

SHOW OPEN***BOOM!***

Denver welcomes DEFIANCE and a very special UNCUT 125 as the Denver Coliseum is hyped! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway. There's a giant FIST logo to walk out from and hanging above is a DEFlatron OLED screen. The camera pans across the 10K of fans and then zeros in on a pack of people in the front row. There's someone wearing a Conor Fuse t-shirt, a Dex Joy t-shirt, two people with a "BOO-URNS" sign, even a guy sporting camo gear who sits in his seat with his head down and a hood over his face (but he is clapping heavily). The cameras cut to the announce booth and Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

4-WAY: OSCAR BURNS vs. PAT CASSIDY vs. ELISE ARES vs. HENRY KEYES

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to a MAJOR episode of UNCUT! Our 125th episode right here, LIVE, from Denver, Colorado! We've got an AMAZING show! We have the semifinal matches of the ACTS Tournament! Lindsay Troy versus Conor Fuse in a first-time ever match! "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy versus Rezin! The Lucky Sevens Lucky Lottery for the Unified Tag Team Titles! All that and more... but a MAJOR match coming up first! A special chance is being given to the four individuals who didn't make it alive out of round two! A special prize on the line: the FIST title match against Deacon on DEFtv 175 Night One!

Lance:

The four competitors are about to make their arrivals. Elise Ares! Former multiple-time Tag Champion and longest-reigning Southern Heritage Champion! One half of the Saturday Night Specials and longest-reigning Unified Tag Team Champions, Pat Cassidy! The current Southern Heritage Champion and Vae Victis member Henry Keyes! And the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE Oscar Burns!

DDK:

We don't need a twenty-minute monologue here! We're getting right to the action with Darren Quimbey in the ring for the intros... now!

And to Darren Quimbey in the ring, looking dapper tonight in an extra-nice suit.

Darren Quimbey:

Your opening contest of tonight's UNCUT is a 4-Way match where the winner will earn a FIST of DEFIANCE title match next week on DEFtv 175! Introducing first...

♪ "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♪

The Faithful roar as the arena lights turn violet and gold before Elise Ares swaggers out from backstage.

Darren Quimbey:

From Beverly Hills, California. Weighing in at 122 pounds. Representing the Pop Culture Phenoms. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE. EEEEEELISE ARRRRRRRRRRRES!

The D helps Elise remove her purple leather jacket before she struts down to the ring with her LED sunglasses still reading "YOUR" "NEXT" "FIST". After her hip-exaggerated march to the ring, Elise pauses on the apron and throws her sunglasses into the Faithful before suggestively entering the ring with a wink to the camera.

DDK:

Elise Ares almost took out Lindsay Troy in MINUTES during her second round match, catching the number 1 seed off guard. A valiant effort that came up just short.

Lance:

Yeah Darren, we and the Faithful were both shook as we almost watched the 1 seed immediately fall. Ares wouldn't stay down in that contest before she tapped out. Possibly knowing the opportunity she'd get here for a little payback in the future. She might've known she had a backdoor to become the next FIST of DEFIANCE.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

"Stranger fruit
How it grows and grows
We all saw the shoot
But we tend to the rose"

White beacons flood the arena as a LOUD array of crowd noise - mostly boos, though a few cheers - follows. Doom piano chords and dread drum beats ripple through the arena. The Kraken, eyepatch and all, strides through the back, flanked by his Vae Victis compatriots. Henry Keyes has a PISSED look on his face as he haunch-struts to the ring, SoHer around his waist. Sonny Silver, as always, cuts off Darren Quimbey before he can start the introduction.

Sonny Silver:

Darren Quimbey, I kindly invite you to get to first base with an electric socket while *I* handle the intro and dunk on your heroes! He is YOUR Southern Heritage Champion! He is going to clap bells and out more Coins than a busted slot machine! He will win tonight's match and then he will help Vae Victis LIBERATE the FIST from the hands of Deacon! The Father, The Son, The Holy Ghost, The Three Wise Men and the Avengers team-up will not save his ass! He is... **HENRY! GODDAMN! KEYES!**

Keyes steps through the ropes, unstraps his title belt, and holds his Southern Heritage Championship high in the air.

DDK:

Henry Keyes had an absolute SLOBBERKNOCKER with The Biggest Boy, Dex Joy, in round two. We said it before, those men could wrestle a hundred times and they'd likely each take fifty.

Lance:

In the end, Dex was able to gut it out against a VERY game Henry Keyes to advance in the tournament. Henry has a reeeeeeeal intense look in his eye, Keebs...expect some bodies to fly tonight!

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!"

♪ *"Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by The Dropkick Murphys* ♪

The Faithful lose their minds as "Black Out" Pat Cassidy, formerly (currently?) of The Saturday Night Specials bursts through the curtain dressed in his ring gear: dark blue tights, black taped fists, and his black and blue "SNS" vest. Cassidy is full of piss and vinegar and can barely stand still as he hops from foot to foot, warming up. Behind him, dressed in a revealing (but still classy) outfit is his better half, "Ballycat" Ophelia Sykes. Cassidy scans the crowd, yelling something at them to get himself pumped up before marching with a purpose into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing next... from Boston, Massachusetts and weighing in at 252 pounds... being accompanied by Ophelia Sykes... **"BLACK OUT" PAAAAT CASSIDY!**

Still walking with focus and swagger, Cassidy sheds his vest while still on the ringside floor before marching up the steps and aggressively entering the ring through the second rope.

DDK:

Pat Cassidy is all business tonight... the young man has been burning it at both ends since the disappearance of Brock Newbludd, but damned if he isn't showing us that he's willing to put in the work just as much as he's willing to party.

Lance:

Cassidy might be a sleeper in this one, Keebs... a decorated part of the DEFIANCE tag division for the last two years, many analysts in the sport project him to be a breakout singles star when the time is right. Well... the time might be right now!

Cassidy is up on the top rope, howling to all the Ballyhooligans who roar in response. Cassidy pounds his chest and makes the universal "the belt is going to go here" motion around his waist as his theme fades out and a new one comes in to take its place...

♪ *"Ultimate Battle" by Fredrieck Habetler* ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponent... from Wellington, New Zealand and residing in New Orleans, Louisiana. Weighing in at 237 pounds... **HE IS DEFIANCE... OSCAR BURNS!**

The opening montage plays some of Burns' greatest hits over the opening intro to the theme... Burns with his two previous FIST and WrestleUTA World Title wins. Burns with his DEFy wins. Burns with his record fiftieth win and his recent SIXTIETH win DEFIANCE! There's no rotating platform this time since he destroyed it back at MAXDEF... but emerging from the darkness, Burns tilts his head upward, wearing a complete poker face. He speaks to the camera in front of him.

Oscar Burns:

!! AM! DEFIANCE! AND I AM YOUR NEXT... FIST!

He heads to the ring, taking in the jeers from the crowd before walking up the steel steps. He wipes his feet on the ring apron, then climbs between the ropes. He then leaps to the middle rope and raises an index finger. He carefully tiptoes around Cassidy, Ares and Keyes as he holds his ground in the ring. Each competitor takes a corner.

DDK:

Four top stars of DEFIANCE. Four wrestlers who could not be stylistically any more different. The high-flyer Elise Ares. The gutsy brawler Pat Cassidy. The straight-ahead powerhouse Henry Keyes. And the master technician and strategist Oscar Burns.

Lance:

But you know what they say! Styles make fights! And to earn a shot at the FIST in seven days time? All four of these world-class wrestlers will do just that!

DING DING

All four competitors are careful not to leave themselves open for any mistakes in the match. They keep their collective heads on a swivel until it's Burns who makes the first move, trying to reach out to... Elise Ares?

DDK:

For fans not in the know, there is a good deal of history with Oscar Burns and Elise Ares. The Sunset Stretch maneuver she used to beat Pat Cassidy in the opening rounds... Burns taught her that move.

Lance:

What is he doing, though?

He's speaking to Elise trying to form some sort of alliance in the match between the two.

Oscar Burns:

Elise! Girl! I taught you the Sunset Stretch! How about doing me a favor and paying me back by helping DEFIANCE win tonight!

Elise isn't listening and backs away a few steps. When that doesn't seem to work, Oscar turns over to Pat Cassidy.

Oscar Burns:

GC! You've never met me, but I'm DEFIANCE. You and I should work together! DEFIANCE won't flake on you like Brock Newbludd did...

Cassidy's reply is a STIFF punch to the face of Burns! The Kiwi gets rocked once from Pat, then he turns right into a big dropkick by Elise Ares! Burns stumbles back as The South Beach Starlet runs off the ropes. She comes back and loops around Oscar with a headscissors not once... but TWICE before she snaps him over! He tumbles right into the middle rope. Pat sees an opening and then hits a leapfrog body guillotine on the former FIST!

DDK:

We're starting off quick in this one! This isn't elimination rules! One fall to a finish! Pat and Elise showing some teamworks!

Burns rolls to the outside while Pat looks at Elise and gives her a friendly wink, who responds with an eye roll. But before they are able to do anything, Henry Keyes finally makes his first move CLOBBERING both with a double running clothesline!

Lance:

Henry Keyes stayed all the way out of that exchange and found the perfect opening! Now he boots Pat Cassidy out of the ring!

DDK:

And he could win this! He's going after Elise Ares, the smallest competitor in this match, but not the weakest by any means!

He bullies Elise into the corner and then LEVELS her with a stiff Propeller-Edge Chop! Elise crumbles to the mat, but Henry isn't done. He picks her up slowly and then whips her across the ring. He charges right behind the South Beach Starlet... but doesn't expect Elise to run up the ropes and backflip behind him! She hits the ropes with ease going one way, but not the other. Cassidy is up and tries to slug it out with Oscar Burns on the floor, hitting a big right to the former champion.

DDK:

Burns with an elbow smash! Cassidy with a right! Cassidy is not intimidated by size or star power in this one!

Elise tries the same headscissors from before that fell Oscar Burns, but the current SoHer blocks! He drops her in place and rocks her with a knee. When he sees Cassidy and Burns fighting, he BIELS Ares over the ropes, sending her crashing down hard onto the others in the match! For now, Henry Keyes stands tall and stalks his ground!

Lance:

Oh, my God! He just used Elise Ares as a projectile and sent her crashing onto Pat Cassidy and Oscar Burns!

DDK:

Henry Keyes isn't playing. He fought one of the best slugfests I've seen on DEFtv recently against Dex Joy and while he came up short, he gave Joy all he could handle. A win here could give him a chance to hold BOTH the SoHer and the FIST, which has never been done yet in DEFIANCE.

Keyes rolls to the outside and with a quick decision, he grabs Cassidy and throws him back inside the ring. One corkscrew elbow drop to the heart later and he makes the first cover of the match!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Keyes playing this really smart! He's picked his spots and looked dominant so far!

Cassidy kicks out, but The Kraken is far from done with him. He picks Cassidy up and WHACKS him with a hefty Propeller-Edge Chop and sends him to the corner as well. He lines up and then nails Pat with a corner clothesline! He slumps over... but hangs on to the rope and then looks up at the Southern Heritage Champion, asking for another. Keyes is happy to oblige, but The Scrapper From Southie blocks and pops him with a right of his own! He follows through on Keyes with a number of jabs to the jaw!

Lance:

Cassidy turning things around!

He backs up Keyes to the ropes and tries the old (Boston) Irish whip, but Keyes reverses that. Pat goes into the ropes and ducks a clothesline from one side before coming off the other side with an explosive flying clothesline!

DDK:

Now he's really turning it around with that clothesline! Pat back up! Shoots Keyes to the corner!

Pat climbs the ropes and holds a hand out...

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

Pat Cassidy:

CHEERS!

TEN!

Ten punches in the corner rings the bell of Keyes but before he is able to get anything else going, he fails to see Elise coming in with a huge springboard dropkick, catching Pat in the chest and knocking him down to the side. Elise sees Keyes brought down to his knees from the ten punches when she jumps up and nails him with a charging superkick on the button! When she has Keyes down, she yells out to a fired-up crowd...

Elise Ares:

QUE TAL ESO?!

With Keyes on the canvas, The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style hits the middle rope and connects with a corkscrew springboard moonsault across the chest! She hooks the leg of The Kraken!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Keyes kicks out with AUTHORITAH and shoves Elise off of him, but she lands on her feet.

DDK:

The action is going every direction to kick off the show! While these four had exits from the quarter finals, they will EARN a match against the current FIST, Deacon, next week!

Lance:

The original champion may not be the champion come ACTS of DEFIANCE!

Keyes starts to sit up when Elise connects with a dropkick to the back! She starts to see Cassidy get back up on the outside, so Elise once again takes flight with a somersault tope through the ropes to wipe out Pat Cassidy!

DDK:

Elise throwing herself at anyone and everyone trying to get up right now!

Elise slides back in when she sees Oscar Burns quietly skulking around ringside. She heads his way and it looks like she's about to try something! She tries a dive... but Burns gets SHOVED out of the way by an unknown presence...

Lance:

What the...? IS THAT... BUTCHER VICTORIOUS?!

DDK:

We've seen him on UNCUT for the past several weeks trying to curry favor with Oscar Burns! He told Burns two weeks ago he wanted to train under him... and he just took that somersault tope for Burns!

Sure enough, a replay shows what happened. Butcher Victorious shoved Oscar out of the way moments beforehand and takes the cannonball tope from Elise! Back to real time and Burns realizes what's happened, then sees his chance. He grabs Elise Ares and then throws her HARD into the ring apron with a release belly to back suplex! Elise is crying out in pain when Burns shoves her quickly back into the ring!

Lance:

What a reversal of fortune by Oscar Burns right here! Can he win this?

He picks up Elise and then drops her quickly with an exploder suplex mid-ring! He hurriedly rushes into a cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Henry Keyes is the unlikely savior when he charges in with a driving shoulder and knocks Burns off of Elise! He sees the situation and won't turn down a cover on Elise! He puts his weight down across her shoulders...

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Burns almost stole one thanks to Butcher Victorious, then Keyes broke it up to try and do the same!

Keyes starts to pick up Elise when Oscar Burns looks over at The Kraken. He doesn't say anything to the former Airship Pirate, but they seem to have some sort of an understanding. Keyes nods and the two whip Elise off the ropes before dropping her with a double back elbow on the way back. When Pat tries to get back into the ring, Burns runs full speed ahead at the Scrapper from Southie and then levels him with a running European Uppercut! Pat goes flying off the ropes and into the guardrail outside!

DDK:

Oooh! Cassidy trying to get back inside, but he gets stopped by Burns and Keyes!

Lance:

Wow... this isn't the alliance I thought I'd see working in this match... especially after Henry Keyes more or less lobbed Elise Ares at him earlier, but it appears to be working for now.

Oscar looks down at Butcher Victorious outside and shrugs before turning back to Keyes. Keyes gestures out to Pat Cassidy and the two nod before they go outside.

Lance:

Uh-oh... Elise is down for the moment and they want to make sure Cassidy won't interfere again!

They both go to the outside where the former Unified Tag Team Champion is resting. Burns is the first one to grab him... but suddenly, Pat snaps back to life and then hits Burns with a punch right on the jaw!

DDK:

But Cassidy won't stay down!

Lance:

Since Brock Newbludd has been MIA from DEFIANCE, he has been fighting with all his heart, win, lose or draw! And I think Oscar and Henry know that, too.

Keyes steps in, but a flurry of rights from Cassidy meets him, too. He fights back against both of his attackers with a loud and raucous crowd cheering them both on!

Right for Burns!

Right for Keyes!

He keeps on swinging, but then Burns SMACKS him with a Hard Out Headbutt of his own! Cassidy is brought to a knee before Keyes berings him up in a fireman's carry and then drops him snake-eyes style on the steel steps!

DDK:

OOH! Pat tries to fight back, but the numbers game was too much!

Oscar and Henry both head back into the ring where Elise Ares is once again trying to stand. The South Beach Starlet tries to kick at Burns, but he blocks and then picks her up for a huge overhead belly to belly suplex!

Lance:

And Elise gets thrown overhead by Burns! Now what?

Henry Keyes wants a turn as well to dole out more punishment to The South Beach Starlet. Not long after Elise gets planted on the mat, she gets picked up again by The Kraken and then DROPPED harshly across the knee with a big tilt-a-whirl backbreaker! She gets dropped across the mat while Oscar and Henry are both receiving massive jeers from the Denver Faithful.

DDK:

Oooh! Things are not looking good for either Elise Ares or Pat Cassidy right now!

Lance:

That's true... but what happens when this temporary alliance between Oscar Burns and Henry Keyes comes to an end? Only one person is walking out of here with a FIST title match next week on DEFtv!

ELISE! ELISE! ELISE! ELISE!

The South Beach Starlet continues to get cheers while on the outside, Butcher Victorious is getting up and leans against the guardrail on the opposite side to watch Oscar and Henry continue to work over Elise. Burns points at Cassidy starting to get up. Keyes takes notice and they both look like they're about to handle the possible situation with Pat... Burns does an about face and rolls over to pick the bones of Elise!

ONE...

TWO...

KEYES PULLS BURNS' LEG!

Burns looks up at Keyes, who is looking pretty pissed at what just happened.

DDK:

Oooh, no. You called it, Lance. Oscar tried to make him think they were going to go outside and deal with Pat Cassidy again, but he tried to pull a fast one!

Henry Keyes stares down at Burns while the former FIST starts to stand up and comes nose to nose with the member of Vae Victis.

Lance:

I'm thinking the alliance is over!

But before the two are about to come to blows, Elise Ares shoots up and then shoves Burns right into Keyes! The two knock heads, allowing Ares to dip down to all fours to trip Burns up... RIGHT INTO A MODIFIED SCHOOLGIRL PIN!

ONE...

TWO...

THRE...NO!

The crowd gasps after Oscar BARELY kicks out!

DDK:

Elise almost took advantage of the discord between the two!

Lance:

And Burns isn't happy!

Elise gets a knee to the gut from Oscar Burns and then she gets whipped into a corner. The man who calls himself DEFIANCE gets ready to charge with another European Uppercut... but Elise moves!

SPLASH OF JAMESON!

DDK:

WHERE DID PAT COME FROM?!

Out of nowhere, Pat Cassidy is back in the game and connects on Burns in the corner with a leaping splash in the corner! As if that wasn't enough, Elise Ares gets in on the damage and leaps up...

DDK:

Amethystation!

The leaping superwoman punch catches Burns on the side of the head! She turns to see a charging Henry Keyes coming and she rolls out of harm's way at the last second, only for Burns to ALSO eat a running European Uppercut from Keyes! After taking shots from the other three competitors in this match, he slumps down to the mat!

Lance:

Oscar gets what he deserves!

Elise runs at Keyes and tries a tornado DDT on the big man, but The Kraken holds on and then THROWS her up in the air with a big release flapjack!

DDK:

Elise is trying to be sneaky, but The Southern Heritage Champion is exerting his physical power there!

Lance:

He tossed around Dex Joy during their last match on multiple occasions! His strength makes him so dangerous, but what he can do with it as well!

But before Keyes can get any more, he sees the young and impetuous Cassidy who decks him with another jab! Keyes takes the shot and growls, then fires back! It's not long before the two preferrers of fisticuffs go at it, tooth and nail to the loud cheers of the Denver Faithful!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy! Henry Keyes! They are going at it!

Lance:

Say what you want about Pat Cassidy. He's made a habit out of charging headlong into danger, but he's right at home with talents like Ares, Keyes and Burns!

They continue taking the other's best shot! Cassidy! Keyes! Cassidy! Keyes!

YAY! BOO! YAY! BOO! YAY! BOO!

Pat comes at him with an especially hefty right that staggers Keyes... but The Kraken swings around and then ROCKS Pat with a spinning back elbow! Cassidy staggers back into the ropes... then comes back with a snap headbutt that staggers both men! Keyes groggily slouches to a knee while Pat gets the crowd all fired up and pumps a fist. He starts to charge to the ropes...

But suddenly, Keyes grabs him by the waist and DUMPS him with a huge release German suplex!

DDK:

Good lord! What an exchange!

Pat is slumped over and barely able to stand when The Kraken gears up a right hand and swings for a lariat...

DDK:

NO! PAT DUCKS! GREEN MONSTA BOMB!

Pat catches Keyes and DUNKS him on the canvas with a picture-perfect blue thunder bomb right in the middle!

ONE...

TWO...

THR... NO!

Lance:

No way! Those two just threw some brutal shots, but Keyes kicks out!

DDK:

But Pat has him on the back foot! He's just moments away from taking this!

The Scrapper From Southie starts to grab Keyes... but then lets go when he feels a pair of arms wrap around his waist and hoist him up...

Lance:

No! Where did Oscar Burns come from?

He DEADLIFTS Cassidy right into a powerful bridging German suplex mid-ring!

DDK:

No! Deadlift German suplex by Oscar Burns!

ONE...

TWO...

RRRRRRRAAAHHHH!

Out of nowhere, Elise Ares NAILS Burns with a springboard diving foot stomp while Burns is still in the bridge! The

Denver crowd go crazy! (Even the guy in the camo gear front row with the hoodie over his face conveys body language that he loves it!)

Lance:

NO! NO! WHERE DID ELISE EVEN COME FROM?!

DDK:

WILL ELISE WIN A CHANCE AT THE FIST?! THAT WAS INCREDIBLE!

She hurriedly tells the referee to make the count when she jumps on top of Burns' body and then hooks both legs!

ONE...

TWO....

THRE... KICKOUT!

BARELY, Burns kicks out and kicks Elise off him as the crowd is losing their minds!

DDK:

What a match we have for tonight and this is just the opener!

All four DEFIANCE stars are strewn across the canvas with Elise Ares being the only one at the moment who is still moving. The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style sees her chance to continue the fight with Burns still trying to get back up. She runs towards him with a tilt-a-whirl into...

DDK:

SUNSET STRETCH!

Lance:

She tapped out Pat Cassidy with this a few weeks ago when he wrestled in Brock Newbludd's place!

DDK:

But it was Oscar Burns who TAUGHT her this move a few years ago! Can he counter?

Oscar has been brought to a knee while Elise is screaming, trying to crank back on the hold for the tapout! She torques the hold even further, but Oscar is able to grab one of the legs and tries to seque his way right out... when Henry Keyes interrupts and breaks the hold with a BELL CLAP!

Lance:

That's one way to break a hold!

DDK:

And now Keyes is back up!

With Ares down, he grabs the arms of Elise and gets ready to hit Coin, but before he can nab the first knee strike, Pat Cassidy sneaks up behind him and catches him with a roll-up!

ONE...

TWO...

THR... NO!

The crowd gasps when both men get up. Keyes charges at Pat, who ducks a clothesline and right into Elise Ares

pulling the ropes down, sending the Southern Heritage Champion tumbling over the ropes and out to the floor!

DDK:

No! Keyes geared up to use the Coin on Ares, but Pat stepped into try and win! Keyes is on the floor!

And when Elise has a chance, Keyes starts to rise up on the floor when The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style springboards to the top then WIPES OUT Henry Keyes on the floor with a massive springboard senton to the floor! The Denver Faithful are going wild!

Lance:

More unexpected teamwork by Cassidy and Elise Ares allow them to get Keyes out of the match!

Cassidy turns around... but gets caught with a running high knee by Oscar Burns! He blasts him and then hits another exploder! He drives Pat on the canvas!

ONE...

TWO...

THR... NO!

DDK:

How'd he do that? HOW did Pat Cassidy kick out of that combo?

Lance:

Everyone has taken considerable damage in this match, but they keep on fighting!

Burns tries another exploder... but a barrage of side elbows from Pat frees him from his grip! Oscar charges... but Pat ducks down and then catches him only to slam him down with a big Alabama Slam! The ring shakes and Pat falls back to the ropes after the impact! Groggy, but still feeding off a very loud and energetic crowd in tonight's opener!

Lance:

Pat Cassidy with the double leg slam! He spikes Burns down! We might be looking at the next man to challenge Deacon for the FIST next week!

Burns is groggy and Pat sees his opening. He looks to leap forward for The Irish Goodbye... but before he can, he turns to see Ned Reform on the ring apron! Reform dares Pat to take a swing! He charges at The Good Doctor, but the man attempting to reshape the former Ballyhoo Brew into a coffee shop ducks off the apron and grins.

DDK:

What is Ned doing out here?! Now?!

Pat stops indulging the nonsense of The Good Doctor and puts his attention back on Oscar! Oscar is hooked by the side of the head... when suddenly, Oscar dips low behind him and hooks the legs before leaning backwards...

DDK:

NO! FRUIT ROLL-UP! FRUIT ROLL-UP!

Lance:

The body is locked up!

ONE...

Burns leans back tightly as Pat tries to fight!

TWO...

Elise Ares charges past Ned and into the ring...

THREE!

...And breaks up the fall...

One second too late!

DING DING DING

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredrieck Habetler ♪

Elise curses her luck! An angry Henry Keyes is now starting to rise, seeing what just happened, and scowling angrily. Burns gets the hell out of the ring after the Fruit Roll-Up pin and rolls to the outside! He isn't even on his feet, but sneaks out of the ring as an ANGRY Pat glances over at Ned Reform on the outside!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **OSCAR BURNS!**

Butcher Victorious runs over towards Oscar, hoping for some kind of reaction. And what he gets...

...Is the happiest hug ever from the former two-time FIST!

DDK:

Damn it! Pat Cassidy almost had this match won, but Ned Reform came out and ruined things! Those precious few seconds made all the difference between Oscar Burns rolling up Cassidy and Cassidy being able to hit The Irish Goodbye!

Lance:

And Cassidy sees him, too!

Ned Reform is left laughing... but not for long when he sees Pat's eyes fixated. The Harvard-educated Reform turns tail and disappears into the crowd as an angry Pat slides out of the ring, grabs a chair and limps after him!

DDK:

These four put it all out there tonight! Keyes showed his power! Elise put on a great gutsy performance and Pat Cassidy stood with all of them... but Oscar Burns finds one opening and thanks to that, he will meet Deacon! First time ever for the FIST of DEFIANCE in seven days time!

Burns gets help up from Butcher Victorious and hurry up the ramp, especially when they see an angry Henry Keyes stare down everyone and looks ready to scrap while Elise angrily slaps the mat.

Lance:

We saw early on that Butcher Victorious took that dive from Elise for Oscar, allowing him to survive! I'm guessing after weeks of trying to get Burns' attention... he finally has it?

DDK:

I guess, but the bottom line is this: Deacon will defend the FIST of DEFIANCE against the former two-time champion Oscar Burns and that match will be next week! But stay with us! We are just getting started! Three major matches including the Unified Tag Team Titles and the Semi-Finals of the ACTS Tournament! All that and much more, tonight!

A BRAND NEW BALLYHOO

Uncut continues on as the camera focuses on a couple of visibly inebriated fans seated in the front row of the ringside area. The two college-aged men make the most of their screen time by raising their glasses of beer up to the camera and pointing at their matching SNS t-shirts. The two rowdy fans roughly bash their glasses together, causing a good amount of beer to spill all over themselves, and proceed to slam down the remaining contents in a toast.

Lance:

Despite all the mystery surrounding their future, the Faithful are still raising their glasses for The Saturday Night Specials.

Finishing off their toast, both men stumble around to face the rest of the crowd. As one pumps a fist above his head, the other cups his hands around his mouth...

Drunk Fan #1:

Let's go, baby! Let's hear it! BALLY!!!!??

Having been watching the two men's antics on the tron, The Faithful are more than happy to oblige their sloppy comrade.

The Faithful:

HOOOOOOOOO!!

Suddenly the fan who had been pumping his fist to the rest of the crowd wildly twists his body around to look right at the camera.

Drunk Fan #2:

Ned Reform can take his coffee shop and go fuc—

Before the riled-up fan can finish informing the people at home his thoughts on the good doctor, the camera's sound cuts out and DDK clears his throat as the man continues with his now muted tirade.

DDK:

I think it's safe to say that the spirit of Ballyhoo Brew is alive and well in Denver! It's been an action packed special edition of Uncut folks, and we're not done yet! Coming up next, we're going to send things up to the stage and Christie Zane. Take it away, Christie!

The scene switches from the front-row revelers to the interview stage and Christie Zane's smiling face. Microphone at the ready, Zane addresses the raucous crowd.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time is former Ballyhoo Brew employee...and the newest addition to DEFIANCE's roster..."**Fat Tuesday**" **Davey LaRue!**

♪ "Born on the Bayou" by Creedence Clearwater Revival ♪

Walking out onto the stage with a confident stride, Davey LaRue receives a warm reception from The Faithful. The cheering swells when Davey's pet alligator, and former Ballyhoo Brew mascot, Mojo the Alligator, follows him out on a leash. Looking a bit bigger and a bit more intimidating compared to the last time he was seen on air, the swamp predator let's out a hiss that gets picked up by the camera's audio.

Lance:

If that thing comes over here, I'm out.

DDK:

And I'll be right behind you.

Sporting a new haircut, perfectly trimmed beard, and flashy new ring gear, the brawl-tender looks like a brand new man. Unlike Mojo, who had grown in size, LaRue appears to have shed some of the beer belly off of his burly frame and replaced it with muscle.

DDK:

A nice ovation for Davey LaRue, who apparently cleans up real well!

Lance:

Hard to believe there was a human underneath all that beard hair, but I have to agree, partner.

Davey starts to make his way over to Christie but abruptly stops. Spreading his arms wide and grinning, LaRue slowly spins in a circle to proudly show off his new look. As he does so the camera focuses in to reveal the word "BALLYHOO" written down one side of his new ring pants and "LARUE" written down the other. Davey notices the camera and stops his spin. Stroking his beard, he gives a wink to the folks watching at home before walking himself and Mojo over to Christie. Glancing down at the alligator, she takes a precautionary step away from it before raising her mic up and focusing her attention to LaRue.

Christie Zane:

Thank you for joining me tonight, Davey. We might not be in New Orleans, but I think it's safe to say that The Faithful have missed their favorite bartender!

The crowd cheers in affirmation and LaRue smirks as he nods his head in agreement.

Davey LaRue:

Ya dang right they did, cher! And believe me when I say the feelin' is mutual. But, as ya'll can see...

LaRue snickers and performs another spin to show off his new look. Stroking his beard again, the Cajun winks at Zane.

Davey LaRue:

I've been keepin' myself busy, baby. And tonight I return to DEFIANCE not as '*Fat Tuesday*' Davey LaRue...

Sneering, LaRue spits in disgust and puts his hands on his hips.

Davey LaRue:

The name is Ballyhoo LaRue, cher. And I ain't here to mix drinks and grin like an idiot while I hand out drinks. Dat may have enough for that sad sack "Fat Tuesday" but dat ain't enough for me, baby. I didn't come to DEFIANCE with Brock to stand behind a bar and crack beers. I came here to stand in the ring and crack skulls, and dat's exactly what I'm gonna do!

Reaching down, Davey picks Mojo up and raises him up to the crowd to emphasize his point.

Christie Zane:

With this new look, and new confidence, it's clear to me that losing Ballyhoo Brew was a life-changing moment for you.

Davey LaRue:

Dat it was, cher. It's a real tragedy what happened and it's a place dat I'll always keep close to my heart. And as much as I wish I could change the past, I've been around long enough to know dat ain't gonna happen. I suppose I could've been like some people, and run away with my tail between my legs, never to be seen again. No, ma'am, dis gator don't tuck tail for nothin or no one. It's gonna take more den a lil' fire to put me down...jus' like it's gonna take more den dat to kill Ballyhoo's spirit!

Another round of cheers from The Faithful and Zane is quick to follow up.

Christie Zane:

While I think everyone would like to join you in trying to put the destruction of Ballyhoo Brew behind them, there's still many questions left to be answered surrounding the events of that tragic night. Of those questions, the biggest one has to be about a man that you've known longer than anyone else, Brock Newbludd...

Zane is forced to pump the brakes momentarily, and LaRue raises an eyebrow, as The Faithful break out in a chant...

The Faithful:

We Want Newbludd! *clapclap...clapclapclap* We Want Newbludd! *clapclap...clapclapclap* We Want Newbludd!
clapclap...clapclapclap

Zane raises her free hand up to signal for the people to quiet down. Normally one to instigate the crowd into chanting louder, LaRue instead simply stands next to Christie with his arms crossed over his chest. The Faithful continue on for a few more seconds before LaRue reaches out and tilts the mic towards him.

Davey LaRue:

If ya'll wanna know de deal with Newbludd den ya'll should pipe de hell down and let Ballyhoo LaRue tell ya!

Taking heed to Davey's stern words, the crowd cuts the chanting and Zane raises her mic back up.

Christie Zane:

Let's just get down to it, Davey...

LaRue wags a finger at Zane.

Davey LaRue:

Like I said when I got here, darlin'. De name is Ballyhoo LaRue. Davey was de guy Brock stuck behind a bar and den forgot about. And you're right, let's not beat around de bush. I'm jus' gonna tell ya'll de cold, hard, truth when it comes to my 'best' friend Brock Newbludd. Ya'll wanna know where Brock is and when's he's comin back? Is dat it!?

A loud cheer is answer enough for LaRue and he looks out to the crowd for a long second before sighing loudly into the mic.

Ballyhoo LaRue:

Well, I'm gonna tell ya'll de same thing I've been sayin' for weeks now...

LaRue pauses for dramatic effect.

Ballyhoo LaRue:

He's GONE! And dat boy ain't ever comin' back. So, ya'll need to stop askin' me about it! I love ya guys, but ya'll need to just accept de truth!

Rumbling in disapproval, the Faithful throw a few boos at LaRue and he throws his hands up innocently.

Ballyhoo LaRue:

Hey now! Don't shoot de messenger, ya'll! And before ya ask, Zane...no, Brock didn't tell me dat himself. But, he didn't need to...I knew he was leavin' town as soon as I looked into his eyes after Maximum DEFIANCE. Losing the bar, and the titles, put Brock in a pretty dark place ya'll. But losing Siobhan? Well, dat was too much. It broke him.

Christie Zane:

That's going to be a tough pill to swallow for a whole lot of fans, Ballyhoo.

LaRue's face brightens upon hearing Zane call him 'Ballyhoo' and he raises a calming hand to the restless crowd.

Ballyhoo LaRue:

It is tough! But, ya know what's tougher? Pickin' yourself up, dustin' yourself off and putting de past behind ya! Dat's what I did! And now I'm hear to tell ya'll that we ain't done! It's time for the next man up and I ain't gonna let anyone down! I ain't runnin' away from my problems, I'm runnin' at em with The Faithful right next to me! And we're gonna be screamin' our warcry!

LaRue cups his hands over his mouth and takes a step away from the mic.

Ballyhoo LaRue:

You ready, babies!? Here we go! BAAAAAALLLYY!!!

The Faithful take a collective breath, ready to finish off the warcry that Brock Newbludd first belted out over two years ago. Now, it's Ballyhoo LaRue's battlecry...

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The crowd's "HOOOOO!" is interrupted by the opening keys of Cole Rolland's cover of the Beethoven classic... and The Faithful begin to boo as they know what this means.

DDK:

It appears that we're about to be joined by a man who we learned has his own plans for the former Saturday Night Special's bar...

Lance:

We already saw Ned Reform once tonight when he may have cost Pat Cassidy a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE. Now he's interrupting Davey LaRue... he just seems to have it out for The Saturday Night Specials, doesn't he?

The Good Doctor himself, dressed in his professor-esque best, appears to the live crowd and the heat intensifies. Behind him, also dressed business-casual but with sleeves rolled up like he's ready for a brawl, is the hulking TA Cole. Reform pauses at the ramp, scanning the Faithful with a smirk until his eyes land on Davey LaRue and Christie Zane on the interview stage. Reform leans on Cole's shoulder and points toward the newly christened Ballyhoo LaRue, smiling and saying something that the camera cannot pick up. Whatever he said, it appears to be hilariously side splitting to Levi Cole. The Honor Society make their way over to the interview stage as Reform's music begins to fade. Davey assumes a defensive stance as The Sage on the Stage approaches, but Reform holds up a hand to indicate that he should relax. Ned motions for the mic from Christie. Zane hesitates with an annoyed look, but she eventually does hand it over.

B0000000000000000000!

Ned Reform:

My, my, my. Look what we have here, children! Our resident walking health code violation appears to have cleaned up his act!

Davey continues to stand as if he's ready for a scrap.

Ned Reform:

Mr. LaRue, I can appreciate a man attempting a career resurgence. I can appreciate a man who attempts to better himself - both physically and mentally. I can always appreciate a man who is unafraid to tell the truth even in the face of disapproval by the masses. So I do admire your fortitude in telling this people that Mr. Newbludd will not be returning to DEFIANCE. But... one thing I cannot endorse...

Reform shakes his head ruefully.

Ned Reform:

Is giving people false hope. It's cruel, it's unnecessary, and it's just... *uncalled for*, Mr. LaRue. You see, keeping this

ridiculous Ballyhoo cry and moniker alive is misleading. It strings the uncouth charlatans along with the belief that that rat's nest hellhole will someday rise from the ashes like some sort of degenerate, urine-soaked Phoenix. And the fact is: nothing could be farther from the truth. For you see, Dr. Ned Reform is not content to be a scholar. To be a leader. To be an intellectual giant among ants. No... Dr. Ned Reform is now going to become...

Reform uses his hands as if he were presenting a banner or sign.

Ned Reform:

An entrepreneur!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

Yes, children! Ballyhoo Brew shall not be making a comeback, as it will be buried forever beneath my brand new coffee cafe. On that spot, I shall build my church: a safe haven for poets, for philosophers, and for the great thinkers of our time to gather. And for that...

SNATCH! The crowd pops as Davey LaRue, sick of listening to this blowhard, grabs the mic out of Ned Reform's hand! Reform's eyes nearly bug out of his head as he stares at LaRue in a combination of shock and anger.

Davey LaRue:

De only ting ya'll are buildin' up wit dem words is a hefty hospital bill! If ya tink I'm jus' gonna stand here and listen to de crap comin' outcha mouth for one second longer den you're a damn fool, docta. I'll be damned if I'm gonna let a couple big-mouthed city slickas' come out here and hijack my time! Tell ya what, sweetheart, how bout' ya meet me down in dat ring...right here and right now...and you let Ballyhoo LaRue teach ya a ting or two about manners.

Reform's angry face slowly melts into one of amusement. He shakes his head and chuckles, taking the mic back.

Ned Reform:

My good man... perhaps you have not been attentive to the program - and truthfully, I could not blame you - but Dr. Ned Reform is a main event player. A prize fighter, as it were. If I step into the ring, it is only with the elite tier in this sport. You, a washed up hobo pretending to be civilized... well, you are simply beneath me.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Sounds a bit like cowardice.

Ned Reform:

In fact, when this comeback of yours falls flat, I will offer you the same deal I proposed to Mr. Cassidy last week: we always have room for baristas. If you ask nicely, I may even...

Out of nowhere!

THUD!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Are you kidding me!? Ned Reform just stabbed LaRue right in the eye with that microphone!

Reform barks out an arrogant laugh as he watches LaRue stumble backwards while clutching at his freshly smashed eye.

Lance:

Ballyhoo LaRue might end up being the shortest lived gimmick in DEFIANCE history, partner. A shot like that to the eye can cause serious damage.

The interview stage quickly becomes chaos as TA Cole steps around his laughing mentor and lunges towards LaRue. With boos raining down on him, the student formerly known as Levi shoots one of LaRue's legs and picks it up off the ground. In the blink of an eye the former collegiate All-American sends LaRue tumbling across the stage with a whiplash inducing dragon screw.

DDK:

Normally I'd be tipping my hat to Cole for that perfectly done dragon screw, but throwing a blinded man and helpless man is were I draw the line.

Lance:

I have to agree. LaRue was helpless to defend himself. That's dangerous and nothing to be proud of.

TA Cole begs to differ. Proudly rising up to his feet, he smirks at the sight of LaRue writhing in pain as his mentor appears next to him. The good doctor issues some unheard orders to Cole and his assistant springs into action, moving towards LaRue. Ned, meanwhile, turns his attention to the camera. Looking right into it, he gives those watching at home a wicked grin.

Ned Reform:

I'll take that, blue collar drone.

Reform reaches up and wrestles the camera away from the camera man! Things get shaky for a minute until someone in the DEFIANCE production truck switches to a different camera, allowing us to see Cole holding up LaRue for Reform to hit him across the head with the camera! Christie Zane scurries to safety as The Good Doctor lines up the finishing blow...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Wait! Mojo! Davey LaRue's pet alligator just came between Reform and his master!

The color drains from Ned's face as the alligator's jaws snap open and shut in his general direction. Reform drops the camera and holds up his hands in a calming motion, begging off from the angry respite. Mojo lunges, and Reform lets loose a shriek that is unbecoming of a man of culture as he nearly falls over trying to escape. He makes a b-line for the curtain as he scurries to the back with Mojo hot on his tail!

DDK:

Ned Reform's running for his life, Lance! I didn't know alligators had a taste for snakes!

Lance:

He's headed for the hills and I can't say I don't blame him. Now it's up to TA Cole to finish things by himself.

DDK:

You mean finish off LaRue. Just because Reform isn't looking over his shoulder doesn't mean the star pupil won't finish his assignment.

Lance:

Where the heck is security? We still have a situation out here with Cole and LaRue.

DDK:

They probably have their hands full with a live alligator roaming the back!

Having dropped LaRue back down to the stage's steel floor during Mojo's sudden intervention, Cole shakes his head

and glares down at him. Cole snaps his head in the direction of the camera Ned had dropped and stomps over to it. Picking it back up, the determined TA makes his way back over to LaRue and stands over him.

Lance:

Enough is enough, Cole!

Being so close to the announcer's booth, Cole actually hears what Lance is saying and he instantly snaps his head away from LaRue to at them. His focus is painfully brought back to LaRue though as Davey shoots one of his legs up and kicks TA Cole square in the groin!

DDK:

Ballyhoo LaRue with the great equalizer!

Eyes bulging in pain, Cole raises the camera again and LaRue reacts by kicking the inside of one of his attackers knees. Cole's leg buckles as he drops the camera and Ballyhoo LaRue fully capitalizes by lunging forward and tackling Cole to the ground.

Lance:

TA Cole's on his back and now he's getting a taste of his own medicine. LaRue's hammering Reform's right hand man with a volley of punches!

LaRue's barrage of hammer fists is suddenly halted when Cole shoots a hand up and jams a thumb into the same eye that Ned tried to shiskabob with the microphone. Howling in pain, Davey jolts up and stumbles away as Cole tries to push himself back up.

DDK:

TA Cole targeted that eye in a bid to buy himself some time but LaRue's had enough!

Glaring at Cole with his good eye, LaRue ignores the throbbing pain in his bad one and charges ahead. The burly Cajun roars in anger as he clobbers Cole in the back of the head with a forearm. Spinning him around, LaRue yanks TA in and nails him right between the eyes with a big time headbutt. A second headbutt follows and Cole starts to teeter backwards but LaRue grabs him by an arm. Roughly pulling Cole in towards him, LaRue squats low and lifts him up onto his shoulders.

Lance:

What's LaRue got planned here?

With Cole draped over his shoulders, LaRue turns towards the top of the ramp and charges forward. The Faithful roar in approval as Ballyhoo LaRue PLANTS TA Cole with a huge Death Valley Driver! Smacking into the steel ramp with an audible thud, Cole bounces a few times down it before coming to a stop.

DDK:

Death Valley Driver and TA Cole is out on the ramp!

Pushing himself up, Ballyhoo LaRue looks down at Cole laying facedown on the ramp. LaRue throws a triumphant fist in the air and The Faithful respond with a resounding cheer.

Lance:

The Honor Society had planned to send a message to LaRue tonight but he wasn't having any of it. Wherever Pat Cassidy is right now, I'm sure he's smiling at Davey's handiwork here tonight.

The Faithful's roaring suddenly amplifies when Mojo comes waddling back out onto the stage with what looks to be one of Ned Reform's shoes trapped between his jaws. LaRue spots Mojo and belts out a hearty laugh.

DDK:

Mojo's back out on the stage and I think he's found himself a new chew toy in the form of Ned Reform's loafer!

Meeting his pet at the top of the ramp, LaRue wrestles Reform's dress shoe out of Mojo's mouth and holds it up to the crowd. Rearing back, he throws it out into the crowd and the camera shows a fan snatch it out of the air.

Lance:

Now that's a one of a kind souvenir.

DDK:

That it is, partner. Delivered by a one of a kind alligator.

The camera switches back to LaRue and Mojo for a few final moments to show him lifting the gator high above his head in celebration. With The Faithful cheering in appreciation, the camera slowly fades to black.

RAUNCHY FOR MY LOVE STICK PT. II

Shaky cam footage shot from a cell phone begins to roll. Teresa Ames lays with her back on the carpet of her Denver Coliseum locker room as she records only her legs which are pressed up against the wall.

Teresa Ames:

Mirror, mirror on the wall, who has the fairest legs of them all? Who has the raunchiest, sexiest legs this evening at elevation? Denver has never been THIS high, oh my. A creeper, a crawler, a prowler in the night. I certainly know the Denver Coliseum is blessed very tight.

The tone of her voice is quite playful. Almost too playful. She crosses her freshly shaved legs and wags her foot as she continues her aloof babble.

Teresa Ames:

My oh my, these white painted brick walls feel SO good on my bare skin. What did I do to deserve this sNoW wHiTe setting?

She zooms in on her toes rubbing up against the wall. She moans with an insatiable thirst as this is only the beginning of her night.

Teresa Ames:

I've been to Phoenix and Salt Lake and now I'm here. Denver, Coors, the tastiest of beers. So cheers to this arena, it's a big hit! All day long, it's got me saying shit guy, SHIT!

She gently taps the sides of her phone as she transitions some soft serve ASMR into her moment. Her gaze is locked on the unevenness within each brick in the wall. She loves it. She simply loves it.

Teresa Ames:

This is the best everrrrrrr. I don't even care that I'm getting trashed online as the traveling wrestling whore. I am enjoying myself for once, dammit. The best part about this is the arenas don't even talk back.

She uncrosses her legs and presses the bottoms of both feet against the wall. She begins to create friction more vigorously.

Teresa Ames:

Oh, now it's getting hot in here. I gotta turn out the lights soon. Maybe I'll stream the rest on my privately paid platform? Things are getting steamy again. Uncontrollable urges upcoming. If these walls could talk, they would be asking for MOAR, MOAR, MOAR!

Teresa slings her phone to the ground. It ends up recording the side of her head. The moans and groans only grow louder until the footage comes to an abrupt end.

MAN UP, JJ

Earl Lee Roberts stands in front of his log cabin somewhere outside of Roanoke, Virginia. He's wearing a 10-gallon cowboy hat, a black DEFIANCE shirt that's tucked into blue jeans. In front of him is a brown fence made of logs, and two large German Shepherds are romping around behind him.

Earl Lee Roberts:

JJ, brother. What the hell is going on with you? I've called you. I've texted you. And you know I ain't one for social media, but I even sent you a few messages on Instagram. But I don't hear back from you at all.

Now, I know I've been busy. My daughter Jessie was born just a few months ago. Heck, brother, you were the first person outside of my direct family to hold her. JJ, ever since you first came to my gym up here in Virginia and I started training you, you've been like family to me. And family, you tell each other things when you're in trouble.

I get it, brother. Money issues, that's not something that you necessarily want anyone to know about, even family. You could have told me all of that so I could've helped you out. And I had no idea it got that bad for you that you were going to hang it up.

But what really concerns me is how you walked away, arm-in-arm, with Teri Melton. Crazy Teri Melton. The stories we all heard about her when I was a young kid coming up the ranks were infamous. That woman ain't no good to no one, JJ.

Now, you're probably all mixed up. I get that. Wrestling's a stressful business. You've had a lot going on and you kept it all on the inside. But you and I need to have a chat. I'm going to be at the next DefTV and I assume you will be, too. So let's talk this out, man-to-man, just me and you in front of everyone. That's the right thing to do, and manning up and handling your business that way is what I taught you to do since the first day we met, brother... if I can still call you that.

LUCKY SEVENS LETHAL LOTTERY

DDK:

The next match on this massive episode of Uncut tonight is a Unified Tag Team title match! The first ever Lucky Sevens Lucky Lottery took place last week on DEF TV and that was a one-sided affair. Tom Morrow drew the names of two men who hate one another ... and we saw that they went out and signed Aaron King to BFTA!

Lance:

These have to be rigged, but Tom Morrow didn't like the legitimacy of the Lucky Lottery being questioned. He promised tonight the Lucky Sevens will defend against a tag team that will be drawn at random! Don't forget if the Lucky Sevens retain tonight, they will defend the titles against any two members of Titanes Familia next week when DEF TV is live from their home town of Las Vegas!

DDK:

A busy schedule for the champs but they are ready. We're going to the stage where I'm being told the champs will arrive shortly!

Tom Morrow is on the stage with the Lucky Lottery tumbler and the same brunette Lucky Lottery Girl! Standing next to Tom Morrow is none other than BFTA's new signing.

Tom Morrow:

Denver, Colorado!

He pauses and the fans start a loud pop!

Tom Morrow:

The only place in all of these United States where no matter how tall the Lucky Sevens are ... you idiots will always be higher.

There is a loud mix of booing and cheering for the joke.

Tom Morrow:

Before we get to tonight's Lucky Sevens Lucky Lottery ... allow me to introduce you to a man that wanted to find a Better Future for himself in DEFIANCE Wrestling! This man next to me resisted the temptation of stealing gold and in return, I offered to make sure his talents would fully be realized. He is the newest member of Better Future Talent Agency ... he is Pretty Dangerous and he is the Pensacola Playboy AAAAARRROOOOONNNNNN K ... I ... N ... G!!! KINNNGGG!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are jeering when Aaron King takes the microphone. He takes a sip from a glass of whiskey he has in his other hand. The microphone catches him slurping it up.

Aaron King:

Thank you, Tommay! There's plenty of time to talk about me ... I am Aaron K! !! N! G! KING!!! He gave me an opportunity when the Gulf Coast Connection just wanted me to show up and be happy to be here. The Scourge wanted me to be nothing more than a human shield for whatever shit came out of Arthur Pleasant's mouth ... but my guy, Tommay, here ...

He wraps an arm around Morrow's shoulder and kisses him on the forehead.

Aaron King:

He gave me this chance to shine! You'll see me kick ass for Better Future Talent Agency very soon, but right now let's watch the Lucky Sevens beat that ass!

Tom Morrow:

That's what I like about you, Aaron! You like to party and you know when to get to business! So let's get to that business! They weigh in combined at SIX-HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS!!! They stand at a combined height

of FOURTEEN FEET TALL!!! They are *YOUR* Unified Tag Team Champions and *MINE!!!* The only seven-foot champions in DEFIANCE Wrestling that matter cause they aren't defending these titles against no Thurston Hunters ... unless his name gets drawn ...

7 7 7

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

In brand new sparkling green capes, both Mason and Max hold them wide open to reveal all five titles between them! Three for Mason and two for Max tonight! The crowd is booing them out of the building as pyro goes off from all directions on the stage!

BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!! BOOM!!!

And on either side of the new champions, pinwheel pyro begins to spin, spiraling more pyro in each direction! Tom Morrow stands between the twin terrors and claps like a seal and Aaron King is putting the moves on the Lucky Lottery Girl and offering her a drink, but she wants nothing to do with him. Mason focuses on the ring and Max winks at the Lucky Lottery Girl who smiles back. It's down to business now with the two men heading to the ring. The two most decorated wrestlers in DEFIANCE Wrestling take turns stepping inside. Morrow stays on the ramp to call their opponents.

Tom Morrow:

Apparently some whiners cried foul and didn't like what names we drew so tonight, the theme is tag teams! Any tag team ... that *isn't* Titanes Familia ...

BOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Tom Morrow:

They get their title shot next so stop bitching! . Lucky Lottery Girl... spin that tumbler!

She does and then spins it several times for the crowd as a pretentious drum roll plays in the arena. The Denver Faithful wait until a red ball is drawn. The Lucky Lottery Girl gives it to Tom Morrow and he quickly opens it. He opens it.

Tom Morrow:

You will no longer doubt the validity of our Lucky Sevens Lucky Lottery can pucker up and kiss our asses ... **DAVID FOX!!! MUSHIGIHARA!!! THE DANGEROUS MIX!!!**

The crowd has to wait a few seconds for the music to play!

♪ "Run Rabbit Junk" by Hideyuki Takahashi ♪

The lights dim as red spotlights swim throughout the Denver Coliseum, David Fox bursts through the curtains and walks the stage to charge up the crowd. A moment later, the towering Mushigahara comes out after him, standing at the head of the ramp for a beat to pump his fists into the air. The Denver Faithful know exactly how to respond. David looks at Morrow and Aaron King but they back off and give the stage to the challengers.

OOOSSUUUUUUU!!!

Darren Quimbey:

The challengers ... at a combined weight of four-hundred and ninety-one pounds... the team of "The Soul Survivor" David Fox and "The God-Beast" Mushigahara... **DAAANGEEERROOUUUSSS MIIIIIXXXX!!!**

DDK:

WOW! I have to say I'm surprised! The Lucky Sevens have said they feared no competition, but they've blocked the

Saturday Night Specials from a rematch and last week, pitted two men who don't like each other as challengers. Now they have Fox and Mushigihara who won against Rain City Ronin last week! They're ready to fight!

Despite the big step up in competition from last week, Max and Mason still look confident. The veterans of DEFIANCE Wrestling like David Fox and Mushi look ready for this big title match. The referee holds up all the Unified Tag Titles! Fox is looking to start for the challengers and Mason starts out for the champions.

DING DING

The Denver Faithful cheer on David Fox. He circles around Mason Luck and then he starts to move when he sees Aaron King trying to snatch his leg at ringside. Fox kicks his arm away but when he turns he gets hit by a shoulder tackle from Mason Luck. King hasn't done anything but the ref warns him to get away. Aaron King backs off and sips his whiskey.

Lance:

There goes Aaron King earning his first paycheck as a BFTA member.

DDK:

And there goes Mason Luck earning his paycheck by running over David Fox thanks to the diversion.

Mason gets up and then chops David Fox in the corner. He smiles and then he throws him across the ring with no effort involved! Fox hits the canvas but Mason Luck isn't playing around quickly. He takes Fox far away from his corner and from Mushi then tags in Max Luck. The twin giants throw David Fox into the ropes and then a quick double shoulder block puts him down again. Mason and Max both flex and pose for the cameras! Tom Morrow tells the booing Denver Faithful that the champs are here to stay!

DDK:

Quick start off by Mason and Max Luck! They are overpowering their challengers!

Mushi is watching Max pick up David Fox now. Fox tries to kick himself free from the grip of a powerful Max Luck but all he gets is dropped on the canvas with a big slam from seven feet up. Max slaps an elbow and tells the crowd that the Box Cars elbow drop is coming ... but showing his work costs him when Fox moves at the last second! Fox rolls over and then goes to get Mushi in!

Lance:

Big cheer for Mushigihara! He and David Fox are true veterans in the promotion, but they are looking for their first Unified Tag Team title reign together!

Max is up to a knee, but Fox kicks with a base ball slide to that same knee.

DDK:

Baseball slide by David Fox! Max is still up, but Mushi is on. He runs to the ropes ... *leaping* shoulder tackle of his own! Max is off his feet!

The blend of speed and power works after the combined efforts of the Dangerous Mix put Max down! Mushi tries to pin Max as quick as he can.

One ...

Two ...

DDK:

Max Luck powers out! That was a nice set of double teams by Dangerous Mix but it'll take more than that to defeat the Lucky Sevens.

David Fox tags in just as Mushi hits the ropes and then hits a running splash on Max. Max has his chest crushed by

the splash and when he tries sitting up he gets kicked in the face once and then hit with a Sole Food from David Fox!

Lance:

That was another great flurry from the challengers on display. Cover!

One ...

Two ...

Max Luck violently pushes David off of him with a shove! Fox tries standing and Mason Luck tries to grab him when he's back up, but Fox moves away and then uses the ropes to jump up and kick Mason in the chest. David tries to fight out of the corner but looking away from Max Luck turns out to be a huge mistake. Max picks up a struggling Fox and then slams him down using a spinning side slam!

DDK:

Fox tried to fight too many battles there and he paid for it!

Aaron King and Tom Morrow watch the match proudly that The Lucky Sevens are getting ahead. Max tags Mason Luck and then he picks up Fox off the mat. He holds him in a pump handle set up and then picks him up for the Jack Pot Drop! Fox moves like he's been broken in two after the bounce off Mason's knee.

Lance:

Ooooooh! Mason gets him! And now the tag goes to Max!

The Beast of the Bright Lights steps in and then finally gets to hit the Box Cars elbow drop that he missed earlier in the match! The impact forces Fox on his side and he tries to move away but Max rolls him back into a lateral press cover.

One ...

Two ...

But a surprise kick-out from the Vanguard irritates Max!

DDK:

A kick-out from Fox! The Jack Pot Drop and the Box Cars elbow drop only gets two!

Lance:

Fox needs to tag Mushi!

Max points Fox at his own corner and tells Fox to go tag Mushi! Mushi is out with a hand and Fox almost makes it to the tag ... but Max throws a big boot at Mushi and hits the God-Beast off the apron first! Then he stomps Fox in the back!

DDK:

I hate the man doing it, but the Lucky Sevens function so well as a team. It's frustrating.

Lance:

It really is. Morrow got himself a couple of thoroughbreds but the things they have done to find success are unconscionable.

Max Luck pulls David by the leg back to the corner. He tries to pick him in the corner but David hits him back with a palm strike right out of Pancrase! That shot is able to stun Max for a second, but Mason Luck grabs him for the lock and then applies a Winning Hand from the corner! He squeezes his hand down on the head of Fox in the ropes and then lets go while the official warns him. Max Luck tags in his brother. Xax picks up David and then hits a knee strike and then spins him right into a huge clothesline by Mason!

Mason and Max Luck:

KA-CHING!!!

DDK:

The brothers hit the Ka-Ching double team move! Mason with a cover.

One ...

Two ...

Big Mushi is able to get in and save him before the count hits three! He pushes Max off his tag team partner!

Lance:

Mushi returns with the save! The God-Beast is frothing at the mouth to get in and fight but The Lucky Sevens have kept Fox away from him.

DDK:

True. The Lucky Sevens have done everything to keep Mushi out of this affair! His power can combat theirs if he does!

Mushi is back in his corner and he's yelling "OSU!!!" to get David Fox fired up, but he's been roughed up by the twins. Mason grabs David by an arm and then locks in a Winning Hand! The iron claw is firmly attached on his skull when he pitches him up for the Winning Hand Slam ... but David shockingly counters with a rising knee strike to Mason's jawline. He drops Fox on the mat and while Mason is hobbling, he gets struck with a Flash Bang back kick!

Lance:

David Fox hits the Flash Bang! Mason is hurt but can Mushigihara make that tag?

Mason is left on his knees and then goes over to the corner and tags Max. Max tries to get in and stop David Fox ... but it is too late! Mushigihara gets the tag and the Denver Faithful are elated to see the King of the Monsters about to step in the action.

DDK:

Mushi is in! Max is in! The monsters are both throwing their best shots!

Max and Mushi are scrapping it out with the Denver Faithful on Mushi's side. Max finally eats a shot and then hits a knee. He hits a head butt and then he goes for a big boot. Mushi ducks that and when Max comes back off of the ropes, Mushi is able to catch the seven foot monster quickly with a huge power slam into the mat!

Lance:

Almighty! That was a powerful power slam by Mushigihara!

The God-Beast steps back a little and then jumps up to hit a running senton across his ribs! Max lets out a loud "oof!!!" and the blow starts to sit up slowly. But that ends up being a major issue for The Beast of the Bright Lights because the God-Beast flies at him with a crossbody attack called Bishamon!

DDK:

Running senton followed quickly by the Bishamon press! Are we going to see a title switch tonight?

Morrow yells and curses up a storm and Aaron King almost drops his drink! Denver Faithful count along for the cover!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Max Luck with the shoulder up in the nick of time! The ringside BFTA members are in relief but only for a second because Mushi is ready to call the match.

OOOSSUUUUUUU!!!

The chant is loud when he grabs Max by the side just as the monster starts to stand. Max fights out of his Uranage attempt with a blow to the side and then follows it up with a knee strike and a big right. Max tags Mason Luck again and they both try and get Mushi up for the Coin Toss double suplex but David Fox slides back in to save his partner and then hits a running shoot kick to the back of the leg. He kicks at Mason's leg and Max gets taken over to the corner. With both twins cornered on the other side, Fox hits Max with a jumping running boot in the corner and Mushi with a huge splash on Mason in the corner!

DDK:

Fox and Mushi fire back in stereo! The Dangerous Mix may be bad for the health of the Lucky Sevens's tag title reign!

Lance:

Mushi and Mason are now the two legal men!

Mushi using another Uranage attempt but out of the corner, David Fox is outside when a fan starts to yell at him. Fox turns his attention on the fan and then gets hit with a white glove!

Lance:

Hey! Hey! What is this? What ... ?

The two men come out from the crowd are none other than Gentlemen's Agreement!

DDK:

Gentlemen's Agreement lay out David Fox at ringside! The referee is busy with Mason and Mushi fighting!

Mushi does eventually see the duo ringside and then sticks his head through the ropes where he sees Fox knocked out. Oliver Monroe and Lord Sewell run for the hills but they are happy that the damage is done The blind moment is exactly what Mason hits a running knee to the back of the God-Beast!

Lance:

No! Mushi was trying to help his partner and Mason Luck takes advantage of the situation.

Mason Luck tags Max and Mason sets up Mushi for a power bomb. At the apex, he has the Winning Hand and then hits a power bomb and Winning Hand combo!

DDK:

SEVEN STARS ON MUSHI!!! WHAT STRENGTH BY THE TWINS!

Max Luck pins Mushigihara.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners ... and *still* your Unified Tag Team champions ... THE LUUUCCKKKKYYY SEEEVVVENS!!!

Lance:

The Dangerous Mix might have caused the Lucky Sevens to sweat at the end, but Gentlemen's Agreement made an unwelcome appearance! Thanks to that the Lucky Sevens retain in their second week of the Lucky Sevens Lucky

Lottery!

DDK:

Sewell and Monroe were running their mouths last week about how they could beat the Dangerous Mix before Fox and Mushi confronted them. That was payback!

“The Big Money Monster” Mason Luck and “The Beast of the Bright Lights” Max Luck bask in the joy of being Unified Tag Team champions. Aaron King puts down his drink and he claps with Tom Morrow! Gentlemen’s Agreement are both laughing from the top of the ramp with Max and Mason Luck get to enjoy their run!

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens retain the titles and now they go to Las Vegas next week against two members of Titanes Familia! Will they be ready by then?

LIFE AT THE ESTATE OF TERI MELTON

The camera shows the exterior of a gigantic but mansion with Spanish architectural flair and columns, but with faded and muted colors indicating it had been decades since a powerwashing and paint job. Then we head inside to a giant parlor room, with dozens of photos of all sizes in all frames hanging up or perched on the Victorian furniture. Each of the photos are of a younger Teri Melton in her 90s glory -- bikini beach photos, headshots, photos of her with stars of yesterday like Horner and Joey Melton and Lawrence Standley and WildStar, all holding titles.

In the middle of the room is a dark brown loveseat, wooden legs high off the ground, that looks like it could have belonged to a British royal family member born before Queen Elizabeth.

Standing at the entranceway is Teri Melton herself, wearing a pink pillbox hat with a black veil over her eyes, a flamboyant red-and-black sparkly jacket over a black blouse, old-style white pearl necklace and a dark floor-length dress. She is clearly not happy as she puffs on her cigarette holder.

JJ Dixon comes in next, wearing a Jake Owen tour t-shirt tucked into blue jeans, his long hair flowing.

Teri Melton:

You're late. And where's the suit I bought you, Mr. Dixon?

JJ Dixon:

About that, ma'am. I mean, Madame. I'm just not a suit kind of guy. Especially not around the house.

Teri Metlon:

Mr. Dixon, you're not a suit guy... yet. Very well. We'll talk about that later.

Teri grabs him by the elbow, her long fingernails clawing around as she moves him to the loveseat. He sits down first. She follows and sits directly next to him even with plenty of room available.

Zoltan walks from behind the loveseat, dressed like he's about to carry a casket. He walks to this giant oil painting of Teri Melton, dressed in 90s spoiled brat preppy fashion, with the words 'STAR OF STARS' in a tacky brass lettering. Zoltan pulls a giant velvet curtain and the painting moves upwards revealing a projector screen. Zoltan walks back behind the loveseat and starts some kind of filmstrip.

Teri Melton:

Now, Mr. Dixon, I'm going to show you everything I did to help Bill Parsons win the CSWA Greensboro Title at Fish Fund 5!

JJ Dixon:

Teri..

JJ pulls his arm away.

JJ Dixon:

Look, I want to talk to you about something else I just watched. That was my match against Nicky Synz. And I saw what you and Zoltan did when I was knocked for a loop. That's not how I want to win matches. I'm not someone who likes doing underhanded tactics like that.

Teri Melton:

Well, Mr. Dixon. I figured you may say something like this. May I remind you of the following. First, the reason you were able to gain advantage in a match that, if you lost would force your retirement, is because you took my advice to attack your opponent's hurt knee. Second, you could have at any time pulled the referee aside and had him order us to return to the back. That you did not do. You have been in professional wrestling long enough to understand what we intended to do. Deep down inside, you wanted our presence at ringside because you wanted to finally, after all this time, win a

match. And, lastly, you willingly signed a contract that allows you to live in opulence with the best training, a personal chef, and a gym that you do not have to clean toilets to use.

Teri reclaims his arms.

Teri Melton:

So, Mr. Dixon, I'd save the 'aw shucks' routine because you know what you are doing, because this is what you truly want, and with the snap of my fingers I will take this all away from you. Am I speaking the truth here, Mr. Dixon?

JJ answers with a real bleak answer in his voice.

JJ Dixon:

Yes, Madame. This is what I truly want.

Teri Melton:

Very good. Now, it is my understanding that Earl Lee Roberts would like to have. This is not something that I am allowing --

JJ Dixon:

Wait, Earl Lee wants to speak at DefTV? Look, Teri -- I mean, Madame. I held his baby daughter in my arms. He's been like family to me. I owe him at least a conversation. And you can't and won't take that away from me.

JJ Dixon stands and abruptly leaves. Teri snarls as he leaves. Then she stands up, lit by the beam of the projection screen. She pauses dramatically as her eyes widen into a near delusional state.

Teri Melton:

No one leaves a star! Because that's what makes a star a star! And I am THE STAR OF STARS! I'll show those idiot promoters and everyone else who cast me aside! I'LL SHOW THEM ALL AND I WILL RETURN TO THE TOP OF THIS INDUSTRY! Because Teri Melton...

She then turns to the camera.

Teri Melton:

Is ready...

And the camera closes in on her face.

Teri Melton:

For her close up!

BIG GAME HUNTERS: GETTIN HICKEY WITH IT

Thurston Hunter sits on a stool in an otherwise dark room. He looks directly into your soul. He would eat your soul, if he could. No, the grimace on his face doesn't have anything to do with eating too much McDonald's, even though he pounded back one too many McNuggets with sweet and sour sauce about an hour ago, but it has to do with intensity because Thurston Hunter doesn't play around.

Thurston Hunter:

Welcome to BiG gAmE HuNtErS. I'm your badass host, Thurston Hunter and on today's inaugural episode, I am going to bash the shyte out of Gunther Adler because I can..

He folds his arms DEFIANTLY.

Thurston Hunter:

Adler, I heavily dislike you. I have a distaste for you in my mouth like I just swallowed a bug. Yuck. Ewww. Get out of my mouth, Gunther. You think you're so tough and mighty with larger muscles than mine? You think you got better chances with women because of your overall appeal and European background? I got news for you.

He tilts his head a bit.

Thurston Hunter:

I'M GOING TO MOTHERF*CKING COVER YOU IN TINY LITTLE BRUISES. You see, the words that I say are just letters in the air whereas tiny bruises last forever. On your skull, on your leg, on your huge arms, and on your neck. I will get right in there and make EVERYONE KNOW that Thurston Hunter put that shit on your neck, Gunther! ON YOUR NECK!

He's getting more and more riled up.

Thurston Hunter:

I could go on about this all day! I am THE motherf*cker DEFIANCE never wanted. I am THE lethal layover lap doggy dog. I am the worst best promo in the game. Or is it best worst promo? Shit, it doesn't matter because I have a ziploc baggy in my pocket to collect your teeth in after I knock 'em out with a Thurston THRUST!

He karate chops the air in front of him.

Thurston Hunter:

You can't speak English well, can you? That's okay because I am a master wordsmith. You won't need to speak after I remove your voice box from your throat. Wow, I am on a tear about throats here. Looks like I'm going to target your neck and I'm not even scared to say it because I am such a backstreet badass that anyone who uses the backdoor should be afraid of! GUNTHER!

He points forward.

Thurston Hunter:

I am going to street fight you so bad that your dead ancestors from like one hundred years ago will feel it! AND THEY ARE DEAD! WOW! WOOO! WOOO! WOOO! I'm all hyped up, brother. This is a BRAZEN feud that is guaranteed to boil over! Hold me back! It's simply too big for BRAZEN! This will happen. I promise, or my name isn't Thurston Carrie Lucious Cindy Kristy Hunter! I know my promises are solid gold cuz I am from the streets! We don't mess around there!

He's not losing steam anytime soon.

Thurston Hunter:

The winner will obviously be in line for a title shot in the future. I don't know about you, but I have grand plans. Once I

become champion, I will run this company into the ground! Merchandise stands will sell nothing but THURSTon Trap shirts because I am king shit! I am the walking, talking, wrestling abomination! What are you? Some hired thug from Germany? A klutz is you. A king is I. Member I said I am a wordsmith? I am dumping on you now. How does it feel to be dumped on by a king?

He takes a breath.

Thurston Hunter:

Remember, you did this. You started this. All I wanted was a simple cup of water to bring back to my owner, Malak. Then you had to get all lippy and chesty with me! The only person I let get that way with me is my mom! No one else can treat me how you treated me! It was embarrassing! So you damn skippy I be sitting here and calling your skinny ass out! I will continue to do this until I receive a response! This might go on for days! Weeks! Months! Maybe even years but at some point, Gunther Adler will go face to face in the ring with me, THURSTON BABY BRUISER CRUISER HUNTER! They don't call me the Bruiser Cruiser for nothing! WATCH YOUR NECK!

He blinks twice.

Thurston Hunter:

The neck. Protect your neck cuz I'm coming there with my lips FIRST! RAWR! CHOMP! TINY LITTLE BRUISES! I can't stress that point enough! You are done! Finito! Finished! Washed up has been who never was! They will plant flags and raise statues of me in Bremen as the Gunther slayer! I will be known as the almighty street fought warrior supreme! Don't make me up the ante. You want it? You want me in a concrete construction ladder match, huh? F*ck no. You can't handle that! I would kill you and killing is mostly illegal!

He's panting by now. He's got to be.

Thurston Hunter:

GUNTHER ADLER! The buck stops here! You. Are. GUILTY! Just remember, there's ALWAYS something to be said in the comments section!

PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP: MALAK GARLAND (C) vs. GILBERT ROGERS

A fisheye panoramic camera shot from the rafters of a jam packed Denver Coliseum shows a raucous crowd. Darren Quimbey smiles as he is ready to introduce the next competitors as usual.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, this contest is for the coveted PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP! Introducing first, the challenger!

The house lights flood the ramp as anticipation builds. The hue of the lights turn from fresh white to buttery yellow in an instant.

♪ "Saw OST Theme" by Lionsgate Films ♪

Fans look on as all 370 pounds of Gilbert Rogers accumulates on stage. He rubs his butter stained shirt which barely covers his navel as the crowd is disgusted at the sight of obesity.

Darren Quimbey:

He hails from Banff, Alberta, Canada and is known as The Buoyant Blob! He is GILBERT ROGERS!

Rogers tries to legitimately bite the camera on his way down the ramp, thinking maybe, just maybe it is covered in extra butter which would make for a tasty pre-match treat.

DDK:

Here comes "Extra Butter" Gilbert Rogers of Screen 7 and Lance, we haven't seen much of them lately but nevertheless, you got the scoop of how this match came about.

Rogers rolls into the ring and needs assistance from the ropes in order to stand.

Lance:

That's right. Apparently words were exchanged on the vaunted social media commentor where fans and talent can interact with each other. I heard that Rogers was touting EXTRA butter was the only way to eat popcorn whereas our flimsy Paper Champion said he preferred light butter due to digestive reasons.

Rogers is already sweating butter drops as he nestles into a corner and waits for the champ to arrive.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, he is the reigning and defending Paper Champion, he is the SNOWFLAKE SUPERSTAR from the BEST part of WYOMING, HE IS MALAK GARLAND!

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Malak Garland struts down to the ring with his paper belt in tow. He's wearing his usual wrestling outfit but the trim is golden yellow as if signifying his trunks and kneepads have been dipped in greasy melted buttery goodness. Most of the crowd hates Garland, except for a guy in camo gear in the front row. While you can't see this man's face, he's clapping heavily.

Lance:

If I am being completely honest, I am a bit surprised to see Malak so accepting of this match. Remember, he quashed Tyler Fuse's rightful title shot for the Paper belt by deeming him "too violent" and it has been a minute since he's defended the title entirely. It made me wonder if we would see him put it on the line ever again or not.

DDK:

I think he might have heard all those online rumblings about being a fighting champion so he's taken this match, albeit against a much lesser talent than Tyler Fuse.

Garland hands the belt to Carla Ferrari who shows it all around before handing it off herself.

DING DING

Malak has an all business look on his face as he stands diagonally across from the buttery one. Rogers walks to the center of the ring and holds a hand up, inviting Malak to partake in a test of strength.

Malak Garland:

I ain't doing that. Hey, Carla! Do your job and check him. Give him a quick pat down because I'm ninety nine perfect sure he's packing.

Confused, Carla looks at Malak with disdain before trekking over to Gilbert. The Buttery Beauty raises his arms in innocence, exposing his soiled pits. He proclaims he has nothing to hide as Carla reluctantly gives him a pat down.

Lance:

I highly doubt someone of Gilbert's stature would have any contraband on their person.

Low and behold, Carla pulls a brick of extra salty butter from Gilbert's back pocket. It's pretty much a fully intact brick of butter, save for one blatant bite mark through the foil wrapper. Gilbert's face turns red with guilt as Carla holds it up for the world to see. Malak revels in the discovery.

Malak Garland:

See!? Bitch, I told you to check him for a reason and look at what you found! I knew it! I WAS RIGHT! I AM RIGHT! I AM ALWAYS RIGHT!

Carla politely tosses the brick of butter out of the ring.

Malak Garland:

Now you can't cheat with the greasy advantage you pig snorting troll whore.

Rogers resumes his position in the middle of the ring, still wanting to get things going with a test of strength but of course, the Social Media Savant has other ideas.

Malak Garland:

Carla, get over here.

She does as she's told.

Malak Garland:

Check him AGAIN!

With a strained look on her face, Carla pauses before giving Gilbert Rogers yet another pat down. This time, she finds ANOTHER brick of butter from his pant legs. This brick isn't just extra salty but it's also chive and garlic infused.

Malak Garland:

I KNEW IT! HE HAD ANOTHER STICK OF BUTTER STOWED AWAY! WOW, OKAY! I don't know if I can go through with this wrestling match now.

Carla discards that butter too as Gilbert Rogers already looks defeated. Carla asks him if he's got anything more hidden to which Extra Butter just shakes his head no.

Malak Garland:

You should just give up. Lay down on your back and eat the pin like the good little enhancer you are.

Rogers bites his lip as he backs up into his corner. He looks out to the crowd for guidance. He gets a few passive

cheers before he calls Carla over his way.

Gilbert Rogers:

OooOooOooOoo hiiiiii Carla, big fan of your on-screen work. I've reviewed a lot of your matches and yes, even though I was trying to sneak more than one stick of butter into this match, I think YOU should CHECK him!

The fans roar in approval as Carla, conflicted, now looks Malak's way.

DDK:

I mean, it only makes sense! Malak had Carla check Gilbert TWICE! I think it's only fair that Malak gets checked at least once!

Garland now finds himself the one raising his hands in innocence.

Malak Garland:

I don't have anything illegal on my person! I do not consent to a search! I DO NOT GIVE CONSENT! TOUCH ME AND YOU WILL HAVE A HARASSMENT LAWSUIT ON YOUR HANDS!

Carla stops to think about it for a moment as the crowd cheers her on. She deflects Malak's verbal threat and proceeds to check the man. Malak looks super inconvenienced as Carla does her job. Suddenly, she stops.

Lance:

Looks like she found something!

Much to her surprise, the referee rises from her bent position near the champion and holds something up.

DDK:

No way. It can't be!

Carla holds the item up for the world to see. It's a half eaten stick of butter. Extra light butter at that. Damn near imitation butter. It might as well have been margarine for all we care at this point. The abomination of this discovery has sent the fans into a frenzy and Gilbert Rogers in mania.

Gilbert Rogers:

EXTRA LIGHT BUTTER!? YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!?

Malak yells back in defense of the questionable choice.

Malak Garland:

I NEED IT! EXTRA BUTTER HURTS MY TINY TUMMY! ONLY LIGHT BUTTER AGREES WITH ME!

While Rogers loses his mind over the low cal product, Carla lectures Malak on the dangers of bringing such a slippery substance to the ring. Malak tries to reason with her but he rightfully gets put in his place. Ferrari finally throws the stick of light butter out of the ring with authority before requesting both wrestlers, you know, finally start wrestling. Distraught, Malak has to cover his forehead with his hands.

Malak Garland:

I don't think I can do this. You found my secret weapon: a stick of extra light butter I was going to jam down this fat man's gullet. I am beyond reprieve.

Rogers walks with confidence to the center of the ring and begins shouting.

Gilbert Rogers:

EXTRA BUT-HER!

The fans clap along.

CLAP-CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

Noticing this, he continues his tirade.

EXTRA BUT-HER!

CLAP-CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

EXTRA BUT-HER!

CLAP-CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

EXTRA BUT-HER!

CLAP-CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

EXTRA BUT-HER!

CLAP-CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

EXTRA BUT-HER!

CLAP-CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

EXTRA BUT-HER!

CLAP-CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

EXTRA BUT-HER!

CLAP-CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

EXTRA BUT-HER!

CLAP-CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

EXTRA BUT-HER!

CLAP-CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

EXTRA BUT-HER!

CLAP-CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

EXTRA BUT-HER!

CLAP-CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

EXTRA BUT-HER!

CLAP-CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

It's like Malak is caught in a nightmare he can't escape. He tries to speak up for himself but it's to no avail as he's going against Rogers and the crowd at this point.

Malak Garland:

LIGHT IS BET-HER! My tum, tum-tum-tum!

Gilbert Roger:

EXTRA BUT-HER!

Malak Garland:

LIGHT IS BET-HER!

Gilbert Roger:

EXTRA BUT-HER!

Malak Garland:

LIGHT IS BET-HER!

The two wrestlers end up nose to nose, repeatedly shouting their choice of pasteurized dairy in each other's faces until Carla forcefully breaks them up. The crowd has all sorts of heat now as Garland and Rogers are both seething at their mouths.

Lance:

Yeah, good! Hopefully we can get it on now!

Rogers rushes in looking for a grapple but Malak pokes him in the eye. The crowd boos as Rogers turns away and checks for blood. Malak asserts himself with the opening and comes running to club Gilbert in the back of the head with a swinging forearm shot!

Lance:

Down goes Rogers!

Carla pulls Malak away as the Extreme Butter Lover finds himself under the ropes. It takes him a moment, but Gilbert collects himself and rises back to his feet.

DDK:

Carla has been all over it this whole match. I'm glad to finally see a referee around that doesn't let Malak get away with murder.

With things back at square one, the two competitors take a moment to catch their breath and adjust their attire. Neither is willing to rush into battle and possibly make a mistake, as doing so could very well be fatal. Refocused, they make their way back to the middle of the ring. An attempt at a knuckle lock finds success with the two slamming into each other like a pair of rams.

The Faithful let out a loud jeer.

Lance:

And as you would expect, neither man backs down but I have this eerie feeling I've seen something like this before. Hmmm. Weird.

Chest to chest, Garland jockeys for position until his grip begins to slip. Noticing this, he promptly delivers a headbutt to the chin and manages to quarter roll away from a dazed Rogers. Knowing he must end this nonsense sooner rather than later, Malak rolls out of the ring and retrieves his light stick of butter. With Carla checking on the health and wellbeing of Gilbert, Malak is able to sneak the stick of buttery goodness back inside the ropes.

DDK:

Look out!

Malak marches forward, butter extended as Gilbert charges north himself. The two collide. Rogers hits a spear but begins holding this throat as his back hits the mat. Carla looks on with concern as it becomes clear that Malak shoved the stick of light butter down his nemesis' throat.

Lance:

I think Rogers is choking on something!

Seeing this development, Garland springs up to the top rope where he delivers a SNOWFALL!

DDK:

Malak with the falling headbutt from the top rope!

He remains on top of Rogers as Carla counts.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is the winner of this match and STILL Paper Champion, Malak Garland!

The Keyboard King doesn't stick around long enough to get his hand raised as he rolls out of the ring. Carla tends to Rogers who looks like he's regained the ability to breathe again, albeit at the cost of swallowing a disgusting brick of light butter.

Gilbert Rogers:

I've never had something so vile in my mouth before. Whatever that was, it wasn't butter and I could believe it!

DDK:

Malak picks up the win and title defense here and one has to wonder if these two will meet again in the future? Dare I say in a butter on a pole match or something?

Lance:

Darren, don't start with the bad fan takes. That's almost as bad as wishing for a concrete construction ladder match.

Malak plays to the crowd from the ramp with his belt over his shoulder. Carla sighs a breath of relief as Gilbert is able to sit under his own power, still furious he wasn't able to enjoy his high calorie tasty goodness. The two exchange a glance before the champion disappears to the back and the show moves on.

ONE WEEK ISN'T JUST A BARENAKED LADIES SONG

"BACK IN IT! BACK IN IT! THAT'S RIGHT, LOOK AT ME, GCs! HARD OUT!"

"YEAH... HARD OUT... what's hard out mean?"

That cackling?

It's a blissful Oscar Burns... and blissfully ignorant Butcher Victorious walking around with his microphone in hand right behind him.

Oscar Burns:

DEFIANCE WINS AGAIN! What is that, Butcher? Like, 61? 62?

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... SAYS THAT WAS SICK! 62!

Oscar Burns:

62 WINS IN DEFIANCE... BECAUSE GCs, I TOLD YOU ALL! I AM DEFIANCE!

The two men continue to laugh together when Christie Zane marches up, seemingly ready to get a word with the winner of the 4-Way Match earlier in the evening.

Christie Zane:

Oscar Burns, I'd like a word if I could.

Oscar Burns:

Oh, you ALL do... but I'm in a good mood! Ask away, GC.

She points to Butcher Victorious.

Christie Zane:

Earlier tonight, we saw Butcher Victorious take a tope for you from Elise Ares. What was the meaning of that and... is this some sort of new partnership we're looking at right now?

Burns looks at her.

Oscar Burns:

Partnership? Oh, no... don't be absurd, Christie. Butcher Victorious here... he's been trying to get my attention for weeks and I ignored him. He wasn't worth the time of day. He was a boil on my backside that needed to be popped. Yammering on about this and that and the other thing and... you know, all that!

Butcher Victorious:

Well, I mean... that's a little mean. And I'm right here next to you...

Oscar Burns: *[obviously ignoring him]*

But since I showed my true colors as the living representation of this organization... I've tried, Christie! I tried to make things better, but I've been met with nothing but resistance! From Conor Fuse. From Rezin taking MY Golden Shovel... and I HAVEN'T forgotten about that, either. From that fat bully, Dex Joy. Everything I've done is to make DEFIANCE better...

Oscar waves his hands frantically.

Oscar Burns:

And Favoured Saints have the gall to stick DEFIANCE in this tournament? Are you out of your damn minds?! I'm a champion twice over! The FIST belonged to me twice before! It should STILL be mine!

He holds out a hand to Butcher.

Oscar Burns:

But THIS man... this beautiful, simple man. He might be a right bit touched in the head, but he had my back when almost no one else did. You're looking at MY pupil. Where I go, he goes.

He faces Butcher.

Oscar Burns:

Mister Victorious... you are now under the learning tree of one Oscar Burns. Treasure it well because under my learning tree, the possibilities are endless.

Super jubilant, the Liberal City Landlord pumps a fist and screams so loud, it scares Christie.

Butcher Victorious:

HELL YES! SUCK IT, BONERS! I GET TO LEARN FROM...

Oscar Burns: *[sternly]*

I'm not done.

Butcher Victorious: *[quietly]*

Oh... Sorry... go on.

Burns turns to the camera.

Oscar Burns:

You get a front row seat, Butcher. You get a front row seat to learn the biggest lesson that anyone can learn in this promotion. And you, Deacon... Deacon. The Mute Freak. You are a veteran of many years. Your in-ring success speaks for itself. Nobody can take that away from you... but it doesn't matter what you believe in. Even with all your experience, GC, when you're in MY promotion, I can still teach you a thing or two. In ONE WEEK, I, Oscar Burns, teach you... teach Butcher... teach EVERYONE on this roster one simple lesson that I taught three of the very best stars in our promotion earlier tonight...

Burns smiles.

Oscar Burns:

I... AM... DEFIANCE.

...then makes the wrestling-universal "belt" motion around his waist.

Oscar Burns:

AND I WILL... BE... YOUR NEXT FIST.

Burnsie and Butcher bump fists and the two walk away as Christie is left stunned.

I'M SO SORRY FOR THIS

DARKNESS.

A CRACK OF THUNDER.

♪ "Toccata and Fugue in D minor" by Johann Sebastian Bach ♪

A castle on a hill. A driving rainstorm, cracking lighting, and ear-shattering thunder. We slowly pan toward the dark castle, and as we get closer, we also hear the sound of working: the turning of screws, the sawing of wood, and the hammering of nails.

LIGHTNING FLASH!

Cut inside: a dark laboratory. Bunsen burners bubble liquids of various colors in various sized viles. The lighting cracks again and we see a large slab with a white blanket covering it. Standing over the slab, rubbing his hands together devilishly, is the dastardly Count Novick. Instead of his usual vampire-ish attire, The Count is instead dressed like a scientist in a bright white lab coat, goggles, and rubber gloves. Novick grins as he looks down at the white sheet.

Count Novick:

Heavy Artillery... zey though zey could defeat THE GREAT AND POWER NOVICK... with zheir devilish tricks. Zhey think the numbers advantage is enough to save them... ZHEY ARE VRONG!!!! COUNT NOVICK VILL FIND A PARTNER OF HIS OWN... or, more accurately...

He bares his bangs.

Count Novick:

HE VILL CREATE ONE!

LIGHTNING FLASH!

Count Novick reaches down into the darkness, bringing up a sac.

Count Novick:

I have spent weeks searching... finding items from the greatest vrestlers in DEFIANCE. I have...

As he speaks, Novick holds up various items.

Count Novick:

The headband of Conor FUSE!

A lock of hair from LINDSAY TROY!

HENRY KEYES' TOENAIL!

A discarded sock from CORVO ALPHA!

A magazine that OSCAR BURNS READ ONE TIME!

A VIAL OF DEX JOY'S SWEAT!

The skin of someone who KNOWS GAGE BLACKWOOD!

The staw from a frappe of MIKEY UNLIKELY!

GVP'S EYEPATCH!!

The head from the corpse of DAN RYAN!

Trashcan Tim's CHILDHOOD TEDDYBEAR!

A substance from RICK DICKOLOUS THAT I DARE NOT QUESTION!

Novick cackles evilly.

Count Novick:

And zhat is just a small sample of my collection... every DEFIANCE verestler of note is represented here... and they vill

all...

Novik gestures over the blanket dramatically.

Count Novick:

HELP POWER... MY... CREATION!!!

LIGHTNING FLASH!!

Laughing like a mad man, Novick reaches over and pulls a comically oversized switch. Metal cables that come from the nearby walls and travel under the white blanket suddenly flash with blue electric sizzle. The screen becomes so bright that for a moment all we can see is the silhouette of the mad Count, cackling evilly.

Then the entire room... and screen... goes black.

A few seconds of silence.

Then Novick's voice.

"It's.... IT'S ALIVE! ALLLLLLIIIIIVVVVEEEEEEE!!!!!"

Fade.

STRONG AF vs. CHARLIE GALT

DDK:

We've got more action coming up here shortly on an already MASSIVE episode of UNCUT! And on tonight's episode we have a recent addition to the card! Making his proper main roster debut, former high-level strongman Allen Fosters - known by the ring name Strong AF - makes his debut! He'll be taking on a returning member of the BRAZEN roster! Former school teacher from right here in the Denver, Colorado area, Charlie Galt!

Lance:

Last year, Galt made appearances on DEFtv and in BRAZEN, but right now he's looking for a welcome. Strong AF recently received great reviews from a big match at CLASH competing for the BRAZEN Championship and we'll see him in action momentarily! Let's take it to the ring!

Darren Quimbey gets ready for intros.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first... from right here in Denver, Colorado, weighing in at 216 pounds... **CHARLIE GALT!**

♪ "Welcome To The Machine" by Shadows Fall ♪

Getting a polite applause from the hometown crowd, Charlie Galt makes his way down. Wearing yellow trunks, knee pads and white boots, Galt speeds down to the ring and points to the crowd, waving hands for a bigger reaction that they are happy to give! He slides onto the ring apron, glances out to the crowd and then heads inside. The former public school teacher raises a hand and waits for his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Watch Me Now" by The Phantoms ♪

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

DDK:

Strong AF was recently under the learning tree of former Team HOSS member Aleczander The Great, but now he's out on his own.

Lance:

I spoke with Fosters earlier today. He told me he doesn't want to be tied to any group, any faction or any friends. He wants his success to be his and his alone so we'll see what he can do tonight.

Charlie Galt looks up to the more powerful opponent as he enters the ring. He takes off the towel. Strong AF gets mostly silence from the Denver Faithful as he storms towards the ring not sure how to take to the newcomer just yet. He sheds the towel, takes another swig of water. He offers Galt a drink, but he's not worried about hydration so much as winning. When he puts the metal water bottle and towel down, Charlie Galt waits.

DING DING

...Then spits water right into the eyes of Galt!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Strong AF not endearing himself to any fans... and he drops Charlie Galt with a big clothesline!

The crowd boos the former strongman, who shrugs and yells back to the Denver Faithful.

Strong AF:

I wasn't as thirsty as I thought!

Fosters grabs the 216-pound former public school teacher and then shoots him into the ropes before LAUNCHING him high in the air with a back body drop! He hits the mat with a thud and thrashes around in pain.

Lance:

Strong AF said he'd do things his own way. I guess that was what we can expect out of him.

He picks up Galt and then pushes him into the corner. He backs an arm up slowly and then swings wide for a STIFF knife-edge chop to the chest!

DDK:

Did he just pose before hitting that chop?

Just so there was no confusion before, Strong AF does it again. He backs up, poses, then CRACKS Charlie Galt a second time with another huge knife-edge chop! Galt falls to a knee while Strong AF gets jeers from the crowd. He's not done when he picks up Charlie Galt and then picks him up for a body slam ... then simply HURLS him across the ring with a big samoan drop!

DDK:

Big Samoan Drop! Strong AF now having his way right now with the BRAZEN star!

Lance:

Shouldn't Flex Kruger be somewhere on this guy? Gotta be some kind of infringement here somewhere.

Strong AF isn't posing down, nor is he anywhere as near beloved as the PCP member. Galt tries to get up in the corner but that's a fool's errand when Strong AF comes running and then hits a back elbow. He swings around, poses for a flex, then CHOPS the life out of him once again. A big hip toss out from the corner may end this match quickly as Strong AF continues his dominance.

DDK:

Strong AF got a late start in the wrestling game unlike a lot of his contemporaries who are still in BRAZEN! He started out at the age of 29! Now about to turn 34 next month.

Lance:

And what a great birthday present DEFIANCE has given him.

Strong AF looks out to a jeering crowd. He sees shaking of heads. He even sees a guy in camo gear flip him off... but then he drives a quick knee drop on the chest of Charlie Galt, knocking the air right out of the Coloradan. The Denver Faithful cheer him on as he tries to get back up, only to get clobbered in the side of the face.

DDK:

Charlie hasn't gotten any offense whatsoever against him. Can he get anything going?

The question is quickly answered when Strong AF instead of going for the kill... goes for his water bottle. Referee Rex Knox admonishes him to get it out of the ring, but he insists he's only going for another drink. He takes another swig. But when he bends over to pick up Charlie, he pusehs him back, then connects with a dropkick that makes him spit his water out! The crowd cheers as Charlie starts to get back up and do the best he can to stay in the match.

Lance:

Strong AF hasn't left his feet, but Charlie Galt has a chance to finally knock him down.

He escapes to the ropes and when the former strongman charges in, he gets his foot up first. He stumbles back and gets to a corner. Strong AF charges again, but eats a knee from Charlie, followed by a running knee to the back! The bigger Fosters stumbles forwards into the opposite corner! Charlie looks out to the crowd and then runs at the corner and slugs him with a running elbow of his own.

DDK:

Charlie Galt fighting back! What an upset this would be to spoil Strong AF's debut!

He hits Strong AF right in the jaw and then peppers him with a few more elbow strikes to the side of the head! He then grabs Strong AF by the neck in a headlock and looks to try some type of driver...

But Strong AF pushes him into the ropes instead. He cocks back his right arm and when he comes back, he gets SMACKED right down with a hefty standing clothesline!

DDK:

Oooh! That didn't look good! He calls that the... oh, boy... The Pose-line. And he just flattened him with it.

After getting more jeers, he gets peeled off the mat and then slammed with a gorilla press into a spinebuster!

DDK:

And that move is appropriately-named... Deadly AF.

He hooks a leg.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE.

DING DING DING

♪ "Watch Me Now" by The Phantoms ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

The musclehead is back on his feet. He grabs his water again and takes a drink before looking down... then spitting the water on Galt after he's been beaten!

DDK:

Oh, come on now!

Lance:

He said he didn't want friends, stablemates or any association with anyone on the roster. I'd say mission accomplished, I guess.

The Seattleite leaves the ring and then heads to the back among jeers as the big blockbuster episode of UNCUT continues!

OUTSOURCING

Earl K. Long Gymnasium

August 20th, 2022

"Fucking Midcard Experiment? The best they have for me? Bollocks..."

Walking back into a mostly giddy locker room from another night of doing BRAZEN shows, there's one veteran among the crop of young talent looking for their next big break.

That veteran used to be considered a legend on the DEFIANCE roster. His name?

Aleczander The Great.

Once a feared name among an even more feared name in Team HOSS, the Mancunian Muscle has been taking odd wrestling bookings in mostly tag teams in between DEFIANCE stints. But now finds himself right back, one step below where he used to be. Helping other rookies grow in their craft.

He casts a look at OnlyFlips and Antonio Pierce, each one of the young trio sharing messages on their phones and having a laugh about something. He turns another way and sees BRAGG doing some shadowboxing in another corner to himself with earbuds in his massive ears. BIG Trouble are cackling like the assholes they are, having been the terror of the BRAZEN Tag Team division. Aleczander looks around at the various conversations in the locker room...

And growls.

He's better than this.

He knows he is.

Before there was a Unified Tag Team Championship and before the World Tag Team Titles, there were the World Trios Championships. Held by Team HOSS for close to a year and fending off talents from every which way to keep them. Main eventing multiple shows for DEFIANCE and making enemies of the whole locker room. Until Junior Keeling was fired in his first DEFIANCE stint.

Now?

Aleczander's reputation by association made him more toxic than a urinal cake in Chernobyl. He was under a short leash in BRAZEN for the past year and change as a player-coach. Right now, he had Strong AF under his wing, but he knew he could be doing something better. Especially when Strong AF was rumored for a call-up very soon while Aleczander was stuck languishing in BRAZEN.

Aleczander The Great:

Screw this shite...

Grabbing his bags in a huff, a few of the other BRAZEN stars watch Aleczander leave and then slam the locker room door behind him. He starts to leave and just barely rounds the corner when he sees a man standing before him that he hasn't seen in years (in person).

Tom Morrow.

Formerly his own manager... Junior Keeling.

Tom Morrow:

Alec... long time.

About ready to throw his bag on the ground, Aleczander growls.

Aleczaider The Great:

You got a lotta fuckin' nerve comin' around me, Junior.

Tom Morrow:

It's... it's Tom now. Tom Morrow. And Aleczaider... I didn't know who else to take this to.

Aleczaider The Great:

You can take it up your fuckin' arse, that's where you can take it! You get us fired and don't have the nerve to fuckin' call, text, take us back in when you came back to DEFIANCE and left Team HOSS high and dry for your next big meal ticket of the week. That giant wanker Uriel Cortez?

Morrow shrugs and lets out a heavy sigh.

Tom Morrow:

That one... very unfortunate. But you... Alec... I'm in need of your assistance, my boy. You were always more willing to listen than Angel and quite frankly... a wrestler of your tag team and wrestling expertise... you're being wasted here. I guess the reality show scene in the UK dried up for you or you wouldn't be here.

Aleczaider says nothing, which Morrow takes as a sign of affirmation.

Tom Morrow:

I can't make what I did right, Alec... but... what if I could get you your old job back?

Aleczaider still doesn't respond.

Tom Morrow:

I've got a considerable amount of pull whether DEFIANCE likes me or not. I help draw ratings. I know people. BFTA has money. Resources.... Resources I can lend you.

His former client turns around and clearly wants to put his balled-up fist through something... but he doesn't respond.

Tom Morrow:

Aleczaider... if you want my help... and you want to level up from babysitting down here...

He slides him a card. The Mancunian Muscle takes it and stares down at his ex-manager.

Tom Morrow:

Reach out.

A RAINBOW IN THE DARK

“MINIONS!”

Back within the charred remains of the Kabal Cave, Reaper Green and the remaining Spectrum of Death converge on one of the few remaining features in the decrepit underground hideaway: a large circular table, lined with several ornate chairs and colored like a rainbow wheel.

A “Reaper Roundtable”, if you will.

Greenie is already seated in the “green” partition of the table, while Reapers Magenta, Cyan, and Chartreuse file in and take up random spots at the table, ignoring the designated seating arrangement.

Reaper Cyan:

Sup, Boss?

Reaper Green:

It is TIME, fellow Reapers...

Reaper Magenta:

Dang, is it like, Tuesday again already?

Reaper Green:

NO, you fools! It is time... to begin the weekly minutes!

The primary-colored Reaper has on hand a sheet of paper and checks off the names as he performs a roll call.

Reaper Green:

First, we'll take attendance. Reaper Cyan, present. Reaper Magenta, present. Reaper Chartreuse--

Reaper Chartreuse:

No marshmallows!

Reaper Green:

...“present”, at least in some form. Finally, Reaper Green, who is obviously present. Now, did everyone get an itinerary?

Somehow, the static expressions of the skull-faced Reaper masks convey sheer confusion. Greenie, obviously knowing the answer, can't help but groan.

Reaper Green:

...no, *of course* you don't. But it is of no matter, for there is only one matter to discuss this week!

Reaper Green reaches beneath a table and pulls out a stack of old, leather-bound books.

Reaper Green:

BEHOLD! The entire history of the Kabal is contained within the pages of these ancient tomes!

Reaper Chartreuse:

Awww dang... does this mean we have homework?

Reaper Green:

Ugh... after our last meeting, I felt it necessary to give you incompetent stooges a history lesson on the subject of our shadowy organization!

Reaper Magenta:

Dang... history is my least favorite subject...

Grumbling, Greenie opens the cover to the book on top.

Reaper Green:

Thousands of years ago, in the infancy of civilization, several prominent leaders of mankind converged their collective power and fortunes into a triumvirate of three great Houses:.

Reaper Cyan:

Like the White House?

Reaper Green:

...no. Greater.

Reaper Magenta:

The Playboy Mansion?

Reaper Green:

NO! Look, it's just a fancy term... it's like "tribes" or "clans" or...

Reaper Cyan:

Motor clubs? Like Hell's Angels and the Sons of Anarchy?

Reaper Green:

Sure, what have you. The point is, they balance the powers of the Kabal, and there are *three* of them.

Reaper Magenta:

Cool... so which house are we in right now?

Reaper Chartreuse:

It's the CRISPY HOUSE!

Reaper Green:

FOOLS! This isn't a HOUSE! It WAS the Kabal Cave! ...which reminds me.

He scrawls a note on his itinerary.

Reaper Green:

Find... new... base... of... operations. Okay, now as I was saying, there are three houses, and WE belong to the House of Fear.

Cyan Reaper raises his hand.

Reaper Green:

Reaper Cyan has the floor!

Reaper Cyan:

Yeah, um... so "House of Fear", why is it called *that* exactly?

Reaper Magenta:

Is it because we're spooky? Like we "spread" fear across the world? Then we should be ghosts!

Reaper Cyan:

Yeah, why aren't we ghosts?

Reaper Chartreuse:

Or SPOOKY ANIMALS? I wanna be a SNAKE!

Greenie growling under mountain frustration.

Reaper Green:

Look, the name of the House is not important! I'm just trying to identify which one we belong to!

Reaper Magenta:

So what house do those dudes who fought Scrow belong to?

Reaper Chartreuse:

And why do they have glowy teeth?

Reaper Green:

As I was getting to, the next house, that which is run by the Crimson Lord, is the House of the Harvest.

Reaper Cyan:

See, now Reapers make sense for a place called "the House of the HARVEST". That's literally what Reapers do.

Reaper Green:

They don't have Reapers; they have Harvesters. That's the distinction.

Reaper Magenta:

So wait, why aren't we called like, FEAR-ers, or something?

Reaper Green:

Guys, listen... the Reapers were introduced by Codename: Reaper PRIME, who was secretly Jessica Reeves--

Reaper Cyan:

Hold up, don't you mean Jessica Fear?

Reaper Green:

...yes.

Reaper Magenta:

What's with the "Codename" part anyway?

Reaper Chartreuse:

Can we be the Codenamers?

Reaper Magenta:

And the "PRIME" part? Like, what does that have to do with colors?

Reaper Chartreuse:

The PRIMERS!!

Reaper Green:

It's just a fancy nickname! Don't look too far into it! She had to conceal her identity when she arrived in DEFIANCE!

Reaper Magenta:

Okay, but why tho?

Reaper Cyan:

Right, wasn't SHE revealed to be running the show the whole time?

Reaper Chartreuse:

She kidnapped herself, man!

Reaper Magenta:

Didn't she get killed by Corvo Alpha?

Reaper Cyan:

No, that was Stalker. Jessica got killed by the car.

Reaper Chartreuse:

Detective Chickentenders and Search Party Cyrus are on the case!

Reaper Green:

Guys, can we stay on task here?

Reaper Magenta:

How did we end up getting a secret shadowy leader guy named "Mr. Fear", but they get Crimson Lord? Shouldn't they be House of the Crimson?

Reaper Cyan:

Or House of the LORD?

Reaper Magenta:

Nah, that sounds churchy.

Reaper Chartreuse:

We should be House of the Codenames!

Reaper Cyan:

Hang on, didn't you say there was a third house in all this?

Greenie's head has fallen into the table in submission. It rises slightly.

Reaper Green:

...yes.

Reaper Magenta:

Christ on a stick, as if this wasn't confusing enough... what are THEY called?

Reaper Green:

...the House of the Unseen Hand.

Loooong beat of awkward silence.

Reaper Chartreuse:

...who the fuck is the House of the Unseen Hand, man?

Reaper Cyan:

...so who do they have working for them, the Handies?

Reaper Green:

Guys.

Reaper Magenta:

So we got Fear, the Harvest, the Unseen Hand... what do any of these things have in common? Seriously?

Reaper Cyan:

Yeah, the naming of these houses seems rather arbitrary. Like, this is supposed to be a thousand year old organization, right?

Reaper Chartreuse:

Maybe it was all started by a... Ghost Farmer?

Reaper Green:

Guys...

Reaper Cyan:

And what's the Cerberus got to do with anything?

Reaper Magenta:

Yeah, I keep seeing that as like the logo for the Kabal, but I also thought that was a freebirds rules tag team trio also.

Reaper Chartreuse:

Three heads and three houses!

Reaper Green:

Guys!

Reaper Magenta:

Okay, but Cerberus is a three-headed dog. When you got houses named things like "Fear" and "Farmhand" and whatever, that's like... a dog head... a tiger head... and, I dunno, a snake head or something.

Reaper Chartreuse:

I wanna be a snake...

Reaper Cyan:

That's not a Cerberus, Mags; that's a Chimera.

Reaper Magenta:

...then why isn't the log a friggin' Chimera?!

Reaper Chartreuse:

I love that band.

Reaper Green:

GUYS!

Reaper Cyan:

So was there a three-headed dog... working under one of the heads to another three-headed dog.

Reaper Magenta:

Like HYDRA... but less copyright infringeage.

Reaper Cyan:

Where are Vic and Rick in all of this again, and why were they working for the Kabal in the first place?

Reaper Magenta:

Yeah, was that ever explained?

Reaper Chartreuse:

...why are WE in the Kabal?

Reaper Cyan:

I mean, beats working the door at the titty club. Speaking of, where's Rick again?

Reaper Chartreuse:

I want my teeth to glow red.

Reaper Green:

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUYYYYYYYYSSSS!!!

Green slams his fist into the table as his roar echoes through the furthest depths of the Kabal Cave. The tertiary trio fall silent. Their primary-colored leader lets a moment pass to regain his composure and takes a deep breath.

Reaper Green:

...you know what? I have a solution.

He puts a hand on the stack of ancient tomes.

Reaper Green:

See these? Fuck 'em...

He slides them off the table, and the drop to the ground out of view. He waves a hand across the table.

Reaper Green:

This right here? This is all we need. Fuck the whole confusing Kabal thing, and all the Houses, and whatever they mean. We're the Reapers... no more, and no less. The Spectrum of Death. The Color Wheel of Woe. Any objections to that?

Cyan, Magenta, and Chartreuse look amongst each other. Nobody seems to have an issue.

Reaper Cyan:

Nah, boss. In fact, I'd say that simplifies things quite a bit.

Reaper Magenta:

Yeah, all good with me. Except... it ain't much of a "color wheel" with just the four of us.

Reaper Chartreuse:

Yeah, we're more like a... used pregnancy test that got dropped in the grass, or something.

Reaper Green stoically nods.

Reaper Green:

Yes... the Spectrum must be made complete. Twelve is our absolute number, and we stand at only a third of our strength. Which leads us to our next point of order...

He doesn't need to check the itinerary for this one. He simply leans menacingly across the table.

Reaper Green:

RECRUITMENT...

A color-filled circle wipe segues to black.

SUCH A SHIT FRIEND

It's Uncut 125, the biggest Uncut since 100. The Semi Finals of the FIST Tournament are set to conclude. The final four decided.

With Rezin as one of the final four.

But no, this is not interview time with Rezin.

This is Jack Harmen standing at Rezin's locker room door, pushing something just off screen. He cop knocks, but then realizes his mistake and starts tapping on the door nonchalantly, using the guitar from System of a Down's "Radio/Video" instead.

The door creaks ajar, and Harmen peaks into a room as a cloud of smoke whuffs out. A familiar odor. Harmen licks his index finger and holds it up into the smoke, and then nods.

Jack Harmen:

He's not here. Five... no, ten minutes? Oh man. Am I too late for the pre game pep talk!?

Harmen slams his hand on the off screen item, causing a loud metallic bang. He shakes his head, falling so his back is against the item, which we can see now is one of those wheelable ice cream containers. Complete with a Squaretrade device and Venmo stickers for "Jose.Alverado@gmail.com" Harmen rubs his hands through his hair.

Jack Harmen:

I'm such a bad friend. I'm the worst friend. I even had this great idea, I'd wheel out this Ice Cream cart and then Dex Joy would have to be distracted for at least ten seconds. Guaranteed count out... I'm now thinking I might be insensitive... Nah.

Just off screen, a man kicks the side of the ice cream cart, startling Harmen. He gets to his feet, ready for a fight.

It's Aaron King.

Aaron King:

Such a shit friend.

Tom Morrow:

The shittiest.

Harmen doesn't let on that it hurt him, but beneath the facade, the cracks of sadness will eventually swallow Jack whole. King and Morrow walk off down the DEF Hallways, laughing. After a moment, Harmen snaps out of it, and turns to the departing duo.

Jack Harmen:

Hey! I want my Garbage Pail Kids cards back.

Aaron King: *[shouting off screen]*

Fuck off!

Jack Harmen:

No! NO! YOU FUCK OFF!

Harmen's nose upturns. He almost growls for a moment.

Jack Harmen: *[softly]*

You fuck off...

Harmen turns around, and standing there...

Rezin.

Rezin:

Hold this.

Rezin hands Harmen Oscar Burns' golden shovel of opportunity.

Jack Harmen:

You ready?

A look of confusion crosses the Escape Artist's whiskered face.

Rezin:

Um... ready for what?

Jack Harmen:

Dex Joy? ... The sem-Eeeehhhh... You'll find out. Go get 'em!

Rezin facepalms.

Rezin:

Dambit... RIGHT! The Tournament deal. Geez, how is it I haven't been eliminated yet?

Jack Harmen:

Crazy random fucking happenstance? Oh, I think you're up next.

Harmen pats Rezin on the back. Rezin goes to walk back the way he came, but Harmen points toward the ring. Rezin nods and walks off in the right direction.

Harmen looking on, proud. A dark skinned squatter man walks up to Harmen and nudges him on the shoulder.

Jack Harmen:

He's better when he's not in his own head.

Jose:

Can I have my cart back?

Without another word, Jose wheels off his cart into the sea of Faithful.

FIST TOURNAMENT, SEMI-FINALS: DEX JOY vs. REZIN

DDK:

We are about to start off with the first of two semi-finals matches of the Acts Tournament to see who will battle Deacon for the FIST of DEFIANCE at our next major show, Acts of DEFIANCE! "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy takes on "The Escape Artist" Rezin! Both men had grueling journeys to get to this point!

Lance:

Dex Joy fought Vae Victis members Kerry Kuroyama in round one and Southern Heritage champion Henry Keyes in round two to get here. Rezin overcame Malak Garland and an assist from The Game Boy in round one and Pat Cassidy in round two. This match is the textbook definition of a speed versus power matchup. Rezin will need everything he's got to stop a man who has looked unstoppable in the past six months.

DDK:

Dex Joy's battles with Oscar Burns over the last year have sharpened him. Rezin has been one of the unlikely stories of the tournament making it this far but you can't say he doesn't deserve it and he has what it takes to make it to the end. We will see who comes out on top tonight!

One by one in the arena the lights go dark. Section by section of the arena the lights start to fade out. They keep going dark until there is nothing left. The lights start flickering on one more time and beep until a wrecking ball with the Dex Joy logo smashes through a wall!

♪ "Fight Back" by Konata Small ♪

And finally the man appears on the entrance ramp!

Darren Quimbey:

This is tonight's main event and is the next round two match in the Acts Tournament! Introducing from Los Angeles, California and weighing three-hundred forty-two pounds... he is THE LEADER OF DEX'S WRECKING CREW ...

DEEEEEXXXXXX JJJJJJOOOOYYYYYY!!!!!!

A black singlet with the same gold and black wrecking ball with "DEX" above and "JOY" below and black shorts with the same pattern. Golden colored boots, knee pads and elbow pads! Dex stomps to the ring and asks the crowd a simple question.

Dex Joy:

WHO WRECKS LIKE DEX?!?!?!?

NO ONE!!!

After the answer back from the crowd Dex walks into the ring and gets ready to do battle with the very crafty and talented Rezin!

♪ "Apocalyptic Havoc" by Goatwhore ♪

The crowd pops loud as plumes of FIRE and SMOKE rise up from the stage, and Rezin comes whirling through the mist-covered entry-way. Maniacally beaming from ear to ear, ol' Dopesmoker energetically runs the length of the stage and gets the fans fired up!

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, coming to the ring... hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... the ESCAPE ARTIST... **RRREEEEEEZZZZIIIIINN!!!**

Rezin bounds down the rampway, slapping hands and spinning himself into circles as though you'd think he already won the whole dangd tournament. Reaching the ring, Rezin hops to the apron, scaling a turnbuckle to raise dual devil's horns for a photo op moment. Lots of people get a picture but the guy in camo gear was too late to do so. He

was digging into his pocket but since his hoodie is well over his head, he probably wasn't able to see what he's doing. Regardless, Rezin drops into the ring to get ready.

Lance:

Both of these guys look laser focused tonight. These two haven't spent a lot of time in the ring together as opponents, but it's clear they both have respect for the other's abilities. Dex and Rezin are both ready for a battle.

DDK:

We're about to find out who will be the first finalist of the ACTS Tournament! The presiding official Benny Doyle looks ready to get this underway, and cues for the bell!

DING DING

The Denver Faithful are already at a fever-pitch as Dex comes out of his corner and assumes a ready stance. He offers Rezin a hand shake to show sportsmanship and Rezin shakes it! After that Rezin bounces from foot to foot to build up some energy, and puts his advantage in speed to immediate use as he shoots around Dex to get behind him. Dex, taking up the middle of the ring, spins around to protect his back, and Rezin slips away before the big man can grab him.

DDK:

Dex is wisely taking up the middle of that ring. It would take a lot for Rezin to take a man of over three-hundred pounds to the mat, but all it takes is a bit of timing and momentum.

Lance:

This is going to be a match-up of speed and agility against size and strength. And with so much at stake in this match, neither one of these men are willing to make a false move right out of the gate.

The look on the former SOHER's face is focus and determination, ready for anything. The grinning Goat Bastard continues to pace a circle around Dexy Baby, searching for an opening, changing up his direction intermittently to keep him guessing. Finally, he slips in low and fast...

DDK:

Here comes Rezin, going for the leg... but not fast enough, as Dex catches him around the waist!

Lance:

This could get ugly!

Rezin pulls in vain at Dex's leg in an effort to bring the big man down to the knee, but instead finds himself being lifted off his feet by Joy's waistlock and being effortlessly FLUNG across the ring! Rezin takes a bounce off the mat and rolls to his feet. The Biggest Boy moves in to press his advantage, but thinks again when the Goat Bastard puts a hand on the top rope and a foot to the second.

Lance:

Dex is choosing to play this carefully. He sees the high-flying hash fanatic by the ropes, and knows it only takes the blink of an eye for him to take to the air and hit him where it hurts.

DDK:

With his weight advantage, Big Dex Energy could easily steamroll a man the size of Rezin, but he knows "the Escape Artist" is as slippery as an eel and as deadly as a condor between the ropes!

Dex takes two steps back and beckons Rezin back into the middle of the ring. The Goat Bastard chuckles with a shake of his head before stepping off the ropes, and the two face off again. Dex's hands are up and open while Rezin dances like a kung fu master.

DDK:

Here comes Dexy Baby!

The former SOHER advances for a lock-up, but Rezin spryly dips under and around him and lights up the Biggest Boy's trunk with a lightning-fast combo of kicks to the body and ribs!

DDK:

There goes Rezin, with a stinging storm of leg strikes from all angles! He saw his opening, and went ALL IN!

Lance:

Now it's Dex's turn...

Joy stands momentarily frozen in apparent pain after the flurry while Rezin triumphantly dances around him... then he stands up to his full height and smirks. Rezin stops dancing, and grimaces beneath Dex's shadow as the Big Dex Energy rears back...

SMACK!!

DDK:

AND DEX RESPONDS WITH A KNIFE EDGE CHOP THAT KNOCKS REZIN OUTTA THE RING!!

The deafening slap resounds through the Denver Coliseum like a thunderclap! Rezin sprawls off the impact, tumbling through the ropes and several meters more until he ends up splayed out at the foot of the rampway with a sickening red mark across his chest and an open-mouthed expression of agony.

DDK:

He nearly knocked Rezin all the way back into the locker room with that one!

Dex, feeding off the energy from Denver Faithful, exits the ring to retrieve Rezin on the outside, scooping the disoriented Goat Bastard off the floor and over his shoulder. Rezin wakes up and WAILS in terror the moment the former SOHER charges toward the ring and ROCKET LAUNCHERS HIM through the ropes back into the ring! Rezin flops wildly across the ring as Dex climbs the steps to the apron and gets back in.

DDK:

Dex is back in the ring as Rezin is getting back to his feet, and he quickly pushes him off the ropes! Rezin comes back... and gets HEAVED THROUGH THE AIR AGAIN when he runs right into a BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX BY DEX!!

Lance:

Looks like Joy's patience paid off. As you were saying earlier, Keebs, the Biggest Boy is in full steamroller mode now.

DDK:

Rezin crawls for the ropes... but Dex pulls him back near the center and makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT by Rezin... but Dex is just heating up!

Rezin doesn't get far before Dex wrangles him back off the mat and shoots him back into the ropes. The Escape Artist narrowly DUCKS a back elbow by Dex off the rebound, but the Biggest Boy puts himself into motion as well. Rezin picks up speed off the ropes as Dex comes off the opposite end, and goes to the air...

DDK:

Elbow ducked and Rezin comes back with a CROSS-BODY BLOCK--and gets SWATTED RIGHT OUTTA THE AIR

by DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!!

One hundred percent of the near three-hundred and fifty pounds of unstoppable Big Dex Energy throws itself behind the flying shoulder tackle that connects directly with Rezin's chest, sending the Goat Bastard yet again sprawling violently across the ring. The former SOHER pumps his arms into the air, getting the Denver Faithful cheering wildly by the show of force!

"WRECK 'EM DEX!! WRECK 'EM DEX!! WRECK 'EM DEX!!"

Lance:

Dex Joy definitely has the momentum on his side now, which is exactly when he's at his most dominant and dangerous.

DDK:

Big Dex Energy is FULLY CHARGED tonight in the Denver Coliseum! Rezin has had the wind absolutely BLASTED out of him, and now Dex pulls him clear from the ropes again... sizing up for a BIG SPLASH--NO!! Rezin ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY in the nick of time!

Joy winces in pain after he jumps and his ribs hit nothing but the canvas. Knowing he has only a few precious seconds to act, Rezin clumsily flops and stumbles away until he finds his footing and scrambles for the corner. By the time Dex is back on his feet, Rezin finds his way up to the top rope.

DDK:

Rezin up to the TOP ROPE... comes DIVING OFF with THE REZIN-RANA!!

The dragonrana doesn't take Dex directly to the mat, but sends him in motion to the corner, where he collides hard against the turnbuckles. He reels in pain while clutching at his chest, giving Rezin a window to hop off the ropes and snag the Biggest Boy by the head on his way down.

DDK:

TORNADO DDT FINALLY BRINGS DEX TO THE MAT! In a matter of seconds, the Escape Artist has shifted the momentum of this match! He goes for the cover!

ONE!

TW--DEX PRESSES HIM OFF!!

Rezin floats a good few feet into the air, through the ropes, and splats on the floor! He continues to thrash and flail around in rage and pain as if he's been set on fire. Joy shakes out the cobwebs and works up to his feet, spotting the Goat Bastard on the outside.

Lance:

Dex is brewing something here...

Big Dex Energy glances briefly at the far ropes and back to Rezin, making some mental calculations. He runs and takes a bounce, building some momentum. On the outside, Rezin can see what is happening.

DEFIANTly, the Escape Artist stands his ground.

Rezin:

C'MAAAAWWNN!! C'MAAAAWWNN!!

DDK:

Has he lost his MIND?! HERE COMES DEX!!

The Denver Faithful see the big dive coming...

"WWWHOOOAAA--"

Rezin BLINKS... and SPRAWLS out of the way!

Lance:

NOPE!!

At the last moment, Dex puts on the brakes before committing to throwing himself to the outside with the tope... grinning deviously at the hunkered down Rezin.

"HAHAHAHAHA!!!"

When he realizes he's been fooled, Rezin glares between the cackling crowd, the cheeing former SOHER in the ring, and finally the camera.

DDK:

All that's missing is steam coming out of the ears of the Goat Bastard!

Warner is too busy corpsing over the commentary feed to formulate an answer. Meanwhile, Rezin scrambles back up the rampway, incoherently jaw jacking the Biggest Boy, who beckons him back into the fight. The Escape Artist hops the ropes and gets right back into it.

DDK:

Rezin is back in the ring, and goes right into the lock-up with Dex... and Dexy Baby quite easily throws him into a headlock!

Lance:

Maybe you were right, Keebs. Maybe Rezin *has* lost his mind, if he thinks he can win the grapple game with a man who nearly has a hundred and fifty pounds on him.

DDK:

Rezin squeezes out and slips behind... and after a pounce, clings himself to Dex's broad backside, looking for a sleeper hold to take down the big man!

Dex grabs ahold of the arm to prevent his windpipe from being closed, but now there's the matter of the pesky Goat Bastard hanging from his back. Legs dangling through the air. Rezin hangs on for dear life as Dex swings around and tries to throw him off.

Then during the struggle, a loud negative reaction begins to swell from the crowd...

"Booooooooo!"

DDK:

Hang on, what's going on here? Someone is coming to the ring!

The camera cuts away to reveal... KERRY KUROYAMA, casually walking down the rampway.

Lance:

What business does he have out here?

DDK:

I can't say as of right now, Lance, but I'm hoping he's just here to observe on behalf of Vae Victis!

As Kerry reaches the ringside area, Dex has decided he's through with trying to throw Rezin off his back, and instead backs into the corner to crush him against the turnbuckles. The Goat Bastard instead hops off at the last second, leaving the Biggest Boy to slam his own back into the corner. Rezin briefly has time to breathe a sigh of relief, but as he turns around, Dex rallies and comes charging out of the corner.

DDK:

RUNNING SHOULDER BLOCK knocks Rezin all the way across the ring! But now, Big Dex Energy sees the Pacific Blitzkrieg watching from ringside, and he knows something is up!

Lance:

Don't let him distract you, Dex. Still got a job to do in that ring.

Joy comes to the same idea as Lance, ignoring Kerry and going for his opponent. He flips Rezin over before dropping into a cover, and on the outside, Kuroyama leans in for a better look.

DDK:

Dex with the pin!

ONE!!

TWO!!

SHOULDER UP!! But the Escape Artist had to dig deep for that one!

Rezin's face is one of disorientation as he crawls aimlessly on the mat. Dex, somewhat mercifully, peels him off the mat and sends him running to the corner. At the last moment, Rezin snaps awake, and springs to the top rope in a single bound...

DDK:

Rezin OFF THE TOP with the REZINSAULT--

...and he lands perfect into the Biggest Boy's waiting arms.

DDK:

NO!! Not enough to bring Dex to the mat... AND DEXY BABY COUNTERS WITH THE DEX DRIVE!! DEX DRIVE!! GOOD GOD, HE OBLITERATED HIM!!

The Goat Bastard bounces violently off the impact of the swinging powerslam like he's been hit by a train! He finally lands into a motionless heap near the edge of the ring, and Joy crawls over to make the cover.

DDK:

THIS IS IT!! Dex Joy moves on to the finals!

ONE!!

TWO!!

"HEY-HEY-HEY!! REF!!"

Just before Doyle's hand comes down for the three, a flurry of motion from ringside catches his attention. Kerry is there, pointing at Rezin's foot...

...which is lying on the bottom rope.

DDK:

NO!! It's a ROPE BREAK! Benny Doyle ALMOST didn't see it!

Lance:

Was Rezin's leg there the whole time, or did Kerry put it there himself?

DDK:

I... have no idea! But the look on Dex's face would suggest that he suspects the latter!

The Biggest Boy's heart falls deep in his chest but he realizes that he needs to get the job done and needs to get focused off of Kerry Kuroyama and back to Rezin. Dexy Baby goes right after Rezin and then hits another heavy elbow across his chin. The Escape Artist wobbles back into a corner.

Lance:

Dex Joy is one move away from going to the finals! He still has Rezin right where he wants him!

Dex pays no attention to Kerry and charges right at Rezin ... but get stunned when Rezin suddenly springs back out of the corner!

DDK:

CLOVEN HOOF KICK!!

Lance:

Where did that come from?!

That shot freezes Dex and then Rezin springs to the second rope and then comes off using the extra momentum behind it to hook Dex for a crucifix driver...

DDK:

He gets Dex over! He's over! The INVERTED CROSS DRIVER out of the corner!

The legs hook Dexy Baby's left arm and both arms hook Dex's right!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

He kicks out just after the three-count but that is just it ... *after* the three-count!!! Kerry Kuroyama can't hide a smirk because whatever he set out to do out here must have been successful! A loud gasp from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful fills the Denver Coliseum!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner and advancing to the finals of the Acts Tournament ... **REEZZZZIIINNN!!!!**

Lance:

No way!!! No way!!! Dex Joy was one of the early favorites to make it to the finals ... but Rezin uses the crucifix bomb and held him down!

DDK:

But that was all *after* Kerry Kuroyama came down here and stuck his nose where it had no business being!

Dex Joy is *furious*! He tries telling the official that he kicked out but he tells Dex that the three count was made! Rezin can't believe that it has happened either until the referee goes over to raise his hand to make it official.

DDK:

I'm not sure if this is the way Rezin wanted it to happen but he's moving on to the finals of the Acts Tournament! Why was Kerry even out here?

Lance Warner seems to have an a-ha moment on commentary.

Lance:

Wait a minute ... remember back in the opening round match between Dex and Kerry? Kerry had a foot under the rope and he is right that it should have been counted! Was this... I don't know... some kind of payback for that?!

DDK:

...Oh God, you're right! That was an accident though! Dex had nothing to do with that... but Kerry just *intentionally* helped screw Dex Joy out of making it to the finals after Dex had even promised last week he'd give him a future rematch!

Dex looks at Rezin and then offers him his hand no matter how this loss came about. He shakes Rezin's hand then leaves the ring to go after Kerry Kuroyama, but he has already retreated behind the curtains to who knows where. Rezin celebrates in the ring as his meteoric run through the Acts Tournament now takes him to the finals to face the winner of Lindsay Troy and Conor Fuse!

LFG

Conor Fuse:

You didn't have to come along...

The scene opens backstage as Conor Fuse walks towards a DEFIANCE backdrop for what looks to be a potential pre-match interview. However, he is not alone. Trailing behind him is none other than The Keyboard Warrior, Malak Garland. The Denver crowd cheers when they first see the gamer... but boo heavily when they see the triggered snowflake is tagging along for the ride.

Malak gives a funny laugh to Conor's recent statement, patting him on the back.

Malak Garland:

No it's okay, I'm here for support.

Fuse arrives at the backdrop, where Jamie Sawyers is waiting. Sawyers sees the camera is rolling and gets right into things.

Jamie Sawyers:

Conor, tonight it's you and Lindsay Troy in the SEMI-finals of the FIST Tournament!

Fuse nods with excitement... until he slowly peers behind his back and sees Malak Garland is doing the same thing.

...It creates a little bit less excitement.

Nonetheless, Sawyers continues and the gamer regains focus for the interview.

Jamie Sawyers:

You and Troy, for the first time. The Faithful are calling it a dream match.

The crowd begins a !RANK chant, stalling Conor's ability to speak until they die down.

Conor Fuse:

Hell yeah, Jamie. It's finally time to PRESS START on The Video Game Kid and The Queen of the Ring!

Malak does a "throw-upy" face upon hearing Lindsay's nickname. Conor, however, powers through.

Conor Fuse:

As you said, we've never squared off against each other and oh boy, this is one MEGA Boss I've always dreamed of wrestling. Yes, she's changed. She's evolved. She's leveled-up, if you will. Some would say Lindsay's done it all, won it all and already achieved the top score...

Fuse rubs his hands together in excitement.

Conor Fuse:

There's ALWAYS another level, Jamie. Especially when you go to... [change of tone] the dark side.

Crowd boos the shit outta LT's new direction. Conor goes back to firing himself up.

Conor Fuse:

The dark side brings some perks, not gonna lie.

He stalls for a moment.

Conor Fuse:

I love video games but you know what? I also love comic books. Little fun fact there for ya. I was a HUGE X-Men fan

growing up. Jean Grey, The Phoenix. She was a good gal. But deep down inside she had evil purged in the back of her mind. Until it came out. Hence... Dark Phoenix. Hence... Dark Lindsay.

Malak can't help but chime in. He's clearly triggered from too much soccer mom discussion. Garland lends forward, almost resting his chin on top of Conor's right shoulder so he can find the microphone.

Malak Garland:

How many friends does she need to coddle her? I heard they're all going to be out watching the match. LOL, that's sad...

Garland pops his head back to where it came from. There's an awkward pause between Fuse and Sawyers before The Ultimate Gamer starts up again.

Conor Fuse:

Well... she's welcome to have her group of supporters on the rampway for... uh... support. Pretty sure I'll have MOAR people supporting me, anyway...

The Faithful start another loud !RANK chant.

Conor Fuse:

THIS is the real rise of Conor Fuse! THIS is the true Main Event status I've been striving for! Oscar Burns was no push over, he is perhaps the most outstanding posterboy in the history of DEFIANCE. But Lindsay Troy... she is the epiphany of wrestling. She's the paramount. The household name. The transcendent star.

Pause. Smirk. Wink.

Conor Fuse:

Until now.

The crowd eats it up.

Conor Fuse:

Because I am the protagonist! I am the gamer! I am finally the Player One I was destined to be, the one who powers through this tournament, takes on The Deacon and gets his hand raised! The high score! The last level! The beaten game... on the hardest mode possible.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Malak Garland: *[quietly from behind Conor Fuse]*

Oh goodness my FOMO is so high right now.

Jamie Sawyers looks to wrap things up.

Jamie Sawyers:

Thank you for your time, Con-oorrr...

His voice trails. He turns, along with the camera and reveals Lindsay Troy standing there, VV behind her. The ACE gives a very loud, very exaggerated YAWN before speaking.

Lindsay Troy:

God, Jamie, I feel so bad for you, having to stand there and feign interest. It's bad enough you play Captain Obvious for a living, but then listening to this drivel on top of it? You hate to see it, Christie.

Eye roll by Fuse.

Conor Fuse:

You sound like this guy, [head motioning behind him to Malak] with the overused, unfunny “you hate to see it” troll comment lol.

Conor pats Jamie on the shoulder.

Conor Fuse:

Anywayzzzzz, Lindsay, girl, it’s good to see you. I mean this. I dunno what the hell happened a couple of weeks ago when I ran into you and your co-op... you were all so stand-offish.

Conor throws his hands back in defense.

Conor Fuse:

I come in peace.

The gamer motions with his eyes, towards Garland.

Conor Fuse:

Him though? Jury’s out.

The comment went right past the snowflake as Garland stares mindlessly at The Queen, likely filled with anxiety. Conor continues.

Conor Fuse:

Again, anywayzzzzzz, Lindsay, I’m ready to wrestle. I don’t have a problem with you but you... you’re seemingly making a problem with everyone else ATM. So I’m like WTF, huh? Think you’re owed something? Okay, no worries. Those fans out there, they may think I’m owed something. Guess we’re gonna see.

Troy isn’t buying it.

Lindsay Troy: *[scowling]*

Oh. I see. I’m “making” a problem with the rest of DEFIANCE. It’s not anyone else’s fault that this place has gone down the toilet faster than Leafs’ fans hopes of winning the big one. Nope...it’s all mine.

She leans in a little closer to Conor and sneers.

Lindsay Troy:

Maybe it’s everyone else who’s wrong, Conor. From the Kabal, to Scrow, to whatever the hell a Plaguebeast is...from Deacon to Dex Joy to Rezin to the Pop Culture Phenoms...and everyone in-between. I don’t expect you to “get it”, though; you’ve always had your little pea-sized head in the clouds. But soon enough, you’ll see where I’m coming from...

The Ace backs away with a satisfied smirk.

Lindsay Troy:

...and then, you’ll understand.

She and the rest of VV exit the scene as Conor takes everything in. He looks over to Sawyers and shrugs.

Conor Fuse:

She likes hockey?

Sawyers shrugs, too. Fuse addresses the person quivering behind him.

Conor Fuse:

After all this, you still got my back tonight?

No words are spoken. Instead, a very shaky hand caresses Fuse's shoulder in unsure reassurance. The moment is fleeting however, as Conor turns and notices the hand and who it belongs to...

Has vanished.

Conor Fuse:

Figures.

The gamer winds his neck around and walks off.

Jamie Sawyers:

Fuse. Troy. It's NEXT!

FIST TOURNAMENT, SEMI-FINALS: LINDSAY TROY vs. CONOR FUSE

The match graphic appears and the fans go ballistic.

DDK:

Rezin is in the finals. He will take on the winner of Lindsay Troy and Conor Fuse for the right to face the FIST of DEFIANCE at ACTS of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Conor has gone through hell. Barely escaped Corvo Alpha, battled to the bittersweet end with Oscar Burns... and now, perhaps, if this is even possible to say, it's Conor Fuse's toughest task yet.

DDK:

Lindsay on the other hand... she's faced no pushovers, either. She beat Scrow, something she's never done before.

Lance: *[adding]*

She *really* beat Scrow.

DDK:

Yes. And then Elise Ares, who's only the longest reigning SOHER champion of all time.

Lance:

Well, either way, with Kerry Kuroyama interjecting himself to ensure Dex Joy was upset, the path is hypothetically "paved" for a perceived easier finals contest for the Queen of the Ring versus Rezin.

DDK:

IF she gets there...

To ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

It's time for the MAIN EVENT!

RAAAAHHHHHHH!

Darren Quimbey:

This is a semi-finals match in the FIST Tournament! Introducing first...

♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪

The fans immediately rise to their feet and hum along to the Kirby Dreamland remix song as Conor Fuse bounces out from behind the FIST logo, sporting his lime green tights, arm sleeve and headband, with slanderous hashtags printed all over them, most of which tear apart Lindsay Troy, Deacon and a few others Malak Garland despises.

Darren Quimbey:

From Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred pounds... he is The Ultimate Gamer... he is The Video Game Kid... he is... CONOR FFFUUUUUUUUUUUUSSSSSSSSSEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

Lime green pyro EXPLODES behind Conor as he skips down the rampway, almost TOO fired up and ready to go.

Lance:

Conor fought for the FIST once, against Mikey Unlikely. It was in a losing effort. It was a CLOSE losing effort. It was a match that really propelled Conor's popularity because he wasn't as well liked beforehand.

DDK:

Fuse has all the skills and ability to be a future FIST of DEFIANCE. Like we said, this might be his toughest task yet.

Conor arrives at the end of the ramp. He leaps onto the ring apron and then clears the ropes in another jump, too. Conor lands perfectly on his feet and starts running around the ring, pumping up the crowd as they go into a *!RANK* chant.

Soon, however, the cheering stops as the music comes to a close and the lights cut out. The Faithful immediately get their cellphones out to bring some light to the darkness. Unlike with Rezin's entrance, even the camo guy in the front row was able to find his phone and start shining it towards the ring, as a nearby apron camera picks up.

A lone white light shines brightly down on the stage with Sonny Silver standing in the glow. He reaches his hand into the air and his OLD SKOOL MIC~! Is lowered into his palm.

Sonny Silver:

Two down... two to go. And tonight, Poster Boy for Adderall, there are no continues. There are no cheat codes. There are no hidden exits, warp pipes, Game Genies, secret whistles, glitches in the system, mods, or anything the FUCK else that is going to get you past The Final Boss of Vae Victis.

The camera quickly switches to Conor in the middle of the ring, confused, baffled, saying "yes there is".

And back to Sonny Silver.

Sonny Silver:

Your tournament ends here and your hopes to keep the weird gray-haired dipshit you're enslaved to happy... all that is Game THE FUCK Over.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Two words occupy the super-sized DEFIATron:

V A E V I C T I S

♪ Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose... ♪

Sonny Silver:

She is YOUR Lady of the Hour, YOUR Queen of the Ring and YOUR next FIST of DEFIANCE... LINDSAY TROY!

Boos reign down. The ACE steps onto the stage, sporting her newer black and red ring gear. Kerry Kuroyama and Henry Keyes flank her, both looking pretty pleased that Dex Joy is out of the tournament. The camera switches to inside the ring, a determined albeit happy-go-lucky gamer paces back and forth, watching each member of Vae Victis walk out. As Troy, Kuroyama and Keyes line the stage, Conor takes a moment to look at each one of them. As his eyes fall upon the Airship Pirate and Kraken, a former friend of his, Conor raises his left arm and gives a head-in-the-clouds, Forrest Gump-like wave in the SOHER's direction. Keyes returns it with a deadpan middle finger.

Troy marches down the rampway with Sonny in tow, cranking her arms around and ready to put this kid down for an early nap. She slides into the ring and tells Brian Slater she's ready to go. With Conor Fuse in a corner across the way, he nods in Slater's direction as well.

Slater calls for the bell.

DING DING

The crowd is ready.

LET'S GO GAMER!
THE QUEEN SUCKS!

LET'S GO GAMER!
THE QUEEN SUCKS!

And so it goes.

Fuse circles around the ring, as does Troy. Finally, they both meet in the center of the ring where they lock into a grapple.

Fuse IMMEDIATELY slips behind Troy, latches onto her waist and drops The Queen on her head with a release German suplex! The fans BOOM in cheers as Conor backs into a corner with a coy smile on his face. Meanwhile, as Lindsay props herself on a knee, she checks her mouth to see if she's bleeding (she isn't) and then has a look on her face as if suggesting it's going to take A LOT more than that to keep her down.

They meet in the middle of the ring for a second time while the !RANK chants continue. And this time, it's Troy who gains the quick advantage. She applies a headlock, dropping to a knee and wrenching the hold down even harder. With Conor having nowhere to go, Troy keeps the hold as she rises again, cranks her arms back and then lets go, turning Fuse around and kicking him flush in the side of the head. The former Tag Champion falls on all fours and Troy grins. But Lindsay doesn't waste much time. She punts Conor under the jaw, grabs his head and hits a terrific looking implant DDT.

DDK:

Fuse has taken a ton of damage in the other two matches... not a good start!

Troy mounts Conor and feeds him forearm smash after forearm smash in the side of the head. The gamer is reeling as Troy drags Fuse to his feet and connects with a snap suplex. She holds on and looks for another... hits it. She holds on again, looks for a trifecta...

Fuse doesn't budge.

Troy is about to release the hold but Conor grabs her and connects with a snap suplex of his own! The fans cheer as The Video Game Kid kips to his feet, bounces off the ropes and locks onto his target, Lindsay Troy's head.

SWOOOSH!

The superkick misses.

WHAM!

The flying forearm by Lindsay Troy does not.

She hammers Fuse down again with blow after blow after blow, before dragging the gamer onto his feet and hitting that third, although not in succession, snap suplex. Troy pulls Conor to a sitting position and rains down elbows into the side of his neck before attempting to apply a modified sleeper chokehold. Conor, however, is quick enough and aware enough to slide himself across the mat and make it into the ropes. Brian Slater is on the job and tells Lindsay she has to let go of Conor so she does, begrudgingly.

...But not before she drills another forearm smash into the side of his jaw.

Lance:

Troy's not playing nice.

DDK:

Never expected her to.

As Fuse gets to his feet, he's met with a roaring elbow from The Queen... but Conor ducks it at the last possible

second and takes hold of Lindsay during the follow-through. He snapmares her neck towards the canvas, bounces off the ropes and lands a missile dropkick into her back, square in-between the shoulder blades. Fuse pops to his feet and the crowd cheers along as the gamer measures Troy while she collects herself. Conor makes sure he's hidden away as Lindsay rises, always readjusting by tiny baby steps to make sure he's not in her peripherals. Once she's upright, Conor superkicks her in the back of the head.

The crowd roars and LT shoots across the ring, landing face and shoulders-first onto the top turnbuckle pad. The Character Formerly Known as Player Two races in and hits Troy with a stinger splash before she stumbles out of the corner, wobbling on both feet. Fuse hits the ropes.

Powerslam by Lindsay!

She hooks the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

While it's a strong kickout, it was a momentum changing move as Lindsay seemingly gains a second wind and has Conor Fuse locked into a rear naked choke. She happens to be seated directly across from the entrance, so she looks at her teammates with an expression suggesting she's going to end this kid A-SAP.

Conor fights to a knee and rifles elbows into Troy's chest. However, Lindsay drops the hold, grabs Fuse by his hair and whips him to the mat. She follows with an elbow drop, then a fury of knee smashes. Next, she drags Conor to his feet, whips him around and lands a spinning fisherman's suplex for a pin!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

Troy isn't phased. Right back to hammering down elbows into the side of Conor's neck, while the crowd attempts to light a fire under the gamer's controller. Fuse tries to fight out of the elbows, then raises his arms to block them but Lindsay Troy keeps on going.

At the rampway, a shadowy figure slowly creeps his way from behind the FIST logo, ensuring no one from Vae Victis sees him before he finds an opening and scurries past, down the rampway.

DDK:

Hey! That's Malak Garland!

Lance:

He's here to support Conor!?

The announcers are confused while Vae Victis catches on, seeing Malak Garland wandering down the rampway in a quiver, a total anxiety wreck but nonetheless, making an appearance. Sonny Silver points and laughs at Malak while Kuroyama and Keyes mention they'll keep an eye out for any shenanigans.

Inside the ring, Troy sees Garland making his way down but like a robot, just continues to drill elbow after elbow into Conor Fuse's temple as if it didn't matter. Eventually, she drags Conor upright and looks for a swinging neckbreaker... but Fuse escapes. He bounces into the ropes-

And right into a rolling koppu kick from Troy!

Lindsay stays grounded with Conor and turns the kick into a modified headscissor submission! The crowd shouts for The Power-Up King to get to the ropes but it looks like he's fading quickly!

DDK:

This may be too much. Fuse might have to tap... or pass out!

The Codebreaker throws his arms around in a fury before finding a way to his knees. He wraps his hands around The Queen and begins to pull himself onto his feet, with Troy unwilling to break the hold.

Conor looks for a powerbomb but Lindsay flips it into a modified hurricanrana, sending Fuse into the ropes, leaping up into the air herself and then connecting with a spinning roundhouse heel kick. The crowd boos. Troy looks into the bleachers... and sneers.

She leans down to collect Conor Fuse...

And is rolled into a small package!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The crowd comes alive as Conor Fuse has a second wind! He pops up at the exact time Lindsay Troy does. She attempts a forearm smash but Conor catches her and turns it into a backdrop. Fuse hits the ropes... he also hits the ropes on the far end... gaining a ton of momentum and lands a perfectly placed lionsault! Conor hooks the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

I don't think Fuse thought he'd get the victory there... but he's certainly trying to fight back into this match by tiring Lindsay Troy out!

The Ultimate Gamer stands. He ducks another forearm smash by Troy and latches onto her waist. The Video Game Kid aims for a suplex but Troy escapes and lands on her feet. She pushes Conor into a corner, although it isn't hard, it's just done to give herself a breather. Once Fuse spins back around, however, he's met with a kick to the gut and a double underhook face plant!

DDK:

The Final Judgment!

The crowd boos as Troy looms over her opponent. She props him onto his knees and applies a Koji clutch!

With Fuse dead center in the middle of the ring, and Divine Right locked in, most of the Denver crowd stands. The match has been taken to the next level!

Conor tries to fight the pain. For as much as he *can* throw his hands around, he does, hoping in some way this gets him closer to the ropes. Spoiler alert: it does not.

On the outside of the ring, Malak Garland looks like he's showing legitimate concern for Conor Fuse by shaking profusely with aNxleTy. Vae Victis are laughing at everything they see.

DDK:

Fuse might tap! A much more serious submission than the headscissors we saw earlier. This is a submission Lindsay Troy has perfected!

As Darren Keebler says this, somehow, the slippery gamer is able to move his right arm down from Troy's grasp, by millimeters or less, but it does allow the younger Fuse Bro to push onto his back and pin Troy's shoulder's to the mat!

Brian Slater sees this and slides into position. It doesn't look like Lindsay Troy's caught on yet!

ONE.

TWO.

SHE FINALLY CATCHES ON AND DROPS THE HOLD!

DDK:

Wow! That close, folks!

Lance:

You know what... I bet you that's not the first time Conor Fuse has been in a Koji clutch! It's one of Tyler Fuse's go-to moves as well. Conor may have had the move well scouted simply by circumstances!

Troy rises and starts driving her boots into the back of Fuse, working him all the way into a corner. She pulls Conor up by his messy blonde hair and then takes a closer look at the gamer's bandana.

The bandana filled with slandered hashtags, most about her.

Troy makes an offhand remark about some of the *comments*, then slaps the spit right out of Conor's mouth while sarcastically laughing in his face. Conor rubs his cheek and looks directly into Lindsay's eyes.

Conor Fuse:

Dude, I didn't have a say in any of these.

Troy rolls her eyes and follows through with a forearm smash before Irish whipping Conor into the corner across the way... however, Fuse leaps onto the top rope and launches off with a moonsault, catching Troy in the middle of the ring and hooking a leg!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The gamer knows it wasn't a three. He kips to his feet and although he's really feeling it by now, Fuse knocks some sense into his head, lifts Lindsay upright and attempts a Resolution DDT.

Troy pushes herself out of Fuse's grasp. She backpedals into the ropes and tries for a Pelé kick that Conor catches.

Enziguri.

Fuse crumples to the mat and The Queen calls for the end of the match. She peels Conor from the canvas, looking to hit her package piledriver-

But Conor breaks free! The Ultimate Gamer bounces into the ropes...

And Lindsay Troy is RIGHT THERE to clothesline both of them up and out of the ring!

Right beside Malak Garland's feet.

DDK:

Well...

The crowd is in a bedlam as the power, seemingly, has moved towards The Snowflake Superstar. Both his nemesis/"friend" and annoying over-the-hill ragged soccer mom lay at the soles of his feet.

DDK:

Vae Victis is making their way down the ramp!

Garland turns around, seeing the trio marching towards him. He cries out in pain.

Malak Garland:

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!

Brian Slater shouts from inside the ring that if anyone from Vae Victis or Malak Garland places a hand on one another (or touches the legal wrestlers) he'll boot everybody back to where they came from.

This doesn't phase Vae Victis, though. They refuse to back down and make their way right in front of Malak Garland.

A tear forms in Garland's eyes. He's anything but resilient. He shakes from head to toe, the intense stress he's under will likely be talked about in counseling sessions for years to come. VV starts mouthing off to Garland and Garland... well... simply continues to cry and tremble. Brian Slater jumps in-between both parties, trying to get them back to where they all came from.

Meanwhile, Troy and Fuse have rolled away from the action where The Queen of the Ring is on her feet first. As she stands, the person wearing camo gear who has been seen throughout the night in the front row pulls back his hoodie and hops over the guardrail. The crowd goes crazy in cheers.

RRRAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

DDK:

HEY!!! THAT'S SEARCH PARTY CYRUS!!!

Bates eyes Lindsay Troy, knowing neither she nor the rest of VV have seen what's happened yet. He spins her around...

And connects with a uranage!

DDK:

URANAGE!!!

The crowd goes wild again as Bates turns to his left, turns to his right, flips the hoodie over his head, hops back to where he came from and pussyfoots all the way up the stairs and out of the building.

Lance:

Cyrus Bates has been doing this for a while! Usually he's helping Malak Garland but tonight he helps... Conor Fuse!?

DDK:

He did! He just did, Lance! He helped Conor Fuse!

Unbeknownst to The Ultimate Gamer, Conor collects himself and sees Lindsay is laid out a few feet away from him.

DDK:

Conor has no clue! He didn't see any of this!

Lance:

Neither did Henry, Kerry, or Sonny, and I've got a feeling they're gonna hear about it.

Fuse lifts Troy and rolls her into the ring while Brian Slater is able to part the seas. Keyes and Kuroyama return to the top of the rampway while Malak Garland stands at the bottom of it. Once The Keyboard Warrior spins to face the ring, gone is the anxiety stricken, world-has-come-to-an-end look on his face. It's replaced with a clever, devious Grinch-like appearance.

Lance:

Did Malak... did Malak know Bates was going to show!?

The question goes unanswered, of course, as Conor Fuse is propped on the top rope and the fans are going wild.

Phoenix splash! Or as Conor Fuse would call it right now... the dark phoenix splash, onto the Dark Phoenix herself.

He hooks a leg and the crowd counts along!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DDK:

NO!!! NO!!! THE CROWD COUNTED THAT THREE. THE REFEREE **DID NOT!!!**

Keeblers words ring true as Slater stands with two fingers up. Relief crosses Vae Victis' face and concern swoops over Malak Garland's. Inside the ring, Conor keeps his *game* face on. He pulls Lindsay Troy to her feet and smacks her between the shoulder blades.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GE-

DDK:

Lindsay Troy with a roundhouse kick out of nowhere to the side of Conor's head!

Troy hits the ropes...

...And she's crushed with a flying double knee strike by Fuse!

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

DDK:

CONOR HITS WEAPON GET! He stole the Queen's Gambit from Lindsay!

The gamer pops to his feet. He's clearly running off fumes as he pulls back his hair and points to the top one MOAR time.

DDK:

The Phoenix splash did not get it done. The SUPER SPLASH, the 450, almost certainly will!

Lance:

Fuse is on the top rope but he's taking much longer than normal!

This is true. Conor's not quite steady. Although he hit the phoenix splash, some would say it wasn't square. And now, he has to measure himself perfectly.

The Renaissance Woman shoots to her feet and joins Conor on the top buckle. She connects with a 360 top rope hurricanrana, All Hail the Queen!

DDK:

I don't believe it!

The air is sucked out of the arena. Conor lands in the middle of the ring as Lindsay Troy stumbles to meet him there and collapses onto his chest. Slater counts.

ONE.

TWO.

THERE'S BARELY A SHOULDER UP BUT A SHOULDER UP NONETHELESS!

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Everyone's concerned. Sonny Silver. Kerry Kuroyama. Henry Keyes. Malak Garland. The Faithful. The announcers.

The match continues.

Troy pulls at the side of her neck. She flinches towards Brian Slater, wondering if he did his job right. The Queen drags The Gamer onto his feet and proceeds to call for the end of the match and her package piledriver.

Conor hits her with an Oscar Burns hard-out headbutt.

With the crowd roaring, Fuse falls into a turnbuckle pad and hits it with his left arm.

Conor Fuse:

Power up.

He says this with barely an ounce of passion... although he bobbles towards another turnbuckle, the one to his right. He falls on top of it and hits the top pad here, too.

Conor Fuse:

Power up!

He says, with MOAR emphasis and a bit MOAR energy.

Fuse wanders into the third turnbuckle and collapses on top of it.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UP.

And then the fourth buckle.

Conor Fuse:

POWER UP!

The fans are rumbling the arena with their feet. Fuse sees a struggling Lindsay Troy find a vertical base. Conor cranks his arms around and sprints towards her-

He's hit with a back elbow. He doubles him over. Troy takes a moment to let out a battle cry.

THUMP.

DDK:

THY KINGDOM COME!

She isn't finished.

KOJI CLUTCH!

Not to be outdone, The Queen goes back to the same submission Conor escaped from earlier. She has it locked in, dead center of the ring.

And Conor Fuse is going...

No.Where.

The Faithful are on their feet... but it's too late. The light is on but the console isn't working.

Brian Slater calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

The fans boo. Loudly. "Stranger Fruit" plays in an attempt to drown them out.

Sonny Silver:

The winner of this match, the woman with infinite extra lives... THE QUEEN OF THE RING... LINDSAY TRRRROOOOOYYYYY!

DDK:

A hell of a fight.

Lance:

Conor Fuse came up short... but boy did he come close. In the end, Lindsay, who might have been the favorite all along throughout this entire tournament, goes to the finals next week against Cinderalla Rezin.

Vae Victis march down the ramp, first eyeing Malak Garland who has sulked himself into a corner of the guardrail, then meeting a battered Lindsay Troy in the center of the ring while her hand is raised.

Conor Fuse has rolled over to a corner of the ring, only now starting to come to. His glazed eyes watch Vae Victis celebrate as he tells Brian Slater he's okay.

DDK:

What a night. Unfortunately, it didn't end the way most of us wanted it to. But there will be another day to fight.

The DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right hand corner of the broadcast feed while Lindsay Troy smirks into the stands. Conor Fuse exits the ring and kneels beside a crying Malak Garland, who's likely making this all about him and his trauma right now. The scene closes on Vae Victis and Lindsay Troy... one step closer to what she came back here for in the first place.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.