

A BITTER GOODBYE

When: Close to midnight, post Night 2 of DEFCON 2021

Location: Lakefront Arena

Jessica 'Reaper' Reeves approaches "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas in an otherwise empty locker room. Douglas appears caught in contemplation after his would-be historic match against Mikey Unlikely. He wouldn't take home the biggest prize in DEFIANCE tonight nor would he have a place here any longer.

The conclusion of the main event will now force DEFIANCE's Favorite Son to walk out of the Lakefront Arena tonight to never return.

He realizes Jessica has entered the room but he chooses not to sell it.

Rather he responds as he stuffs his gear into his duffle.

Scott Douglas:

Figures ...

Emerging from the shadows wearing long black jeans, with white Adidas-like sneakers, a brand new 'DEFIANCE' ice white shirt with the branding in solid black letters and a proper FIST placement of course highlighting the logo. It was a statement to the fans - to say the least.

Jessica Reeves:

There wasn't going to be a chance I was not going to say goodbye.

Shrugging the comment off, Douglas stands up hosting his back by on end and pulling the zipper to.

Scott Douglas:

Wyatt should have known better to let you in ...

Jessica Reeves:

He and I are on good terms these days. But really you know why I am here.

Moving in to Scott, he awkwardly attempts to avoid it, but it was inevitable. The red haired former Codename: Reaper, hugged Scott Douglas, basically against his will as he stands holding his bag waiting to leave.

Jessica Reeves: [crying]

They didn't tell me you would lose like this. I.... I am sorry.

Groaning, Scott attempts to shove Jessica back slightly without trying to escalate the situation.

Scott Douglas:

Whatever the hell that means ...

Scott has obviously had a long night and he doesn't have any patiences for Reeve's family games. He just wants to leave.

Although for a moment, he's drawn back in - ever so slightly. He stops and turns back.

Scott Douglas:

Two years, you pop back up, now and ... You know what ... I don't care. None of this is my problem anymore ...

Catching the situation changing unfavorably Jessica shrinks back, slightly embarrassed as she attempts to rub her eyes.

Jessica Reeves:

I.. am.. I am sorry.

Pacing backwards Jessica folds up her arms while examining the locker room around her and the man they call 'Sub Pop' Scott Douglas. DEFIANCE's Favorite Son, the man who essentially broke into DEFIANCE with Jessica Reeves and set the world ablaze with some of the hottest matches of Scott's early career. The two were a pair that caught the Faithful's attention right from the jump. And as such Scott Douglas rode it to fame - while Jessica Reeves rode her attention into misery.

Scott Douglas:

Sorry? Sorry for what exactly...!?

Douglas' level of agitation raises when he sees a package in Jessica's hands, one produced from behind her. It was a slim manila envelope, one similar that Terry Anderson had also received from her. It was personal and Douglas shook his head in disappointment.

Scott Douglas:

I'm not interested in any parting gifts. Leave me be.

Jessica Reeves:

I'm sorry for everything. And honestly, I just need to give you this so... One day... You'll at least hear me out and listen to what I have to say.

Moving in Jessica attempts to hand Scott Douglas the manila envelope but he slaps it away, violently.

Scott Douglas:

I told you. Leave me be.

The package slips under the lockers furthest from the pair which actually makes the situation even further awkward as Jessica looks towards it with a sigh of disappointment. Realizing that the package will be out of reach even to her arms, she forgets about it and attempts to refocus on Scott.

Jessica Reeves:

If they had told me you'd be out of DEFIANCE... I would have done more.

Scott Douglas:

I think you've done enough.

Dropping his bag, Scott Douglas moves to get a bit closer to his former nemesis.

A nemesis with a long standing history together, reaching as far back as their formative years in Seattle. A family history that was long played out for many years on DEFIANCE television.

Scott Douglas:

I helped you get back on your feet when it all fell down...

Douglas shifts in place before edging himself closer to Jessica for a better understanding of his current frustrations.

Scott Douglas:

... and I never asked for anything in return ...

Jessica Reeves:

If I had known they'd bring him...

Scott Douglas:

Now, I'm asking ... leave me alone and leave me be. Keep your package ... keep your Kabal conspiracies, matter of fact - keep your entire family and *keep* them away from me.

Jessica begins to reason with Douglas but he is once again heading for the door and this time... he isn't turning back.

This was not the goodbye Jessica was hoping for, but in the end, for Jessica Reeves and Scott Douglas, the proper goodbye could never be one on solid ground. They were not friends but rather enemies, and no matter what side of the coin Jessica found herself on, Scott would most likely be at the opposite. Only time would tell if this was the last of their story.

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.

WEAPON GOT

Malak Garland:

Is this thing on?

Malak fidgets with his phone until he gets the shot just right.

Malak Garland:

Dang, I look good.

The Armchair Expert and newly crowned two time DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team Champion rubs the stack of belts over his shoulder as he records himself from the front facing camera on his phone.

Malak Garland:

My shiny shinies are finally back where they belong and not a moment too soon. Makes me feel better to hold these especially after that mean Scotty Flash fellow made me cry on live radio. Can't believe such a bully like that exists in this world.

It's easy to see The Comments Section is hanging out in the COMPLIANCE Warehouse main office. Martin Evans-Everett VI sits in a chair, tied up in the background with a gag in his mouth and a pair of black eyes.

Malak Garland:

Shuddup back there, willya!?

Malak begins to place the titles on the fireplace mantle one by one.

Malak Garland:

Ya know, MEE6, I feel like I can say this now that the battle is over and the war has been won.

Garland admires his work of placing the belts.

Malak Garland:

If, by some silly fluke of a miracle that Conor and Tyler managed to beat me at DEFCON, I had plans to defy the agreement in place and continue to tag with my faithful partner Cyrus anyways. Ain't that right, buddy?

Cyrus silently nods as Martin's eyes roll. It's about the only reaction he can give.

Malak Garland:

But it didn't turn out that way now, did it?

Garland takes a step back to look at his grand collection.

Malak Garland:

Weapon got. Weapon got, indeed.

Martin groans from under his mouth gag.

Malak Garland:

Another thing. These belts are great and all but they're not enough. Not anymore.

The Keyboard King walks over to his power desk and clutches a tattered paper championship belt in his hands. It looks like the same paper title Conor Fuse gave Dex Joy a few months back after Tyler destroyed the old Southern Heritage Championship with a sledgehammer.

Malak Garland:

This. This right here is something I found in the dumpster not too long ago and you know what? I vow to defend this by

showing how AVALANCHE I am.

Malak stares at the poorly crafted paper belt.

Malak Garland:

I'm going to use this belt to showcase how far my wrestling skill has come.

Suddenly, Malak's phone feed jump cuts to the halls of a hospital. The Source of Envy records himself walking down the hall alongside Teresa Ames who is holding a thick envelope with a label that reads 'divorce/annulment/settlement papers' on it.

Teresa Ames:

What are we doing here again?

Malak Garland:

I just need to stop by someone's room before we take care of your little errand there.

The duo slips into a room mere seconds later. A patient lays quietly on a bed. Malak saunters up to the bedside.

Malak Garland:

Tsk tsk tsk tsk tsk. Look what we have here.

The Ultimate Troll turns his phone so the recording lens captures a sleeping Sgt. Safety, still recuperating from the broken jaw he suffered a few weeks ago.

Malak Garland:

Sleep little baby don't you cry.

Malak moves in closer.

Malak Garland:

Daddy's going to sing you a lullaby.

Closer.

Malak Garland:

And if that lullaby is the last thing you hear.

Closest.

Malak Garland:

Then I can certainly promise you no one will shed a tear.

Malak unplugs whatever medical monitoring devices Safety was hooked up to. The room falls silent with the machines no longer beeping.

Teresa Ames:

We should get out of here before we get caught.

Malak gets his face right next to Sgt. Safety to the point where he's almost kissing his cheek.

Malak Garland: *[Whispering]*

Weapon got. Bitch.

Cut feed.

LOS TRES TITANES (URIEL CORTEZ/TITANESS) vs. BRUTAL ATTACK FORCE

DDK:

Welcome to the post-DEFCON edition of UNCUT! Tonight, we have A LOT of action for you following the conclusion of DEFCON! We'll be seeing the beginning of the fallout of everything that happened at DEFCON, but up first we'll see Los Tres Titanes in action!

Lance:

The monkey known as Tom Morrow is finally off the backs of the former Sky High Titans, Uriel Cortez and Minute. And now with BRAZEN graduate Titaness now at their side, they have opted for the new name of Los Tres Titanes! It's a tribute to the luchador heritage of Minute as well as an homage to the period of time Uriel Cortez himself spent wrestling in Mexico.

DDK:

We've see Cortez, Minute and Titaness in six-person action on UNCUT twice now and victorious both times, but tonight will be Uriel's first time teaming with Titaness in standard tag team format. They take on the hungry young team from BRAZEN of Solomon Grendel and Petey Garrett! Let's get to action now!

And to Darren Quimbey we go as Solomon Grendel and Petey Garrett both stretch in the corner.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first, already in the ring at a combined weight of 405 pounds... Solomon Grendel and Petey Garrett... **BRUTAL ATTACK FORCE!**

The crowd gives the long-time BRAZEN stars jeers as they blow off the crowd and give them the double tall man like the classy guys they are.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... Introducing first hailing from The Bronx, New York weighing in at 183 pounds... representing Los Tres Titanes, 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! As she stands on the stage...

♪ "RISE" by Mako, Glitch Mob and The Word Alive ♪

The name forms in a cursive gold with diamond-themed pattern. And with that...

A LOUD explosion of gold pyro now goes off and behind Titaness, wearing an open sleeveless coat with a silver and gold towel draped over his massive neck and white thigh-length trunks, stands Uriel Cortez!

Darren Quimbey:

And her partner, from The City of Industry, California, weighing in at 339 pounds... he is **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

DDK:

Look at this! Pardon the expression, but Uriel Cortez and Titaness do look like the POWER couple of DEFIANCE, don't they?

Lance:

I'm happy that they found happiness after months of enduring plot after plot at the hands of Tom Morrow! Perhaps they can now look ahead.

Titaness looks up at Uriel and flashes him a smile which Uriel returns in kind before the two head to the ring. Once they reach the ring, Titaness gets hoisted onto the ring apron by her giant of a boyfriend then looks out to the crowd before she flips backwards over the ropes and lands on her feet. Uriel climbs up and heads inside. Neither member of RAF look that impressed despite a size disparity. They get ready for the fight ahead as Titaness starts off with Petey Garrett.

DING DING

Petey looks up to the lovely young lass and shoves her back. Clearly not afraid, he goes on the (Brutal) attack quickly and goes after the legs of Titaness with kicks. He yells out and then charges off the ropes looking for a kick... but The Show of Force doesn't stick around when she blocks the kick and shoves him back to the ropes. She runs off the other side and then NAILS Garrett with a huge big boot!

DDK:

We've seen enough of Titaness to know now at this point not to take her lightly. She has an amateur wrestling background from both high school and college, she boasts an impressive resume in powerlifting!

Lance:

And she's not intimidated.

Garrett tries to get back up and throws another kick, but Titaness grabs the leg, spins him around and then throws him backwards with a huge release German suplex to a pop from The Faithful! She gets back up and then smiles, showing off a pink and purple mouthguard.

DDK:

Wow! Garrett almost got dumped on his head and... here comes Solomon Grendel!

Grendel leaps over the ropes and the 6'1" and 215-pound star is a little more Titaness' equal in terms of size and strikes her with a pair of huge forearms. She gets backed into the ropes and then whipped. When Solomon tries to go low, Titaness stops and kicks him before he can nail the back body drop. She hits the ropes but Solomon grabs her and tries a scoop slam... but before he can do anything, Titaness slips out behind him, then he also gets taken down with a big German suplex!

DDK:

Titaness is just ruling the roost right now!

Even Uriel can't help but hide the wide smile on his face, enjoying the show. But it's time to go to work when Titaness reaches over and tags The Titan of Industry. The crowd cheers for the big man as he steps over the ropes and then Solomon looks up and swallows air.

Lance:

This is definitely not where Solomon wants to be!

DDK:

Uriel looks great in there! He's dropped some weight and he's been really hitting the gym the last few months! He's cut down to 339!

Uriel looks out to the crowd and smiles before

THWACK!

The Chop of Ages CRUSHES the chest of Solomon and he doubles over in pain! Uriel then picks him up and then grabs him in a Atomic Drop, but instead of giving him a knee to the assbone, he gets HURLED more than halfway across the ring with the Atomic Throw!

DDK:

My God! Uriel just dumped Solomon Grendel across the ring! Tag to Titaness!

The crowd cheers as she hits the ring again and runs across the ring. She jumps into Uriel's arms and he winks before he throws her over with a backflip right into Grendel! The crowd cheers what looks like lovey-dovey moment before Titaness tries to pin Solomon.

Lance:

Aided moonsault, I guess! Cover!

ONE... TWO...

But the crowd jeers when Petey Garrett not only breaks it up, but breaks it up with a double foot stomp to Titaness' back! She cries out in pain after the move and Petey helps his partner by dragging him to the corner. Once Garrett is there, he makes the tag to Solomon's outstretched hand then goes on the attack.

DDK:

Great move there by Petey Garrett, taking charge!

He runs at Titaness before she can fully get off the ground and delivers a running penalty kick to her arm! She grabs her arm, but that leaves her open for Petey to connect with a few stiff shots to the back, followed by a dropkick to the back! Titaness

DDK:

What a series of shots! Petey Garrett makes expert use of those kicks! And now he covers!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Titaness kicks out, but Petey goes over to Garrett and he tags in. The two men head into the ring and then as The Show of Force tries to stand they both hit a double thrust kick! Now Grendel tries a cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

Lance:

Close one! They're doing a good job staying on her!

Titaness tries to get up while Solomon Grendel has her in a grounded armlock. The Faithful cheer and clap as Uriel looks out. He stomps his massive foot on the steel steps near the ropes, trying to rally the crowd behind his girlfriend and tag partner. He's attacking the arm that Garrett kicked earlier. Titaness tries to fight and then gets up, using her free hand to strike Grendel. He lets go but when Titaness tries to get something going off the ropes, he grabs her by the waistband and tries to go for a German suplex of his own. She reverses and takes him down with a single leg, but he scurries up... into a SPEAR by Titaness off the ropes!

DDK:

WOW! Almost out of his boots!

Titaness reaches over and makes the tag to Uriel Cortez! Diamante Gigante enters the ring to a big pop from the crowd... and when Solomon Grendel gets up, he gets a HUGE pop from Uriel in the form of a running shoulder block! Petey jumps into the ring to help his partner, only to get picked up... then DROPPED with a delayed scoop slam!

DDK:

And now he's tossing everyone around! Now he's got Solomon!

Petey Garrett is down and so Uriel picks up Solomon... and then SLAMS him down on his own partner! Uriel stops when Titaness gets his attention then runs into the ring. Uriel shrugs then picks HER up and drops her right down onto both of them! The crowd cheers as Uriel helps Titaness out of the ring!

DDK:

Titaness wanting to get in on the action as well!

Titaness holds her back and returns to the corner just as Uriel waits for both men to get up. He stands in one corner of the ring and does a countdown starting from three.

"THREE! TWO! ONE!"

Then he unleashes The Biggest Dropkick in DEFIANCE! Two men both get kicked each by one giant leg! The crowd gasps and then applauds!

DDK:

The Biggest Dropkick in DEFIANCE! Uriel gets two for the price of one!

Lance:

He's looking better than ever these days in that ring!

Uriel gets back to his feet as he makes the tag to Titaness. The Show of Force enters the ring and then goes to pick up Petey Garrett just as Uriel picks up Solomon. Both of the LTT member nod and then the crowd POPS as they hit stereo military presses! Uriel hoisting Solomon and Titaness hoisting Garrett! The crowd cheers as they both dump them to the mat with simultaneous press slams!

DDK:

That was unreal! Titaness is powerful, no doubt about it! Seeing them BOTH do that?

Uriel clears the path for Titaness to grab Garrett. She boots him and then unleashes the double underhook, then SPIKES him down with the sitout tiger driver!

DDK:

Titanium! That's it!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

Titaness rolls backwards until she's back on her feet while Uriel smiles. The two have their arms raised by the referee!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **LOS TRES TITANES!**

DDK:

Big win here by Uriel Cortez and Titaness tonight! Things are definitely looking up for the trio after finally being able to

close the book on Tom Morrow. Minute is in Mexico right now visiting family, but these two held down the fort for Los Tres Titanes!

Lance:

I think you might have been on to something with the power couple comment. These two could possibly make a run in the tag division if they chose to do that!

Uriel holds the ropes open for Titaness with a foot and flashes a smile at her. She plants a kiss on him and The Faithful cheer before they leave the ring and then head to the back... and to someone watching the match?

MEANWHILE...

The camera pans backstage to where someone has just finished watching the match...

And not-so-quiet fuming can be heard...

And there -- snarling in between drinks of a glass of whiskey is a former rival of Cortez and Minute as well as a current member of Better Future Talent Agency...

Alvaro de Vargas.

As he stands there watching Uriel and Titaness retreat to the back, he gets approached by Chris Trutt.

Chris Trutt:

Um... excuse me? Alvaro de Vargas? Question for you?

Taking another sip, he angrily watches the monitor.

Alvaro de Vargas:

...The fuck you want, pendejo? Quieres alguna noticia?

Chris Trutt:

Well, I was hoping to get a word about Tom Morrow...

And THAT is the trigger that makes Alvaro snap! He throws his glass against a wall and shatters to pieces, causing Trutt to jump. He grabs Trutt by his shirt.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Tom Morrow? You want to know about Tom Morrow? MORROW IS INJURED! PEDAZO DE MIERDA!

He grabs the microphone out of his hand. And when he does, he starts to breathe very lightly to try and calm himself down.

Alvaro de Vargas:

You have exactly tres malditos segundos! Three seconds to get the fuck out of my sight, pendejo. Leave the mic.

Not wasting another one of those precious three seconds, Trutt hurriedly runs out of sight and ADV grabs the camera.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Los Tres Titanes...

He spits on the ground.

Alvaro de Vargas:

The three of you think life is pretty good since you embarrassed Tom? And I bet the Faithful... Los Fieles (rolling his eyes) loved seeing me tap out at DEFCON... IT TOOK TWO FORMER CHAMPIONS TO BE ME, PENDEJOS! TWO! NOT ONE!

Rage still boiling over, ADV tries to compose himself again.

Alvaro de Vargas:

I promise you... Morrow might not be here right now, but Better Future is still very much alive! Muy vivo! We still have prospects who want to join and we have our eyes on a couple right now... but I'm here to talk about YOU, Uriel Cortez. You like to go on the radio... corre tu maldita boca... run your mouth! Well... pendejo, listen. Cause on DEF Radio, I got something you'll want to hear for UNCUT 93.

He **KNOCKS** into the cameraman on purpose, knocking him over and taking his camera with him. ADV's sideways footsteps are seen on the ground, tossing the microphone on the ground before he storms off.

NED REFORM vs. NO FUN DEAN

DDK:

Up next, ladies and gentlemen, we've got an exhibition match between two wrestlers looking to rise up the ranks here in DEFIANCE when No Fun Dean takes on Levi Cole.

Lance:

Let's head down to Quimby...

The camera cuts to the ring, where Darren Quimby stands next to No Fun Dean.

Darren Quimby:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall... introducing first, already in the ring, from Morrisburg, Ontario, Canada... NO FUN DEAN!

No Fun Dean throws up his hands.

Darren Quimby:

And his opponent...

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

DDK:

Wait... that's not Levi Cole's music.

That's when Ned Reform appears on the stage, dressed in his wrestling singlet and all smiles.

Lance:

Oh no...

Reform has a mic in hand and he gestures for his music to be cut off.

Ned Reform:

Greetings, children!

The fans don't take too kindly to anything Reform has just said, but he doesn't appear to notice.

Ned Reform:

I know many of you are still reeling from the world-shaking events of the past few weeks. The DEFIANCE world has been turned upside down and we're all struggling to process this new reality. It's not every day the very foundation of an establishment shifts and I think we should all take just a few moments to process.

Reform pauses, lowering the mic and assuming a respectfully somber stance.

Lance:

Is Reform honoring Scott Douglas here?

DDK:

If so, that's the first classy thing we've ever seen from this guy.

Ned Reform:

Thank you all. I know my debut really shifted the dynamics around here - really rattled with company to it's very core - and I just wanted to make sure nobody got lost in the shuffle. It's a good idea for a moment of reflection after monumental events.

From the crowd, we can hear some boos and one guy loudly say, "oh, fuck off."

Ned Reform:

NOW! To you, Mr. No Fun Dean...

Reform gestures to the ring where No Fun Dean stands with Quimby and Brian Slater who has moved into the ring, confused about why the match he was supposed to ref has been interrupted.

Ned Reform:

I know you're scheduled to face Levi Cole tonight, but I believe plans have changed. You see, Doctor Ned Reform wasn't booked. An oversight to be sure, but one must take it upon oneself to course correct. That's how systems get better. So here I am, continuing my mission to make DEFIANCE better, continuing my quest to elevate the discourse, and continuing my exhibition of pure wrestling talent. So I'm challenging you, Mr. "No Fun" to a spirited grappling contest right here, right now.

Dean shrugs. He doesn't have a mic so he just nods. Quimby sighs, shakes his head, and leaves the ring - knowing that he isn't needed here.

Ned Reform:

Excellent! Now, my dear pupils...

Reform goes back to addressing the crowd.

Ned Reform:

Last time we met I introduced you to my new personal ring announcer, Mr. TA Holyoke. He'll be joining me in a moment to begin the festivities I assure you, but I'd also like to make another introduction. You see, although I am on a mission to reform DEFIANCE for the better, I am not an egotistical man.

DDK:

No, clearly.

Ned Reform:

I know that I alone cannot exist as the agent of change. The systemic issues in this company run far too deep for one man to paddle against the current... surely I'd be lost at sea.

Reform chuckles, quite proud of his metaphor.

Ned Reform:

No, my dear pupils... what I need is a TEAM. A great leader surrounds himself with the best people. Now Mr. Quimby has proven himself lacking in the ring announcing department, so I went out to find TA Holyoke. Likewise, I've been looking very deeply at the team DEFIANCE has in place and I've found it to be... how do I put this delicately? Lacking in certain areas.

Lance:

Do you think he's talking about us?

DDK:

I'm not a violent man, Lance... but if he is...

Ned Reform:

One of the areas in which I believe DEFIANCE is in desperate need of an overhaul is the time keeping. Match times are frankly inaccurate and all over the place. So... I'd like to introduce everyone to the newest member of my team... let's give a warm Reformers welcome to... T! A! AMHERST!

The crowd boos as both TA Holyoke and newcomer TA Amherst emerge from the back. TA Holyoke is a shorter man with slick hair while TA Amherst is taller, skinnier, and lanky. Both are dressed in nearly identical sweater vests, button up shirts, and khakis. Reform shakes Amherst's hand - at least his free hand, because in his other hand is his very

OWN ring bell. Reform hands TA Holyoke his mic.

TA Holyoke:

Ladies and gentleman... No Fun Dean's opponent... weighing in at 224 pounds... from Litchfield, Connecticut... give it up for DOCTOR! NED! REEEEEEEFORM!

Reform waves his arms as he begins to walk to the ring and be showered with jeers. He's flanked by both of his official assistants in all their sweater-vested glory. TA Amherst points at Reform enthusiastically (with his free hand) while TA Holyoke flashes thumbs up.

DDK:

I. I can't with this guy. Normally I have more patience than this... but come on.

Lance:

He's brought in his own ring announcer and now his own timekeeper. How long until his own announcer?

DDK:

Seat's taken.

Reform enters the ring, still raising his arms as if he's the hero. Brian Slater looks to No Fun Dean to make sure he's cool with this and Dean nods. Slater calls for the bell...

DING DING**DDK:**

Dean rushes Reform!! He unloads with right hands!

The crowd pops for The Good Doctor getting his just desserts for once! Reform tries to cover up as Dean rains down the blows. Ned is able to get to the ropes, ducking out between the second and top rope and forcing Slater to make Dean back up. Reform shakes his head in disbelief at the savagery which with this match has started. Or has it? Reform tells Dean to back up once more and then points to Amherst... who rings his own bell.

DING DING

Now with HIS bell rung... Reform tries to turn the tables by rushing at Dean!

Lance:

No! Ned tries to catch Dean off guard but ran right into an armdrag!

Reform hits the mat and rolls back up to his feet... only to walk into a No Fun Dean clothesline! Reform gets up to his knees and begins to beg off, begging Dean to calm down... but the No Fun One simply unloads on Reform with kicks, forcing him into the corner. Dean whips Reform into the opposite corner and charges with a big corner clothesline...

DDK:

No! Reform moved and pushed referee Brian Slater into Dean's path!

Slater is a pretty big guy and former wrestler so he goes down stunned but isn't completely taken out or anything. Still, you can see the regret in Dean's face as he leans down to check on him. Reform, meanwhile, raises his arm and whistles toward his personal timekeeper...

Lance:

TA Amherst just threw Reform the ring bell!

Dean turns around...

DING!

...and Dean goes back down. Slater grabs the ring ropes to pull himself back to his feet as Reform throws the ring bell back out of the ring to his goon. Ned grabs the now unconscious Dean and locks in the Ad Hominem - Reform's version of the crossface chickenwing. Dean doesn't struggle because he's out cold. Slater turns around to see Reform with the hold locked in and Dean's eyes closed. He hesitates for a second, but out of concern for Dean's safety, makes the only decision that he can and calls for the bell...

DING DING DING!

Goes the official DEFIANCE bell. But also, TA Amherst...

DING DING DING!

Reform releases No Fun Dean who crumbles to the mat and Brian Slater moves in to check on him. Reform leaps up to the top rope to thrust his arms towards the fans in celebration and they drown him in jeers.

TA Holyoke:

YOUR WINNER... by submission.... DOCTOR! NED! REEEEEEFORM!

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

DDK:

This is a joke.

Lance:

Interesting how Reform's version of "changing DEFIANCE" is "act the same way as every other jerk whose come through the door."

Ned rolls out of the ring, meeting both his comrades on the outside who congratulate him with hearty handshakes. They begin to walk up the ramp as in the ring, Dean just has begun to stir and respond to Brian's questions.

Ned Reform and company stop at the top of the ramp. He turns back to face the ring, motioning for TA Holyoke's mic. He raises it up but is interrupted by boos. He stops, squinting to the crowd curiously.

Ned Reform:

I'll wait.

And wait he does, but the boos keep coming. He folds his arms, looking around at the crowd as if he's so disappointed in them. While TA Holyoke and TA Amherst are indignant and demand the crowd quiet down, Reform simply shakes his head as if dealing with petulant children who are throwing a tantrum. Finally, when the noise level dips slightly, he raises the mic back up.

Ned Reform:

THIS. IS. REFORM.

With a smile he gives one final wave before retreating to the back.

NATHANIEL EYE vs. THOMAS SLAINE

DDK:

DEFCON was out of this world. DEFIANCE Wrestling is never going to be the same again! Dex Joy finally closed the book on his long, long chapter with Scrow in a brutal last man standing match. The Fuse Bros are no more thanks to The Comments Section winning back the Unified tag team championships with more to come!

Lance:

Well up next we have a man who was involved in the massacre of the Gage Blackwood/Teresa Ames match looking for his own win! Thomas Slaine will take on a returning star who was not only one of BRAZEN's most successful products ... but we are happy to announce he will be a member of the main roster going forward!

DDK:

The return of former BRAZEN champion, tag team champion and Tag Party Two winner ... Nathaniel Eye!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! And her opponent ... from Natchitoches, Louisiana ... weighing in at 221 pounds ... THOMAS SLAINEEEEEEEEE!

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

The music hits and Thomas Slaine is ready for action tonight and even though he got beat up by Gage Blackwood one night prior he is ready to make a statement at the expense of a man looking to break himself as one of the main roster.

DDK:

Thomas Slaine does not look happy with how last night turned out but tonight he looks a bit more ready to fight.

Lance:

He sure does.

Thomas Slaine walks to the ring and then steps inside. Slaine raises his fist into the sky to get jeers for his part in screwing over Gage Blackwood. He smiles and turns to face the entrance ramp.

YOU CAN'T STOP ME!!!

♪ "You Can't Stop Me" by Andy Mineo ♪

The crowd is very happy to see Nathaniel Eye who is now rocking the all crushed-velvet-like attire and new theme music as one of DEFIANCE Wrestling's newest members! The cheers from the crowd get a little louder from the ladies when he takes off his Eyes Up Here t-shirt with the arrow pointing up. He throws the shirt into the crowd and he shows off his eight-pack abs. He struts down to the ring to the sounds of his entrance music and then jumps on the apron. He looks incredibly proud of the response!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ... he is now a member of the DEFIANCE Wrestling main roster! He now resides in Baton Rouge, Louisiana and weighs in at 235 pounds ... here is NATHANIELLLLLLLLL EEEEEYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEE!!!!

DDK:

Wow! Listen to the response! We get Kerry Kuroyama back last night and tonight, Nathaniel Eye! The last time that we saw Nathaniel Eye was at DEFIANCE Road when Scrow defeated him and then injured him to manipulate his way into that title match at DEF-CON.

Lance:

This kid is such a blue chipper! Six-foot three! Two hundred thirty five pounds! He blends power and high flying together and he has both!

Nathaniel Eye jumps over the ropes to land in the ring and then back up to take his shirt off. He takes his shirt off and walks right into a kick from Thomas Slaine! Eye is kicked in the face and sent into a corner. Now Thomas Slaine wants to start early.

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

What is the meaning of this?

Lance:

It's Thomas Slaine wanting to make a name for himself at Eye's expense!

The referee gets in the middle of Slaine and Eye and backs him off so he can check on Eye. When he does that Eye faces the referee and tells him to ring the bell. He's still checking his lip for blood but there isn't any ... and happy his good looks are still intact.

DING DING

Before Slaine is able to get anything more out on Eye, the newest member of the DEFIANCE Wrestling roster explodes with a huge leaping drop kick! Thomas Slaine gets leveled and Eye starts getting back on his feet to get cheers off the crowd.

DDK:

The bell rang and Eye came out with a lot of fire! He missed about three months and now he wants to make up for lost time!

Pretty Boy Power gets him back on his feet then delivers chops with the quickness of Thomas Slaine. He lands three huge chops and then Slaine gets whipped from one side of the ring to the other side where Eye catches him with a leaping back elbow into his chest. Thomas gets booted and then gets taken down using a big stalling vertical suplex ... but not before he does a few squats while holding Slaine in the air. He drops back and Slaine goes down!

One ...

Two ... No!!!

DDK:

That was close already but how good does Nathaniel Eye look?

Lance:

He's a former title holder in Brazen for a reason with big power and leaps like that!

Eye uses a body slam to put Slaine near the corner and then he jumps over the ropes to the apron. Eye starts climbing to the top turnbuckle but before he is fully able to get there Thomas Slaine starts to get up but it's too late because Nathaniel Eye jumps off the top rope and then hits a huge flying shoulder tackle into his chest! Thomas spins backwards and then is knocked out of the ring and Eye looks at a vast sea of rabid DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful!

DDK:

ght like a missile and Slaine is out of the ring!

Lance:

This kid just has so much promise to him. He looks right at home with the rest of the roster and he put in that work. Dex Joy may be his best friend but Eye did all the work himself in Brazen to get here tonight.

Eye is now ready for more. He ducks outside the ring and then heads over to where Slaine is still hurt. He goes near Thomas to pick him up but he gets surprise with a punch to the neck! The referee's vantage point was not clear but does warn Slaine. Slaine is still feeling the effects of his own earlier beating by Eye but he takes the fight right back to

him by going after the eye of ... Eye again!

Lance:

Come on ref do something!

He warns Slaine a second time then he picks up and slams Eye on the floor. The loud thud can be heard and now Eye is left in a very bad position.

DDK:

Slaine has control! He puts Eye back into the ring.

Thomas Slaine is now going after Eye inside the ring. Slaine creates some distance between he and Eye as the young former Brazen star is now on the cusp of standing on his own two feet. But before he is able to get anywhere he gets hit with a massive shot gun drop kick and goes flying right into the buckles!

DDK:

What a deadly drop kick! I think Thomas might get the win here.

Slaine gets boos from the crowd as he pulls him from the corner and tries to steal the win.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Eye's shoulder is up and Thomas Slaine's jaw falls down. He grabs the leg of Eye and then turns it around into an STF!

Lance:

And that is a tightly-wound STF! He's gonna try and tap out Nathaniel Eye!

The crowd starts yelling at Eye not to tap with Slaine wrenching his neck and the knee at the same time to possibly keep Eye from flying around some more. He keeps pulling back, but Eye is using his youthful strength to pull himself forward and clawing to the ropes.

Lance:

Is Eye going to make it?

DDK:

He's gonna try that's for sure! This kid calls himself a lover *and* fighter. I can't speak to the former but we can see the latter!

Eye gets his hand on the bottom rope! Thomas keeps pulling back and then lets go only after the referee's count has reached four. He pulls him back up again then hits him with punches and knees. Once Eye is doubled over he is irish whipped for dear life but this time Slaine misses the big boot he hit Eye with earlier. When making a return, Eye does not miss a huge spear that nearly rips Thomas Slaine in half! Eye rolls out of the spear a little worse for wear but he has the chance to come back. Thomas leaves the ring and tries to skirt away again from the former BRAZEN champ and tag team champion.

Lance:

And where is Eye going?

Nathaniel Eye wows the crowd when he runs and does a somersault plancha over the ropes and takes out Eye on the floor!

Lance:

Well there's my answer!

DDK:

Great start by Eye but can he finish this one out as a member of the DEFIANCE Wrestling roster?

Nathaniel Eye gets himself back on the comeback trail and puts Slaine in the ring. He then keeps going by using some clotheslines to rock Slaine. Each time he pops up, he knocks him right back down like a game of whack-a-mole. On the third rise, Eye hooks him by the side and then plants him into the mat by his face with a reverse swinging STO!

DDK:

That was a slick move! He calls that Eye Popping!

Lance:

That was! And one what are we going to see? He's going up to the top rope again.

Nathaniel Eye is on the top rope and points to his eyes, mouthing "Eye's Up Here!" and then he jumps off with a lot of hang time and hits a huge leg drop across the chest of Slaine! He convulses upon impact and Eye goes for the pin.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

Eye celebrates the big return victory and he's so elated with it that he jumps and does a split in the air. He pumps his fists then he lets the referee raise his hand.

DDK:

That was a great maneuver! Eye's blend of power and speed really served him well. He's going to be a threat to any one on the DEFIANCE Wrestling roster!

Lance:

Very true! Welcome to the big time, kid!

Nathaniel Eye basks in the glow of a fired up crowd and he celebrates the win with a cold bottle of water and heads for the locker room.

THE FACE OF OBLIVION

We fade in on the WrestlePlex. We're only a day removed from the monumental Pay Per View event that just took place, but the Faithful in attendance on this special DEFCON fallout edition of Uncut are still buzzing with excitement!

DDK:

It feels good to be back in the WrestlePlex, Lance!

Lance:

It sure does, Keebs. It also feels good knowing it's back to just the two of us here at the commentation station...

DDK:

I can't help but agree, but knock on wood, Lance, because there's no guarantee that Angus isn't in the building tonight!

The crane cam moves in on the stage, where two individuals are standing. On the right is the mic-brandishing CHRIS TRUTT, wearing a DEF-themed black-and-red blazer and shirt combo and beaming proudly over the cheering crowd. The junior reporter, once a nervous and overly anxious mess, finally looks like he's finding his groove as a prominent member of the DEFIANCE family.

Lance:

It appears we've got Trutt standing by on the stage... and would you look at who is there with him?

DDK:

Oof... HE has clearly seen better days!

Standing to the left is REZIN, indicating that we're probably in store for some more inglorious misadventures. But the Goat Bastard doesn't look like he's in an adventuring mood. He's standing slouched with his arms crossed indignantly over his chest, his beard-lined mouth pursed into a crooked frown, and his brow furrowed into a V. A fresh bandage covers his nose, busted open two nights prior in his battle with the Airship Pirate, Henry Keyes. His black pants are also looking rather droopy without the studded belt he willingly parted ways with. He is clearly the one guy in the Plex who doesn't look happy to be there.

DDK:

Sending it down to you, Chris! Take it away!

Hearing this in his earpiece, Trutt flashes a wink and a thumbs up to the commentation station across the arena before redirecting his attention to the crowd and raising the microphone.

Chris Trutt:

Well, ladies and gentlemen, DEFCON is now behind us, but the memories of all that went down are still fresh in my mind. So how about all of you? How was YOUR DEFCON experience?

The Faithful POP with jubilation! Rezin's face squishes with annoyance.

Chris Trutt:

HECK'N YEAH, that's what I'm saying! What a monumental event! What a great night for DEFIANCE wrestling!

Trutt turns his attention to his interview subject.

Chris Trutt:

Well... I suppose it wasn't so great of a night for everyone involved. Especially for YOU, Rezin, not to mention everyone else in the Kabal!

The Faithful loudly JEER the name of the nefarious group of crazies who have terrorized the federation for years. The

Goat Bastard stares daggers into the crowd.

Chris Trutt:

For your part, despite months of hyping yourself as the most “punk rock” wrestler in all of DEFIANCE, you ultimately fell short in your own match! I guess there’s no disputing it anymore. Henry Keyes is the most “punk rock” DEFIANT!

Rezin growls and prepares his response... but waits a moment to glare into the audience again when they break out into a chant.

”YOU! GOT! BELL-CLAPPED!”

CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

”YOU! GOT! BELL-CLAPPED!”

CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

”YOU! GOT! BELL-CLAPPED!”

CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

The Escape Artist snarls before raising his own mic to respond.

Rezin: (grumbling)

Yeah-yeah-yeah, whatever... this ol’ Goat Bastard got his comeuppance, and the kids got to go home happy. Nice little storybook ending for all ya normies to send you to back to bed, sleeping soundly, not a worry in your happy, comfy, safe little worlds.

He loudly, and rather messily, scoffs by blowing raspberries all over the place. Trutt has to wipe the spittle from his face.

Rezin:

Look now, given my recreational proclivities, it’s really no secret that my grasp on reality is tenuous at best. But I never outright deny reality, especially when it’s staring me back in the face! And the reality is, at DEFCON, I had one hell of a fight--an all-out WAR--with that accursed Airship Pirate, HEN’RY KEYYESS!!

The crowd pops at the namedrop, but Rezin can’t help but shake his fist to the sky.

Rezin:

I tell ya Trutt-stuff, it’s hard for me to believe that even with all my years swimming through the unforgiving black oceans of CHAOS and VOID, I couldn’t withstand those big oily meathooks of his! But that’s just what happened! What can I say? Dude slaps as hard as an EYEHATEGOD album!

Much smaller pop from the more crustier fans that recognize the mention of the New Orleans sludge metal legends.

Rezin:

So yeah, he got the win... and it probably goes without saying that he stepped up and proved he’s one of the toughest, roughest, fightin’-est, punchin’-est sum’bitchez to ever grace the squared circle of DEFIANCE! So believe me when I say I recognize that, Trutt! I’ll give credit where credit’s due...

His lips curl into a sour look of contempt.

Rezin:

...even IF steampunk is kinda posery!

His demeanor suddenly shifts, and that crazy glint enters his eye again.

Rezin:

But ya know what, Trutt? YA KNOW WHAT?!

Chris shrugs, and Rezin leans closer into his personal space. Trutt noticeably leans back.

Rezin:

I'd say this ol' GOAT BASTARD stepped up and proved something as well!

Rezin turns his attention back to the jeering fans, and he walks over the edge of the stage as his accusing finger points itself into the heart of the Faithful.

Rezin:

Ya know, when I walked into this company, it only took a matter of weeks before all you Disney Plus subscribin' NORMIES out there made up your minds about me! Same goes with all those snobs and bureaucrats back in the locker room and the offices! Nobody, not even my comrades in the KABAL, could bring themselves to see me as a credible threat!

The finger turns from the crowd of fans to Rezin's own chest.

Rezin:

They all called me a DOUCHEBAG... an EMBARRASSMENT... a FOOL... and IDIOT... an ASSHOLE... a NUTJOB... a TOOL...

Now the finger is shaking wildly up in the interviewer's face.

Rezin:

But ya know what I REALLY am, Trutt-stuff? I'm the first letter of all seven of those words put into sequence...

Trutt looks upward as he internally does the math. That'd be D, E, F, I...

CRASH

Rezin suddenly derails his train of thought with all the grace of an out-of-control golf cart crashing through a row of trash cans as he kicks the podium onto its side and explodes into a human storm of wildly thrashing arms, kicking legs, and nearly unintelligible shouts.

Rezin:

I'M A MUTHA-FUGGIN' DEFIANT, THAT'S WHAT I AM!! A **TRUE** DEFIANT!! FEARLESS!! UNCOMPROMISING!! With absolutely ZERO FUCKS to give!! NO RESERVATIONS and NO REGRETS!! That's how EYE fight the power!

He YANKS Trutt in close and points at his busted up, bandaged nose.

Rezin:

Look at this face, Trutt... LOOK-AT-IT!! Does this look like the face of someone who stands in the back of the room and stays out of harm's way?! Is this the face of someone who gives a damb whether they win or lose!? HELL NO!! This is a face of a man who walks right into the fray! And I walked right into that fray at DEFCON, and showed all you high-and-mighty yuppie scumbags what the ESCAPE ARTIST is all about!

Dancing wildly across the stage, Rezin breaks into a display of throwing random punches and kicks through the air around him.

Rezin:

I'm HELL'S FAVORITE HOOSIER! I'm DEFIANCE'S FAVOURED SINNER! I'm the MAN THAT GRAVITY TOOK ONE LOOK AT, SAID "NOPE", AND STRAIGHT UP TURNED AROUND AND WALKED AWAY FROM! I'm the dope-smokin'-est, mind-broken-est, offensive-jokin'-est, rear-naked-chokin'-est muthafugga this company's ever seen!

Loud, although mixed reaction. The Faithful mostly BOO, because it's him, but others can't help but admit there's

some truth to that statement. Someone tries to get a chant going...

"You're-Not-Pu--"

Rezin:

YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP!! I just went fist to fist with a FRIGGIN' FLYIN' LION in a NO HOLDS BARRED match, you ungrateful sum'bitch! If that's not PUNK ROCK, then I don't know what is! Quit your pathetic job, sell your ugly kids, burn down your depressing little house, and listen to some fucking Discharge for once in your short, weak, and insignificant existence! I swear, if you morons aren't careful, you'll damn well push me into being the GREATEST WRESTLER DEFIANCE HAS EVER SEEN!

"BOOOOOOOO!!!"

With his teeth gnashing and nostrils flaring, he restlessly paces up and down the edge of the stage like the homeless guy on the corner screaming at invisible invisible ninjas. Except there's no denying that the people he's screaming at are truly there, as he points accusingly at various faces among the Faithful, who are either continuing to boo him or just egging him on in an effort to see how worked up he can get.

"YOU'RE-NOT-PU--"

Rezin:

EY!! You think I care if I lost?! HA!! Bein' PUNK ROCK means I don't give one hot DAMB about my record! And I ain't afraid of taking an ass-kicking for that matter! It doesn't matter who I fight, whenever, wherever, HOWever, I can and WILL throw down with the BEST that DEFIANCE has to offer, and I WILL give them the fight of a lifetime! I will LIVE and DIE by the creed of PUNK ROCK! Even in the face of OBLIVION, I will not compromise this!

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

Music suddenly coming in over the PA, cutting him off. Green lights fill up the stage.

DDK:

Looks like he's about to be given the chance to live up to those claims!

KERRY KUROYAMA walks out to an enormous pop from the fans. He stands for several moments at the top of the rampway while he stares down the Goat Bastard on the interview stage. Rezin stares back with his eyes the size of golfballs. After a tense beat, Kerry walks the rest of the way down the ramp, ascends the steps, and enters the ring.

DDK:

You want to talk about somebody who looks eager for a fight... here's Kerry Kuroyama, thankfully saving us from the ravings of that deranged high-flying lunatic!

Lance:

"The Pacific Blitzkrieg" returned to DEFIANCE with a dramatic win over "Bantam" Ryan Batts during the DEFCON pre-show, but it would appear that he's still hungry for some in-ring action!

Kuroyama readies himself for action as the music fades out. Rezin and Chris Trutt are left standing on the stage, looking somewhat confused.

Rezin:

...the hell was that about?

Chris Trutt:

I, uh... believe he's challenging you to a match, if I'm reading the situation correctly.

The Escape Artist flashes the interview an arched eyebrow.

Rezin:

Pfft... really? Did he forget what happened last time?

Then he looks point blank into the camera.

Rezin:

That time of course being UNCUT 84, for those who aren't in the loop. But that's kind of a moot point, because I know that each and every one of you watched that match, and clearly remembered what happened! Right? RIGHT?!

With a sigh, Rezin begins removing his patch-covered denim battle-vest.

Rezin:

Well, whaddya gonna do? Another day, another dollar, amirite? Suppose it'd be right to be REAP-resentin' the Kabal tonight, gettin' that spooky groove back.

Chris Trutt:

Are you sure? I mean, look at him...

Cut to Kerry in the ring, restlessly pacing back and forth as he stretches himself out. He is staring down Rezin all the way back on the interview stage with all the focus and ferocity of a man on a personal vendetta. He straight up looks like he's ready to rip someone apart.

Chris Trutt:

He looks really, REALLY determined right now. Not to mention, you're not fully recovered from DEFCON. And, correct me if I'm wrong here, but isn't it something of an unspoken rule that when a wrestler returns with new entrance music and new gear, they're kind of an unstoppable badass?

Cut back to the two on the interview stage. Rezin is thoughtfully scratching his beard as he reconsiders his odds.

Rezin:

Hmm... you might be right about that, Truttercup.

His spastic resolve suddenly returns to him as he remembers what's up.

Rezin:

But even so, it doesn't matter what stands before me, cause from this point on, I ain't backin' down from any fight! Even if it's a guaranteed ass-kicking! If that's what it takes to show these normies just what it means to be PUNK ROCK in professional wrestling, then so be it! Here, hold this...

He hands over the battle vest to Trutt, who makes a face as it falls into his hands.

Chris Trutt:

It... smells like Shields' jacket.

Rezin:

You're welcome. Now gimme a sec while I handle this...

Rezin starts down the ramp, running his finger through the air in a circle motion to cue for the music.

♪ "I Have A Prepared Statement" by Whores. ♪

DDK:

Looks like we have some impromptu action on the way ladies and gentlemen, but first, we need to take a quick break! Don't go anywhere, because KUROYAMA VERSUS REZIN 2 is up next!

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. REZIN

Fade in on the ring as Rezin's music fades out. He's now in the ring across from Kerry Kuroyama, chomping at the bit for the bell to ring. The competitors are additionally joined by referee Brian Slater and ring announcer Darren Quimbey, who has the mic.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall, introducing first, from Indianapolis, Indiana and weighing in at two hundred and five pounds... "The Escape Artist" REZIN!!

BOOOOOOO!!!

With his signature shit-eating smirk, the Goat Bastard waves to the jeering crowd. One fan is daring enough to toss a hotdog at his face, but he snatches it out of the air and takes a bite. This unfortunately distracts him from the 32 ounce fountain drink that hits him directly in the back of the head, dousing his head and shoulders with Mr. Pibb Xtra and leaving him scowling angrily into the laughing crowd for the culprit.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, hailing from Seattle, Washington and weighing in at two-hundred and forty-four pounds... "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" KERRY KUROYAMA!

RAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

Kerry pumps a fist and gets a solid ovation from the Faithful. His eyes, burning with single-minded conviction, never leave Rezin across the ring. For his part, the Escape Artist is warily looking over DEFIANCE's most physically imposing official. There's a clear mutual dislike.

Rezin:

No funny business, Slater, you friggin' fascist!

Slater sneers and shakes his head in absolute disgust as he cues for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

And away we go!

As though a switch has been flipped, Rezin suddenly sprints forward with wild and spastic energy. Kerry stands his ground.

Rezin:

YYAAAAAAHHHH!!

DDK:

Here comes Rezin hot right out of the gate--AND GOES RIGHT FOR THE CLOVENHOOF KICK--but Kerry DUCKS!

Lance:

That was gutsy.

Rezin staggers his feet on the followthrough. As he spins around, his unbelted pants nearly drop, forcing him to grab his waistband to keep them from falling. Kerry goes into motion...

DDK:

Rezin nearly lost his pants, and dropped his guard!

Rezin:

BLEGHK!!

DDK:

BIG DISCUS ELBOW BY KERRY!!

Lance:

He busted that already busted nose open again!

Croaking in surprise and agony, Rezin stiffens up after the shot before falling face-first on the mat. Kerry is immediately on him as he methodically traps the arm and pump-handles the Goat Bastard off the canvas.

DDK:

Kerry's got him up... KUROYAMA DRIVER!!

*OOOOHh...!!!***Lance:**

Wow! That's a simply devastating pump-handle Emerald Flowsion... wait, look at this!

Kerry maintains the waistlock as he rolls over and deadlifts the twitching Rezin into the air again.

DDK:

GOOD GOD, a SECOND KUROYAMA DRIVER!!

*OOOOOOHHHHhhh...!!!***Lance:**

That's gotta be it...

DDK:

...hang on, AGAIN?!

Again. Rezin is practically ragdoll by this point as Kerry again traps the arm and pump-handles him up for a third Emerald Flowision, crushing the Escape Artist head-first into the mat beneath his full body weight.

*OOOOOOOOHHHHhhh...!!!***DDK:**

THAT'S DRIVER NUMBER THREE, GOOD GOD!!

Lance:

Call the coroner, cause he's DEAD!

DDK:

Kuroyama with the pin...

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!! He just absolutely STOMPED him!

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

Kerry shoves Rezin aside and promptly exits the ring, not even bothering to wait to have his arm raised.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match... **KERRY KUROYAMA!**

DDK:

Well, that was quick and to the point! Rezin didn't back down from the fight tonight, but perhaps he came into this one a bit too overconfident of his abilities, as one quick mistake gave Kerry Kuroyama the moment he needed to make a statement here tonight!

Lance:

Kerry knew right what to aim for, and wasted practically no time in going for that finish! Three consecutive Kuroyama Drivers almost feels like overkill... but I guess it's the closest thing to a guarantee that the other guy stays down for the three count!

DDK:

Chris, can you get a word with Kerry?

We cut back to the stage where Trutt is still standing by. He hears Keebler in his earpiece and quickly tries to flag down Kuroyama, who is walking like a man who has places to be.

Chris Trutt:

Kerry! KERRY!

Either Kuroyama doesn't hear him, or has no interest in speaking, because he continues powerwalking right through the curtain to the backstage area. The music cuts, and the WrestlePlex is filled with an awkward silence while Trutt stands there looking deflated, seeing his chance for an exclusive one-on-one disappear before his eyes. Then he turns his attention back to the ring...

Rezin is still lying prone on his face in the very center of the ring. He hasn't moved from that spot since Kuroyama planted him there moments ago. Timidly, Trutt creeps down the ramp to ringside, where he waits and watches for a beat. Rezin doesn't budge. The interviewer climbs the steps and steps through the ropes. He is reluctant to get much closer than that.

Chris Trutt:

...uh, Rezin?

Trutt gets close enough to stick his foot out and nudge the hip. Again, Rezin is motionless.

Chris Trutt:

...so... was it worth it?

Rezin still doesn't budge... except for an arm, which snakes free from the lifeless pile it's attached to and holds out the hand, palm up. Assuming he's wanting the mic, Chris hands it over. Rezin pulls the mic up to the side of his face, still squished flat against the canvas.

Rezin:

Lige I shaid, Drudd... eben in jhe fashe ob oblibion, I won'd combromishe. Now iv you Gould do me a sholid, bleashe ged me an ishepagk and a wheeljhair.

Trutt rolls his eyes and turns to leave the ring.

Chris Trutt:

Wait here, I'll get Iris...

Fade out.

THE HALLMARK JOURNEY Â© vs. GAGE BLACKWOOD & TERESA AMES-BLACKWOOD

DING DING

DDK:

Folks, we are off! For the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships, it's The Hallmark Journey, Jonathan-Christopher and Vickie Hall defending against husband and wife, Gage Blackwood and Teresa Ames-Blackwood!

Lance:

Boy is this crowd wild right now, too!

The scene is inside the ring as Blackwood circles Jonathan-Christopher, hoping to find an opening.

DDK:

I saw a number of sighs out there today in support of Blackwood and Ames-Blackwood!

Lance:

They make quite the pair!

Blackwood locks into a grapple with Jonathan-Christopher, working him into a free corner. Blackwood releases the hold when referee Mark Shields asks him to. Blackwood takes a step back and looks at Mark funny.

Gage Blackwood:

Since when are you competent?

Mark shrugs. Immediately, Jonathan-Christopher bursts out of the corner with a clothesline, flipping Blackwood inside-out in the process. A member in The Faithful stand. It's DEFcepticon member Septimus Tyne.

Septimus Tyne: *[to Jonathan-Christopher Hall]*

Kick his ass, Seabass! Payback is a bitch!

Jonathan-Christopher hurls Blackwood into the ropes and lands a European uppercut. He turns to wife Vickie and blows her a kiss.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall: *[to wife Vickey Hall]*

I love you over the moon and back.

She blushes.

JC scoop slams Blackwood in the center of the ring. Hall hits the ropes and delivers a leg drop before tagging his wife and holding the ropes open for her.

DDK:

Really nice touch there between JC and Vickie.

Lance:

You can feel the love they have for each other, Keeps!

Vickie lifts Blackwood and pushes The Scot into his own corner.

DDK:

Looks like Vickie wants Teresa!

Blackwood-Ames tags her husband and she flies over the ropes in a crossbody block, taking Vickie down! Teresa

relentlessly begins scratching and clawing Hall's face!

DDK:

The Faithful are LoViNg iT!

Blackwood-Ames stands, looking into the crowd. They BOOM in support!

DDK:

Blackwood-Ames whips Vickie into the buckle and comes in with a cartwheel flying back elbow smash! Vickie's on rollerskates and Blackwood-Ames takes her down with a jawbreaker!

Teresa walks back to Gage, who's started to recover. She smacks him across the back.

Teresa Ames-Blackwood:

Go get him, honey.

Blackwood nods, entering the ring but allowing for Vickie to tag JC.

The Scot scoffs as Jonathan-Christopher walks to the center of the ring. The former Southern Heritage Champion looks into the crowd of Faithful...

Blackwood raises a hand to his chin. All he's seeing are Screen 7, the DEFcepticons, Thomas Slaine and Kyle Shield. Actually, that's a lie. Kyle Shields has what looks to be five hookers sitting around him and he's telling them tales of God knows what.

In the meanwhile, Jonathan-Christopher grabs Blackwood and hits an exploder suplex!

DDK:

Blackwood was caught people watching!

Lance:

Joke, Keebs, jOkE!

Jonathan-Christopher tries for another exploder suplex but Blackwood lands on his feet.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye. This ends NOW!

DDK:

Gage immediately hits the ropes and CRUSHES Jonathan-Christopher Hall with a vicious looking elbow to the face!

With JC on all fours, Blackwood nods to Ames-Blackwood. Teresa jumps up and down, giggling.

DDK:

Blackwood into the ropes again... GAELIC STORM!

The Fans POP! Starscream LEAPS from his chair to celebrate, about to hug Al Sparks but trips over his chair, instead!

DDK:

NEW CHAMPIONS!!! WE ARE GONNA HAVE NEW TAG TEAM CHAMPS!!

ONE.

TWO.

Gage wakes up.

Blackwood sits upright and leans forward, realizing he fell asleep on his couch as replays of DEFCON air from the TV beside him. The Scot runs an uneasy hand across his head before laying back down, turning to his side and pulling the blanket over his head.

Gage Blackwood:

I thought Conor said those were *legal* mushrooms.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.