

DESPICABLE MEE

The interrogation room sits dark save for a solitary lamp hanging innocently from the ceiling. Its light shines down on a set of table and chairs.

A kerfuffle takes place as the door to the room violently swings open.

Three shadowy men struggle to enter, one of which has a burlap potato sack over his head. The hooded captive tries to resist but gets tossed into a chair. The commotion causes the ceiling light to flutter, shedding vagrant light throughout the space.

A muffled voice continually pours from within the mask as a pair of hands flatten against the other side of the table top.

These aren't any ordinary hands though.

The right hand holds a blue fidget spinner. The left hand has a snowflake encrusted pair of brass knuckles on.

The light continues to bounce until Malak Garland's face fully appears.

Malak Garland:

Thanks for that, Cyrus.

Malak acknowledges all the roughing up work Cyrus did to get this individual into the current situation.

Malak Garland:

Remove his hood.

Malak takes a seat as Cyrus remains in the shadows but executes what he's told.

With a simple whoosh, the hood seemingly disappears into darkness and a sweaty, panicked man sits across from the Keyboard King.

Malak Garland:

Martin Evans-Everett the sixth. Pleased to make your acquaintance.

The man's sweat continues to intensify.

Martin Evan's-Everett VI:

What do you want? What am I doing here? What's going on?

Malak kisses his own teeth and wags his finger indicating everything will happen on his time.

Malak Garland:

I'll be the one asking the questions here, okay Mr. MEE6?

The sound of knuckles cracking echoes in the background as Martin dare not turn his head around.

Malak Garland:

That won't be necessary, right now, Cyrus. Of course, that all depends on if Mr. MEE6 here is willing to play ball. You're willing to play ball, right? It would be a shame if Cyrus would get his way with this interrogation.

Fear drips from Martin's eyes like a lost puppy.

Martin Evans-Everett VI:

What do you want? I'll do anything, just don't hurt me please!

Malak Garland:

I really only have one question. Are you ready for it?

Martin nods for it to be brought on.

Malak Garland:

!rank.

Silence. A look of puzzlement breaks across Martin's face.

Malak Garland:

I said !rank! !RANK! !RANK! !RANK! Rank me for crying out loud!

Martin refuses.

Malak Garland:

LISTEN TO ME! I STOLE YOU! I OWN YOU NOW! YOU WILL DO WHAT I SAY BECAUSE I AM IN AVALANCHE MODE!

Malak slams the table as hard as he can.

Malak Garland:

Now. !rank.

Martin grimaces as he fights within himself as to whether or not he should follow through with the request. His internal deliberation quickly subsides once Cyrus places a firm hand on his shoulder.

Martin Evans-Everett VI:

Okay, okay, okay! But you won't like what I have to say.

Malak Garland:

!rank.

Martin Evans-Everett VI:

Not as high as Conor Fuse. Not even as high as Tyler Fuse.

A disgusted look overtakes Malak's baby soft face. Garland forcefully pulls a strand of his floppy silver hair back as he leans in towards Martin.

Malak Garland:

Now you listen to me, Martin and you listen good. THEY WON'T BE AFTER DEFCON. My shiny belts will be coming back to me too.

Martin Evans-Everett VI:

Maybe in your dreams. You're nothing but a phony punk kid who complains all the time.

Martin nearly spits at Malak.

Malak Garland:

Wow, feisty. Lots to unpack here. Where did that come from?

Cyrus pulls Martin back in his seat.

Malak Garland:

Look, I just want to have a dialogue with you. Can we do that? Just a dialogue. Tell me about the Platforms and

Portals match. You're from their camp. Therefore, you should have their information. Tell me so I can prepare.

Martin stays mum. He looks like he's vaulted up.

Malak Garland:

Nothing? Really?

Malak snaps his fingers. At that exact moment, Cyrus grabs Martin by the scruff and drags him out of the room.

Malak Garland:

Bring him to the washroom, Cyrus. It's swirly time. I'm going to stay here to collect my thoughts but mention my name and you'll get a good seat. Maybe after that he'll be willing to talk.

Cyrus and Martin leave Malak alone with his thoughts. Waiting. Anticipating. The biggest challenge of his life is ahead of him.

SHOW OPEN

Energetic music begins to fade up...

A glitch effect, accompanied by a digital glitch sound effect ushers in the UNCUT logo with a slow dissolve.



The logo fades and on a black screen, words in white appear one at a time.

THIS.

IS.

UNCUT.

YOU DESERVE THAT

We come back from the exciting match between Brazen's finest to see Christie Zane. She is in front of a 4k screen with the DEFIANCE logo and UNCUT stamped right over it. She is all smiles and you love to see it, Christie.

She gets her cue and is off.

Christie Zane:

What a match between Conor Fuse and Ryan Batts. The two have been putting on clinics here on UNCUT and they did not disappoint.

She turns to face camera two on her left side. The screen behind her now has a split-screen of two DEFIANTS. Jesse Fredericks Kendrix on one side and Jay Harvey on the other. Their faces are red with black highlights.

Zane:

Earlier today, right here at the WrestlePlex at a DEFCON promotional event... DEFIANCE opened the doors to the fans and the media before the biggest event of the DEFIANCE year. Fans were able to meet some of their favorite stars and even got to witness the contract signing for the Jay Harvey and JFK match.

A video package hits your screen, showing fans taking pictures with some on-hand DEFIANTS. It soon finishes up with DEFIANCE CEO Daniel Davidson at the podium with Harvey on his left and Kendrix on his right.

Zane:

Let's show you some footage from the signing.

Cameras flash as Davidson is still at the microphone.

Daniel Davidson:

Again thank you all for making this another spectacular event. I'd like to now let you hear from the DEFIANTS themselves before they sign the contract for their match at DEFCON. Mr. Kendrix, you have the floor.

Davidson backs away from the microphone as JFK rises from his folding chair and adjusts his suit jacket. Kendrix shakes Davidson's hand before making his way to the podium. He catches a glance at Jay Harvey and turns his attention to the microphone and crowd in front of him.

Kendrix:

Listen, Yeah?!

BOOOOOOO!

Kendrix:

First off, I want to thank you for the floor, Mr. David Danielson.

Kendrix removes the sunglasses from his eyes, folds them nicely, and sticks them into his suit jacket. He goes into a pocket on the other side of the jacket to reveal another pair of sunglasses that he puts on his face.

Kendrix:

Wax on, wax off. JFK was a huge, huge fan of the Karate Kid movies. You should be very proud.

Daniel tries to correct Jesse but it's far too late.

Kendrix:

However, just like Danny La Russo, Jay Harvey portrays himself to be the hero for the likes of you massive fattos in attendance today.

BOOOOOOOOO!

Kendrix:

When really, he's just a little bitch who thought he could cheat his way to the top of DEFIANCE off of my back.

Jesse removes his 2nd pair of shades and wags his finger from left to right a few times before returning his attention back to the mic.

Kendrix:

Despite it all, Jay. I have to admit, I certainly admire your ability to keep bouncing back from crushing defeats and beatdowns from myself and 24k. I know you're gonna bring everything you've got and more but trust me when I tell you, bruv...you're going to deserve what I'm going to do to you at DEFCON. Mark my words, your moxey? it's finally gonna run out when I'm done with you.

Kendrix locks eyes with Jay Harvey and signs the contract on the table behind the podium and dais. He keeps his eyes on him the whole time. He slams the pen down and makes his way back over to his seat. Davidson shakes Kendrix's hand before he sits down. Davidson goes toward the microphone.

Davidson:

Jay, the microphone is all yours.

Harvey gets to his feet and stares daggers at his opponent for DEFCON. He goes to the DEFIANCE CEO and shakes his hand and then goes to the mic. Camera bulbs go off.

Jay Harvey:

DEFCON is the Superbowl here in DEFIANCE. Some of the biggest and most memorable matches in DEFIANCE history have happened at DEFCON. I plan on continuing that trend.

Harvey looks over toward JFK.

Harvey:

I've only competed at DEFCON once and it was the night I lost the Southern Heritage title. I don't plan on losing at DEFCON again. I plan on putting on the best match of the night and I plan on whooping my opponent's ass worse than he has ever gotten whooped before.

Kendrix is murmuring in his seat, not pleased by Harvey's words.

Harvey:

I'm going to beat you right in the middle of the ring, Jesse. I owe you that. In all honesty with everything, you and your buddies have put me through... I should break every bone in your body. You deserve that. You know it, I know it, everyone here knows it. Everyone watching this knows it. I'll see you next week, bruv. Don't get a hangnail.

Harvey turns to go to the contract. He signs it and now it's official. Davidson asks Kendrix to stand and the media present takes pictures of him, Harvey, and Davidson for all the magazines and internet sites. We go back to Christie in the studio.

Zane:

You heard a little from the competitors themselves. This match has been months in the making. Kendrix revealed that he was the one who attacked Jay Harvey backstage at DEFROAD before his FIST of DEFIANCE title match with Mikey Unlikely. Ever since then Jay Harvey has tried to get revenge only to be bested by Kendrix and 24k.

Christie turns and faces camera one,

Zane:

DEFCON takes place at the Lakefront Arena in beautiful New Orleans. The two-night spectacle will have every title on

the line, culminating with the FIST of DEFIANCE title match between the current champion Mikey Unlikely and the challenger Scott Douglas. Where... the loser of the match will leave DEFIANCE.

A graphic of Unlikely and Douglas takes over your screen for a few moments before returning to Christie.

Zane:

That does it for this edition of UNCUT. DEFCON Twenty Twenty-One night one is Wednesday, April Twenty-Eighth, live on PPV. Followed by night two on the Twenty-Ninth. Thanks for tuning in, folks.

TITANESS vs. THOMAS SLAINE

DDK:

Folks, we are just mere weeks away! DEFCON! TWO NIGHTS LIVE from the UNO Lakefront Arena! But before we get there, we have one final stop and that's tonight's edition of UNCUT and we have action! We've seen Titaness show off her strength and skill in that ring, but tonight before she corners Minute and Uriel Cortez of the former Sky High Titans, she makes her singles debut tonight on UNCUT against Thomas Slaine!

Lance:

Slaine is... something, that's for sure. He's crazy, but he's crazy enough that he could spoil the singles debut of Titaness if given the chance.

DDK:

Well, here we go, let's go to ringside with Darren Quimbey for the introductions!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall! Introducing first, to the ring hailing from The Bronx, New York weighing in at 183 pounds... she is The Show of Force... **TITANESS!**

The lights go black. Then one word appears on the DEFTron in silver...

TITANESS

Then four more...

THE SHOW OF FORCE

♪ "THE BADDEST" by K/DA ♪

The Faithful show love for one of the new kids on the block as a single violet spotlight shines on the new female powerhouse, flexing her arms, back to the stage. Wearing a purple top with silver trim, she turns to face the ring and pops The Faithful with a cartwheel into a flip, landing on her feet to cause a shower of silver and violet pyro to go off. The athletic star heads down towards the ring looking for a big opportunity to make a name for herself in singles action.

DDK:

Titaness is a great athlete with tons of promise, Lance! She has an amateur wrestling background going back to high school and college before getting into fitness competitions and powerlifting. She impressed a lot of officials during the last year in BRAZEN so much that she was graduated from the program!

Lance:

She recently graduated from BRAZEN much like Minute did before he went on to much success! She looked impressive since coming to the aid of Uriel Cortez and Minute, but I'm looking forward to seeing how she'll do tonight in singles action.

Titaness hits the ring, then the six-foot one star climbs inside. She then poses on the middle buckle, arms folded as she waits for her opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent... from Natchitoches, Louisiana... weighing in at 221 pounds... **THOMAS SLAINE!**

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

The music hits and already, Thomas Slaine has a microphone and looks like he's ready to talk to The Faithful about whatever grievances he wants to air. He stands on the ramp and has a microphone out before looking down at the ring and scowling like he just smelled something awful. His music cuts quickly as he gets ready to speak.

DDK:

Thomas Slaine doesn't look pretty happy, despite his part in that massive beatdown of Gage Blackwood.

Thomas Slaine:

Oh, goody. DEFIANCE rolls out the red carpet for Uriel Cortez's little girlfriend, but when I finally get my shot on the big time and get the hell out of those stupid little outdoor flea market shows in BRAZEN, I get nothing! Show of Force? Nah, it's just a Show of Fuck You being thrown my way!

Titaness keeps in place and lets Slaine speak as he now approaches the ring.

Thomas Slaine:

Man, woman, alien, I don't care who stands in front of me in that ring. I'm tired of being looked down on by this company. I personally told Tom Morrow earlier today that I'd be happy to take you out for a price and he'd be happy to give me a look over as a member of Better Future Talent Agency if I win tonight!

The crowd jeers this revelation while Titaness even offers to hold the ropes open for Slaine.

Thomas Slaine:

Oh, I'll get in that ring when I'm good and ready...

He slides into the ring and Titaness stands her ground... but the crowd jeers some more when he purposely shoves her with a shoulder! She gets knocked back while Thomas laughs.

Thomas Slaine:

Okay... NOW I'm ready!

He throws the microphone out of the ring and looks itching for a fight as Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

Thomas goes in quickly to try and end things for Titaness quickly, but the powerful New Yorker sneaks behind him and goes for a rear waistlock... then **THROWS** Slaine down! The crowd is impressed but Slaine can't believe it!

DDK:

Wow! Right off the bat, Titaness asserted herself quickly!

The Show of Force, as she has been anointed with, smiles and holds her arms out for the cheers from the crowd. Slaine is back up and then tries a running clothesline but Titaness is just a hair quicker and throws Slaine over with a big arm drag and then tries a pin.

ONE... TW-NO!

The pin attempt fails, but when he gets up, Titaness shows off with a big boot and knocks Slaine in the face, sending the brawler back to the ropes! She goes to the ropes with him and tries a whip, but Thomas is still coherent enough and reverses it to send her across the ring.

Titaness goes flying into the ropes and ducks down after an attempt a back elbow from Slaine goes awry... but the oncoming flying forearm by Titaness goes right and she knocks him down! Slaine scrambles and things get worse when she unleashes a dropkick to the side of the head while he's down!

DDK:

Nicely done by Titaness! She blends power and quickness well! She's been training in both with Uriel Cortez and Minute respectively!

Lance:

Slaine looks like he can't believe this!

With Slaine starting to get back up slowly, Titaness hits the ropes and then shows off the aforementioned athleticism when she leaps up and takes down the slightly taller Slaine with a huge running headscissors snapping him down and scrambling from the ring in the process. Titaness pops back up and then waits for Slaine to try and catch his bearings on the outside. The second that he does it, Titaness grabs both ropes and flies out of the ring with a big plancha right onto the brawler from Louisiana!

Lance:

Nicely done! That's gotta be the stuff she learned from Uriel Cortez, right?

DDK

Titaness stays in control after that flurry!

The Faithful are behind her as Titaness tries to grab Thomas and pick him up... but the second she does, Slaine stops her with a sudden jawbreaker. She grabs her chin and then Thomas grabs onto Titaness by the arm before THROWING her as hard as he can into the barricade! Titaness cries out in pain and falls to her knees while clutching her back. Thomas grabs the back of his head and rubs his neck before getting what looks to be an evil idea.

DDK:

Uh-oh... what's Slaine gonna do?

He waits as Titaness tries to get back up... then hits her with a shotgun dropkick right into the barricade! The Faithful can't believe it as Titaness goes flying back and Thomas hurts himself from such a move, but Titaness gets the worst of it!

Lance:

No! That was crazy! Titaness could be hurt bad right there!

DDK:

Shotgun dropkick against the barricade! And if Thomas Slaine is using this opportunity to show out for Tom Morrow, then he's got all the reason to try anything risky.

Slaine gets up first and then grabs Titaness by her hair and top, then throws her back into the ring. It is then that he looks to spoil Titaness' singles debut by beating her right then and there!

ONE... TWO... TH-NO!

DDK:

How did she kick out of that! I thought for sure Thomas Slaine may have wrapped this match up!

Lance:

I thought so, too, but Titaness isn't giving up!

The crowd start to rally around Titaness as Thomas picks her up. He follows up his big move by lifting her up and then trying for a powerbomb. He tries to power Titaness up, but she won't allow herself to be hoisted up as she goes low and tries to hold the leg. Thomas slugs her in the back twice, but then he switches up his move and then picks her up only to drop her face down with a release gourdburst! Titaness is left sucking in wind as Thomas acts giddy.

DDK:

Big move there by Slaine! He follows up with that face first suplex!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Titaness uses her legs to kick out and Slaine is now getting ready to end things.

DDK:

I think this is gonna be it for Titaness! He's looking for the double-arm DDT! He's perfected this move in BRAZEN!

He tries to catch Titaness with his finishing move, but Titaness twists around to free herself and strikes Thomas in the jaw with an uppercut. The glancing blow only stops him momentarily but when he tries to tangle with Titaness and goes for a kick, she grabs the leg and trips him to the mat! The Faithful are caught by surprise when she rolls through and then rolls WITH Thomas on her shoulders! The crowd then EXPLODES when she snaps back with a twisting fireman's carry slam!

DDK:

THAT WAS AMAZING! TITANESS JUST SLAMMED A 220-POUND MAN!

Lance:

I'm thinking Uriel Cortez and Minute picked a winner here!

Titaness takes a moment to collect herself and then gets back to her feet before rushing off the ropes as Slaine gets back to his feet. She bounces off one set of ropes, then the other before she takes him right out of his boots with a massive spear!

DDK:

And now she has him down with that same spear she used to knock Ken Ellis into next week! He's already closer to DEFCON than we are!

The crowd is loving things as Titaness smiles and then does her own double underhook on Slaine... only she POWERS him up and plants him down with a sitout tiger driver!

DDK:

Titanium Driver! That's it!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

Titaness rolls backwards and slowly rises back to her feet just in time to have her arm raised.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **TITANESS!**

DDK:

A nice victory tonight for Titaness! She has been a major asset to Uriel Cortez and Minute and just proved she can more than hang by herself in that ring.

Lance:

And now heading up the ramp... hey, look! Uriel Cortez and Minute!

Both of them give Titaness a round of applause as she approaches them at the top of the ramp. She gets a fist bump from Minute and then a HUGE hug and a spin from the massive Titan of Industry. The crowd cheers the trio and Uriel is out with a microphone.

Uriel Cortez:

Hey, first off, credit where credit is due. How about a round of applause for the lovely muscly lady here!

Titaness shakes her head and slaps Uriel on the arm playfully as The Faithful applaud.

Uriel Cortez:

Minute and I came out here to deliver one final message to you, Tom Morrow...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Minute and Uriel nod in agreement.

Uriel Cortez:

Now, we don't have Thomas Keeling here any more and Titaness is not meant to be a replacement for him. Nobody could replace what he has done for my career and what he did for Minute's career, pulling me out from nowhere to give me this wrestling career that I love very much and helped Minute get situated when he graduated from BRAZEN. Keeling had to retire due to the injuries he sustained from DEF ROAD from Morrow and The Lucky Fucks. But what Titaness is... is family. Family to me and Mateo and family that we won't let anything happen to.

The big man continues.

Uriel Cortez:

The three of us made one last promise to Thomas before he hung up his manager's boots. Like we said last week, we promised to win back the Sky High Titans name and retire it for good so a greedy piece of shit like Morrow couldn't tarnish the name we built ever again. But what we didn't tell you is that at DEFCON... Titaness, Minute and I will build something brand new... we will have a BRAND NEW NAME! And at DEFCON, that name will be revealed!

The Faithful applaud as Minute grabs the microphone.

Minute:

And with that new name... Five minutes, Tommy! Cincos minutos! We take back what's ours!

The microphone gets spiked as Minute gets all fired up, yelling at the crowd. Titaness takes the microphone.

Titaness:

Nowhere to run and nowhere to hide for you left, Tom! I'll make damn sure of that!

Titaness' music plays as the three raise their hands in the air and take in the cheers before heading to the back.

DDK:

WOW! Cortez, Minute and Titaness will have a brand new name as they battle to get the rights to the old one back and honor their former manager's final wish.

Lance:

Big news! I can't wait for Morrow to get his at DEFCON!

BEST OF 5 SERIES, MATCH #4: CONOR FUSE vs. "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS*♪ "The Last Garrison" by Enter Shikari ♪***Darren Quimbey:**

This match is the FOURTH in a best of FIVE contest, with Ryan Batts leading two-games-to-one! Introducing first, from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing in at two-hundred-four pounds... "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!

The lights in the arena flash rapidly in shades of red as out from the back, Ryan Batts out in his thigh-length trunks and a red version of the "Bantam" logo on the left side. Black knee pads and boots with dark red kick pads to round out his new attire as he waves a black and red rally towel overhead on his way to the ring. He throws it to the crowd and then heads to the ring at a rapid pace. He slides inside and then does a front flip to his feet to pop the crowd!

*♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪***Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, weighing in at two-hundred pounds... he is The "Locker Room Leader" of DEFIANCE and one half of the UNIFIED Tag Team Champions... CONOR FUUUUUUUSE!

Fuse leaps out from behind the curtain, carrying all FIVE of the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships to a !RANK response. Once at the apron, Fuse places the belts on the floor and jumps into the ring.

DING DING**DDK:**

We're not wasting time!

Fuse and Batts stand directly across the ring from each other. They don't budge.

Lance:

...Maybe we are, Keebs. Maybe we are.

DDK:

These two know each other really well by now...

Lance:

Neither man is going to give a proper opening here.

Conor begins circling, as does Batts. Tension grows inside the arena until finally, it's Batts who cracks first. Bantam takes charge at Conor but Conor sidesteps and steers Batts into the corner chest-first. The Red and Black Attack bounces out of it and Conor tries for a backslide pin but Batts tumbles over and rises to his feet. Batts tries to kick Conor in the side of the head but Conor hits the canvas and Batts gets nothing but air. The Ultimate Gamer pops to his feet, grabs Batts by the waist and tosses him overhead in a release belly-to-back suplex!

The Scrapper is up quickly, though. Ryan hits Conor with a missile dropkick as Fuse falls into the ropes, bounces off and annihilates The Bantam with an inside-out clothesline!

Fuse begins the HAPPY stomps of DOOM but Ryan reaches the ropes and referee Carla Ferrari asks for a clean break. Conor gives it to her... but Batts takes hold of the second ring rope, slingshots himself up and forward, tackling Conor to the canvas.

DDK:

Batts is looking for a crossface... but Conor rolls him up! High stack pin!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Lance:

A really good back and forth here, which is, after all, no surprise.

The combatants are on their feet and grapple. Conor drops to his knees FAST, latches onto Batts waist and throws him half-way across the ring with a release German suplex!

DDK:

Batts landed on his head, hard!

The Codebreaker sprints over, punting Batts in the side of the head with a stiff looking kick.

Lance:

Something out of Ryan's playbook.

DDK:

Conor's in win-now mode. He HAS to pull this off being down two-one.

Fuse drags Batts to his feet and attempts a Northern lights suplex but Batts hooks his leg into Conor's base so he can't do it. Conor tries again but Batts does the same. Moving to Plan B, Conor lets go of The Bantam and into the ropes. Upon coming forward, The Character Formerly Known as Player Two is met with a twisting forearm smash!

DDK:

And the crossface is applied!

But Conor hooks his back foot on the ropes. Immediately, Ferrari asks for the hold to break and The Red and Black Attack complies.

DDK:

Batts drags the younger Fuse to the middle of the ring and performs a standing double armbreaker to Conor's left arm!

Fuse shouts as he stumbles backwards and Batts follows this up with more forearm shots, working Conor into the corner. Batts attempts to Irish whip Conor into the buckle across the way but Conor reverses it and Batts goes into the buckle instead. However, The Bantam puts on the breaks at the last possible second while the current UNIFIED Tag Team Champion and Captain Five Belts races in, eating a back elbow smash!

DDK:

Batts pushes off the turnbuckle padding and delivers a bulldog to Conor!

Batts kicks Fuse wildly in the center of the ring. Once... twice... thrice...

With The Best Pout Machine reeling, Batts looks for his own release German suplex.

DDK:

Conor lands on his feet!

WHACK.

DDK:

Superkick!

WHACK.

DDK:

Another!

Fuse positions himself behind Batts and hits a snap SINGLE dragon suplex!

Lance:

One half of the DOUBLE dragon move he and his brother perform.

With Batts reeling, The Faithful shout in Conor's direction.

!rank !rank !rank

Feeding off the energy, the younger Fuse paces wildly around, stops to shake the ring ropes and shouts for The Bantam to rise. Once he does...

Conor smacks Batts across the chest.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!

And with that Fuse takes three big steps back and races forward...

DDK:

LOOKING FOR BATTER UP... no! Batts moves outta the way at the last second! Ryan kicks Conor in the gut before going into the ropes himself...

*SMACK!***DDK:**

Conor hit Batter Up! Conor got the WEAPON GET!

Lance:

We have a tie BALL GAME!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Lance:

...Or not!

The Faithful gasp at the kickout as Conor looks to referee Carla. She ensures him it was a kickout at the last possible second! Everyone bought the finish and Conor doesn't know what else to do. He looks down at Batts...

DDK:

Batts applies a crossface! Oh the tides have turned and it may be over!!

The fans are stomping throughout the arena. Many of them are cheering for Conor Fuse right now, only because a victory would mean they'd see a match #5. There's still plenty of support for Ryan Batts, too, it's just not as overt this time around.

Fuse flies his left hand about, hoping to hold it from tapping. Batts pulls and pulls and pulls... a look of sheer determination on his face.

The Gamer fights. He moves forward. A little. A little more. He continues to inch his way closer to the ropes until Batts repositions and drags Conor back.

Yet, using his own momentum against him, Conor is able to shift his weight, slip out of the move and roll Batts into another high stack pin attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

I thought it was over!

Lance:

Oh, me too!

DDK:

In fact, I thought it was over when Batts applied the crossface!

Batts is on his feet first since no offensive move was delivered to him so he's the fresher man. Ryan kicks Conor in his ribs twice before dragging Fuse to his feet and attempting an exploder suplex.

DDK:

Conor lands on his feet!

Conor looks for a superkick but Batts ducks!

As Batts repositions to a vertical base, he's met with a roundhouse kick!

Lance:

Conor caught him that time!

Fuse hits the ropes and connects with a perfect spinning heel kick, meeting Batts square on the jaw!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

A release German suplex later and Conor is feeling it!

DDK:

Conor hits the tilt-a-whirl DDT, PWN'd! He's going to the top rope...

Super Splash 450 can't be delivered, however, because the ever-so-resilient Ryan Batts meets Conor Fuse up there!

DDK:

SUPERPLEX! Wow! I didn't think Ryan Batts had a move like that in him! He's going for the pin!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

Lance:

We are fast and furious here and no, I'm not talking about movie #9!

DDK:

Well, Conor IS #9 ranked on TEF!

Lance:

True!

Both men are struggling to their feet. When they're there, there's a stand off and a shot-for-shot which follows.

!RANK, the fans chant when Conor hits a left fist.

OOOH!, the fans chant when Batts lands his right forearm.

The back-and-forth goes on for a good minute. Both reeling. Both feeling it. Both wanting to get this thing over with.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Conor, seemingly, takes over with left palm strikes. He hits the ropes.

But Batts was playing possum.

DDK:

BATTS MEETS CONOR AT THE ROPES... he jumps on Fuse's back and he's attempting to put on the FASTEST ARMBAR IN THE WES-

Fuse rolls him up, again.

High stack, again.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

DDK:

He did it! This time he did it! Conor tied the series!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match and forcing a fifth and deciding battle... CONOR FUUUUUUSE!

Batts rolls to a corner, dejected. Conor's hand is raised by Carla. The fans are cheering both men on.

Conor Fuse: *[towards Ryan Batts]*

See you after DEFCON, friend.

Batts nods.

DDK:

Series is tied up! We'll have the final game five battle on UNCUT 92!

GRAVE VISIT

Sunday, April 18, 2021

Organo Cemetery, Indianapolis, IN

A Buick enters the cemetery. He drives the path for a few minutes, as the road curves the Buick comes to a stop. Hive is the first to exit the Buick. Shortly after Scrow from the driver's side. Both Kabal members have almost a similar attire. Black shoes, blue jeans, and jean jacket coats, with The Raven's Eye shirt underneath the jacket. Hive has a pair of black Oakley's on. Scrow has a red and black version of the Oakleys on. Scrow shuts the door in sync with Hive. He walks around the front of the car. Hive stares at him, the two make their way into the cemetery.

As they come close to the grave they are there to visit.

Scrow:

Wait here.

Hive nods, clasping her hands over the front of her hips.

Scrow takes a few steps, as he reaches the gravesite. He stares up at the sun fighting to shine through the clouds before looking down at the grave.

HERE LIES

BASLE GINGER KROWE

Loving wife

Born February 16, 2000 - Died August 21, 2019

Scrow takes a deep breath.

Scrow:

It's here beloved. Sco..no I finally get to see if wrestling is what my future holds.

He looks from the grave.

Scrow:

I know it was not the path you wanted me to pursue. Being a chemist with you was what you always wanted.

He looks back at the grave.

Scrow:

Please forgive me, the lab just reminded me too much of you. Even now this man your sister introduced to me too is forcing me to do something I have tried since you left this world to avoid.

He stares at the tombstone in silence for a moment.

Scrow:

He wants his youth back. Sadly, his desire is impossible without serious health repercussions. I...I do not know if I can go through that again. In a fucking laboratory killing someone else because of me. Life has been cruel since you left me. Sometimes I just sit in the darkness wanting to put a bullet in my head just to see you again.

He looks over his shoulder toward Hive, who removes her glasses slowly. Her eyes fill with sadness as she stares back at him.

Scrow:

She misses you too. *[he looks back at the grave]* Why she wanted anything to do with me still confuses me.

Scrow slowly removes his glasses.

Scrow:

DEFCON is just around the corner. It's me and Dex Joy in that ring for the Southern Heritage Championship. *[He snickers for a second]* It's not ideal of what you wanted for me in life. Honestly, I am not sure your heart would be able to take the beating I will take in that ring against Dex.

Scrow staggers with his voice.

Scrow:

Wrestling....its..*[takes a deep breath]* it's....been my outlet to release all this pent-up frustration, the abuse I take feels like my punishment for taking you away from this world.

Scrow eyes start to gloss up.

Scrow:

It has helped me cope. I just hope wherever you are, you can accept that. *[has a slight laugh under his sadness]* I hope the next time I meet you Dex Joy will be a memory. I can then be a champion in your eyes once more.

Scrow drops to his knees and falls to his hands.

Scrow:

I miss you...

Hive walks over to Scrow and puts her hand on his shoulder.

Hive:

She is proud of you Scrow. You have to believe that.

Scrow stands up and wipes a tear from his eye.

Hive:

Go back to the car.

Scrow gathers himself, he puts his hand on her tombstone and walks away. Hive stares down at her sister's grave. She puts both her hands on the tombstone bowing her head.

SUDDENLY

Her eyes spring open, staring up into the sky. She quickly releases the tombstone. In shock, like if you touch a hot stove.

Hive:

A side road....

She looks back at Scrow who sits inside the Buick. She looks back at the tombstone.

Hive:

I will sister.

Hive puts her glasses back on. And heads to the vehicle. She gets into the driver's side and the car drives off with a final picture of Scrow's dead wife's grave before the scene fades.

JACK HARMEN vs. TORVALD, THE DESTROYER

DDK:

Faithful, DEFCon is right around the corner, and I can't get more excited!

Lance:

It's the greatest time of the year Darren.

On ringside, as Darren Quimbey holds a microphone.

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

Emerging onto the ramp with little fanfare, wearing a cloak that resembles a straight jacket is Jack Harmen. He adjusts his shoulders and raises a metal horn taunt to the crowd.

DDK:

Folks, the legendary Jack Harmen, in action here on the Uncut just before DEFCon. Harmen won't be featured on DEFCon, but the next weekend, he'll have his hands full taking on the two time BRAZEN champion, Killjoy for the belt.

Harmen takes his time to slap the hands of the fans and signs an autograph at the edge of the ring.

Lance:

Harmen has said he wants to take the belt back from the monster and give it back to the best of BRAZEN, if they can beat him. Harmen's one of the BRAZEN trainers, so having your teacher with the title... can become quite motivating.

DDK:

That's if Jack Harmen can get past the monster of Killjoy. He did not fair so well against Arthur Pleasant a few weeks ago.

♪ "Guardians of Asgard" by Amon Amarth ♪

Stomping out from the backstage area is Torvald, the Destroyer. Accompanied by Cul, who edges on the monster on. Torvald slowly makes his way to the ring, as Cul shouts instructions.

Lance:

Jack Harmen has certainly slayed his fair share of giants in his career, but none quite like Torvald. Semi-finalist in the BRAZEN DOC tournament, losing to eventual winner Geraldo Villabolos. Part of the longest reigning Trios champions in DEFIANCE's history Darren. While he joined greener than my thumb, he's seasoned into quite the brutal hoss and perhaps the most deadly member of the Viking War Cult.

Torvald climbs up the steel steps and then walks over the top rope into the ring. He looks at the smaller Harmen with curiosity.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, in the red corner, weighing in at three hundred and fifty five pounds, hailing from the Scandinavian Wilderness... accompanied to the ring by Cul... he is Torvald, the Destroyer!

Torvald shouts and raises a fist. Cul rallies him on, hoping on the second rope to rub his shoulders.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, hailing from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, he weighs in at two hundred and six pounds, he is the legendary Lunatic... Jack Harmen!

DING DING

Immediately, Jack Harmen charges Torvald. Cul hops off the ropes and steps in front of Torvald, taking the brunt of

the Locomotive. Cul tumbles through the middle ropes and out of the ring.

DDK:

Cul may have saved the big man from Harmen's patented Locomotive!

Lance:

Which exposes his guard!

Torvald meanwhile, grabs Harmen by the throat, lifts him up, and choke tosses him clear across the ring. The 45 year old grappler lands with a hard thud, clutching his back as he recovers and reevaluates strategy. Torvald slaps his own chests and eggs Harmen on. Harmen tentatively approaches, then slides through the legs into a go behind. Torvald reaches behind him, grabs Harmen by his hair and slowly lifts him. Harmen starts climbing up Torvald's back to prevent his scalp leaving his head, before Torvald hair tosses him back across the other side of the ring.

DDK:

Impressive strength shown by Torvald.

Lance:

Every September, Torvald caber tosses. I hear his record is an unlucky 13. Tossing around Jack Harmen is like a less unwieldy caber toss Darren. He could probably do this all night.

Cul recovers on the outside and spits in Harmen's face to jeers.

DDK:

That's just uncalled for.

Lance:

Did you say uncalled for?

DDK:

No?

Lance:

Good.

Cul yells at Torvald to continue. Torvald lifts Harmen up by picking up his face with his palm. But as he does, Harmen knees him under the jaw. Torvald backs up, as Harmen rushes forward.

DDK:

Locomotive!

Lance:

But that just takes Torvald to his knees. Harmen looks to Cul, and off the other side...

Harmen hits the ropes but doesn't expect the top rope to give like it does. Instead of hitting the ropes and rebounding, he slips over the top rope and lands with a thud on the outside.

HF IV cackling as he releases the top rope while sitting on the ring apron. Harmen landing at the feet of his future opponent for the BRAZEN championship, Killjoy.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Oh come on! Jack Harmen had this match won until his OWN KID did him in!

Lance:

Ooophf.

In quick succession, Archer Silver Penalty Kicks Harmen's face, as HF IV flips off the apron with a 450° double knees into a forward tuck roll. Killjoy pounces on Harmen as HF IV departs, lifting him in a vertical suplex before dropping him in a piledriver on the cold exposed concrete.

Killjoy reaches down and grabs Jack Harmen again.

DDK:

C'mon! Once is enough!

Harmen, limp, held upright by Killjoy, is lifted into another vertical suplex. This time, HF IV reaches out, begging for Killjoy to show his father mercy.

Then he just laughs, as Killjoy drops Harmen one more time.

DDK:

Killjoy just destroyed Jack Harmen on the outside and his son just LAUGHED about it.

Lance:

That's the thing about Killjoy and LET holding the BRAZEN championship, or any title. With LET, their one honorable trait is one for all, all for one. But they'll be as unhonorable about it as they can be to ensure the gold stays in their hands.

DDK:

Oh come on! Someone's got to put a stop to this.

Killjoy once again lifts Jack Harmen up in a vertical suplex position, aiming for the concrete.

When Torvald CRASHES into Killjoy with his Gungnir Spear, sending both him and Killjoy through the protective barrier, DEF Sec scattering the first two rows as they do. The camera catches a glimpse of HF IV's wide eyes in shock, covering his mouth in a gasp, before he just peaces out of there. Archer Silver grabs at his hair with his hands and looks at the wreckage as we fade out to an image of Jack Harmen, Killjoy and Torvald in the aftermath of a body fueled car accident.

THE BOOK OF TERRY-HEROES IN ALL SHAPES

The Night Of UNCUT 90 -

One Week before DEFtv 152

Location: Ballyhoo Brew

Terry Anderson:

I think... I think... maybe you need to spike the next one.

A few hours have passed since the final credits rolled on DEFonDEMAND for UNCUT 90, filled with a wealth of great matches and content there was only one segment that weighed on the mind of 'The Idol'. Unscathed - no one was going to walk away from this ordeal 'Unscathed' - not Codename: Guardian, not Stalker and especially not Terry. I mean if he never got involved with Victor Vacio to begin with, would Deacon still be here? Would things be different?

Siobhan Cassidy:

Vodka, rum or whiskey? We've got it all.

Terry's hunched over snickering at his lame tasting cola drink, crushed ice and soda was not what he needed to get over the guilt that hit his shoulders. Codename: Guardian and Dex Joy were walking into a War - unprepared and with literally no one to even call on for help. Terry knew that - he knew the Guardian wouldn't reach out to anyone themselves, they weren't in a right state of mind.

Terry Anderson:

I think I'll take a...

Siobhan Cassidy:

Hold that thought...

As Toby the Ballyhoo's back barhand approaches the eastern bar, he signals for another round of drinks.

Toby:

Mister.. Erm.. Box... wants something a bit stronger.

The younger Cassidy raises an eyebrow while pouring something unseen from Terry's eyes. Selfishly Terry wants to steal the drink for himself but instead watches as Toby takes the freshly poured round towards a dark booth in the back.

Fresh from signing autographs for the fans gathered to watch UNCUT, 'Black Out' Pat Cassidy and his partner Brock Newbludd enter the frame.

Pat Cassidy:

Anderson, buddy - you still thinking about your drinking order?

With a shrug Terry stirs his dry cola without as much as an acknowledgment of the hottest Tag Team in DEFIANCE.

Brock Newbludd:

What's shakin' Terry?

Newbludd notices Terry's sour expression and frowns as he raises an eyebrow to Cassidy.

Brock Newbludd:

You doin' alright there, bud?

Clapping the shoulder of 'The Idol', Brock joins the former wrestler, manager and announcer at the bar. Sitting himself down on the left side of Terry while Pat joined in on the right bar stool. Pointing up towards the one of the many screens adorning the bar of Ballyhoo, Terry identifies one that is playing UNCUT on repeat, which just so happens to

have Stalker's segment playing on it again.

Terry Anderson:

I wish it was easier to explain - I just know if Deacon were here Guardian would have more than enough firepower, back up to take out Stalker and The Kabal. I can't let he.... them walk into that alone. What can I do though? I'm well past my wrestling age and my credibility looks like shit - and I just don't know who to ask to help them.

Shaking his head Terry spins the drink he's been babying since contemplating jumping off the wagon. In the background Siobhan pours SNS a round of drinks while UNCUT continues to play, Toby arrives for another drink for 'Mister' Box. As the back barhand refers to him as, he points out the dark booth to Terry and SNS.

Toby:

Mister Box said he'd like to hear your story a bit closer - Terry. He said there's room for all of you.

Terry and the SNS pair gather up from the bar stool and head to the back booth. Looming in the shadows sits Bronson Box. The ORIGINAL DEFIANT a smile across his face as he sips on his 'stronger' drink.

Bronson Box:

I do believe I'm far enough in my cups to bend an ear on this particular subject... if'n you boys don't mind, please continue.

He motions for them all to sit and join him. The Wargod is dressed in his usual brown and grey three piece suit. He's nursing, gauging from the uncharacteristically relaxed expression on his face, his latest glass of scotch this evening.

For Terry 'The Idol' Anderson it was like a light bulb was going off on his head as he huddled closer to the group. Now huddled in the western walls of the more 'private' booths of Ballyhoo brew, a gathering of 'Heroes' was taking shape.

Terry Anderson:

Jack would most likely pick the unlikeliest of heroes, just like Guardian said in the ring at last DEFtv. Most heroes are always in disguise, just gotta know how to set them in motion, too bad Jack isn't here to pick them.

Terry 'The Idol' Anderson's voice trails as he looks down at the booth's table, his clean cola now lingering to it's last drop. He swallows it whole while looking at Bronson Box, Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd.

Terry Anderson:

Would you all be willing to help The Guardian shut Stalker down for good?

Newbludd is the first to react, and he does so by waving a hand towards the bar. Catching Siobhan's attention, Brock points a finger down towards the table.

Brock Newbludd:

Shit's gettin' real here, Chev. We're gonna need another round for the boys...

Turning his attention back to Terry, Brock looks at him for a long moment before glancing at Box to give him the same appraising look. Leaning forward to rest his elbows on the table, Newbludd smiles.

Brock Newbludd:

Count me in, Terry. I don't know much about being a hero, but I'm well-versed in kicking ass. Besides, what kind of business owner would I be if I didn't help a customer in need?

Taking a drink from him - a single glass of beer, Brock looks to his partner.

Brock Newbludd:

Whaddya say, Cass?

Cassidy nods his head.

Pat Cassidy:

I've always fancied myself a bit of a hero, truth be told. And I've owed both Stalker and Rezin one for a while. Consider yourself rightly partnered up.

Cassidy pushes himself off the stool and stands. He raises his glass out toward Terry and Brock.

Pat Cassidy:

What'da ya say, boys? Slainte for the good guys?

Brock is quick to clink glasses with his partner. Terry, breathing a sigh of appreciation, does the same. After a beat, all eyes turn to the bald mustachioed former two time FIST. He swirls his glass and downs what's left of the golden liquid before uttering a word.

Bronson Box:

Reason your conversation pricked my ears, lads is I've fookin' loathed that Stalker prick on principle from the minute he brought his magic act to my company. An' aye. I said my company. I 'aint never been accused of bein' a bloody hero. I've brought people to their knees screamin' in pain, fer their fookin' lives simply to make a point.

Brock Newbludd:

We've all got DEFonDEMAND, man. We know what you're all about... you're no hero, we get it.

Taking another drink, Brock raises a suspicious eyebrow to the legend.

Brock Newbludd:

So, why exactly *are* we talking right now, huh?

Cassidy picks up what his amigo is putting down and gives a brow raise of his own.

Pat Cassidy:

It's bad luck to waste a man's time in his own bar. Even with that kickass mustache.

The Original DEFIANT is obviously impressed with the duos dauntless approach.

Bronson Box:

There is one place ol' Boxer is a hero, lads. DEFIANCE Wrestling. I've said it before, this place runs on the script I wrote with psychopaths like Eric Dane, Dan Ryan and aye Eugene FOOKIN' Dewey the better part of the last DECADE. Brutal. Loud... Honest fookin' brutality that allows this whole DEFIANT enterprise to exist and give rogues like us employ. Lazy smoke and mirrors hocus pocus BULLSHIT has no place in these hallowed halls. Shitstains like Stalker are about as welcome as fight dodgin' cowards like our current FIST and his ilk. So all that bein' said...

Another golden glass of the best scotch Ballyhoo Brew has on the shelf is set down in front of the self professed STARMAKER. He picks it up and takes a sip.

Bronson Box:

... count me in on yer' little scheme. I will with admitted hesitation trade my black hat for white... fer' a time.

As Box clinks glasses with the rest of the table, the relief on Terry Anderson's face is unmistakable. Before he, Cassidy and Newbludd get too comfortable The Wargod sets his glass down with a thunk.

Bronson Box:

But you lot do me a favor before TV, aye? You let this... Guardian... know Stalker 'aint the only comic book freakshow on my list... that clear?

The SNS and Terry all get the distinct feeling their invitation to sit in Mister Box's booth just ran out. They all stand. Obviously not being able to help himself Brock gives Box the meanest mug he can muster.

Brock Newbludd:

Crystal.

The Scrapper from Southie leans down with one hand on the table.

Pat Cassidy:

You show up for us and we got no problem: we can go about our business of bringing some joy to people's lives and I'm sure you'll happily go back to clearing your schedule for some quality scowling. And even knowin' EXACTLY who you are? I'm still tellin' you you don't want a problem with the Saturday Night Specials. I promise.

Even with the tense conclusion, Terry Anderson still seems more than pleased with the army of unlikely heroes lining up behind Codename: Guardian. Staring down at his virgin drink - the former private investigator thanks his lucky stars that he was distracted long enough to keep his promise. Heroes come to the rescue in more ways than one.

NED REFORM vs. SHO NAKAZAWA

♪ "Pyrotechnics" by Cliff Lin ♪

Sho Nakazawa quickly appears in the entrance way to a decently sized positive reaction from The Faithful. He places both his hands together to give a quick bow before making his way to the ring.

Darren Quimby:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL... introducing first, from Tateyama, Japan and weighing in at 199 lbs... SHO NAKAZAWA!

DDK:

It's been a bit since we've seen Lil Nak in action, Lance. Tonight he gets a DEFIANCE newcomer in only his second match.

Sho Nakazawa leaps over the top rope and into the ring, throwing his arms up to the appreciative fans.

Lance:

Nakazawa is a lightning-quick athlete who has competed all over the world and you'd better believe he's going to give the new guy a run for his money.

DDK:

After the display we saw last week, somebody had better give him a run for something...

The lights in the DEFarena take on a purple hue as the opening piano keys of Ned Reform's theme kick in...

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

Darren Quimby:

And his opponent, from Litchfield...

Ned Reform:

No no no no no!

Reform walks out from the back with a mic in hand. He's dressed to compete in purple and white singlet with his bald head reflecting off the arena lights and long beard styled for competition. With his free hand, he makes the "cut it" motion, causing Quimby to stop his ring announcement and for the truck to stop playing Reform's theme. The fans hit Reform with a respectable amount of booes for a new guy.

Ned Reform:

Mr. Quimby...

Reform clears his throat, as if gearing up to say something uncomfortable.

Ned Reform:

I want you to understand that this isn't personal. I know you've given many years of invaluable service to DEFIANCE, and nobody respects loyalty more than Dr. Ned Reform, I can tell you that. However...

Reform makes a face that suggests he's about to drop an uncomfortable truth.

Ned Reform:

Two weeks ago, you had a chance to introduce me for my DEFIANCE debut. And since I won my match with Levi Cole, you actually had the chance to introduce me twice. And as much as I respect your body of work, the unfortunate truth is that you also made an error in announcing me... twice.

In the ring, Darren simply shakes his head as if he doesn't get paid enough for this. Sho Nakazawa looks slightly

perplexed.

Ned Reform:

You see Mr. Quimby, I'm starting a movement. As you and all these people know, I have to come to reform DEFIANCE. To take it to the next level. To make it be all that it can be. And two weeks ago was a very important moment in that mission: it was my debut! "You never get a second chance to make a first impression." Andrew Grant. And let me be clear: I held up my end of the presentation. I put the work in. I won my match... and I won it handily.

DDK:

Uh, that's certainly a version of the truth...

Ned Reform:

And yet you, my good sir, failed to announce me twice without listing my credentials. It's not Ned Reform, Mr. Quimby: it's DOCTOR Ned Reform. I did not toil away for years in the foxholes of academia for the help to not give me my due.

A round of boos for the phrase "the help." Quimby has heard enough, he simply turns and exits the ring. Sho Nakazawa throws his hands up to the crowd like "can you believe this guy?" Reform doesn't even notice Quimby has left the ring - he's way too into the sound of his own voice.

Ned Reform:

Now I'm not saying it was intentional, of course - but intent matters not here. You diminished me. You lessened my impact. And getting the uneducated masses to see my vision is going to be difficult enough without the systems and structures in DEFIANCE actively working against me. But... I suppose I should have foreseen it. Maybe this one is on me. How can I depend on the very systems I intend to tear down to help prop me up? Still, I was naive enough to believe that DEFIANCE could handle a simple ring introduction. That's my fault. So with that in mind: it's my unfortunate duty to inform you, Mr. Quimby, that when it comes to Doctor Ned Reform's matches - you are hereby relieved of your duties.

Darren Quimby, who at this point has taken his seat in the ringside area, simply makes a "do whatever you're gonna do, man" hand motion.

DDK:

He can't just tell Quimby not to announce him, can he?

Lance:

I'm thinking he just did...

Ned Reform:

And THUS! Allow me to introduce to you all the first step in improving the foundation of DEFIANCE. A valued colleague, a treasured friend, and a wonderful human being. My new PERSONAL ring announcer: T! A! HOLYOKE!

Reform motions to the curtain and a short, pale gentleman with slicked back hair and bags under his eyes appears from the back. He's dressed in khaki pants and a button up shirt covered by a dark blue sweater. On his face is a small black goatee. The man shakes Reform's hand vigorously before accepting the microphone from the good doctor. TA Holyoke raises the mic to his mouth.

TA Holyoke:

Please... hit Dr. Reform's music.

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

TA Holyoke:

And Sho Nakazawa's opponent... from Litchfield, Connecticut... weighing in at 236 pounds... he is the Pedagogue of Pain... the Philosopher King... HE IS DOOOOOOOOOOOOCTOR NED REFROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Ned throws his hands up into the air just to be showered with boos. With TA Holyoke in tow, Reform begins to walk to the ring, throwing friendly hand gestures and smiling and nodding to The Faithful who respond less than kindly.

Lance:

So after one day on the job, Reform has decided Quimby can't cut the mustard and he's brought his own guy in. Interesting.

DDK:

I hope Brian Slater is to his liking. What's next? His own ref?

Reform enters the ring ropes and walks right up to Nakazawa for a handshake. Sho accepts, and Reform smiles broadly as the two competitors shake. TA Holyoke takes up position outside the ring as Reform walks to his corner and begins to use the ropes to stretch. Seeing both men ready for combat, referee Brian Slater calls for the bell.

DING DING!

Sho Nakazawa assumes a grapplers stance, ready and waiting for Ned Reform to make the first move. Reform also appears ready to lock up... until he suddenly blinks and shakes his head as if he'd just remembered something important. He looks outside the ring to TA Holyoke and motions with his head toward Darren Quimby.

DDK:

What's this, now? Reform's ring announcer is making his way over to Darren...

Lance:

It looks like he's asking Darren if there's any hard feelings.

TA Holyoke does indeed seem to be trying to clear the air with Quimby... before motioning to the steel chair that Darren is sitting on. Darren is confused, but eventually he stands... allowing TA Holyoke to swiftly grab the chair, turn, and toss it over the top rope and into the ring! It lands with a thud at Sho Nakazawa's feet. Sho looks to Holyoke and then to the chair and then to Reform and finally to Slater, unsure of what to make of this. Finally he shrugs and reaches down to pick it up and toss it back out of the ring... and that's when Reform blindsides him from behind!

DDK:

Of course! Reform's facade of a gentleman is truly disgusting when he's happy to revert to a snake at the first chance.

Reform pummels Sho with some right hands, forcing the Japanese star to take refuge in the corner. Brian Slater moves in to admonish Reform on his cheap shots. Reform turns away from Sho, raising his hands in the air toward Slater to profess innocence. But while he's facing the referee, he begins firing brutal kicks backwards with his heel right into Sho's face. The more Brian tries to scold him, the stiffer the kicks appear to become! Finally Brian physically removes Reform from the corner and demands that he back up. Ned obliges.

Lance:

Ned Reform was absolutely laying it into Lil' Nak.

Slater checks on Sho who quickly shakes his head to let the referee know that he's okay. Reform moves quickly, grabbing the Japanese star's head and choking him on the bottom rope! Slater begins a count...

ONE... TWO... THREE... FOUR...

Reform breaks the choke right before he's disqualified. With Sho still draped over the rope, Reform places both his feet on Nakazawa's back and STANDS UP STRAIGHT - extending his own body and driving Sho's neck back into the rope! Reform smiles and waves to the fans as he stands on the Japanese wrestler and Slater AGAIN begins the count...

ONE... TWO... THREE... FOUR...

Again, Reform jumps off right before he's about to be disqualified. This time, Slater gets right in The Good Doctor's face and makes him understand in no uncertain terms.

Brian Slater:

You do something like that again and I'm giving him the victory. Understood?

Ned Reform:

Very much understood, my friend.

Reform smiles back at the perturbed referee before moving back in on his opponent. Sho is holding his neck and trying to clear the cobwebs. Ned lifts him to his feet before drilling him with a SLAP across his masked face. Smirking, Ned sends Sho into the ropes... but Sho reverses! The crowd cheers a bit as Nakazawa shows some life! Reform hits the ropes and Sho looks to catch The Pedagogue of Pain on the rebound with a back body drop... but Reform stops short right before he reaches him, falls to his knees, and nails Lil' Nak with a stiff uppercut. Sho falls to the mat and Reform, still on his knees, lets the crowd know that he has the biggest brain by pointing to it.

Lance:

I'm told Reform calls that move "The Thinking Man's Uppercut."

Ned back up now and feeling pretty good about himself. He nods with a smile to TA Holyoke who shoots him a quick thumbs up. Reform grabs Nakazawa and hooks both his arms. With a sneer, he lifts the Japanese star up for what appears to be a powerbomb out of the double underhook... but Sho is able to counter into a hurricanrana! The people let out a cheer as Reform hits the ground and rolls back to his feet - only to be met with a dropkick! Reform back up - another dropkick! Reform hits the mat and quickly rolls under the bottom rope and out of the ring! Reform looks to take a second to regroup - but he doesn't get one as Sho Nakazawa comes crashing down on him with a dive outside of the ring! The people are on their feet!

DDK:

Ned Reform has allowed Sho to get back in this contest and I don't think he's going to enjoy being on the receiving end of his exciting offense!

TA Holyoke grabs his mentor and drags Reform away from Sho, looking to help The Good Doctor get his bearings. Holyoke takes his eyes off Sho for a little too long, however, as Sho runs OVER the ringside barricade and leaps OFF onto both Reform and Holyoke!! All three men crash down in a heap!

Lance:

If Sho Nakazawa can get Reform in the ring, this could be it!

As if he can hear Lance, Sho quickly rolls Reform under the bottom rope and back into the squared circle. Sho takes position on the apron and leaps up and springboards off the top to crash down on Reform with a picture perfect senton! Sho covers!

ONE... TWO.... THRE - NO!

DDK:

Reform somehow able to power a shoulder up!

Desperate, Reform begins scratching and crawling his way to a nearby corner. Sho stalks his prey, and when Reform is able to lift himself to his knees in the corner, The Philosopher King begins to beg Sho for some mercy... and Sho answers with a series of stiff kicks right into Reform's chest! Each kick echoes brutally off the walls of the DEFarena, and after four of them Reform falls to the mat wailing in agony and holding his chest. He might actually even be submitting.

Brian Slater looks to Sho. Reform sort of just gave up. Sho shakes his head "no." He lifts the blubbering Doctor to his feet and drapes him over the corner. He rears back...

CHOP!!!

DDK:

Did you hear that? That was Reform's flesh.

Reform tries to slump, but Sho puts him right back in the corner...

CHOP!!!

CHOP!!!

CHOP!!!!

Reform simply faceplants. He reaches out for the nearby rope, but Sho doesn't let up. He again brings Reform to his feet, and hooks his head. Sho hops up to the second turnbuckle with Reform's face still in a headlock, and leaps off with a tornado DDT, spiking Ned's head directly into the mat!

Lance:

The fans are on their feet! They can sense the end may be near...

With Reform laying down on the mat, Nakazawa points to the top rope as The Faithful explode! Feeding off their energy, he climbs and perches on the top rope, eyeing the slowly recovering Ned Reform.

DDK:

We've seen Sho Nakazawa utilize a corkscrew moonsault before, and it looks like he's waiting for Ned Reform to get back to a vertical base before he hits it...

Ned is on all fours, and then up to his knees. He shakes his head, trying to catch his bearings and completely unaware that a perched and ready Nakazawa is eye stalking him. Reform looks around to the people who are standing and cheering and seems to make the assumption that the fans are cheering for him. He smiles and waves, looking determined to make a big comeback. As he gets to his feet, Sho Nakazawa extends so that he is standing on the turnbuckle. Reform brushes himself off, shakes off the cobwebs, and turns...

DDK:

SHO NAKAZAWA OFF THE TOP WITH A CORKSCREW MOONSAULT...

Lance:

... but Reform manages to dodge at the very last second!!

By some miracle, Ned Reform is able to sidestep the oncoming attack. Sho hits the mat hard, but springs back to his feet relatively quickly... only to be locked from behind in Ned Reform's version of the CROSSFACE CHICKENWING!

Lance:

Reform calls that hold the Ad Hominem!

Sho's arm begins to flail as he tries to battle out of the hold, but Ned appears to lock it in tighter. Nakazawa tries to make a dash for the ropes, but Ned's larger frame is able to hold him in place and far away from the potential rope break. Sho falls down to a knee and Reform is able to swing his body around and bring him down to the mat. While we can't hear what is said, we can see Sho frantically gesturing to Brian Slater and Slater quickly calls for the bell!

DING DING DING!

TA Holyoke:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER... BY SUBMISSION... the man who is going to change DEFIANCE forever... YOUR HERO AND MINE... THE MASTER OF THE AD HOMINEM... DOCTOR NED REEEEEFORM!

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

As Reform's music kicks in, Slater has to literally pry Reform off Sho's body - but pry he does. Reform shoots the referee a look that says, "how dare you?" He gets over it quickly however, as he gets back to his feet and throws an arm into the air, giving the crowd a wave as if he were riding on a float down the Macy's Thanksgiving Parade. Before he leaves the ring, he manages to sneak one more swift kick into the head of Nakazawa before climbing through the ropes and joining TA Holyoke to walk up the ramp and wave goodbye to the booing fans.

DDK:

Ned Reform's second match... and while he won this one too, he is not endearing himself to The Faithful.

Ned reaches the top of the ramp as Slater continues to check on the shaken Sho Nakazawa in the ring. The Good Doctor looks directly into the camera.

Ned Reform:

This is the part where it says "THIS. IS. DEFIANCE" right? Well. Not for long. Your world is about to change for the better. Be prepared, children.

Reform smirks and raises his arms to the crowd one last time as the show goes off the air.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

(for now?)

COMMERCIAL: DEFCON**MAIN EVENT****FIST of DEFIANCE, LOSER LEAVES**

Mikey Unlikely © vs. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas

**UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS
PLATFORMS AND PORTALS MATCH**

Fuse Bros. One © vs. The Comments Section
*losing team cannot tag anymore in DEFIANCE

**SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP
LAST MAN STANDING**

Dex Joy © vs. Scrow

**FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP
LADDER MATCH**

Matt LaCroix © vs. Arthur Pleasant

Cayle Murray vs. Lindsay Troy

Elise Ares vs. Perfection

Kendrix vs. Jay Harvey

Tornado Tag

Oscar Burns & Scott Stevens vs. Better Future (Alvaro de Vargas & Jack Mace)
*if Burns/Stevens lose their contracts become property of Better Future

Casket Match

Stalker vs. Codename: Guardian

8 Man Tag

SNS, Cortez & Minute vs. Lucky Sevens & Stevens Dynasty

*If SNS, Cortez and Minute win, they get five minutes alone with Tom Morrow and Sky High Titans name back. If Lucky Sevens and Stevens Dynasty win, Tom Morrow and Cary Stevens get the deed to Ballyhoo Brew

No Holds Barred

Henry Keyes vs. Rezin

Gage Blackwood vs. Teresa Ames w/ SOCIAL SUPPORT: Screen 7, DEFcepticons, The Hallmark Journey, Thomas Slaine & Kyle Shields

Empty Arena

Rick Dickulous vs. Chris Richards

Klein & Mushigihara vs. Jestal & Jack Mace