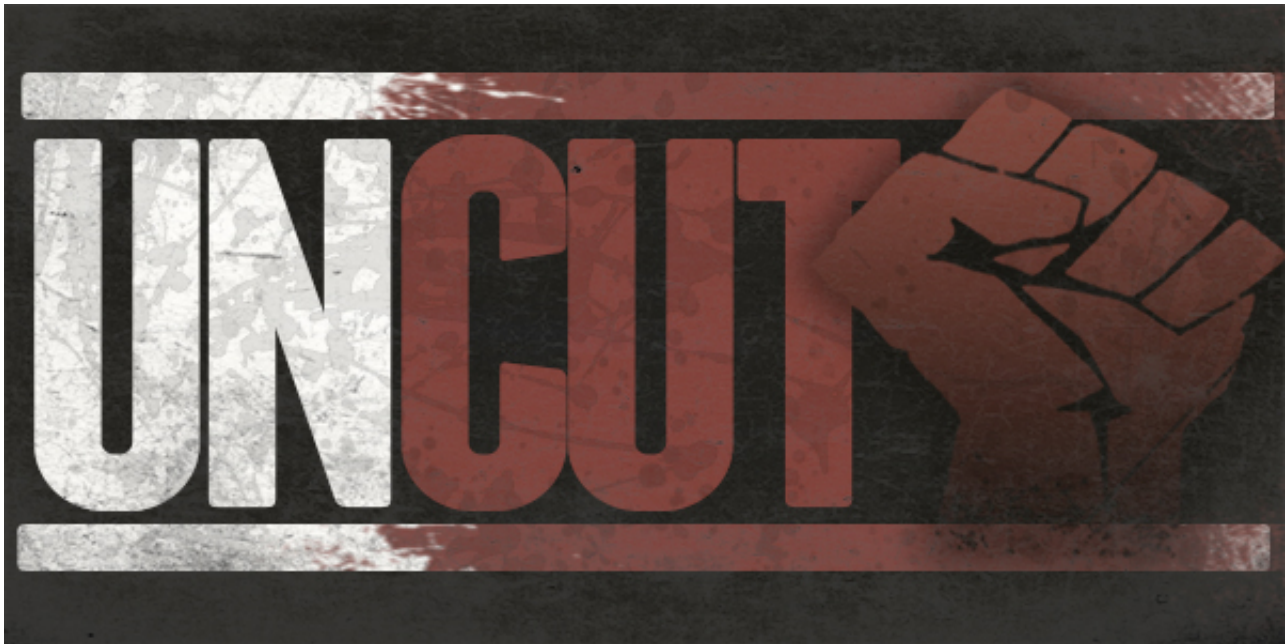


## SHOW OPEN



## **BRAZEN ONSLAUGHT CHAMPIONSHIP: PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL vs. HUGO GONZALEZ**

**DDK:**

Welcome to our last stop before DEFIANCE's biggest two-night even of the year... DEFCON! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and alongside as always, Lance Warner!

**Lance:**

Thank you, Darren! We've got some great action in store for tonight! We have The French Connection in tag team action! And Before challenging for the Unified Tag Team Championships at DEFCON alongside Titaness, the anointed "Future of Titanes Familia" Killjoy will be in action against perennial underdog Nicky Synz!

**DDK:**

But first... before tangling with "The Socialite" Edward White at DEFCON, one of BRAZEN's biggest sensations, Punch Drunk Purcell will defend the BRAZEN Onslaught Championship against the first man to hold that title... the 6'5" and 330-pound Gerardo Villalobos! That title match... is right now! Let's take it to Darren Quimbey for entrances and the championship introductions!

Three ringing bells echo throughout the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex, followed by three words on the DEFIAtron...

**PUNCH.  
PIN.  
PAY WINDOW.**

♪ "Let's Get it On" by Infinite ♪

Stepping out onto the stage, the fridge-like figure of the former boxer appears, wearing his rainbow-colored camouflage boxing shorts, red wrestling shoes, black MMA gloves and, lest we forget, the BRAZEN Onslaught Championship around his waist! In either hand, he once again waves two shirts...

"ED WHITE CAUGHT A RIGHT"

"PURCELLDOZER"

**DDK:**

More t-shirts! Another shirt made after footage aired of Purcell commandeering that bulldozer at the golf course Ed White is making after he bought the land out from Dex Joy.

**Lance:**

Commissioned by Punchy himself!

On the way to the ring, he throws out each shirt to either side of the arena as free merch for somebody to take home! Purcell reaches the ring and then balls his fists together. He nods along to the smooth sounds of his theme and then climbs into the ring. He holds out the bronze-plated BRAZEN Onslaught Championship, then puts his mouthguard in before waiting on his opponent.

♪ "Wants and Needs" (instrumental) by Drake ♪

The eerily haunting piano drones through the public address system as machine-made smoke slowly rises from the stage. Dressed in dark denim, out comes the first-ever man to hold the BRAZEN Onslaught Championship. He marches to the ring and climbs inside. After coming nose to nose with Purcell, the official Carla Ferrari squeezes in between the two monsters before ordering them back to the corners so Darren Quimbey can do the introductions.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The following contest is set for one fall and it is for the BRAZEN Onslaught Championship! Introducing first... from

Boyle Heights, California, weighing in at 330 pounds... he is the inaugural holder of the BRAZEN Onslaught Championship... **GERARDO VILLALOBOS!**

Big Lobos holds out both hands to the sides and gets jeers. He then starts taking off his jacket.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent... he is the reigning and defending BRAZEN Onslaught Champion... from Atlanta, Georgia, weighing in at 351 pounds... He is The Green-Eyed Wild Man! He is The Round Mound of Ground and Pound... he is **PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!**

Purcell turns around to show off his new customized Purcell hoodie, then takes it off. He gets rid of the hoodie and then hands the title over to Carla Ferrari. The BRAZEN Onslaught Title is hoisted up.

**DING DING**

...and just after the bell, Big Lobos throws his own hoodie right at Punchy! He knocks the hoodie aside, only to catch a big clubbing blow to the side of the head and get staggered into the corner!

**Lance:**

Gerardo with the assault right from the get-go! He held onto that hoodie!

**DDK:**

Like you said, Gerardo Villalobos was the first Onslaught Champion in history and tonight, he has a chance to win it back!

The powerhouse of Los Caidos continues to rain down punches to Punchy in the corner. The former boxer tries to get his guard up, only for Gerardo to switch up to shoulder thrusts in the corner. The big California native continues to gut check him and then backs off for a few at the behest of Carla Ferrari warning him. He does... but then as Purcell tries to get out of the corner, Gerardo blasts him with another big shot upside the head!

**DDK:**

And there's Gerardo with another cheap shot! When they became disciples of Victor Vacio, the entire group resorted to tactics like this!

**Lance:**

It's interesting that the rest of the group aren't here tonight, but tonight perhaps he wanted to do this on his own!

Gerardo rears back as Purcell holds on to the ropes. He lines up Purcell in the corner and he charges in to hit a running body avalanche! Purcell gets rocked as Villalobos moves back a step or two. He charges a second time and then nails a second running body avalanche in the corner!

**DDK:**

Look at Villalobos go tonight! Ironically enough, the boxer is the one who is on the ropes right now.

The Faithful cheer on Purcell as Gerardo yells for all of the Portland Faithful to shut up! He charges off the ropes and then collides with Purcell using a big running crossbody!

**DDK:**

Goodness! What a running crossbody by Villalobos! And right into the cover!

He goes for the cover and the title with a lateral press!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Purcell kicks out quickly and he's back up to a seated position to try and keep Gerardo from going for a second cover.

**Lance:**

Villalobos flew with that crossbody, but we have seen Purcell take as much punishment as he can dish out!

**DDK:**

Two big men engaged in a HOSSFITE tonight to crown the BRAZEN Onslaught title dedicated to HOSSFITES!

Purcell gets back up and then Villalobos runs off the ropes. He tries looking for another big shot... but instead, he EATS another big gut shot to the chest, courtesy of a big punch from Punchy! Big Lobo is doubled over in pain and falls to a knee while The Faithful cheer!

**DDK:**

Purcell makes his first official offense in this match one that counts! That big right hand -- especially his knockout blow called Punch Drunk Love -- has been a guaranteed win for whoever he's hit it on. Ed White and Scotty Flash both know it well!

**Lance:**

But can he lift up someone as big as Villalobos for it?

The Round Mound of Ground and Pound finally comes around and then calls out to The Faithful, who respond in kind with a loud number of cheers! Villalobos is doubled over in the corner when Purcell calls out to the people, then charges forward and delivers a running back elbow to the chest that rocks him. When Villalobos comes out of the corner, The Green-eyed Wild Man swings his hand around and then SMACKS him with a big spinning clothesline to the chest that knocks him back to a seated position in the corner!

**DDK:**

Oooh! Purcell calls that move the One-Two Combination! He just rung Gerardo's bell using that move.

**Lance:**

And I think Punchy is ready to fight back!

Gerardo tries to get back to his feet slowly. Punchy dares him to take a swing. He does and misses, but Purcell catches him around the waist and then THROWS him up and over with a huge overhead belly-to-belly suplex that amazes The Faithful! Gerardo bounces off the canvas and then holds his back in pain as Purcell looks pleased as... well, punch that he hit a suplex!

**DDK:**

What an overhead belly-to-belly suplex on a 330-pound man!

**Lance:**

I've heard stories in BRAZEN about trainers and management impressed with his willingness to become more well-rounded!

Purcell is back on his feet again and he's got a fist balled up! He points towards the corner that Big Lobo is in and runs towards him... but he gets caught with a big kick to the face from Gerardo first! The inaugural holder of the BRAZEN Onslaught Title throws a thumb across his throat and then tries to pick up PDP from the side in a dominator position. He smirks and then tries... but Punch holds on and then SHOOTs him up and over with a huge back body drop!

**Lance:**

He was trying to go for Stay in Escuela, but Purcell countered!

**DDK:**

And I think he's ready to end this!

Purcell grabs Gerardo by the arm and then hangs behind him. He pulls his arm in ripcord-like fashion... THEN CRACKS HIM WITH THE RIGHT HAND! Villalobos collapses to a knee and slumps back to the mat as The Faithful collectively groan!

**DDK:**

I think that's done! He didn't use the pop-up and instead, used the ripcord setup into that other variation of Punch Drunk Love!

Punchy then ducks down and hooks a leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DING DING DING**

♪ "Let's Get it On" by Infinite ♪

The music plays as Purcell checks to make sure he's all good, then gets back to his feet. He is handed his title by Carla Ferrari, then holds it high!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner... and STILL BRAZEN Onslaught Champion... **PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!**

Punchy almost goes to hug Carla quickly in a happy stupor, then throws a big punch into the sky!

**DDK:**

Another successful defense that we've seen by Punch Drunk Purcell! We understand that before his clash with "The Socialite" Edward White, he will defend that title against his long-time BRAZEN rival, "The Problem Solver" Adrian Payne at the CLASH at the 'CONCON expo just days before DEFCON!

**Lance:**

A lot coming up on that young man's plate, but he seems ready for it!

Purcell leaves the ring and as he heads to the back...

A single words flashes on the DEFIAtron...

MURDER

The lights are mostly black, but Purcell looks up along with the rest of the Faithful and looks weirded out.

**DDK:**

This again? We saw this display on UNCUT a few weeks ago... what is this?

Without warning, the lights go back on and the word disappears completely. Purcell looks at Carla and they both equally look weirded out by what they have all seen.

**DDK:**

Any clues as to what that was?

**Lance:**

I asked around when it last happened... and nada from any of my sources. Hopefully, we find out soon.

## HOSTILE SLEEPOVER

A seedy hotel, somewhere in Portland. So, in essence, any hotel in Portland. Wow okay, shots fired but seriously, doesn't everyone want to move from Portland to Seattle?

**Teresa Ames:**

Snack?

Teresa Ames nearly bunny hops around the dingy hotel room which feels like it's straight out of the nineties. Bad wallpaper and water stains dominate the room as Thurston Hunter, Game Boy, Cyrus Bates and Percy Collins are all evenly spread throughout it. Hunter and Game Boy face each, sitting on opposite beds. Ames holds out a tray of microwaveable pizza bites within arms reach.

**Teresa Ames:**

Want some of this shit? I cooked them myself in the microwave over there.

Hunter looks. He shouldn't have. The microwave is the dirtiest thing you could imagine. Why would you ever eat anything that has been in that broken down mess?

**Thurston Hunter:**

Sure!

The Street Fighter takes one without hesitation. He bites into it and immediately looks to spit it out.

**Thurston Hunter:**

HOT! HOT! HOT! Too hot!

Ames smiles as she slaps Hunter's face so hard that the half chewed pizza bite flies across the room. It ends up bouncing off one of Cyrus Bates' bountiful pectoral muscles. Cyrus looks down and notices a smear of pizza sauce on his beautiful skin.

**Cyrus Bates:**

Looks like I have to wash up.

With Bates heading to the washroom, Teresa turns to Game Boy and offers him a bite. The only thing is, Game Boy is wearing his SNES inspired mask as usual. He looks down at the offerings and huffs in refusal. Teresa retracts the plate of treats before pacing around the room.

**Teresa Ames:**

Okay, okay. Shit guy, shit. Let's all just take a mother [expletive] second to process everything for crying out loud. Happy homemaker, happy homemaker. Yes, I am a happy homemaker.

Ames scratches her head like the spastic nutcase she is. She's doing her best to keep it all together because someone has to.

**Teresa Ames:**

Okay, where to start? Haha. How about you?

Ames jumps right into Thurston's face which causes terror to overcome him.

**Teresa Ames:**

WHAT THE ABSOLUTE HELL WAS THAT!? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO STREET FIGHTED THOSE ASSCLOWNS BOXWOOD!? INSTEAD, YOU GOT TURNED INSIDE OUT LIKE A CHEAP LADY OF THE NIGHT ON A WEEKEND!

Ames regains her posture. She fixes her hair. Everything is alright.

**Teresa Ames:**

I'm glad you burned your tongue on my delectable pizza bite treats. Just be glad I don't give you a burning sensation somewhere on your lower extremities!

She outright spits on Hunter before turning to Game Boy.

**Teresa Ames:**

You. You simple minded, mute mouthed, incompetent nimmy of a tiny man! You, you LOST! You never lose! How could you let my ex and his partner get a win like that over you? I should take some of those molten lava hot pizza bites and shove them straight down your gullet!

She marches around the room in a fury.

**Teresa Ames:**

UNACCEPTABLE! UNACCEPTABLE! UNACCEPTABLE!

By this time, Bates exits the washroom with no trace of pizza sauce on his chest. Instead, there's some eerily lingering on his lips.

**Cyrus Bates:**

No one should want to go in there for like a good five minutes. Don't worry, I left the fan on. What did I miss?

Ames, as scatterbrained as ever, stares a hole through Bates.

**Teresa Ames:**

I WAS JUST BERATING THESE BUFFOONS ON THEIR LOSS TO BOXWOOD! CARE TO CONTRIBUTE!?

Bates naturally cracks his knuckles before he steps up to the plate and speaks as quietly but intensely as ever.

**Cyrus Bates:**

You two. Do better.

Hunter keeps his head hung low. Game Boy just sits there and takes it. Meanwhile, Percy Collins is in the background just downing all the pizza bites which have cooled a bit by now. Ames walks over to Bates and gently taps him on his broad chest.

**Teresa Ames:**

You and me. We're the only two people we can depend on. We've got to find a way to take out the trash pandas ourselves.

Cyrus stays stoic and just nods.

**Cyrus Bates:**

It would be my pleasure.

## THE ENTIRE CLIP

This thing on, pallies? Good!

The camera is in focus. Ten minutes removed from fighting through a collection of Malak Garland's lackeys, the Comments Section, Dex Joy is still breathing heavily after having chased off the group and their leader Malak Garland.

**Dex Joy:**

Malak Garland!!!

Dex is running his hand through his hair right now. Being whacked with a chair from behind hurts but he's still running on adrenaline!

**Dex Joy:**

I told you, didn't I? I told you! I told you real good that I was going to get my FIST of DEFIANCE back out of your pissy little grip and that I'd turn your Paper Title into confetti! Dextradamus called his shots just like I did with Vae Victis and I correctly predicted once again everybody!

Dex's voice echoes in the halls as one of the DEFIANCE staffers returns the FIST to his possession. Dex gives him a nod of thanks and continues his walk and talk.

**Dex Joy:**

You looked pretty confident with that backup, Malak. You looked pretty dang confident for someone that knows that he's got a whole lot of pain coming to him! You might have Mark Shields as your referee and you might think of that doofus as some kind of security blanket that's gonna get you the win, but I don't give a damn cause if I even catch a *whiff* of collusion that I can see coming, I'll make sure I hurt you even more! You might have Mark, but what you *won't* be having is Search Party Cyrus or Theresa Ames or Siobhan Cassidy or Jocelyn Ingrid Blythe Danner or the Game Boy or Thurston Hunter or Bobby "Cross Eyed Dumb Ass" Magoo or anyone else that's in your group helping you to do what you just tried to do and *failed!* Malak! All you did trying to set me up back here in these halls ... was seal your fate!

Dex is continuing his march with the camera filming him.

**Dex Joy:**

You've made enemies of a lot of people playing this little snowflake routine, but don't think I can't see you for what you are, Malak. A manipulator who drives wedges in partnerships, who cuts corners, who literally tries to whine and complain his way out of every ass kicking he has coming. Your entire career, as a tag team champion or as a singles competitor, you have been hoisted up by other people better than you or brainwashed idiots into taking bullets for you. But at DEFCON, like I said ... you can't have them at ringside. Whatever bullets are coming your way, pally, I am going to make sure you eat *the entire clip!!!*

He gives one final warning.

**Dex Joy:**

This is the biggest match of *your* career, Malak. But for me, this is simply me doing what *Everybody* has wanted to do to you since you walked into this organization and that's to give you the comeuppance you deserve. My palms aren't sweaty. I don't need mom's spaghetti. I only need *one shot* to take you down, knock you right back down to Earth and give *Everybody* who has shared this FIST of DEFIANCE journey what they want to see you get ... and that's you booted right off the mountain top right back down to the bottom where everyone you pissed off on your way up here gives you what you deserve! At DEFCON ...

The belt goes up!

**Dex Joy:**

The EveryChamp will remain *The* champ!



## THE FRENCH CONNECTION vs. WILD LOGAN BARRY & SOMCHAI

"Wild" Logan Barry stands in the ring wearing a cowboy hat, leather vest and black trunks, along with black boots with a fringe pattern. Next to him is the very tall Thai phenom Somchai, wearing red shorts that spell his name in white cursive on the back.

**DDK:**

And here's a unique first-time pairing that we're seeing here on Uncut!

**Lance:**

"Wild" Logan Barry has been an up-and-comer in BRAZEN for some time now -- known for his feisty temper and brawling ways, both in and out of the ring! His partner, Somchai, has impressed a lot of people so far. He must be 6'8" or so and once the Thai native gets some experience, he will be a force!

♪ "Le Boob Oscillator" by Stereolab ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

And now making their way to ringside... They led by the 2023 DEFIANCE Manager of The Year, DEFIANCE'S Iron Lady, Professional Wrestling's Beautiful, Madame Melton... originally hailing from Wilmington, Delaware but not making their resident in Cannes, France.. They are the Criterion Collection of tag team wrestling... this is "The New Flying Frenchman" Jean-Pierre Reeves and Raiden... THE! FRENCH! CONNECTION!

,The 90s French indie pop song starts as the arena lights reflect the tri-colors of the French flag, which blares on the DEFiatron, followed by famous French figures and landmarks. As the tempo picks up, "The New Flying Frenchman" Jean-Pierre Reeves (beret/French flag-themed jacket now with red tails/singlet) and Raiden (snarl/mullet/tank-top/French flag-colored trunks) walk out with sneers and contempt. Then stepping forward, her eyes wide open with a knowing smile, clad in silver/silver/silver/silver/silver/etc is Madame Melton. She pauses for a second as both members of The French Connection peck her on each side of the cheek before the trio makes their way to ringside.

**DDK:**

And here comes The French Connection, the tag team representatives of Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems, who have become one of the most lethal units we have seen in DEFIANCE in some time!

**Lance:**

They're delusional. They're deranged. But they have just enough of a grasp on reality... and that's what makes them so utterly dangerous!

Just when they get to ringside, Reeves runs around one side of the ring and slides Barry out by his feet and starts slugging away. Raiden does the same to Somchai, hitting his lengthy torso repeatedly with a series of palm strikes. On the other side of the ring, Melton pie-faces Darren Quimbey in his seat and snatches the microphone from him.

**Madame Melton:**

Come, follow me, Mr. Cameraman, darling!

Madame walks backwards, with the camera catching in the background Reeves sitting on Barry and pounding away. Raiden is stomping on the downed Somchai. It's clear already that Referee Benny Doyle is not even going to bother making this an official match.

**Madame Melton:**

Mister Unlikely and Mister Kendricks, do you take us for fools? Do you really think that me and My Gems -- MY MOST PRECIOUS GEMS -- will wither away from the glare of the bright lights by being in the ring with you at DEFCON?

She scoffs as she hits her mark. Reeves now runs from behind with a punt to Somchai's back, as he moans in pain.

**Madame Melton:**

I have stolen the spotlight every single appearance I have made since my grand arrival in DEFIANCE! In fact, I no longer steal the spotlight. I COMMAND IT... and I do so with the mere snap of my finger!

She snaps her finger. The house lights go out black. There is (of course) a spotlight cast only on the former Teri Melton. However, the sounds of The French Connection's attack on the BRAZEN duo is still heard in the background.

**Madame Melton:**

We showed you people... The Faithful, they call you... a way to better yourselves! To improve your lot in life! WE CAME TO INSPIRE YOU! JJ Dixon -- a young man with a lifetime of struggles. Like you -- the last one picked on the kickball field, always wondering if this was the day he would be fired! Raiden -- raised by a single mother after being birthed by a father who abandoned him, turning his anger into triumph! Jean-Pierre Reeves -- a life spent living in financial turmoil, forced to take a series of demanding jobs to make ends meet, before betting on himself to become a professional wrestler!

Melton gestures with her hands before the audience as she walks towards the other side of the ring, the spotlight trailing her. The sounds of the pummeling continue.

**Madame Melton:**

And put together my MOI -- a forgotten starlet of yesteryear, cast aside by the patriarchy like so many women, disrespected because of my gender, discounted because of my beauty. We came to kick down the doors! To storm the gates! To show the power of a collective greater than the sum of its parts! Evidence in the benefits of not taking no for an answer! TO BREAK DOWN THE HALLS OF POWER... Because we are angry... just as we believed you to be.

She pauses and snaps her finger. A second spotlight now shows Raiden running with a Yakuza kick to Berry's face, splaying the Wild Kansan across the floor.

**Madame Melton:**

After all, look at this system that you live in! (Points to the crowd.) They'll give you a loan to buy a house you can't afford and will kick you and your loved ones to the curb the first second they can! They'll sell you on the dream of a perfect life on the green quad of a college campus and then will enslave you with six figures of debt you'll never escape! They will saddle you with a seven figure bill because of the medical care you needed to save your life! This is a rigged game... and it's time someone else wrote the rules!

She snaps her fingers the third spotlight now has Reeves in the middle, squatting down low, and hoisting the tall Thai rookie with a German Suplex on the floor that gets some oos from the crowd.

**Madame Melton:**

But you people... The Faithful, they call you... are so complacent! You are so compliant! There should be riots in the streets! There should be cars torched! Their heads should be chopped off! But look at yourselves! Look at who you vote for! You waste your lives watching the drivel of superhero movies, feeding the addiction of your video games. WE ARE THE ONES WHO SHOWED YOU HOW TO CHANGE EVERYTHING! WE ARE THE ONES WHO SHOWED YOU HOW TO TAKE BACK WHAT SHOULD BE YOURS! WE ARE THE ONES WHO LOVE YOU THE MOST! Yet...

Madame Melton acts like her heart has broken. In the background, Raiden hits his Suddenly Last Slumber spinning backfist against Logan's temple, who crumbles to the floor.

**Madame Melton:**

Yet you turned your back on us! You ignored us! You deemed us unworthy of your affections! But we learned the lesson at hand. BECAUSE WE SEE WHO YOU CHOOSE TO LOVE! THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS!

Raiden now chokes Wild Logan with the cord of a television monitor and cackles as he does. Reeves is standing on Somchai's throat.

**Madame Melton:**

Michael Unlikely! JFK! Regarded as the two most diabolical men in DEFIANCE's history! Two men known for their vile actions towards their competition. Two men known for backstabbing everyone in their path! Two men known for their ruthlessness and the cutthroat actions they took to get to the top! They were once this industry's leading villains... but at some point they became the conquering heroes -- and these conquering heroes have come home, and you peasants are the ones who chant their names!

In his spotlight, Reeves throws Logan over the steel barricade and into the crowd. He sits on the railing and hooks Berry's arm, and then falls back with a cross-arm breaker, bending the Kansas native's shoulder over the railing! The Wildman screams in pain, and then screams even louder after Raiden comes flying in with an axe kick to the exposed shoulder.

**Madame Melton:**

BUT ONE DAY YOU WILL LEARN YOUR MISTAKES! You will cheer me and My Gems... MY MOST PRECIOUS GEMS... because we will take the reputation of the Hollywood Bruvs. You will fear us as you watch our ascent, as we RISE TO UTTER DOMINANCE and I, DEFIANCE'S IRON LADY, rule this promotion with AN IRON FIST! But then, ultimately, you will do as they always have... and that's come crawling before me, with your CLEAR EYES AND FULL HEARTS... filled with awe and undying reverence... because we will not have only replaced Michael Unlikely and JFK as the most ruthless outfit in professional wrestling, but we will have conquered everyone in our paths!

The spotlight now shows the ring steps. Reeves tosses Somchai with an overhead toss, with the tall Thai rookie's legs folded over. Then Raiden appears out of nowhere on the top rope. He lets out a primal scream and comes jumping off with a double knee strike to Somchai's upper body, spiking his head against the concrete.

Madame Melton backpedals some more. She sneers as she points the tip of her designer shoe on Somchai's back. Reeves and Raiden flank her on each side, with nothing but coldness in their eyes after the destruction they just caused.

**Madame Melton:**

Hollywood Bruvs, you will find out at DEFCON 2024 exactly why... MADAME MELTON! IS READY! FOR! HER! CLOSEUP!

She cackles with madness before she snaps her fingers, and the arena goes black.

## TIME TO WAKE UP

Two days after being discharged from the hospital ...

Lonnie Stone is seen walking out of a Portland hospital and is struggling to rip off the medical wristband on his arm. After some extra effort it finally rips off and he throws it in the trash can.

**Lonnie Stone:**

Garbage ... both this and what my neck feels like right now.

After being checked on, numerous concussion tests and a neck scan, Lonnie Stone is leaving the front door. When he starts to walk outside, a large shadow casts over him.

**Lonnie Stone:**

Oh! Sorry ... I really am, I ...

Lonnie cranes his sore neck upwards ...

**Lonnie Stone:**

Oh. You.

The camera reveals not one but two “yous” standing in front of Lonnie Stone in the midday sun.

Mason and Max Luck.

They are dressed in their best green and red plaid suits and sunglasses.

**Lonnie Stone:**

You guys didn’t come to check up on little old me, did you?

Mason and Max briefly exchange a look between them.

**Lonnie Stone:**

Sorry about your car ... I saw Tom Morrow gloating about it all over the Def-com. I ...

**Mason Luck:**

Save it. We ain’t here for pity, Lonnie.

Max nods.

**Max Luck:**

But we came here for two reasons. The first one was to come down here to tell you to your face to cut the shit.

Lonnie looks puzzled.

**Lonnie Stone:**

What?

**Max Luck:**

This “Stone” bull-shit. We know why you came into DEFIANCE Wrestling. You had good intentions ... but unlike that stupid poser in BRAZEN, you need to stop pretending to be someone else.

**Mason Luck:**

Yeah ... we’ve been watching you. You’ve walked away from some big ass kickings. Ed White. JJ Dixon. Ned Reform ... and yet, you’re still here wanting to get back in the game.

Max agrees with his brother.

**Max Luck:**

If you're gonna get back in the game ... you're gonna do it the *right* way. Get rid of that Stone shit. Tom Morrow did one thing right ... you're a *Luck* and you're gonna start *acting* like it!

Lonnie looks up.

**Lonnie Stone:**

Duly noted ... what's the second thing?

Mason points across the way and unlocks the doors to the big blue pick up truck rental they have since their original ride was torched days ago by ADV.

**Mason Luck:**

We're going suit shopping.

## KILLJOY vs. NICKY SYNZ

**Lance:**

We've got a big match coming up and honestly... I do not like the chances of Nicky Synz right now. Coming up next, before challenging for the Unified Tag Team Titles with fellow Titanes Familia member, Titaness... The Good Son himself, Killjoy, will be Nicky's opponent.

**DDK:**

My advice for Nicky Synz? Whatever direction Killjoy goes, do the opposite. Singles action up next...

**Darren Quimbey:**

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

♪ "Good F\*\*\*ing Music" by Solange (covered by Synyster Sledge) ♪

Nicky Synz, your favorite rock star and mine, emerge through the curtain to a nice positive reaction using a new theme song! Synz's long blond hair ripples in the wind as he headbangs along with his theme song. On his way to the ring, he continues to headbang and slap the outstretched hands of some of the younger fans in attendance.

**Darren Quimbey:**

...From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 216 pounds... he is **NICKY SYNZ!**

Synz is on the apron, playing a little riff and rocking out, before he enters the ring. He jumps up the top rope and plays a little more guitar for the people and then hands off his signature Flying V to a person at ringside. As his music fades out, the entrance of his opponent starts up.

The music shifts to the latest tune of the Familia as the lights shift to black... then an eerie gold hue shines brightly over the stage.

♪ Father, father, unforgivable, This is my house, you made it personal  
It's always trouble when they go too far! Nobody mess with my familia ♪

♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

Tonight, one golden spotlight shines brightly on the stage to reveal the titanic form of the masked monster. The Future of the Familia steps forward, wearing a sleeveless black dress shirt, black jeans and looks up to the sky with his black mask fastened closely. The only two-time BRAZEN Champion in company history slowly starts to march to the ring.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent, representing Titanes Familia... from Crowheart, Wyoming, weighing in a THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-SEVEN POUNDS... **KILLJOY!**

Killjoy approaches the ring, he pulls himself up with the ropes onto the apron. Standing to his full height, he turns his back to the ring and forms a cross with his arms before turning. When he does turn, Nicky Synz attacks with a running forearm! The house lights return to normal in the MODA Center as referee Jonny Fastcountini calls for the bell!

**DING DING**

Nicky runs at Killjoy a second time with a running forearm that does manages to stagger the beast, but he doesn't stay down. The Frontman rolls back to his feet and charges again... only to get goozled by the throat and then SHOVED backward with one arm!

**Lance:**

No way! Those attacks barely fazed Killjoy! He's back in the ring... oh! But there's Nicky with a running dropkick!

**DDK:**

That's one way to stop the competition! This might be Nicky's best chance for victory! Stick and move, attack when you can!

The Portland Faithful are cheering Nicky on when he gets to his feet. Another running dropkick catches The Good Son in the chest and he stumbles back to the corner. Once Nicky is on his feet, he charges and then connects with the jumping back elbow in the corner! Killjoy is staggered once again as Nicky rolls backwards and then to his feet. He charges to complete the corner combination that he calls the Double Platinum...

Problem?

**DDK:**

Ooooh no! He got caught in a headlock by Killjoy!

Nicky Synz struggles in the headlock. Killjoy drags him out to the middle of the ring and then begins to spin... and spin... and spin! He has Nicky in a front headlock swing before he finally lets go and PITCHES The Frontman across the ring in an ugly crash!

**Lance:**

THAT was a throw, Darren! I can't believe what I just saw!

**DDK:**

We haven't had too many opportunities to see Killjoy in action, but he likes to use a variety of throws in his offense! There's more to the monster behind this mask!

The Faithful jeer the monster that wrapped a chain to lock Klein and PCP in their locker room on last weeks' DEFtv, leading to Titaness picking up the biggest singles win in her DEFIANCE career to this point. Nicky is barely able to stand after being chucked across the ring like a sack, but Killjoy makes it easier (harder?) on Nicky by forcing him up by the arm. He hooks Nicky by the hair and then KNOCKS the air out of him with a big forearm sledge to the chest! The Frontman hits the mat hard as Killjoy lurks right over him, pondering his next move.

**DDK:**

I couldn't believe it when Uriel Cortez revealed this monster as the newest member of Titanes Familia. He's been a true equalizer for Titaness in their pursuit of the Unified Tag Team Titles!

**Lance:**

Throwing Mil Vueltas off our interview stage! Throwing The D into the crowd to end our Seattle show! That's just a taste of the destruction we've seen from this monster.

Killjoy isn't going for pinfalls. Nicky tries to crawl up to his feet when the massive Wyoming native tries to pull him away from the ropes. Nicky fights back! He kicks the leg of Killjoy and then fires off a few more stiff shots in a bid to get him off his feet. Killjoy flinches only slightly and Nicky makes a run for the ropes... but that turns out to be a massive misstep by The Frontman when Killjoy launches him into the air with a press and then pushes him down with a big release flapjack!

**DDK:**

Nicky can't get any sustained offense on him! Killjoy has shut him down at every opportunity.

**Lance:**

Much like we've seen since Titaness and Killjoy have laid claim to a shot at the Unified Tag Team Titles! Every time PCP have come up against these monsters, the Familia have overcome them with brute force.

Killjoy puts a foot down into the chest of Nicky and isn't covering; instead, he's trying to CRUSH him under his boot! The monster finally stops and soon, The Good Son looks ready to end the match quickly.

**DDK:**

Where is Killjoy gonna take Nicky now?

The Frontman gets hoisted up like dead weight and then ends up over the right shoulder of The Future of the Familia. He leans back and then tries a Snake Eyes... but Nicky slips out and Killjoy hits the corner! Nicky struggles to barely even remain on a knee, suffering from the brutal offense taken by Killjoy, but The Frontman remains undaunted in his quest to pull off the upset.

**DDK:**

Nicky's calling for it!

Once again, he charges and hits the flying elbow in the corner. There's no fancy roll like last time when he goes back a few steps and then hits a running shoulder thrust to the massive midsection of Killjoy! The Faithful cheer on Nicky as he throws up the horns and gets them going!

**DDK:**

He scores with Double Platinum... WAIT! KILLJOY! HE'S BACK UP!

Nicky turns and in one quick swoop, Killjoy is not only already up, but he powers him on the shoulder before hitting a huge snake eyes! Nicky's throat hits the top rope, but before he can even go down, Killjoy grabs him from behind in a belly to belly suplex setup and simply POWERS him across the ring with a massive belly-to-back toss that sends him crashing to the canvas!

**Lance:**

Nicky worked hard to try and land that Double Platinum combination just to soften up Killjoy, but he fought right through the pain and now he's about to wrap this up!

**DDK:**

That he is! Killjoy's got Nicky by the throat... then he LIFTS him up right into that powerbomb position!

He then kneels forward and DRILLS Nicky into the mat with the chokeslam setup into the falling powerbomb!

**DDK:**

FREEFALL! We are done here!

The first pinfall attempt of the match?

One.

Two.

Three.

Also the last.

**DING DING DING**

♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner... **KILLJOY!**

Jonny Fastcountini isn't even sure how he's supposed to respond to Killjoy as he stands up to his full height. He goes to raise the hand of the monster, but stops in his tracks when The Good Son snaps his head in his direction. Instead, Jonny simply points at Killjoy to acknowledge him as the winner before leaving him to have the spotlight.



**DDK:**

That's what the Pop Culture Phenoms have to look forward to in two weeks at DEFCON! Killjoy and Titaness have formed such a destructive duo in a very short time. And we could be looking at one-half of the new champions very soon!

Killjoy finally leaves the ring and heads to the back. He seemingly ignores the black warning on the DEFIatron that now catches everyone's attention...

***MURDER*****DDK:**

This again? We saw this on our last UNCUT and earlier tonight just before the BRAZEN Onslaught Title match!

**Lance:**

I have no idea what to make of this. Somebody is clearly trying to tell us something... but who?

The lights go on and the music disappears as the show moves on.

## PASTE BETWEEN MY FINGERS

Malak Garland sits in a dark room at an arts and crafts table covered in scissors, construction paper, tape and of course, many glue sticks and bottles. It looks like Malak's been there for a considerable amount of time. His eyes never waver from the task at hand but he's more than capable to provide his narrative simultaneously.

**Malak Garland:**

As I sit here and toil away at this workbench, attempt after attempt, trying to remake, recapture, refurbish my Paper Title that was desecrated in a matter of moments by a Los Angeles loser, I can't help but think and reminisce. You see, I've been Paper Champion for over one thousand days and it took Dex a split second to rip my belt to shreds.

Garland grabs a pile of paper clips and reinforces whatever part he's working on.

**Malak Garland:**

Over one thousand days of my life has been dedicated to liberating this belt and you know what? I'm about to add another shiny new toy to my collection. Once I'm the new FIST of DEFIANCE, then everyone will see my worth. I'm gunning for you, Dex Joy and I'm not going to stop until Mark Shields holds my hand high in victory.

Malak isn't exactly good at arts and crafts as he's getting glitter and glue remnants all over his knuckles.

**Malak Garland:**

As I sit here and watch the glue dry between my fingers, I know with very little doubt that these are the hands that will end your reign. The glue dries excruciatingly slow. Watching it dry on my skin has been just as bad as watching your title reign carry on. Pure dribble if you ask me.

Garland begins peeling off some of the hardened glue.

**Malak Garland:**

But it's okay because what lies underneath is exfoliated skin. We're all better off and better for enduring the painful era of everyone once it comes to an end. Once I become FIST, I will finally have everything I've ever wanted and I will rule with a mighty grip. No one will be safe. Everyone will plead for me to quit but I won't because of my built up resiliency.

The Paper King continues to pick at his hands.

**Malak Garland:**

I remember when I first walked into this company. I was a bright-eyed, bushy-tailed individual. I was green but now I am a grizzled veteran. Battle tested. I barely complain. I barely create any intolerable tirades. I am a model citizen. I am an apex wrestler. So soft spoken and well behaved. I deserve this. It's what I've worked my entire five year career for.

Garland admires his artistry in front of him.

**Malak Garland:**

I remember capturing the Tag titles with Cyrus and Teresa. Gosh, that was a watershed moment that stands on its own. This will blow that out of the water though. This will be my crowning achievement. This is when I will truly peak. I don't think anyone is prepared for what I have planned once I become THE champion. I had a shot once before and plainly, I wasn't ready. Deacon defeated me. I can admit that now because I'm grown. I'm woke. I'm awoken. I'm unstoppable.

Malak diligently leans back in his chair, away from his craft. He stares out the window and begins to ponder deeply.

**Malak Garland:**

I doubt anyone is prepared for me. Many naysayers have stated that I don't deserve the main event slot at DEFCON and all I'll have to do is prove them wrong. Again. Look at all the big time matches I've had in the last year or so. Last year I faced Flying Frenchie and no one gave me a chance to win.

He leans forward, clasping his hands.

**Malak Garland:**

How did that turn out? Oh, yeah, right. I submitted his ass into oblivion. I'll likely do the same to Dex Joy. I haven't worked out the exact specifics of how I'm going to end him but I'll figure it out. All I know is that I'm coming for his neck. That big, fat, oversized stack of flesh that holds up his neanderthal brain. I'm going to knock his block off, that's for sure.

The Source of Envy gazes at his precious title belt he's constructed.

**Malak Garland:**

My prize awaits. To become king of the hill is my destiny. Marked by controversy, yet I am still here. I will persevere.

He puts some final finishing touches on his beloved belt before holding it at his eye level.

**Malak Garland:**

At DEFCON, I unpack the biggest win of a lifetime.

***THIS.***

***IS.***

***DEFIANCE.***