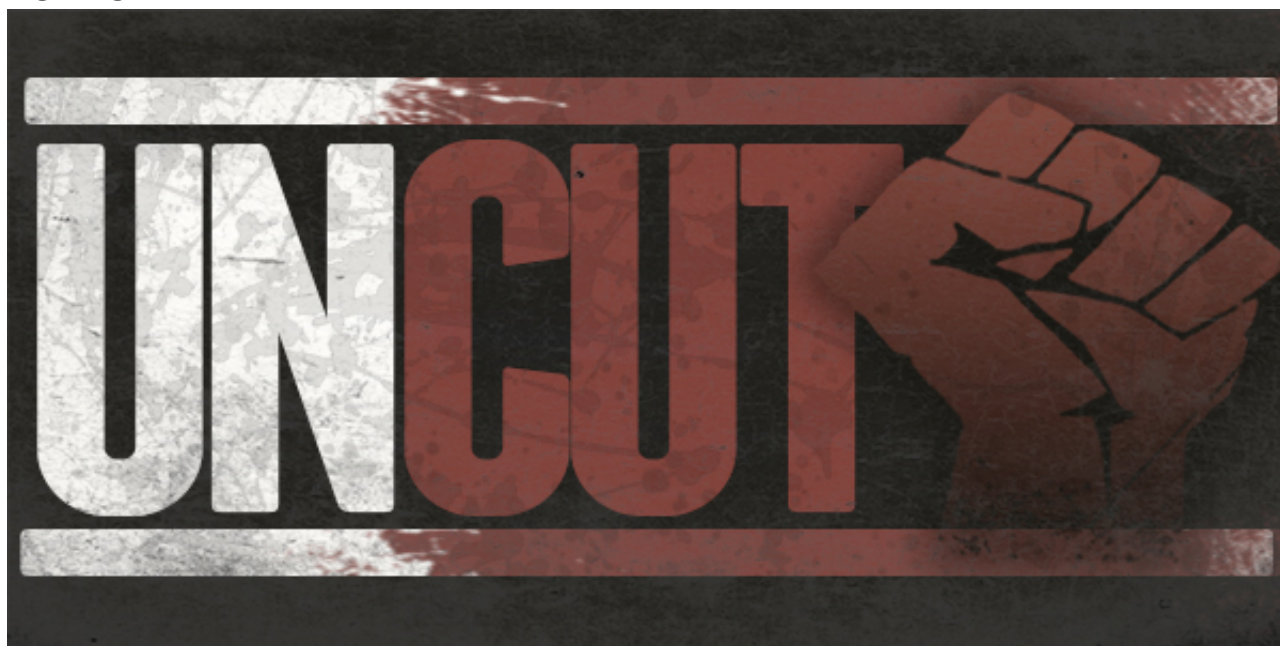


SHOW OPEN

HAPPY NEW YEAR

A black screen.

And it stays that way. We don't get a background. We just get one man, Ned Reform, stepping in front of the abyss. Reform is dressed in a sweater over a button up and wearing black rimmed glasses. He looks into the camera without his usual smile.

Ned Reform:

Good evening. As you are all aware, one week ago I established my superiority over one Mikey Unlikely. A man who thought he could recapture his salad days at the expense of the Sage on the Stage. As Mr. Unlikely was left beaten and broken, I can say with utmost confidence that the matter has been settled.

Reform cracks his neck before continuing.

Ned Reform:

Which brings me to the matter at hand. Whether it is Mr. Box or Mr. Unlikely, there can no longer be any doubt of my sudden - and dare I say - *meteoric* rise in this company. And as such, I believe myself worthy - nay, ENTITLED to - an opportunity at the premier championship in the organization.

Reform rips off his glasses and stares into the camera.

Ned Reform:

Mr. Joy. It is high time we made acquaintances. And while I would normally have no reason for us to converse as we have oh so little in common, you are currently the FIST of DEFIANCE. An accolade that will inevitably come to me, so no time better than the present, yes? Consider this a formal challenge. But not for DEFIANCE Road - no. I have a much more tantalizing proposal. In two months time, DEFIANCE hosts its yearly end of the year award show: an opportunity for all the trained monkeys to celebrate all the varieties of poo they've flung at each other over the course of the year. But also - traditionally - a card in which your very prize is defended. And I believe that the man standing across from you in that bout should be Dr. Ned Reform.

Now he smiles.

Ned Reform:

33.7% of the population of the United States of America has even a Bachelor's degree. Only 13% are in possession of a Masters. And ONLY 1.2% hold a Doctorate. If you're not following, that makes me superior to 98.8% of the population. If you subtract those who teach at safety schools... well, the numbers don't like: I am statistically superior to 99.5% of the population. And logically, if you are the every champ and the avatar of the everyman as your oh-so-clever marketing so boldly claims, then you represent that 99.5% percent. Which, if you're still not following, makes me a superior man than you. Simple math, yes? You cannot refute this... just as you cannot in good faith refuse my challenge. I look forward to the opportunity to prove it to you on Wednesday, December 20 in Frankfurt.

He puts the glasses back on.

Ned Reform:

The ball is, as they say, is in your cretinous court.

Fade.

M4NTRA vs. MONSTER MASH

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

The word darkens the arena bulbs and golden lights flicker to the pulsating intro from Bring Me The Horizon, now with gold and white lasers firing from the stage! As the scream kicks in the guitar riffs, Nathan Eye comes walking out into the Donau Arena with his metal-plated book, *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance* raised high above his head. Following him out is "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, wearing matching "third eye" sunglasses and white with gold ring gear. The exciting pair share a fist bump before Tom Morrow interrupts Darren Quimbey.

DDK:

We are about to start the opening match on Uncut with tag team action! The leaders of the tag team division aka, The Tom Morrow Division, M4NTRA are here! We heard Tom Morrow is not going to be here tonight for fear of his safety after the Lucky Sevens were rumored to be around.

Lance:

He has nobody to blame but himself. Funny enough I actually heard they weren't here tonight, but they will be in the house for DEFTv.

Nathan Eye has a microphone in hand and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are already booing him as their music cuts.

Nathan Eye:

Hello, M4NTRA Rays! Natty Eyce and DEC4L have arrived!

That gets them booed. Declan Alexander is swinging his arms about trying to get the people into it. There are a couple near the front row that do it with the Intrepid Influencer.

Nathan Eye:

Tonight, I am *proud* to announce that Halloween is now in the rear view and we look forward to my favorite times of year! Thanksgiving and Christmas! Around this time of year, I've got everything that matters to me to put myself in a positive mindset: I've got my vegan hot chocolate! I've got my delicious rice cakes ... of which I eat two cause that's my treat to me! I've also got an open fire and most importantly ...

He holds up the *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance*.

Nathan Eye:

A good book!

More jeering.

Nathan Eye:

With the holidays fast approaching, make sure that you *pre-order* my new book that I can go ahead and announce right now for DEFTv ...

Nathan Eye pats Declan Alexander on the back and both men smile at the camera.

Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander:

500 Pages of Shared Success!

Both men walk into the ring while they are getting booed cause people paid for wrestling and not self-help garbage.

Nathan Eye:

Details coming very soon on DEFTv next week! But right now, DEC4L and Natty Eyce have to put business before pleasure. Tonight, we uphold the sanctity of the tag team division aka The Tom Morrow Division! Former BRAZEN

Tag Team champions, Monster Mash, wanted to face us and tonight, we're going to show what happens when you go against Tom Morrow and *our* Tom Morrow Division! Tonight, M4NTRA are gonna show these costumed cretins that ...

♪ "Everyday is Halloween" by Ministry ♪

That music gets a big pop from the crowd! A blue mist begins to bellow out from around the ramp. In that mist, two figures shrouded in shadow: one smaller, sleeker, and wearing a billowing cape. The other is larger, hulking, a seeming monster of a man!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing their opponents ... from Parts Unknown ... The Monster and Count Novick... they are the MONSTER MASH!!!

With that, a spotlight shines onto the duo and we see them clearly: Count Novick, his usual vampiric self, hiding behind his cape before sweeping it behind him dramatically. And his BRAZEN partner: a seven foot tall mountain of a man in a leather jacket and wearing make-up that makes him look like Frankenstein's monster. Complete with bolts and forehead scar. Whereas Novick is animated and over the top cartoonish, The Monster is stoic and walks with purpose and expressionless eyes. Novick has a microphone!

Count Novick:

How *dare* you speak ill of Halloween ... *our* holiday and not the holiday for rank amateurs! BLAH!

Count Novick points at the Monster.

Count Novick:

Tonight, the Monster and I will have our revenge, M4NTRA! Tonight, we are out ... FOR BLAUDDDD!!!

The former BRAZEN Tag Team champions get cheered by the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful. Declan and Nathan take off their "third eye" sunglasses and then double high five. Declan Alexander is going to start for the team. Count Novick starts off for Monster Mash.

DING DING

Declan is unsure how to approach Count Novick, who is staring at him like he is trying to hypnotize him. DEC4L looks back at Nathan Eye and his tag team partner throws him a copy of *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance*!

Nathan Eye:

Don't look directly at him! Use the good book! I hear vampires hate that stuff!

Declan smiles and then holds the book out to Count Novick, not looking him in the eye.

DDK:

Well ... I guess that is one way to avoid enchantment from Count Novick!

But Declan has left himself wide open for a drop kick by the centuries-old wrestler! Declan drops the book and Nathan Eye can't believe his book did not ward off the vampire!

Lance:

I guess it can't be that good of a book can it?

DDK:

Monster Mash are taking the fight to M4NTRA! Maybe they should take them a little more seriously!

When Declan gets back up, he is taken down again by way of a huracanrana! Declan goes over and flies into the corner of Monster Mash where The Monster is able to land a forearm club! Count Novick tags and The Monster enters

the ring! The Monster grabs his partner by the arm and then throws Novick at DEC4L with a flying forearm as he is in the corner. Count Novick grabs his arm and whips him right into the awaiting arms of The Monster who hits him with a big side walk slam!

DDK:

If Monster Mash can pull off this upset, I would be stunned! But M4NTRA didn't take them seriously at the start and right now they are paying for it!

Nathan Eye is shocked by Monster Mash taking the fight to Declan Alexander so quickly. The Monster tags in to Count Novick who goes to the top rope. The Monster leaves the ring while Novick takes flight ... but Declan is able to move out of the way of the oncoming drop kick at the last second!

Lance:

Close save by Declan Alexander!

Tag to Nathan Eye! Declan charges at the corner first and a low drop kick to the knees of the Monster knock him off the apron. Nathan Eye picks up Count Novick and M4NTRA show off what has made them so great as a team in a short amount of time by hitting double flying forearms to Count Novick, followed by double nip-ups to their feet. They are both about to throw up the M4NTRA "M" symbol when The Monsters enters the ring. He runs at them both.

DDK:

M4NTRA might be celebrating too soon!

The seven foot "creation" of Count Novick misses with clothesline, but M4NTRA doesn't miss with double jumping drop kicks! The Monster is sent out from the ring. M4NTRA execute double nip-ups a second time and then move their arms around for their M4NTRA Rays! That only gets jeers!

DDK:

I spoke too soon. Their synergy as a team is just crazy good for a team that has only been working together for a few months.

Lance:

They've already challenged for the Unified Tag titles once and almost won! They just defeated the Lucky Sevens! They are on a roll!

Nathan is now the legal man and he snatches Count Novick off the canvas. He puts the vampire in their corner and then charges to hit a corkscrew corner splash. The 251 Pounds of Pure Perseverance tags DEC4L quickly and then continues the offense with a big scoop slam. Declan stands in front of Nathan to let his partner set him in the back suplex position. He flips him over into an assisted standing moonsault on top of Declan!

DDK:

There's the Trust Fall Exercise! And there is a cover by Declan!

One!

Two!

Thr ... no!!!

Declan can't believe the Trust Fall Exercise didn't get the job done on Novick.

DDK:

I am impressed he was able to kick out, but Monster Mash were popular BRAZEN Tag Team champions. They held those belts for several months!

Declan quickly tags in his partner again. The rapid fire tags are what make M4NTRA so dangerous as a team and they show that effectiveness. Declan holds Count Novick up by the ropes and Natty Eyce leaps over his own partner to deliver a seated senton across the back. Count Novick is nearly broken in two by the move and Nathan covers again.

One!

Two!

This time, The Monster comes to the aid of his partner and pulls the leg of Nathan to break the cover.

Lance:

That was a close one! M4NTRA almost had the win, but The Monster saves his partner ... master? Master partner?

DDK:

Whatever he is, his size makes him a difference maker!

Nathan grabs Count Novick again and this time, he puts him on his shoulders. He looks like he is about to try a slam out of the fireman carry set up, but Count Novick sneaks behind him and he gets to his corner. Nathan sees the tag to The Monster!

Lance:

The Monster is in and Nathan Eye looks like he has seen a ghost ... or a Frankenstein's Monster. You know what I mean, Darren!

Natty Eyce tries to cut him off before he can get going but a kick to the stomach leads to a sledgehammer-like shot across his back with a forearm club. Declan comes in and tries to aid his partner but he runs right into a clothesline. Nathan is pulled up and then hit with a snake eyes into the corner. When he wobbles backwards out of the corner, The Monster picks him up again and then hits a big back breaker!

DDK:

Size alone makes him so dangerous! Now I think The Monster is about to go for the chokeslam! They use a chokeslam and Graveyard Smash combination in BRAZEN that I think we are about to see!

Nathan is goozled and set up for a chokeslam. The Monster reaches out and makes a tag with Count Novick trying to get back up, but he is slow after being attacked all match by M4NTRA. He goes to the top rope, but Declan comes out of nowhere with the Red Line kick to the side of the head. The Monster is rocked back and Declan trips Count Novick on the top rope!

Lance:

Declan makes a save!

Nathan Eye speeds at the staggering Monster and hits the Side-Eye that knocks him out of the ring! Declan has pulled Novick to their corner and when he gets to the corner he gets the tag by Nathan.

DDK:

Novick up on the shoulders ... M4NTRA CODE!!!

Nathan throws Novick into the air from a fireman carry and right into the Play of the Game cutter by Declan - the M4NTRA Code! Declan is able to pin Novick!

One!

Two!

Three!

DING DING DING

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match ... M4NTRA!!!

THE FATAL ATTRACTION: PART 1

The hallways of the arena are busy as production staff and local arena maintenance workers — all speaking German — are wrapping up for the night. Standing outside of a dressing room that reads “Most Precious Gems” are Jamie Sawyers and JJ Dixon, wearing his new leather mask.

Jamie Sawyers:

JJ, thanks for taking the time. You and the rest of the newly renamed Most Precious Gems shocked everyone tonight with your attack on Titaness Familia tonight. Teri — I mean Madame Melton — explained her reasons earlier. I’ve known you for a while now and I’m really curious to hearing why you are following suit.

JJ Dixon:

Thank you, Jamie. I consider you to be not just the best interviewer here in DEFIANCE, but dare I say — and I will dare say — you are also a friend. But before we begin, I just want to know if this is live in DEF TV?

Jamie Sawyers:

Well, the main event is going on, so we are going to save this for Uncut.

JJ Dixon:

That makes sense. I hear that quite a lot about anything I have to say. The fact of the matter is I SAVE EVERYTHING FOR UNCUT! Since Mommie Dearest —

Jamie makes a very squeamish face as JJ refers to Teri Melton as Mommie Dearest. JJ’s voice, when he screams, also has an unhinged higher pitch to his normally boyish voice.

JJ Dixon:

Arrived in my life, either me or her or Raiden or Reeves have appeared on 25 of the past 26 episodes of Uncut. Now, Jamie, did I ever tell you why I was so committed to appearing on Uncut?

Jamie Sawyers:

Why don’t you tell all of us?

JJ Dixon:

Well, Jamie. I have been honest about my upbringing. I didn’t have a lot of stability. And I remember being a scared, lonely 7-year-old boy being babysat by his television. And I turned the channel and saw professional wrestling for the first time. I fell in love with pro wrestling right then and there. And it’s because I saw good guys and superheroes and they were alive and they were real and they weren’t comic book heroes. But most importantly, I NEEDED A HERO! I NEEDED A HERO WHO WAS OUT THERE FIGHTING FOR ME! FOR A SCARED, LONELY LITTLE BOY WHO LIVED IN A CRAPHOLE APARTMENT WITH A MOM WHO DIDN’T CARE ABOUT HERSELF AND CERTAINLY DIDN’T CARE ABOUT ME! WAS FENDING FOR HIMSELF! And I found that, Jamie. I found that in professional wrestling. And you know what, Jamie? Do you know what came next?

Jamie Sawyers:

I’m hesitant to put your history in my words, JJ.

JJ Dixon:

Well, I became a pro wrestler not for the fame or the glory or the accolades. I became a pro wrestler BECAUSE ALL I EVER WANTED TO BE WAS A HERO! ALL MOMMIE DEAREST EVER WANTED WAS TO BE A HERO! ALL REEVES AND RAIDEN EVER WANTED TO BE WERE HEROES! Because there are still scared and lonely kids out there who need someone to look up to. Because there are people out there who deserve a second chance at life and need someone to show that they can make that happen. Because there are people just trying to break in to whatever it is they want to do -- and not just wrestling, Jamie but it could be a musician trying to get his art out there or a damn kid trying to make the football team -- and they’re finding out how damn hard it is and how damn jealous people can be and they want someone to show them that anything is possible. That’s all we want to be, Jamie. ALL WE WANT TO BE ARE PEOPLE YOU CAN LOOK UP TO! AND DID WE DO THAT, JAMIE?

Jamie hears the intensity and hints of craziness in JJ's voice and knows not to answer.

JJ Dixon:

Now, there were so many whispers we overheard about how being on Uncut is a professional death sentence -- about how naming ourselves after the show was putting us on the bottom of the card. But we called ourselves YOUR UNCUT GEMS for a reason. We showed up and showed out at all those episodes of Uncut because of those people at home who were just like me as a little boy, or just like Mommie Dearest when she was struggling, or just like Raiden and Reeves when they were down in BRAZEN. Because who do you think watches programs like Uncut, Jamie? It's the people who love wrestling the most. And, more importantly, it's the people WE love the most. Because, Jamie Sawyers, we truly do love the fans more than anyone else in DEFIANCE does. We did more than enough to earn their love, Jamie. But their accolades and their applause and their cheers go for people who scoff at the idea of appearing on this show -- people like Pat Cassidy or The Pop Culture Phenoms or all of those legends who have returned lately. Or, even and especially, everyone's favorite Dex Joy. Now, I like all of those people. I like Titaness and Uriel and especially DLJ. I like them a lot. As much as I like you. But, well, Jamie... I just don't think any of them have worked as hard as we have, but for some reason, the fans... they give them their flowers while they ignore us! AND WE WON'T BE IGNORED ANYMORE!

HOW SOON IS NOW?

♪ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪

The new entrance song for Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems plays quietly in the background as Raiden and Reeves sit in the stands as the ring and maintenance crew work around them. Raiden has an angry scowl on his face, wearing a black hoodie that reads MPGs on the front in silver. Reeves sits to his left, wearing a blue suit blazer over a pressed white dress shirt, the yellow gladiolas he held at DEFTv during their attack on Titaness Familia in the pocket while he holds a black stenography notepad.

JP Reeves:

I've kept a journal of my thoughts during my tenure and travels here in DEFIANCE. And myself and my enigmatic best friend would like to take you to our shared feelings from a date that means a lot to both of us -- DEFTV 192, from Torreon, Mexico, the night of our first main event!

Raiden:

Here's a REFRESHER since none of you have been listening. My father's best known to the world as Tsunami. He was the youngest world champion in CSWA history.

The 22-year-old Tsunami stands on the top rope holding the coveted CSWA World Championship, having just upset Hornet for the illustrious title!

Raiden:

He was called The Posterboy of the Hardcore Generation and on the short list of men who brought to America a type of wrestling we now take for granted.

There's a shot of a bloody Tsunami doing a moonsault off of a balcony onto an also blooded "Devastating" Mike Randalls, followed by both men randomly throwing chairs in the crowd while the audience scatters, and one of Tsunami piledriving Randalls through a ringside table and getting the pinfall in the 1996 CSWA Match of the Year.

Raiden:

And he, along with my uncle, Reeves' dad WildStar, were the best tag team of their generation -- the two of them winning tag and singles titles all over the globe, all led by Madame Melton, a woman I have considered to be a second mother to me since birth.

There's an old shot of Teri Melton - now Madame Melton - in her late-90s heel glamour with a wide smirk on her face, flanked by each men holding out their arms with a multitude of titles dripping from their arms and around their waists.

Raiden:

But one thing about my father -- well, he's NOT a good one. After I was born, he moved back to Japan. To be with what he calls his REAL family. And taht made me... that made me REALLY mad. He showed his "love" to me with one large check to my mom a year, a phone call when he remembered it was my birthday, and a quick five minute visit with me before a legends show.

There's an awkward black-and-white photo of a smiling young Raiden giving two thumbs up while his stone-faced father Tsunami sits behind an autograph table.

Raiden:

At Torreon, ourselves and JJ, with the guidance of Madame Melton... we defeated our arch-rivals in the main event of DEF 192. And I thought that I would FINALLY make my father proud of me. I thought that I would FINALLY make my father love me! I thought my father would FINALLY pay attention to me! But do you know what he said? He laughed. He told me to call him when I was in a main event someone CARED ABOUT.

Raiden's angry scowl just grows bigger.

Raiden:

I don't like talking. When I was a kid, the teachers and doctors pulled me aside -- the half-Asian kid in a school of white people with a famous dad who did not give one shit about him.. They used to yell at me to talk, to ask me why I didn't say anything. Why instead I... I was so violent! THEY SAID SOMETHING WAS WRONG WITH ME WHEN NOTHING WAS WRONG WITH ME! Well, words did not give me any control over my life. They did not give me any power. But what did? Were these.

He menacingly holds up his right fist. And then he flexes up his left foot.

Raiden:

True power is hearing your fist crack across someone's jaw for the first time and seeing the back of their skull crack against the playground pavement. True power is hearing someone gasp for air after you kick them in the ribs. True power is knowing you hit someone so hard in the head that they will spend the rest of their lives wincing in direct sunlight from the concussion and trauma I provide. True power is knowing that their weeping loved ones will see their slow descent, realizing the only purpose their husband or father has left in his life is for CTE research.

Raiden now has a sinister laugh.

Raiden:

Faithful -- your apathy and your insolence to me DENIED ME MY FATHER'S LOVE. That is something I am resigned that I will forever chase. To make that happen, you WILL care about me. And The Concussion King will not just gladly knock your favorites out... but he will gladly end their careers.

Reeves holds up one of his flowers and smells it theatrically.

JP Reeves:

As far as the emotional battering that I -- THE BOY WITH THE THORN IN HIS SIDE -- took that evening? Well, myself and my comrades literally tore down the house.

There's a clip of Reeves and Raiden brawling with The Company Men in the crowd, followed by The Company Men putting Reeves through a table with their 10-K finisher.

JP Reeves:

And how did that match end? It was I, with steely resolve and fortitude, who climbed to the heights of the DEFiatron and took a great LEAP OF FAITH --

Reeves jumps off The DEFiatron onto Cristiano Caballero and Brayden "Dubya" Leverington.

JP Reeves:

And all I wanted in return was the love, admiration and respect from The Faithful for my death-defying act! Well, what instead were we met with? Did you celebrate us? No. The evening ended not with you chanting our names...

The crowd is standing chanting their hometown nickname: *Lagunas! Lagunas! Lagunas!*

JP Reeves:

But you selfishly cheered for yourselves! Well, that won't do. Because I want to be adored. I want to be beloved. And to do so means...

Raiden makes the cross throat gesture.

JP Reeves:

Your heroes will be eliminated.

Raiden makes the gesture a second time.

JP Reeves:

Your icons will be decimated.

Raiden make the gesture a third time.

JP Reeves:

And all you thought you loved will be eviscerated.

Raiden laughs.

JP Reeves:

Instead, it will be Madame Melton sitting upon her rightful throne, DEFIANCE'S IRON LADY ruling with her IRON FIST... where you shall throw flowers upon her feet, and the feet of us, her loyal soldiers... because we will be the only ones left standing.

Reeves smells of his gladiolas.

JP Reeves:

You ask when will this glorious day come? Well, I ask you a question instead.

He and Raiden both stand up. He drops his gladiolas to the floor.

JP Reeves:

How Soon Is Now?

They leave as the chorus from the song becomes louder.

♪ You Shut Your Mouth

How Can You Say

I Go About Things The Wrong Way

I Am Human And I Want To Be Loved

Just Like Anybody Else Does ♪

SGT. SAFETY vs. FINN DUNSON

DDK:

We've still got a big main event coming up with Oscar Burns taking on Mil Vuelas! But coming up next, we have singles action on tap when cult favorite, Sgt. Safety, goes one-on-one with a BRAZEN star trying to make a name for himself, Finn Dunson of BRAZEN's Dunson Clan!

Lance:

Good for Sgt. Safety tonight that the rest of The Dunson Clan are still back home in the States currently touring with the BRAZEN brand, so tonight, Finn Dunson has a real chance to step up!

DDK:

Let's take it to ringside for the next match with Darren Quimbey for the introductions!

The bell rings for the next match!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Mt. Hope, VA, weighing in at 264 pounds ... **FINN DUNSON!**

Finn is already looking pretty confident with himself and tells the booing Faithful that he's got this match all wrapped up. He doesn't have to wait long for the theme from his opponent...

♪ "Safety Dance" by Men Without Hats ♪

Darren Quimbey:

From Chicago, Illinois, weighing in at 223 pounds... he is Officer of OSHA and The Safest Man in DEFIANCE... this is **SGT. SAFETY!**

The fans cheer as Sgt. Safety comes out with a shiny new decibel meter that he can now afford on a main roster member's salary. The crowd cheers get louder as he points it to different sections of the arena to see who can make the most noise! After he does, he steps into the ring and then holds it out one more time for each side of the arena before handing off the decibel meter. Finn Dunson looks unimpressed by the taller Sgt. Safety in front of him as referee Jonny Fastcountini calls for the bell.

DING DING

Right away, both The Officer of OSHA and the Dunson Clan Cannonball lock up! Sgt. Safety goes for a rear waistlock, but Finn tries to counter with a back elbow. The Safest Man in Wrestling ducks the elbow and then grabs the smaller Finn's neck for a snapmare. He then ducks down and then rolls him up into a quick crucifix pin!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Dunson kicks out, but when he stands up, The Sarge takes him over with a DEEP arm drag that sends him across the ring! Finn tries to get back up, but a second and even more technical arm drag snaps him over. Enraged, Dunson tries to stand up a third time, but Sgt. Safety beats him to the punch yet again with a third arm drag! Finn is angered that he gets taken over with the big move!

DDK:

Sgt. Safety taking Finn Dunson back to Wrestling 101 with these quick arm drags and roll-ups. He's clearly getting under his skin!

He tries to get back up, but Sgt. Safety tries a hip toss... but the thick frame of Finn keeps him from going over when he stops in his tracks. He tries to counter with a clothesline, but Sgt. Safety ducks and comes back off the ropes with a

solid flying forearm that gets Finn off his feet again! Sgt. Safety pops back up to his feet and gets more cheers from the Regensburg crowd!

Lance:

Sgt. Safety has always been one of DEFIANCE's more beloved personalities and you can tell he's really been putting in the work to get better in the ring.

DDK:

And safer, too. Cause that's a weird obsession of his. But now he catches Finn with a dropkick! Finn goes to the floor!

The Dunson Clan's Cannonball rolls to the floor and holds his jaw in pain while The Sarge plots his next moves.

Sgt. Safety:

Let's take this back in the ring, Finn! Too many things can hurt you outside!

He goes to offer a friendly hand to Finn, but perhaps that's a mistake because Dunson grabs his leg and then pulls The Sarge to the outside instead!

DDK:

And that's the downfall of Safety... way too trusting. I would have thought that Malak Garland almost pulling the plug on him in the hospital would have changed his outlook.

Lance:

He did WHAT?!

But before we can expand upon that, the current goings-on take more precedence because Finn Dunson slams Sgt. Safety into the guardrail back first! The Sarge is hurt when he gets thrown back into the ring. Finn walks up the steps and then climbs into the ring, charging with a running somersault senton that drops all 264 pounds across the chest! The fans groan in pain watching what just happened to The Sarge as he's now writhing on the mat!

DDK:

Finn Dunson now throwing his weight around! The bulkiest of the three young members of The Dunson Clan!

Finn makes the cover and hopes for the upset!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Safety kicks out!

Lance:

Almost a big win there by Finn Dunson. It's not often to see a BRAZEN member defeat a member of the DEFIANCE roster, but it is possible!

The Dunson Clan Cannonball drops a big elbow right into his chest, but instead of going right for a cover, he stands up and hits a second elbow drop. Once again he's back up and once again he drops a third elbow! Sgt. Safety gets hurt as Finn Dunson stands up to his full 5'9" height and gets jeers from The Faithful. He cups his ear and tells them to jeer him louder. The Officer of OSHA tries to crawl away and get to the safety of the corner, but Finn is already prepped for an attack. He gets into a football stance, then charges forward and hit a running back splash! He knocks the wind right out of The Sarge, who is barely hanging on in the corner.

DDK:

Oof! That was a lot of weight being thrown into Sgt. Safety's chest! Finn Dunson has been a product of BRAZEN for some time and is looking for a big win to break himself out from the pack!

He leans backwards and preps himself for another football tackle in the corner. Finn charges... but Safety moves! He evades the charge and hunches over the ropes while Dunson holds his back in pain.

Lance:

Safety moves out of the way!

With Dunson hunched over out of the corner, Safety hits off the ropes and plants Dunson with a running bulldog! Finn holds his face in pain while Safety clutches his ribs! That gets the German crowd cheering him on loudly!

DDK:

Can Sgt. Safety turn the tide here after that running bulldog out of nowhere?

The Safest Man in Wrestling starts to stand up and Dunson follows not far behind, but with his bell still rung after the bulldog. He charges like a mad bull, but The Sarge moves out of the way. When Dunson comes back, Sgt. Safety catches him with an inverted atomic drop! The move stuns Dunson and Sgt. Safety follows that up with a big running clothesline off the ropes. When Finn tries to stand up in a daze, Safety knocks him down a second time! He slips through the ropes and then starts heading to the top rope...

DDK:

Sgt. Safety about to go airborne!

He sails through the air gracefully and crashes right down on Finn Dunson with a huge diving crossbody!

DDK:

There's the Crash Pad! Sgt. Safety's only top-rope maneuver, but a very effective one!

Lance:

And listen to The Faithful, Darren! I think that we're about to reach the end here!

Safety is back on his feet as a dazed Finn Dunson tries to get back up again. He swings with a right hand, but Safety underhooks the arm and then catches him with a quick swinging fisherman's suplex into a pin!

DDK:

THE SAFETY PIN! SAFETY PIN!

He rolls him up!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

The bell rings and Sgt. Safety lets go! He starts to get back to his feet with Jonny Fastcountini raising his hand!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **SGT. SAFETY!**

DDK:

Finn Dunson came at Sgt. Safety with everything he had, but tonight, the Officer of OSHA walks away with a win!

Lance:

And The Faithful love it!

Sgt. Safety grabs his decibel meter and waves an arm to get The Faithful to make some noise up on the ramp as the show heads elsewhere.

MEDICAL UPDATE

We cut to our poised announcers. Keebler smiles politely while Lance's expression is more stoic.

DDK:

Just a little over one month ago at ACTS of DEFIANCE 2023, we saw Scott Hunter extend his undefeated streak in a grudge match against Masked Violator #1 who, we would soon learn, suffered a catastrophic injury to his right knee at the height of that contest. An injury that would require a complicated surgery.

Lance:

As MV1 starts down this long road to recovery, our cameras followed him to Atlanta, Georgia and the state of the art offices of Dr. Andrew James.

DDK:

An injury update on MV1 is up next. Let's take a look.

Upbeat music pumps as a sweeping shot of a sunny Georgian afternoon melts into the facade of the North Atlanta Surgery Center. The words "TWO WEEKS AGO" appear in the lower left in bright yellow for a beat. Cut to a shot of MV1 being helped out of the passenger side of a white sedan and into a wheelchair. His bright red wrestling mask can't help but look a little out of place outdoors. Dressed otherwise in a form-fitting "WE ARE #1" blue t-shirt, gray sweats and a heavy, awkward brace on his right leg - #1 still finds a way to wrinkle his mask with a grin as he exchanges words with the nurse meeting him at the curb.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

This wasn't the plan.

Cut to MV1 being wheeled inside, meeting Dr. James. #1 reaches up to offer a firm handshake.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

This was *never* the plan.

In the office, Dr. James is pointing towards leg x-rays hung up on the lightbox behind him. Listening intently, our masked man's furrowed brow tells the tale. He nods his head in understanding.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

But... Here I am. And my story isn't over yet,

Cut to Dr. Andrew James, seated at his oak desk, interview style. Photos of family, a large painting of a sailboat, and several diplomas dot the walls around him. The words spill out of him with some difficulty, clearly not quite used to speaking in front of a camera.

Dr. James:

To refer to what happened to MV1's knee as an "injury" is to simplify what took place. What we're actually dealing with today is a *series* of injuries.

A tighter shot of the knees x-ray. Back in his examination room, Dr. James points to a thin hairline on the knee cap. #1 watches intently.

Dr. James:

We have a slight fracture here that will require long-term stabilization to properly heal.

Pointing now along the underside of the knee, slowly sliding his finger.

Dr. James:

Here we see a tear along the posterior cruciate ligament. It actually tore part of the thigh muscle, if you look carefully, as well.

Moving his finger now to the top of the knee, slowly following a white ligament further up.

Dr. James:

If you look closely, you'll see a major tear to the ACL as well.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

I should really be in Germany. Right now.

Back seated at his desk for a moment. Dr. James awkwardly clears his throat.

Dr. James:

What complicates things is the amalgamation of several distinct injuries and their individual severity. Taken all together, this is more than just a simple reconstruction. It's nearly like starting over.

Cut to footage of the surgery. Nurses hover over the wrestler as Dr. James works studiously. MV1 appears unconscious, a white surgical mask almost comically atop his bright red wrestling mask.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

But, here I am.

Cut to MV1, post-op, seated back in his wheelchair. His knee is now heavily wrapped, the size of a basketball. Under the mask, he forces a smile. Arms wide as if to say "this is it".

MV1:

Far too often you hear about the injury and never hear from the athlete ever again. They just disappear. But I want to assure everyone watching... I may be down, but I am far from out.

Cutting back to Dr. James and his oversized desk.

Dr. James:

While the surgery was a success, I have to caution Mr. 1 as well as the viewers when I say: his full recovery is not assured.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

There is no doubt; I'll be back. Stronger, faster, more focused than ever.

A tighter shot of Dr. James face, a diploma conveniently seen over shoulder.

Dr. James:

There is no doubt that, despite his superior conditioning and muscle structure, his full range of motion and day-to-day comfort will be impacted. He may not be back.

A tight shot of MV1's mask, tightened. Determined.

MV1:

I will be back.

We cut to a shot of MV1 wheeling himself out of the office and into the sunshine. We see him peer up at the blue sky. Soft, ponderous piano music plays gently.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

This isn't the end of my story. Lord Nigel tried to write the last chapter. Ned Reform tried. Scott Hunter tried. They're going to find out, once and for all, that I'm holding the pen.

The music slowly fades as MV1 glides out of shot and we fade to black.

THE FATAL ATTRACTION: PART 2

An increasingly nervous Jamie Sawyers stands subtly further away from the further agitated JJ Dixon.

Jamie Sawyers:

I don't think it's necessarily true that anyone is ignoring you, JJ. I mean --

JJ Dixon:

Oh, it's completely true, Jamie. Because on top of appearing on damn near every episode of Uncut these past 12 months, I'VE ALSO LEFT A LOT AT UNCUT, JAMIE! You were there, Jamie. You were there at Philadelphia. Did you see what happened to me in the No Surrender match, Jamie?

Jamie Sawyers:

Yes, I did. It was really hard to watch, JJ.

JJ Dixon:

Well, imagine being me? There I was, handcuffed to a cage like I was being crucified, with the proverbial crown of thorns replaced with barbed wire. And there was my ex-fiance with a kendo stick. And, Jamie, SHE GOD DAMN TORTURED ME! SHE GOD DAMN TORTURED ME! SHE TOOK THE STICK AND RAMMED IT INTO MY GOD DAMN FACE LIKE A JAVELIN! DO YOU WANT TO SEE WHAT SHE DID TO ME? DO YOU!

JJ reaches back and quickly unites his leather mask and takes it off. Jamie winces. JJ has two massive black spots underneath his eyes and is missing over half of his teeth.

JJ Dixon:

This is what I, JJ Dixon, a noted cocksman now looks like. A broken nose is par for the course in our industry. The black marks on my face? Well, those are my cracked orbital bones now in the bruising phase. But the palate of my mouth? Well, that's still fractured and the oral surgeons said there was nothing they could do about that, and it was better for me to learn how to eat with the teeth I have remaining. But, hey, the doctors said I got lucky. The massive dark spots all over my body after that match -- they initially thought it was signs of serious internal bleeding or even damaged organs. HOW LUCKY CAN A BOY BE! But don't worry, Jamie. One of my organs did get damaged. *[JJ laughs with a menace in his voice]* Do you want a scoop, Jamie? Huh. DO YOU WANT A SCOOP?

Jamie Sawyers:

Uhm... sure, JJ.

JJ Dixon:

I initially paid Iris Davine a large sum of money to keep this out of the injury report, but it turns out that a bunch of blasts with a kendo stick to your special region isn't so good. And, well, my left testicle was ruptured. Now, don't worry, Jamie The doctors were able to save my baby making machine. Now, Jamie, dare I say -- and I will dare say -- lesser men would have understandably surrendered. They would have said 'I Quit' and understandably so. But I did not. I DID NOT QUIT. And do you know why, Jamie? DO YOU?

Jamie Sawyers:

JJ, I don't want to put words in your mouth.

JJ Dixon:

IT'S BECAUSE OF THE FANS! IT'S BECAUSE OF THE FAITHFUL! I DID NOT QUIT BECAUSE OF THEM! I DID NOT QUIT BECAUSE OF HOW MUCH I LOVE THE FANS! I told you just a few second ago about how I want to be a hero... WELL TELL ME HOW MUCH MORE HEROIC CAN A PERSON BE? Now, I know that it's not always the best idea to go look at what the fans and so-called critics say about your matches afterwards. But we all do. We just can't help ourselves. And, well, I wanted to see what they said about the hell we endured that evening. And do you know what they said, Jamie?

Jamie Sawyers:

I'm not comfortable right now --

JJ Dixon:

THAT'S NOT WHAT I ASKED, JAMIE! Because when I was finally able to open my eyes and see, all I saw was THREE DAMN SENTENCES WRITTEN ABOUT OUR MATCH! But compare that to ACTS of DEFIANCE. There were thousands of words and hours of discourse about every single god damn match that happened over those two nights -- AND NOT ONE OF THOSE MATCHES HAD THE STAKES AND SURE AS HELL DID NOT HAVE THE BRUTALITY OF WHAT WE WENT THROUGH THAT NIGHT!

JJ pauses and stares right at the camera.

JJ Dixon:

It made me realize that NONE OF YOU WATCHED THAT MATCH! NONE OF YOU CARE ABOUT THE SUFFERING AND PHYSICAL HELL I WENT THROUGH FOR YOU PEOPLE! YOU SELFISH PRICKS! YOU SELFISH, ARROGANT PRICKS! Pat Cassidy's tag partner has to retire! Dex Joy gets a cigar put out in his face. Let's all have a GOD DAMN CANDLELIGHT VIGIL FOR THEM! But for me? For Reeves and Raiden? AND ESPECIALLY FOR MOMMIE DEAREST? THE ONES WHO PUT IN MORE WORK THAN ANYONE ELSE HAS FOR THE PAST YEAR FOR YOU PEOPLE? THE ONES WHO LOVE YOU THE MOST? You... you couldn't even be bothered to watch the hell we had to endure for you. And... and that... that makes me very upset, Jamie. Very upset.

CONOR FUSE vs. TA COLE

The Regensburg Faithful are restless as the next match is announced on the LCD screen above the FIST entrance. In the ring, Darren Quimbey is ready with the call.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for ONE FALL!

RRRRRAAAHHH, even the German Faithful love knowing useless information. Nothing changes across countries, clearly.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Omaha, Nebraska... weighing two-hundred-sixty-five pounds... TA COLE!

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The arena lights turn purple as the rock version of the classic Beethoven jam begins. TA Cole, looking intense in a purple and white singlet, walks through the curtain.

DDK:

"Fur Elise", preformed by Cole Rolland, huh? With two Ls.

Lance:

Two Ls is dumb.

DDK:

Someone paid you to say that, didn't they?

Levi methodically makes his way down the ramp, not paying attention to any of the German Faithful who are likely experiencing a DEFIANCE event for the very first time.

DDK:

Cole and Fuse are not strangers to one-another. Reform and his original TA opposed Conor Fuse and The Deacon roughly two years ago.

Cole walks up the steel steps and enters the ring as his theme music comes to a close.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred pounds... he is The Ultimate Gamer... CONOR FUSE!

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

Conor Fuse appears behind the German DEFIANCE FIST logo to a huge ovation! He pops and jumps down the rampway, although not exactly at the quick pace he typically displays. Fuse takes the odd moment to stop and knock fists or high-fives with the odd fans in the front row while telling the nearby cameraman how much he loves Germany. Apparently, it's a lot.

Lance:

Little known fact, the Fuse Bros. have roots in Germany and I believe they spent the very first year of their wrestling career training in Berlin.

DDK:

I did not know that.

Lance:

It's been documented before... in that other place Conor currently wrestles in.

DDK:

PRIME?

Lance:

I wish.

Fuse reaches the bottom of the rampway. He jumps onto the apron but almost loses his footing. TA Cole sees this and can't help but smirk. Conor then leaps over the top rope and lands perfectly in the center of the squared circle, closing the smirk across Levi's face.

Lime green fireworks explode on the rampway as Conor walks to a corner of the ring and nods at referee Beeny Doyle.

Doyle looks at Cole. Cole is ready, too.

Benny calls for the bell!

DING DING

Fueled by the rabid crowd, Conor races towards Cole but the TA is ready for him and steers Fuse into the turnbuckle. Conor sticks into the buckle and Cole hits a dropkick which further knocks him into the padding (if there can even be such a thing). Cole walks over, lifts Fuse onto the second buckle and then uses this to his advantage as he attempts a backdrop...

But Conor slips out, flips in mid-air and lands on his feet.

He sends a superkick under Cole's jaw to the joy of the fans, although the kick doesn't land FLUSH like it usually does.

The Second Player Irish whips the much bigger academic into the ropes and connects with a corkscrew dropkick!

DDK:

Excellent move!

Lance:

Fuse threw his whole body into that one.

Conor races over, pulls Cole to his feet and connects with a snap suplex, although it looks like Fuse almost drops Cole in the middle of the suplex. Nevertheless, the move is landed. Conor holds on but this time he can't budge the bigger man for a second try. Cole sends a number of shots into the gut of Conor, removing Fuse from the suplex attempt and into the ropes. Cole Irish whips Fuse to the ropes across the way but in one swift motion, Conor jumps on the second rope, flips in mid-air again and lands a cutter.

DDK:

Conor did not get all of it but he got SOME of it nonetheless!

Fuse kips to his feet. He sees Cole is rising and wastes no time, hammering the sole of his left boot under Cole's chin. Fuse looks for another suplex but it's blocked by Cole. Cole once again fires right fists into Conor's stomach and then with a handful of Conor's ratty blonde hair, he throws Fuse into the corner. Conor's midsection hits the upper buckle and Fuse collapses to the mat.

DDK:

Conor met the corner HARD.

The Power-Up King immediately grabs the side of his ribs as Cole marches over and drags Conor to a vertical base.

Cole with a high angle suplex, followed by a leg drop and a cover.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Levi drags Conor up with him and locks the gamer into a grapple. Cole has the advantage and works Fuse into a headlock. However, Conor pushes Cole into the ropes as the headlock is broken-

No! Cole holds on and Fuse is dragged across the canvas with the headlock still in place. The Faithful boo and Conor once again tries to break free... but can't do it.

Lance:

I'm sensing something is off with Conor. I've seen a lot of Fuse matches in my time and he seems to be off a minor step here and there tonight. Am I reading too much into this?

DDK:

I thought the same thing earlier. He's two-hundred pounds, yes, but Fuse has a good sense of hidden strength in him, he should be able to break out of this hold... although he isn't able to!

Fuse drops to his knees but the ever-so-crafty TA drops down with him. Cole cranks his arms around to make the move sink in even further. The fans try to rally their feet, hoping to give Conor the needed energy to break the hold...

Yet Cole breaks the hold himself! But it's all by design because the TA leads Conor into a belly-to-belly suplex, then another leg drop and a cover.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Cole follows up his next offensive maneuvers in a very fast and deliberate manner. He connects with a biel throw, then a chop to the chest, a waistlock takedown, into an arm bar... but then switches into a half crab submission!

Fuse reaches out for the ropes but he isn't quite there. Cole is just about to sit back when...

Fuse moves the extra couple of inches and gets the bottom rope!

Referee Benny Doyle tells TA Cole to break the hold! A begrudgingly TA does but not before he boots Conor right in the side of the face!

DDK:

I think Fuse is OUT!

Lance:

I think so, too!

The German Faithful might witness an upset in the making as TA Cole peels a DOA Conor Fuse off the mat and hoists him up in the air...

Holds him.

Holds him!

HOLDS HIM.

Brainbuster!

The air is sucked out of the building!

ONE.

TWO.

BARELY A SHOULDER UP!

The fans cheer, although there's concern throughout the bleachers. Cole drags Conor to his feet and drops the gamer straight on his head with a side-to-belly suplex!

This is followed by a running release German suplex!

DDK:

Fuse hasn't moved a muscle!

Lance:

Cole is pulling him to the center of the ring!

TA hooks both legs and Benny Doyle makes the count.

ONE.

TWO.

LAST SECOND KICKOUT!

Cole cracks his neck to the left, he cracks his neck to the right. He loosens up his arms and he calls for his finisher, the torture rack... The Letter Jacket.

Cole positions Conor into the air but right before he drops him onto his shoulders Fuse flips around, showing the first sign of actual life in a while... and Fuse lands a hurricanrana, sending Cole head-first into the second rope! Cole lands there and Fuse fires up. He races over-

SLAM!

In a flash, TA Cole pulls himself from the second rope, catches Conor RIGHT before Fuse gets there and lands a ring shaking spinebuster slam!

DDK:

Hook of the leg! We have a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

BARELY A SHOULDER UP!

Fuse's eyes blink a couple of times as he stares off into the rafters and this time TA Cole doesn't look happy.

Lance:

You can see what this match means. To go back to the locker room and tell Dr. Ned Reform that Cole defeated one of Reform's most hated men out there. It would be a major statement!

Cole calls for the end. He loosens up his body like a gymnast ready to perform when he rips Conor off the canvas, tosses him into the air and then drops him across his shoulders.

But Cole can't get leverage! A look of confusion slowly crosses TA's face since the torture rack isn't working and he knows Conor is on his shoulders...

DDK:

Fuse has the ropes!

Conor is holding on for dear life and trying to drag himself off Levi. Finally, Cole catches on. He swats Conor's arm away with his right hand but as he does, he obviously lets go of the leverage he had to keep Conor relatively on his shoulders to begin with.

Fuse slips off, all while wrapping his legs around Cole's neck again and performing a hurricanrana... this time into a pinfall cradle!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

KICKOUT!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Did he get it!?

Lance:

Yes, yes I think Conor got the three RIGHT before the kickout!

The crowd cheers as a shocked Conor Fuse stumbles into the bottom rope face first and TA Cole looks up screaming at Benny Doyle.

Needless to say, since the bell sounded, Darren Quimbey gets on the microphone.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... CONOR FUUUUUSSSSSSSEEEEEEE!

Conor slowly lifts his left hand in the air as he rolls onto his back and sits up, with his eyes fixated on TA Cole to make sure there is no further attack.

There wouldn't be one, anyway. Cole is so livid with the referee, the two continue arguing back and forth.

Replays show that, yes, Conor DID get the three count but it was razor close as to when TA Cole broke free.

DDK:

There you have it, Conor Fuse escapes!

Lance:

Escapes alright. Cole took the majority of that match.

DDK:

You have to wonder if Conor is working through an injury.

Lance:

Well, Fuse did take a beating at the hands of Arthur Pleasant a month ago. I'm told in that other place he also lost a very one-sided contest.

DDK:

Sure. If you say so.

UNCUT goes to a commercial break as Conor's theme song plays. The Ultimate Gamer slowly slides out of the ring and minorly limps up the rampway.

COMING TO DEFIANCE ROAD...

A blurry image comes into focus to show the silhouette of a beautiful young woman throwing her hair back under a tropical waterfall. Cut to a gorgeous woman looking directly into the hard camera with a set of piercing, icy hazel eyes that go from blue to gray. She opens her mouth and runs her tongue across glossy lips.

♪ "No Time For Toxic People" by Imagine Dragons ♪

ONE OF SOCIAL MEDIA'S FASTEST RISING TALENTS

A quick collection of self-filmed content flashes across the screen. The young woman wears a loose fitting olive green t-shirt style top that only covers one shoulder over a brown sports bra. Various yoga poses show off incredible flexibility with her bleached blond-but-roots-are-showing hair pulled back with a perfect pony.

MAKAYLA NAMASTE

♪ Take a look outside, it's a beautiful day, yDyah
Yeah, it's a beautiful day, yeah
I'm gonna keep it that way, that way, ayy
Take a real good look, it's a beautiful day, yeah
Yeah, it's a beautiful day, yeah
I'm gonna keep it that way, that way, ayy ♪

A name is put to the face as she is photographed in a black bikini coming out of a pool. The next scene shows her self-filming once again, smiling from ear-to-ear giddy about the release of her new book "The Fitness Protection Program." Huge lines of teenagers wrap about busy urban city streets as a banner on the front of a building announces the release of KAYNASTE branded organic vegan plant-based protein shakes and dietary supplements.

ACCOMPLISHED ENTREPRENEUR

Her mouth drops at a convention as she uses her selfie camera to film a large crowd of people cheering for her at what appears to be a signing of some kind. Then various clips of the influencer doing viral dances and videos play in rapid succession. Walking across the sands of a bright California beach, Makayla wears her trademark "Good Vibes Only" shirt flashing a peace sign to the camera.

♪ Do-do-do-do, no time for toxic people
Do-do-do-do, no time for that (I-I-I've got)
Do-do-do-do, no time for toxic people
I-I-I, I-I-I've got no time for toxic people ♪

POSITIVITY INFLUENCER

Now the scenes are back in the gym where Makayla is working with free weights. Cut to treadmill cardio. Cut to pullups. Cut to squats. She runs a towel through her hair while wearing a pink sports bra and a pair of hex grid black workout leggings. Her six pack abs show from under the towel glistening with sweat.

FORMER DIVISION ONE ATHLETE

A picture of her time with the UC Santa Barbara Volleyball team.

VEGAN

Makayla is shown on a farm petting a cow on the nose. She screams in terror to the humor of everyone around her as a falcon lands on her gloved arm.

ACTIVIST

Scene cuts to her marching with the recent SAG strike on the picket line holding a sign. An animal rights protest. Black lives matter. Marching in a pride parade.

INSTAFAMOUS

A photo of Makayla on the beach in a baby blue bikini shows over a million views. Shift to a recent live stream where multi-colored hearts and messages fly by faster than anyone can read them.

GOOD VIBES ONLY

*♪ Move along, move along, move along, go
Let me go to the clouds below
'Cause they're calling me up to higher ground
What a teacup sound, even mighty drown, oh ♪*

Wearing a dark green jacket and a pair of ripped jeans, you can see the reflection of the Mercedes-Benz Arena in her mirrored round sunglasses. A DEFIANCE semi pulls in front of the arena and she moves the glasses down her nose.

**DEFIANCE ROAD
WITH SPECIAL GUEST HOST: MAKAYLA NAMASTE**

THE FATAL ATTRACTION: PART 3

JJ puts his back against the wall and slumps down. He then beckons Jamie to kneel down. And the very scared Jamie does -- a look of trepidation is on his face, along with a look of concern for JJ.

JJ Dixon:

Now, Jamie. I don't want anyone at home to take this the wrong way. Dare I say - and I will dare say - that lesser men would have a grudge against The Faithful for how they treat us. But, but I don't. We don't. I... I still want to be a hero. Reeves and Raiden, they still want to be heroes. And Mommie Dearest? Well, she especially wants to be a hero. We... we still love you all more than anyone else does, and we always will. But it's now clear to us that in order for The Faithful to feel the same way about us... well... that means we have to eliminate the ones you do love.. And do you know what that means, Jamie?

Jamie Sawyers:

JJ... now, look. I do understand what you're going through. And maybe you do have some legitimate gripes. But --

JJ holds up his leather mask in his right hand and looks at it with a smile on his face.

JJ Dixon:

IT MEANS I HAVE TO BECOME A MONSTER! IT MEANS I HAVE TO HURT PEOPLE I DON'T WANT TO HURT! I don't want to Tohave to hurt people I very much like. BUT YOU PEOPLE MADE ME THIS WAY! YOU PEOPLE MADE THIS WAY! YOU SELFISH PRICKS! EVERY EPISODE OF UNCUT! I BROKE MY FACE FOR YOU PEOPLE! I GOT DAMN NEARLY LOST A TESTICLE FOR YOU PEOPLE! I WENT THROUGH HELL BECAUSE OF HOW MUCH WE LOVE THE FAITHFUL! YOU ARROGANT, SELFISH PRICKS! So, Jamie Sawyers, this mask here... I'm sure most people assume I have to wear this mask because of the damage to my face. Well, no, it's because of another reason. Because I'm going to hurt a lot of people going forward, and I'm going to feel guilty and hurt about it, but it's what has to be done. And wearing this mask? Well, it makes it a lot easier to look in the mirror after I do the things to people -- things that I am truly ashamed to have day dreams about -- that I will do to the. Because while this past year or so I've been known as The Special Attraction, putting on this mask turns me into...

JJ puts the mask back on and ties it tight.

JJ Dixon:

THE FATAL ATTRACTION!

He screams this and his voice has a monstrous tone to it.

JJ Dixon:

Now, Jamie. Like I said before, I like you. I consider you a friend. But as a journalist, you have a very important job. You are the one who shares messages. And I have a very... very... very... important message I need you to share with everyone right now. I apologize in advance, because I don't want to do this. BUT I HAVE TO BE A MONSTER SO I CAN BECOME THE HERO THE FAITHFUL DESERVE!

The Fatal Attraction stares at Jamie and breathes heavily as he slowly rises to his feet.

Jamie Sawyers:

JJ, please. I don't know what you have in mind —

JJ quickly grabs Jamie's left arm and forces him to the floor, and rips backwards in a Straightjacket Crossface like he did earlier to DLJ. The Fatal Attraction screams as he does, with Jamie screaming and also gasping for air until it's clear his eyes close. JJ finally lets go as DEFMed runs to tend to Jamie.

JJ, breathing heavily, kneels as he stares at what he has done. Then he looks at the camera.

JJ Dixon:

YOU WILL LEARN TO LOVE US AS MUCH AS WE LOVE YOU...

JJ then holds his arms out wide.

JJ Dixon:

BECAUSE THERE WILL BE NO ONE ELSE LEFT FOR YOU TO LOVE!!!

He looks upwards with his tongue out of his mouth. DEFMed continue to check on Jamie Sawyers, who is coughing and gasping.

YOUâ€™RE ON, YOU [CENSORED]

We're backstage at Donau Arena in Regensburg, Germany. Angus Skaaland and Eric Dane Jr are making their way back towards the private dressing room Angus acquired for him and his brash (see: gross, rude, sexist, etc) young protege. The minute they reach the door however they're greeted with the sight of none other than "The Texas Stampede" himself, Gordy Lovett. The massive mulleted Texan is in his usual roach-kicker boots and a homemade crop-top vintage Dolly Parton t-shirt. His eyes are cast down as the diametric duo stop right in front of him.

Eric Dane Jr:

What's this asshole doin' here?

Angus Skaaland:

Put a sock in it, kid. Gordy lemme guess: you ain't here alone, are ya?

Gordy Lovett:

No sir, ah'm most certainly not.

He looks over towards the door with the eyes of a dog that's been kicked too many times, then back down to the floor. Angus just sighs.

Angus Skaaland: *[to himself]*

Well. Fuckin' nuts...

EDJ:

What's the deal, superchief?

Angus Skaaland:

Just keep your eyes and ears open and your mouth shut, crystal?

Junior rolls his eyes and stuffs his hands into his pockets, falling in behind his manager. Angus pushes his way into his dressing room to find one Doris Hilton luxuriating on his sofa and the enormous "Texas Strong" Felton Bigsby standing arms crossed, already staring a deep hole in Angus and Eric Jr from his position over Doris' shoulder.

Doris Hilton:

Finally, thought you and String Bean over there would be gone all afternoon-

EDJr bristles at the shot and is about to retort when Angus holds up a hand to silence him before anything too stupid dribbles out onto the floor.

Angus Skaaland:

Cut to the chase grandma, you're not getting any younger over there.

Unflappable, Doris lets the ageist comment slide off her back like nothing. She's dealt with worse than Angus Skaaland over the course of her career- or so she thinks. Regardless, she carries on, pulling from the inside of her jacket that second business card he'd left for Gordy all those weeks ago back in New Orleans. She narrows her eyes.

Doris Hilton:

That big, dumb moose out there is mine, do you understand me? I have him danglin' in so much legal red tape he's practically a marionette. It tickles me to no end danglin' him and his at the end of that string. I say that with zero shame because I'm lookin' at a man who's doin' the very same damn thing, now aren't I?

She looks directly at Eric Jr as she pauses after that.

Angus Skaaland:

Don't try mind games on me, Gam-Gam, I wrote the book on that ten years before anybody outside of Texas ever heard your stupid name.

Doris gets up off the couch and fearlessly slinks closer to Angus. Felton doesn't move a muscle, he doesn't have to. His mere presence fills the room with tension. He just breathes out in an almost snort, his lip curls into a snarl- just reaffirming to the two men he's still there- and still quite large and quite capable of causing them both untold bodily harm.

Ms. Hilton slliiiiides the business card into the collar of Angus' tuxedo t-shirt. She speaks in an almost hushed tone as she leans close to Skaaland's face.

Doris Hilton:

You keep your disgustin' little fingers off my property, you washed up little shit- if not, I'll have Felton here break your boys' legs, and believe me- that's a shoot. He can, and you know he can. I'd sure hate somethin' terrible like that strikin' down such-

She takes a second to look Eric Dane Jr up and down with just utter, unfiltered contempt.

Doris Hilton:

Potential... when his career is just gettin' started, as it is.

She grins a sinister grin, knowing Angus has nothing to hit back with, no real firepower other than Jr- at least none she's aware of, anyway. Not one to be outdone-

Angus Skaaland:

Listen lady, the kid and I ain't scared of the captain of the practice squad over there, or sad sack Gordy out there for that matter- you want a piece of Eric Dane Jr? Just fu[censored] ask.

Impressed by Angus' bravado, Doris looks away towards Felton for only a moment to calm him down before addressing Angus and his challenge.

Doris Hilton:

Alright, Mr. Skaaland, if you're boy here is so fearless how about he tests his mettle against both Felton and Gordy in a couple- *friendly* exhibition matches, hmm?

Eric Jr scoffs confidently as though the answer to such a challenge is obvious.

Angus Skaaland:

You're so *ON*, you shriveled old *tw[censored]*-

The Crown Prince of DEFIANCE's jaw hits the floor as we catch Felton Bigsby cracking his knuckles and smiling in the background at the thought of getting to wad the son of the great Eric Dane into a little ball, live, on national television.

EDJr:

HEY WAIT A GODDAMNED MINUTE! DON'T I GET-

His manager continues to go off script.

Angus Skaaland:

Uncut 151, Jr versus Gordy- Uncut 152 Jr versus Captain Second Chances over there-

Felton Bigsby: *[interrupting]*

Watch you're goddamn mouth, mot[censored]er-

Angus Skaaland:

Right back atcha- you've been set up to succeed SO many times I've lost count. Yeah you're big, you're strong, but you're dumb. And you're [censored] lazy. You're an overpriced, entitled prick who'll never even SNIFF the Fist of Defiance-

The Motormouth of Malcontent looks back towards Doris.

Angus Skaaland:

Especially not with this inexperienced old hag yankin' yer chain.

Felton seethes in the background. Doris and Angus glare at one another in silence for a moment. The tension hangs in the air. Doris looks over at Eric Jr.

Doris Hilton:

You seem like a thick skulled young man, so I'll do you a kindness and spell it out for you: Angus Skaaland is usin' you. You're a loud, rude, mean little shit but you're a *manageable* ticket back into DEFIANCE for your dear old "uncle" over there. Back into the limelight for- not you- *for him*. He fed you to Uriel Cortez and now he's going to feed you to Gordy and Felton- how mucha you's gunna' be left when he's done with you, son?

Eric Jr looks like a man just told he's going to spend his first trip to Europe in a hospital bed.

The corners of Angus' mouth turn downward as he snaps at the air between Junior and Doris, forcing the attention back on himself.

Angus Skaaland:

You talk to ME, not him.

Doris doesn't miss a beat.

Doris Hilton:

And Gordy will fight, mind you. Just in case you think you can get in his head and pull somethin' cute. It's amazing the things I can get that big ol' boy can do when he's *properly motivated*.

The Motormouth rasps through clenched teeth.

Angus Skaaland:

We'll be there with bells on.

Doris chuckles under her breath as she motions for Felton to follow her out. As the door slowly closes we catch a glimpse of Doris Hilton slapping Gordy Lovett up the side of his head, beckoning for him to follow her in the rudest way possible.

She exits without another word spoken.

EDJr looks over at his manager with eyes as wide as pie plates.

EDJr:

I guess I don't get a say in any of this?

Skaaland shakes his head.

Angus Skaaland:

Nope.

EDJr:

I hate you.

Angus Skaaland:

Not yet. But you will, probably. If you survive.

The door shuts behind Doris and her menagerie of meat and the shot softly fades out.

THE AMAZING AMARETTOS vs. ???

The lights dim. Purple and amber spotlights trail across the curtain in wide figure-eight patterns. Through the PA plays...

♪ "Abracadabra" by the Steve Miller Band ♪

KA-POOMF!!

A purple plume of smoke on the stage ushers in the appearance of Carlo Amaretto!

Carlo Amaretto:

AVANTI, D'FIANCE!! Yet again, the AMAZING AMARETTOS have arrived!

KA-POOMF!!

Another plume of smoke, and his brother Gomez materializes from thin air!

Gomez Amaretto:

And we must insist that you cease sitting on your greasy, grimy fingers and give us the APPLAUSE we deserve!

BOOOOOOOOO!!

DDK:

Ugh... these two.

Lance:

I guess the magic show from last week continues, Keebs.

DDK:

It would appear that way, Lance.

Despite the heated crowd reaction, and despite still bearing the bruises from the beating they received at the hands of Vae Victis a week prior, the Amazing Amarettos are all smiles tonight. They twirl in sequence, hold out their hats, and snap in unison...

KA-POOMF!!

A third plume of smoke summons forth the eternally bored and listless Suzie, who half-heartedly holds up her arms to complete the pose.

Carlo & Gomez Amaretto:

AAAAMAAAZIIIIIIINNNNGGG HAHAAHAHAHA!!!!

A beat later, the brothers are strutting down the rampway with their not-so-lovely assistant dragging her feet behind them.

Carlo Amaretto:

TONIGHT, you fortunate peons shall bear witness to tantalizing sights and sounds the likes of which you dirty Deutschlanders have never seen before with your droopy little eyes!

Gomez Amaretto:

And TONIGHT... we can assure you that there will be NO interruptions this time around! ESPECIALLY by those unprofessional ruffians that ACCOSTED us last week!!

DDK:

Well, on that note, Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes are reportedly not scheduled to be here tonight.

Lance:

I'm sure the Amarettos are grateful for that. Takes a lot of guts to put on a smile and come out to the ring like this after the beating they took last week.

Carlo Amaretto:

If Gomez and myself weren't such gentlemen, we'd sic our lawyer on your pancake-pasted posteriors! See how the two of you like it when you're left to deal with Christiano Chickentenders!

Gomez Amaretto:

But then Carlo and myself, as men of CLASS and CHARACTER, together came to the realization that the PROFESSIONAL way to settle the matter is through a proper bout of FISTICUFFS!

Carlo Amaretto:

Consider this our formal BITCHSLAPPING OF THE SPECKLED GLOVE across your weasly faces, Vae Victis! Next week, the AMAZING AMARETTOS will make you REGRET your audacious interruption!

Gomez Amaretto:

You GODDAMN AMATEURS! We'll stuff you into a BOX and break the two of you IN HALF!

Lance:

...are these guys crazy, or did they just challenge Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes to a tag match?

DDK:

I don't know, Lance. Lotta weird types came out of Classic Wrestling. We got Scott Hunter from them, if you remember.

Lance:

Good point.

As they reach ringside, they motion for Suzie to climb to the apron ahead of them. She "courteously" holds open the top and middle ropes for the Amarettos to allow them easy access into the ring.

Carlo Amaretto:

But before we treat you miscreants to next week's murdersome MAULING...

Gomez Amaretto:

We have promised to bring you THIS week's marvels of... MAGIC!

Carlo and Gomez remove their capes and toss them to their not-so-lovely assistant. Rather than falling into her not-so-ready arms, they instead smother her entire head. Somehow, her smoldering menthol Pall Mall juts out through a part in the piles of fabric.

Carlo Amaretto:

And, seeing as how we weren't able to perform this FANTASTIQUE FEAT for our adoring audience last week, let's waste no time picking things up where we left off!

Gomez Amaretto:

So without further adieu... we ask for TWO -- TUH-WOOOH-AAAAHHH -- VIABLE and VIVACIOUS VOLUNTEERS to join us PERFECTLY PUNCHINELLO PROFESSIONALS here in this CIRCULARLY-SQUARED STAGE!

A few moments pass by, while the Amaretto brothers impatiently pace the ring.

Finally... music hits.

♪ "Rage" by Konrad OldMoney feat. Sleep Steady ♪

Arrays of lights interchanging between blue and red in time to the music flash across the stage. Unfamiliar music pumping through the PA prompts an unfamiliar response from the Faithful.

DDK:

Who is...?

Two figures emerge through the curtain and begin striding down the rampway at a brisk pace. It takes a moment, but the crowd gives off a light cheer when the recognition sets in.

DDK:

That's...

Lance:

That's Zack Daymon... and Leo Burnett! That's the RAIN CITY RONIN!

Indeed it is, even if their appearances are slightly changed since they were last seen on DEFIANCE television. In addition to some updated ring gear, Daymon has grown the beginnings of a beard, and Burnett has glowed up to a shaved head and mustache.

Zack Daymon also comes out wearing a t-shirt that reads four simple words in plain white block letters: **"SHUT UP AND WRESTLE"**

DDK:

We haven't seen the Rain City Ronin in many months, but it appears the former BRAZEN Tag Team Champions are with us here in Germany!

Lance:

And they don't look like they're interested in volunteering for any magic tricks.

At their pace, it doesn't take the RCR long to reach the ring. Together, they slide in under the ropes, rise to their feet, and daringly step up to the twin magicians. Carlo and Gomez exchange uncertain glances.

Carlo Amaretto:

And what have we here? A pair of impressionable youths! What say you, Gomez?

Gomez Amaretto:

Soft, supple, and slow on the uptake! I think they fit the bill, Carlo!

The Amarettos step closer, Carlo cracking his knuckles and Gomez rolling his neck. Then, with a sudden flash of movement in the former's hand, Carlo conjures up a deck of cards fanned out and held face down before the other team.

Carlo Amaretto:

PICK A CARD, young gentlemen!

Gomez Amaretto:

ANY CARD, if you will!

Zack and Leo do not pick a card.

They don't even acknowledge the deck before them. They continue to stonewall, arms folded across their chests,

pensively glaring at the Amarettos.

The brothers, perplexed by this behavior, exchange confused glances.

Carlo Amaretto:

What, are you two boot-headed bucks DEAF or something?!

Gomez Amaretto:

Come on... just PICK A FREAKING CARD already!

Slap.

With a single swift stroke of his hand, Zack Daymon slaps the deck out of Carlo's hand, creating an explosion of fluttering cards. The fans pop. The Amarettos scowl and seethe.

Carlo Amaretto:

INCORRIGIBLE!

Gomez Amaretto:

INCONCEIVABLE!

Carlo Amaretto:

IRASCIBLE!

Gomez Amaretto:

INCONGRI--

KER-PUNCH!!

In a flash, Leo throws himself upon the brothers with lightning-fast forearms. Zack casually removes his shirt before going to his corner and stepping out to the apron. Amidst the chaos, a ref slides in and cues for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

Looks like we're being thrown right into this impromptu matchup, ladies and gentlemen!

Lance:

The Rain City Ronin are making it clear that they're here tonight to do one thing, and only one thing, and that's wrestle.

The Amarettos blubber, balk, and backpedal over repeated forearms from the one-on-two assault. Leo finally snags Gomez by the back of the head to send him over the ropes. The Killer Kadabra's fingertips clutching the top rope are all that saves him from crashing to the ringside floor. Meanwhile, Burnett sets his sights on Carlo, who begins warding him off from the safety of his corner.

Carlo Amaretto:

WAIT! WAIT! This spell requires TIMING and PRECIS--OOF!

A boot to the gut cuts him off. Leo takes him by the arm and sends him across the ring with the Irish Whip to his corner and follows through with a running clothesline to smash Carlo against the turnbuckles. Burnett makes the tag.

DDK:

Tag made to Zack Daymon, as his partner puts Carlo Amaretto to the mat with a snapmare. Here comes Daymon off the ropes... nails Carlo in the seated position with a basement dropkick!

Lance:

These two are clearly not messing around.

DDK:

Daymon into the lateral press to make the cover!

One!

Two!

And Carlo kicks out! But now a tag is made back to Burnett!

Leo takes to the ring as Carlo rises up, struggling to regain his bearings. The Evil Abra stumbles straight into a scoop slam that leaves him gasping in pain and clutching his back. Burnett tags Daymon back into the action, who hops the ropes and posts up to the second turnbuckle as Leo draws Carlo in once again.

DDK:

Quick tags made by the Ronin, who maintain control of this match. Now Burnett has Carlo in the facelock... lifts him up for a stalling vertical suplex--and Daymon with the diving leg lariat from the second rope helps bring him down to the mat!

Lance:

Sharp teamwork on display here by the Rain City Ronin. Even after being gone for several weeks, they haven't lost a step. I dare say, they've only gotten better!

DDK:

Daymon with a cover!

One!

Two!

Kickout again!

Zack stays on Carlo, bringing him up and back down again with a headlock takedown and holds him there in place. The Evil Abra's spellbound hand reaches out for the ropes, but doesn't find them as they are several feet away. It does, however, find one of the leftover cards that have yet to be removed from the ring.

Quickly, he acts... and Zack Daymon unexpectedly finds himself choking!

DDK:

Carlo Amaretto just stuffed a card into Zack Daymon's mouth and down his throat!

Lance:

And I don't think the ref saw it!

Daymon breaks the hold and claws at his mouth, as the card was evidently jammed considerably deep. Carlo, meanwhile, cackles in triumph.

Carlo Amaretto:

AHA! So you FINALLY decided to participate!

The Evil Abra scrambles to his corner on his hands and knees and makes the tag to his twin brother. Gomez hits the ring just as Zack pulls the card free from his windpipe, and the Killer Kadabra subsequently lambasts him with a clothesline before snatching the card out of the air.

Gomez Amaretto:

OHO! The TEN OF CLUBS! A personal favorite of ours...

A series of elbow drops keeps the breathless Daymon stunned on the mat, giving Gomez ample time to peel him off the canvas and dump him into his corner. On the apron, his brother Carlo is grinning from ear to ear.

Carlo Amaretto:

Ready, Gomez??

Gomez Amaretto:

Let's do it, Carlo!!

At once, the brothers begin to waylay on the trapped Zack Daymon with interchanging overhead strikes.

Carlo Amaretto:

ONE!

Gomez Amaretto:

TWO!

Carlo Amaretto:

THREE!

Gomez Amaretto:

FOUR!

Carlo Amaretto:

FIVE!

Gomez Amaretto:

SIX!

Carlo Amaretto:

SEVEN!

Gomez Amaretto:

EIGHT!

Carlo Amaretto:

NINE!

Gomez Amaretto:

TEN!!

After ten "clubs" for unwillingly drawing the ten of clubs, the bludgeoned Daymon slumps down into the corner. The Amazing Amaretto throw their arms into the air and do their thing.

Carlo & Gomez Amaretto:

AAAAMAAAZIIIIIIINNNNGGG HAHAAHAHAHA!!!!

Lance:

These two are certainly proud of themselves.

DDK:

The only thing "magical" about that was how the referee didn't break it up sooner!

To Darren's point, the official admonishes Gomez for not making the break earlier at their command. The Killer Kadabra takes the opportunity to lead the ref away from his corner to continue the dialogue, giving Carlo a window of opportunity to grab his magic wand and draw it across the throat of Zack Daymon.

DDK:

Carlo is CHOKING Daymon!

Lance:

I've heard of sleight of hand, but this is ridiculous!

Behind the official's back, Daymon's legs thrash wildly as Carlo reels back on his wand to clamp off his windpipe. Burnett sticks a leg through the ropes, on the verge of running in and breaking it up...

...but then he thinks better of it, lest he make the situation worse by attracting the referee's attention.

His patience pays off when across the ring, his partner thrusts his head backwards and rams his skull into the unassuming Evil Abra's nose.

DDK:

Wait a sec, Zack breaks free!

Lance:

Houdini would be proud of that one!

DDK:

Daymon out his corner, and Gomez is too busy trying to distracting the ref! He gets caught with a SLINGBLADE to bring him to the mat!

The crowd pop for the RCR off the comeback. Daymon tags in Burnett before scaling the ropes. Leo comes into the ring and keeps to the Killer Kadabra's blindside.

Lance:

I think Burnett and Daymon look ready to put this one away!

While Gomez is recovering, he barely has time to react before Burnett lifts him off his feet from behind with double chickenwings. While he's suspended over the mat, Zack dives off the top turnbuckle to bring him down with a leaping reverse STO.

DDK:

That's the RAIN CITY REVENGE! And that could be it!

Zack streaks across the ring and takes out Carlo while the Evil Abra is still clutching his bloodied nose. Leo wastes no time making the cover on Gomez.

DDK:

Burnett hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Rage" by Konrad OldMoney feat. Sleep Steady ♪

DDK:

Daymon and Burnett pick up the win here tonight! What a way to return to DEFIANCE in style!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by pinfall... the RAAAIN CITYYY ROOONIIIIIN!!

Standing side by side, Daymon and Burnett pump their arms over their heads for a beat, but opt not to overstay their welcome by promptly leaving the ring almost as swift as they came.

Lance:

RCR are back, and apparently with a new attitude. I think Daymon's shirt summed it up best: less talking, more wrestling.

DDK:

If they're here in Germany, I would expect to see much more of these two throughout the tour. What an addition to our resurgent tag team division!

The Amarettos are left to crawl and contort on the canvas at the feet of their not-so-empathic assistant Suzie.

Lance:

Guess it was a bad night for the Amarettos.

DDK:

It's been a bad week! And I doubt it will get any easier for these two shucking and jiving showmen after laying down the challenge to the emergent team of Troy and Keyes next week at DEFtv!

Lance:

I imagine that will be an agonizing experience for the two of them.

DDK:

It certainly won't be... AMAZING!

Lance: *[snickering]*

No, partner, I'm sure it won't be.

NATURAL SELECTION

We arrive outside of an extravagant olde century mansion somewhere in the beautiful countryside of Germany. The house is enormous, something some old tyme robber baron built on the backs of little children and immigrants- you know the sort of place. Rich dead white people money. As we get closer, we see a sign that looks like it was scrawled by a child that reads 'PROFESSOR EX'S SCHOOL FOR THE GIFTED' staked in the otherwise pristine lawn.

Standing by a parked SUV we shockingly see none other than Gage Blackwood and the Bombastic Bronson Box. The Original DEFIANT has a scowl on his face as he snatches the 'TRAINEE' badge from his tag team partners hand, slapping the sticker on his black turtleneck.

Bronson Box:

No *[censored]* idea how I let you drag me to- where the bloody hell are we? Is this his house? Did he rent this *[censored]* place for this absolute FARCE?! PLEASE explain to me again why we're entertainin' this mental patient instead of smearin' his brain matter across the canvas like butter on toast live on DEFTv? Aye?!

Gage Blackwood slaps his own slightly wrinkled 'TRAINEE' badge onto his breast, clapping Bronson on the shoulder with his free hand.

Gage Blackwood

Buck up, pal. Think of it as *reconnaissance*. He's harmless. An' he's obviously not gunna' stop *[censored]* with us, we might as well take advantage of that, know what I mean? Come on- at the very least it'll be good for a laugh!

Gage walks off towards the house. His very- VERY- reluctant partner follows behind, eventually.

Bronson Box: *[mumbling to himself]*

- burn this bastard to the ground- that'd be good fer' a *[censored]* laugh, *[censored]* prick-

We cut inside to a lavish, expansive home gym where the first thing our poor senses are greeted with is this voice-

Malak Garland:

GET TO STEPPING, ROOKIE! HEY! HEY! I SAW THAT! DON'T CRIMP ON THE JUMPING JACKS, NEWB! YOU CHEAT YOURSELF, YOU CHEAT ME AND THEREFORE YOU CHEAT THE FANS! IF YOU WANT ME TO SCOLD YOU IN GERMAN, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FIRE UP GOOGLE TRANSLATE!

Malak hustles around as he runs his 'special class' with a bunch of nameless/faceless wanna be pro wrestlers- some familiar jobbers from BRAZEN and some folks that look like regular schmucks off the street. As the double doors swing open and in walk Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box, Malak notices his two prized TRAINEES and his eyes grow wide with excitement.

He makes almost comical haste making his way over to them.

Malak Garland:

Oh my, lots to unpack here! Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box! In my very own school for the gifted! Welcome, TRAINEES. I'm glad you've shown up ready and willing to learn! I know there won't be any hostility here or anything. Nothing like that at all. I'd hate to have to, you know, fire up the guards.

Malak leans his head to the side and in steps the towering, menacing Cyrus Bates. He promptly cracks his knuckles in an attempt to ironically intimidate the rough and tumble BOXWOOD- Bronson narrows his eyes back at Bates and folds his redwood-like arms across his big barrel chest and mugs right back at Malak's big enforcer.

Gage claps Box on the shoulder as he eyes up Malak Garland- who is utterly convinced, lost in his own narrative, that Boxwood- two former FIST's- are here for his sage tutelage.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye so get on with it already, baw juggler. What are we doing here exactly- calisthenics?

Blackwood glances back over to his teammate once again.

Gage Blackwood:

Maybe do some drills, aye? I'm thinkin' you didn't think we'd show, Malak. You seem surprised to see us waltz in here just now-

The Wargod hasn't taken his eyes off Cyrus Bates.

Bronson Box:

I aint doin' *[censored]* all- this wee' pricks got no bloody plan.

Intrigued at BOXWOOD'S sharp remarks, Malak puts his hands to his mouth and attempts to whistle.

Malak Garland:

Is that so? I don't have a plan!? I didn't think you two kilt wearing pantyhosers wouldn't show? I didn't have a plan when I interrupted you two nimrods last week and I most certainly didn't have a plan inviting you here, oh no. Ummm, by the by, that was all SARCASM! HEY! EVERYONE! GET OVER HERE!

Malak stops the class in its tracks and is so over confident in himself that he decides now is the time to conduct shrewd business. He power struts around the surrounding group, contemplating his next move.

Malak Garland:

Listen up, everyone. I am feeling rather froggy. Rather generous, if you will. Seeing I'm in this DELECTABLE mood, I am going to randomly select a TRAINEE in attendance here to face off against me for my Paper Title at the next DEFtv. Watch my finger carefully. I am only doing this once.

Garland walks around the group, wagging his finger as he goes until he lands upon Gage Blackwood. The Keyboard Key plunges the tip of his finger into the pectoral of the former FIST of DEFIANCE.

Malak Garland:

You. You should do. Next DEFtv. Me versus you for my coveted prize. It's on. I'll text Mark Shields that he's booked.

Without breaking eye contact with Bates, Box leans closer to Gage's ear and the two share a private word. Gage looks pleased with himself - 'see, reconnaissance, what'd I tell ya' - and turns back to Malak, who's looking very annoyed at BOXWOOD's little private huddle.

Gage Blackwood:

It'd be an honor to beat the hell outa' ya', lad. Let's do the thing-

Gage Blackwood's fearless confidence ticks off the Keyboard King something fierce, not the subservient response he was apparently expecting.

Malak gets up into Gage's personal space- before instantly realizing Gage is also in his. He promptly moves back a half step but the snide look on his face doesn't go anywhere.

Malak Garland:

Listen here, ya baw juggler or- whatever, I HAND CRAFTED selected you. Random selection, at that. Consider it luck of the draw. I wonder if you'll be able to end my legendary title reign or if it will carry on? Only time will tell but I'm going to use this as a golden opportunity to teach you two old bozos what real winning wrestling is all about. Buckle up, honey cuz we're on our way to the woodshed to sharpen all the tools in our toolbox.

Blackwood has a sarcastic 'impressed' look on his face.

Gage Blackwood:

A chance to see the master at work! What an opportunity!

Malak Garland either doesn't register Blackwood's sarcasm or simply doesn't care. Cyrus Bates steps in like he's one of Lady Gaga's personal security and enthusiastically ensures no one touches the man, the myth, the snowflake legend.

Malak Garland:

See you at DEFtv, Scottish dweebs! Now if you'll excuse me, I have to get back to teaching these German wrestlers how to cut a promo in English. See yourselves out. This place isn't some plebeian AirBnB, it's very old and there are some serious fines for any damages to the property- so HANDS OFF! Gross little monkeys-

Malak and Cyrus walk back over to the students.

That last bit catches Boxer's attention- now it's his turn to crack his knuckles and smile.

Bronson Box: *[just to Gage]*

Lets ahh- linger in the lobby, aye lad? I saw a fair bit of breakable bits and bobs of some value that'd probably bankrupt the little shite-

Gage laughs as he falls in behind his now somewhat enthusiastic tag team partner.

Gage Blackwood:

Hey, I'm just glad you're finally gettin' into the spirit!

THE LUCKY SEVENS PROBLEM

Static shows on screen before camera phone footage comes into focus. The phone is fixed on Tom Morrow from an undisclosed location. On either side, six unnamed security guards remain close to him along with the Devil's Circus!

Tom Morrow:

All right boys, showtime!

Big Kahuna Ali'i is dressed in a gray suit and sunglasses. "The Jester of Jesters" Jestal is wearing a much more gaudy Union Jack-colored suit and hat while the loaded rubber chicken, Clucky, is tightly held close to him.

Tom Morrow:

For my own safety, I have chosen not to be there in person for the 150th episode of Uncut, but fret not! I couldn't deprive the people of my presence or the Devil's Circus, two of the baddest men in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

The message plays in the arena and he is being booed but since this is a recording Tom Morrow keeps talking over the noise.

Tom Morrow:

Right now, I have an announcement that concerns not just me and not just the Better Future Talent Agency ... but it concerns every last member of the DEFIANCE roster!

He begins.

Tom Morrow:

The Lucky Sevens are a problem. They are a problem that need to be dealt with ... but they are also two men that have made a lot of enemies in DEFIANCE! They have destroyed property! They have ended careers! They injured Gage Blackwood and put him out for a year! If they can injure top tier talent like former champion Gage Blackwood then nobody is truly safe! They are twin menaces that need to be stopped and need to be stopped immediately! Ali'i, bring it here!

The large bodyguard gives Morrow a brown briefcase. He grabs the briefcase and spins it to face the camera.

Tom Morrow:

You, the DEFIANCE locker room, deserve to feel safe wherever you go! You deserve the same rights that every wrestler from main eventers to opening acts! You all deserve to go to work without worrying about the windows on your limo being kicked in! That is why I am issuing the following to all of you! If you want to be a hero and help make the DEFIANCE locker room a safe place to work again ...

He unclicks the locks on the briefcase to show the inside full of dollar bills bundled together!

Tom Morrow:

I am issuing a **\$100,000 bounty** to any person or group that injures the Lucky Sevens and gets them out of our locker rooms!

The Devil's Circus are smiling with the announcement.

Tom Morrow:

DEFIANCE, you deserve to be able to think of professional wrestling as your safe haven! You shouldn't have to be looking over your shoulders! Nobody should! But none of us can do that when these two unchained animals are threatening m ... all of us! I can neither confirm or deny but they may be willing to burn down bars and if you let them run free, they will burn your locker room to ashes, too! So take a stand against bullying! Take a stand against alleged pyromaniacs! We all have a Lucky Sevens Problem and the locker room needs a hero or heroes to stand up and take care of the problem before they take care of you!

End footage.

OSCAR BURNS vs. MIL VUELTAS

DDK:

Here we go, Lance! Tonight, we top off the 150th episode of UNCUT with a huge main event! The man who claims to be synonymous with DEFIANCE, Oscar Burns, going one-on-one with Mil Vuelas!

Lance:

We saw Oscar Burns try and throw his weight around throughout the night on DEFtv 194! He attacked Mil Vuelas early on unprovoked after his match with Strong AF! Burns gave Butcher the ultimatum that he had to bring the Southern Heritage Title back to Vae Victis or his full membership to the group would be revoked. Then when Burns tried to intervene in that main event, Mil Vuelas took Burns out of the equation to make it a fair fight, leading to Corvo choking out Butcher to retain his title!

DDK:

And we saw that quick interview by Mil Vuelas and Thomas Keeling. They know how big this night is for Mil. He has the main event spot, but tonight this is personal. He feels that after Malak disrespected lucha libre and got away with it, he was not going to tolerate it any more. I'm proud of Mil for standing up for himself tonight, so let's get to our main event! Oscar Burns, Mil Vuelas, one on one!

The bell rings to signify the start of the intros for the main event!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is your main event of the evening and is set for one fall! Introducing first... the official promoter for Mil Vuelas, please welcome **THOMAS KEELING!**

Keeling is already in the ring ready to get the crowd going!

Thomas Keeling:

Ladies! Gentlemen! Prepare to feast your eyes on the exception to the laws that we call gravity! There's no jump he can't make and no leap he won't take! The man that's going to beat some respect into Oscar Burns tonight!

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

As the music cues up, lightning-quick shots of many dives, jumps, twists, corkscrews, and everything in between play... before they give way to the new leveled-up form! Appearing on stage, wearing a pristine white coat and mask with red and green sleeves and designs all over, The Man of a Thousand Flips arrives! Green, red and white pyro sparks up from the stage! Mil Vuelas heads to the ring and then leaps up to the top rope, points to the sky, then jumps into the ring to join Thomas Keeling. Mil gets ready.

Thomas Keeling:

One flip for every nickname he's got! Auf geht es!

The Man of a Thousand Flips lives up to his name and does a front flip for every nickname listed, rolling in a circle around Thomas Keeling mid-ring!

Thomas Keeling:

Prince of the Plancha! Dynasty of the Dive! Ruler of the Ropes! The Sovereign of the Shooting Star! The Ace of Space! The GIF that Keeps On Giving! The Man of a Thousand Flips! And if you want to know where he's from... JUST... LOOK... UP...

Mil jumps to the middle rope, then rolls into one more flip before posing for The Faithful!

Thomas Keeling:

MILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL VUELTAS!

The Man of a Thousand Flips raises both hands in the sky and gets a great ovation from The Faithful! Looking to

rebound, he waits for the arrogant Vae Victis member to arrive.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

The lights dim to a simple red and smoke starts to pour out from under the entryway, covering the stage quickly. Out comes Oscar Burns in a very simple ring gear. A burgundy robe. Underneath? Black pants-length trunks, absent the usual Oscar Burns/DEFIANCE logos. White taped wrists and black wrestling shoes. At his side, his stooge, Butcher Victorious trying to keep pace with a fired-up Oscar who doesn't even give him the time of day.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, being accompanied to the ring by Butcher Victorious... from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 237 pounds, representing Vae Victis... **HE! IS! DEFIANCE! OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

Look at Butcher... he looks so haggard!

Lance:

He's been in the doghouse since last week.

When Oscar reaches the ring, he points a finger at the steps and gestures at Butcher to clean them up! Butcher goes to wipe down the steps with the quickness of a one-man NASCAR pit crew. After it has been wiped off, Oscar walks up the steps. He never takes his eyes off Mil Vueltas, who has to show a degree of restraint because he doesn't want to win that way. Oscar sheds his robe and then steps into the ring. When he reaches the corner, he leans towards the corner and in a blatant show of disrespect, has his back turned to the luchador!

Lance:

Staying classy, I see. Oscar has REALLY been obsessed with garnering respect from The Faithful and the locker room, but he sure doesn't give a damn about showing it to anyone.

DDK:

He knows that's what Mil Vueltas ultimately wants. Respect. He wants to walk the shoes that Oscar has walked for so long, but Burns completely dismissed the luchador after that unwarranted attack until Mil got in his business.

The music cuts and the bell rings for this big match.

DING DING

Both the technician and the luchador lock up! Mil ducks under an attempt at an early tie-up and then goes for the leg of Oscar with a sharp kick to the left leg! Mil follows up with a swift forearm shot and then doubles Burnsie over with a low kick to the stomach. He puts a leg on the back of his head and flips up and over to land on his feet, but Oscar stops him with a swift forearm and then SNAPS him over with a rear waistlock takedown! He hangs on to The Man of a Thousand Flips, only to hoist him again and then drive him down to the mat with a second takedown.

DDK:

Burns doing the smart thing by taking things to the mat!

He goes to pick up Vueltas for another takedown, but Mil grabs hold of the neck of Burns and takes him over with a swift flying snapmare! The Faithful cheer him on as he rolls forward to his feet. He tries to go after the man known as DEFIANCE Himself, only for Burns to kick him and throw him in the corner. Burns charges in with an elbow, but Mil rolls out of the corner and sends Burns back-first. When he staggers out, he connects with a dropkick to the chest that knocks Oscar backwards!

The Vae Victis member charges right at the corner and then stands on the middle rope with Oscar in front of him in the corner. Mil quickly leaps to the top rope just over his head, then executes an IMPLoding headscissors into a hurricanrana takeover out of the corner! Butcher is watching mouth agape while outside, Thomas Keeling points at his

client and mouths "Man of A Thousand Flips, ladies and gentlemen!"

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! UNREAL!

Lance:

I feel like we say that with every one of his matches! The way that Mil Vueltas can go so fast and from so many angles is wild!

The VV member finds himself staggered up and out of the corner while Mil runs at him and hits a low spinning kick to double the taller Kiwi over. He then follows up with a stiff upwards kick to the chest! Mil takes off like a rocket across the ropes....

BUT RUNS INTO A HARD OUT HEADBUTT FROM BURNS!

The Faithful let out collective groans as Oscar holds his head in pain while Mil is flat on his back, blinking up at the arena lights wondering where he is!

Lance:

OOOH! Not nearly as many flips as Mil did with his last move, but that's not Oscar Burns' MO! Super technical marvel, but he can HIT, too, which makes him double dangerous!

DDK:

Oscar isn't playing around tonight! He's approaching this match very seriously. He's already on top of Mil.

Oscar grabs Mil by the side and then holds him up in a gutwrench suplex position. Burns has an easy time deadlifting the young luchador across the ring before THROWING The Duke of the Dive across the ring! Mil hits with a big thud and rolls around in pain while Oscar stands over him.

Oscar Burns:

Respect, huh? You want respect, GC? You won't get ANYTHING from me!

He picks up Mil and with one SWIFT European uppercut, he knocks Vueltas clear off his feet! The former Unified Tag and Favoured Saints Champion is left reeling while holding his jaw in pain. He pulls The Man of a Thousand Flips out of the corner and goes for a quick cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Lance:

Early kick-out there by Mil Vueltas, but Oscar taking his time now. He makes the match go to his pace, he's going to make life more difficult for Mil!

DDK:

That he is! Burns launches Mil to the ropes!

On the comeback, he swing for a quick elbow smash, but Mil ducks out of the way and keeps on going! On the return, Burns tries a jumping knee, but The Ruler of the Ropes keeps on going! He comes back a third time and quickly slides under the legs of Burnsie to pop up on his feet. Oscar turns just in time to get SMACKED courtesy of a 540 kick upside the head! Oscar remains on his feet after the kick, but Mil is firing himself up again.

DDK:

Ooh! Mil with the comeback! He just caught Burns upside the head! One of the things he's been working into his offense are those amazing kicks! He went all the way to Japan to train with "Twilight" Ichiro Li, a renowned wrestler

and kickboxer!

Lance:

Combine that with his agility and he's got another handy weapon in his arsenal!

Mil gets The Faithful behind him as he clips the leg! Again and again and again! He nails more stiff shoot-style kicks to the leg, then goes for the ropes again with a moonsault off the middle rope! Unfortunately for the Prince of the Plancha, Burnsie moves out of the way. Mil scrambles to regain his footing, only to ROCK Mil with a jumping knee strike off the ropes! The luchador collapses while Oscar takes a second to get his bearings back again.

DDK:

Jumping high knee from Oscar Burns! Mil is having a really hard time sustaining any prolonged offense before Oscar just cuts him off.

Lance:

As much as we don't like his attitude in the last couple of years, there is a reason he's been on top for so long and continues to stay among the top!

Oscar sees Butcher watching the match with Butcher rooting the whole way for him.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC SAYS...

Oscar Burns:

SHUT YOUR GODDAMN MOUTH! NOW!

That gets more JEERS as Butcher remains silent and does as he's told. Meanwhile, Thomas Keeling is rooting for Mil and tries to cheer on the kid. Oscar goes to grab Mil for a suplex... but he somehow flips out and lands behind him! Burns charges, but Mil moves and Oscar slips in between the ropes. He quickly adjusts himself and lands on his feet, but when he turns around, Mil THROWS himself up and over the ropes with a HUGE hangtime-filled somersault plancha over the ropes!

DDK:

Mil on the comeback! Burns should be paying less attention to what Butcher Victorious is doing and focus on the match!

Lance:

That's right and Mil Vueltras just made him pay for it!

Mil takes a moment to get back to his feet, then slides back into the ring. He rolls his hands together telling The Faithful that he's going for a second flip as he likes to do in matches against larger opponents. Thomas Keeling roots him on as he runs off the ropes and then attempts a second somersault plancha over the ropes... but Oscar moves! BUT MIL LANDS ON HIS FEET!

DDK:

Mil stumbles, but somehow catches himself on the floor... NO! OOOH! BURNS WITH THE EXPLODER SUPLEX ON THE FLOOR!

Sure enough, the crowd cheering comes to a dead stop once again from Oscar hitting a HUGE exploder suplex on the floor! Mil writhes around in agony while holding his back, allowing Burns to recover!

Lance:

Again! Burns is just shutting him down before he can get going!

The Man of a Thousand Flips is picked up and rolled back into the ring. Quickly, Oscar follows closely and pushes him

away from the ropes to make a cover on The Man of a Thousand Flips.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Mil gets the shoulder up, which earns referee Benny Doyle a death stare from the Vae Victis member!

DDK:

I don't know how Mil kicked out of that suplex, but things are getting really dicey for him now. Oscar working over that back with these suplexes he's been using through the course of the match are going to take their toll on Mil.

Lance:

He always know how and where to hurt whoever he's facing. It could be someone Mil's size or bigger men like Dex Joy. He can tweak his strategy to work over any body part of any opponent!

With quick effort, Oscar picks Vueltas up by the hand and tosses him to the nearest corner. Burns pelts Mil with a STIFF elbow smash in the corner just for good measure, then picks him up and sets him up on the top rope!

Oscar Burns:

You're not on my level, Mil! You aren't even on the level below that!

He SLAPS the luchador across the face as he's propped up on the top rope, garnering LOUD boos from The Faithful!

DDK:

Come on! If you want to prove you're better, win the match, Oscar! He doesn't need to be doing this.

Lance:

It's what's the most appalling about him. He literally was the face of this company for the better part of a year. You can't take away his achievements but they've gone to his head!

Burns starts to climb to the second rope and looks like he's going to attempt an Exploder Suplex off the top on Mil, but The Duke of The Dive fights back with a forearm of his own! Then another elbow! He throws several more!

Lance:

Burns starting to teeter!

DEFIANCE Himself is wobbly when Mil SLAPS him across the face with one of his own! The blow knocks Burns silly!

DDK:

There's a receipt from Mil Vueltas! He's not taking disrespect any more!

Mil LEAPS over Oscar, then SNAPS him down with a sunset flip powerbomb off the middle rope! The Faithful roar with approval after Oscar hits the mat and arches his back in pain!

Lance:

Excellent counter by Mil! And he's not done, either!

Finally with a chance to strike back, Vueltas goes to the middle rope outside the ring and calls out to The Faithful for his next move. The crowd start to buzz when he stands middle rope outside the ring, only to FLIP OVER the ropes inside to hit what has become his signature middle rope phoenix splash!

DDK:

Incredible! Sunset Flip Powerbomb followed by the outside-in phoenix splash! Will that be all? Cover by Mil!

He hooks both legs of Oscar!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... KICK-OUT!

At just after two and three-quarters, Burns throws up a shoulder!

Lance:

How'd he kick out?! That was a great one-two combination by Mil Vultas, but Burns kicked out!

DDK:

He's earned his reputation as one of the best big-match wrestlers, but Mil wants to be there as well!

Mil tries to hold up three fingers to Benny Doyle, but Thomas Keeling calls out to Mil to ignore the count and keep going. Vultas nods and then tries to get Burns up for something. He waits and then bounces off the ropes for a handspring gamengiri kick, only for Oscar to crouch down! Mil rolls out of the landing and gets fully vertical again, but Burns kicks him and whips him to the corner. When Oscar tries to charge for a running European uppercut in the corner, Vultas gets both feet up and kicks him in the back!

Lance:

There's Mil Vultas now trying to stay one step ahead of Oscar!

Mil rolls forward and then tries a front flip into a DDT... but before he can hit the Asesino Gigante, he gets HURLED overhead with a belly-to-belly suplex! Burns gets back to his feet just as Mil tries to land, only for Oscar to shove him into the corner and then fire him up and over again with a second belly-to-belly, this time going outside the corner!

DDK:

Counter by Oscar! He nails Mil with a pair of well-executed belly-to-belly suplexes!

When Mil is up, he grabs him from behind and then DRIVES him down across his knee with a belly-to-back backbreaker that nearly breaks The Man of a Thousand Flips into The Man of a Thousand Pieces!

DDK:

OOH! Belly-to-back into the backbreaker! That was vile, but he's targeting the back! Now a cover of his own!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Vultas kicks out again, shocking Oscar! Butcher tries to calm him down, but Burns yells at his cornerman to keep quiet so he can think!

Oscar Burns:

Shut up! Shut up, now!

DDK:

You know, if he hates Butcher so much why doesn't he just let him go?

Lance:

Good point!

Thomas Keeling is calling for Mil to fight back while Oscar shouts at the veteran manager and promoter to close his mouth, too! He goes to pick Mil up for his next move, but Mil suddenly catches Oscar with a pele kick! Burns is stunned when Mil flips up and over to catch him in a headscissors, he poses on top of Oscar's shoulders, then rolls him forward into victory roll!

DDK:

Pele kick! Followed by the Victory roll! He beat Alvaro de Vargas before with this combo!

The Faithful count along with the pinfall attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

Burns FORCES his way out at the very last millisecond and kicks Mil off of him! Mil holds up three fingers to Benny Doyle, but his count was on point and throws up two fingers back to show it wasn't a three!

DDK:

Mil Vueltas almost caught Oscar by surprise, but he's the master of pulling out wins by roll-up. He's got that Fruit Roll-up combination that defeated people like Mikey Unlikely and Lindsay Troy!

Lance:

Mil needs to keep his foot on the gas here! Don't give Oscar any breaks!

As if Mil can hear what the Commentation Station is saying, Mil catches Burnsie square in the chest with a stiff kick! Then another kick! Then another! Oscar has the wind knocked out of him on his knees when Mil backs up and tries for running penalty kick, only for the Kiwi to grab the leg! He flips Mil, but the luchador flips up and over to land on his feet, but that gives Oscar the opening to NAIL him with another huge European uppercut!

DDK:

Ooh! Another uppercut! Where's Oscar taking him now!

Burns leans back in the corner and holds up his arm!

DDK:

Uh-oh! He's only used this move once, but he nearly defeated Dex Joy with it! He's going for what he calls the ELBOW of DEFIANCE - that focused elbow smash to a grounded opponent!

Lance:

Mil better move!

Burns swings for the fences with the ELBOW of DEFIANCE... but Mil moves, and Oscar catches nothing but the canvas! DEFIANCE Himself howls out in pain and shakes his wrist in pain, but leaves himself wide open for a NASTY thrust kick as he's on his knees, courtesy of Vueltas! Burns gets kicked into the corner where Mil follows up with a HUGE pair of running knees to the face!

DDK:

Mil Vueltas throwing everything he can at Oscar! He's got him out of the corner now!

Mil goes out to the ring apron again as Oscar tries to figure out where he is in the corner. Mil climbs up to the top

rope... then RUNS ACROSS the ropes to CONNECT with the rope-running corner dropkick!

DDK:

ESTRELLA FUGAZ! HE HASN'T USED THAT MOVE IN A WHILE, BUT HE SCORES WITH IT! COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... FOOT ON THE ROPES!

Butcher Victorious screams out to Benny Doyle that Oscar has the foot on the bottom rope! The arena gets deflated and Thomas Keeling shouts at Butch Vic to move!

Lance:

Butcher trying to do what he can to get out of the Vae Victis doghouse there! He pointed out the foot that Benny could have missed!

DDK:

That was a great succession of moves! I thought Mil Vueltras had this!

Mil isn't deterred and runs across the ring to hit another penalty kick near the ropes to knock Oscar over! He points up to the sky and then The Faithful yell out again when he gets to the top rope... only for Butcher to try and stop him on the ring apron!

Lance:

No! Come on, Doyle, get him out of there!

Before Butcher can make contact, Mil shoves him away with a foot and then RUNS the ropes a second time to nail Butcher with a running penalty kick to the head! Mil leaps off the ropes as Butcher goes down hard!

DDK:

WHAT A SHOT... WAIT!

As Mil lands, Oscar is back up, then THROWS him into the air to CRACK Mil with a big pop-up European Uppercut! The Faithful GROAN from the impact as Burnsie backs into the corner, raises the elbow up...

DDK:

ELBOW OF DEFIANCE ON MIL! THAT DISTRACTION FROM DEALING WITH BUTCHER VICTORIOUS MIGHT HAVE COST HIM!

Burns scores with the ELBOW of DEFIANCE after the pop-up European Uppercut and covers the legs of Mil!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

As the bell rings, a very desperate Oscar Burns rolls away from the body of Mil Vultas looking like he knows he was in a close one!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **HE... IS... DEFIANCE... OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

BULL! MIL WOULD HAVE THAT MATCH WON IF BUTCHER DIDN'T STICK HIS NOSE WHERE IT DIDN'T BELONG! HE WAS PREPPING FOR THE SIN MANOS WHEN BUTCHER INTERFERED!

Jeers rain down as Thomas Keeling goes to check on Mil Vultas. Oscar Burns points at Doyle and gestures that he wants his hand raised. Doyle shakes his head and then does his job, raising the arm to signify Oscar as the undeserving winner.

Lance:

Like you said, Darren! Mil Vultas was closing in on the victory when Butcher tried to stop Mil. Mil cut him off with that rope-running penalty kick, but that gave Oscar the chance to strike!

Replays show the incredible penalty kick, followed by Oscar hitting the pop-up European Uppercut, leading to the ELBOW of DEFIANCE for the victory. Back in real time, Oscar stands proudly with both hands before he leaves ringside. Meanwhile, Butcher is still down nursing what's going to be a sore jaw tomorrow... but what is telling is that Oscar isn't checking on him at all.

Lance:

Oscar leaving without Butcher Victorious, too! That's the guy who HELPED YOU WIN, Oscar! If I'm Mil Vultas, I know he's not going to let this be the end of things. He had Oscar Burns beat!

DDK:

Folks... thank you for joining us for an incredible 150th Edition of UNCUT! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Quimbey! Good night and we will see you next week for DEFTv 195 live from Mitsubishi Electric Halle in Düsseldorf, Germany! Good night!

A stinging Butcher is still down at ringside, holding his jaw. Mil Vultas is helped up by Thomas Keeling, but punches the mat in frustration as he watches Oscar Burns leave up the ramp. Oscar stops and throws his hands up one more time...

Oscar Burns:

SEVENTY CAREER WINS! THAT'S A RECORD, GCS! AS MY GOOD BUDDY, HENRY KEYES LIKES TO SAY... #NEWRECORD!

Burns flaps his gums one more time to end the show with his all-too-familiar moniker...

"I.

AM.

DEFIANCE."