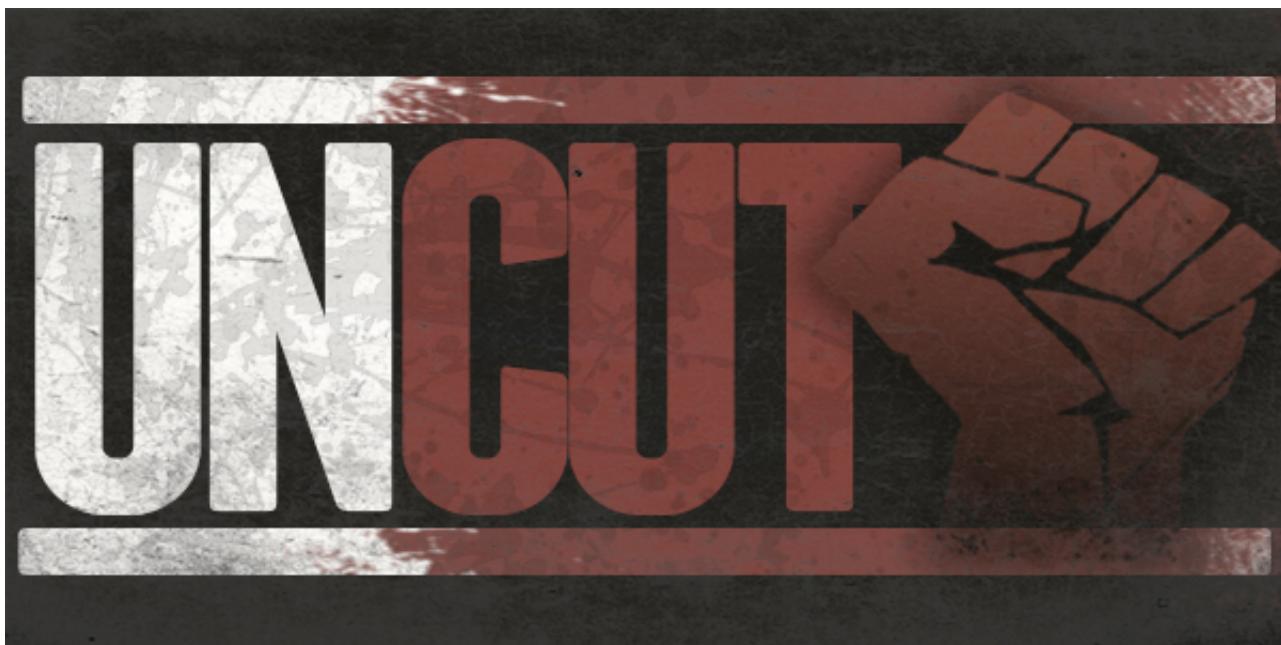


SHOW OPEN

SAY THE PLEDGE

When: A Fateful Night - June 2008

Location: Charlotte, North Carolina - A local major hospital

Voice:

His vitals are still good. Can't believe he survived that fall the way he did and lived.

The first voice is from a younger looking nurse, seemingly with a superior, the older nurse is checking the vitals of none other than Jason 'Stalker' Reeves. The fall that the younger nurse is referencing? That was a fall from a third story window. Which occurred when Stalker collided with Rocko Daymon, sending him flying through said window and down into a parked sports car.

Veteran Nurse:

They say wrestling is fake but obviously this guy doesn't believe that. No other reason to explain why he would want to risk his career. All for a wrestling show.

Young Nurse:

The other guy is still in surgery right? I heard he may never walk correctly again. His name is something weird right? Like Rocky or something, right?

Stopping her vitals check of Jason, the older nurse looks to her colleague with a confused stare as if to say 'how would she know?' Shadows seem to grow in the background as the two fall silent for a few moments. Running a final examination of the IV's pumping fluid into the veins of the monster, the veteran nurse completes her final checks of Jason Reeves while describing his injuries or in Stalker's case lack of injuries.

Veteran Nurse:

All he's got is a deep laceration, no broken bones, no internal bleeding, I... I don't know how that happens when you fall from a window that's ninety feet in the air or whatever they said it was. He's a freak of nature.....

The methodical beeping of the hospital's machines takes over as the two quietly depart the hospital room as the midnight check on Stalker is complete. As the scene unfolds the creeping shadows that seemed to form behind the nurses takes its own shape.

The Collector:

This is a first, I must admit...

A figure known only as The Collector looms out from the shadows, approaching the supposedly comatose Jason 'Stalker' Reeves. Much like his most recent appearance - visiting Stalker's daughter Jessica Reeves in the hospital lobby hours earlier.

The Collector:

I've never actively sought out a new instrument in a hospital emergency room. And yet here we are.

The odd man picks up the clipboard from the it's place hanging on the wall, eyeing it with interest before returning it.

The Collector:

I wonder, Mr. Reeves, what it is about you that makes you so special to Them? To send me here even after all you've been through. The "Unbreakable Man" is broken, it seems... and still They seek to add you to their ranks. Your nurses and doctors seem MOST impressed by your resiliency. As were the people who sent me. "A most special piece of the puzzle", They called you.

The shadowy figure hunches over, using what must be a cane to steady himself over the hospital bed, peering at the unresponsive Jason "Stalker" Reeves.

The Collector:

What is it that makes you so special, Mr. Reeves? And this name of yours... Seems silly to have chosen a name like Stalker, that doesn't fit what you are. No. You are much more than that. But... if anyone can... correct your course... it is Them.

The Collector amuses himself with that one, offering a quiet snicker.

The Collector:

Oh, yes.

Jason Reeves: *[waking up]*

Gruhgh... You.. what are you??

With a recoil the shadowy figure known as The Collector stands back from Jason Reeves, looking at the barely awakened hardcore icon. The strange recruiter leans closer again - although clearly more on guard.

The Collector:

AWAKE, he is! A-ha! You are special, indeed. Do not worry about who I am, but rather you should worry about what you must be prepared for in your future. Especially when you are offered to say the pledge.

Unable to react in the way he wants, Jason Reeves convulses in his bandaged confines, he wants to choke the life out of the figure in front of him but unfortunately he is unable to reach the figure. So we see him struggling against everything in existence to reach and strike the annoying Collector.

Jason Reeves:

Fuck.. the pledge...

The Collector:

Oh... Jason... now I do believe I'm beginning to see what it is They see in you. Of course you'd want to dismiss the pledge without ever hearing it.

Shadows begin to loom in the background swarming The Collector's visage from in front of Jason Reeves, causing the figure to become more fearsome and otherwise scary.

The Collector:

This... this is why The Kabal seeks you out. Dismantling Rocko Daymon's career at this time frame was very 'beneficial' to their long term goals. You've been working in their service for some time... but like so many, you never even knew it. Why not come aboard... Officially? Oh, listen to me. I make it sound as though they are *asking*, don't I?

Jason Reeves:

If you know that much about me...

Stalker coughs in his attempted struggle to verbally battle this shadowy figure. But as much as he relents - the shadows quickly dissipate leaving Jason Reeves alone in his hospital bed panicked and fully awakened. To a world that simply... wasn't his. Fade to black.

LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD

It's Ballyhoo Brew - but it's quiet. As opposed to the usual hustle and bustle, it's early morning and the place is completely empty except for two people: DEFIAНCE tag team champion "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd and his girlfriend and Ballyhoo bartender Siobhan Cassidy. Both members of the happy couple are huddled together at the front of the bar, peering out one of its large street-facing windows. Suddenly, Siobhan slaps her boyfriend roughly on the bicep.

Siobhan Cassidy:

He's coming!

Quickly, both of them scurry away from the window and hurry over to the bar. Brock hops up on a stool while Siobhan rushes behind it. They both make an effort to appear nonchalant.

Brock Newbludd:

Remember what you told me - we're staying out of it.

Siobhan, who was pretending to clean a glass, blinks twice.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Uh... yeah. YOU can stay out of it. You're the tag and business partner. I'm the sister - he's gonna hear it.

Brock Newbludd:

Shev, I don't think...

But Brock is interrupted by the appearance of "Black Out" Pat Cassidy, dressed in street clothes and with his right arm in a sling. Cassidy gives his tag partner and sister a wave and a smile before gingerly making his way over to the bar. He plops down next to Brock and taps his sling twice, brandishing the injury for all to see.

Pat Cassidy:

Check it out. I'm bionic. Airport metal detectors are gonna hate me.

Brock gives Pat a laugh but Siobhan continues to clean her glass with a stone face.

Siobhan Cassidy:

This is funny?

Cassidy continues to smile.

Pat Cassidy:

Maybe it's the massive amounts of pain meds I'm on... but you seem upset. Any chance you could hand me a beer in between all that scowling?

Without breaking her icy gaze, Siobhan hands her brother a bottle. She continues to stare daggers into him as he fumbles to open the beer with one arm in a sling. Brock is behind Pat now, mouthing "let it go for now" to his girlfriend. She chooses to ignore him.

Siobhan Cassidy:

It just seems like falling for that bitch's pretty obvious trap and getting beaten half to death seems like a pretty stupid thing to do, you know? Not like "ha ha" funny, more like... what's the word? Dumb as shit?

Pat finally has the beer open. He takes a sip and then raises it in a mock cheers towards his sister.

Pat Cassidy:

Your opinion is noted, Scoldy Hawn.

Brock *almost* laughs at that but realizes just in the nick of time how terrible of an idea that would be. Instead, he holds up his own beer.

Brock Newbludd:

We can all agree mistakes were made, but we move on, am I right?

Pat Cassidy:

Damn right. And I don't what the so-called "doctors" say - I'm gonna be in ring shape by ACTS of DEFIAНCE, buddy. We're keeping our tag belts even if I have to gnaw the damn arm off, you hear? The Sevens pissed me off and now those dickbags are gonna get what's coming to 'em. I'm not gonna let them win.

Brock Newbludd:

Damn straight. You just focus on getting better by the PPV, buddy. Let me worry about those clown for now.

Cassidy sips, nodding in appreciation.

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah. And obviously next time I see Ophelia, I'm gonna be way smarter about it.

A beat. Cassidy goes back to drinking his beer while Brock and Siobhan lock eyes. Both of their eyes have gone wide. Siobhan's fair Irish skin appears to be turning a dark red, and Brock (still out of Pat's line of sight) is frantically motioning for her to calm down. Finally, she seems to visibly compose herself and clears her throat.

Siobhan Cassidy:

I'm... I'm sorry. Did you say... the next time you see her?

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah. I was careless, I get it. You're right. But next time it'll be at a location I have scouted, see? On my terms. There's ways to do these things.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Can we just back up here for a second? What part of your tiny little brain isn't getting that she set you up? Ophelia Sykes plotted to have you attacked. You got the shit kicked out of you on her orders. And you're sitting here telling me you plan to see her again?

Pat simply nods, taking another sip. Siobhan looks like she might literally spontaneously combust. Sensing that things are about to get messy, Brock moves in between brother and sister and takes control of the conversation.

Brock Newbludd:

I think what Siobhan is trying to ask is... what the hell would make you want to be with her again after she pulled that shit?

Pat Cassidy:

Dude. I'm not stupid. I know she's evil. She's working with Morrow. She's trying to get in my head so that The Sevens can take our belts. Duh.

Brock and Siobhan make identical gestures: holding out their hands as if to say, "so....."

Pat Cassidy:

But - think about this: Carmen Sandiego.

A beat. Huh?

Pat Cassidy:

Catwoman. Jessica Rabbit. Literally EVERY James Bond love interest. They started out as evil, didn't they? Calling for the good guy's head? But sometimes...

Cassidy beats his chest.

Pat Cassidy:

Sometimes in love you've got to get a little... dangerous. Walk on the wild side, you know?

Again, neither Brock nor Siobhan seem to know how to respond to that. Cassidy whips out his phone, pressing on the screen a few times and then holding it up for Brock to see.

Pat Cassidy:

Besides... would you check this out? Look at these pictures she's been sending me while I was in the hospital... I didn't know the human body could DO that...

Brock leans in and looks for about three seconds with a grin starting to spread across his face... until he again realizes the mistake he's making and he pulls away, pretending to be disgusted. Siobhan lets out a tiny growl before she rubs her eyes and leans forward, giving this one last shot.

Siobhan Cassidy:

So... let me understand this. You're fully aware that she's a piece of shit? You know she wants to see you broken and bloodied and your tag belts taken away from you? And you're... you're okay with this?

Pat shakes his head as if his sister is the one being naive here.

Pat Cassidy:

Oh, oh... my sweet summer child. Of course not. I'm planning on turning her GOOD, you see. You know. With my charms and roguish good looks and "never say die" attitude. Redeem her. Duh.

Siobhan has no idea how to respond to that, but Pat doesn't give her a chance. He swirls in his stool, hops down to his feet, and bids the pair a goodbye.

Pat Cassidy:

Welp, I've been in the hospital for a few days so I've got some stuff to take care of. See you crazy kids later!

With a wave, Pat is out the door and into the humid New Orleans morning air. Brock watches him go with a really conflicted look on his face before he turns back to face his girlfriend.

Brock Newbludd:

So, that was for sure the medication talking, right? Once it wears off I'm sure...

SLAP! He gets a hard slap right on his bicep.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Thanks for backing me up!

Brock Newbludd:

Wait... you told me to stay out of it!

But Brock doesn't get to finish that sentence as Siobhan has also stormed away leaving a very confused Innovator sitting alone in the bar. He looks toward where she left. Then he looks to where Pat made his exit. He looks to the beer in his hand.

Brock Newbludd:

Well, fuck me.

Brock begins to sip his beer as we fade out.

NAMASTE

A smiling Christie Zane nods as the camera cuts to her standing on the interview stage.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen... please welcome... BRAZEN star... "Mellow Yellow" GEORGE OTHELLO!!!

The crowd goes incredibly mild as the arena goes full yellow. Othello steps through the curtain to tepid applause, smiling and waving as he makes his way to the interview stage.

DDK:

It's been over six months since we have seen this man in action, Lance. Any idea what he's been up to?

Lance Warner:

Well, Keebs, I'm told he spent a few months backpacking through the Appalachian mountains, at one point, and stopped to work on an alpaca farm! And now, the man who put the ZEN in BRAZEN is BACK to make an impact! He'll have an opportunity to do so against a rising dark star here in DEFIAНCE when he faces Corvo Alpha in just a moment!

DDK:

Coming off of his high-profile, hard-fought loss to Oscar Burns at UNCUT 100, I wouldn't want to stand in that monster's way!

Lance Warner:

You and me both!

On the stage, Othello waves slowly and dramatically before stepping up to Christie and her waiting microphone.

Christie Zane:

George, welcome back to DEFIAНCE!

George accepts the reluctant applause for a moment too long.

George Othello:

THANK you, Christie Zane! It is so wonderful to be back! But here's the thing... I walked into the building tonight... backstage, even out here... there's just sooooo much tension, Christie! Negative energy! Everyone here in the WrestlePlex and everyone watching around the world! People of earth! Do this with me, okay? Deep breath iiiiiiiiiin---

He takes a long, deep, exaggerated breath, encouraging Christie to do the same. She grudgingly goes along. The shot cuts to ringside where fans are goofily breathing in--

George Othello:

And breath oooooooouuuuuuuuuuut! Big deep breaths from your diaphragm! Keep breathing, iiiiiiiiiiiinnnn.... And oooout, pay attention to your breath! You're all holding so much negative energy in! So much hostility! We HAVE to let it out, this is a GREAT way to start this show, okay? We *ALL* need to just breathe, okay?

The shot cuts around the arena, fans breathing - most somewhat mockingly. Back to the stage, Othello's eyes are closed and his chakras are totally open, whatever that means.

George Othello:

Thaaat's right, keep breathing! iiiiiiiiiin! Aaaaaand oooout! There is absolutely nothing more vital to any one of us than our breath--

Suddenly there is a commotion just off-set. However, it isn't off-set for long. Barrelling into the shot comes a blur of muscle across the screen. Corvo Alpha brutally BLASTS "Mellow Yellow" George Othello across the face with a running boot that sends Othello falling backwards and eventually OFF the interview stage down to the floor. Nearly

taking Christie Zane out in the process, we hear the muffled rumble of an open microphone being hastily handled as she makes a timely and well-learned exit out of the fray--

CORVO ALPHA vs. "MELLOW YELLOW" GEORGE OTHELLO

DDK:

It's Corvo Alpha! Corvo Alpha is out here, he just blitzed George Othello off the stage and-- HE LEAPS off the interview stage and nails Othello with a flying clothesline! Both men tumble across that exposed concrete!

Lance Warner:

I don't think this is what George Othello had in mind when he tried to lead the faithful through a guided meditation--

DDK:

I have to admit that I was feeling pretty relaxed, Lance!

Lance Warner:

Well, Othello doesn't look too relaxed now!

Othello crawls across the concrete floor and up onto the main stage's ramp just as Referee Benny Doyle scurries onto the scene. Alpha pursues Othello aggressively; clubbing him across the back, chopping him across the chest and raking him across the eyes - all with wild abandon. As Doyle tries to intervene and coax the mad monster and his prey into the ring to start the official contest, Alpha hurls Othello overhead with a crude belly to belly suplex that sends the Mellow Man nearly spilling back off the stage and onto the concrete floor once more.

DDK:

Our official needs to insert himself in here, Lance. This situation is getting out of hand quickly! (*barking to Referee Doyle*) Get them in the ring, Benny!

And Benny tries... but Alpha disregards him entirely, dragging Othello to his feet by the hair and leading him back towards the top of the entrance stage. As if on cue, Lord Nigel Trickelbush emerges through the curtain, bowler cap and all. All smiles and menace. More clubbing blows. More mauling.

Lance Warner:

Someone needs to step in, Keebler!

No one did. Instead, it was George Othello himself who discovered a reserve of strength from somewhere within. That reserve allows him to wrench free from Alpha's grip long enough to lay in a few elbows of his own. Othello's face is a smeared with red and black paint from the hands of his pursuer. The crowd finds themselves swept up in the moment and Corvo Alpha finds himself reeling from the desperate chops and open-hand strikes of "Mellow Yellow" George Othello. Othello unloads a russian legsweep on the stage. A replay shows Corvo Alpha's head smacking the steel incredibly hard. Othello is slowly pulled to his feet by the sudden, surging support of the DEF Faithful. George is almost emotional from the level of support he is getting... and it powers him to the ring. He has powerful, connective, incredibly brief moments with several fans before climbing into the ring.

Just inside the ring, he motions to the fans to breathe, once more. He closes his eyes to do so--

DDK:

This is an odd time to center yourself, Lance.

Lance Warner:

It's Alpha!

DDK:

ALPHA CLUTCH! THE CLUTCH!

Benny Doyle appears tortured in the ring, reluctantly ordering the bell to be rung to signal the start of this "contest".

DING DING

Lance Warner:

This modified katahajime choke has choked out SO MANY in such a short time and it is LOCKED IN on George Othello! They fall to the mat, Corvo's got him completely knotted up--

DDK:

So much for "focusing on your breathe"... There is nowhere to go!

The camera catches the wild white's of Alpha's eyes peering through the strands of wet, dark hair as he wrenches on his quarry. Benny Doyle looks in and sees quickly that Othello's breath and his fight has left him. His face turns not a shade of yellow... something much closer to purple. Doyle raises the man's limp arm once, it falls... twice, it falls... a third time.

DING DING**Lance Warner:**

I... I don't think Corvo Alpha is gonna let him go...

DING DING DING DING DING

He isn't. Continuing to ignore Doyle entirely, Corvo Alpha tenses his entire upper body, continuing to choke the life out of the Mellowest Man on Earth.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... the winner of this contest, by submission... Call him... CORVO... ALPHAAAAA!

Even those words do nothing to tame the savage beast tearing the head off of Othello's poor body. Benny Doyle goes to signal for help from the back just as Lord Nigel Trickelbush makes his measured ascension up the ring steps and into the ring. Doyle pleads with the englishman.

DDK:

We've seen this before, folks... Lord Nigel has to STOP this!

DING DING DING DING DING ... DING DING DING DING DING DING

And so he does. In a sweeping gesture, Lord Nigel removes his bowler cap with his right hand, and touches the manic Corvo Alpha on a tense shoulder with the other. At once, Alpha releases his grip and Doyle frantically works to pull Othello away from the man who just tried to nearly-murder him. DEFmed hits ringside and they work to carefully remove the limp yellow thing under the ropes.

In the center of the ring, on his knees, Corvo Alpha froths at the mouth. The red and black paint that adorns each hand respectively is still wet, leaving smears on the canvas. Chest heaving -- the deepest of cleansing breathes -- eyes narrow and raving, Corvo Alpha snarls at the fans at ringside. Behind him, the stately Lord Nigel Trickelbush gingerly returns his cap to his head, the smile on his face seemingly plastic or painted on. Leaning on his closed umbrella like a cane, the Lord's eyes lock on the hard camera, unblinking as it slowly zooms in on him.

DDK:

Fans... what we have just witnessed... is truly disconcerting.

Lance Warner:

Coming out of Tag Party 3 and UNCUT 100, it's clear that Lord Nigel and his charge were eager to correct course and send a message tonight... I think it's safe to say that they've done just that. I think it's safe to say... that **no one is safe**.

Lord Nigel blinks - and the lights cut out. After a long, simmering moment, they return but the handler and his beast are gone from the ring. The boo's continue to rain down and all that remains in the ring are the daubs and smudges of black and red paint, marking the scene of the crime.

PLAY-BACK'S A BITCH

The scene switches to backstage in what looks to be after DEFtv 158 Night 1 aired. Conor Fuse walks with his head down, holding an ice pack on the side of his face. He wanders through the halls, not saying a word. A few crew workers pass Fuse by. They say hello and in return The "Locker Room Leader" acknowledges them although he doesn't open his mouth.

Another crew member brushes by. This person, however, catches Conor's attention. Fuse slowly turns around and speaks, albeit of a very low tone.

Conor Fuse:

Hey... hey Gage.

The camera pans, showing it wasn't a crew member. Instead, it was the FIST of DEFIAНCE, Gage Blackwood. The champion stops in his tracks and finds the faint voice that said something to him.

Gage Blackwood:

Hi, Conor.

Blackwood rubs the back of his neck. His tone of voice conveys he didn't see the younger Fuse when walking through. Blackwood examines what Conor's holding.

Gage Blackwood:

You okay?

Fuse nods.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, I'm okay. It's been a tough week but hey, on the up and up. Gotta get better from here, am I right or am I right?

Fuse laughs awkwardly as Blackwood stands there, blinking.

Silence...

Gage forces a smile.

Gage Blackwood:

Keep at it. I know a thing or two about injuries...

About to head out of the arena, Blackwood is stopped by Conor's hand motion.

Conor Fuse:

Hey-so-um-Gage...

Fuse's voice trails so Blackwood raises an eyebrow.

Gage Blackwood:

Yes?

Conor removes the ice pack.

Conor Fuse:

Did you get a chance to watch that VHS tape I made you? I edited every camera angle in your big FIST victory. Real awesome possum blossom stuff!

Seeing the twinkle in Conor's eyes, Blackwood takes a weak step back. He fumbles his words at first, trying his best not to let Conor down.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, you know what? I forgot!

A sadness rushes over Conor's face but Blackwood is quick on the defense.

Gage Blackwood:

It was a really nice gift, Conor. I will make a note and watch the tape from beginning to end later this week in my preparation for my first FIST title defense against Teressa Ames.

The hint of sadness on Conor's face is gone. He looks hopeful and a little more upbeat.

Conor Fuse:

That's awesome, man! Thank you! I hope you like it!

The two exchange pleasantries. Blackwood is about to leave again but he's pulled back into the conversation once more.

Conor Fuse:

I don't like Teressa Ames. You got that annulment, right?

Blackwood is QUICK on the reply here. Conor's not even finished speaking before he starts.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, that happened right away.

Conor claps his hands together.

Conor Fuse:

Good! Bahaha, I hate The Comments Section.

Blackwood puts a finger to his chin, playing along.

Gage Blackwood:

Or is she Kabal?

Conor shrugs.

Conor Fuse:

Dude, who the fuck knows. Okay, well, see ya later!

Conor waves to Blackwood as The Noble Raider genuinely smiles. Either it was the off-handed swear word from Conor that made Blackwood happy or the fact Fuse hates Teressa Ames, too.

With Conor Fuse out of the picture the camera stays on Blackwood before he heads away himself.

Fade.

SEARCH PARTY CYRUS 012

Decryption lab.

Cyrus, MEE6 and ALEX leisurely walk through the lab as techs work away on the information they dropped off.

Cyrus Bates:

How much longer will this take?

A lab tech just shrugs as he goes back to looking at what's under his microscope. An older gentleman greets the trio, much to Cyrus' happiness.

Cyrus Bates:

Dr. Francis Wellington-Cumberbatch! It's good to see you again.

The doctor turned therapist turned decryption lab technician can't help but smile.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

Likewise, Cyrus. I was worried I wouldn't be seeing you again. It's been a while since you needed a good therapy session.

MEE6 and ALEX look around like children who shouldn't be touching fragile lab equipment without proper supervision.

Cyrus Bates:

Well, I'm just lucky you're not only a great therapist but you double as a data decoder too.

Francis chuckles.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

What did you bring us today?

Everyone begins moving towards a super computer and its huge 100' monitor.

Cyrus Bates:

We downloaded data from the main meme hub. We're hoping you can decipher it so we can get a better clue about who we're searching for.

The doctor sits at the command station and vigorously types away at the computer.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

I see. I see. Hopefully I can be of help.

A few loading bars fill the screen before a very pixelated picture appears.

MEE6:

Hmmm? What's that? Looks pink to me.

Cyrus exchanges a worried glance with MEE6 before looking back at the screen.

Cyrus Bates:

Are you able to enhance the image, doctor?

Francis begins perfecting the image before The Bellicose Brawler can finish his sentence.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

Of course. Not only am I a great crisis therapist but I'm also one of the world's best decoders.

Slowly but surely, the image congeals pixel by pixel before a picture of a bald man with a goatee and a caption 'WINNING' stares back at them.

ALEX :

That bald man looks familiar! This is one of my favorite memes.

Cyrus rubs his chin.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

You know that man?

Cyrus Bates:

Indeed we do. Time to track down the family man. I'll need you to send me the geolocation of where that photo was taken.

I'M NOT AFRAID OF HIM

When: Three nights after The Guardians challenged The Kabal to a street fight to end their war

Location: The Guardians Dojo

Rocko Daymon:

Left... Right... Left.... listen to my voice, Jessica, not the noise. Focus!

Getting hit heavily in the corner was Jessica Reeves, in full boxing gear, the blows from her sparring partner Leo Burnett were absorbed for the most part but still she was taking quite the beating.

Rocko Daymon:

Jessica! Get your arms up!

The Iceman did not hold back, Jessica's meek attempt to block Burnett's incoming punches were for naught as he completely ate through her defenses. Hitting her not only in the back of her protected helmet but also in the unprotected area of her gut which causes Rocko to let out a shrill whistle.

Rocko Daymon:

Enough! ENOUGH, Leo!

Leo Burnett: *[heavily breathing]*

She's not focused, Sensei.

Leo backs off from Jessica Reeves who slumps down into the corner defeated. Leo steps back a bit as he takes off his gear, trying to avoid eye contact with his tag team partner's best friend.

Leo Burnett:

Three weeks now since she's lost the mask and we can't even get her to train correctly. It's bullshit!

Tossing his gloves off his hands Leo Burnett walks off screen as Rocko shuffles with a cane across the ring to address his former 'prized' student.

Rocko Daymon:

I assure you, it has been much longer than three weeks.

Jessica spits out her mouthguard and does her best to shield herself from having to hear what her mentor Rocko Daymon has to say about her. The Elder Daymon shuffles towards his struggling student, the original and most volatile of them all, Reaper Prime. Who is now portraying herself as Jessica 'Guardian' Reeves.

Rocko Daymon:

Ever since Teresa got that tape from you, your focus has been faltering. Scott isn't here anymore. But we are, and right now, DEFIAНCE needs the Guardian back in the ring.

Voice:

She's scared.

Jessica's reaction to the voice is uneasy as she tries to pull herself up in the corner of the wrestling ring, the boxing gear she is wearing is causing her more discomfort as she sits up.

Jessica Reeves:

Fuck off, Zack.

Zack Daymon smirks as he enters the ring standing close to his father and fellow Guardian Jessica Reeves.

Zack Daymon:

Just telling how it is. We're making a mistake by waiting this long. Maybe you guys are scared of Stalker, but I'm not!

Cracking his neck the younger Daymon looks to his father Rocko for support who doesn't seem 'all in' on the idea like his son is.

Rocko Daymon:

We agreed to the plan because it allows us the most time to prepare. This is a Street Fight we are training for; not just a simple six man tag. We need everyone to be healthy and focused.

Zack Daymon:

Or, we could take him out early, and not have to worry about him.

Jessica Reeves bursts out laughing. Rocko's face remains stoic and expressionless. The statement almost 'lightens' the mood. However, Zack Daymon does not find her joking laughter humorous as 'Skyfire' paces away shrugging his shoulders.

Zack Daymon:

I mean, so what if he's some zombified, blood-spitting, unkillable dude? Have you looked at his wrestling tape? HE'S SLOW! I'm not slow.

Jessica Reeves:

You could have shown that speed and tagged Leo in during your match against SNS.

Clearly there is a bit of beef now between the two students of Rocko, who immediately throws a hand up in the air.

Rocko Daymon:

Come on... there is no time for this discourse.

Zack Daymon:

DISCOURSE? What discourse? You mean the fact that I want to take on the fucking prick that ruined your career?! Ruined our FAMILY?! Because I think I can take him? That DISCOURSE?

Crossing his arms in frustration Zack Daymon stares daggers into both Jessica and Rocko.

Jessica Reeves:

Hey, look I was just joking before... I mean. Can we just talk this out before you go running off to fight my Dad?

Jessica's request sounds sympathetic as she pulls herself up from the corner, looking to Zack Daymon, her best friend, for a response she is quickly disappointed as he turns and walks away from not only Jessica but his father as well.

Zack Daymon:

I'm tired of acting like we are afraid of a make-believe monster; we are Guardians! I donned the mask just like you did Jessica. I can take Jason Reeves on by myself without anyone's help and I have a way to prove it.

Rocko Daymon:

Zack... wait.

The last second plea from Rocko falls on deaf ears as Zack steps one foot out of the secret Guardian dojo's ring.

Zack Daymon:

Wait for what exactly? For the boogeyman to come around and bury you before you can bury me? Dad?

Rocko's approach stops at his son's words.

Zack Daymon:

This moment is not about The Guardians or the purpose of getting the book back. It's about ME against Stalker. No interference, and no way for anyone to come in between us, so I can make him pay for all the pain he has caused you... and me.

Zack's voice trails off as Jessica steps forward in an attempt to reconcile the conversation but she falters. Rocko's reaction is much the same as his son exiting the frame and we fade to black.

JACK MACE vs. COUNT NOVICK

DDK:

Welcome back to UNCUT and coming up next, we've got BFTA member Jack Mace in action as he goes one-on-one against a BRAZEN star who made his debut on UNCUT 100... the mysterious Count Novick.

Lance:

Novick has attracted an internet following, but will that translate into a ring? Mace has been in no mood since losing to Henry Keyes. So Novick better take this seriously. Now, let's head to Darren Quimbey for the intros!

♪ "The House Jack Built (instrumental)" by Metallica ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is set for one fall! Introducing first... from Grewelthorpe, North Yorkshire, England, weighing in at 268 pounds... He is a **DAMN FINE PRO WRESTLER... JACK MACE!**

Mace is SUBSTANTIAL standing at the top of the ramp with his huge hooded black cloak draped over his face and his silver trunks. He sheds the cloak and flashes a menacing cackle at the general direction of the ring. Once he gets inside, he scans the crowd and then waits for his opponent.

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

The haunting chords kick in as the DEFIAНCE 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.

Without warning, and with tons of dramatic flair, the figure opens his cape!! It flows behind him is 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 Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Bran, Transylvania, weighing in at 201 pounds and well over five hundred years old... **COUNT NOVICK!**

The crowd busts out a "AH! HA! HA!" in unison after Quimbey announces Novick's name. Still maintaining his suave demeanor, Novick begins to slowly head to the ring. When he gets there, Jack Mace looks offended to be sharing the same ring as him, but allows him to enter. Once he gets in, he removes his cape.

DDK:

Count Novick making a show tonight. Mace just wants to hurt and stretch people. We'll see how this goes.

DING DING

And with the quickness, Jack Mack pounces on Count Novick and runs him over with a big shoulder tackle! He struts around the ring with a little more cockiness than what he normally does, more like he's enjoying playing with his proverbial food before eating, so to speak. The Faithful jeer him as he picks up Novick. He drills him with an extra STIFF elbow smash and the blow drops him back to the mat!

DDK:

What a shot there by Jack Mace! He's almost not playing around tonight... but he is playing around tonight, if that made any sense.

Lance:

We saw Scott Stevens make quick work of Novick on UNCUT 100. We'll see if more of the same happens with Mace.

The Killer Bear pulls him up by the neck and then hurls him into a corner. Mace pulls him back and then NAILS him with another stiff elbow smash, followed by a double sledge to the back and then finally a release German suplex from out of the corner! Count Novick gets dumped and the Faithful remain firmly against the BFTA member as he sits up and appears to be enjoying himself.

DDK:

Mace is apparently having a good time at Count Novick's expense right now. Now what's next... another suplex?

Mace grabs The Wrestling Vampire and then hooks him in a double underhook before showing great strength in deadlifting him off the mat! He holds him up for a few seconds and then releases him, slamming him down to the canvas again in vicious fashion. As more jeers come out, Mace runs a boot over Novick's face.

Lance:

You called it, another big double underhook suplex! The Killer Bear having his way with The Count ...

DDK:

AH HA HA!

Lance:

...Right now. Nice, Darren.

Mace continues the punishment of Novick when he gets him up off the canvas only to deliver another stiff elbow smash with some stank behind it. The Count gets rocked and then sent to another corner. While he sits there, The Killer Bear paces around the ring and takes in more jeers before grabbing an arm and then whipping The Count across the ring. When he comes back, he tries a wild back elbow, but Novick ducks. He comes back and then nails a low dropkick to the knee of Mace, finally stopping him momentarily!

DDK:

The Count found an opening right there! Dropkick to the knee!

Lance:

There we go! There may be a wrestling mind underneath all the showmanship we have seen out of Novick!

It takes As the fans cheer on BRAZEN's vampire. He puts both arms over his chest... then does a kip-up to his feet to a pop from the Faithful! He goes after the leg of Mace with another dropkick, stunning him further! Mace limps around angrily, but before he can do anything about it, Count Novick hits another huge dropkick and rocks Mace. The Killer Bear gets stumbled into the ropes, but as the Count gets back up, an angry Mace charges more like a wild bull. Count Novick thinks fast and then pulls the ropes down, sending Mace tumbling over the ropes and out to the floor!

DDK:

I don't believe it! The Count takes Mace out to the floor. Where is he going now?

Mace stumbles around outside and Count Novick hurriedly climbs to the top rope lest the big man start to get back up. He lets out an "AH AH AH!" and then dives off the top rope, wiping out Mace with a crossbody on the floor!

Lance:

Big crossbody! He finally gets Mace off of his feet and wipes him out with that dive!

It takes a few moments, but The Count eventually makes it back to his feet and gets some cheers from The Faithful. Jack Mace slowly starts to rise and then he gets him back in the ring.

DDK:

What a huge win this would be for Count Novick!

He tries to get to the top rope again and then he dives off with another crossbody into the ring... but this time, Mace sees him and catches him! He tries to scoop him up, but Novick slips out behind him. Mace turns and then ROCKS him with another huge elbow smash, sending him to the corner. But as he does this, he grabs his cape.

Lance:

Oh, no...

And when the cape comes on, he waves his hands and tries to enthrall him just like he tried (and failed) to do to Scott Stevens on UNCUT 100.

DDK:

He's... yep, trying to enchant Jack Mace. And this didn't work against Scott Stevens, nor did it work in the Tag Party.

Mace stares at Count Novick as he continues to work his hoodoo... but when he steps forward, Mace's head sinks! His eyes are closed!

Lance:

Wait, what the f...? No way! Is... did it work?

The crowd laughs as Novick jumps for joy and tries using his powers to tell Jack Mace to lay down on the mat for a pin. He starts to do so and the crowd goes nuts!

DDK:

There is no way this is happening!

Mace is flat on his back and Count Novick can't believe it! He starts to roll over to cover Jack... but suddenly, Mace rolls over and now has Count in a tight grip!

Lance:

...Mace was just baiting him, wasn't he? Oh, yeah, just messing with him.

And that appears to be the case as the Faithful jeer Mace. Up goes the Count... then DOWN goes the Count with the Jackdrop Suplex! He throws him down to the ground and then quickly slaps on The Jack of All Holds! It doesn't take long for Count Novick to go back to his proverbial coffin! He's long out and the referee calls for the bell!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **JACK MACE!**

Mace shakes Novick on the ground for a few seconds longer after the bell before finally throwing him to the ground. He finally lets him go and doesn't stick around to get his arm raised by the official as he makes his leave and heads up the ramp.

Jack Mace:

Fuckin' muppet...

DDK:

Novick got a little bit of a shine on offense tonight, but Mace just had him baited. Part of what makes him so dangerous.

Lance:

Indeed. Let's move on with the show and don't forget our main event! Dex Joy defends his newly won Favoured Saints Title against the young and hungry Butcher Victorious. Stay tuned!

WATCHING US ALL WITH THE EYE OF THE... EYE

The scene opens up in the locker room upon a single, solitary DOOMBURGER conspicuously placed out in the open on a small table. It is a truly tempting sight: golden brown buns surrounding a midnight black beef patty dressed in lettuce, pickles, and cheese.

It's almost too fishy seeing it presented this way, and the camera duly pans up to reveal a rudimentary SNARE TRAP suspended from the ceiling. The trap's trigger is attached to a rope, which the camera follows. The end of the rope is in the hands of the Kabal's Reaper Magenta, hiding out behind a row of lockers.

Two sets of eyes peer out from above another row of lockers: one glowing a bright-tinted spring shade of green, and the other wild and reddened, peering out from under a dome-like head lined with unkempt dark brown hair.

The camera moves over to the other side of this row of lockers as the Escape Artist REZIN and his favoured crony Reaper Chartreuse drop back down out of sight. The grinning Goat Bastard gleefully rubs his hands together.

Rezin:

Excellent... this plan is too brilliant, even for ME!

He notices Chartreuse staring at him blankly from the other side of his Reaper mask. He reacts rather nonplussed.

Rezin:

Oh, don't give me that look! Of COURSE this is foolproof! We've got the brand new PUMPKIN SPICE DOOMBURGER out there as bait! There's no way he can resist it's autumny goodness!

There is no change in expression of Chartreuse's mask, but Rezin seems to interpret a response anyway.

Rezin:

Yeah-yeah-yeah, I'm well aware of the risks... but desperate times call for desperate measures! We need to get that Favoured Saints Championship BACK, dammit!

A subdued whistling sound is made off camera. Rezin and Chartreuse peer over the lockers again to see Reaper Cyan in the doorway, waving to Magenta and flashing a thumbs up. Magenta nods before the lookout quickly goes into hiding.

Rezin:

That's the signal! Arright, get your game face on... you still got your plastic novelty pitchfork ready?

Reaper Chartreuse holds up a cheap Halloween store Devil's fork to confirm that he does.

Rezin:

Good! Now remember to poke him as impishly as possibly. IMPISHLY, I said! Like an Ewok! Or a goblin!

We can hear the door open, and footsteps enter the room. After a beat, the sound of somebody scarfing down a doomburger nearby quietly fills the room and brings the maniacal grin back to Rezin's face. The trap is set, and the prey has taken the bait. He hesitates for a beat with his hand raised, waiting for the right moment. And once it feels right...

Rezin:

...NOW!!!

Magenta yanks on the rope, and the net trap falls from the ceiling.

"HEY!!"

All at once, Rezin and his Reapers are bounding out from their hiding spots and set themselves on the human figure draped in rope netting, frantically poking him with plastic pitchforks in a manner that can possibly be described as "impish".

Rezin:

HAHAHAHA!! GET HIM!! GET HIM!!

Ensnared Person:

HOLY SPICOLI, WHERE AM I?! WHAT IS HAPPENING?"

Something about the sheer stupidity of that exclamation brings pause to the Escape Artist, as he looks a bit harder through the netting. Eventually, he comes to recognize who it is, and his delightfully evil expression melts into one of surprise and rage.

Rezin:

TRUTT?! GODDAMBIT!! You ruined my TRAP!!

Chris Trutt grimaces from beneath the netting. The only part of his body free from the snare is the lower part of his arm, held up through one of the gaps in the netting, which is unsurprisingly clutching a microphone.

Chris Trutt:

Hello, Rezin... might I ask what the blue hell is going on here?

Angrily, the Favoured Sinner slaps the plastic pitchfork out of Reaper Cyan's hands and berates him for his mistake.

Rezin:

You moron! I told you to give the signal when you saw the target approaching! Does this look like NATHAN EYE to you?!

Reaper Cyan reproachfully hangs his head low in shame. Grunting with exasperation, Rezin begins pulling the net off of the junior reporter.

Rezin:

Now we have no choice but to do an interview with this twerp!

Chris Trutt:

...I mean, we don't HAVE to do an interview...

The net comes off the rest of the way, and Rezin nearly cakes Chris' face in spittle as he grabs him by the lapel and pulls him within inches of his nasty, grizzled face.

Rezin:

YES, Trutt! YES!! Believe me, WE DO!! It's the only way we can validate the logic of a camera being here, filming all this nonsense!

Chris Trutt:

Were you just... unaware that the camera was here the whole time?

Rezin:

Ya know, to be honest, I've been doing this for so long that I sometimes just forget it's there altogether, filming these candid moments of our personal lives and interactions for dramatic storytelling effect. Moments that usually have nothing to do with the active competition you'd come to expect from a professional sports league. But throw a dude in a suit with a mic into the picture, and BAM! Ya got an interview. And then I can have the peace of mind knowing that all this relates to me being a wrestler, discussing my thoughts and opinions on upcoming matches and title aspirations and shit like that.

Chris Trutt:

Are you being meta again? Cause you know I can't handle you being meta. I think it alienates your core audience also. Just saying.

Rezin:

Uggh, you're a fucking buzzkill, Trutt...

Rezin tosses the snare net over into the waiting arms of Reaper Magenta and fingers a circle through the air as he signals for a reset.

Rezin:

Arright, let's get set up here again! MAGGOT, get that net back up there! CHARCOAL, go get us another Pumpkin Spice Doomburger! And CYANIDE, you punk... look up an actual photo of Nathan Eye, so you know the difference between a young up-and-coming wrestling adonis and a dunce in a cheap suit!

The patch-vested trio of Reapers Magenta, Chartreuse, and Cyan disperse and get to work, leaving Trutt to questionably arch his eyebrow toward the Goat Bastard.

Chris Trutt:

So I can't help but notice, but you again just mentioned Nathan Eye...

Rezin:

Yeah??

The junior reporter's eyes narrow with suspicion and skepticism.

Chris Trutt:

Rezin... are you intending to kidnap Nathan Eye?

After a beat, the Escape Artist flashes that forced, pained grin that looks more like a clenching of the teeth. He looks like a kid with his hand caught in the hash cookie jar.

Rezin:

...well, I mean... Dex Joy doesn't have a pet tiger, so I figured we'd just go for the next best thing! Seems pretty logical, right? Kidnap his best friend, hold him for ransom until I get my rematch! I kinda thought it was brilliant!

Trutt sighs.

Chris Trutt:

Really, Rezin? Kidnapping?

Rezin:

Hey, man, don't judge ME! I gotta get back that Favoured Saints Championship somehow! What if Dex Joy were to go on to lose it to Arthur Pleasant? How many points do you think the Scourge will have over us after winning a title?!

Chris Trutt:

Wait, what? Points? The Scourge? Is there a competition going on between your factions that I'm unaware of? Like, who's the better "spooky" group?

Rezin:

Fuck if I know! I mean, does it really matter who's "better" overall? The way I see it, if only one person shows up to compete in a pissing match, they're not really winning as much as they're just pissing all over the place and making a scene. But that's beside the point... the FAVOURED SINNER wants his Favoured Saints Championship BACK, and I'm willing to go to any lengths necessary to get my rematch against that human blimp, Dex Joy!

Chris Trutt:

Okay, but kidnapping. Don't you think that's a bit... extreme? Even for you?

Rezin:

PFFF, are you joshing me right now? I'm in THE KABAL! We literally just kidnapped RICK DICKULOUS, and people just let us walk out of there untouched! The Boss is a mind-controlled slave in the thrall of an egomaniac! Fuck, Scrow is going balls deep with that human experimentation shtick, and nobody bats an eye!

Chris Trutt:

Well, okay, this kind of absurdity is probably on par for the Kabal, but what I mean is, Rezin, it was only a couple weeks ago when you had your last encounter with Henry Keyes. Didn't you learn anything from that?

Rezin:

Umm... I learned that it's not a good idea to steal a tiger if you aren't prepared to clean up its monstrously epic loads of shit?

Trutt rolls his eyes.

Chris Trutt:

...the Airship Pirate said, and I quote, "If you wanted a rematch, all you had to do was ask." See where I'm getting at? You didn't need to steal Henry's tiger to get your rematch against him, and I don't really think you need to kidnap Dex Joy's best friend now.

The Escape Artist thoughtfully runs his fingers through his beard.

Rezin:

Hrmm... you're speaking some profound truths here, Trutt. Which is surprising, coming from you.

Trutt again rolls his eyes over this slight. Rezin, meanwhile, rubs his hands together as he turns this idea over and over in his head.

Rezin:

You're saying I should just... formally ASK for a rematch? Like the prim, proper, and professional way? No hijinks? No shenanigans? Like, a formal request, as opposed to an act of extortion through an overly involved and complicated kidnapping plot?

Chris Trutt:

I mean, couldn't hurt. And given how handily Dex beat you for that title, I doubt he'd see any reason why he wouldn't feel fairly confident in beating you in another match. It would almost be a guaranteed successful defense, and one step closer to a shot at the Southern Heritage Title.

Rezin flashes him a sneer, and shakes a finger in his face while with a threatening glint twinkling in his bloodshot eye.

Rezin:

Watch your mouth, Trutt... NOTHING is ever guaranteed! Especially when the Escape Artist is involved!

He thoughtfully scratches his beard again.

Rezin:

But you may be onto something here. Sure, it may not be all that PUNK ROCK... but I'd be lying if I said that this simple and straightforward idea of yours didn't sound a whole lot easier and less stress-inducing than a full-on kidnapping! I mean, hell, after that fiasco with the tiger, what sort of nightmare would it be like keeping a whole Nathan Eye down in the Kabal Cave? I bet he shits entire six-packs!

Chris Trutt:

Good point. And I mean, come on... did you really think you were going to bait Nathan Eye into a trap using a Pumpkin Spice Doomburger? I don't think he gets that famous physique of his on a diet like that.

Rezin:

Well why not?! Pumpkin spice is the most basic bitch flavor in existence! YOU ate it, didn't you?!

Trutt simpers with guilt.

Chris Trutt:

Don't judge me, please...

Rezin:

FINE, Trutt! We'll do it YOUR way...

He claps his hands together once and bellows into the air.

Rezin:

REAPERS!!

On his command, the trio of Reapers Cyan, Magenta, and Chartreuse converge on Rezin's location and stand awaiting orders.

Rezin:

Abort the current mission! Recomence reconnaissance for Operation: Ruin the W.K./Dennings Wedding!

They bow, and disperse once again.

Chris Trutt:

Hang on a sec, why are you trying to ruin--?

Rezin tears the mic out of Trutt's hand and shoves the reporter aside, taking up the center of the shot and giving his undivided attention to the camera.

Rezin:

DEX JOY!! I'm gonna get real with ya right now... I WANT MY REMATCH!!

He sticks a thumb DEFIANTly to his chest.

Rezin:

Ya see, throughout my many careers, I've lost matches aplenty, and even some titles too. Losing doesn't phase me anymore, because I know it's always been a part of the job. I can give respect where it's due for gettin' one over me... but ya know what REALLY miffs me about this loss, Dex?!

He tilts his head forward, staring into the camera with cold and eerily determined Kubrick eyes.

Rezin:

It's the fact that I let my ass just get absolutely steam-rolled out there without barely up a fight! In the main event, no less... with MY title on the line! I mean, I've taken some embarrassing bong rips that have straight up knocked me right under the table, but as far as I take hits out there in that ring, the FAVOURED SINNER of DEFIAНCE has a reputation to uphold!

His head tilts back, and now he looks completely unhinged with his stare going into crazy Nic Cage mode.

Rezin:

I ain't gonna settle for it, Dex! Gettin' stomped like that ain't me! It AIN'T PUNK ROCK! And if you had a shred of

dignity hidden somewhere in all that MASS, you'd give me the opportunity to answer for it!

He points down the camera. Not surprisingly, his finger is stained an oily black.

Rezin:

I may have underestimated your uncanny will over the forces of gravity, Dex... but NEGGZ TIME you and I are in that ring, you're gonna find out that even a SUPERGIANT like you in the DEFIANCE cosmos isn't big and dense enough to resist the unyielding pull of the VOID!!

Rezin flips the mic over his shoulder as he makes his exit. Trutt fumbles the catch but doesn't drop it. When the reek of the Kabal begins to clear from the room, Chris lets out a sigh of relief. He raises up his other hand, which is still holding a half-eaten Doomburger.

Chris Trutt:

Yeah, well... I don't care what anyone thinks; I still like the pumpkin spice flavor!

He continues eating as the scene fades out.

THE GAUNTLET

We don't know exactly where we are, but we do know we're looking right at one Eddie Dante, sitting alone, on a metal folding chair, on the back of which is one of Dante's signature Chesterfield jackets. The lack of coverage on Dante's upper body shows a man who clearly hasn't gotten soft because of his lack of in-ring action, and a pair of burning blue eyes accentuate a tired, worried face. The man speaks.

Eddie Dante:

The Stevens clan. I don't know what made them decide that they were the exterminators of the DEFIAНCE roster, but I'm not going to stand idly by and watch as they "cleanse" the roster of people who they think don't belong here.

He turns towards us, teeth gritted and eyes glowing intensely.

Eddie Dante:

ESPECIALLY when their target is a man I once called a partner, and my best friend.

A deep sigh, as Dante looks down on the ground.

Eddie Dante:

Eight years ago, Mushigihara and I turned our backs on Troy Matthews. Felt like he wasn't carrying his weight in our tag team at the time. And we put him through hell. And somehow he survived. Because you can never doubt a man like Troy Matthews, even if his win-loss record and his trophy closet don't always reflect just how tough that man is.

He looks back up.

Eddie Dante:

I sacrificed a friendship in vain. But that man continued to prove just how tough and brave he is, even if he might not be the most trusting, after all we put him through. And I'll be damned if I'm going to let that man, who stared the Grim Reaper in the face and made him blink have his career ended by some guys who woke up one morning with nothing to do and decided "let's bully one of the toughest guys on God's green earth."

Dante rises to his feet and picks up his jacket.

Eddie Dante:

Maybe it won't mend fences with Troy, but my God-Beast and I are going to teach the Stevens Dynasty a lesson on the next episode of DEFtv. On behalf of Mushigihara, I challenge any one member of your team. We're going to put a STOP to your little crusade, once and for all.

Cut.

THE HALLMARK JOURNEY vs. NO FUN DEAN & SLIGHTLY FUN JEN

The match begins with both teams already at ringside. Jonathan-Christopher Hall is in the middle of the ring ready to square off with No Fun Dean. As Dean comes forward, looking to lockup... Jonathan-Christopher immediately puts his hand up and turns to his corner. He finds wife Vickie and gives her a nose-to-nose rub. The two exchange pleasantries to ongoing jeers from The Faithful. No Fun Dean has his hands on his hips and signals to Slightly Fun Jen. Jen shrugs. NFD rushes both Hallmarks and knocks into JC Hall with a shoulder block! The shoulder block sends Vickie FLYING out of the ring, crashing into the guardrail to a big pop!

Dean hits a fisherman's suplex but JC kicks out. Dean holds on and hits a variation of suplexes before Irish whipping the lover into a free corner and exploding in with a cannonball splash! Jonathan-Christopher Hall cries as he exits the turnbuckle, distraught that his tender moment was interrupted at the hands of someone who can't feel love as JC screams at No Fun Dean. In return, Dean slumps his hips and bounces into the ropes. He hammers JC Hall with a shoulder block and then a powerslam. Dean gets a two count. He pushes Jonathan-Christopher into the Hallmark corner and tells JC to tag out, not being able to deal with Hall's crying antics any longer. NFD tags SFJ.

Jen enters the ring and calls for Vickie. However, Jonathan-Christopher has not made the tag yet. Vickie refuses to tag because she's been "rattled beyond belief" she wasn't able to kiss Jonathan-Christopher Hall the way she had envisioned. Jen allows them their moment but Vickie says it was ruined. As Vickie and Jen argue back and forth, JC Hall slips away and finds a position behind Vickie with a rollup and a handful of tights! Mark Shields, of course, doesn't see a thing.

DDK:

OH C'MON!!

No Fun Dean tries to enter the ring but this is when Vickie flies over the top rope and lands a hurricanrana to Dean!

Lance:

They suckered Dean in!

DDK:

They suckered them both!

The count hits three and the bell rings! Darren Quiemby announces The Hallmark Journey as the winners. Jonathan-Christopher and Vickie embrace and kiss warmly, their arms wrapped around each other as Dean gets to a knee, looking sick to his stomach. UNCUT goes elsewhere.

STRONG WORDS

Christie Zane stands outside Lindsay Troy's locker room, shortly after the conclusion of her match against Kerry Kuroyama. The High Queen DEFIAНCE has a towel draped over her shoulders and to say she looks pleased with herself would be an understatement.

Christie Zane:

Lindsay, congratulations on your victory over Kerry Kuroyama just a short time ago. That was ... well, that was certainly something to watch.

Lindsay Troy: *[smiling]*

It was, wasn't it?

Christie Zane:

The ending in particular was especially noteworthy. Was that planned?

The Queen tilts her head, hazel eyes boring a hole through DEFIAНCE's long-time interviewer.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm not sure what you're getting at Christie. Are you trying to insinuate that I planned on breaking Kerry "I thought it was a good idea to run my mouth about my betters and I paid the price for it" Kuroyama's fingers ahead of time? If that's the case...

Troy looks dead on at the camera, as if she were addressing oh, I dunno, the Favoured Saints brass who might have a vested interest in this part of things.

Lindsay Troy:

...no, I did not *plan* on doing that.

She looks back at Christie.

Lindsay Troy:

But it was effective though, wasn't it? It got the job done. It got me out of a *terrible* submission hold. It's almost like...trying to target my once "bad" knee is an *awful* idea and will have grave consequences should anyone try to do it again. Consequences like...broken fingers. Or a broken neck. Or a broken knee of their own. But again.

Another look at the camera.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm not *planning* on doing anything like that.

Christie Zane:

Uh, okay. Point taken...

Lindsay Troy: *[pressing on]*

I hope Kerry's alright though. He'll need those fingers to throw that broken ass furnace 'cause he can't make his own heat, paint-by-numbers bitch 'cause he CTRL-V'd his babyface promo for the thousandth time, better let him update Stoovinspoodia 'cause it's the only thing he's good at, Scott Stevens, out to the dumpster. I pray there's a lock on it.

There's a bit of a pause as Christie stands there, blinking.

Christie Zane:

Those are some rather strong words, Lindsay.

Lindsay Troy:

Are they? I guess I've been too *nice* lately. I guess people have *forgotten* what happens when shitty little pissants put my name in their mouths. I won't be so remiss going forward

Christie Zane:

Fair enough.

Lindsay Troy:

Let's move on to something that's actually *worth* mine and the Faithful's time. I've had a couple contests play out over DEFtv with another mouthbreather who keeps my name on his maggot breath and I've got a rubber match due. It's gonna happen at 159, and it's gonna happen with Arthur Pleasant.

Christie Zane:

Wow, what a bombshell! *[She looks at the camera]* You heard it here first, folks. Lindsay Troy versus Arthur Pleasant, Part Three, in two weeks on DEFtv 159!

Lindsay Troy:

It ain't gonna be pretty. He ain't gonna be walking right or talking right when it's over. But I will be taking him down a peg for five when it's all said and done. That I promise you.

Troy grasps the door handle to her locker room and gives it a twist.

Lindsay Troy:

Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got a ... "sensory deprivation pod" ... to go look at.

Christie Zane: *[does a double take]*

Wait, you're actually going to take Malak up on his invite? Why?!

Troy chuckles brazenly.

Lindsay Troy:

Maybe I feel like it. Maybe I want to see what that whiny little twerp gets up to in his spare time. Maybe, for once, let's all just go along for the ride and not ask so many questions.

She gives the camera one more pointed look before disappearing into the room.

THE RISE OF SCROW COMMERCIAL 2

As we go to commercial break...

We take a look at a Mr. Rogers Neighborhood scene. The door swings open and in walks Scrow dressed in black loafers, brown khaki pants, a white dress shirt with a brown sweater vest. His hair gelled toward the back of his head. He notices the camera and pauses, with a warm yet creepy smile he responds.

Scrow:

Why hello there neighbor.

He makes his way down the stairs.

Scrow:

It has been so long since we last spoke.

Scrow steps off the final step and walks in front of a toy train set as a train rushes off into a tunnel. Scrow sits in front of the train set, behind him in the center of the model train set up is *The Rise of Scrow*. Scrow slips off his shoes one at a time.

Scrow:

The time is soon coming, September 16, 2021, is just around the corner.

Scrow motions for the camera to get close as he whispers his next line.

Scrow:

Boys and girls, do you want to know a secret?

Scrow nods delighted as though his audience is eager to know this secret. The camera moves back allowing a full view of Scrow as he grabs a pair of white sneakers.

Scrow:

Scrow just got off the phone with his publisher, and he was thrilled by the bonus chapter Scrow has added to this exciting book.

He reaches behind him as the train toots as it rushes under his arm. Scrow holds the book in front of him.

Scrow:

That's right, and he also loved the idea of adding pictures for some of the scenes in the books. Scrow thought about this and reading Tim Tillinghast's tweets he thought to himself this spavined man might be onto something. All you *{sarcastically imitates a southern accent}* red necks out there probably are illiterate.

The camera gets close to him once more as Scrow whispers.

Scrow:

That means unable to read.

The camera pans back out as Scrow sets the book in a special display stand next to him, and starts to put his sneakers on.

Scrow:

So as an added bonus Scrow will throw in an exclusive picture book, who says Scrow is not looking out for the stupid people.

Scrow finishes tying his shoes and hears a knock on the door. His eyes widen as a southern voice shouts his name.

Scrow:

Well, boys and girls, it appears Scrow's landlord wants to speak to him.

Scrow grabs the book and smiles once more at the camera presenting the book in all its majestic glory. *{in his deranged opinion}*

Scrow:

Remember you could be the lucky fan to own a copy of The Rise of Scrow on September 15, 2021, for FREE! Oh my, who will win that prize? Do not fret ladies and gentlemen for the book will be available for EVERYONE September 16, 2021!

The knocking continues.

Scrow:

Well, that is all for today. Goodbye, everyone.

Scrow gives a warm creepy smile before heading up the stairs and opening the door and talking to someone but you are unable to make out who he is speaking to before the door closes behind him

THEODORE CAIN vs. THOMAS SLAINE

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, thanks for heading back with us on UNCUT! Coming up next, we've got a singles match coming up between DEFIAНCE's resident loon, Thomas Slaine, up against Theodore Cain of the Gulf Coast Connection!

Lance:

Back on UNCUT 99, The Gulf Coast Connection's "Wingman" Titus Campbell and Crescent City Kid defeated Thomas Slaine and "Cunning" Curt Cunning. Slaine wanted revenge, so now he's getting the Smash Surfer of the trio, Theodore Cain! And that match... is now!

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a singles match set for one fall! Introducing first, being accompanied by "Wingman" Titus Campbell and the Crescent City Kid... from right here in NOLA, weighing 265 pounds... **THEODORE CAIN!**

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

The trio make their way out from the back to a nice pop from the crowd! Theodore Cain has on a new Gulf Coast Connection Mardi Gras-themed jester hat, along with Crescent City Kid, getting the crowd fired up with a collection of beads. Titus Campbell brings up the rear and the powerhouse throws a few jester hats out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young boy in the audience with his parents before he climbs into the ring. The hometown favorite waits for the opponent to arrive now.

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

The music his and Thomas Slaine steps out from the back, ready to fight. Cain paces around and bumps fists with Campbell and CCK as Thomas enters the ring. The brawler climbs inside and wants payback for suffering defeat a few shows ago. He points an imaginary gun at Theodore Cain and then climbs into the ring. Once he's there, referee Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

It's Thomas Slaine going on the attack first with a series of kicks to the gut of the bigger Cain! He wails on the Smash Surfer with a few right hands and when he's sure he's scrambled, he tries an Irish whip... but Cain puts the brakes on and then sends him to the ropes. Slaine comes back only to get knocked down from a big shoulder block and then a big elbow drop to the chest!

DDK:

Ouch! Right away, Theodore Cain imposes his will!

Lance:

He's a big boy! 6'5" and 265! Some say maybe he needs to show more aggression in the ring and take things a little more seriously, but this new connection since Titus Campbell joined has paid off well.

Cain gets back up and then nails another elbow drop, and then another on the chest of Slaine before making a cover.

ONE... TW-NO!

Slaine kicks out Cain grabs the back of his head. He palms the back of his hair and then SLAMS him face-first into one turnbuckle. Then another. And then another! And then when he finally makes it to the last turnbuckle, Slaine pleads, but then smacks his head into the fourth and final turnbuckle before he collapses!

DDK:

Theodore Cain pinballs him around the ring! And the Faithful rallying behind him!

Cain grabs Slaine and then throws him across the ring. The Smash Surfer runs cross-corner and then smashes him across the jaw with a huge running corner elbow smash! The blow rocks Slaine right away before Cain whips him across the ring. When he lands, the Smash Surfer tries his hand at a charging shoulder in the corner...

THUNK!

The Faithful collectively cringe when Cain hits the buckles! Slaine finally manages to get out of harm's way for once during this match and is checking his jaw to make sure all his teeth are there.

DDK:

Great counter by Thomas Slaine right there! He takes advantage of Cain coming out swinging and now he finally has a chance.

Cain is hurt and cradles his shoulder in pain, allowing Thomas to run off the ropes and strike him down with a huge shotgun dropkick, knocking him right back into the corner! Both Campbell and Crescent City Kid groan as they watch Cain get kicked into the corner. He finally gets knocked off his feet and that gives Slaine the chance to go to the middle rope. He waits for Cain to try and stand, but when he does, he comes off the middle rope with a flying elbow to the face!

DDK:

What a move by Slaine! He's got Cain down, can he score the win here?

ONE... TWO... NO!

Cain powers out and the Faithful cheer him on as he sits up, but Slaine tries to keep him down. He kicks him in the back and he arches, allowing him to come off the opposite side of the ring and then nails a basement dropkick! And another cover for Cain!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

DDK:

Cain with another kickout! Slaine has been targeting him with these dropkicks to counter the big man, but can he put him away?

Campbell and CCK both start a chant on the outside to get their fellow Gulf Coast Connection member up and going. Thomas tries to get behind him with a rear chinlock, but Cain tries to fight it out. He starts to pump a fist in the air and feeds off the crowd before he starts trying to power Slaine up... and he does so, powering the brawler from Louisiana on his back! He launches himself backwards and then crushes him in the corner, getting him to release the hold!

Lance:

There we go! He gets Slaine off of him.

Cain takes a moment to recover while Slaine tries and does the same. He recovers a little quicker than Theodore so he runs at him... only for Cain to catch him off-guard and plant him with a Samoan drop mid-ring!

DDK:

And another counter by Cain! He finally has Slaine on the ropes again. When he can use that power advantage, it's a tide turner for sure.

Cain gets back up and then tries to shake off the pain he's in. When he does, he runs through Slaine with a big shoulder tackle, then comes off the ropes and does a second one. Then when he starts to get up, he picks him up and then nails a snake eyes into the corner followed by running off the ropes for a huge big boot!

Lance:

Theodore Cain running right through Thomas Slaine with that snake eyes and big boot combo! I think that might be it!

DDK:

He's got Slaine set up! He's looking for Bottom's Up!

After taking a moment to milk the reception from the Faithful, he tries to set him on his shoulders for the sitout Michinoku driver, but Slaine slips out at the last second and nails a falling reverse DDT out of desperation! Then covers!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Cain's shoulder comes up and he already tries to rise again, but Thomas hooks his arms.

DDK:

The Bipolar Effect? He's looking for that double arm DDT variation!

He tries, but Cain powers out and then THROWS him up in the air to free himself and crashes onto the canvas hard. He pops up holding his chest and walks right into Theodore Cain's grip for...

DDK:

BOTTOM'S UP! THAT'S IT! COVER!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

Cain tosses the hooked leg of Slaine away and stands back to his feet, pumping both fists in the air after a big singles win!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **THEODORE CAIN!**

Titus Campbell and the Crescent City Kid enter the ring and celebrate with Big Theo. He bumps fists with his buddies and then they leave the ring to head to the back while Thomas Slaine's skull is left throbbing.

DDK:

Slaine tried to get some payback for his loss a few weeks ago, but tonight, it's Theodore Cain! The Gulf Coast Connection have a huge opportunity ahead as they face off against The Lucky Sevens next week on DEFtv 159 so we'll see how that goes!

Lance:

Cain looked good, but the Sevens have been on a new level. They'll need it!

A disappointed Slaine angrily punches the mat while on the ramp, The Gulf Coast Connection throw out more beads and masks as show heads elsewhere.

AIN'T NO GAME, BOY

Found camera footage from before Uncut 100 begins to play. The view peeks around a corner as Malak Garland speaks to someone just out of view, right by the DEFmed area.

Malak Garland:

And this is a collection of screenshots of various bruised bananas I've trolled online. Look at the replies I elicit from these numpty nimrods. They have no lives because they look for validation online, which I am so above.

Malak holds out his phone, showing the unseen figure the screenshots.

Malak Garland:

But anyways, what's your astrological star sign? I just want to make sure we're compatible. It's vitally important to me that our inner chakras align. I'm a Gemini which can be lots to unpack but you look like you can handle a ton with all those muscles.

Malak reaches out and assumingly caresses whoever he's speaking to.

Malak Garland:

The strong, silent type? I like it. You'll fit right in with Cyrus. You're probably a Taurus. Nothing wrong with that. I just would've preferred an Aquarius.

Malak retracts his hand and stands defiantly.

Malak Garland:

We're going to have to do something about your getup too. It looks too childish. Of course *he* would make you wear such a ridiculous outfit. Don't worry. After tonight, you'll be free to express yourself under my rigid constraints.

Malak smiles.

Malak Garland:

Again, I really appreciate you jumping ship to the winning side. It's a smart decision that you won't regret at all. It's not like *he* is going to win anything of significance anytime soon.

The Source of Envy begins to walk away.

Malak Garland:

Well, I've got to get ready now. You get some rest or recharge your batteries... or whatever you do. See you out there.

The Keyboard King fully departs as a complete lean around the corner reveals none other than The Game Boy, standing there, breathing heavily with veins pulsing underneath his skin like someone who is about to commit treason.

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: DEX JOY Â© vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

DDK:

What a main event that we have in store next! Dex Joy has become the new Favoured Saints champion and Big Dex Energy is looking to make those pivotal four successful defenses to cash in for a chance to become the Southern Heritage title he held for 250 days!

Lance:

Butcher hasn't lost a match in some time but then again he hasn't competed that much lately either. Either way, Dex has never shied away from fighting any opponent no matter who they are.

DDK:

The Favoured Saints championship is on the line in tonight's main event!

Darren Quimbey:

This next match is the main event of tonight's UNCUT show and the match will be contested for the Favoured Saints championship! First the challenger ... First, from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 210 pounds... BUTCHER VICTORIOUSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

♪ "Junior Kickstart" by The Go! Team ♪

The fans right away do not like the song that sounds like a rock band playing over a marching band, but it plays. Butcher Victorious heads out from the back... now wearing a purple sparkling sequined coat and a matching... yep, a top hat like a complete asshole. Taking in a mix of some jeers and indifference, Butcher's music fades as he starts to speak.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC HAS GOT THE STICK! NEXT FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPEEN TONIGHT!

The Faithful jeer Butcher as he has a smile on his face.

Butcher Victorious:

History is on my side, nimrods! The last three people to hold that title haven't had one successful defense yet! Rezin keeps losing it like your husband's boners when they have to take your fuggo wives home at night! Henry Keyes let his stupid tiger get bought out from under him! And unfortunately for you, Dexy Baby, Butch Vic doesn't own a tiger! But after I make it to the pay window tonight with that title around this waist... maybe I will! Then I'll turn around and sell it back to Keyes for DOUBLE! BUTCH VIC'S... GONNA SELL THEM SHITS!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Oh merciful Father, end this now.

Lance:

Butcher is now in the ring thankfully. He keeps trying to talk, but the official has taken back the mic.

Butcher keeps fighting for it back but thankfully Dexy Baby's music hits! The lights in the arena start to flicker on and off before simulating a blackout. The lights go out. Fans reach out for their cell phones and try to light up the WrestlePlex. The lights slowly come back in the arena, section by section until, on the big screen a cell phone battery display charges... charges... charges... and soon it's at 1000%. "BIG DEX ENERGY!!!!" is on the screen!

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

Five bright yellow lightning bolts strike the stage and fire off massive streams of pyro as the theme kicks in!

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing the Favoured Saints champion ... he is from Los Angeles, California and weighs in at three-hundred fifty-five pounds... "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEEEEEXXXXXX JJJJJJOOOOYYYYYY!!!!!!

♪ "Go Big or Go Home" by Chuxx Morris ♪

Sparks shoot up from either side of the entrance where the lightning landed. Walking through it is the former SO-HER and the current Favoured Saints champ himself! He gets to the ring with the haste tonight and then holds the title up so all of the DEFIAНCE Wrestling Faithful can see it. When that is over he gets to the ring and gives the belt to the official. Butcher looks antsy to get things started but Dex does not look past him when that bell rings.

DING DING

Dex and Butcher circle up and then Victorious tries to grab the leg of Dex, but can't negotiate to get Dexy Baby off his feet. When Dex grabs him by the side, Butch Vic ... starts to panic. Dex gets him up in the air but Butcher keeps kicking until he is free and then just decides to punch his way out of trouble. But that doesn't work for long because Dex pushes him across the ring!

DDK:

Wow! Dex got a lot of height off that! He just launched Butcher!

Lance:

But he's coming back! Look out!

He comes back and tries punching away at Dex again. He takes the shots in stride and then pushes Butcher on his back again. Butch looks shocked but he doesn't give up when a title is at stake. He tries to go for the leg of Dex one more time, but Big Dex Energy has has enough of playing around. He grabs him in a front face lock and then spins Butcher around a few times then pitches him across the ring again.

Lance:

Dex Joy doing what he does best and that's being an unstoppable force of nature in the ring! Butcher hasn't had any answer for his strength.

DDK:

It's the same way as how Gage Blackwood and Rezin felt. They tried stopping Dex and just couldn't!

The Biggest Boy gets a run off the ropes but before he is able to do anything Butcher slides out of the ring like his ass is on fire. Dex doesn't wait around for Butcher and won't take the champion's advantage of a countout so he follows Butcher outside. Butcher is shocked at how fast Dex moves, but he's still a bit faster so he gets under the ropes first. Butcher catches Dex with a baseball slide just as he tries to get back in. Dex doesn't go off his feet, but he is rocked enough for Victorious to try a big dive through the ropes, hitting Dex once!

DDK:

Dex doesn't get taken off his feet, but Butcher nailed that dive.

Lance:

He did! And I think he is calling for a second one!

Butcher looks pretty full of himself when he goes for the second dive ... but this time, Dex does catch him! Butcher freaks out when Dex throws him across his shoulders and then drops him on the ring apron with a huge Dex-5! The fireman carry face buster rocks Butch Vic!

DDK:

Dex taking control quickly after Butcher throws himself at him! Now what is he going to do?

The crowd cheers loudly for Big Dex Energy when he pushes Butcher back into the ring. He gets himself into position and when Butcher is starting to get up off his knees he gets kicked with a huge drop kick from Dex Joy! The tank of a man leaves his feet for the shot gun drop kick and knocks Butcher through the ropes and he falls out to the ringside floor.

Lance:

Dex doing what he does best in that ring! He is tossing Butcher around like nobody's business! He's gonna have to do something big if he wants to beat Dex tonight and win his first title in DEFIAНCE Wrestling!

DDK:

Dex follows Butcher and he's putting him back in the ring again

Butcher is in the ring and looks hurt, but he grabs the official's shirt. He moves him away but when Dex starts to climb back inside, Butcher finally counters back by kicking the ropes up into Dex like an effective low blow!

Lance:

The referee doesn't see it! Butcher finally has an opening he needs!

Dex is hurt and crumbles onto his side so Butcher makes him pay for it with a super kick on the chin! Dex stumbles into the ropes and then Butcher sees his chance. As Dex rests against the middle rope, he takes a drop kick to the back. That blow hits clear but Butcher does not finish there. He runs from one side of the ring to another with the Landslide Victory! He hits a cannon ball to the back of Dex and then knocks him off the ropes.

DDK:

Butcher has his best chance right here! He has Big Dex Energy right where he wants him!

Dex is down on all fours with the fans chanting out for the Biggest Boy! The DEFIAНCE Wrestling Faithful watch Butcher leap from one rope, then back down and then leaping twice more before hitting the BTTBME!

DDK:

That is ... somehow Better than the Best Moonsault Ever but that only matters if he wins! He pins Dex!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Dex kicks out so forcefully that Butcher goes flying through the ropes! He just manages to hang on to keep from falling to the ropes.

DDK:

What a lot of power on that kickout! Butcher is trying to take this seriously!

Butcher comes back and kicks Dex in the back about five times then tries to grab his leg for some sort of leg lock. But when he can't remember how to apply it, he reaches into his pocket and tries to pull out a scrap of paper...

Lance:

Does ... does he have instructions for this leg lock he has been talking about?

DDK:

I don't think it matters! Look!

Dex kicks his hand away that has the instructions on it, then kicks Butcher again off of him. Butcher tries beating him to the punch, but Dex does it first. When he runs at Dex he gets picked up and then slammed on the mat with a huge Dex Bomb!

DDK:

The Dex Bomb! The pop up power bomb might have rattled Butcher's spine!

The Favoured Saints champion grabs the leg of Butcher and then rolls him up so he ends up back on his feet. Dex pitches him into the ropes and then the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful go mad when he hits Dexy's Midnight Runner, shoulder tackling Butcher so he goes flying into the corner!

Lance:

Dexy's Midnight Runner! I think Butcher is done ... or he is about to be!

They know exactly what is coming next when Dex stands across from him, lining up Butcher. He gives a thumbs up and then a thumbs down to the crowd then runs at the corner *squashing* Butcher with the Jump for Joy cannon ball senton!

DDK:

The Jump for Joy! You can count to a thousand!

After he picks himself up from his own move, he drags Butcher's limp leg out from the corner and presses down on his shoulders.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

Your winner and still the DEFIANCE Wrestling Favoured Saints champion ... DEEEEXXXX JJJJOOOOOYYYYYY!!!

♪ "Go Big or Go Home" by Chuxx Morris ♪

DDK:

Butcher Victorious clearly hasn't watched enough Indiana Jones. There was no rolling out of the way of that boulder once it came crashing into him.

Lance:

You're right! And if Rezin or anyone else wants to try and wrestle that title from Dex, maybe he should start and learn how.

DDK:

And don't forget that Dex Joy still has unfinished business with Arthur Pleasant stemming from interrupting his celebration a few weeks ago. Good night, ladies and gentlemen!

Dex Joy celebrates and spins the Favoured Saints title in the air around him like a madman to end this edition of Uncut!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.