

SHOW OPEN

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: HENRY KEYES Â© vs. REZIN

Fades on a sweeping shot of the DEFArena, and the throngs of cheering fans filling the seats. It looks like a full house tonight.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to this monumental event as DEFIAНCE reaches yet another milestone tonight with the ONE-HUNDREDTH installment of UNCUT!

Lance:

The atmosphere tonight in this building is absolutely palpable, Keebs! The Faithful are out in full force and letting themselves be heard.

DDK:

With an event like this, there's no telling what's in store for us as we proceed through the evening's events!

♪ "Apocalyptic Havoc" by Goatwhore ♪

DDK:

Looks like we're jumping right into things. Let's get down to the interview stage where our own Chris Trutt is standing by with... well, who else?

The crane cam moves in on the interview stage where we find UNCUT stalwarts CHRIS TRUTT and "THE ESCAPE ARTIST" REZIN. The Goat Bastard looks to be enjoying himself as he greets the audience by strumming air guitar to the loud blackened thrash metal pumping through the PA, his crew of tertiary colored Reapers standing in wait in the background. The junior reporter appears to be feeling the exact opposite, stuck on stage yet again with the Kabal's resident high-flying anarchist.

Rezin:

FUGG YEAH!! Can you believe it, Trutt?! One hundred UNCUTS of inglorious misadventures!

Chris Trutt:

...what are you talking about? You and I have only been DEFIAНCE this past year.

Rezin gives Trutt that "bro, why you doing this to me?" look before waving his arms over the capacity crowd in a desperate bid to save fade.

Rezin:

I meant the ROYAL "we", obviously!

Trutt rolls his eyes.

Chris Trutt:

In any case, Rezin, you appear to be in high spirits tonight--pun intended. Which is unusual, considering one week ago at DEFIAНCE TV, you inexplicably LOST the Favoured Saints Championship to "The Airship Pirate" Henry Keyes.

The Faithful let out a sizable pop at the mention of the new Favoured Saints Champion. Rezin's smile melts slightly into a sneer as he glares resentfully into the crowd.

Rezin:

Yeah, well... that was an unfortunate setback. Gotta give credit where it's due, and that steampunk sum'bish definitely earned it. But ya know, I can't bring myself to feel too down about it...

His all-too-familiar sinister smile forms across his face as he rubs his hands together like a scheming villain.

Rezin:

...cuz I am feeling very confident that MY Favoured Saints Championship will be back in the possession of DEFIAНCE's Favoured Sinner sooner than you think!

Chris Trutt:

How do you mean?

He jerks at the reporter by the collar and sleeve of his jacket, prompting an annoyed look by Chris.

Rezin:

C'mon, Trutt! Aren't you going to ask me what sort of shenanigans I've been up to this time?

Chris Trutt:

Ugh, do I have to?

Rezin doesn't answer that. He simply puffs out his chest and flashes Trutt the Nick Cage eyes to say without saying "eff with me and find out," leading the junior reporter to sigh dejectedly.

Chris Trutt:

Well, Rezin, what sort of shenanigans are you up to this time?

The Escape Artist gleefully tears the mic from his hand.

Rezin:

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED, Trutt! Ya see, I always knew there was an outside possibility of losing that belt to Hank, so I came up with a contingency in case things went south, and hatched a plot so brilliant it would cause your puny mind to implode on itself!

DDK:

I feel that way any time I think about everything going on with the Kabal.

Lance:

Hear, hear.

Rezin waves a hand to his Reapers.

Rezin:

See, while Hank and I were doing what we do best in that ring, my dudes here were out on a top secret mission! I'm pleased to announce that they were successful!

He flashes his grin to the crowd, now speaking not so much directly to the interviewer but to all of DEFIAНCE.

Rezin:

Thanks to their efforts, I NOW HAVE HENRY KEYES' PET TIGER!!

"BOOOOOOOO!!!"

The Faithful rain down jeers on Rezin as he stands at the edge of the stage, nodding with complete satisfaction and relishing the heat.

DDK:

He... took Keyes' tiger?

Lance:

Well, I wouldn't call that idea "brilliant", but I definitely feel my mind imploding on itself trying to process the logic in that

Rezin:

HAHAHAHA!! Tremble with RAGE, HEN'RY KEEYYEESS!! The Favoured Sinner will always be one step ahead of you! Now... about that rematch!

Shaking his head, Keyes holds out his hand to Trutt, who procures another mic and hands it over before leaving the scene. Moving over to the head of the ramp, Henry points angrily to his foe standing in the ring.

Henry Keyes:

Rezin, you dunderwhelp! You didn't have to go after Helen...If you wanted a rematch, all you had to do was ASK!

Rezin:

...wait, really? Shit...

The Goat Bastard nervously scratches his beard. Clearly, he didn't think this through. But then he snaps out of it and shakes his fist back at Henry.

Rezin:

Well whatever, what's DONE IS DONE, HENNERY KEEYYEESS!! Until the final bell rings, you will NEVER know the location of your precious tiger!!

Henry Keyes:

...You really want me to batter your brains again, don't you.

Keyes drops the mic and begins marching down the ramp, the crowd roaring around him.

Rezin:

Uh-oh!!

Rezin hurries over to Mark Shields, who has apparently been snoozing in the corner this entire time.

Rezin:

Shieldsy... SHIELDS!! Wake up, dambit!

Mark Shields: *[yawning]*

Uhhh WHUH? Oh, hey, Rez... dude, that lid of indica I scored off you knocked me out on my ass!

Keyes is halfway down the ramp, tearing off his coat and goggles as the Faithful continues roaring around him. Rezin grows even more frantic.

Rezin:

The match, Shields! THE MATCH!! We gotta get it going!

Mark Shields:

Aw man, do I hafta?

Rezin:

YES, SHIELDS!! YES!!

With the officially somewhat awake, the Escape Artist snaps his fingers and points to the ring announcer outside the ring.

Rezin:

You! Keebler!

Darren Quimbey:

Quimbey.

Rezin:

WHATEVER!! Just... COME ON, do the thing!

Groaning, Quimbey comes to his feet and clears his throat before raising the mic.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall, and is for the DEFIAНCE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP!!

Keyes slides into the ring, and clearly has no interest in waiting on the formal proceedings. Rezin bails from the ring with the Airship Pirate in hot pursuit.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger, hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... REAP-resenting the Kabal, he is the ESCAPE ARTIST.... REZIN!!

The fans jeer at the name, but Rezin pumps his fist even as he runs a circle around the ring, leading Keyes on a merry little chase. Rezin zips back into the ring and Keyes follows, and the Goat Bastard slips behind the official, using Shields as a literal human shield. As per usual, Mark barely has any idea of what is happening around him.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent... hailing from San Francisco, California and weighing in at two-hundred and forty-nine pounds... he is the REIGNING FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION of DEFIAНCE... the AIRSHIP PIRATE... HEEEEEENNRRYYYYY KEEEEEYYYYEEEESSS!!!!

They dance for a few seconds with Keyes trying to get around the disoriented referee to get his hands on the Goat Bastard, until Rezin again bails from the ring. The Airship Pirate drops the Favoured Saints Championship into the ref's hands before following him out in hot pursuit.

DDK:

Here we go! Rezin and Keyes once more for the Favoured Saints Championship!

Shields yawns again as he lazily holds up the belt for the crowd to see. Meanwhile outside the ring, Rezin snaps at the timekeeper as he runs by.

Rezin:

Let's go, LET'S GO!! RING THE DAMB BELL!!

Again, Rezin slides into the ring, and Keyes is only two steps behind him. The timekeeper looks to Shields who simply shrugs. Good of a signal as any.

DING DING

At the sound of the bell, Rezin puts on the breaks and throws out a deadly spinning heel kick as Keyes charges right for him...

DDK:

CLOVEN HOOF KICK out of the gate--DUCKED by Keyes!

Keyes catches Rezin across the chest, lifts him, and plants him into the mat with an STO with so much force, the Goat Bastard bounces wildly back into the air and crashes down again onto his chest. The crowd EXPLODES as Keyes rolls Rezin over and makes the cover.

DDK:

MASSIVE STO, and this rematch may already be over as he hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!! Rezin barely kicked out!

Lance:

Even with Shields in there with the slow count!

Keyes wastes no time and throws a series of mounted punches on Rezin! Shields seems to sober up in a flash and gives a quick count for Keyes, and Keyes rolls off at a Shields-Four-regular-ref-Two-and-a-Half. Shields begins to admonish Keyes to his bewilderment, giving Rezin time to scramble to his feet and launch himself into Keyes with a HUGE dropkick!

Lance:

Rezin and Keyes swinging for the fences with every move here!

DDK:

I know these guys at some level like each other...right?

Lance:

I don't have a wife, or kids, or a pet or anything...but I HAVE BEEN TOLD that those are the kinds of lines that can get violent quickly if they're crossed!

DDK:

...you had to be TOLD that??

Both men get up and Rezin starts laying strikes into Keyes, backing him into a corner! Shields takes his time before starting any sort of count - Keyes, trying to cover himself up from the blows raining down on him, takes matters into his own hands and switch tosses Rezin into the corner, laying in Propeller Edge Chops! Rezin sneaks under a chop that smacks into the turnbuckle and pops out behind Keyes, grabbing his head and spinning him around for a One Handed Bulldog! He goes for a quick cover, but Keyes kicks out at one and a half.

Keyes scrambles to his feet but is met with a running knee strike to the dome! Rezin scurries his ass to the top rope - REZINSAULT FLIES - KEYES MOVES OUT OF THE WAY! Rezin SPLATS to the mat, and Keyes scrambles to the top rope himself! TOP ROPE KNEE DROP - REZIN MOVES OUT OF THE WAY!! Keyes clutches at his right knee and Rezin runs in with a Standing Senton, hooks the right knee!

ONE!

TWOOOOO!

TH-NOOOOOO!!

Keyes kicks out and uses the momentum to roll outside the ring. He takes a moment to shake out the cobwebs and smacks his knee to wake it up - he turns back to the ring only to find Rezin inches from his face after a Tope Con Giro!! Keyes eats it HARD and both men crash to the floor! Rezin scrambles up, slips on his own feet and runs into the apron, scrambles again and tries to hoist Keyes up - but struggles due to the weight difference. Keyes collapses to the outside, a dead weight too heavy for Rezin to manage. Shields begins his ten count as Rezin persists!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

Rezin realizes he can't win his title back on a count-out and gives one last failed heroic tug at Keyes's torso, before rolling into the ring and desperately vying for Shields's attention.

Rezin:

LISTEN SHIELDSY, just give him a sec! He's FINE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

Rezin:

HEY! SHIELDSY! I swear to gottdamnit if you don't stop this shiz I'm going to load your next dimebag with nothin' but seeds - BLEARGH!~~

Keyes is in the ring and he LAMBASTS Rezin with a ferocious European Uppercut!

Henry Keyes:

REZIIIIIIIIIN!!!

With tremendous aggression, Keyes hooks Rezin's arm and leg and PLANTS him with a Fisherman Suplex! He bridges for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

That suplex was bone-rattling!

DDK:

Hang on - Keyes isn't done!

Keyes wastes no time and wraps up Rezin's arm and leg in a different variation - GOTCH LIFT - GOTCH PILEDRIVER!!! He covers again!

ONE!

TWO!

THRR----NOOOOOOOOOOO!

Keyes's Crazy Ginger Eyes make an appearance, and he looks out to the crowd like a man possessed!

HENRY! HENRY! HENRY! HENRY!

Keyes takes a moment to center himself, looking upon the Goat Bastard, a man he's splatted to the mat time and time again over the last weeks and months, almost studying him. He grabs Rezin by the melon and prepares to set him up for a Powerbomb - LIFTS - Rezin reverses into a Hurricanrana and Keyes FLIES across the ring! Before Keyes can get to his feet, Rezin flies across the ring - SHINING WIZARD! And a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NOOOOO!

Keyes is able to kick out and Rezin is MAD! Rezin marches his way to the corner and climbs up top, beckoning Keyes to get his ass up. Keyes obliges and Rezin flies legs-first - GORGEOUS REZINRANA! Rezin has Keyes's legs

DEEPLY hooked!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEENOOOOOO! The pin is overzealous and Keyes and Rezin are into the ropes!!

Lance:

I don't know if that was ring awareness, ring UNawareness, or sheer dumb luck, but Henry Keyes is still in this thing!

DDK:

I'm exhausted watching this thing - these guys dropped the whole feeling-out process, they're just landing big shot after big shot!

Keyes is once again winded and sprawled on the mat. Rezin is PISSED, either at himself for digging too deep in the pin or at Shields for not letting it slide. He takes several deep breaths and slaps himself in the face a few times before marching his way to the top rope once again. Up top, he frames Keyes with his fingers and lets out a beckoning yell.

Rezin:

HENN'ERY KEEEEEYES, MEET YOUR DOOOOOOOOM!!

Rezin hops in a quick 180 so his back is to the ring, closes his eyes, and digs DEEP as he flies SUPER DUPER HIGH IN THE AIR....

Lance:

IT'S A REZINSAULT~

!!

Lance:

KEYES GOT THE KNEES UP! Rezin is in AGONY on the mat!!

Keyes FINALLY makes his way upright and smacks his knees once again. Rezin is rolling on the mat like he's on fire and he firmly believes in the tenets of Stop Drop and Roll. Keyes tracks him down, hoists him up, and goes for the AIRSHIP SPIN!! The crowd counts with him as he rotates!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX-OHHHHHH!

The very tip of Rezin's boot barely grazes Shields's cheek and he sprawls to the mat as if he had been shot with a high caliber rifle. Some of the Faithful continue counting but the majority boo this blatant display of shenaniganry. Keyes plants Rezin after a few more spins, takes a couple steps back, and waits for the perfect moment to launch forward and strike...

DDK:

BEEEELLLLCLAP~~!!

The roof of the WrestlePlex nearly comes off as the crowd explodes into cheers! Off the impact, Rezin's eyes rolls back into his head before he dramatically drops to his knees and falls flat on his face. Keyes falls over his chest, hooking the legs...

DDK:

Keyes with the pin, but... there's NO REFEREE!!

Lance:

Where the heck is Shields?! He was barely touched!

A cut to the ringside floor reveals that Shields has taken full advantage of his bump to the outside by apparently catching another nap. When he doesn't hear counts being made, Henry looks around in confusion.

DDK:

This match should be over right now! One, two, three! Dangit, Shields, you lazy idiot!

Henry pushes himself up to his feet and looks around, but sees no ref. With no immediate means to finish the match, Keyes does the only thing he can think of as he pulls the dazed Rezin off the mat and barks angrily into his face.

Henry Keyes:

Give me back my tiger!

Rezin:

Uhhhh I told you, Malcolm Joseph-Jones, that Empire Pro Television Title is as good as mine!

Henry uses one hand to grab Rezin by the beard and the other to slap the meta right out of him. This apparently sorts things out in Rezin's head as he blinks and suddenly looks cognizant once more.

Rezin:

Oh, Hank! When did you get here?

Keyes shakes him harder this time as he repeats the demand.

Henry Keyes:

GIVE ME BACK MY TIGER!!

Rezin:

...OKAY, OKAY!! You can have your tiger back!

Rezin drops to his knees, pleadingly holding up his hands.

Rezin:

I'm SORRY, Hank! Clearly, I didn't think this through! I thought owning a tiger would be awesome, but... GODDAMB, it's such a hassle! I mean, the logistics alone of owning an animal that big are enough to drive a normal man crazy! And I'm ALREADY crazy!!

Rezin stares into his hands like a man traumatized.

Rezin:

Honestly, dude, I don't know how you do it! It just EATS and EATS and SHITS and EATS! Reaper Cyan nearly lost his hand trying to feed it! Everyone in the Kabal cave keeps looking at me like an asshole! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ANYMORE!!

Rezin buries his face into his hands as he collapses, a man defeated.

DDK:

Uh... is the match still happening?

Lance:

I don't recall hearing the bell, so I would assume so.

Keyes pitifully shakes his head as he looks down on the Goat Bastard.

Henry Keyes:

Rezin, it's... fine. This sort of hairbrained shenaniganry is your thing, I get it. Now just tell me where Helen is, and we can just move on.

Rezin doesn't immediately respond. He looks back up at the Airship Pirate with a pained look upon his face. Keyes is losing his patience.

Henry Keyes:

Rezin, TELL ME WHERE HELEN IS!!

Rezin:

I DON'T KNOW where she is!

Henry Keyes:

...WHAT?!!

Rezin:

Like I said, I couldn't take care of it! So, I kinda gave her over to a third party after they got in touch and assured me they had the money and the means to take care of an exotic big cat!

Henry Keyes:

Why on EARTH would you do that?!

Rezin:

Hey man, I was trying to think of what was best for the tiger! What kind of friend would I be if I handed over your pet that I stole and tried to hold for ransom to completely unqualified people?

Keyes facepalms.

Henry Keyes:

If you don't have Helen, then who does?!

Rezin glances past Keyes... to the DEFIAtron, which has come to life during these events.

Rezin:

Uhhh, *him*.

The DEFIAtron whirrs to life and a face appears... one that has the fans jeering.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Eh! Dirigible pirata!

Keyes releases Rezin, turning his undivided attention to the DEFIAtron. The Escape Artist promptly rolls out of the ring.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Pendejo! After I beat your amigo, Conor Fuse, last week I told the world I had one more thing to do... and that's feed your tiger. Compré Helen por un centavo bonito, pendejo!

Outside the ring, Rezin is hurriedly rousing Mark Shields out of his nap. After much effort, and the promise of a lid of sativa, he somehow manages to get the official off the floor and rolls him back into the ring.

Lance:

WHAT?! He sold Helen... to BFTA?! Hang on, Shields is back all of a sudden...

DDK:

...and Keyes doesn't see Rezin sneaking up on him!

Alvaro de Vargas:

La quieres, ven a buscarla, perra!

DDK:

Wait--REZIN FROM BEHIND WITH THE ROLL-UP--and HE'S GOT THE MIDDLE ROPE!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!! DAMNIT, you gotta be kidding me!

DING DING DING

♪ “Apocalyptic Havoc” by Goatwhore ♪

Keyes immediately sits up, shocked and dumbstruck. He looks to the official Shields in disbelief! Rezin, meanwhile, has already slipped out of the ring and runs a victory lap around the ring, cackling wildly as the Faithful cheer loudly from every corner of the DEFIArena.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match... and NEW FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION OF DEFIANCE...

RRRRREEEEZZZZZZIIIIINNNNN!!!

Rezin rips the Favoured Saints Championship from the hands of the timekeeper and gleefully holds it up to the nearby camera while pointing at his own grinning mug.

Rezin:

HAHAHAHA, I'M BACK, BABY!! THE FAVOURED SINNER IS BACK!!

"BUUUULLL-SHIT!! BUUUULLL-SHIT!! BUUUULLL-SHIT!!

DDK:

Well, it clearly wasn't without its own shenanigans, but be as it may, "The Escape Artist" Rezin has succeeded in retaking the Favoured Saints Championship from his old foe Henry Keyes here tonight! What a way to kick off UNCUT 100!

Lance:

Tell me, Keebs... was this all a part of Rezin's "genius" plan, or is he just a fool that continues to fail upwards?

DDK:

I don't even know anymore, Lance. What is for certain though is that the Escape Artist has the luck of the devil, and his rematch gambit paid off here tonight. Now the question remains, what will Henry Keyes have to go through to get Helen back, now from the clutches of Alvaro de Vargas and the Better Future Talent Agency?

Lance:

Hard to say at this point, but I wouldn't doubt that El Sol Dorado has a more competent plan of his own to get even with the Airship Pirate.

Keyes' disappointment at losing his championship is pushed to the side as he remembers Helen the tiger, and now only concern is etched on his face as he exits the ring and begins to head back up the ramp, wasting no time getting backstage...

"Yo, Hank!"

He stops and turns around as he sees Rezin hurrying up to him, Favoured Saints Championship in one hand while he raises the other for the secret handshake, as a show of thanks and respect.

Rezin:

We even?

After much hesitation, Keyes manages to calm himself down, and he takes the hand. The Faithful pop wildly as the two engage in the secret handshake sequence. Double-down low, round the back, and do-si-do...

...and Keyes kicks Rezin right in the groin. Time doesn't stop this time as The Goat Bastard immediately collapses.

Henry Keyes:

For NOW.

Keyes hurries back up the ramp, unable to delay himself any further from rescuing Helen. Crumpled up on the ringside floor in agony, Rezin clutches the Favoured Saints Championship close to his chest.

Rezin: *[croaking]*

Next time, Keyes... NEGGZ TYYYMME!!

SEARCH PARTY CYRUS 011

Server room.

Heavily armed sentries wearing black combat suits patrol the white tiled server room. Only the light buzzing of computers lingers in the background as a batch of scientists scurry up and down the aisles of technology.

A special set of eyes peer down from the ceiling at the rat maze below.

Cyrus Bates:

This is it. The server room. If we can hack into its mainframe and find the major source of memes, then we can probably find the one we are looking for.

MEE6 and ALEX cling to the side of Cyrus as all three are clipped into bungee harnesses.

MEE6:

What's the plan, Blue Eagle?

Cyrus Bates:

We're going to rappel ALEX down to that server, impossible mission style, where he will use this USB drive to extract the needed data.

Bates hands ALEX a portable USB memory stick before commencing the mission. ALEX ziplines down fast, stopping just in time before smashing his face against the floor.

Cyrus Bates:

Hurry up.

Blue Eagle's voice can be heard over ALEX's comms. The super statistician shows his savvy by plugging the stick into the server and promptly starting the download. Sweat formulates on ALEX's brow as a few sentries and scientists walk by but fail to notice the thievery.

ALEX:

Download complete. Pull me up, Blue Eagle.

Cyrus wastes no time dragging ALEX back up. The trio is reunited as ALEX hands Cyrus a loaded USB stick.

ALEX:

What now?

Cyrus Bates:

Now it's time for decryption and I know just the lab to bring this to.

UNPACKING THE TAPE

When: The Night Before DEFIAНCE Television 157

Location: Rick Dickulous' Apartment

With an ear to ear grin, and a sly smile Rick Dickulous' face fills the screen. He gleefully sits back on his couch as the shot zooms out to a belly button up distance, the dark green floral print contrasting with his surprisingly be-shirtten upper body; a tight, white ringer shirt with red trim, and a Canadian flag dead centre of the chest. Above the flag appear the words: "I'M AN," and beneath: "EH HOLE!" He points a remote off camera, and presses a button before tossing it onto a table off camera and reaching forward to retrieve something which remains off camera that he sets to his right.

Rick Dickulous:

Those two had better hope this is worth it, I'm tellin' ya right now.

As the 90s synthesizer track plays in the background, what's on Rick's unseen screen suddenly fills the viewer's screen as the opening credits of a clearly low budget porno movie play - all images of each star and starlet in their full wardrobe for the movie (minus their birthday suits): Bunny Nova as Patty McDonald, Traci Sierra-Nova as Nancy McDonald; John Roxxnail as Old McDonald; Chestnut as Surprise Stud; etc.

Unfortunately, Rick's quiet time is interrupted when the video tape suddenly switches over to a grainy image of an asylum or some other form of psychiatric center. The mood of the current segment switches greatly, as Rick can be heard grumbling off camera.

Rick:

What the fuck is this shit?

A tapping can be heard as the screen flickers a few more times, and suddenly appearing in the footage is a dismal looking seventeen year old Jessica Reeves, being ushered along by two orderlies. She's bound in what appears to be a straight jacket and is being dragged against her will into an unknown location down a shadowy corridor.

Voiceover:

Hopefully this tape finds you well Mr. Dickulous.

The voice is that of Jessica 'Reaper' Reeves, matching the image of the young girl also seen in the footage via the VHS tape. Rick's reaction is priceless as he shrugs his shoulders with a heavy sigh.

Rick:

A fucking stalker chick, great. I mean, I'm not gonna stop watching or anything...maybe it gets better?

As the footage carries on you see Rick's reaction as the shot quickly switches to his upper body, now leaning in to show a better view of the skeptical look on his face. What appears to be several "mental and physical" experiments on the young teenaged daughter of Jason Reeves are shown on screen, the somewhat distressing images make it seem that all the conducted sessions are occurring against Jessica's free will, she continuously struggles to find an escape route in the footage but each time is thwarted by the staff of the asylum.

As the shot switches back to Rick, his skepticism has been replaced with a look of sheer dismissal - not much unlike the look one would give someone who believes the earth is flat and the moon is made of cheese.

Jessica Reeves:

This footage comes to you as a free warning at what The Kabal does to the people that they SAY they are interested in. So, regardless of how enticing they may 'seem' to the likes of a Dick like you, do yourself a favor and just watch this one more time. Closely.

Rolling his eyes Rick takes the melodramatic warning in stride as the video plays again, this time showing a few more extended visuals of the mind game experiments being conducted by scientists or whatever you would want to call the

mysterious cloaked villains of The Kabal's brain cell.

Jessica Reeves:

Money... power... success.. Grandeur like wishes of something not yet tasted is how they lure you in. Don't be fooled by their attempts to lure you in with that - don't be fooled from staying an independent dick.

Jessica's voiceover stops as the footage carries on displaying profiles of various Kabal targets that they have collected over the past few years. Each 'dossier' that appears shows Rick Dickulous the extent of investigation The Kabal goes into when they choose their potential targets. Scott Douglas dossier appears, as does Deacon's, followed quickly by Teresa Ames and for quick measure the last one that appears is like Rick staring into a mirror of his past life. Again, the shot cuts back to Rick.

Rick:

What the fuck?! This is fucking lame! Show me your boobs at least, fer fuck sakes!

As he reaches down and picks up the remote, he points it offscreen and again presses a button. The VCR makes a loud clicking, then a whirring, followed by another loud clicking fifteen seconds later. With a shrug, the big man points the remote offscreen and drops it on the table, sitting back into his seat again.

Rick:

I mean, I've rubbed one out to weird things before....and besides, how am I supposed to work off this Viagara?

As the 90s synthesizer music begins playing again, the shot suddenly cuts back to the commentary team as Lance and DDK trade sideways disgusted looks.

Lance:

I...I don't even know what to say, Keebs.

DDK:

Now we know why Rick Dickulous saved Jessica Reeves from The Kabal! I was RIGHT! He WAS saving a potential MILF!

Lance:

Later tonight, I guess we'll see if Rick Dickulous will need a little blue pill when he takes on Crimson Stalker in a Stalker's Rules matchup. Will Jessica Reeves get involved? Will The Kabal get involved?

DDK:

Either way, Lance...there will be blood, so folks at home, remember you may need blindfolds and earmuffs for your children

LOS TRES TITANES (CORTEZ, MINUTE & TITANESS) vs. SCREEN 7

DDK:

Welcome back to the massive edition of UNCUT 100 and coming up next, we've got tag team action stemming from last week's Ballyhoo Brew Battle Royale. Screen 7 got eliminated by Uriel Cortez of Los Tres Titanes and wanted some payback for that, so up next, we have six-person tag team action!

Lance:

I have to admire Screen 7 for this challenge, but I feel like it's more "Horrible" Hector Harris making them do this... but regardless, let's go to the ring with Darren Quimbey for intros!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a six-person tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Hello, Zepp + Overture" from the Saw movie ♪

The lights fade to complete darkness, save for one set of lights on the stage. The tall and ultra-scrawny Alan Goldstein and the portly grunt Gilbert Rogers stand as Berry Chernobyl, the one member of the group made for a ring, comes out. Behind them, "Horror" Hector Harris yells at his group to not screw up this opportunity for revenge.

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied by "Horror" Hector Harris, from The Last House On The Left... Gilbert Rogers, Alan Goldstein and Berry Chernobyl... **SCREEN 7!**

"Horror" Hector Harris screams at his crew as the portly Gilbert waddles through the ropes, the scrawny and tall Alan enters the ring and Berry Chernobyl looks out to the crowd and then enters. All three enter and wait for their opponents.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... they are the team of "The Show of Force" Titaness... "The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World" Minute... and "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez... **LOS! TRES! TITANES!**

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

The group 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! And along with that, Minute is back in his white and gold LTT-themed gear!

DDK:

First time in a while we are seeing all three as a trio! Minute had spent his last several months with a very impressive run as the Favoured Saints Champion! Though he came up short of four defenses, Los Tres Titanes are looking to get back in the Unified Tag Title hunt!

Lance:

And they have been better than ever in singles! We'll see what they can do as a team tonight!

Minute leaps into the ring with a front flip and then does several front kip-up across the ring before landing on his feet to a huge pop from the crowd! Titaness stands on the ring apron and flexes for the crowd while Uriel raises a hand, ready to chop someone. All three get situated int the ring and get ready for the match. Titaness starts for her team while a skittish Alan Goldstein starts for his.

DING DING

DDK:

Here we go! Titaness gives up a few inches to Alan, but... well, look at 6'1" to his 6'4". Alan has muscle... somewhere?

Goldstein circles with Titaness, but The Show of Force grabs him by the side and then DEADLIFTS him off the mat before dropping him with a gutwrench suplex from the get-go! The crowd pops as Titaness rolls back up and Goldstein kicks the canvas in pain. Gilbert tells him to show the world his “sexy pipes.”

Lance:

I'm afraid to ask what that means...

He shakes his head and slides off the straps of his singlet. Titaness shakes her own head and averts her gaze as you can see his bony ribs. He flexes and poses... then gets German suplexed by Titaness nearly out of his boots! The crowd cheers when Titaness kips up to her feet after the move!

DDK:

Tag to Minute! Let's see what they'll do!

Titaness grabs Alan and then PRESSES him over her head to cheers! The crowd cheers on the Show of Force before she throws Alan down. Minute runs and then gets pressed by Titaness... then dropped on Alan with a rolling senton! Minute rolls to his feet after the move, then Uriel gets tagged in. The Titan steps over the ropes and then picks up Alan. Alan gets dragged over and whipped to the ropes. Minute lays on the mat for Alan to get picked up and then dropped with a grounded dropkick by Minute! He bounces back and Uriel CRACKS him with a huge discus chop that spins him upside down!

DDK:

I felt that up here, Lance! What a combo by Minute and Cortez!

Uriel grabs Alan and then picks him up off the mat and then over his shoulder with a body slam setup. Uriel cheers on the crowd and then as they build up a chant, he THROWS him down on the mat! Uriel gets tagged in again and then hits a springboard senton on Alan! Then the cover!

ONE... TWO...

DDK:

Berry Chernobyl in for the save! He boots Minute in the back!

Berry grabs Alan by the leg and then slides his battered body across the ring before he climbs back in... then makes the tag for himself.

Lance:

This might have been the best decision for Screen 7 right now.

The 247-pound Chernobyl heads into the ring and then bullies Minute into the corner before nailing him with a big corner clothesline! The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World gets rocked before Berry nails a big spin kick to the chest. He pulls him out of the corner by the arm and then nails him with a big short-arm clothesline!

DDK:

Berry not wanting to blow this opportunity! He goes for the cover on Minute after that short-arm clothesline!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

Lance:

Big kickout by Minute, but Berry is wailing on him with elbows now!

The Ghostface Grappler stands up and when the portly Gilbert Rogers wants the tag... Berry hesitantly shakes his head... then tags him in. Gilbert laughs, but slowly inches through the ropes... then kicks Minute with some rather weak shots. But then he uses his true weapon - his weight - and then steps on the luchador in the ropes!

DDK:

Gilbert Rogers using his weight to his advantage...and doing it right!

Referee Hector Navarro counts down to five and Gilbert steps off at the count of four at Hector's insistence. Hector Harris points at Minute and tells them to finish the job. Alan wants the tag... but Berry gets it instead. Berry climbs over and then lays into Minute several times before he nails a big belly to belly suplex! Then another cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Another kickout! Close one there!

Berry has enough and then goes for the Pumphandle Purge... but at the apex of the move, Minute shifts with a hurricanrana! The luchador slips out! Berry comes back up and charges, but Minute slips through the ropes and lands on the apron, leaving Chernobyl to hit the corner chest-first! The Titan de los Cielos leaps... RUNS across the ropes and hits Estrella Fugaz! The Faithful go into a frenzy!

DDK:

Estrella Fugaz! That rope running dropkick is such a thing of beauty! And Minute needs to get to his corner!

Minute sees both Uriel and Titaness with arms out for a tag! He rolls forward in dramatic fashion and then tags out to Titaness as the Faithful roar!

DDK:

And here comes the Show of Force!

Berry rolls over and a panicked Alan Goldstein tags in. He runs at Titaness and flails around, but she ducks. When he comes back, he gets picked up over her shoulder with ease and then dropped on the mat with a huge waterwheel suplex! The Show of Force is back up and then runs at Gilbert Rogers in the corner to nail him with a big boot! The massive Rogers goes teetering off the apron with "Horror" Hector Harris freaking out over the treatment he is getting.

Lance:

Titaness is making quick work of Screen 7 all by her lonesome at this moment! The Faithful are all fired up to see her!

The Titan of Industry looks impressed until Berry Chernobyl comes back in and nails a knee to the chest before slugging her a few times with shots across the back. Uriel wants to step up, but she gets shoved to the ropes. Berry tries a spin kick that misses as Titaness ducks. But when the two meet up, she catches him and DROPS him with an amazing moonsault fallaway slam!

DDK:

WHOA! WHAT WAS THAT?!

Lance:

She just caught Chernobyl and slammed him with that backflip-type slam!

Titaness gets CHEERS from the crowd after pulling off the amazing move for the first time ever! Before she rolls over and tags in Uriel again as he disposes of Berry. Alan Goldstein is the legal man and gets LEVELED with the Chop of Ages MAX! Alan crumbles, but Uriel doesn't go for the cover and instead, look out to the crowd and tags in Minute! He tags himself in and then Uriel stands...

DDK:

We haven't seen this move in a minute... jokes!

The crowd roar in approval as Minute stands on the top turnbuckle... then LEAPS onto Minute's shoulders, then comes off with the THIRTY STORY SPLASH ON ALAN GOLDSTEIN! Hector Harris almost has a conniption on the outside

as Minute hooks the leg.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

The Faithful roar in approval as Minute pumps a fist! Minute, Uriel and Titaness all meet up in the center of the ring, hands raised!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **LOS TRES TITANES!**

DDK:

Good win in six-person action here tonight by Los Tres Titanes! Titaness looked impressive as she always does while Minute and Uriel show what they can do as a team!

As Screen 7 starts to collect themselves from the ring, the crowd cheers them on. But the celebration of Los Tres Titanes doesn't go on for too long before...

TAG... WE'RE IT

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

The D leads the way, waving his arms for attention as he runs out from the backstage area. Behind him, the masked Elise Ares appears to be desperately trying to keep up. Behind them, Flex Kruger walks out at a normal pace like Michael Meyers chasing down a teenage girl in a slasher flick... but the only thing Flex chases is MORE GAINS.

DDK:

Wow! What are the Pop Culture Phenoms doing out here?

Lance:

I don't know! The last time that we saw these two teams was the Ballyhoo Brew Happy Hour Battle Royale! It came down to the likes of Minute, Elise Ares, and Mason Luck. The Lucky Sevens won that match, but it doesn't look like these teams appear to be done.

DDK:

The Pop Culture Phenoms and the then-Sky High Titans fought in some highly-acclaimed matches in the past over the Unified Tag Team Titles, including an incident where The D and Elise stole Minute's mask mid-match, then Elise pinned The D while wearing Minute's mask to win the belts.

Lance:

Shows how reliable Mark Shields is as a ref. We'll see where this goes!

Uriel Cortez, Minute and Titaness get done celebrating their win and look out at their old rivals.

Elise Ares:

Hey BBY!

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style quickly silences the room, before she pulls a piece of paper out from her tights and clears her voice, ready to make a super serious announcement.

Elise Ares:

Excuse me! Ladies, gentlemen, Aresites, and parenthesis insert gender-neutral pronoun here close parenthesis... first I'd like to apologize to our adoring fans for our absence. Apparently the show "UNCUT" actually exists! We previously thought this show was created because DEFIAНCE didn't meet our air-time requirements as negotiated per our contract and only existed occasionally to give the people more of the PCP content they needed.

All three members of PCP look at each other and shrug. As soon as Elise and The D look back at the ring, Flex Kruger shakes his head in disappointment.

Elise Ares:

Also we'd like to make a formal challenge! Los Tres Titanes, I think we were both wronged in that battle royal as badly as the article at the beginning of your name is redundant. I mean we're just called the Pop Culture Phenoms, well not THE Pop Culture Phenoms... or Los Pop Culture Phenoms, just Pop Culture Phenoms! Sometimes little t, but never big T, it's completely unnecessary!

The D:

Only need a Big T when speakin' bout the Big D. Y'hear?

Elise Ares:

So for that reason we challenge you to a match at ACTS of DEFIAНCE for the #1 Contendership to the DEFIAНCE Unified Tag Team Championships!

The Faithful roar as Los Tres Titanes have a quick discussion amongst themselves. On the stage, Flex Kruger rushes over to whisper into Elise's ear. She looks back at him confused and she holds the microphone away from her lips as

she consults The D, he appears to give her a thumbs up.

Elise Ares:

I've been informed that somehow Los Lucky Sevens are still the #1 Contender's to the DEFIAНCE United Tag Team Championships, so we challenge you for a match for the #2 Contender's to the DEFIAНCE United Tag Team Championships!

DDK:

WOW! Pop Culture Phenoms versus Los Tres Titanes for the #1... or #2 Contendership to the Unified Tags!

Lance:

At ACTS of DEFIAНCE, no less!

While the Faithful pop, Uriel Cortez takes hold of a microphone and leans his big self forward over the ropes.

Uriel Cortez:

D... Elise... Flex...

He says with a nod before he continues.

Uriel Cortez:

We can agree on this... we both want another shot at the Unified Tag Team Titles. I hear the people when you come out and the fact that you guys came to us for this fight... we can respect that. But while you might have changed a little, us right here... we've changed a LOT since we last traded those titles. We have fought through everything from fire-obsessed assholes, greedy backstabbing ex-manager assholes, Kabal assholes... we've dealt with literally EVERY kind of asshole on this roster and we've become stronger because of it. Because of all that... we've got The Most Interesting High Flyer in the World! The guy who already held the FS title longer than Rezin did!

Minute jumps on the back of Uriel and then rests on his shoulder, waving with a huge pop for the former Favoured Saints Champion.

Minute:

Hola. Stay the fuck away from my mask.

The crowd laughs a bit, well aware of their past history.

Uriel Cortez:

And... (arm out to his right) we got a Titaness!

A big cheer for the strongwoman of Los Tres Titanes, who can't hide a slight smile on her face. Minute motions for the microphone and the two deliberate. He huddles up and whispers something off-mic to Uriel. Uriel nods, then they bump fists.

Minute:

We want the Unified Tag Team Titles... So let's up the ante a little, eh? Que tal... lucha specialty... TWO OUT OF THREE FALLS!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

WOW! WHAT A MATCH THAT WOULD BE! WILL THEY ACCEPT?

Flex raises his palm high to the Faithful, queuing them to quiet. He then turns and points toward the talent, the D, who now holds the microphone.

The D:

You think we haven't changed? You think Elise is the same person she was? Here, sample case. Lemme break you off a lil' story 'bout a Derek Edwards. You know why I call myself the D? It's 'cause all my life, I've been a d-list character. Never admitted it, publicly. But I was always shunted, pushed aside, made to feel less than I am. And even though my confidence belies the strength of a sasquatch and the grace of a gazelle, I at my heart, worry I am not worthy enough. But then I look around. I look at Flex, I think about Klein recovering at home, I see Elise standing next to me... it wasn't until I hitched myself to you assholes that I realized I could be part of something special. Something more than myself. Something that could define Pop Culture. And at Acts of DEFIAНCE, I'll stand defiantly.

The D nods, looks over to Flex, who looks confused. He mouths "Do we accept?" as the D fumbles the mic for a moment.

The D:

I MEAN TOTES OBVS! 2 outta 3 falls? PCP vs. LTT? OOOOH WEEEEEE! Elise, let's not only win a shot at the tag straps, let's go win ourselves a DEFY in the process. D, OUT!

The D and Elise start to leave. Elise hesitates. The D grabs her by her arm and speaks offhandedly, in a way the cameras just pick it up.

The D:

We can ask about free booze later. Don't ruin the moment!

Elise Ares:

But I'm thirsty now.

DDK:

BIG match signed for Acts here Lance. PCP, LTT, 2 outta 3!

Lance:

Winners go on to face the winners of Lucky Sevens versus the current champs, the Saturday Night Specials.

DDK:

Although, who knows what will happen between now and then Lance! We've got even more in store for this legendary and historic 100th edition of Uncut!

ARDS: PSYCHOPATHS UNITE!

Backstage Scrow is arguing with Teresa Ames, who is surrounded by Reapers and Crimson Stalker.

Scrow:

Look Scrow needs more test subjects. You do not need all these reapers.

Teresa Ames:

That's where you're wrong, my face painted chemist. We do need... all of them.

Teresa uses her flirtatious nature to point out some of her favorite, colorless, lifeless Reapers.

Teresa Ames:

My task is far more important than yours, which you would know if you PAID attention to Mr. Fear like I do. I take care of Mr. Fear. And that is exactly why I am the leader and you're just a peon. I need my army for the specimen we are after, whom Mr. Fear is also after. That task alone is far more important than whatever derelict tests you are performing!

Scrow:

Oh, come on! You have Stalker - you don't need the rest, he should be all you need if you really had control of him!

Teresa's face turns into a grimace as she moves towards her Crimson Michael Myers. Stroking a finger across the top of his bald head, she moves the same finger in Scrow's direction.

Teresa Ames:

What do you have to say, honey? Should we give him any of YOUR Reapers?

Breathing heavily, Crimson Stalker stares in silence at his former protege, the chemist hoping for a spark of life from his Sith Master. Alas, however, nothing comes of the staredown, Stalker's breathing overtakes the scene as Teresa looks at Scrow with a coy smirk. She snaps her fingers and suddenly The Kabal's Leader and her entourage disappear from the scene as Scrow looks on, clenching his fist in frustration.

♪ *All Within My Hands - Metallica*♪

Scrow's vision catches the mid-entrance of Arthur Pleasant and his Scourge. Scrow's eyes widen almost like a light bulb turned on. He quickly walks out of camera view.

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT

♪ “All Within My Hands” by Metallica ♪

Returning from backstage, ARTHUR PLEASANT is already standing in the ring, joined by his Scourge cronies Jack Harmen and Aaron King.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Under the Midnight Sun, and weighing in at two-hundred and seven pounds... THE PROVOCATEUR, ARTHUUURRR PLEAAAASSAAANNNT!!!

The Provocateur is egging on the crowd as he holds up his newly minted “DEFINANCE PURE WRESSLING Championship”, and the Faithful are letting him know exactly how they feel.

“AR-THUR-SUCKS!!

“AR-THUR-SUCKS!!

“AR-THUR-SUCKS!!”

♪ “Cause” by Human Impact ♪

The chanting almost immediately comes to a stop as all attention goes to the entry-way. KERRY KUROYAMA tears through the curtain and proceeds down the ramp at a brisk powerwalk, barely acknowledging the mixed crowd reaction.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, hailing from Seattle, Washington, and weighing in at two-hundred and forty-four pounds... THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG, KERRY KUROYAMA!!!

Barely breaking stride, Kerry throws off the robe and it tosses it into the hands of the timekeeper as he scales the steps and enters the ring, eyes fixated on the undeniably dangerous trio of men standing across the ring. Harmen and King exit as Arthur is left standing in his corner, sadistically grinning ear to ear.

DDK:

We have some highly anticipated singles action here in just a few moments, folks, as last week at DEFtv 157, Kerry Kuroyama formally laid down a challenge to the so-called “PURE Wrestling” champion, Arthur Pleasant!

Lance:

Kuroyama specifically requested this match in an effort to send a message to Scott Stevens, with whom he’s had some beef with lately. Stevens, of course, was absolutely brutalized at the hands of the Provocateur in the Three Stages of Hell match at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

DDK:

It’s definitely going to be a clash of styles when these two lock up! Make no mistake, beyond the mind games, Arthur has proven to be a very dangerous and cunning man within the squared circle. Many have fallen to his sadistic hands!

Lance:

This is true, Keebs. However, the look in Kuroyama’s eyes would suggest he has neither the mind nor the patience to play in Arthur’s world. If there were a wrestler right now who truly epitomized the idea of “pure” wrestling, it’s Kerry.

Working official Carla Ferrari makes her checks on Kuroyama but rebuffs Pleasant by flipping him the bird, getting a good cheer from the crowd. Pleasant mockingly winks and blows her a kiss. She sneers as she waves to the timekeeper.

DING DING

Kuroyama comes out of his corner looking ready to go into the lock-up in the center of the ring, but Pleasant lingers in his corner, pacing around while continuing to grin at his opponent. Arthur does a goofy and spastic imitation of Kerry's stance in a clear show of mockery, prompting Kuroyama to come directly after him. Pleasant leans out through the ropes.

"BOOOOOOO!!!

Lance:

Hardly surprised to see this...

Carla begrudgingly calls the rope break. Kerry quickly recomposes himself and backs up into his own corner, patiently staring Pleasant down and taking the contest seriously. Arthur chuckles as he pulls his torso back into the ring. Again, Kuroyama comes out of the corner.

DDK:

Kerry to the center once again, looking to lock-up... Pleasant finally comes out of his corner... Kuroyama steps in, and immediately Arthur backs into ropes and leans through! Come on!

Lance:

He's not going to give Kerry the contest he wants...

DDK:

I guess it's what we've come to expect of the Provocateur.

Kerry's temples pulse as he grinds his teeth in an effort to remain calm, and he backs away again. Arthur is full-on laughing at this point, and the other members of the Scourge add to the heckling from the outside. The Faithful are livid by this point.

Lance:

Arthur Pleasant will delay this match for as long as he pleases. We know well by now he relishes in earning this kind of hatred from his opponents and the Faithful.

DDK:

Here he comes once more, stepping away from the ropes... let's see if he's ready to fight!

This time, they go right into the lock-up. Kuroyama quickly overpowers Pleasant and slips around him into a waistlock. Arthur struggles as Kerry attempts to wrangle him to the mat, until Kuroyama plants his feet and falls back with the German Suplex.

DDK:

Kerry gets behind him, and now he's going for the GERMAN SUPLEX--and Arthur FLIPS through and lands on his feet! Roll-up from behind--and he's got KERRY BY THE TIGHTS!!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT by Kuroyama!

Slap.

A disrespectful slap to the back of Kerry's head resonates through the DEFArena, and the crowd audibly "OOHs" as he slowly turns around and sets his angry gaze on Arthur. Pleasant smirks as he again retreats to the corner and leans through the ropes.

"*DIE, ARTHUR DIE!!*
"*DIE, ARTHUR, DIE!!*
"*DIE, ARTHUR, DIE!!"*

DDK:

That piece of... ugh, I don't see any way Kerry gets through this match without snapping at some point!

Lance:

You sure he hasn't snapped already? What's he doing now?

With a "fuck it" motion, Kerry sits himself in the center of the ring with his back to Pleasant. The crowd reacts as he points to the back of his head, seemingly offering Arthur the first shot.

At first, Arthur doesn't seem to know what to make of this. Then the smirk returns to his face as he pushes himself into the ropes...

DDK:

Pleasant looks more than eager to accept a free shot, and here he comes into motion off the ropes... Kerry DUCKS--but Pleasant LEAPFROGS instead of taking the shot!

Lance:

He had that scouted well.

DDK:

Arthur still in motion, off the other set of ropes, and Kerry rolls backward onto his feet... Pleasant looking for the SHINING WIZARD--NO!! Kuroyama catches the leg right into his waiting hands!! Up goes Pleasant with the EXPLODER SUPLEX!!

The crowd pops at the sight of the Provocateur being slammed violently into the mat, and Kerry stays right on top of him. Arthur desperately tries to scramble away, but Kuroyama locks up the waist and wrangles him off the canvas again...

DDK:

And a GUTWRENCH SUPLEX to follow! Kerry finally has ahold of him, and doesn't seem at all interested in holding back! Full steam ahead!

Lance:

He is not wasting any time here, it's one move into another.

Pleasant is winded after the last slam as Kerry switches over to the leg and applies a stepover toehold to lock Arthur in place. But rather than going for a facelock, Kerry takes a handful of Arthur's hair and puts a hard forearm into the side of his head. And another. And another.

And another. And *another*.

DDK:

My GOD, those forearms shots are absolutely punishing! Arthur Pleasant has been knocked loopy from that beating!

Lance:

Kerry can do pretty much anything he wants at this point.

Pleasant is still shaking out cobwebs as Kerry underhooks both of his arms and wrangles him back to his feet, and lifts him again...

DDK:

And the punishment on Arthur Pleasant continues with a DOUBLE-UNDERHOOK BACKBREAKER!! OHH!! And Kerry puts him right into the jackknife with Arthur's shoulders on the mat!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Pleasant pops the shoulder... but Kerry keeps those arms hooked!

Kerry lifts again and kneels into a vicious double-underhook piledriver, again leaning into Pleasant's legs to pin his shoulders to the mat.

DDK:

DEVASTATING Double-Underhook Piledriver, dropping Pleasant right on the neck and head, and he goes for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR--Pleasant SCISSORS the face to break free!

Undeterred, Kuroyama keeps the arms wrangled and tries again for an elevated double-underhook powerbomb to lay Pleasant out, but Arthur, either by instinct or desperation, throws out a hand and the eye, forcing Kerry to drop him.

DDK:

Kerry tries for a TIGER DRIVER, but Pleasant with the EYE GOUGE breaks free!

Kerry tries to shrug off the pain and come at him again, but a mule kick by Pleasant from down low on the mat catches him in the neck and leaves him reeling into the ropes, clutching at his throat. Ferrari admonishes Arthur over the eye gouge.

Arthur Pleasant:

Fuck you, bitch!

Lance:

The always classy Arthur Pleasant, everybody...

DDK:

Arthur has an opportunity to make a move now, as Kerry struggles to breath! And now Pleasant POUNCES!

Arthur comes at Kerry with a series of Muay Thai kicks to the chest while the Pacific Blitzkrieg is trapped against the ropes. Carla moves in to make the break, leading Pleasant to grab the stunned Kuroyama by the head and throw him through the ropes.

DDK:

Pleasant sends Kerry to the outside... no wait! Kerry snatches the ropes and instead ends up on the apron!

Lance:

Good ring awareness on his part. He doesn't want to find himself out there with Harmen and King lurking around like a couple of vultures.

Kuroyama crawls back through the ropes as Carla warns Arthur that she's not putting up with any more of his shit and the Provocateur jaws right back at her, testing the official's patience. He all but shoves her aside as he sees Kerry looking to get back to his feet.

DDK:

There's a running KNEE right to the temple to put Kerry back to the mat... and some MORE vicious kicks to the head and neck, as Kuroyama attempts to cover up!

Lance:

This is the very place where Arthur Pleasant can be dangerous.

DDK:

Kuroyama blocks a shot, and now he's hurrying back up, but Pleasant throws him into a front-facelock... and a SWINGING NECK BREAKER puts Kerry back to the canvas! Pleasant floats over the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

...and Carla calls off the count as soon as she sees Arthur getting some added leverage with Kuroyama's waistline!

Lance:

That's the second time he's done that now.

Ferrari is clearly losing her patience, much to Arthur's delight. Still grinning ear to ear, the Provocateur continues as if he did nothing wrong, pulling Kuroyama back off the mat. Unfortunately, he doesn't anticipate Kerry snatching a leg and performing a takedown.

DDK:

Hang on, Kerry sweeps Arthur to the mat by the leg, and he's still got him as he transitions to his feet... right into a standing INVERTED CLOVERLEAF!! Pleasant's feeling the burn now!

The momentum suddenly shifts as the stronger Kerry locks in the Gorilla Clutch, putting all the pressure onto Pleasant's leg and spine, while Arthur's sinister grin suddenly melts into an agape hole in his head as he screams in pain. The Faithful are charged up watching him suffer.

Lance:

Arthur was getting a bit carried away with messing with the official's head.

DDK:

Kerry, meanwhile, is showing that if you even allow him a moment's opportunity, he will take advantage of it! He's leveraging down on Pleasant's spine as the so-called "PURE Wresslin" champ desperately claws for the ropes.

Pleasant inches his way closer to the ropes, only for Carla to kneel down in his way and somewhat coyly ask if he's ready to tap out. Arthur now screams in murderous rage, arms thrashing in an effort to reach the official's throat rather than the ropes now.

DDK:

Karma is coming back to Arthur Pleasant as--wait, Arthur curls up and rolls through, and Kuroyama ALMOST collides with Ferrari as he gets thrown forward!

Lance:

That was close.

But the moment's distraction gives Pleasant the opportunity to spring to his feet and catch Kuroyama from behind, digging deep and impressively lifting the heavier man over his head.

DDK:

Wait a sec--PLEASANT with the BACK BODY DRIVER from behind! Kerry took that impact right on the back of the HEAD!

Pleasant and Kuroyama lie on math, breathing heavily. Arthur recovers first, ignoring a cover attempt to work his way over to the corner on his knees.

Lance:

Impressive of Pleasant to turn a bad situation into his advantage. Ferrari, the official, put herself right in the line of fire to enjoy seeing her greatest harasser in DEFIAНCE getting his just deserts, but that just gave him the chance to divert Kerry's attention.

DDK:

You're right, as much as I hate to say it. Say what you will about Pleasant's mind games, but they seem to work in his advantage in the end. Even our unshakeable ring official Carla Ferrari isn't immune to his provocations.

Pleasant finally works his way up to his feet and appears to fall into the corner in exhaustion. Then the ringside camera comes around to show that while his body is at rest, his hands are frantically working at the laces.

DDK:

He's removing the protective pad from that top turnbuckle!

Lance:

There's no way the official stands for that.

Carla finally sees what's happening attempts to intervene, but Pleasant snaps at her as he continues to untie the rear lacings. Undeterred, she moves in to stop him, but Arthur rips it off before she can intervene and pitches the padding to the outside, where Jack Harmen quickly scoops it up and before she can retrieve it.

Lance:

She tried to stop him, but Arthur Pleasant got his way just the same.

DDK:

Arthur is getting Kerry to his feet, and I know he has some bad intentions!

Pleasant takes hold of Kuroyama by the head and pulls him back off the mat, but then the Pacific Blitzkrieg sees his opening and quickly pushes forward with all of his strength to bull Arthur into the corner and smash him against the turnbuckles with a shoulder block.

DDK:

Kerry snaps back to life, and he's got pleasant by the waist... NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX sends the Provocateur all the way across the ring!

Lance:

Now is his chance!

The crowd cheers once more as Kuroyama makes his comeback, while the look on Kerry's face is one of cold, calculating rage. Pleasant's back is to him as he begins pushing him off the mat, his head just begging to have a knee put into it, and Kuroyama charges...

DDK:

Kuroyama with the GREEN RIVER REVOLT--NO!! Pleasant DUCKS at the last second! Kerry puts on the breaks--and Pleasant with the NARCOLEPSY RIGHT TO THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD!! GOOD GOD!!

Lance:

I think that may have put Kerry's lights out!

Though he gets a hand up to absorb the blow, Kerry appears to go completely limp after the Buzzsaw Kick cracks him the skull, and he falls back into the corner on rubber legs, his mouth completely agape. Flashing his smirk at the exposed turnbuckle waiting across the ring, Pleasant knows exactly what to do next as he takes Kerry by the wrist...

DDK:

Wait a second, that's the corner with the padding removed! Pleasant with the Irish Whip--NO, REVERSAL BY KERRY!

BONK!

DDK:

And ARTHUR PLEASANT JUST WENT HEAD-FIRST INTO THAT EXPOSED TURNBUCKLE!

Lance:

That plan back-fired spectacularly!

Pleasant comes reeling out of the corner as Kuroyama shakes off the lingering effects of the kick as quickly snatches him from behind and goes for the pumphandle...

DDK:

Kerry with the KUROYAMA DRIVER, going right into the PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!! HE DID IT!!

DING DING DING

♪ “Cause” by Human Impact ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this match, by pinfall... **KEEERRRYYYY KUUUROOYAAAMAAA!!!**

The crowd cheers, more for seeing Arthur lose than for Kerry winning. Pleasant scrambles to his feet, glaring angrily at Ferrari, as she wryly grins and holds up the three fingers. Meanwhile, Kuroyama skips the victory celebration as he promptly rolls out of the ring, walks by the stunned Harmen and King standing at ringside, retrieves his robe, and heads back up the ramp without delay. The stoic look on his face says it all: Mission accomplished.

DDK:

I couldn't see from this angle, but did he have a handful of Arthur's waistline during that pin?

Lance:

Not sure, but Ferrari obviously did not see it... unless she just intentionally overlooked it.

DDK:

It's possible, but given it's Arthur Pleasant, is anyone really going to complain? He was doing it through the whole match! As for Kerry, he can say he backed up his words tonight, pulling off an upset over one of DEFIAНCE's hottest rising stars and sending a message to Scott Stevens here tonight.

ARDS: PSYCHOPATHS UNITE!

♪ Diabolical - Nyxx♪

DDK:

What in the world does he want?

In the ring, Arthur is helped to his feet by Harmen and King as the members of the Scourge direct their attention to the entryway. After a beat, "The Raven's Eye" SCROW steps through the curtain and makes his way down to the ring.

Lance:

Arthur just took an exposed turnbuckle to the noggin', ate a Kuroyama Driver, and *now* this lunatic who thinks anyone is gonna buy his book is coming out here?! He clearly is not here for Kerry who is long gone now.

The Scourge gets in front of Arthur who is still trying to recover. Scrow flips his hair out of his eyes as he reaches the front of the ring. He holds his hands out in an attempt to calm Jack and Aaron down. He walks to the steps and pulls a microphone out of his leather jacket. The music cuts. The boo birds are in full force as The Faithful have no love for any of these men.

DDK:

From the looks of it, Scrow has no desire to fight. I don't see that propaganda in his hands either.

Lance:

What in the hell is he doing, he is licking his lips and staring at both Jack and Aaron like they are a piece of meat.

Arthur pushes himself between his two loyal followers.

Scrow:

Arthur Pleasant...

Louder boo birds echo throughout the Wrestleplex. Scrow just smirks at The Faithful before returning his glare back at Arthur.

Scrow:

Quite the impression you made on these people.

Arthur and Scrow observe the seething hatred for both men. They return their stares to one another.

Scrow:

Scrow has a proposal for you.

Once more licking his lips as he stares at Aaron King then Jack Harmen.

Scrow:

So this is The Scourge he has heard so much about. How would you like to take part in a little project Scrow has been working on.

Arthur seems intrigued.

Scrow:

You're just the type of man he thinks would be an excellent observer. A sadist like you would not turn down this offer he is sure of it. Scrow is sure you would appreciate making these two men stronger than they currently are. You see he has a little serum that he has been working tirelessly over. Scrow swears between promoting "The Rise of Scrow" *{glances at the main camera from the apron}* Available September 16, 2021...*{he winks at the camera then looks back at Arthur and company}* Scrow has been put into a position thanks to Teresa Ames where he no longer has The Kabal's Reapers at his disposal. SO looking at these two sturdy strong cultists they would make perfect test

subjects....What do you say buddy?

Arthur looks ahead at Scrow. Then he looks to King and Harmen. Then back to Scrow. Suddenly, Arthur lets out a cackle that just immediately provokes the audience into booing him even more.

Arthur Pleasant:

I'll tell you what I say, "buddy". I say... you had me at Arthur Pleasant. I say... I like you, Scrow. Dare I even say we could even be friends! And you know something, Scrow? As I look out at this world? This world we have in all four of our palms...

He pauses, allowing the audience to get their vitriol in again.

Arthur Pleasant:

...this world seems to emulsify into a fiery splendor when you and I stand in the ring. So count me in.

Arthur Pleasant:

Just as long as you're not dissecting my balls or anything. Nobody touches them, Scrow. Nobody... except Lindsay, of course.

DDK:

These two....TOGETHER!?

Lance:

Wonderful, as though The Kabal wasn't enough, now it appears Arthur and The Scourge are forming an alliance with Scrow and The Kabal. This is not going to go well for Defiance.

The other two members of his Scourge look expectedly sketched out over this sudden "trust" Arthur has in Scrow. After a beat, Arthur's sinister smile spreads across his face. On this unresolved note, Scrow hops off the apron and backtracks up the ramp with the same sinister smile as Arthur, before disappearing behind the curtain and the show moves along.

SIMPLE AS THAT

The shot cuts to backstage, as KERRY KUROYAMA walks back to the locker room. He takes a moment to towel the sweat from his face, and groans when he looks up and spots Jaime Sawyers waiting for him for a mic and an earnest smile.

Jaime Sawyers:

Kerry! Anything you feel like saying after that match?

Kuroyama doesn't stop walking, but slows his gait to allow the head interviewer to keep up with him.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Is there anything that needs to be said, Jamie? I told the world I would go out there and get the results Scott Stevens couldn't get, and I backed up my claim. Simple as that.

Jaime Sawyers:

I suppose, although it looked as though "The Provocateur" Arthur Pleasant still put up more of a fight than you were expecting, forcing you to take some arguably desperate measures to pick up the win.

Kerry shrugs.

Kerry Kuroyama:

A win is a win, regardless of how it gets done. Maybe when his cuts heal up and he isn't too busy pissing his pants over the things I said last week, Stevens could learn from that. As for me, I'm looking ahead to the next challenge...

Jaime Sawyers:

So, you're not worried about any repercussions from those statements you made last week at DEFtv?

Kuroyama groans again before he stops and turns to face Sawyers, giving him his full and undivided attention.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Listen closely, Jamie... you asked for my honest thoughts, and I gave them. I knew that many people weren't going to like what they heard, and I tried to warn them, but the truth is the truth. As I see it, anyway.

With his eyes narrowing and his voice dropping a bit in pitch, he holds up his hands and presses the index finger of one into the palm of the palm of the other, hitting the point home to Jamie so that there's no confusion.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I'm not interested in pleasing people, and I'm not interested in getting tangled into pissing contests; I'm interested in *winning*. That's what distinguishes me as a professional athlete apart from the knuckle-draggers.

Kuroyama notices Jamie isn't looking at him, but past his shoulder. Keenly reading the situation, Kerry slowly turns himself around and comes face to face with Lindsay Troy.

Lindsay Troy:

Hi Ker-Bear.

She smiles. It's worrisome.

In her left hand is a small packet of paper and a pen, which she aggressively slaps against Kuroyama's shoulder and holds there.

Lindsay Troy:

Time to put your money where your mouth is.

Kerry Kuroyama:

You mean, like I just did out there?

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, you've got a bigger problem than the Creepshow to deal with now, young gun.

Kerry glances down at the papers and pen being held up against his shoulder. His eyebrow arches.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I take it that's a contract?

Lindsay Troy:

Ah, he does have a brain.

She taps the documents against his body.

Lindsay Troy:

It isn't going to sign itself.

Kuroyama chuckles lightly under his breath as he takes the papers and carefully reads through them for a few moments. Then he nods, evidently having no problems with the fine print, and clicks the pen.

Kerry Kuroyama:

See this, Jamie? This is what I mean by moving ahead.

Pressing the contract up against the wall, Kuroyama scrawls his John Hancock along the dotted line, taking note that Troy's signature is already there.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Sure, Lindsay... we're professionals, after all. And I'm eager to show the world what I can do against a former FIST.

Done signing, Kerry formally hands the packet of papers back to Troy. There's a slight curl in the corner of his mouth indicating a smile, but it's clearly laced with a tinge of arrogance.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm sure you are.

She turns to go but stops, seemingly having forgotten something.

Lindsay Troy:

One more thing, Kerry.

She slips her hand into the pocket of her jeans and produces a folded piece of paper, which she hands to the Pacific Blitzkrieg.

Lindsay Troy:

That's a list of plastic surgeons at Tulane University hospital. You'll need to see someone after I get done caving your entire face in.

She pats his cheek, gives Jamie a nod, and takes her leave. Chuckling again under his breath, Kerry glances over to the head interviewer and shrugs.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Simple as that.

Kuroyama turns and continues making his way to the locker room as we fade out.

STALKER vs. RICK DICKULOUS

♪ “This Link is Dead” by Deftones ♪

The tension in the building stiffens as the hungry UNCUT 100 crowd stands up in anticipation. This is not just any entrance, no, this is DEFIAНCE’s most vile living and breathing monster that roams the hallways of DEFIAНCE. As The Faithful stand up eager to welcome the forthcoming slaughter before them the WrestlePlex’s Arena lights go out. While the DEFIAtron lights up with a custom video package for ‘Crimson’ Stalker. As the rampway runs flush with a deep crimson red color the arena lights also flicker to life featuring the same crimson glow.

Lance:

At DEFtv 157 Teresa Ames made one specific offer and that was to DEFIAНCE’s strongest man Rick Dickulous.

As the young blood announcer continues to rattle on his knowledge, Jason ‘Crimson Stalker’ Reeves is led by a very stern and angry looking Teresa Ames. Featuring a small set of stitches above Teresa’s eyebrow from the recent actions of Rick Dickulous, Teresa seems eager to see her new pet in action.

DDK:

Teresa Ames is the key here from the looks of things. She has Stalker literally wrapped around her finger and when Rick Dickulous turned down her offer, opting to boot her in the face last week.... He put a huge target on his back.

Replays from last week’s DEFtv 157 are played over, showing the altercation that led to this match being signed. As Stalker settles into the corner of the ring during the live UNCUT 100, a smaller video package showing Rick Dickulous’ ‘saving’ hero act as he demolishes The Kabal stable, minus Stalker, who was protecting Teresa after Rick’s initial attack.

Lance:

I wasn’t even sure Stalker would be allowed to participate, but rumors are swirling backstage that when he was finally allowed to be checked out by DEFMedical they couldn’t find a pulse from him - super weird but other than that they could not deem him unfit to compete.

DDK:

I need you to stop calling the DEFRAUDIO hotline for those expensive tips, Lance. You are starting to sound like The Kabal misfits and you are wasting your money!

The scene switches to the middle of the ring where Stalker is being coached with small whispers in the far corner of the ring by Teresa Ames, who is sporting what seems to be a new ‘Crimson Red’ top and black pants, very similar fashion to her controlled human terminator, Stalker.

Lance:

I wonder what Teresa is saying to him.

DDK:

I would rather NOT know.

The heavy breathing of anticipation from behind Stalker’s silent stare is intoxicating, his eyes are completely void of emotion, his crimson red mask moves in hypnotic fashion with each breath as Benny Doyle steps into the ring to provide what little guidance he can in this upcoming hardcore rules match up. Teresa climbs onto the top turnbuckle behind Stalker and dangles her legs across his upper body, tapping her fingers on his bald head, Teresa looks like a super villain awaiting a prisoner to be delivered.

Cut to Darren ‘DQ’ Quimbey who stands in the farthest area away from Stalker as possible, mic in hand he looks eager to announce this match and get on with the rest of the night. .

Darren Quimbey:

The following match up is set for one fall... It is... a... Stalker’s RULES MATCH UP!!!! Introducing first.... hailing from

Seattle, Washington and weighing in at two-hundred-thirty-five pounds.... He is known as CRIMSONNNNNNNNNNN STALKER!!!!!!!!!

Teresa's own excitement can't quell the boos from The Faithful, as they let her have it while Stalker simply stares on without much acknowledgement to the upcoming match. The crimson lights and glow to the arena suddenly change as the fans, some curious about Rick's recent actions, stand up in anticipation.

♪ “Face Fisted!” by Dethklck ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... heading to the ring now, standing six feet nine inches tall, and weighing four-hundred twenty-five pounds. He is **DEFIANCE'S STRONGEST MAN...RIIIICK DIICKULOOOOOUUUSSS!**

Rick strolls out onto the entrance ramp, his massive frame making the entryway seem tiny, eyes narrowed and staring daggers towards the ring, most specifically at Teresa Ames who is sneering at him while propped up behind Stalker. The UNCUT 100 special edition lights give Rick's shaven head a special glisten that outshines it's normal glow. As Rick struts to the ring with his shimmering, oiled upper body on full display he makes sure to point out his Axe to some of the new fans in attendance.

Lance:

Rick Dickulous looks like he means' business tonight! That Axe technically speaking is free game in tonight's match up!

The axe in question occupies his massive and taped right hand, resting against the bare flesh of his shoulder. Rick power walks towards the ring after a few fans give him a bit more cheers than he was wanting, a sneering look appearing on his face as Benny Doyle THINKS about taking The Lumbergiant's axe away, however he shrugs as he moves away from the big man, opting to signal for the bell instead to get the match started!

DING DING

Rick Dickulous looks on in anticipation as Stalker stands without moving away from the corner of the ring, or Teresa Ames for that matter.

Lance:

With this being a Stalker's Rules match up technically speaking Teresa Ames does not have to leave the ring.

DDK:

I don't think Rick cares to be honest, he's lumbering towards them both with that axe right now.

Stalker moves forward defensively and the two combatants stand chest to chest, obviously Rick's brute size dwarfs Stalker in comparison but the two men stare at one another with silent heat as the fans stand up and begin clapping in anticipation. Rick's Axe doesn't budge but neither does Stalker.

Lance;

Teresa's absolutely giddy, she seems over the moon with seeing Stalker getting to compete here tonight!

DDK:

She's taunting Rick as well.

Teresa Ames:

Hope you got more than just that Axe - Brawny Boy. You are going to need it!

Teresa snaps her fingers as she dangles her feet away from the ring and hops to the floor on the outside. Stalker's ears must have taken the finger snaps as a sign to go as he immediately launches into a fist flurry against Rick Dickulous!

DDK:

Oof! Rick's getting belted here as he stumbles back, he's holding onto his Axe and that may be his downfall as Stalker is just unloading on him!

Stalker with silent determination launches each frontal forearm shot heavier than the last, Rick's lumbergiant form can only take so much before his grip releases on his mighty axe. Falling with a thud and clang to the mat, Stalker yanks Rick's now unoccupied arm and throws him into the corner!

Lance:

STALKER Charges... BIG SPLASH INTO THE CORNER on Rick! His aggression and this pacing. It's.. Scary.

DDK:

I'm more worried about what's wrong with his eyes. The void in them is just unnerving.

Stalker's empty soul is on full display as he drags Rick's throttled body out of the corner, the big man was not expecting the weight of Stalker's hits, but he's feeling them now. Benny Doyle smartly moves the axe away from the center of the ring, much to the dismay of Teresa Ames who looks simply disappointed that her pet isn't getting a chance to wield it quite yet.

Lance:

Whipping Rick Dickulous into the ropes, the big man comes back and DROP TOE HOLD!

Beautifully executed, Rick's face meets DEFIAНCE's wrestling mat with a thunderous shake. Stalker wastes no time trying to capitalize as he stands up and boots Rick in the back of the head, something catches his deadly blank eyes as Teresa claps at him from outside of the ring, pointing to a chair that she drudged up from under the ring she slides it into the ring for him to use.

DDK:

Teresa is really eager to see Rick Dickulous pay for last week. After the offer for the cash prize on Guardian's head was revealed to also include a contract signing request, Rick made the wise move to stay away from these goons.

Lance:

Still doesn't make him that less of a dick.

Stalker's slow but methodical movements have allowed Rick just enough time, the big man lumbers himself up to one knee and as Stalker returns to the center of the ring with the chair he's met with a HUGE GUT punch!

DDK:

Stalker just absorbed that blow - Rick can't believe it... BULL RUSH!!

Rick Dickulous doesn't waste much time, instead of second guessing his hard gut punch doing nothing, the larger than life super specimen bullrushes Stalker UP and TO THE GROUND!

Lance:

Stalker's head almost collided with his own chair on the way down!

Seeing the metal chair, Rick is quick to pick it up, lifting it high above his head he lets out a guttural scream as he brings it crashing down against a rising Crimson Stalker!

DDK:

The red monster shielded himself from that first chair shot but Rick's measuring him up again..

THWACK!!

Connecting squarely on top of Jason Reeves' head the former self proclaimed False Hero hunter falters as he falls

face first against the mat. Benny Doyle looks on in concern as Jason's signs of life are almost ripped from his body on that second chair shot.

Rick Dickulous:

You ain't no goddamn monster! You're a goddamned pussy in dog's clothing!

Rick Dickulous slams the chair down next to Stalker so forcefully that it flies up into the air and clanks off his bicep. No selling the mishap, Rick leans over and places both hands around Stalker's neck almost like he's checking for a pulse. When unsatisfied Rick growls loudly as he flexes a moment before DEADLIFTING Stalker from the mat by his neck!

Lance:

OH MY GOD! What STRENGTH from the big man!! Stalker's reacting to the hold like any normal person would, but...

DDK:

How does a normal person survive the Strongest man's hand around their throat like that?

As Stalker kicks his feet and claws at Rick's hand, The Lumbergiant suddenly slams him to the canvas with a resounding crash. Without letting go, Rick lifts Stalker up by the throat again as he continues to kick and claw. Benny Doyle holds himself back from breaking the hold, although the look on his face shows how hard he's trying. As a wicked grin crosses Rick's face, he tosses Stalker over his shoulder before running towards the corner nearest to Teresa Ames and crushing him with a running shoulder block into the turnbuckles. Stalker's body crumples as Teresa Ames shrieks and leans in, whispering to her fallen champion as Rick steps out of the ring across from The Kabal members and hops to the floor. He lifts the ring apron and reaches underneath, pulling out a folding ladder and sliding it under the ropes before reaching back underneath for more.

As Teresa Ames' voice begins to get a little louder, telling Stalker to get up, he slowly starts to stir, robotically pushing himself up to his feet unbeknownst to Rick. Rick emerges from underneath the ring focused on the head of a sledgehammer with a sick smile when Teresa Ames yells at Stalker to go, which causes him to rush forward and deliver a baseball slide kick to the ladder, which perfectly strikes the head of the sledgehammer sending it crashing into Rick's forehead with a sickening thud.

OOOOOOOOHHHHH!

DDK:

I don't know what Teresa Ames said to him, but Stalker is almost like a man possessed! He was near death not moments ago, and look at him!

Lance:

Clearly Teresa Ames knows what to say and how to say it. She IS The Kabal's...five star general?

DDK:

I don't care how many stars she's got, what she's got is Stalker back into the fight and back in control!

As Stalker paces around the ring like a halloween villain waiting for his next victim, Teresa's anticipation to see Rick destroyed takes over, she starts screaming at him to continue the assault on Rick Dickulous!

DDK:

Rick took that sledgehammer to the head a few moments ago but DEFIAНCE's strongest man is already shaking the cobwebs out from outside the ring.

Lance:

With the help of the UNCUT 100 Fan Frenzy in the front row! These fans are loving this match and Rick's just a hard guy not to cheer for sometimes!

Behind his crimson red mask, Stalker's void of feeling and his slow methodical breathing has given Rick additional

time to figure out where he's currently at. In a match, against one of the toughest hardcore wrestlers to ever step foot in DEFIAНCE.

Lance:

Stalker launches himself against the ropes!! He JUMPS OVER THE TOP ROPE!!

Launching himself to the outside in a flying splash Crimson Stalker looks to send Rick off to dreamland but instead he's caught unsuspectedly in mid air!

DDK:

HOLY COW! RICK CAUGHT HIM! He's spinning.. He's.. got his balance!! POWERSLAM TO THE GROUND!

A heart pounding exchange of momentum as Stalker's aerial assault move is countered with a spinning powerslam to the outside.

DDK:

Will we see our first pinfall attempt!?

Rick barks loudly for Benny Doyle to make his way over as Rick presses both hands over the heavily breathing Crimson Stalker. Benny stumbles through the debris of sledge hammer, chair and ladder to make the count!

ONE.

TWO.

NO! Shoulder up!

Lance:

I wasn't expecting Stalker to get a shoulder up there! He definitely surprised me.

DDK:

Definitely has that Michael Myers vibe of a man that's hard to put down.

Rick Dickulous looks a bit disgruntled but nevertheless looks ready to continue, pulling himself up to one knee he wrangles Stalker up with him. The beast of a man carrying Stalker's arm as he whacks him over the head with a forearm before rolling the hardcore former leader of The Kabal, Stalker, into the ring.

DDK:

Teresa can't STAND to her pet down! Look at her smacking that apron like a rabid animal!

The motions of her hitting the reclaimed wood of the ring was enough to jar Stalker's senses as he immediately begins to rise up to his feet as Rick slowly makes his way into the ring.

Lance:

Rick's nonchalant entrance has given Stalker enough time to stand up and these fans are absolutely ready for more action!

Catching a blur of motion, Teresa Ames almost runs the cameras over as she looks for the axe that Rick brought originally to the ring, it was posted against the time keeper's table and she smirks towards the in ring action as she snatches the well made weapon of death into her hands.

DDK:

Teresa slides the axe into the ring and Rick sees it first! Teresa's screaming for Stalker to look but his senses have him completely motionless and ready to battle Rick some more, he doesn't even see it!

Rick darts across the ring and Stalker's attention is finally caught as he sprints towards the Axe as well but the big man gets his hands on it first, spinning it around and almost catching Stalker's head but he DUCKS! Narrowly avoiding the shiny axe head, Stalker lands a crushing left to the side of Rick's head that catches The Lumbergiant off guard and sends his backswing wildly off target. With an agile dodge, Stalker delivers a hard kick to the outside of Rick's left knee. With a roar, Rick brings his axe down with an overhand chop.

DDK:

This doesn't look good for Crimson Stalker at all, Lance!

Lance:

I can't watch...

Stalker catches Rick's hands over his head, stopping DEFIAНCE's Strongest Man from following through somehow. As Rick applies more force, Crimson Stalker becomes an immovable object in the centre of the ring. Teresa Ames screams from ringside for Stalker to bring it home, again slapping the apron. Rick suddenly delivers a hard kick to Stalker's midsection that lifts him off the ground, abandoning the overhead attack as he lets his axe fall to the mat. Rick delivers a second, then a third heavy boot, which doubles Stalker over. In control, The Lumbergiant sends Stalker into the same corner as Teresa Ames with a hard Irish whip, and follows right behind with a big splash. Not wanting to lose momentum, Rick sits his woozy opponent up on the top turnbuckle before backing off to mid ring with a sick grin.

DDK:

Oh, we've seen this before, Lance...looks like Stalker's about to take flight.

Lance:

If he pulls this off, Keebs, Rick Dickulous will have single handedly stopped The Kabal in its tracks!

Teresa Ames hops up onto the apron trying to stop Rick's inevitable charge while buying her man more time to recover. Rick shrugs and points to Stalker, then to Teresa Ames, before drawing his finger across his throat. As the crowd begins to cheer, Rick starts his charge, and just as his giant boot is raised, Teresa Ames pulls Stalker down off the top turnbuckle! The Lumbergiant's kick misses and he crashes nether-regions first into the top turnbuckle!

OOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!!!

Lance:

Smart move by Teresa Ames in pulling Stalker off the turnbuckles! Now Rick Dickulous is in a world of pain!

DDK:

He certainly is, partner...I felt that impact from here, and I'd bet everyone at home did as well.

Teresa Ames slaps Stalker's face violently, each strike more vicious than the last before he finally stands to his feet; Rick still rolling on the mat clutching his groin.

Teresa Ames:

Now, my pet! No more playing...DESTROY RICK DICKULOUS!

With purpose, Stalker slides into the ring and begins stomping the prone giant before taking control and lifting him to his feet. Stalker punches Rick, Rick punches Stalker. The two trade blow for blow over and over, the crowd beginning to cheer louder with each punch, until suddenly there's no return from The Lumbergiant. Stalker continues the assault, expertly moving the large man around the ring.

Lance:

With Teresa Ames' direction, Crimson Stalker is proving to be too much right now for Rick Dickulous.

DDK:

Well, it helps that she...well...let's be honest, Teresa Ames disconnected Rick's brain from the rest of his body by pulling Stalker down off that top turnbuckle. I don't think he even knows where he is right now!

With Rick positioned directly over his axe still sitting on the canvas, Stalker quickly lets out a roar before dropping Rick with a vicious Evenflow DDT DIRECTLY ONTO THE AXE HEAD!!

DDK:

That's it! Rick is OUT!

A quick replay shows the devastating DDT connecting squarely onto the bladed axe head, Rick's neck looks compressed on impact!

Lance:

WOW! I think we're gonna need the medical team out there, that looked BRUTAL, Keebs!

Wasting no time, Stalker quickly rolls the unconscious Lumbergiant onto his back. As Benny Doyle slides in to deliver the count - Teresa Ames shrieks as she counts along with him.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Lance:

WHAT A MATCH!! I can't believe Stalker ended up with a victory there - surprising fashion as well!

DDK:

Rick Dickulous is DEFIAНCE's strongest man - he went up against a certified monster and proved that he is still probably the only one who can stand toe to toe with whatever Stalker has turned into!

The camera switches in the ring where Stalker stands silently after getting his hand raised by Benny Doyle. Teresa Ames is super excited as she slides into the ring in a means to taunt the fallen and would be 'Kabal' member. Teresa produces a mic as she stands up next to her prized pet.

Teresa Ames:

You should have taken our offer to begin with Rick, now whether you want it or not - you are coming with us!

DDK:

What's that now?!

Lance:

I don't think Teresa is finished yet and look what's coming to the ring! All of those maskless Reapers that were flanking Teresa earlier!

As The Faithful levy the scene with disgruntled boos and trash talk, Teresa stands with a fierce look of determination and victory smeared all over her face. The Colorless, black clothed Reapers, enter the ring like a mindless zombie pile. Teresa's attention is suddenly diverted by the descending DEFSEC staff and Medical personnel.

Teresa Ames:

Quickly! SWARM HIM INTO THE SHADOWS!!

Barking her orders at the mindless Reapers, Teresa backs away grabbing Stalker's arm in the process to pull him with

her. The Reapers all stand around Rick Dickulous, while more Reapers flood in behind them and start to surround the ring.

Lance:

Once again The Kabal are using their sheer numbers to protect the craziness they are attempting!

DDK:

The Reapers! All of them should be suspended - they are preventing medical assistance to Rick Dickulous!

As DEFSEC and medical staff approach the ring they can't enter it quite yet, as at least ten Reapers are slowly standing in place and unmoving in front of them. Teresa is cackling with laughter as Rick's body suddenly disappears into a dog pile swarm of the colorless Reapers! The Faithful all stand up on their feet as they want to see exactly what's happening!

DDK:

I can't see a damn thing! This is Ridiculous! The Kabal are taking this way too far - the man is a Lone Wolf. A giant dick? Of course. But come on!

Lance:

Not sure what's happening, Darren. But Teresa and Stalker seem satisfied with whatever reaction just happened in the ring. Teresa's already having Stalker escort her from the ring.

Medical staff and DEF Security finally breach the ring, peeling back the bodies of the mindless putty Reapers to provide the needed medical attention to Rick Dickulous, they are astonished to find the big man has simply disappeared from the ring.

DDK:

He's.... Gone?

Indeed he was - Lance Warner was in too much shock to respond as we continue elsewhere in this historic edition of UNCUT 100!

THE BELLY OF THE DIGITAL BEAST

We cut to a large convention hall. In the background we can see your usual convention fare: booths, tables, lines, and - unique to this particular convention - lots of people cosplaying as video game characters. There's a lot of bustle and noise in the background when who should step directly into frame but Ned Reform.

Reform is wearing his glasses and a plain white t-shirt with the words "I LIKE VIDEO GAMES" written on it in sharpie. Next to him sidles up Levi Cole, wearing a similar shirt with his arms folded stoically. Reform holds the type of "on the go" microphone that you'd expect from a field reporter.

When Reform speaks, it's in a slightly hushed tone as if he's trying not to be overheard.

Ned Reform:

Hello there, children. Ned Reform here, and you might be wondering about my choice of locale for today's NED talk. It's simple, you see: I am happy to announce that I have been booked on DEFtv 158 to go one-on-one with Conor Fuse. It's my full intention to silence the former "Player 2" for good, and I have decided that my best approach here is to "know thy enemy" as Sun Tzu once said. TA Cole and I are going undercover into the belly of the beast... we're here at a video game convention...

Reform motions behind him.

Ned Reform:

To see exactly what makes these overgrown manchildren tick. What type of deranged and emotionally stunted person plays video games into adulthood? Let's find out together, children.

TIME CUT!

Reform stands in front of the camera. Next to him is a bearded white dude with glasses and wearing a bright Hawaiian shirt. The man is also holding a Hylian shield from The Legend of Zelda series. The man is grinning into the camera, clearly just happy to be on TV.

Ned Reform:

I'm joined now by - Todd, was it?

Tommy:

Tommy.

Ned Reform:

Yes. Yes, of course it was. Tommy here is a big fan of... what was it, again?

Tommy:

The *Legend of Zelda* series.

Reform can barely contain his condescending smile.

Ned Reform:

Of course, of course. And what a legend it is, am I right? Tell me how *The Legend of Zorro* fills that hole in your soul that was put there by your father leaving.

Tommy:

It's Zel... wait, what?

Ned Reform:

No no no no please... explain to me why I, a fully grown adult, should also become invested in a small fairy man in tights? Lay it all out for me.

Tommy completely misses the sarcasm and seems to brighten up.

Tommy:

Okay! Well, *Ocarina of Time* is highly regarded as the most groundbreaking title in the series. Although some might make a case for *Breath of the Wild*, I think *Ocarina*'s groundbreaking control system coupled with...

As Tommy begins to get on a roll, Reform slowly turns away and makes a disgusted face toward the camera.

Tommy:

...and The Water Temple is probably one of the most incredibly designed dungeons in any game EVER. Not to mention the soundtrack...

Reform's eyes have gone wide and he looks at Tommy with utter disgust.

Tommy:

...and while there's a lot of valid concerns about it's placement on the timeline, I've always thought that...

Reform suddenly grabs Tommy roughly by the collar. Tommy stops talking as Reform looks deeply into his eyes.

Reform:

What... ARE... you!?

TIME CUT!

Reform is back with a new interviewee: this time is a young woman, dressed rather scantily as Lara Croft. Reform seems a bit more... eager to conduct this interview.

Ned Reform:

And you enjoy dressing up for these events, yes?

“Lara Croft”:

Oh I love it! It's such a unique opportunity to express myself.

Ned Reform:

By taking on the persona of someone else?

“Lara Croft”:

Uh... yeah. It's cosplay, dude.

Ned Reform:

Right. And the fact that three quarters of your body is exposed while you walk amongst a bunch of what could generously be described as men who have never even had a woman look in their direction has nothing to do with it, right? It certainly isn't about filling that void in your heart that cries out for attention - even the attention of a bunch of slimy sophomore morons? It certainly has nothing to do with your desperately crying out for validation and so willing to accept it from anywhere that you'd compromise your integrity, right? Reduce yourself to nothing but an object - a poster to be hung on the wall to fulfill the masturbatory fantasies of the meek and unfit for procreation?

Lara Croft just stares at him.

TIME CUT!

Now Reform is standing next to a slim man with a long beard who could most accurately be described as a Pokemon master. He's got full Ash Ketchum gear on and several Pokeballs hang from his belt. Reform isn't even asking a question, he's simply staring with his mouth open in disbelief as the young man talks.

Pokemon Master:

And so in Gen 5 some serious power creep began as they started to release new Pokemon with EVs and IVs that were totally off the charts as well as some type combinations that were simply... broken. I have to say I'm a fan of many of the status moves but later on the series jumped the shark with Dynamaxing. I mean Mega-Evolutions were enough, am I right? Anyway, I play competitively but the game has just gotten so watered down with noobs who don't even understand strategy. I was playing yesterday against this guy who ran a physically defensive Regice!! I mean, COME ON!!! You know?

Reform, without responding, turns to look off screen.

Ned Reform:

Destroy him.

TA Cole swoops in and suddenly grabs the Pokemon Master, pulling him off screen. Reform rubs his temples and looks into the camera now that he stands alone.

Ned Reform:

This situation is far worse than I realized, children. We are not only dealing with man-children. We are dealing with people completely detached from reality. They're so deficient in the real world that they've crafted a fictional one where they can feel empowered. It's sad. It's pathetic. It's...

Reform sneers.

Ned Reform:

It's Conor Fuse. Conor, count the days, because at DEFtv 158 we begin your final lesson. It's time... to grow up.

Reform looks off screen.

Ned Reform:

That's it Cole! Right in the Pokey-Balls!

Fade out.

SCOTT STEVENS vs. ???

DDK:

Ladies and gentleman, up next we've got... an... interesting... debut. A wrestler who was a part of Tag Party and has been wrestling in BRAZEN but has yet to make a proper appearance on DEFtv.

Lance:

Despite the maybe ridiculous nature of this wrestler, he has been generating a lot of buzz on the internet and...

Warner is cut off as the lights go out, bathing the DEFarena in darkness. The glow from The Faithful's cellphones are all we see.

DDK:

And fans, I'm guessing this is the moment...

The haunting opening chords of...

♪ "Bloodletting (The Vampire Song)" by Concrete Blonde ♪

...kick in as the DEFIANCE entranceway begins to fill with a billowing red mist. The fans in the arena begin to shake their glowing cell phones along with the beat, and just as the lyrics begin...

A RED SPOTLIGHT! It shines in the very center of the entrance way, illuminating a figure. The man is wearing a long black cape and he has it pulled up over his face so that he appears to be a single black blob. The figure remains this way for close to thirty seconds, building the tension.

DDK:

What's going on? Is he...

Without warning, and with tons of dramatic flair, the figure opens his cape!! It flows behind him and we get our first look at the man known as COUNT NOVICK! He's pale, naturally. He's currently shirtless with black tights with a demonic looking red symbol running down the right leg. His jet-black hair is slicked back and he poses very dramatically, smirking with the confidence that only being a five hundred year old sex icon can bring.

Darren Quimby:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first... from Bran, Transylvania... COUNT NOVICK!

The crowd busts out a "AH! HA! HA!" in unison after Quimby announces Novick's name. Still maintaining his suave demeanor, Novick begins to slowly walk to the ring, smirking at the fans in attendance. The red spotlight follows him as he does.

DDK:

This is so odd.

Lance:

This is DEFIANCE, Keebs.

DDK:

I know. But even for us...

Reaching the ring, Novick again pulls his cape up to cover everything but his eyes. He holds that position as he creeps up the ring steps. Finally, he leaps to the top rope, letting his cape flow dramatically as he looks out to the people. The arena lights turn back on.

DDK:

Well ladies and gentlemen, we don't know who Novick's first DEFIANCE opponent is going to be, but it looks like

we're about to hear from the... from the...

Lance:

It's okay, you can say it.

DDK: *[sighing]*

Vampire. Dammit. I'm a professional.

Count Novick has a mic. When he speaks, he sounds exactly like you'd hear him in your head.

Count Novick:

DEFIANCE!!! You are about to get...

Dramatic pause.

Count Novick:

SPOOKY-SCARRRRYYYY!! AH! HA! HA!

Suddenly, there's a lightning flash effect throughout the arena.

Count Novick:

Now I know you think you've experienced spooky-scary before. Ve've seen the likes of The Kabal. Arthur Pleasant. But NO ONE has ever brought the level of spooky-sccary as COUNT NOVICK! I vill teach them ALL vhat it means to unleash PURE TERROR!! I have come to BURN DEFIAНCE DOWN AND MAKE YOU ALL MEMBERS OF MY UNDEAD HORDE!!! AAAAHHH!! HA! HA!

Another lighting crack.

Count Novick:

And it all begins with Count Novick's... first victim. Vhoever is back there... come out and meet your fate!

Novick turns and poses dramatically, facing the entranceway. We get about ten seconds of dramatic silence before...

“A TEXAS SIZE ASS WHOOPIN IS COMING BOY!”

A POP FROM THE FAITHFUL!

DDK:

OH MY! Count Novick may have... bitten off... more than he can chew here!

The slow bellow of the guitar hits as the video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag with the words “Texas Born. Texas Bred.” “Texas Forever.” branded into the flag. The Faithful did not expect this and not a single one of them is sitting. They know who is about to walk out and they are letting him know it by chanting his favorite chant as the final image that is displayed across the screen and that message reads in bold, capitalized letters... SCOTT STEVENS as...

♪ “Dead Man Walking” by Crucifix ft. The Lacs ♪

Plays throughout the arena.

DDK:

Scott Stevens, a former FIST of DEFIAНCE who has recently been having his issues with Arthur Pleasant and Kerry Kuroyama...

Lance:

They'll both be in action later tonight, but for right now Everyone's Favorite Texan is going vampire hunting!

The wait is finally over as a spotlight shines towards the top of the entrance ramp and Scott Stevens appears from behind the curtain, and as soon as he makes his way to the edge of the stage golden pyro begins to rain down behind him as he raises his right fist high into the air.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent.....from The Great State of Texas, weighing in at 256 pounds...He is....SCOTT!
STEEEEEEEVEEEEEEEENS!

As Stevens makes his way down the ramp he just smirks and shakes his head at the vocal bashers and fist bumps his supporters. In the ring, Count Novick is pacing with a smirk as his cape billows behind him.

DDK:

I wouldn't want to be in The Count's shoes. Stevens is likely in a foul mood given recent events, and he's likely looking to take it out on somebody.

Stevens slowly makes his way around the ring completely focused on the task at hand until he reaches the nearest set of ring steps and proceeds to enter the ring. Once inside, Stevens goes to the nearest corner and ascends the ropes; looking out amongst the crowd before raising his fist into the air once more before dropping to the canvas as the former FIST shows no emotion as he stretches out on the ropes waiting for the bell. The Count has retreated back into the safety of his cape.

DING DING

Stevens is ready to grapple as The Count removes his cape and drapes it over the top rope. Novick turns toward Stevens, smiling. He begins a dramatic creep walk toward The Texan, snarling and circling Stevens. For his part, Scott is having absolutely none of this nonsense. He roughly grabs Novick by his neck and stares daggers into his eyes. The Count has a moment to semi "break character" and shake his head "no!" before Stevens tosses him into the corner and begins to unload with big right hands!

Lance:

Count Novick's undead powers don't seem to be protecting him from a Texas-sized butt kicking!

Novick tries to cover up as Stevens just kicks his ass. Eventually, Novick slumps into the corner. Brian Slater moves in, desperately trying to get Scott off the wounded vampire. Stevens reluctantly backs off, throwing his hands up and moving to the center of the ring. The Count dusts himself off and stands upright. He looks to Stevens with a snarl...

...and strikes a pose as he points one open hand toward Stevens. Novick furrows his eyes as he moves his fingers rhythmically toward the confused man from Texas.

DDK:

Is he... is he trying to hypnotize him? Okay. I can't do this. Come on.

The fans have a laugh as Novick continues to wiggle his fingers... with no effect on Scott Stevens. Stevens turns to Brian Slater and the referee just shrugs. Finally... Stevens shrugs back... and superkicks Count Novick's head nearly clean off!!

Lance:

REMEMBER THE ALAMO! Scott Stevens has had enough of these games.

Stevens takes a second to acknowledge the raucous crowd. Novick is down and out... but to everyone's surprise, while laying flat on the mat, he crosses his arms as a corpse would... and KIPS UP!!! Novick is standing upright! He leans back and lets "AH! HA! HA!" loose, but the second he puts his head back down...

DDK:

THE FIST!!!!

Stevens leaping Superman Punch puts The Count back down for good. Scott looks down at the goofy competitor and shakes his head in a motion that says it all: "this boy ain't right." Stevens grabs Novick by the head and roughly pulls him back to his feet. He hooks him for the Toxic Sting! Before he drops him, he looks directly into the camera...

DDK:

You've got to think this is a message to Kerry Kuroyama!

Lance:

Stevens drops Novick with the TOXIC STING!

Without breaking his glare into the camera, Stevens places a single foot on The Count's chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

Your winner via pinfall.... SCOTT STEVENS!

The fans are on their feet as Stevens throws one final look of a combination of disgust/amusement at Novick before raising a single fist to the fans and ducking out of the ring.

DDK:

Not the debut Count Novick had in mind, I'm guessing.

Lance:

I'm sure he'll get 'em next time.

"TWIST AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS vs. CORVO ALPHA

DDK:

Coming up next, we have one of the BIGGEST matches on our 100th edition of UNCUT! A match made on UNCUT 99, to be precise!

Lance:

That's right! For weeks, we have seen Corvo Alpha - led by his manager, Lord Nigel Trickelbush - mow down the competition. But his opponent tonight, with respect to all those before him, is one of the best to ever do it in DEFIAНCE and a man with a match against Gage Blackwood for the FIST at Acts of DEFIAНCE... former two-time FIST "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns!

DDK:

Burns made an open challenge on UNCUT 99 and it was Lord Nigel to accept the challenge for his beastly client. Can Corvo upset Burns and REALLY put himself on the map tonight? We'll find out soon!

And to Darren Quimbey we go!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 237 pounds... He is The Team Graps Cap... He is The Technical Spectacle... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

♪ "Raise Your Flag" by MAN WITH A MISSION ♪

And without a word, the fans go completely APE! Standing out on the stage, the former two-time FIST of DEFIAНCE "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns heads out and raises an index finger in the air for the Faithful! He yells at the camera in front of him.

Oscar Burns:

TEAM GRAPS CAP, COMING AT YOU, GCs! HOPE YOU'RE WATCHING, GAGE!

Fired the hell up tonight, Burns heads on down to the ring with a brand new "Team Graps Cap" shirt on his way to the ring. He heads inside and then surveys the extra-fired up crowd tonight before he takes the shirt off and holds it out. He sees which side of the arena is loudest and then throws the shirt out into the crowd. After enjoying the reception, the music fades as he readies for his mysterious opposition.

♪ "Electric Funeral (Instrumental) by BLACK SABBATH ♪

The lights cut to a deep black for the longest moment before dozens of slow, sweeping red spotlights begin crawling around the DEFplex. The crowd lets out an ocean of boos that wash over the stage just as Lord Nigel Trickelbush emerges through the curtain.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... coming to the ring with his "handler", Lord Nigel Trickelbush... from Parts Untold... weighing in tonight at 268 pounds... Call Him... CORVO... ALPHA!!!

The strangely smiling manager removes his bowler cap with a flourish, steps aside and dramatically sweeps an arm back towards the curtain just as it is torn open. A frothing Corvo Alpha comes forth, stomping past his manager. Lord Nigel glides towards the ring several paces behind his charge.

Lance:

I'm not sure which one of these men is more unsettling; Lord Nigel or Corvo Alpha?

Face tarred black, chest smeared red, Alpha pulls himself under the bottom rope and slinks into a corner. Head hung low, he aggressively spits towards the cameraman.

DDK:

Well, I imagine only one of them could remove your head from it's shoulders with his bare hands, so...

DING DING

The Technical Spectacle doesn't know how exactly to respond to the appearance, nor the pure rage that makes up his opponent, Corvo Alpha, so he puts up a defensive stance and gets ready to lock up... instead, he get Alpha RUSHING him over his shoulder and then ramming him into a corner explosively!

DDK:

Whoa! Right off the bat, Corvo Alpha surprises the former two-time FIST!

Lord Nigel watches his monster go to town on the taller Burns, burying shoulder after shoulder into his rib cage to start off the match. He then switches up to clubbing blows and nails Burns multiple times upside the head and continues to swing away until Mark Shields just watches, almost in awe. The Faithful jeer as Corvo stops swinging and takes in the jeering crowd.

Lance:

What a statement right there! Corvo Alpha wastes no time going right after Burns. And this would be THE feather in his cap if he beats Burns tonight, especially with his FIST title match looming!

Nigel orders his client to stay on Burns and Alpha complies, only to get ROCKED with a huge elbow smash from Burns, followed by a big European uppercut! The blow rocks Alpha... but before Burns can get anything going, Corvo Alpha already pops up and then fires right back with a big headbutt to Burns! He gets rocked again and then whipped across the ropes, then gets knocked down again with a big shoulder tackle.

DDK:

Wow! Did you think that we were going to see this from Corvo Alpha? He made it all the way to the finals of the Tag Party 3 this past weekend with Bronson Box and looked great there. He showed he can go the distance.

Lance:

And now he's taking Burns to task!

Corvo Alpha gets jeers from the crowd as he tries for the go-behind and the German suplex... but Burns kicks his feet frantically and then frees himself with a few elbows before nailing him with a big elbow shot and then rocks him with not one, but a trifecta of European uppercuts! The blows rock Corvo and Burns then whips him to the corner before hitting him with a big running high knee in the corner followed by a big gutwrench suplex into a cover...

ONE... TW-NO!

The smaller, but fiery powerhouse kicks out quickly, surprising Burns.

DDK:

Wow! Corvo pops up after one! Burns nailed a volley of moves there, but Lord Nigel's client is just showing what he's got tonight.

Lance:

That he is!

The former two-time FIST nails Alpha and then grabs the ankle looking for a move, but Corvo kicks him away and then sends him to the ropes. When he gets up, Corvo Alpha is a hair faster and nails another shot to knock Burns through the ropes! The Faithful are left stunned by Alpha showing what he can really do. Oscar catches him with an elbow, but Alpha blocks a second one and then lands another headbutt. The blow rocks Burns and then Corvo nails a running dive through the ropes, SPEARING Burns off the apron with both men left crashing to the floor!

DDK:

CORVO JUST SPEARED BURNS THROUGH THE ROPES AND TOOK HIMSELF OUT IN THE PROCESS!

The primal Corvo Alpha holds his ribs on the floor while the replay fires off repeatedly of Corvo landing a big running dive/tackle move, taking him through the ropes and to the floor! Several more angles show off before we go back to the action and Corvo is left standing. Lord Nigel tells Corvo to get Burns into the ring. He nods and with a bit of effort, he gets the Technical Spectacle back in the ring and then makes the cover.

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

Corvo Alpha completely ignores the fact that it was only a two-count and goes right back to wailing on Burns with multiple clubbing shots to the face, then rakes the eyes just because he can. He claws away at the left eye of Burns until Mark finally steps in and tells him to stop. Nigel yells for his wild client to stop and he does.

DDK:

This is not the way I saw this match going at all! Corvo Alpha has just dominated by and large.

Lance:

Burns trying to get back to his feet, but Corvo nails a lariat to the back! Burns still on his feet, but not for long!

Corvo then grabs him and hits a huge German suplex! He bounces off the canvas, but Corvo hangs on and nails a second one! The Technical Spectacle gets hits again and then hits a third German suplex, dumping him on the canvas! Lord Nigel then watches and signals for Corvo Alpha to wrap things up.

DDK:

What... he's already trying for the Alpha Clutch! He has put out everyone of his victims with this modified kata hajime choke!

Lance:

Here we go! He's trying as Burns tries to get up...

And he ALMOST has it locked on, but The Team Graps Cap has the Faithful cheering when he fights back! Corvo leaps onto the taller Burns' back to try and fully lock in the Alpha Clutch, but turns around and then slams him into the corner twice to get him to let go! He finally does it... but Corvo comes back... but the Kiwi is ready and STIFFS him with a Hard Out Headbutt! The blow rocks Corvo and then he nails a second Hard Out Headbutt to the face! Lord Nigel winces as Corvo goes glassy eyed when Burns grabs him by the waist and then supplexes HIM with a German suplex!

DDK:

Burns fights back! He nails him with not one, but two Hard Out Headbutts! German suplex pin!

ONE... TWO...

DDK:

Kickout by Corvo... but Burns hangs on now! Corvo trying to fight out!

He tries to elbow his way out, but Burns absorbs the shot and then nails a second German suplex of his own! He slowly drags Corvo up, who STILL fights, but just as annoying for him, Burns STILL hangs on... then nails third... and a FOURTH... and a FIFTH before he finally lets go and sits up, slowly trying to get himself back in the game! Corvo Alpha for the first time is truly stunned and slow to get up as he's finally showing signs of being hurt.

DDK:

The Team Graps Cap finally turning things his way after Corvo Alpha surprised him!

Lance:

But can he hang on, though?

The Team Graps Cap feeds off the chants of "WE WANT GRAPS!" thundering loudly now as he goes to one side of the ring while on the other side, Corvo Alpha is trying to pull himself up. Burns then rushes full speed ahead and then NAILS Corvo with a big running European uppercut in the corner! He whips Corvo out of the corner, but he surprises him with a versal nd sends Burns for the ride! Oscar hits the corner but before Corvo Alpha can capitalize, he gets a boot up and stuns him with a boot, then creeps up behind... BACK-CRACK-A-MA-JIG!

DDK:

Back-crack-a-ma-jig! Cover!

ONE... TWO... NO

The shoulder of Corvo Alpha throws his arm up!

DDK:

Big move by Burns, but Corvo manages to kick out again!

The Technical Spectacle looks to the ropes and then grabs Corvo before sending him to the corner, while still favoring his ribs. He sets Corvo up on the top and then tries to set him up for what looks like an exploder from the middle rope, but Corvo fights his way out! Lord Nigel's monster stuns Oscar with a headbutt, then an eye rake, then slips out under Burns and then DRAGS him out with a big running powerbomb out of the corner! After he shows great strength muscling the near-240-pound Burns, he falls forward and then tries a cover on the former two-time FIST!

ONE... TWO... TH-KICKOUT!

The shoulder comes out at the last second! Lord Nigel can't believe it and neither can Corvo!

DDK:

How did he kick out of that?! Corvo Alpha has just kept coming at Burns non-stop! There's a lot of fight in him.

Corvo gets up and then gets ready for the Alpha Clutch a second time! He gets it ready for the Team Graps Cap, but as he tries to fully lock it in a second time, Burns grabs the arm and rolls him forward! In a last gasp, Burns ROCKS him with a third Hard Out Headbutt in this match! Corvo is once again out on his feet as Burns hooks him by the neck...

DDK:

Dragon suplex! But Burns hangs on... HUGE high-angle German suplex!

Once again, he dumps Corvo Alpha down, and then STILL doesn't let go of the arm! He pulls the monster back up and sets him up, wrist-clutch exploder style...

DDK:

HE NAILED IT! HEAD-DROP-O-MATIC! THAT'S IT! BURNS WITH THE COVER!

Burns hooks BOTH legs to make sure Corvo stays down!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

The Kiwi slumps over onto his chest and breathes almost a sigh of relief as he looks over at both Corvo Alpha and a concerned Lord Nigel.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

Mark Shields raises the hand of Oscar Burns, but he definitely looks like he has been through a sprint of a war with the

monster of Lord Nigel. He looks down and offers even a respectful nod to the monster before he rolls out of the ring and heads up the ramp.

DDK:

What a war that was! At the onset, Corvo Alpha came at Burns with everything he could throw at him and dominated this match at several key moments. We've only seen Burns throw out that flurry of suplexes on a small number of occasions but the fact that he had to do that to finally pin Alpha? That says a lot to me.

Lance:

Same, it says two things to me. Burns is ready to do whatever he can to Gage Blackwood to become the FIST for the third time... but it also tells me that Corvo Alpha is a monster who is making waves immediately. Tonight was proof of that.

THE RISE OF SCROW COMMERCIAL BREAK 1

We take a break from the action and go to a commercial break. Inside the arena, the lights from above have dimmed leaving the ring not center stage. Although the DefTron displays the commercial break for The Faithful in attendance. After a video montage of Acts of Defiance, a question gets the fans' attention.

Do you like Dex Joy?

The Faithful stop their trip to the concession stands just to answer an emphatic YES.

Would you like to relive the moments of Dex Joy?

The Faithful:

YES!

The Deftron illuminates as a man stands in front of a chemistry spread. He looks up and it's clearly Scrow. Leaving a sour taste in The Faithful's mouth. He pours the contents of one vial of liquid into the other, then notices the camera visibly surprised. Scrow returns the vials to their test tube holders.

Scrow:

Hello, all my adoring public.

Loud jeering quickly echoes throughout the arena.

Scrow:

Thank you, Scrow would like to take this time if you missed it on DEFTV 157 to either inform you of a great book to read or to give all you wonderful people another glimpse of an exciting passage from his book The Rise of Scrow! Available on September 16, 2021.

Scrow walks toward the camera coming to a leather chair, and on a table next to him is The Rise of Scrow book in a presentation pose, like you would see at a book signing. Scrow sits in the chair and pulls a second book off the table. He opens it up and leans his head back with his eyes closed.

Scrow:

Ah, the smell of knowledge and the death of a tree.

Scrow turns a few pages until he reaches where he wants to be in the book.

Scrow:

The title of this chapter, and he is rather proud of this one.

Was a loser THEN, and STILL is one Today!

This clearly does not amuse The Faithful.

Scrow:

Ahem...."Dex Joy had to come to the conclusion that his attempt at being a professional wrestler was a failure. After the battles with Carny Sinclair and the one man he just could not beat Scrow. He realized his limitations. No matter how hard he tried he just could not beat Scrow. Time after time he would try and each time fail against him."

The number of boo-birds after that clear reversal of a story of their rivalry and how Scrow was painting himself out to be the better of the two continued to fuel their hatred for this man. Scrow closes the book.

Scrow:

Another powerful passage from his exhilarating book! Scrow was hoping that Dex Joy would give him the challenge he

needed breaking into this business, but unfortunately, he never was. So stay tuned to DEFTV 158 where Scrow will once more enlighten you people on the sheer gospel that is The Rise of Scrow! Make sure you pre-order your copy at TheKabal.com, unless you want to wait in a line wrapping around the Wrestleplex. That of course is your prerogative. Trust Scrow when he says this, this book is absolute GOLD!

Scrow and the scenery behind him fade out and the words fade in on the screen.

The Rise of Scrow!
Available September 16, 2021
Preorder on TheKabal.com

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP: SNS Â© vs. ALVARO de VARGAS & JACK MACE

DDK:

We've got a tag team championship match up next, folks!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is a tag team match set for one fall and it will be for the Unified Tag Team Championships! First...

Tom Morrow:

NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH NAH FOLLOWING CONTEST SHUT YOUR FOOD BIN ASSHOLE! I GOT THIS!

The brainchild of the Better Future Talent Agency comes out, boos RAINING down on him.

DDK:

Oh, joy. Morrow made his return in grand fashion last week when he accompanied Alvaro de Vargas for his victory over Conor Fuse on DEFtv.

Lance:

And what a huge opportunity for both ADV and Jack Mace tonight. The Lucky Sevens won the right to challenge for the Unified Tag Titles at Acts of DEFIAНCE, but the SNS wanted to defend against any team tonight for our 100th episode of UNCUT!

Morrow stands on the stage, a smug smile on his face as he adjusts his BFTA-brand headset.

Tom Morrow:

First off, I missed you, too. NOLA. (louder booing) MOVING ON... first off, I want to apologize to my guys. After what Los Tres Titanes did to me, I had to rest my body and rest this pleasing baritone voice. But now I'm back and I will NEVER leave you again!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Tom Morrow:

I also want to apologize to Big Money Max and Big Money Mason! The Lucky Sevens walked in and won the Happy Hour Battle Royale... but when the Saturday Night Specials demanded competition, you best believe I signed on the dotted line! Not only do they have payback coming for their part of what LTT did to me at DEFCON... but my boys are ALL going to be taking part in that main event payday of Acts of DEFIAНCE: Night One. Tonight, "El Sol Dorado" himself, Alvaro de Vargas and "The Killer Bear" Jack Mace will RIP the Unified Tag Titles out of their hands! Then you'll get the Better Future vs. Better Future match you all asked for!

Lance:

Nobody asked for that, just to be clear.

He points to the entrance.

Tom Morrow:

Standing at 6'4" and 268 pounds... "The Killer Bear" Jack Mace! And El Sol Dorado! 6'8"! 272 pounds! ALVARO DE VARGAS!

♪ "Let 'Em Burn" by Freddie Gibbs ♪

ADV appears on the stage, rubbing his hands together. He's also accompanied by the BFTA's hitman, Jack Mace! ADV grins a wide shit-eating grin and bumps fists with Morrow while Mace follows behind him, doing the same with BFTA's manager. The two head down the aisle taking in hatred from the crowd. ADV looks out to The Faithful and then

enters the ring. Mace steps between the ropes as well and throws his coat off. The Killer Bear looks out to the crowd.

DDK:

A very formidable duo. Remember last year, ADV and Mace defeated a team made up of former FISTS Scott Stevens and Oscar Burns. We could very well see an all-BFTA main event.

Morrow looks on proud at his boys as the intros start for the defending champs.

♪ “Drink” by Alestorm ♪

The camera suddenly cuts to a concrete hallway - the one that leads from the concession area into the DEFarena. We see the backs of The Saturday Night Specials as they prepare their march through the fans and into the ring. They have all five championship belts on them tonight - this is a big night, afterall. Both men turn around and see the camera. The Saturday Night Specials fist pound each other before Brock Newbludd gets right up in the camera's lens.

Brock Newbludd:

Let's fuckin' go!

The camera follows them both from behind as they march down the hallway and walk out in the legions of DEFIAНCE Faithful who are on their feet! Our view shifts back to a “regular” camera view that shows both Saturday Night Specials raising their arms high for the crowd before making their trek down the steps and toward the ring.

DDK:

Our reigning DEFIAНCE Unified Tag Champs making their usual crowd-friendly entrance.

Lance:

SNS know that if they get past Morrow's boys tonight, they have a date with The Lucky Sevens at ACTS of DEFIAНCE. For their sake, they'd better not be looking past tonight.

The Saturday Night Specials hit the ring and each take position on an opposite top turnbuckle to raise their arms for the people. They hope down as their music dies out and Pat Cassidy motions for Quimby's mic.

Pat Cassidy:

NEW. ORLEANS!!!

POP!

Pat Cassidy:

It's Uncut 100 and your tag team champions are here to do the thing like only they can! Since tonight is a big night, we're running some big drink specials. What'd we got on tap tonight, boys?

Cassidy motions outside the ring, where Better Future have all huddled together.

Pat Cassidy:

Looks like we're featuring that staple Cuban cocktail: the flamin' jackass.

ADV nearly charges the ring but Mace and Morrow are able to restrain him.

Pat Cassidy:

Oh but that's not all! It's a two-for-one special, because we also have... uh...

Cassidy looks confused for a moment. He marches over to Brock. He holds the mic up so we can hear his question.

Pat Cassidy:

Uh... dude... who's the other guy?

A brief laugh spreads throughout the crowd.

DDK:

Pat Cassidy knows exactly who Jack Mace is. These are some mindgames by the champs.

Brock Newbludd:

That right there is Jack Mace. He's the guy that Morrow picked after I turned him down way back when. He's a bottom shelf, knockoff version of me. In other words, buddy, that right there is a bonafide Jack off.

The crowd pops as now Mace is the one who has to be talked out of charging the ring. Morrow yells to Mace not to let them bait him in any way.

Pat Cassidy:

And as always... we are YOUR Unified Tag Team Champions... and we are YOUR....

The crowd chants along...

Pat Cassidy & The Faithful:

SATURDAY!

NIGHT!

SPECIALS!!!

The crowd cheers as Cassidy hands the mic over to Brock.

SNS hand over the title belts to Hector Navarro. The veteran ref orders the champions to go stand in their corner and both men slowly backpedal to it, keeping their eyes glued on BFTA as they do so.

DDK:

SNS are smart to not turn their back on Mace and ADV.

Lance:

This isn't the first time they've tangled with Morrow and company. Turn your back on BFTA and you might get hit with a cheap shot or you literally might be set on fire.

With both teams standing in opposite corners of the ring, Hector raises the tag belts high above his head and The Faithful respond with a resounding roar. Lowering the titles, Navarro walks to the ropes and hands them off to the Quimbey for safekeeping. He returns to the middle of the ring and signals to both teams to get ready.

DDK:

Here we go, folks! It's time to get this championship match underway and it looks like it'll be Brock Newbludd starting off for SNS.

Lance:

And it'll be Jack Mace batting lead off for BFTA. Both are technically sound inside of the ring, and while Mace might have a few pounds on Newbludd, Brock's got the edge in the experience department.

Seeing that both teams are ready to do battle, Hector calls for the bell!

DING DING

Upon hearing the bell, Brock and Jack each explode out of their corner and sprint towards each other. Still in the middle of the ring, Navarro shows some quickness of his own and does a last second forward roll to get out of harm's way as the two grapplers collide in the middle of the ring to engage in a collar and elbow tie-up.

Lance:

Look at Hector moving like a cruiserweight in there! If he didn't do that fancy roll he might've been run over by Brock and Jack!

As Hector scrambles back up to his feet, Mace and Newbludd jockey for position in the tie-up. With neither man moving an inch, Brock lowers his center of gravity and begins to pump his legs, driving Mace backwards towards a neutral corner. With only a couple of feet in between his back and the turnbuckles, The Killer Bear uses his opponent's leverage against him and shoots a knee up into Newbludd's face. After he does, the big Brit stands over him and snarls.

Jack Mace:

THAT'S WHO I AM, YOU MUPPET!

DDK:

Hard knee right into Brock's face and Mace follows it up with a flurry of forearms. Newbludd ate all of them and now he's staggered! Bet he's regretting those digs at Mace earlier.

Still trapped with his back to the corner, Jack does a smooth as silk go behind and snatches Brock in a rear waistlock. Clasping his hands tight, Mace begins to power Brock up.

Lance:

Mace is looking to make an impact early with a German Suplex...

Snapping out of the fog from Mace's forearm strikes, Brock's instincts kick in and he reaches out with both hands to grab onto the top rope. Throwing his head backwards into Mace's nose, Brock sends him stumbling backwards towards the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Newbludd blocks the suplex without a second to spare! That was close!

Turning on a dime, Brock closes the gap and smokes Jack with a resounding knife edge chop. A second chop follows and Newbludd grabs the groggy Mace by an arm to fire him into the ropes but Jack reverses the hold and takes Brock to the mat with a Fireman's Carry.

Lance:

Mace showing off his amateur skills with the Fireman's Carry and now he's transitioned it into a wristlock.

Mace torques down on the wristlock and Brock winces in pain as the two men rise up to their feet. Another hard twist by Jack causes Newbludd to drop down to his knees, and Brock shakes his head in pain as he manages to power back up to a standing position. The Killer Bear changes tactics and pulls Brock in to double him over with a knee to the gut. Mace quickly wraps his arms around his opponent and takes Brock down to the mat with a Gutwrench Suplex!

DDK:

Nicely done gutwrench by Mace puts Brock to the mat and here comes a follow up elbow...missed! The Innovator rolled out of the way and now both men scramble to their feet.

Having missed the elbow drop, The Killer Bear is a second slower than Newbludd in getting back upright and Brock seizes on the opportunity by doubling over Mace with a well placed boot to the gut. Grabbing onto Mace's sore arm. Brock applies a hammerlock to his keeled over opponent while applying a front facelock at the same time. Then, in one fluid motion, Newbludd takes Mace up and over with a Hammerlock Suplex!

Lance:

Newbludd focusing on Mace's arm with that Hammerlock Suplex, using all of Jack's two-hundred and seventy pounds against him.

Dropping to a knee, Newbludd quickly applies an armbar and brings Mace back up to his feet. Newbludd maintains control of the armbar and begins to guide Jack over towards SNS's corner but The Jack of All Holds stops Brock in his tracks with a quick reversal. Before Brock can react, he's slammed to the mat with a Teardrop Suplex! Still nursing a sore arm, Jack rolls in the direction of BFTA's corner. Popping up to his feet, Mace makes the tag to ADV.

DDK:

The hitman of BFTA created an opportunity for himself and chose to make the tag. What do you think about that, Lance?

Lance:

I'll give credit where it's due and say that it was a smart move by him, considering how he's favoring that arm. Better to make the tag to the fresh ADV and let him work on Newbludd. Little decisions like that can pay off big time. Especially in championship matches.

With Morrow cheering him on and everyone else in the arena raining boos down on him, The Cocky Cuban enters the ring with a smirk. Across the ring, Newbludd begins to push himself up off the mat and Vargas bounces off the ropes to charge in at him.

DDK:

Hot off the tag, ADV is looking to clean Brock's clock with a big clothesline!

Running full speed, Vargas does indeed attempt a clothesline but Brock sees it coming and manages to take his overzealous opponent down with a Drop Toe Hold! Still fresh, an angry ADV immediately begins to scramble back up to his feet and watches as Newbludd uses the opening to lunge towards Cassidy's outstretched hand. Reaching out as far as he can, Brock makes the tag to Pat and rolls out of the ring!

Lance:

Vargas is already back on his feet after being taken down but Brock was able to tag Cassidy in!

Cassidy charges right into ADV! Vargas tries for a big clubbing right hand, but Cassidy blocks and fires back with a flurry of punches of his own. Alvaro is rocked by Cassidy's shots and gets sent off the ropes. ADV ducks a Cassidy clothesline on the rebound but walks into Black Out back elbow to the face on the next pass. ADV scrambles into a neutral corner and demands Navarro make Cassidy stay back. Pat raises his arms wide and obeys the referee's command.

DDK:

Cassidy shoots ADV a mocking look before calling for the lock up... both men collide in the center of the ring and grapple for control!

Cassidy with the go behind into a hammerlock, but ADV quickly reverses into a hammerlock of his own. The Cocky Cuban transitions into a headlock, barring down on the smaller Pat Cassidy by flexing his bicep.

DDK:

Cassidy tries to shoot ADV off the ropes, but the bigger man stands his ground. Alvaro takes Cassidy down to the mat now, still maintaining that headlock.

Lance:

Cassidy's shoulders are on the mat!

ONE! TWO!

Cassidy gets his shoulder off the mat but is still trapped in the big Cuban's headlock.

ADV:

Gonna pop you like a grape, pendejo! Tomamos tus títulos!

On the apron, Brock encourages the fans to get behind his partner by stomping his foot. Pat reaches out with a clenched fist to signal he's fighting back and the fans begin to rally with claps. Black Out begins to pound the mat with his fist and ADV shakes his head "no" as Cassidy fights his way up to one knee and then finally back to his feet!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy fighting his way out of the hold with elbows to ADV's midsection!

Cassidy lights ADV up with right hands as the crowd roars in approval! He sends ADV into the turnbuckle and takes position in the opposite turnbuckle...

DDK:

He's calling for the Splash of Jameson!

With a cheer from the Faithful, Pat sprints across the ring and leaps for the big splash...

...but the cheers turn to boos as...

Lance:

ADV catches Cassidy... and throws him backwards with the Cuban Missile Crisis!! Pat's head snaps brutally off the turnbuckle!

ADV pulls Cassidy to the center of the ring and covers with a cocky smirk.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Brock Newbludd breaks up the pin, saving the match and the titles!

Hector directs Brock back to his corner while ADV taunts him from inside the ring. Yannick Fillimore's Favorite wrestler lifts the woozy Cassidy to his feet only to drop him back down with a heabutt. ADV looks to Tom Morrow for a thumbs up before unloading on Pat with a series of kicks. ADV brings Black Out over to the ropes and begins to choke him on the second rope. When Hector Nevarro admonishes him, ADV pulls away and begins to argue with the ref.

Lance:

And look! Tom Morrow choking Pat from the outside while ADV has the referee distracted.

DDK:

He'll go to any length to ensure ACTS of DEFIANCE has an all "Better Future" main event.

Morrow breaks the choke just as the referee turns back around. With Brock reaching out for the tag, The Cocky Cuban continues to clubber away on Pat Cassidy. ADV brings him into the corner where he unloads with a few brutal knife edged chops (each punctuated with a "pendejo!") that light up Cassidy's chest. ADV whips Cassidy into the opposite corner. With a quick taunt toward the jeering fans, ADV charges... but runs right into a HUGE exploding clothesline out of the corner that damn turns ADV inside out! The Scrapper from Southie put everything he's got into that clothesline and now both men are down!

DDK:

Cassidy is back in this! This would be a good time for him to make a tag!

Brock Newbludd reaches his hand out for the tag... but out of the corner of his eye he sees Tom Morrow making a gesture toward Jack Mace. Mace jumps down from the apron and runs around the ring, looking to cheapshot Brock before The Saturday Night Specials can make the tag. Newbludd sees him coming, though, and is there to meet with a takedown and mount punches!

DDK:

Action outside the ring as Brock takes it to Jack Mace!

Lance:

Referee Hector Nevarro is focused on the outside now, though... and look at Morrow!

Tom Morrow has his hands on ADV's chain. With the referee's attention elsewhere, he rolls it under the bottom rope. Vargas, still down from the clothesline, sees the weapon within reach. He rolls up onto his elbows and knees and begins the slow crawl toward the weapon.

Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS!!

DDK:

It's Henry Keyes!!

Keyes is out and sprinting toward the ramp. Just as ADV has his hands on the chain... Keyes is there to grab it! ADV's eyes go wide as for a brief moment it's a tug of war before Henry is able to pull the chain away from ADV, sending him stumbling backwards... and right into Pat Cassidy's IRISH GOODBYE!!

DDK:

Cassidy's Reverse STO sends ADV brutally face-first into the canvas!

Tom Morrow attempts to get the chain back from Keyes, but one threatening motion with the chain is enough to send Morrow scurrying. Hector Nevarro has turned his attention away from the Brock/Mace brawl to see Cassidy hooking the leg! Nevarro drops down..

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimby:**

Here are your winners... and STILL DEFIAНCE Unified Tag Team Champions... The Saturday Night Specials!

Henry Keyes shoots Morrow one last angry nod before heading to the back with ADV's chain as a souvenir. Brock rolls back into the ring as ADV quickly rolls out. Cassidy is pulling himself back to his feet as Hector Nevarro grabs both Saturday Night Special's arms and holds them high into the air!

IT ALL STARTED WITH A KISS

DDK:

Hold on a second, partner. The Saturday Night Specials have picked up the victory here - but I don't think they're out of the woods yet.

The crowd begins to boo as The Lucky Sevens and their manager Ophelia Sykes have appeared at the entranceway and are now slowly making their way to the ring. Outside the ring, Jack Made and ADV huddle with Tom Morrow for a quick strategy session. Inside the ring, Brock and Pat are pulling themselves together - but Brock is the first to notice that they're surrounded. He pats Cassidy on the shoulder and points. The Saturday Night Specials both immediately assume a defensive stance as referee Hector Nevarro and Darren Quimby quickly exit the ring.

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens have taken point on one side of the ring with ADV, Mace, and Morrow on the other - the tag champs have nowhere to go!

Both Luck brothers are smiling ear to ear as Pat and Brock have gone back to back in an effort to see all sides of the ring and head off anyone who wants to charge. Brock makes the "bring it" motion to The Sevens while Cassidy sneers at ADV and Tom Morrow. There is a moment of a tense standoff at high noon, until suddenly...

DDK:

Wait a minute... Ophelia Sykes of all people is walking into the ring!

Sykes steps through the ropes and she's facing Brock Newbludd. Brock looks at her but also keeps darting his eyes back and forth to make sure Better Future doesn't run in with the blindside. Sykes looks Brock up and down and smiles. She walks around Brock to step in front of Cassidy. Pat raises an eyebrow at her. She steps up to him. He tenses, expecting the attack. Instead...

Lance:

She's... kissing him!?

Indeed she is. Ophelia Sykes is planting one on Pat Cassidy. And not a little peck either... there might be some tongue involved here. Brock turns around, both eyes raised wide. On the outside of the ring, both of The Lucky Sevens are laughing. ADV slaps Morrow on the shoulder and points and laughs. The fans aren't sure what to make of this impromptu make-out session.

After ten seconds, Sykes breaks the kiss and pulls back, smiling coyly. Cassidy is completely dumbfounded and both his eyes have gone wide. Ophelia smirks and blows him one last kiss before waving "bye" to Brock and stepping through the ropes. The Lucky Sevens each take one of her arms and lower her down from the apron. With The Saturday Night Specials still confused mid-ring, Tom Morrow signals for his boys (and lady) to round up and join him walking up the ramp!

DDK:

Better Future is... leaving? After Ophelia Sykes plants one on Pat Cassidy?

Lance:

This is not how I expected this to go down, Keebs.

The Saturday Night Specials watch as the group makes its way back through the curtain. The last person through, Ophelia Sykes, turns and blows one more kiss toward Pat. With a wink and smile, she disappears through the curtain. Cassidy, leaning toward the ropes... has the faintest hint of a... smile?

DDK:

Brock is telling his partner to snap out of it. You've gotta believe these are some mind games designed to give The Lucky Sevens the upperhand.

Cassidy snaps back to reality, telling Brock he's good to go. Brock shakes his head and amusement and raises his partner's hand as their music kicks back in.

AS IF TO WARN THE WORLD

Somewhere backstage, perhaps. Some place dark. A lone light bulb hangs still, dust floats through the air. A lone moth smacks itself loudly against the yellow bulb. Below the bulb sits an aging, oversized animal cage. In the cage sits a hulking, glistening, hairy figure.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Oh, my boy...

We hear foot-falls. Approaching the cage. The camera moves even closer to the cage to reveal a squatting Corvo Alpha, knotted and gnarled hands - one still flecked in the tortured remains of black paint, the other flecked with what's left of red - wrapped around the bars of the cage.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

"<This is not your failure. This is not YOUR loss.

We see now that Corvo has the rusting cage door clenched shut in front of him. He is holding it tightly closed, hands tense and taut. The foot falls stop and a much smaller, more slender figure kneels outside the cage. A tender hand reaches forward to touch the muscular, sinewy arm of Corvo Alpha.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

"<This loss is mine.

Alpha shudders. Snorts. His still-wet, hanging dark hair twitches a heartbeat after. The gentle hand of Lord Trickelbush moves from Corvo's stiff arm to his red-painted hand, clenching it with care.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

"<My boy... You have not failed me. You never could.

Corvo moves to angrily wrench his hand away from his masters but Lord Nigel moves closer, clasping Alpha's monstrous hand within both of his.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

"<Never.

We see Alpha's hands slowly untense. He releases his iron grip on the doors of his prison. Lord Nigel moves just as slowly, slowly pulling the door open towards himself. The iron screams in protest, as if to warn the world.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

"<Come, my boy. We are finished for the day.

The camera remains still, focused on the interior of the cage, even as Corvo Alpha hesitantly moves out of it and camera shot.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

"<But we are far... far from finished.

PAPER IS UNCUT

The scene jumps to the backstage where Conor Fuse stands beside Jamie Sawyers in front of an UNCUT 100 backdrop.

Jamie Sawyers:

We are mere moments away from the main event where Conor Fuse will challenge Malak Garland for his "Paper Championship". But Conor, this match goes way beyond the accolade Malak claims. Garland's the one that defeated you at DEFCON and split the Fuse Bros. up for good. Malak also betrayed you beforehand...

Conor leans in to speak.

Conor Fuse:

Yes, Jamie. It's been well documented. He's taken a lot from me. The Fuse Bros., my trust... he even conned my consultants, Alex Pietrangelo and Martin Evans-Everett into signing exclusive Comments Section contracts so they are obligated to work for HIM and not hang out with me.

Fuse shakes his head in shame.

Conor Fuse:

You know, I'd like to think of myself as a pretty happy-go-lucky kinda guy but everyone witnessed first hand the trash talk Malak and I have been going back and forth with. I let him get the last word because, Jamie, he's always gonna get the last word. There's no quieting a keyboard warrior and I would know, I'm an online gamer. Yet getting the "last word" doesn't mean Malak wins the war, you know. Last I checked we are in a *wrestling* company. So I can sit back and let Malak ramble. He talks so much it makes me look like my Game Boy. Speaking of which...

Conor pauses as The Game Boy walks into the picture. The younger Fuse smacks his Mini Boss on the shoulder.

Conor Fuse:

I need you to stay back tonight big guy but you're welcome to come out and *Play* if Cyrus appears... or Teresa... or that Thirsty Hunter NPC.

The Game Boy nods, ever-so-slightly as Conor turns to Jamie Sawyers.

Conor Fuse:

I've got a lot going on. Suddenly an "educational expert" wants to enlighten people on the problematic nature of video games. He says I'm stagnant. Well, I think he needs a clear definition of the term. Stagnant means to stay in one spot, not to grow or evolve. While I may play video games at twenty-eight-years-old, I am anything but stagnant. I was typecast into a tag team role with my brother. And while there is nothing, NOTHING wrong with tag teaming, I was told I'd never make it to the top on my own. I was told I'm a fuNNy little "video game side piece". Hmm, this annoying man-child has a whole shit ton of Gamers behind him...

Conor points into the arena and The Faithful gives a *!RANK* response.

Conor Fuse:

...And last I checked, I'm doing okay at this single player campaign. Real men **can** play video games. Real men should be comfortable doing whatever the hell they want. Stagnant is being close-minded, unable to progress. You know, kinda like running away from a challenge and sitting in front of your keyboard, always playing the victim.

Fuse cracks his knuckles.

Conor Fuse:

Tonight, I'm dragging Malak Garland out of his safe space. I'm gonna take his Paper Championship and put it where it belongs...

Fuse looks dead into the camera lens.

Conor Fuse:

In the recycling bin.

Conor smacks Sawyers on the back and walks off.

Jamie Sawyers:

Our main event is next!

PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP: MALAK GARLAND Â© vs. CONOR FUSE

Ringside.

[▷ "Epilogue Main Theme" from Crysis 2 by Hans Zimmer ▷](#)

The DEFlatron reveals a shot of someone's lime green ring boots walking through a field. Faint instrumental music accompanies the image.

Voiceover:

What is it that makes a Gamer?

Once the boots arrive at their destination, the scene changes to reveal Conor Fuse, back towards the camera, standing in front of the Super Nintendo Land theme park in Osaka, Japan.

Voiceover:

It's not the console, or a television.

The feed switches to a montage of Conor wrestling various DEFIANTS such as Deacon, Pat Cassidy and Perfection.

Voiceover:

It's not the headset, or virtual reality.

Conor performs a 630 splash onto Perfection through a table.

Voiceover:

It's not the power glove, an online pass or high score. It's not defeating BOTS or Bosses.

Video game commercials such as SEGA, Super Nintendo and Atari intermix with Fuse's matches.

Voiceover:

You might think it's essential... but you don't need a controller to be a Gamer.

Fuse pins Garland to win the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships.

Voiceover:

A Gamer isn't too busy to help a teammate, not too proud to take help, either.

Conor joins alongside Henry Keyes and PCP to take on Better Future.

Voiceover:

And when they lose a Life, by pitfall or enemy, a Gamer hits Continue and keeps on playing.

Footage of losing both the FIST match to Mikey Unlikely and the DEFCON Tag Title match to Malak Garland airs.

Voiceover:

They'll stand by their co-op and challenge the Final Boss in the Level 8 Castle.

The crowd gives a boo at the shot of Malak Garland holding the Paper Championship.

Voiceover:

And they won't quit... until they beat the game.

Lights out.

Crowd loud.

A single spotlight appears on the center of the entrance and at the 2:35-mark of the theme song, Conor Fuse rises from underneath the stage, stoic, wearing a green Legend of Zelda inspired trench coat.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Fuse lifts his head to another response from the fans in attendance as he leans back and screams into the rafters, body shaking with passion. Fuse looks to his left, his right and then walks purposefully towards the squared circle.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for the Paper Championship! Introducing first, the challenger, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, weighing in at two-hundred pounds... he is THE ULTIMATE GAMER... CONOR FUUUUUUUUUUUSSSSSSSSSSSEEEEEE!!

DDK:

A big match feel, despite the nonsensical championship on the line!

Lance:

Keebs, this has NOTHING to do with the Paper Championship! This is simply a way to get to Malak Garland and seek revenge! It was Malak who ended the Fuse's tag career together! Also, Conor and Malak's relationship was well documented on UNCUTS for over a year! It's only fitting the two will face-off in the main event of UNCUT 100!

Conor arrives at the bottom of the rampway.

DDK:

Two UNCUT juggernauts in very different ways. This crowd is 100% behind Conor!

Fuse screams again as he ditches the trenchcoat, jumps onto the apron and then clears the top rope with another leap. A forward roll puts Conor in the middle of the ring as green fireworks explode from the rampway and green sparklers fall from the rafters.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

The theme dies down, although The Faithful do not. Finally, the lights in the arena dim. Women in naughty schoolgirl outfits come parading out on stage. Their rucksacks are filled to the brim with paper and paper related products.

DDK:

What in the name is this?

The girls high five each other while reaching into each other's backpacks to toss paper into the air.

♪ “ATTENTION ATTENTION” by Shinedown ♪

The Faithful reject the sight of Malak Garland, unicorn prancing at the top of the stage with his paper belt in hand. The schoolgirls continue to frolic by ripping, crumpling and playfully throwing their pages at each other.

Lance:

For a guy who considers himself to be walking woke culture, you would think objectifying women like this for his entrance would irk him?

Malak walks down to the ring with confidence as the paper women slowly disappear from sight. Garland rolls into the ring and hands his belt over to the referee.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the champion, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, he is the one and only MALAK GARLAND!

Ref Mark Shields holds the belt up before giving it to the timekeeper as Malak completely turns his back to Conor in a show of disrespect.

*LET'S GO CONOR!
MALAK SUCKS!
LET'S GO CONOR!
MALAK SUCKS!*

Shields calls for the bell.

DING DING

Malak turns and Conor immediately charges in and catches him with a running knee under his chin!

DDK:

HOLY SHIT! CONOR WITH A COVER!

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

The fans bite on the match being over right there but Conor shows no frustration. He hurls Malak into the ropes and flies across with a spinning back elbow. Fuse scoop slams Garland to the center of the mat, races up the turnbuckle and shoots off...

DDK:

Moonsault by Conor Fuse... CONNECTS!! Another pinfall attempt!

ONE.

TWO.

BARELY A SHOULDER!

The air is taken out of the arena as Fuse nods to referee Mark Shields, agreeing with the assessment.

Lance:

Another REAL close call! I have to hand it to Malak Garland, he's shown something with these kickouts!

DDK:

I think the knee shot knocked Malak out cold and that was ultimately Garland gaining consciousness when kickout number one happened. But yes, I will give him *some* credit.

Fuse hurls Garland into the ropes again but as a last ditch effort Malak is able to hook his hands around the top rope and flip himself up and over onto the outside floor. The fans boo as Malak looks at referee Mark Shields, sporting tears.

Malak Garland:

I require a timeout.

Shields nods like he's going to grant The Keyboard King a TO. Mark waves his hands around frantically while Conor looks at Mark with a raised eyebrow.

Conor Fuse:

What the hell?

The ref clarifies.

Mark Shields:

THAT'S A TIMEOUT! First timeout taken, Malak Garland!

DDK:

Ummmm, there are no timeouts!

Conor looks to leave the ring but Mark puts a hand in front of him. Although Fuse pushes through the hand, it's enough of a break for Garland to throw his arm under the squared circle and take hold of something. Fuse doesn't see it as he exits through the ropes and jumps off the apron, looking for a double axe handle smash.

THUMP.

DDK:

Malak Garland hits Conor with a pipe! Of course Mark Shields didn't see it, he was shouting at the time keeper's table to record a time out!

Lance:

Nonsense.

The Faithful boo as Malak slides the lead pipe back from where it came. The Paper Champ takes hold of Conor's head with both hands and runs The Locker Room Leader head-first into the ring post! The former Fuse Bros. flips on impact and meets the floor. Garland grins sadistically, dusting off his hands while strolling casually over to his opponent and rolling him back inside the ring. Once inside himself, Garland turns to Mark Shields with a frown.

Malak Garland:

Is that one of my timeouts used already, Marky-Mark?

Mark nods.

Mark Shields:

Yeah but I can give you it back. It was a short timeout.

Garland winks.

Malak Garland:

Joy. Tickle me with happiness.

The Keyboard King lifts Conor by his messy blonde hair. Garland hurls Fuse into a turnbuckle, as The Character Formerly Known as Player Two meets the padding and stumbles right back where he came from before Garland puts Conor on the mat with an impressive looking t-bone suplex.

Lance:

Here's the thing, Malak Garland has some true wrestling skill, when he's not victimizing himself or being a passive-aggressive asshole.

DDK:

Oh there is no doubt about that. Everyone in DEFIAНCE was signed because they have abilities. We simply don't see

much of it from Garland.

Malak looms over Conor, slowly dragging Fuse off the mat. Malak connects with a snap suplex and then floats over for a cover.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Garland keeps the pressure going. He drills his right fist into Conor's temple before pulling himself off the mat, hitting the ropes with limited speed and dropping a leg across Conor's neck. This takes place two more times before Malak peels the challenger off the canvas and Irish whips Conor into a buckle again.

This time, however, Conor gets his feet in front of him, jumps onto and off the second turnbuckle and flies towards Malak with a clothesline!

The Gamers are back into the match as both men are down and Mark Shields administered a five count.

Garland is up first but Conor Fuse follows. Conor races towards the Paper Champion but Malak steers Conor right into the turnbuckle! This time, Conor can't get his feet up or break the impact! He meets the padding HARD and bounces off...

WHACK!

DDK:

A strong superkick by Malak Garland!

Lance:

Really tough break for Conor there. He came in with so much momentum it was easy for Malak to play "toro" and lure Fuse into the corner!

Garland has Fuse in a reverse DDT position. At first, Conor blocks the move, breaks free and hits the ropes but Garland comes in with a dragon screw to Fuse's leg and then drops an elbow to Conor's head!

DDK:

It's a lot of Malak Garland since the "timeout" was evoked.

Lance:

And then revoked, don't forget.

DDK:

How can I?

Garland tosses Fuse to the ropes, lowers his head and connects with a powerslam. Garland hooks the leg...

ONE.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Only a one count! This crowd is alive!

But the Paper Champion slides into a standing position behind Conor and waits for the gamer to push off the mat

before applying a camel clutch!

DDK:

FOMO! Malak has his submission move, the FOMO locked in! I'm not sure what that terminology means but I'm sure someone will enlighten me soon!

Conor cries out and tries to reach for the ropes but he's nowhere close! The Gamers start a rally cry, in the form of a !RANK chant. Garland shouts at Mark Shields to check on a tap out.

DDK:

Conor isn't giving up! He's trying to hang in there!

Lance:

It's a rather decent camel clutch submission hold! Again, when he's motivated Malak Garland can wrestle!

Conor moves off the mat but it's not by much. Garland pulls back on Fuse's face!

Lance:

Conor was knocked for a loop when Malak ran him into the steel post. I'm not sure if he's battling a concussion but Fuse has certainly been struggling since! Malak's got his arms wrapped around Fuse's jaw... I'd have to think Conor's head is spinning!

Fuse moves forward but it's only slightly and there's a lot more work to be done.

The challenger raises his hand. Malak's eyes go wide like he's going to witness Christmas happening right this second...

Until Conor hooks his left arm on the back of Garland's leg and pulls at it. Soon, Conor's able to wrap his entire left arm around Malak's leg and knock The Keyboard King to the canvas along with him. The crowd erupts in cheers!

Lance:

Very clever move by Conor Fuse! That's some real psychological stuff. Conor moves his hand up like he's going to tap, HOPING it would capture Malak's attention, which it did. Then Conor was able to trip Garland and escape the submission!

Garland shakes on the canvas... but not from pain. Rather, he's upset the move was broken. MagnumG questions Shields to see if there was indeed a tap out.

There wasn't.

Meanwhile... Conor Fuse crawls to the ring ropes and uses them to gain a vertical base.

The challenger shouts at Garland as Fuse runs across the canvas floor and lands a dropkick square in Malak's face! The arena explodes as Conor continues to shake the cobwebs out of his own head before deadlifts Garland into a German suplex with a bridge!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The Codebreaker wastes little time. He bounces off the ropes and stuns Garland with a superkick as the Comments Section Leader rises. Fuse hits another superkick, another, another...

Conor Fuse:

SUPERKICK COM-BO!

But before Fuse can land the last one, Malak drops to his knees and rolls out of the way. Garland spins Conor around and hits a desperation poke to Fuse's eyes, bounces off the ropes-

DDK:

Hurricanrana by Conor Fuse! He has both legs hooked!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

DDK:

The fans thought it was over as the kickout was EXTREMELY last second. However, Malak Garland lives to see another day!

Both men are up. Conor blocks a right fist and replies with a left of his own. Conor works Garland into a corner and then proceeds to the Happy Stomps of DOOM.

Mark Shields, of course, lets this happen.

The Faithful eat it up.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

With each stomp, they shout.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANKRANKRANKRANKRANK

Until the stomping becomes too much for them to keep track of.

Conor puts both feet on Malak's chest and with use of the ropes, slingshots Garland up into the air and towards the center of the canvas floor. The Paper Champion collapses when he gets there, not moving a muscle.

It doesn't take much for The Perfect "9" to fire up the crowd again. He waits on The Source of Envy to rise and then hits him with his tilt-a-whirl DDT, PWN'd.

DDK:

Fuse is looking to put this match away! He's going to the top rope!

From mat to buckle, Conor is up there in a hurry but out of nowhere, Malak Garland shows a second wind. It's not much but it's enough to do the damage needed.

DDK:

Garland is on his feet and he FALLS on the top rope!

Fuse loses his balance and crotches himself!

Garland lays across the top rope, completely gassed. Meanwhile, Conor is trying to work through the pain and get himself off the top rope. It's Fuse who's able to move first but instead of removing himself off the buckle, Conor pops back on. The Ultimate Gamer leaps off and lands a perfectly placed leg drop across Malak Garland's back. It ricochets Garland off the ropes and into the center of the ring. However...

Malak inadvertently hits Mark Shields in the side of the head! The Faithful boo as Mark doubles over and Conor attempts the Super Splash 450.

It connects.

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

DDK:

Mark Shields can't count! He's down on all fours!

Lance:

Definitely nothing planned by Malak but it's certainly worked to his favour!

Fuse realizes there's no pinfall. Instead of guiding Mark back to the action, Conor slides out of the squared circle and stumbles over to the time keeper's table.

DDK:

What's he doing?

Lance:

I think Conor Fuse is looking for the Paper Championship!

DDK:

Oh boy...

Indeed, The Armlock Aristocrat snatches the title he once made for Dex Joy and rolls into the ring. Conor holds the belt up high and then grows a mischievous smile.

DDK:

I don't think I can watch this.

PAPERCUT HIM, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

PAPERCUT HIM, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

PAPERCUT HIM, clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Garland rolls on his back and sees Conor Fuse standing right above him... "belt" in hand. Fear instantly floods The Keyboard Master's face. Conor shrugs.

Conor Fuse:

They don't call it UNCUT for nothing...

Fuse takes the Paper Championship and starts grating it across Malak Garland's forehead to the cheers (and shrieks) of The Faithful!

DDK:

TELL ME WHEN IT'S OVER!

Lance:

THEY'LL HAVE TO TELL US ON OUR HEADSETS, KEEBS. I'm not watching, too!

Garland screams in agony as Conor goes for one final blow before tossing the title over his shoulder. (The title, however, doesn't go far since it's made from paper after all.)

Fuse props Garland on his knees. And he smacks Malak across the chest.

Conor Fuse: *[screaming into the rafters]*

WEAPON GET!

Fuse bounces off the ropes...

DDK:

I TRIGGER!

It knocks the spit right out of Garland's mouth.

Conor isn't done. He puts Garland on his knees and smacks him across the chest. Again.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!

Off the ropes.

Knee to the head.

DDK:

I TRIGGER!

Papercuts aside, ALL of The Faithful like what they see.

Conor looks at Mark Shields and realizes the referee STILL isn't ready to go.

DDK:

Fuse smacks Garland on the chest!

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GET!

DDK:

And a third I TRIGGERED!

A small trickle of blood falls from the otherwise DOA Paper Champion and Keyboard King. Stomping around the ring, screaming with passion, Conor grabs the top rope and shakes it profusely.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON. FUCKING. GET.

But as Conor hits the ropes this time, Cyrus Bates races down the ramp to a chorus of boos! The big man slides into the ring and pops up RIGHT before Conor's able to hit a fourth I TRIGGER.

DDK:

KEYBOARD KICK! DAMMIT! Conor had this match won!

It flips Conor inside-out twice before Fuse crashes to the canvas! Bates scurries over to Garland, shaking him as if this

is the way to bring the armchair expert back to life.

It's not working so Bates turns to Fuse and crushes the challenger with a gorilla press slam, followed by a leg drop. Realizing Mark Shields is finally coming to, Bates shrugs his shoulders, grabs Garland and literally throws his partner on top of the fallen gamer! The Bellicose Brawler exits the ring.

DDK:

NOT THIS WAY! C'MON!

Shields sees a pinfall by Malak. He slowly gets into position but once he's there, Mark counts at a normal speed.

ONE.

TWO.

SHOULDER UP!

!RAAAANNNKKKK

DDK:

Conor kicked out!!

Lance:

The Gamer's life bar has one hit left!

The crowd rallys, stomping their feet while Cyrus Bates looks like he's going to have a stroke.

DDK:

It's anyone's game now!

Lance:

A Keyboard Kick, a gorilla press slam and a violently looking leg drop couldn't get the job done! Conor Fuse might be determined to leave the WrestlePlex with payback from DEFCON!

Garland stirs.

...

...

But so does Fuse.

*LET'S GO CONOR, LET'S GO!
LET'S GO CONOR, LET'S GO!
LET'S GO CONOR, LET'S GO!*

DDK:

Conor's on his feet!

Lance:

So is Garland!

The two turn into each other and then lean on one another.

They exchange shots to the face. Boos for Malak, cheers for Conor. This back-and-forth goes on for a good minute, with Cyrus Bates waiting anxiously on the outside. It looks like The Thirst Trapper is getting the upper hand, as he works Conor into the ropes with three straight punches but as Garland Irish whips Conor into the ropes across the way, Fuse leaps into the air on return, clearing Garland's head, landing on his feet and chopping the Paper Champion in the chest once more.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEET!

DDK:

Conor jumps on Malak's shoulders- OH MY GOD!! Fuse has worked Malak Garland into the FOMO!!! What does FOMO stand for, Lance!?

Lance:

YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE?

DDK:

No, no that's YOLO! That one I know!

While the announcers try to figure their shit out, Conor has Malak dead to rights in the center of the ring... camel clutch applied. Spot. On.

Shields is in position to call for the bell and once Malak raises his hand...

DDK:

NO! Cyrus Bates pulls the referee out!!

Mark doesn't flinch. He smiles upon seeing the big man, even though Bates is still at a loss for what to do next as Cyrus holds his hands above his head.

Mark Shields:

Fuck bro, what the fuck is up? You wanna do some blow after the-

WHAM!

DDK:

Bates takes out Shields!

Lance:

Mark didn't deserve that! He wasn't pissed he was pulled out of the ring!

Bates sees Garland tapping in the hold so the "muscle" enters the ring.

DDK:

Cyrus has taken the Paper Championship.

As Bates moves towards Conor Fuse, The Gamer knows something is up so he drops the hold, spins around and hoofs The Bellicose Brawler in the balls. Bates drops the "title".

And Conor smacks Bates in the chest.

Conor Fuse:

WEAPON GETTING EVVVVERRRRYYYYBODY!!

With Bates hunched over, Conor hits the ropes and performs a decent-looking Keyboard Kick to Cyrus!

The WrestlePlex is bedlam after seeing so much Weapon Getting and Conor Fuse continues to run on pure adrenaline. Fuse storms around the canvas, shouting into the crowd, waiting on Malak Garland for one final time.

DDK:

Both Bates and Garland are down!

Unable to wait any longer, Conor drags Malak to his feet himself.

Superkick, superkick, superkick.

Conor hits the top rope and without wasting a second, lands a picture perfect Phoenix splash!

!RANK

!RANK

!RANK

Conor exits the ring to find Mark Shields and throws him back inside.

DDK:

I'm not sure Mark's going to recover in time but here's hoping.

Conor hooks the leg, either for Mark Shields or another referee to make an appearance.

Benny Doyle sprints from the back.

DDK:

YES!!!

Lance:

Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd took the Tag Titles from Malak. Now it's time for Conor to take the stupid Paper Championship!

Right before Benny Doyle slides into the ring he's DESTROYED with a shoulder block by Cyrus Bates to a chorus of boos!

Bates barely knows where he is. It's clear the move was a last ditch effort. The big man looks down at Benny Doyle and then into the ring.

YYYYYYYYYYYYEEEEEEAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!

DDK:

It's The Game Boy! Game Boy has seen enough!

The Mini Boss marches with a purpose. Cyrus sees him coming and struggles to pussyfoot to the other side of the apron, not entertaining the idea of anything else. Conor sees what's taking place and smiles. He drops the pin on Malak Garland and points to his henchman.

Conor Fuse:

Thank you, my friend!

Malak Garland barely moves while Conor pumps the crowd up. He calls for his true finisher, the Super Splash 450 and takes hold of the ropes in order to slingshot himself to the top.

DDK:

Goodnight Malak Garland, once and for all!

WHAM.

The air is knocked completely out of the arena. Conor Fuse falls off the top turnbuckle and lands on his back.

DDK:

...Why?

Lance:

...

The Game Boy drilled Conor Fuse in the face with a knockout blow.

No one knows what to make of what's happened. Meanwhile, Malak Garland moves on the canvas. It's not a lot, it's barely anything...

But it's just enough to place his right palm over top of Conor Fuse's unconscious body.

Mark Shields awakes. He sees a pinfall and counts slowly.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

The arena remains silent, other than the ring announcer.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match and still Paper Champion, Malak Garland.

The camera changes to Cyrus Bates who also doesn't know what to make of things.

The scene plays out with the announcers on radio silence as Bates eventually slides into the ring, taking the Paper Championship and Malak Garland with him. The Bellicose Brawler is cautious when exiting, since he has to pass The Game Boy on his right. However, Malak slowly comes to and taps Bates on the shoulder, insinuating the Game Boy is with *them*.

Malak Garland: *[mumbling through pain]*

Hey Cyrus, do you want to go retro? Batteries included.

DDK:

I don't know what's going on.

Lance:

Same here, partner.

Garland puts one arm around Cyrus Bates and the other around The Game Boy as the two big men help walk The Keyboard King up the rampway like a pair of bears protecting a wounded fawn. The camera changes to Conor Fuse who's still laid out.

DDK:

I don't get why Game Boy would do such a thing. He's been Conor's companion for over a year!

At the top of the ramp, Malak asks for Bates and GB to turn him around. Garland struggles to hold the Paper Championship above his head so the others help him do so before they vanish behind the curtain.

Lance:

I don't think there's much to say, Keebs. This is heartbreaking. Conor loved his Game Boy.

DDK:

None of this makes sense.

SYSTEM CRASH

UNCUT 100 goes through various replays of the match before switching to the center of the ring. A disheveled Conor Fuse positions himself on a knee before looking into the bleachers. The gamer receives a nice reception from The Faithful, knowing the outcome wasn't Conor's fault but there's still a sense of dread amongst everyone.

The Ultimate Gamer lowers his head. Finally, with all his might, Conor stands on his feet and slowly exits the ring.

DDK:

We better get answers. What an awful way to end UNCUT 100.

Conor works his way up the ramp while the announcers quickly recap the night.

Once Fuse exits, a cameraman catches up to him as The Codebreaker struggles through the backstage area. Conor walks past the medical table, through the locker room section and towards the shipment garage. With each step he takes, Conor becomes more upright, although he's clearly hurting mentally and physically.

Fuse enters the large hangar where he sees a red pick-up truck in the far distance. The engine is running and two people sit in the back of the truck, facing outwards. As Conor draws closer, so does the cameraman and it's revealed to be none other than Alex Pietrangelo (ALEX) Martin Evans-Everett VI (MEE6), Conor's former consultants.

ALEX is the first one to see Conor coming towards them.

ALEX:

Hey, Conor!

MEE6 smiles upon noticing, too.

MEE6:

Conor! Awesome to see you!

Their words seem genuine but the moment is immediately interrupted as Cyrus Bates sprints out from an exit door like he robbed a bank and hops into the driver's seat. Conor is a good 30-yards away from the truck and has come to a complete stop.

Next, Malak Garland appears from the opposite end of the hangar, fumbling across the floor while being propped up by The Game Boy. The Mini Boss helps Garland into the back of the pick-up alongside ALEX and MEE6 before Game Boy joins them. Garland notices Fuse.

Malak Garland: *[sarcastically]*

Oh, hey.

Conor stays silent.

Malak Garland:

Looks like I have your entire crew now. Some against their will...

Malak smacks MEE6 and ALEX sharply across the back of their heads.

Malak Garland:

Some voluntarily.

Garland looks at The Game Boy who doesn't say or do a thing.

Fuse breathes heavily, knowing he won't be able to get any closer even if he tries. Meanwhile, Malak Garland limps to

a foot and flips the Paper Championship across his shoulder.

Malak Garland:

Hmm, got this too. My paper belt. Nummy numbs.

Garland turns in the direction of the driver's seat.

Malak Garland:

I'm ready, Cyrus.

The engine revs.

Malak Garland:

Looks like I've taken everything from you, Conor. Your brother, your friends, your "telepathic" companion.

Garland gives himself a warm and fuzzy self hug, complete with "mmmmmm" sounds.

Malak Garland:

That's me. The loveable DEFIANT this company is lucky to have.

ALEX holds his hands out.

ALEX:

We miss you, Conor.

MEE6 agrees.

MEE6:

Yeah, we miss you!

Malak turns to MEE6 and ALEX.

Malak Garland:

Shut up, nimrods! You're not supposed to talk.

And then Garland greets Conor with a shit eating grin while rubbing the side of his head.

Malak Garland: *[shouting to the driver]*

Okay Cyrus, step on it!

Conor's eyes burn lasers as ALEX and MEE6 lower their heads in sadness.

Malak Garland:

Quit now, gaming dumbass. Yep, I've taken everything from you.

And the pick-up truck burns rubber out of the WrestlePlex, leaving Conor Fuse standing there, breathing in its fumes.

Malak Garland:

Everything.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.