

SHOW OPEN



Red Carpet Revelry

Following UNCUT's opening video package, the picture slowly fades in to show the always pleasant Christie Zane standing on a red carpet, microphone in hand. The camera zooms out slightly and we see a large gathering of fans behind her, separated from the red carpet by a steel barricade. Sporting a beaming smile and clad in an extravagant dress, the long-time DEFIANCE interviewer raises the microphone to her lips.

Christie Zane:

Good evening, everyone! Christie Zane here, reporting from the red carpet at the historic Prytania Theatre in beautiful uptown New Orleans. It's opening night for the highly anticipated action film, *Over The Top*, starring DEFIANCE's own Brock Newbludd!

Behind Zane, a shirtless man leans over the barricade separating the carpet from the fans in attendance. Hanging on to the top of the metal rail with both hands, the blatantly intoxicated fan points at the camera and lets out a holler.

Shirtless Fan:

Over the Top, Christie! Hey, Christie!

Rolling her eyes, Zane looks over her shoulder just in time to see the drunkard take one of his hands off the railing to flex a bicep. The task of balancing on the rail while flexing is too much for the man and the weight of his beer belly wins out, causing him to fall head over heels onto the red carpet. Two security guards, who suspiciously look like bouncers from Ballyhoo Brew, quickly scoop the man up and dump him back over the rail. Zane turns back to the camera with a raised eyebrow.

Christie Zane:

What can I say? The sponsors of tonight's world premiere, Ballyhoo Brew, went all out for the fans and the people took full advantage of it. Feeling like the love child of a Buffalo Bills tailgate party and Burning Man, tonight's premiere has been an all-day event, Ballyhoo style. Let's take a quick look!

The scene cuts away from Zane to show two women locked up and gritting their teeth as they battle for supremacy in a heated arm wrestling competition. Surrounded by cheering fans, the two continue to battle as the camera slowly zooms out from them to reveal that they are one of many arm wrestling matches happening in Ballyhoo Brew's parking lot.

Christie Zane (V/O):

Held in the parking lot of Ballyhoo, fans put their strength to the test in the 1st Annual "Ballyhoo Brewser" Amateur Arm Wrestling Tournament. Featuring both a men's and women's division, the competition was fierce as Ballyhooligans battled for the ultimate prize...free beer for one calendar year at Ballyhoo Brew.

The eventual winners of each division are shown standing on a makeshift podium in front of a group of cheering fans. Brock Newbludd enters the picture and hands each one a trophy featuring a golden arm holding a mug of beer. Newbludd raises each winner's hand to a large ovation from the crowd.

Christie Zane (V/O):

Arm wrestling wasn't the only event of the day. While Newbludd ran the arm wrestling tournament in the parking lot, the other half of The Saturday Night Specials, "Black Out" Pat Cassidy, was in charge of the karaoke competition inside of Ballyhoo Brew. Joining him on judging duties was former Brazen Women's Champion, Ophelia Sykes, and none other than the FIST of DEFIANCE himself, Dex Joy!

The scene shifts to a young man in a SNS t-shirt dancing awkwardly on the small stage inside of Ballyhoo Brew while Michael Jackson's "Billie Jean" plays loudly. Sitting in front of the stage behind a folding wooden table, the three amused judges watch the man try his best to impress. Going for broke, the contestant belts out an incredibly off-key note that causes the judges to cringe. Panic in his eyes, the man attempts to redeem himself with showmanship and he breaks out a cheer-inducing moonwalk.

Christie Zane (V/O):

With a year's worth of free beer on the line, contestants pulled out all the stops.

While the fourteen beers he drank before the contest granted him the courage to get up on the stage, it also took away his spatial awareness. Confusing the crowd's warning shouts as words of encouragement, the contestant moonwalks off the stage completely and lands hard on his back right in front of the judge's table. A hush falls over the crowd while Pat, Ophelia, and Dex look over the table and down to the floor. The silence is suddenly broken when the man jumps back up to his feet and continues to dance horribly. Sticking a hand up, the contestant high fives all three judges and moonwalks out of the picture.

Christie Zane (V/O):

It certainly was a day to remember for all who attended. After announcing the winners of the day's events, SNS also announced that all of the bar's proceeds for the day would be donated to the WrestleCare Fund, doubling down on the investment they made during the DEFRADIO telethon earlier in the month.

A clip is shown of the winners of the day's competitions getting their arms raised by SNS and Dex. The short video package comes to an end and the scene fades back in to Zane and the red carpet.

Christie Zane:

It was definitely a day that many of The Faithful will always remember, or maybe not depending on how early they showed up to Ballyhoo Brew. Right now, I'm just...

A roar from the crowd cuts Christie off and the camera pans away from her to show Dex Joy making his way down the red carpet. Dressed to the nines, the FIST slaps hands with fans as he makes his way towards the theatre entrance. Zane seizes the opportunity to get a few words from the man on top. Spotting Zane in the corner of his eye, Dex finishes signing an autograph and turns his massive frame to face her.

Christie Zane:

Dex, we just played some highlights from the party earlier today at Ballyhoo. How'd it feel to spend some quality time with The Faithful?

Dex Joy:

Christie! What's up! Looking good, lady!

Christie Zane:

Why, thank you!

Dex Joy:

It's a pleasure! Things like this are really fun to get out to, Christie! You get to meet all the big and little pallies everywhere and rub elbows with people that I would only dream of meeting! The original Over The Top was my jam growing up! Me and my college buddies used to do arm wrestling contests to pass the time in between football games and number one at the top of all those lists?

He points a thumb at himself.

Dex Joy:

Momma Joy's Baby Boy right here!

As Dex gives one last wave to the fans and disappears through the theatre's entrance, another roar erupts from the crowd. The camera snaps around just in time to see a black semi-truck rumbling down the road towards the crowd.

"HOOOOOOOOOONK! HOOOOOOOOONK!"

The big rig blares its loud horn a few more times for the crowd before stopping in front of the red carpet entrance. The camera zooms in on the truck to show "SNS Express" written on the passenger door. The door suddenly opens and

the crowd cheers as “Black Out” Pat Cassidy jumps to the concrete. Cassidy raises a fist to the people, dressed in blue jeans, black boots, and a tuxedo jacket with the sleeves torn off. Behind him, a black dress-clad Ophelia Sykes climbs down to join her boyfriend.

Christie Zane:

Here are SNS members, and supporting actors in Over The Top, Pat Cassidy and Ophelia Sykes!

The semi blares its horn one last time for the crowd as the driver’s door swings open. Hopping out of the cab, and decked out in a sleeveless tuxedo as well, a smiling Brock Newbludd waves to the crowd before turning back to the truck cab. A slender arm reaches down towards him and Newbludd grabs onto it to help a beautiful woman in a red dress down to the ground. The woman gives Brock a peck on the cheek, causing the crowd to let out a collective “Oooooooooo”. Grinning from ear to ear, Milwaukee’s Beast looks up to the open door again just as another hand reaches down towards him.

Christie Zane:

And with them is Brock Newbludd, star of Over the Top! It looks like he’s brought not one but two dates to the premiere!

Zane’s statement is proven true as Brock helps another, younger, woman down to the pavement. Upon closer examination, this woman is a spitting image of the older one and just like her she kisses Newbludd on the cheek. Brock and his double dates circle the front of the truck to join his fellow SNS members. Together, the group begins their walk down the red carpet only to be cut off by Christie after a few steps.

Christie Zane:

Quite the entrance for The Saturday Night Specials! Tell me, guys, how excited are all of you to finally see Over the Top? Or would nervous be a better word since rumor is you both appear in the film.

Cassidy scoffs.

Pat Cassidy:

Nervous? Nervous, Christie? I’m the [BLEEP]ing next Mark Whalberg. You know... the greatest actah of our generation?

Zane smiles, but the former BRAZEN Women’s Champion steps between the two. She moves noticeably gingerly.

Ophelia Sykes:

Go find your own movie star, Christie.

As a smiling Cassidy puts his arm around her, Zane turns her attention to Brock and his two friends. Over the Top’s leading man can barely contain himself as he puts an arm around each of his guests and smiles a quintessential shit eating grin.

Christie Zane:

Tonight’s the big night, Brock. How would you say this compares to the final moments leading up to a big match? This could make or break your budding movie career.

Brock Newbludd:

Oh yeah, I’m fired up, Christie. No doubt about it. But, I’m really not trying to think too much about it. Whatever happens is gonna happen. Just like anything in life, whether it be a main event match or an opening night like this one, you just gotta take it in stride and hope for the best.

Brock offers up a fist to Cassidy and his friend bumps it.

Brock Newbludd:

I tell ya what, though. Having the support of your friends...old and new...always helps calm the nerves.

Cassidy slaps his friend on the back.

Pat Cassidy:

Dude. Inspirational. You're in one movie and suddenly you have such range.

Newbludd grins again and Zane looks at the two women flanking him with a raised eyebrow.

Christie Zane:

And who, may I ask, did you bring with you on this big night?

Brock Newbludd:

Oh, Christie. I've been waiting to introduce these two amazing individuals to everybody all day. But, I'm not going to be rude and speak for them. Ladies, why don't you please introduce yourselves to Ms. Zane here?

One is a bit older than the other but they oddly look related to each other.

Margot:

Hi, I'm Margot and this is my daughter, Mallory.

Wait, they are related to each other! Both women have a nice frame to them. Margot is a bit older but she still looks good for her age. Mallory's hair is in excellent condition.

Margot Garland:

We're the Garland Girls. Christie, you might know my **son**.

Stunned silence. Newbludd smirks. Zane can't believe her eyes. Both Cassidy and Sykes' mouths hang open.

Christie Zane:

Ummm excuse me? Your son is Malak Garland? You're Margot and Mallory Garland? His, his family!?

They nod as they caress Brock's studly arms.

Mallory Garland:

Yup and we happen to love movies and arm wrestling so why wouldn't we be here! Thanks for the invite, Brock. You cutie.

Mallory places a delicate kiss on Brock's cheek. Margot looks jealous. Not of her daughter but of Brock and how his other cheek needs a kiss so she plucks him a nice one.

Margot Garland:

We're going to have an unforgettable night! On the top!

Christie Zane looks beyond confused.

Christie Zane:

I think you mean over!

Margot and Mallory drift into their own thoughts, completely ignoring Zane as they fawn over Brock Newbludd.

Mallory Garland:

An unforgettable night, indeed.

Laughing, Newbludd leans into the mic and gives Christie a wink.

Brock Newbludd:

Like I said, Christie, ya just gotta take things in stride.

With that, SNS and the Garland Girls continue down the red carpet. Leaving Christie Zane shocked and utterly confused.

ALVARO DE VARGAS vs. WES INGRAM

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to DEFTv and we kick things off in a big, BIG way tonight! We have “Supernova Cubana” himself, Alvaro de Vargas, in action momentarily. Later tonight, “The Fatal Attraction” JJ Dixon defends the Favoured Saints Title, looking for his fourth and final defense over Sgt. Safety!

Lance:

All this and more tonight from Seattle, live on UNCU...

LANCE, DARREN, A **REAL** TALKING HEAD IS SPEAKING NOW!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

As always, Tom Morrow is greeted by The Faithful with MASS jeers. He has his BFTA headset clicked on to insult the crowd while hands free. He’s also carrying a sleek gray carry-on spinner next to him.

Tom Morrow:

Seattle, we love you... at least that’s what I’m gonna tell you until Alvaro de Vargas wins his match tonight and ditches this town with a big check quicker than Russell Wilson!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Tom Morrow:

And how’d THAT turn out, Russ? Anyway, the car is being warmed up for us to get to SeaTac Airport with the quickness, so you’ll have to pardon if we speed-run this introduction cause we gotta catch a plane to New Orleans for the 200TH EDITION OF DEFTV WHERE YOU WILL WITNESS THE CROWNING OF A NEW SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION...

He points at the stage.

Tom Morrow:

STANDING AT SIX-FOOT EIGHT! WEIGHING 290 POUNDS! THE MAN THAT BURNED MASON LUCK’S FACE TO ASH, ALONG WITH MANY OTHERS! HE IS “SUPERNOVA CUBANA”... **ALVARO! DE! VARGAS!**

The DEFIatron now shows a burning yellow star in space. The flames continue to rise. The heat continues to burn brighter... The colors then become blue... and white... And with a thunderous explosion...

♪ “Empire of Ashes” by Like A Storm ♪

The thundering guitar riffs and intro lead to the towering menace storming through the curtains...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Bright blue-white pyro explodes from the stage as Alvaro de Vargas has traded his old attire for pristine white with light blue flames running up one leg and now has a completely bald head, but a neatly-trimmed beard. The arena is covered in alternating flashes of blue and white. Hiding his eyes behind a pair of now blue-tinted sunglasses, his walk is more deliberate than before. He takes his time as the jeers get loud! As he walks to the ring, the camera pans to his opponent already inside.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, already in the ring from Baltimore, Maryland... weighing in at 201 pounds... **WES INGRAM!**

The kid with the curly brown hair throws up both fists, then looks like he’s made a grave mistake signing on the dotted line for tonight’s contest.

DDK:

If I'm Wes Ingram right now, I hope he has a running car right now, too. Alvaro de Vargas attacked Lonnie Stone a few weeks ago and injured his ribs... and we'll see Stone in action a little later against Mark Luck!

Lance:

Stone can't be one hundred percent... and I don't have the feeling Wes Ingram will be 100% after this match, either.

ADV doesn't even remove his trademarked dark blue shades when Jonny Fastcountini calls for the bell...

DING DING

Ingram makes a blind charges towards Alvaro de Vargas and catches the giant Cuban in the chest with a running dropkick! The blow barely staggers Alvaro when Wes gets up! He hits another dropkick!

DDK:

Wes Ingram only 21 years old! What a massive upset this would be! We saw one recently when Punch Drunk Purcell defeated former FIST of DEFIANCE Edward White!

Lance:

Anything's possible!

Alvaro de Vargas is staggered from the second dropkick! Ingram shouts to The Faithful who are behind the young winless rookie. He charges off the ropes as fast as he can while Tom Morrow is checking his watch impatiently, watching Alvaro take a running dropkick to the chest again! He's still not off his feet, but stumbles around.

DDK:

I don't think Morrow was kidding... he's literally waiting for ride and knowing him, he's probably parked illegally across three handicapped spaces.

Ingram gets back up after the last kick, then goes to the top rope! He rears back and takes flight...

OOOOOOHHHH!

...only for Alvaro to nearly take his head off with a LARIAT on the way down!

Lance:

That was BRUTAL! What a lariat in mid-air to take out Ingram!

DDK:

And Alvaro looking as unstoppable as ever!

He grabs Ingram off the mat and puts him on his shoulders before LOBBING him right into the nearest corner with a lawn dart against the top turnbuckle!

DDK:

There's the Cuban Missile! And we know what comes next!

Ingram might as well be a grease spot at this point, but Morrow tells Supernova Cubana to wrap it up. Alvaro grins, then pulls him up by the hair one more time and turns him upside down... before DRILLING him into the canvas with a spinning tombstone piledriver!

DDK:

ARDIENDO! HE'S BEATEN FORMER CHAMPIONS WITH THIS SAME MOVE!

He simply places a palm on young Ingram's chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Empire of Ashes" by Like A Storm ♪

Lance:

And if he can hit this move on Corvo Alpha on DEFtv 200, that Southern Heritage Title is as good as his!

Alvaro stands up to his full height and doesn't even stick around to let Jonny Fastcountini raise his hand. Morrow yells that they gotta go and Alvaro nods before leaving the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

DDK:

De Vargas wins tonight's opening in quick fashion and as such, Supernova Cubana may pose the biggest threat we've seen to Corvo Alpha yet!

Lance:

That match will be next week and what a battle that one will be!

ADV nods along to Tom Morrow, then looks back at the fallen Wes Ingram in the ring.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Pfft. Pendejo.

SPLINTERS

After all the fireworks, music, lasers, and excitement have come to a stop, the Climate Pledge Arena in Seattle, Washington is but a memory of a frantic two nights of fighting. An exhausting calm has come over the building just 30 minutes after DEFTv 199 has gone off the air. The roar of the Faithful is now replaced by the sounds of the ring crew breaking down the set. On most nights the Pop Culture Phenoms wouldn't dream of feeling this live event hangover. As the last ones to arrive and the first to leave, a taste of the Seattle nightlife was on the itinerary. Not whatever in the hell this is.

Elise Ares:

AHHHHHHHHOW.

The high-pitched scream of the FACE of DEFIANCE reverberates through the empty halls as she jumps up off the bed and immediately begins slamming her fist down on a nearby table, chanting profanities to herself in Spanish to find her center.

Iris Davine:

You're finished. That was the last one.

The former Southern Heritage Champion runs her fingers through her dark brown hair matted with sweat, blood, and bits of wood that didn't quite get the opportunity to pierce into her back like the rest. She takes a look over at The D and Klein, who sit on generic black chairs against a stark white wall, licking their own wounds.

Elise Ares:

Thank Christ, can we go home now?

The D:

I thought we were going to Havana?

Elise Ares:

No not THAT hom- oh, you mean the nightclub don't you?

The D:

I think?

Elise Ares:

So did I until those Familia dipshits ran down and ruined EVERYTHING.

The D:

You think there's a Havana in Havana?

Klein and The D stand up simultaneously, Klein lifts all three DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Championships off of his lap and hands them out like goodie bags. They were brought to him by Lance Warner well after DEFTv 199 went off the air.

Elise Ares:

For real though, what the hell is this? What kind of sadists run this place where they are just CONSTANTLY throwing us into the ring against the largest creatures they can find? After years of fighting the Lucky Sevens, then we have to fight Flex Appeal...

Elise and The D both look over at Klein, who immediately lowers his head. The D gives him a pat on the back and Klein winces in pain after being mauled by Killjoy.

The D:

Sorry.

Elise Ares:

Not large enough? Okay. Then we have to go fight the two fattest asses that Ned Reform could find because God forbid we get that dude out of our lives forever. Now those three pricks?! Were the grades not weighted enough? Must we add HEIGHT? I AM SO. TOTES. OVER THIS.

The D:

Listen, this is our life. We got out, we look fantastic, we kick ass and get people jealous and walk out with these golden straps again, and again and again. I mean, I don't blame them. This is a life to envy. But it ain't everything. I mean, did you see those fans catch me when I was launched into the seats? Best and worst moment of my life! I mean, if that happened to Malak, the Faithful would drop him, pick him up just to drop him again.

Iris steps between the two PCP members and interrupts them.

Iris Davine:

No offense, but I hear enough people bitch all day and I want to go home so if you don't mind, we're going to pack up.

Klein nods in approval but Elise ignores the fact she was just spoken to and continues on unaware of the person who has been treating her wounds for the last thirty minutes.

Elise Ares:

But you see, D the difference between me and that white-haired toddler is that I've been busting my ass for DEFIANCE for EIGHT YEARS and I've had I think ONE? Opportunity at the FIST of DEFIANCE and got fucked out of it by 24K. Never to be heard from again. Waiting forever for my opportunity as literally every other member of the DEFIANCE roster gets their shot.

The D:

Wow, has it only been that one time?

Elise Ares:

Honestly, I'm not sure, it might be more than one but you'll have to excuse me because I WAS JUST THROWN THROUGH A TABLE BY A GIANT WOMAN.

The D:

Look. First. I'm glad you said it. I don't think I can call her GIANT. Political correctness and all. Y'know, you know it. I know it. Klein knows it. The Faithful all know it... you're a star. THE star. Your time will come, right now we just need to concentrate on being the best tag team in DEFIANCE histor-

Elise Ares:

That basement dweller gets to main event DEFCON. I get to pick splinters out of my ass for a week. That should be us, D. We should be main eventing DEFCON.

Klein:

You did just main event DEFtv 199.

You can visibly see the brain of Elise sputter for a moment as Klein speaks logic into existence.

Elise Ares:

Quit trying to logic me that's not the point! The point is we should main event EVERY show we're on. We are the greatest Tag Team in the history of DEFIANCE... no, scratch that... the history of EVER, but we both should've also been MULTIPLE time FIST of DEFIANCEs by now. DEFIANCEses?

The D:

Too bad we never got a shot when Stevens had the belt...

Elise Ares:

English is dumb. Everything hurts. This might be the table talking but let's just go to the hotel and hope I get drunk enough to FINALLY lose this ambition I've been cursed with in life. The pursuit of greatness is EXHAUSTING. I'm over it.

Klein:

You know, if you were the FIST of DEFIANCE, you could main event DEFCON.

Elise Ares:

DUH, yeah. That's the point, Klein. I thought you were supposed to be the smart one?

Klein:

Dex Joy has said he's the Everychamp. He'll give anyone a shot.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style freezes in place. She holds up a finger towards Klein as if she had something profound to say and then she immediately lost it. She begins to shake the finger at Klein biting her lip before finally saying something.

Elise Ares:

You know what, Klein. You're right. Let's keep the excessive drinking plan at least until I don't feel pain anymore, but then... I think I'll have a heart-to-heart with Dex.

The D:

Ooo! Play 'Come on Eileen' as you proposition him...

The conversation about drinking continues as they leave the room and enter the empty hallway where the scene fades to black.

Lonnie Stone vs. Mark Luck

DDK:

We've got a BRAZEN debut coming up! We have the debut of a man who for the last few months has been referring to himself as the young brother of Mason and Max Luck of the Lucky Sevens ... what do you make of Mark Luck?

Lance:

Egotistical! From what we heard in that confrontation a couple weeks ago with an injured Lonnie Stone, Mark Luck was the brother-in-law of the twins before he and their sister got divorced. Like the Sevens and Lonnie Stone, Mark Luck is another student of the legendary "Wild" Winston Luck and tonight, the two former students will collide!

DDK:

Lonnie Stone - an actual Luck by blood, and a cousin to the twins - he wants to show Mark Luck is an imposter coasting off a last name that isn't even his! That match is next!

♪ "Desperado" by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes ♪

Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first ... from Caliente, Nevada ... he weighs in at one-hundred fifty-nine pounds ... LONNNNNIIIIIIII STONNNNNNNNEEEEE!!!

Zippering through the curtains, Lonnie Stone doesn't wait too long for his entrance music to play. He points at the ring with two fingers then he flies right towards the ring at high velocity!. He jumps and slides right under the bottom rope. Wearing long silver tights and boots, he's keeping things simple tonight. Some pre-recorded comments appear on the screen.

Lonnie Stone:

Mark Luck ... you big doofus ... you don't even deserve the Luck family name! The only reason you have it is because Grandpa Winston liked you. But on behalf of Mason and Max ... I don't care how big or how strong you are! I'm chopping your fake ass down!

The comments end and Lonnie is in the ring making chopping motions with his hand. The music of Mark Luck begins to play.

♪ "Aces High" by Iron Maiden ♪

The theme plays and basking in what appears to be more awe than anything ... a young, tall, good looking kid with a body carved from granite! He wears an orange and blue robe and then he marches towards the ring with prepared pre-match comments as well.

Mark Luck:

Do not turn away from your streaming devices! I am the real third Luck brother - not like that tiny-ass impostor, Lonnie - and tonight, I make my UNCUT debut by beating a DEFIANCE roster star! My brothers may not have started the fire, but I'll be the first to tell you that I'm Too Hot For BRAZEN! Mark ... out!

The comments end there. Mark Luck walks into the ring.

Quimbey:

And his opponent hailing from Sin City ... he stands at seven feet tall! He weighs three-hundred pounds ... he is "Too Hot For BRAZEN" ... MAAAAAARRRRRRRRKKK LUUUUCCCKKK!!!

Lance:

I'm checking my notes ... he's a large man, that's for sure. My scouting report says he's six-nine and two-hundred eighty pounds!

DDK:

Are you suggesting that he's embellishing his height and weight to appear as if he's an actual seven-footer like Mason and Max Luck?

Lance:

Oh no, I'm not suggesting that at all.

Mark Luck disrobes and gets some cat calls from the ladies in the house tonight, revealing yellow and black full length tights with the words "What A Mark!" on the back. He points to the wording on his backside and then tells Lonnie Stone he's gonna get it.

DING DING

Lonnie Stone gives up a lot of size to Mark Luck, but nevertheless he stands up to the former brother-in-law to the Lucky Sevens. He goes to size up Mark Luck only to get picked up and belted across the ring like nothing at all! Lonnie gets thrown around like his nickname of the Lonn Dart and is checking his back. Mark Luck is already being booed by the crowd with both his arms out wide.

DDK:

Whether he's six-nine or seven feet tall, the size difference is a big one between Lonnie Stone and Mark Luck!

Stone is using nearby ropes to pull himself up into a corner while the self-proclaimed "Ace of Lucks" is still posing like Lonnie is beneath him. When Lonnie is upright in the corner, Mark bull rushes right at him but Lonnie slips in between the ropes to the apron and Mark hits nothing! Using his natural quickness, the evasive Lonnie climbs to the top rope. He waits on Mark and when he tries to go for a diving head scissors off the top Mark is able to use his strength and keeps Lonnie in place and then gets thrown into the corner!

DDK:

Bad news for Lonnie after the diving head scissors gets blocked!

Lance:

And remember he is only a couple weeks removed from that big throw from Alvaro to the floor outside. He was just cleared from rib injury and can't be 100%.

Lonnie hurts all over, but things are about to get worse. His body is between the ropes when Mark Luck grabs the legs of Lonnie and drags Li'l Lon to the center of the ring.

Mark Luck:

Roulette Wheel coming up!

He starts to spin ... and spin ... and spin some more!

DDK:

Mark told me this was the Roulette Wheel, a move used by one of our trainers in BRAZEN, Derrick Huber of the House! They were the first two graduates of the "Wild" Winston Luck school!

Lance:

And where Lonnie stops, only Mark knows!

The giant swing finally ends and Lonnie gets dropped across the ring! Mark has made himself very dizzy in the process and takes a moment to try and focus. When the official checks on him, Mark acts like he's about to upchuck and makes the official jump!

DDK:

Maybe using that Roulette Wheel gave him motion sickness?

Stone's own head keeps on spinning while Mark Luck finally regains himself. He goes over to where Lonnie landed and drops him with a scoop slam in the middle of the ring. Mark points at the official.

Mark Luck:

This next move ... little shoutout to my bro Max Luck and his Box Cars elbow drop!

With Lonnie planted firmly, Mark takes to the ropes and leaps back with a big leg drop across the chest of Lonnie that makes him wince!

Mark Luck:

The Ace Deuce leg drop! Remember that, people!

He lays flat across Lonnie's chest but doesn't put much pressure on.

One ...

Two ...

No!

Mark Luck looks up at the official and cannot believe that wasn't a three count.

DDK:

All these shoutouts to the people that trained him are cute, but Mark Luck should maybe focus on I dunno ... winning? Lonnie Stone is a member of the DEFIANCE roster!

Lance:

He is and he's in there fighting against a giant!

Mark Luck does not give up on his task for the BRAZEN star to beat a member of the DEFIANCE roster! He grabs Lonnie again. He's on his shoulder and he looks for a snake eyes in the corner but Lonnie is able to give him the slip before he can throw him. Mark ends up hitting the corner!

DDK:

Lonnie saves himself in the nick of time!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer on the underdog. When Mark turns around, he gets kicked in the leg and when he is stunned, he grabs Mark by the head and kicks off with a big tornado DDT that drops the self proclaimed Ace of Lucks's head into the canvas!

DDK:

Lonnie Stone scores with that flying tornado DDT!

Lance:

He has finally taken Mark Luc off his feet for the first time!

Mark grabs his head and he heads to the floor complaining about how he should be allowed to win already. Lonnie is prepping himself to hit something huge. When he is ready he grabs the ropes and leaps up to the top rope, then catches the unsuspecting Mark Luck with a big springboard rolling senton to the outside of the ring!

Lance:

That was some air he got on that dive, Darren! As powerful as Mark is, Lonnie has to be that much more quick!

DDK:

He does! Lonnie wipes out Mark Luck with the Lonn Dart! He has taken over this match!

After taking some time to recover off the big dive to the floor, Lonnie Stone sits up and he is cheered on by the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful for his performance right now. Mark Luck tries to head back to the ring after the big tornado DDT and the dive. When he gets into the ring, Lonnie once again hits another springboard and then lands with a big splash!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Mark Luck is able to kick out!

Lance:

Lonnie almost with the win, but the Ace of Lucks is able to kick out.

Mark is screaming at the official and holding his head. He is giving him the business for saying he should have won off the first pinfall. But while he is arguing, Lonnie Stone grabs him by the neck and runs up the ropes ... he tries for the Drop like a Stone ... but gets held onto and thrown into a big release back suplex!

DDK:

No! Lonnie's greatest weapon, that running cutter out of the corner called Drop like a Stone misses! It's all or nothing and it looks like Lonnie ends up with nothing!

Mark Luck sees a chance to win the match now that Lonnie is down. Lonnie gets picked up for a power bomb by Mark and when he gets picked up ... Lonnie bites him on the forehead!

Lance:

Lonnie is biting Mark! He's biting Mark on the forehead!

He stumbles over and Lonnie lands on top while hooking both legs!

DDK:

No! The power bomb is reversed into stacked pin!

Lonnie holds on for dear life to both legs of Mark!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

Mark Luck kicks out one second too late and Lonnie is already out of the ring!

♪ "Desperado" by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes ♪

Quimbey:

Here is your winner of this match ... LOONNNNNIIIIII STONNNNNEEEEE!!!

Lonnie holds up his three fingers and he can't believe he has won! Mark points at Lonnie and screams that he bit him, but the official did not see it take place! Lonnie is cheered by the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

DDK:

He wins the match! Lonnie Stone was getting beaten into powder, but at the last second ... well, he bit him! He bit him and he rolled him up!

Lance:

We've seen Lonnie use those types of moves in the past to get himself out of trouble! He's small, but that training in the Luck school! Use anything you can to win!

DDK:

So that's where the Lucky Sevens got it from. We hope to have a word on their condition sometime soon, but for tonight Lonnie wins and tries to represent his cousins!

Mark Luck is still screaming at the official and points to the bite marks on his forehead. Lonnie is outside and the underdog of DEFIANCE Wrestling gets cheered by the masses for his efforts!

We Scoff At The Hollywood Bruvz

The camera opens up to the dressing room of Madame Melton and Her Most Precious Gems, where an outraged Madama Melton paces around, while “The New Flying Frenchman” Jean-Pierre Reeves holds an icepack on his head (even with his beret) and Raiden seethes while sitting on his head. Melton, still clad in her silver gown, stops pacing and sees the camera.

Madame Melton:

Tonight, tonight was supposed to be my most triumphant night yet! A night where we asserted control! A night where my Gems -- My Most Precious Gems --- brought terror to the hearts of everyone backstage! A night where I smiled as I slapped that animal Corvo Alpha across his face! A night where I revealed the cunning trap of weeks in the making that we sprung just to humiliate Mikey Unlikely -- and to take his place as the most devious entity in DEFIANCE! But the night was supposed to end with one more misfortune to Mister Unlikely -- because it was set to be Mister Unlikely's final night as a professional wrestler!

She stomps her foot.

Madame Melton:

Madame Melton's March was interrupted by the shocking return of that... of that... Kendrix and the reunion of The Hollywood Bruvs! (Her eyes widen with madness.) Alas, The Most Precious Gems' rise to infamy was not derailed! This was nothing more than a slight detour -- an unplanned roadblock on our ascent to becoming DEFIANCE'S RULING CASTE! And, Kendrix, I suggest you pay special heed to our following words!

She shakes her head with disgust and paces again, before stomping on the ground.

Madame Melton:

Kendrix, my name is legend across the United Kingdom! You may have never heard of me as I would never dare sully myself with the lower-class likes of yourself. But there are multiple gentleman and aristocrats across the Commonwealth who have understood the joys that come with utter submission to me, the fulfilment that comes with relinquishing any last pride one may have to instead kneel before me in reverential awe, to bask in the pure bliss that comes from being a servant kept eye level at my feet! And these are men with proper titles like “Lord” and “Sir” and “Prime Minister” and “Opposition Leader” and, as of May 6, 2023, King! I am Great Britain's one, true IRON LADY, the one allegedly powerful men beg to serve! But, Mr. Kendrix... I don't intend to dominate you like I do so many. I intend to DESTROY you, along with your partner Mikey Unlikely. After all, The Most Precious Gems are this promotion's Big Game Hunters... and returning The Hollywood Bruvz back into your natural state of irrelevance is a mighty large pelt that will proudly adorn the wall of my grande Hollywood estate!

She huffs again and places a hand on her hip and turns around. Raiden stands up, snarling.

Raiden:

I don't have glue hands. I have (he holds up both of his fists) WEAPONS. I've been given the name THE CAUSE OF CONCUSSIONS for a reason. I'm the best striker professional wrestling has seen in a generation. It makes me feel ALIVE to think that I have the ability to punch or kick someone in the skull with so much force that they will FORGET THE NAMES OF THEIR LOVED ONES. It brings me joy to know that with just one punch or kick, I can make another man spend the rest of his life enduring daily migraine headaches, severe pain when faced with natural light, and the depression that comes with a now broken brain. I go to sleep with a specific dream of seeing a weeping woman signing paperwork offering her husband's skull for scientific research to study the lifelong effects of CTE -- caused by the BRAIN TRAUMA that sprung from my fists and feet! Mikey Unlikely... Kendrix... you've been away for a long, long time. You've returned at the very worst time -- OUR time. I look forward to being the one who takes away much of your core brain function.

Reeves snickers as he leans against his locker. Jean-Pierre gets up, frothing at the mouth.

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

Kendrix, Kendrix, Kendrix. Allow us a proper introduction. We are The French Connection -- the CRITERION COLLECTION OF TAG TEAM WRESTLING! And I, as a proud Frenchman, certainly have a lot of opinions on your.... tour.... BRITISHNESS to share with you now.

Reeves spits with disgust.

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

Kendrix, you represent the worst of Britain, which makes you, by birth, the worst of humanity. I'd call you "working class" if you were even in the least employable. We celebrated when Britain chose LEAVE so we could wash our hands with the likes of you. You are nothing more than a crooked tooth chav -- born from some "woman" who smoked a pack a day while you were still in the womb and still has no clue which prole sitting in what pub is your actual father. But, either way, I can guarantee that he's on the dole! It's all such a laugh, *innit?*!

He shakes his head in French disdain again.

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

Yes, Kendrix. You're the type of Brit who spends your days sorting through discarded scratchards at the local dump hoping to find an unclaimed 20 quid while you nurse the hangover obtained after chugging cooking wine shoplifted from a lorry behind a Newcastle Tesco's! How many times, Kendrix, were you and your hooligan Cockney friends on a stag weekend prevented from departing the plane upon its landing in Latvia because you can't handle being sober in public for more than 45 seconds? Go forth and pretend that PG Tips tea isn't just some homeless man's urine. Keep on filling your fat mouths with all of that disgusting, fried, tasteless food while you casually ignore the fish crumbs tumbling down your mismatched TK Maxx trainers!

The New Flying Frenchman has a face that says "I can't believe I have to even think about Brits."

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

You and the entire British underclass are what we French refer to as *pauvre connards* -- poor ***holes. You are at best a mediocre people whose only joy in life comes from accurately guessing this season's winner of Strictly Come Dancing! English mediocrity is why your slob supporters go home crying after every major football tournament as your team once again proves itself as "a little bit better than San Marino" while my country's team -- *Les Blues!* - has a proud and recurring tradition of walking down the Champs E'lysee while holding up the Cup in triumph!

Reeves now chuckles with Gallic arrogance.

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

Kendrix, you're British and understand the importance of queuing. Well, you and your partner Mikey Unlikely — still holding out hope to be the voice of ""The Cat in a remake of Sabrina, The Teenage Witch" — will take your proper place in the back of the line... well behind The French Connection!

Raiden makes the "X" over his head. Reeves goes back to putting the ice pack on his neck while Melton gazes into a horizon only she can see.

STRONG AF vs. THOMAS SLAINE

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got a Seattle native in action! In fact, he wears it proudly in his nickname! "The Seattle Strongman" Strong AF against the brawler from Louisiana, Thomas Slaine! And that match is coming up next!

Lance:

We take it back to ringside with Darren Quimbey for introductions!

And we do just that as Quimbey starts his introductions!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Nachitoches, Louisiana, weighing in at 221 pounds... **THOMAS SLAINE!**

♪ "I Feel Love (Every Million Miles)" by The Dead Weather ♪

The music hits and Thomas Slaine steps out from the back, ready to fight. The brawler then starts running to the ring and when he gets there, he points an imaginary gun up in the air, blows imaginary smoke from pulling the imaginary trigger, then steps inside. He looks ready to fight as he pulls on the ropes and starts biting down on the top cable. You know, cause crazy boy. His music fades quietly and right into the next...

♪ "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 new white STRONK logo on the sides boots with dark and light blue tassels straight out of the 80s, out comes the big man, getting cheers for the first time in his DEFIANCE career! He shows off his chiseled physique and then heads to ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from RIGHT HERE IN SEATTLE, WASHINGTON..., weighing in at 260 pounds... he is ALLEN FOSTERS... **STRONG! A! F!**

The Seattle Strongman rubs his hands together and then starts heading towards the ring with intent to hurt somebody. He stomps a foot on the steps, hits the bicep flex, then heads up the steps. The powerhouse climbs into the ring and looks up at his opponent and gets the hometown cheers!

DDK:

Strong AF taking in the cheers from his hometown Faithful tonight! We'll see if they can propel him to a win!

Lance:

I think this is the first time he's ever been cheered like this!

DDK:

I believe you're right! He's been mostly about himself, but we'll see if this affects him in any way!

Referee Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

Strong AF gets chants from The Faithful and then points out to them. Meanwhile, a jealous Thomas Slaine angrily puts a thumb in his mouth and tries to make himself look bigger by puffing himself up to match the incredible physique of The Seattle Strongman. Slaine comes off the ropes and runs into the Seattle native with a shoulder block, but doesn't go down.

DDK:

Slaine trying his best to get Strong AF off his feet, but it's not working so far.

He puts a thumb in his mouth and "blows himself up" again while Mr. STRONK can't help but smile. He points at the ropes and dares Slaine to take his best shot a second time. He charges off the ropes... second verse, same as the first. He doesn't move much and looks at the crowd with his very best Jim Halpert-like side smirk.

Lance:

Maybe Thomas Slaine should try something different? I don't think this is working.

He charges one more time... but then turns around and catches Strong AF with a surprise chop to the chest first! The blow stings him and allows Slaine to charge off the ropes for another free shot... but instead, he gets picked up and pressed in the air!

DDK:

It's all in the name, folks! Strong AF showing his hometown fans he's just that! Look at this!

Slaine is screaming as he's up in the air in a military press! Not just that, but he's doing reps and the fans count along!

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN!

...Then Strong AF DROPS him to the ground before pounding on his chest!

DDK:

Something hits different for a lot of wrestlers when they get to perform in front of their home towns sometimes! And it looks like more of that for Strong AF tonight!

He picks up Slaine in a pumphandle type setup, but instead of lifting him right for a slam... he starts CURLING the brawler in the pumphandle set up and The Faithful count along again!

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN!

...Then he gets DROPPED with a big pumphandle release suplex!

Lance:

I don't think I've EVER seen that before! That was impressive strength!

Slaine is doing his best to stand as Strong AF stands on the nearby second rope and takes in the very positive reception from his people! It brings a smile to the face of Allan Fosters before he jumps down.

DDK:

He may be milking this just a little bit, though. You can't give Thomas Slaine any bit of an opening.

The brawler is limping to the corner after being thrown across the ring when Mr. STRONK has another move in mind. When he has Slaine in his sights, he charges towards the corner...

CLANG!

...but the running shoulder tackle in the corner misses and Strong AF hits steel!

DDK:

Oooh! Slaine gets out of the way of that charging tackle in the corner!

Lance:

It doesn't matter at all how strong you are! When a wrestler meets that steel ring post, the steel ring post wins!

Strong AF now favors his shoulder and when he turns around, he gets a stiff running forearm to the jaw by the Louisiana brawler! He gets rocked with a big kick to the face in the corner next and as he's stunned, Slaine BITES him on the side of his head! Rex Knox warns him and gives him a five count to break, which Thomas backs off after the count of four. The Faithful are jeering the brawler as he CRACKS Strong AF with a running shotgun dropkick into the corner!

DDK:

Oooh! That might be his best shot here! Slaine going to the top rope!

The Seattle Faithful boo Thomas Slaine while Strong AF is on the ground still favoring his shoulder. Slaine gets back up to the top rope and takes flight to catch Strong AF with a top rope flying forearm that knocks him off his feet!

DDK:

He finally has Fosters down! Can he get the win and spoil the homecoming?

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Seattle Strongman pushes his way out of the cover, surprising Slaine in the process!

DDK:

Two-count by Slaine, but he's got Strong AF on the ropes!

He goes over to grab an arm of the Seattle native and then tries to completely secure the double underhook... but all he secures is another free flight courtesy of the powerhouse when he shoots him up and over with a modified back body drop out of the hold! The fans packed in the Climate Pledge Arena go crazy!

DDK:

Strong AF looking to make his comeback here after countering that double arm DDT that Slaine likes to use!

He gets back up and then rotates his arm to make sure he can still make good use of it after being slammed. Strong AF runs forward into a big running clothesline from the left side by the powerhouse. When Slaine tries to stand a second time, he catches a back elbow off the rebound a second time. Slaine tries to stan again, only to get slammed down hard to the mat with a big belly-to-belly suplex! Strong AF stands up and then shouts to The Faithful, getting fired up off their rowdy energy!

DDK:

Seattle is one of the louder cities we get to perform in front of and right now, it's paying dividends for one of their own!

Lance:

And I think that Strong AF is ready to secure a win in front of his hometown!

Strong AF hooks both arms around the legs of Slaine and then HOISTS him up before driving him down to the canvas with a modified leg hook chokeslam!

DDK:

You called it, Lance! Deadly AF Chokeslam connects!

The Seattle Strongman hooks the leg and counts along with The Faithful!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Watch Me" The Phantoms ♪

Feeling fired up from his hometown, Strong AF jumps up! He gets his arm raised by Knox and perhaps for the first time since being on the main roster last year, he has a smile on his face.

Darren Quimbey:

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

The powerhouse takes a bow in front of his hometown and then heads out of the ring. Strong AF climbs out of the ring and he slaps a few hands and hands out a few fist bumps.

DDK:

A quick hometown win for Strong AF! Still to come in our main event... we have the Favoured Saints Title on the line! "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon takes on the man that was victorious on UNCUT two weeks ago... the ever-popular Sgt. Safety!

CAN I SIT HERE?

DEFIANCE Wrestleplex
New Orleans, Louisiana
3/1/24

The bandages are finally off.

Concussion tests were passed.

Six long weeks of waiting to see if his eye would heal and thankfully, this time, it did. It could have been so much worse.

But now, a big redheaded kid from Utah walks into the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex for the first time in what feels like ages. He nods to a few BRAZEN talents that he used to know and rushes right past them.

He doesn't really want to be around anybody...

BZZZZT

But a text has his attention.

He looks down at his phone.

"It's been nice to get to know you these past few weeks, friend. When you get here, stop by and say hi. Be happy to help get you back to ring shape before you know it."

He looks down and lifts his shirt. Thankfully, the abs survived these past six weeks in hibernation, but it could have been so much worse.

BZZZZT

"We requested some quiet time in the training rings section for the afternoon. Remember... come on down and use the password if you want to train."

He sends a quick text back.

"Thank you."

Once he makes his way through the BRAZEN locker rooms, past the trainers, past the coach offices, past all of that...

He sees that the training area is empty.

He looks around.

"Hello? Anyone here?"

BZZZZT

"Say the passphrase."

He looks up and doesn't see anyone. He looks back at his text history with the person he's been texting back and forth with for the past few weeks...

He finds it.

Dan Leo James:

Hi. Um... "Can I sit with you?"

FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: JJ DIXON (c) vs. SGT. SAFETY

♪ *How Soon Is Now by The Smiths* ♪

The filmstrip countdown starts, followed by clips of The Gems, the faded grandeur of The Melton Mansion in Hollywood, and old clips of the starlets of yore. The eerie music cues up, with the spotlight cast at the top of the ramp. "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon is on his knees, as he slowly holds his Favoured Saints title over his head, letting out a yell as he does! The masked JJ then pops to his feet, swinging the belt wildly as he makes his way down the ramp. He then does a vertical leap from the floor to the apron, then slingshots himself over the top with a somersault, before sliding to his knees and again holding the title over his head! The arena lights come on.

DDK:

And here comes the much anticipated third defense of JJ Dixon — whose first two "victories" were mired in controversy! Hopefully we don't see that tonight as it appears JJ is making a rare solo appearance — with Madame Melton and the rest of The Gems nowhere in sight!

Lance:

We might be better off, considering the way they rampaged through the arena last week! They targeted Mikey Unlikely with an elaborate scheme to embarrass a man regarded as one of the most brilliant tactical rulebreakers we have ever scene. Madame smiled as she slapped Corvo Alpha in his face! The only stumbling block that evening was the dramatic reunification of The Hollywood Bruvz!

DDK:

Now we await the identity of the challenger!

Lance:

All I have heard is that someone with a major bone to pick with The Most Precious Gems demanded a shot tonight! There are, of course, many people this could be.

DDK:

And a third successful defense sets up a very interesting match at our landmark DEF TV 200, where MV1 will challenge his deranged friend and protege Dixon in hopes to take the title, and to stop JJ from then going on to face his estranged former tag partner Corvo Alpha!

There's a pause of anticipation before the music cues up...

♪ *The Safety Dance by Men Without Hats* ♪

The crowd flips out as the beloved Sgt. Safety appears from the back, clad in his giant yellow HAZMAT suit, helmet, safety goggles and also an OSHA-approved breathing apparatus that obscures his face. He pauses as he holds out his decibel meter, turning to one side of the Climate Pledge Arena as they make noise. He then turns to the other, as they try and defeat the level!

DDK:

Oh wow! DEFIANCE's own safety inspector stepping up to try and halt JJ's reign with the title!

Lance:

Sgt. Safety definitely has his issues with The Most Precious Gems. In his first in-ring appearance as The Fatal Attraction, JJ singled Sgt. Safety out for allegedly receiving "top billing" over him at an earlier episode of Uncut.

DDK:

And last week, The French Connection laid out Sgt. Safety in the hallway during their Day of Rage!

The Searge continues with his safety meter before he gets to the first ring step. He wags a "no-no" finger at JJ before he matches up the steps and smashes it on the floor right as his music stops! He then makes the "get up!" gesture to the fans, who all rise!

DDK:

I have never seen Sgt. Safety so amped for a match — or to do something as potentially dangerous as smash his own decibel meter!

Lance:

It almost feels like the “Beast Quake” — Seattle Seahawks icon Marshawn Lynch’s legendary run in the playoffs that literally triggered seismic activity!

Sgt. Safety! (Clap clap clap clap clap)

Sgt. Safety! (Clap clap clap clap clap)

Sgt. Safety! (Clap clap clap clap clap)

DDK:

I think everyone here and at home wants to see the beloved cult hero Sgt. Safety win here tonight!

JJ Dixon stretches against the top rope. The very excited Sgt. Safety stomps on the mat to continue to rally The Faithful!

Controversial Referee Mark Shields rings the bell.

Ding! Ding!

DDK:

Sgt. Safety runs towards Dixon — Dixon with the quick roll-up!

One! Two! Three!

The crowd is absolutely shocked at the quick, flash pin. JJ kneels and holds his hands up in triumph as Sgt. Safety rolls to his feet...

And first takes off his eyewear... and then the breathing mask... and then his safety helmet... before pulling a beret out of the HAZMAT suit pocket to reveal...

“The New Flying Frenchman” Jean-Pierre Reeves!

DDK:

We should have known!

Lance:

The Gems should be absolutely ashamed of themselves! That is three defenses from JJ by incredibly dubious methods — including two times involving his partner-in-crime Jean-Pierre intentionally laying down for the pinfall!

JJ and Reeves hug in the middle of the ring, jumping for joy as the crowd lets them have it! A cup of soda comes there way, along with the boos. Reeves turns to egg on more of the crowd’s vitriol when the arena lights turn off.

Then a spotlight is cast at the top of the ramp! To the left stands Raiden, a smug/sinister glare on his face. To the right stands Madame Melton, with a similar pose. And they are both leaning against a black object.

DDK:

What is that thing — oh... dear.,, god.

The camera shows a young member of The Faithful covering his mouth with his hands in shock before the camera finally reveals...

Raiden and Melton are leaning against a black cage. With Sgt. Safety in the cage. Each of his hands is crudely tied to

each opposite corner, unconscious, for the world to see.

The camera zooms on Safety's face. His forehead is bloodied, while face paint in Corvo Alpha's colors are smeared across his face.

DDK:

I don't know if there is a more ruthless, fearsome and downright terrifying group right now in DEFIANCE!

The camera now shows the word "Animal" scrawled on Sgt. Safety's bare chest, with welts and bruises all along his body.

Lance:

And it appears by the week that The Gems' ascent to power here in DEFIANCE as promised by Madame Melton —

She takes a step forward as JJ and Reeves reach the cage, with Reeves screaming "Bomsior!" at Sgt. Safety.

Lance:

Is becoming more inevitable by the day!

Raiden and Reeves lean against each side of the cage, with wide smiles. JJ falls to his knees and turns to the crowd, bringing the title slowly over his head as Madame Melton steps behind him, taking the title and draping it over her shoulder. She bats her eyes around the arena and lets out an evil cackle before she says it.

Madame Melton:

MADAME MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

She snaps her fingers and the spotlight goes black.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.