him up and over with a release back body drop! OTM is hurt when he gets back up! Danny charges off one set of ropes and sends him to the corner. Danny tries to charge in, but an elbow from OTM stops him. He runs out of the corner, but that elbow only makes James angrier and he THROWS him once again with a fallaway slam!

DDK:

Dan Leo James now has the hold! What's he going to do now?

He runs at the other corner with Oliver in it. He charges for the running spear tackle, but Lord Sewell pushes him out of the way only to get knocked off the apron himself!

DDK:

Lord Sewell takes the bullet for his partner!

As Dan grabs his arm, OTM rolls him up from behind with a schoolboy!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Dan kicks out! OTM gets back up and rolls off the ropes... but doesn't expect Danny to meet behind him... DASH AND

BASH! OTM spins in the air after the collision!

DDK:

Dan Leo James hitting anything that moves! He just nailed the Dash and Bash!

After the powerful shoulder tackle, he picks up OTM by the throat and to the corner...

DDK:

Monroe in the corner... TITAN'S ORBIT!

He hooks the far leg with his good arm after the running chokeslam out of the corner.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **DAN LEO JAMES!**

Dan winces when he tries to hold up his left arm, so he raises his right and holds a thumbs up for the cheering Faithful!

DDK:

A great showing by Dan Leo James! Oliver Tarquin Monroe almost took this one a couple of times with work on that arm and the roll-up, but Dan scores the win in our opener tonight.

Lance:

Later tonight, Tyler Fuse is looking for the third successful defense of the Favoured Saints Title! JJ Dixon and "Wingman" Titus Campbell are in action as well! Stay tuned for more action!

Dan inches out of the ring and breathes a sigh of relief for a hard-fought win as he heads up the ramp. The Philly Faithful cheer on The Young Titan as the show moves forward.

AN APOLOGY TO MV1

The lights turn out in the arena

JJ Dixon stands in front of a closed locker room door. He's wearing a violet sequined floor-length robe with the initials JJ in silver jewels.

JJ Dixon:

MV1. I have to apologize to you in advance. Because all I want to do is have a rematch with you, so I can prove to myself and prove to DEFIANCE that I belong. To prove to everyone I am what I say I am -- and that's the hottest prospect in DEFIANCE today. Unfortunately...

JJ looks disappointed.

JJ Dixon:

There are some other plans afoot. Plans I did not make. I don't like Lord Nigel. I want nothing to do with Lord Nigel. But Teri Melton... well... I've agreed to certain terms in exchange for her tutelage. And look at how damn good I've become since The Uncut Gems formed. I'm not going to break ranks from her just because she's worked out some kind of financial arrangement with an old friend of hers. I've got an assignment. It's not an assignment I asked for. But it's an assignment I will complete. And that's to take you out for a very, very long time. Like I said - I apologize in advance. But you're going to get hurt, and The Special Attraction's going to be the one who has to hurt you.

Out from the left walks Zoltan, in his funeral parlor dark suit. And from the right walks Teri Melton, wearing a flowered net of violets over her hair, dangling silver earrings with violet jewels, a violet sequin shawl over a silver sparkly dress, cigarette holder in hand. She looks sternly at JJ and turns to the camera and they begin their match to the ring.

Teri Melton:

Our business with MV1 will be solved at another date. But tonight, The Uncut Gems are here to take on Gunther Adler. Such a big, strong man, yet also a wrestling machine. I've scouted you for longer than you would ever know, Mr. Adler, and I've got the passport stamps and dinner stubs to show proof that I was watching you all the way back in Bremen... and I walked away ultimately unimpressed because you're nothing... special. Just know this. All of your skill and all of your strength and size are no match for my magical mystique and womanly ways. You're going to find out right exactly why Teri Melton...

She pauses and JJ and Zoltan freeze behind her. The crowd buzzes a bit as she leans into the camera and the crowd knows to say it with her.

Teri Melton:

Is ready...

JJ and Zoltan both make the "Diamond Hands" gesture as Teri pauses and smirks more as she bows down with her face in the camera.

Teri Melton:

For her closeup!

JJ DIXON vs. GUNTHER ADLER

The spotlight comes on at ringside! Teri Melton takes a drag from her cigarette holder and blows out a large cloud of smoke, Zoltan flanking her to the right. And on the apron right behind her is JJ Dixon, his arms out wide and relaxed across the top rope. Then the three of them make "Diamond Hands" together as many fans also make the symbol of The Uncut Gems.

DDK:

And here they are, The Uncut Gems! "The Special Attraction" JJ Dixon, Zoltan and the beguiling mastermind of the unit, Teri Melton!

Lance:

You can never be sure what that woman has in mind. Last week on DEFtv, it was revealed to us that she and Lord Nigel Tricklebush of all people have some kind of history together from some kind of visit in Morocco, with Lord Nigel agreeing to offer her a large sum of money for JJ Dixon to take out Masked Violator 1!

DDK:

But tonight JJ Dixon faces some stiff competition from a man who has been opening up many eyes in Brazen in Gunther Adler!

Lance:

Gunther's certainly one to keep an eye on. He's a massive man... but as technically proficient as anyone you will find anywhere in professional wrestling. It's a matter of when, not if, he becomes a DEFIANCE superstar.

DDK:

But what is happening now... Zoltan is lifting Teri onto the ring apron, with JJ holding the ropes open for her to enter. We've seen Teri's antics the past few episodes of Uncut... first by feigning like she was seducing No Fun Dean at the start of his match against JJ Dixon. Then last week conniving her way to getting the timekeeper's hammer in order to lure Cristiano Caballero into a trap.

Teri walks up to Referee Mark Shields, and puts her hands on his chest, and it's clear her thigh is very near his crotch.

Teri Melton:

Referee Shields... So incredibly charming... so incredibly handsome. The striped shirt just really does something to me...

Teri slides her finger down Mark's shirt as his mouth drops wide open, trembling even. Teri then leans into his ear.

Teri Melton:

I just hope that you stay objective throughout the match!

Mark rapidly nods up and down as Teri smirks again, her back to him as she walks out the ring. He calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

JJ slaps his chest and is yelling something at Gunther! And Gunther obliges with a knife-edge chop across JJ's chest that sounds like a gunshot from a rifle! JJ is asking for another one! And Gunter again cracks him with a textbook chop across the chest! And JJ is screaming in his face!

Lance:

JJ said last week that MV1 was able to take advantage in their match with his chops, and he's been working on being able to take that type of punishment late in his matches. Or, in this case early.

DDK:

Now Gunther with another chop! But that just fires JJ up as the crowd is cheering him on! JJ with a chop of his own that sends Gunther back! And another chop! And another! And another! He looks over at Teri who is smiling wide!

Teri Melton:

Now!

DDK:

JJ nods at whatever Teri just told him. He hooks Gunter... crucifix roll-up!

One!

Two!

No!

DDK:

Easy kickout by Gunter there--

Teri Melton leans into the ring and holds up three fingers and catches the eye of Mark Shields.

Teri Melton:

That was three, Mark!

Mark Shields shrugs his shoulders and calls for the bell!

DING DING DING**DDK:**

What? Mark Shields is saying that the crucifix pin was a three count! Did Teri just convince Mark Shields it was a three count?

Lance:

Teri Melton's persuasive abilities showing themselves again! Her seductive charms have cast a spell on Referee Mark Shields, already known for his iffy character!

DDK:

Gunter is now yelling at Shields in disbelief! Shields is telling the young German that Teri made a compelling and convincing argument! Teri's sitting on the ring apron laughing at her latest hijinks! And now JJ hook Gunter from behind -- Sunset Boulevard that drives his face into the mat!

Lance:

Teri Melton has guided JJ Dixon into becoming "The Special Attraction" -- a wildly improving young superstar. And each and every episode of Uncut we see more of her unique ways to influence things into her favor. That's a potentially lethal combination as we unfold.

Teri Melton sits on on the ring apron and does her "come hither" finger and taps on her cheek a few times. Mark Shields pantomimes "me?" and she nods yes without even looking back at him.

Crowd:

Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!

The sleazy Mark Shields eagerly runs and sticks his head between the top and middle ropes and plants a kiss on her cheek. She pats his cheek and then pushes him away and eyes the camera with a giant cat-and-canary smile.

Teri Melton:

The queen's the strongest piece on the chessboard... and The Uncut Gems are always a few moves ahead!

JJ Dixon and Zoltan appear behind her as they begin to walk up the ramp, and all three give "Diamond Hands" as many in the crowd follow suit.

MEET NICK "LOTTO" OTTO

Jamie Sawyers is backstage with an unknown man standing next to him. He has brown hair styled in a French crop, a black pea coat that looks very expensive and dress pants that look the same.

Jamie Sawyers:

Hello. I'm Jamie Sawyers and I'm about to have a few words with one of BRAZEN's newest talents. The twenty-six year-old from Shreveport, Louisiana with quite the story. Welcome Nick "Lotto" Otto!

Nick Otto:

Jamie, thank you for that introduction. It was great. Certified Fresh. Five stars.

Jamie Sawyers:

Thank you. You've had a match or two under your belt with BRAZEN, but it is your unique backstory that has been the talk among our developmental roster. Tell us a little about yourself.

Nick Otto:

Well like you said ... I'm twenty-six and before I got into wrestling, I was an accountant at H&R Block. The last guy you think would be wrestling, right? But I'm humble, Jamie. This roster has some of the hardest working folks I've ever seen you know? I got here because of one thing. That nickname "Lotto" came from the fact that I won the lottery! Five million dollars on a scratcher, Jamie!

He reaches into his pocket and he has what looks like a copy of the winning scratch ticket encased in a plastic lanyard around a chain.

Nick Otto:

This! This changed my life! For three years after I got out of college, I would buy my daily coffee and my scratcher. I would go to work and just do the same thing day after day but on one of those days, Jamie, my luck changed! I let them take all the tax off the top cause I'm a CPA and I know numbers and jail is no party for a guy like me. I donated to a couple of local charities. But I still had a lot left and I'm not a selfish person. I'm humble, Jamie. Do you want to know what I did?

Jamie Sawyers:

What's that?

Nick Otto:

I used some of that money to make my dream come true! I grew up watching wrestling! I've been a fan of DEFIANCE Wrestling for years but never in my dreams did I think that I was going to be here with all of you *as a wrestler!* I paid one of the best local schools, I paid for a great nutritionist and weight trainer to get in the best shape I could be, I paid for the most expensive ring gear, and I even donated a little of those earnings to BRAZEN so I could secure a spot!

The last comment makes Jamie stop.

Jamie Sawyers:

That ... I dunno ... that sounds a little like bribery?

Nick looks worried at the insinuation and dtries

Nick Otto:

No no no no no!!! You got me all wrong Jamie! No! I've seen BRAZEN! I've seen it has a state-of-the-art training facility that has everything a budding star could make ... but I wanted a little more so I gave them a couple hundred thousand to make sure I could get the best trainers first then *everyone* can share! I told you Jamie! I'm humble. I'm not going to use this money for ill gain. You hear all these stories out there about how money changes a person, but beside the gear, the trainers, my macro nutritionist, the BRAZEN donation, I'm the same guy I always was.

Jamie can't hide his skepticism.

Jamie Sawyers:

I see.

Nick Otto:

(sigh of relief) Okay good! I want to show all of DEFIANCE Wrestling one day that I am just like everyone on the other side of that barrier that pays to come see us and that with a little luck you can achieve every one of your dreams!

Jamie Sawyers:

And that five million dollars you won.

Nick Otto:

That's right! That's what I meant by having a little luck. Thanks again for letting me set the record straight, Jamie. Have a good one okay?

Jamie Sawyers:

Thank you, Nick. Nick "Lotto" Otto everybody.

CHEER UP, PULL OUT

The caption reads **AFTER DEftv 178 NIGHT ONE.**

Conor Fuse sits outside on a blue metal bench with his feet dangling in front of him. It is well past midnight and his surroundings are pitch black other than a small, flickering light from a street pole directly over his head and a looming suburban hospital behind him. Conor takes a moment to stare down at his phone, as if he is expecting a message but doesn't receive it. Every so often his feet swing around in a circle and he stares into the night sky before checking his phone once again and realizing there's no new notification.

Time seems to go on forever but in this specific scene, it's likely only a few seconds before the sounds of someone approaches.

The Ultimate Gamer looks to his right and his eyes go wide.

Conor Fuse:

Finally.

He lets out a huff.

Conor Fuse:

I didn't think you'd show.

Eventually, Malak Garland appears, standing over the bench with a burlap sack in tow.

Malak Garland:

Use your social cues and welcome me properly next time.

Fuse smiles but it's a forced smile as he lowers his head and kicks a pebble in front of him.

Conor Fuse:

It's been a rough night, dude. Honestly, I'd prefer to be sleeping.

He pauses and attempts to collect himself. Then Conor just unloads.

Conor Fuse:

So what's up, why did you call me here? A hospital? Guy, I don't need a hospital right now, I wasn't beaten THAT badly. I simply need some space to chill and decompress. Dare I say one of your "safe spaces" but not a nonsensical one, ya know? Honestly, I'd be playing the new Pokemon game ATM if it wasn't broken. What a way to get my hopes up. Lose a "FIST" match that's not even really a FIST match, preorder the new Pokemon game only to find out it's hashtag-not-my-Pokemon. Pathetic....

The Snowflake Superstar decides to take a seat beside his "friend". He holds up his sack and giggles.

Malak Garland:

I know you're sad because you lost to that haggard soccer mom, Conor. And I guess it sucks that your favorite new video game is broken too. That's why I stick to social media and not play games, I can control more of the narrative rather than put my trust in some dickhole developers. Anyways, I digress. I called you here to cheer you up! Want to see what's in my secret social sack? I'll give you a hint. There's a blow torch in there.

Garland's face is full of joy... while Conor has a dumbfounded expression.

Conor Fuse:

A blow torch? A hospital? WTF are we gonna do, light it on fire? Man, I'm not Max or Mason Luck and this isn't The Ballyhoo Brew.

Fuse checks out his surroundings again.

Conor Fuse:

And again, a hospital?

Meanwhile, paying no attention to Conor's confusion, Garland tosses the sack aside and puts his arm around the gamer and stands him upright.

Malak Garland:

Best place to go in the middle of the night. I go to these places all the time.

Conor raises an eyebrow.

Conor Fuse:

A... hospital?

Garland continues to walk Conor down the sidewalk and through the emergency doors.

Malak Garland:

It's the best place to make me feel all warm and fuzzy. We could torch the place if you wanted.

Conor Fuse:

No. I said no to burning shit down.

Garland isn't paying attention to his pal.

Malak Garland:

Follow me.

Once inside, Malak stops to scope out his surroundings. He scans a few of the directory signs before deciding what way they should go.

Malak Garland:

Now I haven't been to this hospital yet. Thank god DEFIANCE has started "going on the road", I was getting bored of the New Orleans emergency units. You wouldn't believe how many regular junkies they have checking in that place.

Realizing he's never going to get anywhere questioning why they're in a hospital, Fuse allows Garland to weave them down specific hallways while The Thirst Trapper keeps rambling.

Malak Garland:

New Orleans is full of junkies, let me tell you. "I need a new hip", "I'm having a heart attack", "oops I overdosed on drugs again". LOL.

They stop in the middle of a very quiet hallway.

Malak Garland:

Ah, here we are!

Garland declares as Conor releases himself from Malak's arm and takes in the surroundings.

Conor Fuse:

The ICU?

Malak grins.

Malak Garland:

Would you have preferred the pediatric unit? Yeah no, some of us internet trolls have our limits you nimmy. I even discarded the blow torches for you.

Garland places a finger against his mouth, trying to shush the gamer.

Malak Garland: *[speaking quietly]*

I know it's late but you never know who's lurking. Let's see what kind of delectable nonsense we can stir up.

They burst into a room but it's empty. However, Malak's smile doesn't fade away. Instead, he hustles over to the electronics panel where the bed equipment gets plugged into and begins pulling cords from their sockets.

Malak Garland:

Come on! Pull some plugs with me! It's not only fun but also highly satisfying!

Conor looks confused.

Conor Fuse:

I don't get it. There's no one in this room.

Malak Garland:

Yet. There's no one in this room YET! Just think of the chaos we're causing! We unplug all the machines and then they bring in a patient in an emergency and BAM! The staff are left FRETTING HARD because everything is unplugged! Come on! We're done here.

Malak drags Conor by the arm to the next room. This one is occupied by a little old lady knitting a sweater for her grandson.

Granny:

Hello? Is that the nurse with my night meds? Bloody Jesus, I've been ringing for service for hours. My bed pan needs a change too and it's not pretty. I ate the hospital chili. I'll take my sponge bath now, too. Make sure to use the scratchy sponge on a stick. I have lots of skin flakes that require removal.

Dumbfounded, Malak notices the name of the patient on the wall's whiteboard.

Malak Garland:

Hi there, Gladys. Nice to meet you. No, we're not the night shift nurses but I'll definitely send them your way when we're done with you. Odds are they'll be contacting the coroner.

Malak head nods to Conor to seize the opportunity and start pulling plugs. Gladys obliviously resumes her knitting.

Gladys:

Oh you know, lad, I'm knitting a sweater for my grandson. He's six. He's adorable. Has such a nice aura. I've just been bitten by the bug with him. Can't get enough.

Garland looks like he's going to puke but carries on.

Malak Garland:

Glad to hear it, honey. I truly am. Your grandson must be so spoiled to have a Gam like you.

Malak patronizes Gladys as he and Conor approach the plugs with caution.

Malak Garland:

Now tell me more about the love you have for your grandson.

Garland feigns interest in the conversation as he blissfully begins pulling plugs. Malak feels euphoric with each plug he rips out. Alerts and beeps from the electronics sound off but it's a good thing Gladys is deaf enough not to hear them. Conor is a deer in the headlights, not knowing what to do. Eventually, the gamer walks over and starts plugging some of the equipment back into place. Malak nearly loses his mind.

Malak Garland:

DUDE. It's harmless fun, she's not hooked up to anything vital.

Conor looks around with an "are you serious" type of look on his face. Eventually satisfied, looking at all the cords he unplugged, Malak rests his hands on his hips.

Malak Garland:

Well Gladys, it's been a good one but my associate and I have to depart now. Don't worry, we'll send the nurses soon and good luck to your snot nosed little grandson. I'm sure he will HATE that sweater.

Malak motions to Conor to bolt and they do. Once back in the hallway, Malak takes a big sigh of relief.

Malak Garland:

My goodness did it smell like Lindsay Troy in there, am I right? And see? We pulled some plugs on her! If only we could truly pull some plugs on the fWo. My goodness gracious do I despise the fWo!

Conor is still trying to figure out why the hell he's standing in the middle of a residential hospital unit.

Conor Fuse:

Dude, I am extremely uncomfortable...

Once again, Garland doesn't "hear" his friend. Malak places his arm back around Conor and they walk down the quiet hall.

Malak Garland:

So a long time ago, I was feeling high as a kite. Actually, it was right after I beat you and your brother for the shiny shiny Tag Team Championships a couple of years ago. To celebrate, I paid [a little visit](#) to my friend Sgt. Safety who was recovering in the hospital after I dislocated his jaw. I ended up pulling a couple plugs on him.

Malak giggles to himself before continuing.

Malak Garland:

It was then when I realized this could be a quaint lil' side hobby! It's a lot of fun to cause chaos in a hospital!

Conor is quick on the reply.

Conor Fuse:

It's also murderous.

But Malak is having none of it, shaking his head.

Malak Garland:

Whoa, I'm not pulling fucking life support cords. Back there with Gladys it was all saline supplies, morphine drips, and I think heartworm meds? Either way, I'm not here to kill her. She's got a grandson, dude.

Fuse rolls his eyes as Malak drones on. They enter another room where someone is sleeping soundly and hooked up to a few machines. Malak tiptoes up to the plugs.

Malak Garland: *[whispering]*

Shit guy, shit. Let's tap the hell out of these plugs!

Conor crosses his arms and doesn't do anything while The Keyboard King tries to keep his chuckles inward while messing up the electrical unit the patient is on.

Malak dusts his hands in a job well done and directs Conor out of the room.

Malak Garland:

Well, wasn't that a good time!? Want to go grab some Denny's?

Garland drags Conor by the arm again until they come across a nurse who is deep into their work.

Malak Garland:

Oh hi there, darling. Apparently there were two little shits running in and out of rooms unplugging vital equipment! Who would do such chicanery? Anyways, we're leaving now. My friend and I are going to bond over bottomless pancakes at America's favorite diner!

Garland drags Fuse along with him as the two make their exit, leaving the nurse standing there wondering what the hell happened.

WINGMAN TITUS CAMPBELL vs. KAZUO AKAMATSU

Lance:

Up next we have "Wingman" Titus Campbell in solo action tonight against BRAZEN's own Kazuo Akamatsu. Titus is going it alone tonight after injuries sustained to both Crescent City Kid and Theodore Cain. CCK is out for a few weeks nursing his neck after that deadly stretch plum submission Alvaro de Vargas used. Of course, Cain is out for a few weeks after sustaining burns from de Vargas' fireball attack.

DDK:

There have been rumblings backstage that Titus has been distraught over what happened. We'll have to see what kind of state he's in tonight. Akamatsu is just one statement win away from big things. Titus can't afford to lose sight of his opponent.

To Darren Quimbey in the ring for intros.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

Darren Quimbey:

From New Orleans, Louisiana, Weighing in at 271 pounds... he is a member of the Gulf Coast Connection...

"WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL!

The party tends to go wherever Gulf Coast Connection goes, but right now, "Wingman" Titus Campbell isn't in much of a partying mood. With none of his usual pomp a circumstance, he opts to throw his hands in the air on the ramp before heading to the ring.

DDK:

It's been a busy schedule for our roster coming out of that FIST and SoHer Battle Royal! It will be Brock Newbludd challenging Lindsay Troy for the FIST of DEFIANCE while his SNS tag partner, Pat Cassidy, was the runner-up and will fight Henry Keyes for the Southern Heritage Title at a future date!

Lance:

Titus himself was dominant in that Favoured Saints four-way title match won by Tyler Fuse. Campbell himself wasn't pinned, but he's looking to get back on a winning track tonight.

Campbell reaches the ring and raises his hands again. He's ready to fight against Akamatsu just by the telling look on his face as the GCC theme fades out.

♪ "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. He doesn't seem to give two flying figs about whatever Titus Campbell is going through tonight and ignores the crowd reaction. He climbs up the steps and then into the ring. 'Once both big men are in the ring, referee Carla Ferrari calls for the bell.

DING DING

Campbell and Akamatsu lock up in a test of strength. Campbell has the slight edge in power over Akamatsu and is able to get him back into the corner before Carla gets in between the two to tell them to back off. Campbell does as he's told and steps away until Kazuo does the same and locks up! He spins Campbell to the corner...

Carla Ferrari:

Break it off! Now!

Kazuo backs up without incident... until he doesn't and CHOPS Titus across the chest. Titus winces in pain when Kazuo fires off two more big chops to the chest!

DDK:

Wow! Campbell won the first exchange, but Kazuo Akamatsu going right in for the kill! He wants a win tonight.

Lance:

He's gotta figure Titus is off his game tonight.

Kazuo gets him back to the corner and then pummels him in the chest with a big pair of clubbing forearms! He fires him off again, but Campbell fires back! Jab! Jab! Kick to the gut! He sends Akamatsu off the ropes. Kazuo runs and misses with a clothesline. Akamatsu runs into him off the rebound with a big shoulder block. Campbell goes backwards into the ropes, but then comes right back with a shoulder of his own, taking Akamatsu off his feet!

DDK:

Great exchange there between these two big men. Titus catches him off the rebound.

As Akamatsu tries to stand again, Titus hits the ropes, but out of nowhere Kazuo strikes him with a kick to the gut. He doubles The Wingman over...

Lance:

Uh-oh! Powerbomb or piledriver coming up?

He tries, but Campbell bulls him right into the corner! Akamatsu stumbles back out and right into a huge body slam! The Faithful cheer when Titus points at the corner and taps his head.

DDK:

Titus might be thinking about a little Take Flight action!

He goes up to the middle rope and plays to The Faithful now that he's feeling himself... but he takes a little too long! He takes flight for the move of the same name, but there's no water in the pool when Akamatsu moves! The crowd boos when Kazuo rolls up and then he waffles a rising Titus with a big lariat and knocks him to the canvas!

DDK:

Not only was there no water in the pool, but Kazuo strikes with that big running clothesline!

Instead of the cover, Kazuo kneels over Titus and then drills him with a string of forearms to the face. He continues to pummel him until Carla tells him to back off. He stops his first string of blows... then goes right to choking Titus with two hands! He continues choking until Carla tells him to back off again or he'll get disqualified.

Lance:

Kazuo Akamatsu may not have the best won-loss record lately, but it's not for lack of trying. Titus went to the ropes too early and Kazuo has made him pay for it.

DDK:

Titus out here solo has to be weird. The GCC take their party literally everywhere and always get great reactions from The Faithful so to not have that support must be a little jarring for him.

Titus tries to get back up and when he does, Kazuo greets him with a boot to the side of the head and then a big headbutt! Campbell gets knocked into the corner again where Kazuo charges in and cracks him across the chest with a running knife-edge chop! Campbell is feeling it when Kazuo takes him out of the corner and manages to get the big man over with a huge vertical suplex!

DDK:

Oooh! Headbutt, running chop, then the suplex out of the corner! It's not often you see Titus pulled up and over that easily, but Kazuo did it! Cover!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Kazuo decides that the end is near and then hooks Titus by the neck again. He tries going for the Zutsu northern lights bomb... but Titus fights his way out with some elbows!

DDK:

Big shots there by Titus! He's back in this!

Titus knocks Akamatsu over with a big jab! When he tries to stand a second time, he gets jabbed again and then taken to the ropes for a big boot on the comeback! Titus plays to the crowd some more and then waits as a punch (and big boot) drunk Akamatsu gets back up. Titus hoists him for the ride across his shoulders...

Lance:

Titus taking control back! He just ran into some Turbulence!

He spins him around in circles with the big Airplane Spin! He stops after several rotations and then plants him with a big front slam! It takes Titus a few extra seconds to recover from his own dizziness, then goes right into a cover!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

DDK:

So close, but only a two! What's Titus doing now?

Titus looks out to the crowd. He double underhooks both arms of Kazuo and starts thinking about The Hook-up. He tries to pry him up, but Kazuo snaps out and then NAILS Titus upside the head with a stiff elbow smash!

Lance:

That shot was nasty! Is Kazuo about to score an upset?

He has Titus on the ropes, but Kazuo is still groggy from the earlier attack. He tries to go for another big elbow smash, but he gets greeted right back by Titus with a big scoop powerslam to the mat first! The crowd cheers the Wingman when he picks up Kazuo and underhooks the arms a second time...

DDK:

THE HOOK-UP! HE'S DONE HERE!

Titus nails the elevated underhook facebuster perfectly, then rolls Kazuo over into a cover as Carla slides into position for the count!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **"WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL!**

Campbell gets to his knees and points to the cheering crowd before standing again. Carla Ferrari raises an arm, but Titus still doesn't look to be in the partying mood. He wants a microphone.

Lance:

Titus Campbell has something to say!

The Wingman's music cuts out and The Faithful get quiet to give him the floor.

DDK:

Titus gets the win tonight, but I'm wondering what's on his mind.

Campbell points to the back.

Titus Campbell:

ALVARO!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Titus Campbell:

If your punk ass wants to pick on my friends... why don't you try and pick on me? You got a receipt coming and if you got the balls, I'll see you in this ring next week on DEFtv!

Titus grabs the microphone and then heads back up the ramp, slapping a few extended hands on the way out after his very direct message.

DDK:

Can't be any clearer than that! Titus has revenge on his mind and he wants Alvaro de Vargas in the ring.

Lance:

I absolutely understand why he wants it, but he better be prepared. This new Alvaro de Vargas --- Supernova Cubana --- this is a dangerous one I don't think we've seen since his battles with Henry Keyes. And dare I say, I think he's more dangerous than that.

RAIN CITY REVELATION

The second night of DEFTv 178 is in the books, and we're backstage.

Exiting the locker room are "Skyfire" Zack Daymon and "The Iceman" Leo Burnett of the Raini City Ronin, showered, redressed, and about to take their leave of the arena. Both young athletes look reasonably despondent given their lackluster showing in the battle royal that just closed off the night.

Zack Daymon:

What happened out there, man?

Leo's only answer is an aggravated shrug.

"I can tell you what happened."

They glance over... and spy "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama waiting on them nearby. Kerry pushes off the wall he's been leaning against and joins his erstwhile fellow trainees from Seattle.

Kerry Kuroyama:

What happened was that the two of you learned something about this company.

The Iceman grumbles.

Leo Burnett:

Yeah... I'll say we did. It's a lot harder to move up here on the main roster than it was in BRAZEN.

Kuroyama clicks his tongue.

Kerry Kuroyama:

You're not wrong there, but no, that's not quite what I'm talking about. Granted, a young and talented team like the two of you shouldn't have any problem recreating the success you had in BRAZEN. If you were in a legitimate wrestling company, that is. But DEFIANCE is anything but legitimate at this point. Hopefully, the two of you are finally coming around to the gravity of the situation. You left behind the BRAZEN kiddie pool for the main roster, only to find that DEFIANCE is no longer a fair and orderly field of competition. It's descended into a fucking **circus**.

He nods assertively, which Zack and Leo listen in earnest.

Kerry Kuroyama:

It's become a place where the young and talented athletes like yourselves get lured into believing that the best way to get ahead is to go out there and waste their time and potential in these gimmicky "matches." Like that battle royal. A match where skill and strategy are completely useless.

His face fills with the taut, sour-milk expression of skepticism.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Seriously, what were you guys hoping to accomplish out there? Do either one of you seriously think you're ready to go up against Henry or Troy on your own?

Daymon and Burnett look to one another, somewhat ashamed that they never asked themselves that very question. Zack nervously scratches the back of head as he attempts to explain their motivations.

Zack Daymon:

I dunno, dude, I guess... we just wanted to go out there and show 'em what we got. Like, to hell with expectations and all that. We were just wanting a chance to be seen, you know?

Leo nods in agreement.

Leo Burnett:

Yeah, we know we're still miles away from the FIST and SOHER, but what's wrong with trying to jump on an opportunity to do something and get noticed?

Kerry's eyebrow arches.

Kerry Kuroyama:

What do you think those fans noticed more? Your actual work in that ring, or by being the subject of some pants-shitting manchild whining about "tOo MaNy LeOs"? Do you honestly think those people care one single iota about either of you any more than they did before?

He curtly shakes his head.

Kerry Kuroyama:

These aren't opportunities, guys. These are casting calls, to be a part of the carnival. To be the animals, forced to jump through flaming hoops. To have all your hard work and effort between the ropes only serves as background noise to the clowns and all their pedantic bullshit.

Daymon seethes. Burnett glowers. Kuroyama sighs, and claps either man on the shoulder.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I don't like having to tell you this. But I wouldn't be telling it to you if I didn't care about your future in this sport. What you're trying to do is an uphill battle, because many of those fans have forgotten what good professional wrestling is. They've forgotten what made this company the crown jewel of this sport.

He points to the two dark red words printed on the front of his shirt.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But we haven't forgotten. And I hope you don't forget what I just said to you tonight. Because a time is going to come one day when you're going to have to decide if you want to be a part of the circus... or the sport.

Kuroyama walks by... then pauses, gesturing to them to follow.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Come on, boys... drinks are on me tonight. Let's have a talk about the future.

Kerry heads of the exit, and holds open the door to the parking lot. He flashes them a smile that almost looks unnatural given Kerry's normally stoic countenance.

Zack and Leo exchange looks again. After a beat, they nod, and follow.

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: TYLER FUSE (C) vs. NO FUN DEAN vs. HIGH FLYER IV

The view is on the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Faithful, our main event tonight is rather interesting. It was supposed to be the next defense of the Favored Saints Championship for Tyler Fuse, pitted against No Fun Dean, a man he knows all too well. After all, over a year ago, Tyler broke Dean's nose with a two-by-four.

Lance:

Right, Keebs. But last week, Tyler defeated three opponents, although he took a pinfall "away" from High Flyer IV and scored the victory. Feeling like Flyer was the rightful winner, HFIV advocated for another title match, one-on-one against Tyler Fuse.

DDK:

My understanding is Tyler agreed to the terms and if Fuse defeated No Fun Dean, a one-on-one rematch with HF would've been made for next week. However, all parties agreed to making this a triple threat match. So here we are.

Lance:

And we've got No Fun Dean already in the ring so let's get to it.

The scene switches to ringside with Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is a triple threat match for the Favored Saints Championship! Introducing first, already in the ring, one of the challengers... NO FUN DEAN!

Dean stomps around the canvas with Slightly Fun Jen on the outside cheering him on. Dean, as always, doesn't look to be having a good time.

Darren Quimbey:

And the next challenger... HIGH FLYER IV!

♪ "Ain't It Funny" by Danny Brown ♪

Jack Harmen's kid walks out to a positive reaction from the Philly Faithful. He winds his arms around, showing he's well healed from his broken arm at the hands of Tyler Fuse well over two months ago. IV bounces down the rampway with intensity and then slides into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponent... he is the current Favored Saints Champion... TYLER FUSE!

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

Mostly boos follow as the elder Fuse brother makes his appearance wearing black trunks, boots, knee and elbow pads. Nothing special, nor does he have time for anything other than eyeing down his challengers inside the squared circle with a deadpan expression.

DDK:

The polar opposite Fuse is arriving at ringside.

Lance:

A hell of a showing for Tyler in the FIST/SOHER battle royal. He finished fourth and certainly could have done it. A very close war between him, his brother, Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd. Of course, two more defenses of the

Favored Saints Championship and Tyler will have earned a SOHER shot anyway.

DDK:

He hasn't been pinned in a match since this past January.

Lance:

It has been quite the roll.

Fuse walks up the steel steps, slips between the top and middle rope and hands the belt over to referee Mark Shields. The incompetent referee fails to hold the title for all to see (or show it to the challengers). Shields also fails to call for the bell. It's only until Tyler Fuse tackles No Fun Dean to the canvas and begins unloading on him that the time keeper does this himself.

DING DING

High Flyer IV races in and throws Tyler off of Dean. IV whips Fuse into the ropes and sprints across the mat, clipping Tyler under the jaw with a spinning heel kick. HFIV continues to keep the fury coming. He hammers quick kicks into Fuse's chest and then shoots into the ropes, leveling Tyler with a missile dropkick!

No Fun Dean is in the picture now. He snatches HF and chucks the kid into the turnbuckle padding. IV hits it hard and looks to be out before Dean takes hold of Tyler and connects with a gut wrench powerbomb!

NFD hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO-KICKOUT!

But Dean is right back to work. He positions himself behind Tyler before driving hard hammer elbows into Fuse's neck. Dean pushes Tyler to the mat and attempts to apply a shoulder stretch but Fuse is clever enough to dig his heels into the bottom rope.

Referee Mark Shields, however, is too stupid to call for the break.

NFD's about to use this to his advantage. Then he looks up and sees a blur soaring through the air.

WHAM!

DDK:

High Flyer with a senton to Dean!

IV goes right back to work on Fuse. He unloads blows into Tyler's temple before chucking Fuse to his feet and Irish whipping the champion into a corner. HF roars in with a stinger splash, followed by a tilt-a-whirl DDT.

Lance:

Tyler has been completely overwhelmed in this one!

HFIV switches to forearm smashes.

DDK:

And yet, High Flyer has to be cautious here. It's one thing to hit a couple of forearm shots. It's another to work that heavily into your gameplan when you're not known for such strikes.

Lance:

I think he wants to prove to Tyler he can hang with the best of them, in a variety of ways.

Flyer places Fuse upright before applying kick after kick to Tyler's back. IV follows this by drilling Fuse with more forearms to the side of the head and then taking off into the ropes-

No Fun Dean intercepts High Flyer with a hip toss! Dean follows with an elbow drop and a pin. Slightly Fun Jen pounds the mat in support.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Dean positions Flyer into a camel clutch!

DDK:

They don't call him the Dean of Submissions for nothing!

Flyer is locked into the hold in the middle of the ring before Tyler Fuse collects himself and bounces off the ropes.

SPEAR BY DEAN.

Dean was ready. He dropped the hold and almost took Fuse out of his boots!

DDK:

And now No Fun Dean is trying to lock the camel clutch onto the FS Champion!

Try as he might, the clever Tyler Fuse isn't letting it happen... at least not yet. Dean rains down elbows into Tyler's neck and shoulders many times, hoping this works Fuse into a daze. It looks to be working when High Flyer is back on his feet. The kid is wobbly... it takes him a second... then he leaps into the air and grabs Dean's head.

Implant DDT.

The crowd cheers as Flyer kips to his feet. He takes hold of Tyler and hurls the champion into a corner before racing towards him and connecting with another spinning heel kick. This is followed by a superkick and a corkscrew DDT, planting Fuse in the center of the ring.

HFIV flips Tyler over and looks for a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

Flyer moves out of the way when Dean drops an elbow. The elbow hits Tyler Fuse instead of High Flyer.

Once NFD is on his feet, he sees Flyer sprinting towards him...

A tilt-a-whirl backbreaker attempt by Dean can't happen when High Flyer slips out at the last possible second!

DDK:

I don't believe this!

Flyer hits a much larger Dean with a corkscrew suplex! IV floats over, holds on and pulls Dean up again.

Falcon arrow suplex into a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

Flyer lets go of the pin again when Tyler Fuse comes in to break it up! The kid snatches Tyler by his tights and throws The OG Player head-first into the ring post! Tyler stumbles off, turns around and is hooked into a hurricanrana pin!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Lance:

Oh, everyone thought it was over!

IV fights Tyler into a corner, then sends Fuse at the ropes before seeing Dean bellow forward. High Flyer leaps out of the way as Dean shoulder blocks Fuse out of the ring. HFIV bounces into the ropes...

DDK:

Yakuza kick!

The crowd cheers as Jack Harmen's finishing maneuver is hit but High Flyer isn't done. The kid sees Tyler is on the outside and figures this is his one chance. With his arms pumping, he sprints up the turnbuckle padding and to the top rope. He measures NFD as SFJ screams on the outside.

Moonsault Special!

No!

At the last possible second, NFD rolls out of the way but also in a stunning display, High Flyer lands on his feet!

Lance:

He adjusted in mid-air!

Flyer waits for Dean to get up before taking a head full of steam and gearing up for another yakuza kick when Tyler Fuse rolls into the picture and clips HFIV's knee. The kid goes crashing to the ground in a heap, screaming as he holds onto his leg. Fuse snatches HFIV by his tights and tosses Flyer into a corner before the kid falls out of the ring.

Dean has recovered. He drills Tyler with a clothesline from hell, spinning the champion inside out. Suddenly The Faithful think NFD might have a realistic chance to do this.

Lance:

I think Dean's looking for his trademark crossface chicken wing!

He's attempting to apply it to the champion in the middle of the ring when Tyler slips out, grabs Dean's head and runs up the turnbuckle pads.

CQC.

DDK:

It's over!

Suddenly, out of nowhere a hobbling High Flyer takes Fuse by the tights and ejects the X gamer out of the picture!

DDK:

Flyer with the cover.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

DING DING DING

The arena erupts for the upset!

DDK:

High Flyer's won the Favored Saints Championship!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... AND NEW Favored Saints Champion... HIGH FLYER IV!

Flyer's theme song plays as Mark Shields walks over and hands Flyer the title. Meanwhile, Tyler Fuse has pulled himself upright outside of the ring. The OG Player continues to stare blankly inside the squared circle...

DDK:

I don't think Tyler has come to his senses yet.

Lance:

Flyer won the match exactly like Tyler Fuse won the match last week! HFIV takes advantage of Tyler's finishing move!

The DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right hand corner of the television feed as High Flyer IV celebrates being crowned the new FS Champion, No Fun Dean is slowly rolled out of the ring by Slightly Fun Jen and Tyler Fuse breathes heavily on the outside looking in.

THIS.***IS.******DEFIANCE.***