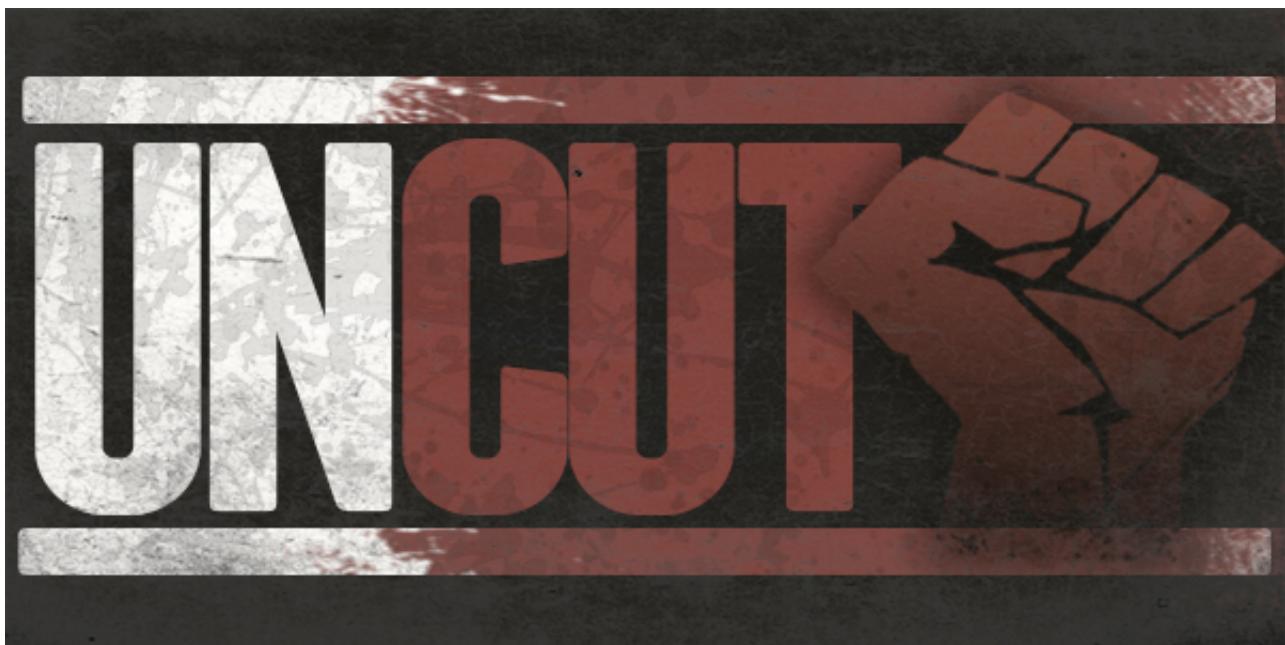


SHOW OPEN

OSCAR BURNS' DIG DOWN DEEP CHALLENGE

DDK:

Fans, welcome to the latest edition of UNCUT and we're going to kick the show off in a big, big way! Not only is the former two-time FIST of DEFIAНCE Oscar Burns in the house... he's kicking off tonight's show with what he's dubbed The Dig Down Deep Challenge!

Lance:

Last week, Oscar Burns made the great achievement of becoming the first DEFIAНCE star to log fifty wins over the course of his DEFIAНCE career... then proceeded to crow about his win over Conor Fuse at DEFIAНCE Road and then got into an altercation with "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy.

DDK:

It ended with him being put through a table! He made Dex Joy think he was going to challenge him at DEFCON, but then had the nerve to ask a talented rising star like Dex to be his water boy. Dex fired his shot afterwards, but Burns has yet to respond. Maybe we'll hear about that when he comes out.

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredriech Haberle ♪

The opening montage plays some of Burns' greatest hits over the opening intro to the theme...

Burns winning his first FIST of DEFIAНCE from Cayle Murray.

Burns winning the WrestleUTA World Championship from Crimson Lord.

Burns winning his second FIST of DEFIAНCE from Kendrix.

Now with new footage...

His two DEFY Award wins including the third award he stole from Gage Blackwood...

And now... Burns raising the golden shovel over his head.

Then when the theme kicks in...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Out comes the New Zealander, in his ring gear with the golden shovel raised high over his head! He points it at the ring and talks to the camera in front of him.

Oscar Burns:

RISE AND GRIND, GCS! RISE AND GRIND!

He heads down to the ring and soaks in what he feels is adulation, but is jeers for his sanctimonious attitude. Oscar gets to the ring and traipses up the steel steps. He poses mid-apron, wipes his feet and then climbs into the ring. The man who calls himself synonymous with DEFIAНCE motions for a microphone and grabs it from ringside. The music fades out and Burns is showered in boos immediately.

Oscar Burns:

-urns. THANK YOU, NEW ORLEANS! STAND UP! BE PROUD, GCS! BE PROUD!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

He continues.

Oscar Burns:

Just a week ago, I was attacked by a man named Dex Joy...

AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!

He doesn't look pleased by that response and raises one eyebrow at referee Carla Ferrari nearby.

Oscar Burns:

...and he had the NERVE to not only reject my offer of one-on-one mentorship to help him keep his temper in check... he put me through a table. Me, GCs! Me! The symbolic representation of everything that is GOOD AND PURE about this organization! Then he had the AUDACITY to challenge ME to a match at DEFCON! As if I would bless him with such an opportunity after such a heinous act. Dex...

He turns to the camera nearby at ringside.

Oscar Burns:

I will address your challenge face to face next week. But right now, I'm turning my attention to others. To the future of this great company that I so proudly embody! To other people who will actually do things the right way and not bully others around into marquee pay-per-view events!

Oscar points to the back using the golden shovel in his hand.

Oscar Burns:

I am so damn proud of the locker room back there. Forget fat bullies like Dex... right beneath me that is full of HUNGRY! PROUD! POWERFUL young stars ready for big opportunities! Ready to break out! And that's why tonight, I am PROUD to announce the start of the first-ever Dig Down Deep Challenge!

The Faithful give out a mixed response. Cause it is nice that new talent get opportunities against him, but again... it's Oscar Burns. He taps the shovel and hands it over to Carla Ferrari.

Oscar Burns:

Here in this ring... this is the golden shovel, GCs! I am giving my opponents... NEW opponents... the chance to change their destiny for the better! That's why I am challenging ANYONE... BRAZEN or DEFIANCE does not matter to me! You have ten minutes in this ring with me! If you can either go the time limit with me... or someone does the unthinkable and outwrestles me in this ring...

He points at the golden shovel.

Oscar Burns:

This golden shovel... is yours! Not to mention, the honor of having defeated the very embodiment of that red fist... of DEFIANCE! All I ask is that whoever comes out here... dig down deep like the challenge says! Hold nothing back! Show me what you have in this ring! Give me your absolute best because I will give you nothing less than mine!

He hands the microphone away as he waits for whoever wishes to challenge him.

DDK:

My God! Whether you like him or hate his attitude... that is an AMAZING opportunity for anyone to change their career trajectory! I don't know so much about the prize, but we'll see who wants it.

Lance:

Very true! Burns may very well be the iron man of this ring. Who's going to stop him?

Burns leans back in a corner and waits...

And waits...

♪ “Mellow Yellow” by Donovan ♪

The theme plays and out comes a man familiar to BRAZEN fans and very familiar to Oscar. The crowd gives some polite applause to the hungry young man!

Darren Quimbey:

Accepting the Dig Down Deep Challenge... from Swansea, Wales, weighing in at 212 pounds... **“MELLOW YELLOW” GEORGE OTHELLO!”**

DDK:

Wow! That's a first challenge! These two teamed together in the first-ever BRAZEN/DEFIANCE Tag Party show! George Othello has also trained under the Harold Ketch Grappling Arts Academy where Burns himself trained and mentored many students before moving stateside.

Lance:

Burns looks pleased to see him!

The man in the bright yellow tights and boots heads into the ring. He offers a handshake to his former mentor and much to the chagrin of many... Burns actually takes it.

DDK:

Wow... Burns still showing sportsmanship here. Well, here we go! We kick off UNCUT with ten minutes on the clock for the first-ever Dig Down Deep Challenge!

Challenger and... shovel holder... are both ready and Carla calls for the bell.

DING DING

The two men lock up right away and get into things quick! George goes for a go-behind, but Burns circles behind him quickly. George does the same and the two exchange quick go-behinds on one another, trying to make the first move!

DDK:

I can't believe this! Right off the jump, George Othello holding his own a little against Burns!

Lance:

Othello has scored a couple recent key wins in BRAZEN including one over the first-ever champ Reinhardt Hoffman, but this is a whole bigger level!

George tries a wristlock, but Burns grabs the arm and then twists it around. He works the joint over with an elbow, fires an uppercut to the arm joint, then a STIFF European Uppercut that rocks George Othello about forty-five seconds in!

DDK:

Burns turning up the pressure tonight.

Lance:

That he is! He's got Othello cornered!

He whips Othello across the ring and tries to follow him in with a big running move behind him, but Othello catches Burns quickly from behind with a roll-up out of the corner!

ONE... T...

Oscar kicks out at one, but when he gets up, Othello wipes him out with a huge ipponzei judo takeover! The over-the-shoulder arm throw catches Burns off-guard!

DDK:

Wow! Othello has a black belt in judo... and he follows up with a dropkick! He cleans Burns' clock!

Burns doesn't expect this level of resistance and almost looks shocked by the young Welshman's skill. He gets up to his feet and tries a whip on Burns, but Oscar turns the tables with a quick snap and sends him to the buckles. This time, Othello moves, but Burns stops himself. As Othello keeps running, the yellow aficionado comes back, only for Burns to QUICKLY fire a go-behing takedown into a GRUESOME snap German suplex, almost dropping George right on his head!

DDK:

OOOH! Snap German suplex! That landing looked bad!

Burns waits for Othello to get up, then SNAPS him again this time using a dragon suplex, bouncing Othello off the mat once again! The keeper of the golden shovel has had enough as he stands over a groggy George...

Lance:

Two brutal suplexes... what's next?

Oscar grabs the groggy George... then sets one arm up before SPIKING him with the wrist-clutch exploder suplex!

DDK:

Only two minutes and he hits the Head-Drop-O-Matic! That's it!

Burns casually covers George Othello.

ONE... TWO... THREE.

DING DING DING

Oscar casually sits up and then holds out his arm to oh-so-graciously give Carla a chance to raise it.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... HE IS DEFIAНCE... **OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

George Othello came out of the gate, but just as quickly, Oscar Burns slammed that gate shut! He keeps the golden shovel tonight!

Lance:

But that level of brutality so quickly... did he REALLY need to do that to George?

He doesn't show much concern for a one-time student of his, but offer a hand and shakes it while he's out on the mat, then leaves with his golden shovel.

DDK:

Burns wins the first-ever Dig Down Deep Challenge! Great kick-off to tonight's show, but we've got plenty more action coming up later, folks! Stick around!

Lance:

And what will Oscar Burns have to say about Dex Joy's challenge for DEFCON? We'll find out hopefully next week on DEFtv!

Burns raises the golden shovel on the ramp one more time before departing for the night.

TA COLE'S HOMEWORK

We're backstage in a random hallway in the DEFarena, where Ned Reform is leaning against a crate. He has reading glasses on and he shuffles through a stack of papers with his brow furrowed in concentration. From outside of frame, TA Cole appears - dressed for competition. Reform puts his papers down and folds up his readers, placing them into his breast pocket. He sighs and puts his hands on TA Cole's shoulders.

Ned Reform:

Levi. My prized pupil. This partnership has been mutually beneficial to us, has it not?

TA Cole nods, eager to please.

TA Cole:

It has, Dr. Reform.

Reform smiles.

Ned Reform:

And you have learned much, have you not?

TA Cole:

I have, sir.

Ned Reform:

Excellent! Then it is time, my dear boy, for me to task you with a very important project. I am knee-deep in research pertaining to our new friend Ms. Fear - and I believe this is going to occupy what little free time I currently have. Which means that you, my friend, must eliminate another threat. A threat that, while not very serious, nonetheless runs the risk of embarrassing us by its sheer stupidity - and The Honor Society is not to be embarrassed. I believe you know of what I speak - I'm referring, of course, to the owner of that piece of fabric hung around your neck.

Reform motions to the cape around TA Cole's neck - the cape that he's worn for months since he destroyed the broken form of everyone's favorite vampire, Count Novick. Cole nods again.

TA Cole:

Every week, he's playing these games. Calling us out. You don't need to worry about it, Doctor Reform - I'm going to find that pipsqueak and make sure he's taken out of the equation permanently.

Reform takes his hands off Cole's shoulders.

Ned Reform:

I'm sure you will, my good man. Good luck tonight.

TA Cole slams a fist into his other hand.

TA Cole:

I don't need luck, Dr. Reform.

Eager to get to his match, TA Cole moves out of frame. Reform smiles at the enthusiasm of his pupil before returning to his stack of papers.

KLEIN vs. TORVALD

DDK:

Remember when Levi Cole was an upstanding individual? Darren Keebler remembers.

Lance:

We gotta move forward Darren. It's a big night for Uncut, and it's only going to get bigger, right now! The ultimate HOSSFITE starts NOW! Klein of the Pop Culture Phenoms takes on Torvald of the Viking War Cult.

DDK:

The cult's muscle versus the heart of PCP. I don't see any reason to delay any longer, let's take it to ringside!

♪ "Guardians of Asgard" by Amon Amarth ♪

With little fanfare, stepping out from the back is the massive Torvald the Destroyer, flanked as always by the brains of the Cult operation, Cul. Cul slaps the big beefy boy on the chest and directs him to ringside, as Torvald steadies himself. The two storm their way to the ring.

Lance:

The Viking War Cult, the longest reigning Trios champions in our history, BRAZEN stand outs, and for a bit there, the most dangerous group DEFIAНCE had.

DDK:

You look around at the landscape of DEFIAНCE since the Viking War Cult's historic reign, everything has changed drastically.

Lance:

No more Mikey, no more 24k, no more UTAH. It's a fresh world, with a fresh hell with the leader of the Kabal as the FIST.

DDK:

Don't remind me.

♪ "Man in the Box" by Alice in Chains ♪

Flex Kruger first steps out from the back, flexing for the Faithful before Klein bursts through the curtains. He does not play to the crowd, pushing past Flex and storming to the ring. Flex in fact, has to stop flexing mid-flex, and rushes beside him.

DDK:

And his opponent, Klein, who's had one hell of a year.

Lance:

Hell is the keyword there. A relationship torn apart, a possible family destroyed, and now, what does Klein have left?

DDK:

He has his friends, he has the PCP, and he has the ring.

Lance:

Is that enough?

Klein enters the ring, boxless, and shakes his shoulders loose. In the corner, Flex starts to massage his upper back. Cul feeds Torvald some last minute instructions, before the bell rings.

DING DING

Torvald charges and Klein barely ducks. Torvald hits the corner only for Klein to let loose with a loud slap of a knife edge chop against the big man's chest. Torvald just stands there, and lets Klein him again. A third time, before Torvald palms Klein's face and shoves him off. Klein rolls through, and then charges, shoulder tackling Torvald. The two men give no give to each other. Klein pounds his chest and shouts, pointing to the ropes. Torvald just facepalms Klein and shoves him off across the ring.

Klein rolls to his knees and then charges, leaping with a shoulder block that stumbles the Scandanvian back a step. Klein rushes off again, and the two meet, this time Torvald planting so neither man budges. Torvald slaps his chest once, and begs Klein to hit him.

DDK:

The larger Torvald using his size to his advantage.

Klein just leans in and headbutts Torvald, sending the brute into a stunned stumble. Klein leans down and lifts Torvald, before slamming him proper to the mat to cheers. Cul yells at Torvald as the big man clutches his back. Cul escorts Torvald out, and the two discuss. Torvald shocked Klein got him off his feet. As the two turn their attention back to the ring, Klein comes charging with a baseball slide dropkick that shoves Torvald into the outside guardrail. Klein stands, and Cul tries to hit a cheap shot, only for Klein to block and then grab Cul by his throat. Cul shakes his head wildly no, as Klein lifts him and tosses Cul directly into the awaiting arms of Flex Kruger.

DDK:

Cul is in a rock and a hard place here!

Cul, grasped by Flex, spits in his face. Flex shoves Cul face first into the outside turnbuckle, dazing the leader of the Viking War Cult, before locking in the flex-mission!

DDK:

And Cul is subdued! Flex has that full nelson LOCKED in!

Meanwhile, on the outside, Klein goes to Torvald and hits a few brawling blows, before Torvald springs to life, hooking Klein around his waist and spinebuster him on the outside.

Lance:

SPLAT. You can see that Klein's ribs are no longer taped, but that's still gotta hurt like the dickins.

DDK:

You're not wrong.

Torvald stands and starts to stalk Flex and Cul. Flex just throws the unconscious Cul down at Torvald's feet and gives him some space. Torvald lifts up the leader of the War Cult, before Klein catches him by surprise and just tossed the Scandanvian brute into the ring. Klein follows suit.

Torvald gets to his feet and grabs Klein around the throat with a choke, looking for a slam, but Klein is able to counter with a kick to the gut and then a go behind, before hitting a dead lift german suplex to a ring shaking pop. Torvald is a bit dazed, but fights immediately to his feet. Klein with another kick, and then a side headlock, into a vertical suplex.

And Klein holds him there.

All 350 pounds of him.

Lance:

What a feat of strength! Flex Kruger may look like the muscle of PCP, but Klein's the understudy.

DDK:

Four. Five. And CRASHING down at six!

Klein breathes heavily as he rolls onto his stomach. He hooks Torvald's leg.

One.

Two.

DDK:

I thought that was it! Torvald kicks out with authority!

Lance:

Remember, Torvald challenged for the BRAZEN championship against Killjoy, so Torvald is no slouch!

As Klein waits for Torvald to get up, Cul hops onto the apron. Our official starts to go over to reprimand, as Flex shouts at him to pay attention in the ring.

DDK:

Someone get Cul off the apron!

Torvald gets to his feet, and Klein leans down, lifting the big man onto his shoulders with immense strength. The Faithful start to cheer, as Klein begins to spin.

Lance:

Oh this is my favorite Lance! Let's count along!

One! rotation.

Two.

Three!

DDK:

Flok! Ivar! The Hellstrom brothers! Oh but the eat Torvald's boot from Klein's airplane swing!

Five!

Six!

Seven!

Eight!

Nine!

Ten!

And with that, even though it was probably only seven actual rotations, Klein steadies himself. He wobbles, and falls to knee.

DDK:

Oh! Torvald might be too much weight!

Lance:

Not at all! Think Outside the Box! Center of the ring!

DDK:

And Flex just electric chair'd Cul on the outside!

Big pop as Flex gets up and shouts at Cul "That's what you get! FLEX'D!" and then flexes at his unconscious form.

In the ring, Klein hooks the leg, then both giant tree trunk legs.

One.

Two.

Three!

DING DING DING

DDK:

And what an impressive victory for the Box Man, the heart of PCP!

Lance:

I gotta say, this is a new no-nonsense form of PCP, with Flex and Klein. They are giant brutes who could cut a swath through the tag division.

Flex slides into the ring as Klein's hand is raised. Klein finds the hard cam, and gestures for a title belt to be put across his waist. He then raises a clenched FIST to the Faithful.

DDK:

Looks like Klein is focused on finding championship gold here in DEFIAНCE.

Lance:

And based on it... he might even be looking toward the FIST!

DDK:

Up next, the Lucky Sevens, a tandem who's gotten the better of the PCP on a number of occasions, has a few things to say!

THE MAIN EVENT MONSTERS SPEAK

The camera is now backstage and slowly runs upwards in a suggestive manner on an unknown woman in what is slowly revealed to be a showgirls themed outfit. The camera perhaps lingers a second or two too long on the cleavage area of the person that is being focused on.

???:

I'm up here.

Ophelia Sykes!

Ophelia Sykes:

Hey there DEFIAНCE Wrestling fans! You know who I am! I'm the official spokeswoman for The Lucky Sevens, Ophelia Sykes! Just one show ago, I pinned my ex-boyfriend The D in the ring. Everyone is treating this win like it's a big deal that BFTA won this match over Pop Culture Phenoms, but for me it was just another night where I was on top of the D and he only managed to last three seconds.

Ouch.

She waves a hand over to show off her figure.

Ophelia Sykes:

Can you blame him though? I'm here wearing a different hat tonight as I'll be back to leaving the in ring action to my boys! I'm talking about the two men main eventing UNCUT tonight! I'm talking about DEFIAНCE Wrestling's Main Event Monsters, the Lucky Sevens! Max! Mason! Come on down!

Mason and Max are now both in the shot and the twin seven foot monsters both look happy with themselves.

Mason Luck:

Ever since Acts of DEFIAНCE so many months ago when we beat down the Saturday Night Specials and walked out of that show as the last monsters standing ... Max and I realized how truly dangerous we are and could be. And from that moment, all Max and I have given you is five-star beatdown after five-star beatdown after five-star beatdown!

As he is talking the camera shows clips of the many victims the brothers have destroyed.

Rezin.

Kid Black Jack.

No Fun Dean.

Slightly Fun Jen.

The House. Extra time is focused on Derrick Huber being broken in half against steel steps and Adam Roebuck's ankle being smashed in by steel steps.

Now it's back on Max Luck's smile.

Max Luck:

But we added more! Pop Culture Phenoms! Beaten! again! by us! Just after they main evented against the Saturday Night Specials!

One more piece of footage – both Lucks throwing Minute in a lawn dart fashion right into a closed garage door.

Max Luck:

And we're not done. Tom Morrow is pissed that at last year's DEFCON, he was embarrassed and humiliated by Los Tres Titanes - yet another team that has not beaten us! So with this DEFCON looming, us and Alvaro are going to pick them off until there's nothing left. None of them will be making it to DEFCON. We took Minute out. Titaness and Uriel ... guys, I wonder, can ministers officiate weddings over Zoom while they're laid up in the hospital?

Ophelia Sykes:

Don't you mean a local medical facility?

Max Luck:

No.

Mason brings the camera back to him.

Mason Luck:

Tonight, the Main Event Monsters get the chance to show off on tonight's main event. Some little assholes are going to show how much they hate life by signing the dotted line in a match against us. Only Flips? Cute name.

Max Luck:

I give it a B-minus.

Ophelia Sykes:

Who are they?

Mason Luck:

They're just two more bodies to throw on the pile that we've broken since we started handing out so many beatdowns, they all get six stars now.

Max Luck:

That's right! Five is just the new four!

Mason Luck:

We've beaten everyone in this division including the champions themselves and they know it. They've been defending their titles against everyone else except us since Acts of DEFIAНCE because they know they don't want any part us after last time. We're going to finish off Los Tres Titanes with our buddy Alvaro's help. Then we're moving on to the gold.

Ophelia Sykes looks proud of her men.

Ophelia Sykes:

That's right. Only Flips? Tonight, you're just plain shit outta luck!

CERBERUS vs. SHO NAKAZAWA & NICKY SYNZ

DDK:

Lance, looks like we're in for a treat here. I don't know about you, but I'm excited to see this debut here on Uncut.

Lance:

It's been talked about, Keebs, but we have yet to see them in action, and I have to say as much as I may not be a fan of The Kabal...let's be honest, they creep me out...but there's been all sorts of rumblings on social media and on dirt sheets everywhere about Cerberus.

♪ "Dogs of War" by Savage Souls ♪

The house lights come down as flames RISE UP on the stage. Through a mist, three hound heads appear, and moments later, the trio of terror consisting of RICK DICKULOUS, VICTOR VACIO, and GREEN REAPER emerge, wearing wolfskins. In formation, the Kabal's CERBERUS march to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall! Coming to the ring, representing the Kabal... CEEEERRRBEEEERRRUUUUUUSSSS!!!

DDK:

Rick Dickulous, Victor Vacio, and Green Reaper - not exactly the kind of men you'd think of putting together as a team, but here they are, and they look like they mean business.

Reaching the ring, Vacio and the Reaper post up on adjoined turnbuckles while Rick climbs to the apron and turns to flex to the crowd. In the ring behind them, Sho Nakazawa and Nikky Synz confer quietly with one another in their corner.

Lance:

I don't know about you, but I'd love to be a fly on the wall over in the corner of Nakazawa and Synz right now. They don't even have an idea which two members of Cerberus they'll be facing! How do you plan for that?

DDK:

You don't. You just hope for the best.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, standing in the ring... the team of SHOOOO NAKAZAAWAAA... and NIIIIKKIIII SYYYYYYYNNZZZ!!!

Victor and Greenie enter the ring while Rick wordlessly drops back to ringside and heads over to the commentary station...

DING DING**DDK:**

Looks like we may be having a little company on commentary in a moment, you better move on over and make room.

Lance:

Wait, why do I have to move over and make room, there's plenty of room here!

DDK:

Yeah, but I have seniority.

Green Reaper starts on behalf of Cerberus, meeting Nakazawa in the center of the ring. Sho comes out on top with a wristlock, but the Reaper counters with an elbow shot to the mid-section and springs into a backflip off of Nakazawa's head and neck, reversing the wristlock into an armdrag that whips him to the mat!

Rick Dickulous: *[off mic]*

...good for you, now GO FIND ME A PROPER FUCKING CHAIR!

Lance:

Ladies and gentlemen...Rick Dickulous. As eloquent as ever, ordering around one of our backstage staff.

The unmistakable sounds of a headset being put on can be heard momentarily.

Rick Dickulous:

Can you guys hear me? Yeah? Maybe?

DDK:

We can hear you, thanks for joining us here, Rick.

Rick Dickulous:

Your pleasure, Darren...can I call you Darren? In fact, don't answer that.

Greenie wrenches the wrist, keeping Sho down on the mat with a series of sharp kicks to the chest. He reaches back and makes the tag to Victor, who hops the ropes and drops a knee across Nakazawa's chest. He promptly yanks Sho back off the mat and throws him into his team corner, laying into him with a few stiff forearms before tagging back out to Green Reaper. Across the ring at his post, Nicky Synz protests to the crowd.

Lance:

Great teamwork by Green Reaper and Victor Vacio.

Rick Dickulous:

Oh, Lance...you haven't seen anything yet.

DDK:

Nicky Synz is looking for a little sympathy from the crowd as Green Reaper and Victor Vacio continue the assault.

Before leaving the ring, Victor takes Nakazawa by the arm and pulls him out of the corner before whipping him to the ropes. On the return, Green Reaper springboards into the ring with a corkscrew body press, dropping Sho to the canvas!

DDK:

JAW-DROPPING springboard press by the Green Reaper, making the cover!

One!

Two!

Kickout!

Lance:

Two count on Sho Nakazawa.

Green Reaper quickly gets Nakazawa to his feet and attempts an Irish Whip to his corner, but Sho reverses the whip, and buys himself enough time to make the tag to Nicky in his corner, getting a charge from the fans! The Reaper likewise tags in Vacio, and the two newly legal competitors meet in the center of the ring and break out into a brawl!

DDK:

Double tag, and now Synz and Vacio tangling in the center of the ring.

Rick Dickulous:

Jesus Christ, I swear I can hear the Baja Boys...

Lance:

The Baja Boys?

Rick Dickulous:

Yeah, remember them? Who let the dogs out? Come on, man!

DDK:

I have a feeling this is gonna be a new thing...dog themed jokes? Cerberus?

Rick Dickulous:

What? Are you fucking kidding me, Darren? Jesus Christ, can't a guy like early 2000's dance music? Everyone has a guilty pleasure.

Nicky Synz starts getting the upper hand, backing Vacio into the ropes and pushing him off to send him in motion across the ring. Synz likewise sends himself into the ropes, but Green Reaper tags him in the lower back with a sharp kick that drops him to his knees! Victor comes back off the ropes and clocks Nicky upside the head with a running knee strike!

DDK:

Knee to the head off the assist from Green Reaper, and here goes Victor Vacio for the cover!

One!

Two!

Synz gets the shoulder up!

Lance Dickulous:

Another near pin by Victor Vacio...

Rick Dickulous:

Oh, for FUCK sakes! Jeez, at least he stayed on top longer than I hear Darren does...from a "trusted source" in the back.

DDK:

What?

Rick Dickulous:

What?

A shot to the back of the head rocks Nicky as Vacio gets him up and makes the tag back to Green Reaper. Greenie posts up to the top rope while Victor hooks Synz from the front and lifts him up with a delayed vertical suplex. Green Reaper flies off the top rope, connecting with a diving dropkick to the elevated Nicky's ribs that drops him hard to the mat and rolling to the outside!

Greenie measures distances and runs into the ropes as Nicky Synz picks himself off the ringside floor and dusts himself off. He looks up in time to see the Reaper coming OVER THE ROPES with a plancha -- but his partner Nakazawa PUSHES HIM OUT OF THE WAY at the last second and takes the blow!

DDK:

Sho Nakazawa with the save there after an onslaught from Cerberus. It looks like Sho and Nicky need to get their heads above water and regroup here.

Rick Dickulous:

Speaking of being underwater, Darren, that just reminded me of a joke: what's the difference between a submarine and Lance's mom?

Lance:

Hey! Come on no--

Rick Dickulous:

I've never been in a submarine, Darren.

DDK: [poorly stifling laughter]

Oh....my....god.

Green Reaper pulls himself off of Nakazawa, but Synz is waiting for him with a RUNNING LARIAT that sends him head over heels and gets the crowd popping! Nicky rolls the legal man back into the ring, but by this time, Victor has come around the ring to join in on the fracas. Synz and Vacio begin trading blows as Green Reaper shakes out the cobwebs and gets back to his feet. The official patiently counts away...

One... Two... Three... Four...

Nakazawa finally recovers and pulls Victor away from the brawl against Synz, giving Nicky the opportunity to slip back in the ring at the count of five, but Green Reaper immediately meets him with a salvo of stomps of the back of the head. Greenie hits the ropes as Synz slowly works his way back to his feet. As soon as the Reaper returns, he wraps himself around Nicky's body for a headscissor takedown -- but Synz reverses it into a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker!

DDK:

GREAT COUNTER by Nicky Synz! Now he hooks the leg for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! That won't be enough to put the Green Reaper away!

Rick Dickulous:

Not even close.

Outside the ring, Sho Nakazawa finally gains the edge of Vacio, laying him out with a quick spin kick and jumping back onto the apron near his corner to make the tag in. Synz puts Green Reaper into motion while Li'l Nak hits the opposite set of ropes. The crowd pops when Nakazawa lays Green Reaper out with a springboard moonsault!

DDK:

MAGNIFICENT moonsault by Sho Nakazawa! Looks like this young Green Reaper is being taken to task, Rick! Nakazawa now going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!! Broken up by Victor Vacio!

Rick Dickulous:

Pure luck for Nakatomi.

Lance:

That's Sho Nakazawa, Rick.

Rick Dickulous:

Nakatomi, Nakazawa...what's the difference? I'm trying to make him relevant by adding in a Die Hard reference, maybe entertain people a little. What's your problem?

The heavy running stomp by Victor leaves Nakazawa rolling over, clutching his head in pain. The official immediately directs Vacio out of the ring, but before he can get there, Nicky Synz charges in and the two resume brawling! Synz again looks to get the upper hand and grabs Vacio by his masked head to throw him over the ropes -- but at the last second, Victor pulls down on the top rope, sending Nicky to the outside and leaving himself on the apron.

Green Reaper tries to get to his feet and make the tag, but is stopped by Nakazawa, who snags him by the leg. Greenie hops in place for a few moments before knocking Sho away with an enziguri, and makes the diving tag to Victor Vacio. The Reaper gives his Cerberus partner a nod, and Vacio promptly begins climbing to the top.

Sho rallies and comes at Green Reaper with a kick, but young Kabal acolyte counters with a dragon screw, keeping a hold of the leg. Li'l Nak has nowhere to go as he finds himself in position for Vacio perched on the top rope. Victor dives off with a Shooting Star Press that lands perfectly across Sho's ribs!

DDK:

CAUSA PERDIDA!! That may do it! Green Reaper is back up and keeping Nicky Synz from entering the ring as Vacio goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Dogs of War" by Savage Souls ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of the match, by pinfall... CEEEEEEERBEEEEERUUUUUUUUUSSSS!!!

Rick Dickulous:

And that's my cue, ladies!

With the clattering of a headset, Rick Dickulous leaves the commentary station and comes down the ramp to enter the ring and join the victors as they celebrate. Nicky has pulled Nakazawa from the ring and tends to him outside as the Kabal's newly formed Cerberus stand tall and triumphant in the ring.

DDK:

Cerberus with an impressive victory here, Lance. Thoughts?

Lance:

We've just seen Victor Vacio and Green Reaper in action, and as much as I don't want to say it, they might be the team to watch moving forward.

DDK:

Cerberus, folks...The Kabal's influence and power is clearly growing, and this COULD be the beginning of the end here for DEFIAНCE's tag team division.

FREEMIUM ISN'T FREE

The scene opens to a backstage hallway where Martin Evans-Everett VI (MEE6) and ALEX (formerly Alex Pietrangelo, whose name was cut to ALEX for short because Malak didn't like his last name) rest against production equipment, far away from The Comments Section's locker room. The scene is set before the main event of DEFtv 165 Night 1, where Malak Garland faces Conor Fuse. If Conor wins, the exclusive contracts tying MEE6 and ALEX to Malak Garland become null/void. However, if Conor Fuse loses, The Ultimate Gamer also becomes property of The Comments Section and The Snowflake Superstar.

MEE6 and ALEX are peacefully relaxing. MEE6, dressed in his blue spandex suit, has removed his blue mask and leans his head against the white brick wall, his short brown hair and tiny face squished together. ALEX, on the other hand, wears a navy blue suit, black and gold tie and white undershirt. The best looking member of all The Comments, ALEX is ready to provide the vital data/statistical breakdown to corporate later today, if this was indeed his job. He holds a clipboard, going through the recent Malak Garland trends on Twitter. There isn't too long of a wait before Conor Fuse approaches his former comrades.

MEE6 looks up first. Since ALEX is nose-deep in the data projections for Garland's next delectable tweet, Evans-Everett the Sixth nudges him.

ALEX's face lights up. MEE6, too, seems happy.

ALEX:

Conor, hi! Good to see you again.

MEE6:

It is good to see you, Conor.

Fuse takes a moment before smiling back.

Conor Fuse:

Hey guys, what's up?

MEE6 and ALEX look at each other. Concern crosses their face.

MEE6:

What's up with me? Man, what's up with you!? Your match is next. Dude, you didn't have to do that for us!

ALEX:

Yeah, you didn't have to wrestle Malak and put our freedoms on the line. Wow.

ALEX motions towards himself and MEE6.

ALEX:

We didn't know we meant that much to you!

Fuse shakes his head.

Conor Fuse:

You didn't.

But then stops to wink at them.

Conor Fuse:

Listen, I know we weren't best friends or anything but you guys helped me get so much attention. Who else brings a

“BOT” into a wrestling organization and asks for *ranks*? And ALEX, a W.A.R. analytical expert. Who does that?

Fuse pauses and points to himself.

Conor Fuse:

I do that.

MEE6 and ALEX seem appreciative.

Conor Fuse:

Guys, let's be real here. Martin, you were on the independent wrestling scene for a few years, right?

MEE6 shakes his head with vigor.

Conor Fuse:

ALEX, you had seven years on the independent scene. Seven. Injuries cost both you guys your wrestling careers. What was I gonna do... not offer you a role? Ended up working out for all of us. For a little bit, anyway...

Conor reminisces about the fun times they had when Fuse ran the Friendship Members League and acted like a kid trying to seek unlimited attention from everyone. MEE6 and ALEX, too, think back to over a year ago until Evans-Everett breaks the silence.

MEE6:

He's not that bad, you know.

Likely meaning Malak Garland. ALEX also chimes in.

ALEX:

Yes, at first I thought being in The Comments Section was awful but Martin is right. It's not the worst thing in the world. At least we aren't in The Kabal.

MEE6 laughs.

MEE6:

Conor, you didn't have to put your own career on the line for... us. We're forgotten characters, pushovers, NPCs as you'd like to say...

Fuse is having none of it.

Conor Fuse:

I *did* this for you but I also did this for me. I'm not the white knight you absolutely think I am. If this is what gets me a rematch against Malak Garland, so be it. And if I can rip two people out from Malak's team, even better. Is this career suicide? If I lose... is this the ultimate game over?

Fuse shrugs.

Conor Fuse:

I've been through worse.

The Video Game Kid stops to think about the statement.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, maybe I haven't been through worse but like any good gamer, I'll figure it out. I know I'm in tough. I know I could lose...

Fuse pats both MEE6 and ALEX on the back.

Conor Fuse:

But I made my snap decision. Now, it's time to Weapon Get and kick some faces in.

Fuse acknowledges his former guys with a smile. He snaps his fingers directly at Evans-Everett.

Conor Fuse:

!RANK

MEE6 is quick to reply.

MEE6:

Still #1, buddy. Always, always #1.

The younger Fuse claps his hands together, a throwback in his behaviour to more "annoying" times. Conor begins to walk towards gorilla.

Conor Fuse:

See you boys out there. Game hard, game often.

With Fuse out of sight, MEE6 and ALEX look at each other once more. Both of them convey a sense of worry.

MEE6: *[taking a deep breath]*

You doing it or am I?

ALEX looks rattled.

ALEX:

Rock, paper, scissors to decide?

MEE6 nods in agreement. The two remain silent for a moment.

ALEX:

It's gonna suck but this is the only answer, right?

MEE6 nods again.

MEE6:

It's the only answer.

BARELY ACTIVE TEAM vs. POWERGODZ

DDK:

Coming up next on Uncut is the team of No Fun Dean and his wife, Slightly Fun Jen against... well, we're not quite sure yet.

Lance:

Now, we know that in Defiance, anything can happen. But, like... you really need to tell us who you are.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, now in the ring and standing in at three-hundred eighty pounds... Slightly Fun Jen and Nooo Funnnn Deaaaannnn!!!

No Fun Dean is pulling back on the top rope, focused on the floor while Jen is clapping loudly and screaming to absolutely no response from the crowd.

The Lights Go Off!

DDK:

Apparently, some kind of technical problems here--

There is the sound of freezing ice, and at the top of the rampway is a giant block of ice.

V/O: *[in a deep, emotionless voice]*

Forged in steel yet trapped in ice... there are some amongst us who are not merely men... there are some amongst us who are not merely mortals...

Lance:

What the hell is this, and why -- LOOKOUT!

A giant lightning bolt strikes down from the roof and right in front of the giant ice block, which cracks!

V/O:

When war approaches, sometimes a higher power needs an army... needs a sentinel...

A second lightning bolt strikes down from the room, the the ice cracks some more.

V/O:

Sometimes this higher power is ZEUS striking down his fist...

There's a giant quaking noise - apparently Zeus's fist - that shakes the earth and breaks the ice some more. There are now clearly two figures behind it.

V/O:

And sometimes... sometimes it is the SPIRIT LORDZ from high above --

There's a bit of a buzz and murmur in the crowd, and some howling...

DDK:

Wait a second... this is sounding familiar...

Lance:

Familiar? Or completely insane...

A third lightning bolt cracks the ice some more.

V/O: *[in a now different voice]*

My father is Zeus himself. Upon my birth, after the ceremonial doves were released above the Parthenon, I was dipped in a vat of lamb's blood to cement me with the bod... of a god... for you may call me RYAN ORACLE!

There are some cheers from the crowd...

V/O: *[in a loud snarl]*

The Spirit Lordz from high above, they have spoken, and it shall be done! The primal beasts inside us all must be unleashed, but it must be harnessed by the only one who can channel the AGGGGROOO-INTENNNZIITTYYYYY to correct the axis of the eart so the sun shall rise in the west and set in the east, powered by Met-RX energy barz, but with the fuel that unites us all bounded by the code of FOKKKRUUCCCCITTYYYYY!!! AND AS THE YAK'S HORN BELLOWSS FORTH SHALL ARRIVEEE... POOWEEEERRR MASSSTERRRRR!

There are a series of giant horn bellows... and then one final strike of lightning, which shatters the ice... as the lights turn on...

V/O:

PowerGodz... TAKE NO PRISONERS!

♪ “Take No Prisoners” by Megadeth ♪

RYAN ORACLE stands to the left, with a long blonde mullet wavy/permed up top and cascading down to the middle of his back. His jacked, bodybuilder body is tanned golden brown. He's wearing gold wristbands, sky blue tiny pants, with the shape of the Parthenon over his crotch, with sky blue boots with gold fringe. Oracle starts pacing to the ring, holding up a giant black chain that he swings wildly over his head as he screams.

POWERMASTER stands behind him, his wild long hair hairspray permed down past his shoulders. He has painted on his face a gold lightning bolt with sky blue trim, his ripped body almost looking burnt it's tanned so much, alternating gold/blue arm tassels tied around his 32-inch biceps, sky blue tiny pants with a gold lightning bolt over his crotch, and sky blue/gold fringe around his calves as he's barefoot! He continues to snarl, as he finally starts running in place while raising his hands up and down faster and faster before sprinting past his partner, sprinting around the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from the womb of Athena and Parts Unknown respectively... this is the team of Ryan Oracle and PowerMaster... who when united become the force known as... POWERRR GODDDZZZZ!!!

Oracle slides under the bottom rope, swinging the chain wildly as Quimbey, Jen and Dean quickly scatter to the floor. PowerMaster pounds up and down the steps, into the ring, before shaking the top rope violently and then hopping to the middle rope and reaching to the heavens.

Lance:

What the hell is this crap?

DDK:

We haven't seen or heard from these guys in years! Ryan Oracle and PowerMaster, PowerGodz! And The Wrestle-Plex is about to explode as you can just feel the aggro-intenzity crackle throughout!

Lance:

Can you please explain the words that just came out of your mouth? I'm really lost here...

DING DING

DDK:

The bell rings and No Fun Dean and Slightly Fun Jen are both on the floor, their mouths dropped wide open, no idea what to make of Ryan Oracle, who is still wildly swinging that chain!

Lance:

I'm not sure how that is even remotely legal in any capacity - wrestling, or under common law!

DDK:

But here comes PowerMaster charging on the floor and they don't see him -- BOOM! Clothesline that makes Jen do a 360 on the floor! And BOOM! A second one to Dean who also does a backflip!

Lance:

And that also shouldn't be legal anywhere!

DDK:

PowerMaster now takes Dean and he is pressing him high over his head! He's stomping up the steps and is on the ring apron! And now he's doing reps with a human being! One press! Two presses! Three presses! And WOOOWWW! HE JUST DROPPED HIM RIGHT TO THE FLOOR!

Lance:

No Fun Dean is now having even less fun!

DDK:

Now PowerMaster reaches down and grabs Jen by her hair! He hoists her up to the ring apron! He has her and throws her over the ropes and almost to the entire side of the ring! Ryan Oracle is signalling for something as PowerMaster tags in! PowerMaster whips Jen hard into the ropes and -- OH WOW! SPINNING DOUBLE AXEHANDLE RIGHT TO THAT WOMAN'S JAW! HE CALLS THAT ZEUS'S THUNDERBOLT! SHE IS OUT COLD! And PowerMaster off the ropes -- BIG SPLASH! COVER! ONE! TWO! THREE!

The bell rings! "Take No Prisoners" by Megadeth plays as the crowd gives a huge ovation! PowerMaster remains in his pinning position and snarls as Ryan Oracle straddles his partner, who then begins doing pushups!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

The winners of this match.... POOOWEERRGODDDDZZZZ!

Lance:

I never trust any man who comes from Parts Unknown. But I do know this -- PowerGodz just but all of Defiance Wrestling on notice!

COCOON

After DEFtv 165 Night 1. We're in a long hallway - floors, walls, and ceiling all planks of clean cedar. As we fade in, two silhouettes - one significantly taller than the other - come into view.

Lindsay Troy:

Nice win today, Ocho.

Leyenda de Ocho:

Thanks, Miss Troy, it really feels like-

Lindsay Troy:

Hang on a sec. Henry calls me Miss Troy, and I let him, because he's Henry and that's our thing. We've been through enough wars together that he's earned the right to address me however he likes. We're not there yet. OK?

LDO reaches awkwardly and scratches the back of his neck.

Leyenda de Ocho:

Uhhh...sorry, M- Lindsay. Lindsay?

Lindsay raises an eyebrow before letting out a small chuckle.

Leyenda de Ocho:

Lindsay, OK. Hey. Thanks - it really feels like...hang on. I lost my train of thought.

Troy's arms cross. LDO looks lost in thought for a moment before catching himself in a brainwave of Read The Room, Dummy.

Leyenda de Ocho:

RIGHT. Anyway. It doesn't matter how it feels to me. That's not why you're here. I appreciate the encouragement, though!

Lindsay Troy:

How is he?

Leyenda de Ocho:

...the same.

Lindsay Troy:

Alright. Let's go.

LDO and LT walk down the long wooden hallway before eventually coming to a door with a big red cross sign in the center. LDO opens the door, and what we see is...well. How best to describe it.

A Henry Keyes-sized cocoon.

Head to toe bandages, to the point where the closest we get to seeing any part of the figure underneath is a small breathing hole where the mouth might be. Some kind of herbal haze is in the air and it seems to be emanating from near the head of the cocoon. The figure is reclined in a long cushioned bed. There's an IV drip in the left arm attached to a clear bag that reads "SALINE." The bed frame looks very Steampunk Chic, but it's not clear that any of the metal gears or piping is attached to the cocoon in any way.

Lindsay's eyes widen as she takes in the sight. She doesn't say anything for a moment, instead letting numerous thoughts run rampant through her brain...the confrontation with Lord Nigel Trickelbush, the challenge to Corvo Alpha she made on Henry's behalf, what she knows is about to come the next night with Dan. Finally, she looks down at

LDO.

Lindsay Troy:

And this is supposed to work?

Leyenda de Ocho:

Dr. Plague Doctor seems to think so. Iris has been in to see him, she doesn't really give me a lot of insight into her thought process though.

Lindsay Troy:

What do you think? Because I know Henry, and I know he doesn't exactly operate within the bounds of ... normalcy.

Leyenda de Ocho:

I've been around him for a few years now and we've certainly been through it...this one's new to me. He's always come back before, but...

LDO searches for more insightful and inspirational words that aren't coming.

Leyenda de Ocho:

This is bad.

A soft nod from the Queen. LDO's eyes are mistier than one might expect.

Leyenda de Ocho:

FUCK Corvo Alpha.

Lindsay Troy:

If Henry doesn't leave his body for the gators, I will. That I promise you.

She puts a comforting hand on LDO's shoulder and smiles.

Lindsay Troy:

I think I'm going to sit with him awhile, if that's alright.

Leyenda de Ocho:

Sure, sure. Can I get you anything?

Lindsay Troy:

Bring Helen in when you get a chance.

LDO smiles and leaves as we fade to ringside.

TA COLE vs. DOUG "MOONSHINE" MATTON

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

Lance:

That music can only mean one thing... TA Cole is set to square off with BRAZEN's Doug "Moonshine" Matton!

DDK:

Levi Cole and Ned Reform have been... is haunted the right word? I'm not sure. Stalked? Either way, Count Novick seems to have been sending them cryptic messages, and Cole told Reform earlier tonight that he's tasked with taking the Count out of once and for all.

The lights in the WrestlePlex take on a purple hue as the rock cover of Beethoven's classic begins to echo throughout the arena. Through the curtain walks TA Cole dressed for action in his purple and white singlet and wearing his white amateur wrestling headpiece. He's still wearing his trophy: the flowing red cape of the man he put on the shelf: Count Novick. Cole is all business as he marches to the ring, seemingly tuning out the jeers of The Faithful in attendance.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall... introducing first, from Omaha, Nebraska and weighing in at 265 pounds... T! A! COLE!

Cole briskly walks up the steps and hops over the top rope. When he lands in the ring, he immediately begins to run the ropes to warm up. As he runs, he unhooks Count Novick's cape and it flutters to the mat. He stops to grab the top rope and push himself off a few times as the Honor Society theme begins to die down.

DDK:

It was around two months ago on this very program when Count Novick had a match with TA Cole that saw Cole absolutely destroy the young man - and he's been wearing that cape ever since.

♪ "Workin" by Big Smo feat. Alexander King ♪

BRAZEN's resident drunkard, Doug "Moonshine" Matton, appears from the back to a moderate round of cheers. Matton plays to the crowd at the ramp, attempting to rile them up.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... weighing in at 233 lbs... DOUG "MOONSHINE" MAAAATTON!

Matton charges the ring! He slides under the bottom rope and bounds directly for TA Cole - catching him completely off guard with a big headbutt to the gut! Cole doubles over as Matton begins to unload with right hands. Rex Knox, surprised by the sudden start to the match, calls for the bell.

DING DING

Matton is off the ropes... Thez Press! Cole is down and attempting to cover up while Matton hammers him with rights and lefts.

DDK:

One could argue that Doug Matton kicked this off before TA Cole was ready - and he's taking full advantage of that fact!

Matton gets off Cole and yells to the crowd again, looking to rally some support. He's off the ropes and catches TA Cole on the rebound with a running bulldog! Cole back up - Matton with a body slam! Matton is fired up!

DDK:

Doug Matton headed to the top rope - we know that he's fond of a hurricanrana off the top and he may be looking to connect!

Matton is on shaky ground as he waits for Cole to stand. Levi Cole turns to face Matton, and "Moonshine" leaps off the top looking for his hurricanrana...

...but he's caught by TA Cole and DRILLED into the mat with a powerbomb!!

From there, it doesn't last long. Cole lifts him back up - German Suplex! Back up - another German! Cole heads to the second rope and flies off with a bulldog. Drags Matton back up - Red, White, and Blue Thunder bomb! Cole places a foot on Matton's chest...

ONE!

TWO!

- No! Cole removes the foot himself! He looks down at Matton and grins a not-so-nice grin.

DDK:

TA Cole is playing with his prey here - just finish it, Levi.

And so he does. He lifts Matton's beaten form up over his shoulders and stands - locking in his version of the Torture Rack known as The Letter Jacket. Matton almost immediately cries out his submission and Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Complete domination by TA Cole tonight, Lance.

Lance:

Every week he seems to be gaining more confidence. He's leaving quite the trail of bodies in his wake.

Cole's theme kicks in for just a second when he signals to the truck to cut it. He reaches through the ropes and is handed a mic. As Matton is discreetly helped out of the ring, Cole looks directly into the hard camera as he speaks.

TA Cole:

NOVICK!! I know you can hear me. Listen, boy - I'm not here for your spooky light shows, or smoke machines, or lighting effect CRAP... I want you to bring your stringbean looking ass to this ring right now so we can finish what we started. You had every chance to simply walk away after I took you apart last time - but you won't let it go, will you? So I say let's...

Cole is interrupted as the lights go out!

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

There's a cheer from the crowd as they recognize Count Novick's theme!

DDK:

I think The Count might be actually heeding TA Cole's advice!

Lance:

We haven't seen Novick on this program for months.

In the ring, TA Cole is looking to the entrance with his hands on his knees in a ready stance. However, a red spotlight suddenly shines down from the rafters... and it lands in the crowd. Sitting among the people is a figure with his back to us so that we can't see his face - but we can see his slicked back black hair and long, flowing cape!

Cole roars with rage as he jumps through the second rope and leaps right over the guardrail. He begins to push fans out of the way as he reaches the steps and begins to climb toward Count Novick. When he finally reaches him, he grabs Novick roughly by the collar and spins him around...

...but it's just some guy. TA Cole freezes mid-punch... confused. He releases the guy's scruff... just as on the other side of the arena, a second spotlight shines down on another figure. This one also has the slicked back black hair and a cape is drawn over his face, hiding his identity. Cole is pissed as he begins to run down the steps to get to the opposite end of the DEFplex.

DDK:

I... I think Count Novick's mind games with poor TA Cole are continuing.

Lance:

I think he's so eager to please Reform that he's not thinking straight.

And yes, of course, he FINALLY gets to the other figure - and it's also not Count Novick. The fans have a laugh at Cole's expense as Levi almost nearly punches the poor guy anyway out of pure frustration. On the DEFiatron, the following words appear in spooooooky lettering:

YOU WILL SOON BE GRANTED THE PRIVILEGE OF BEING THE VICTIM OF..... THE DASTARDLY COUNT NOVICK!!!

Still in the crowd, TA Cole can only seeth and shake his head in frustration at the message on the screen.

DDK:

I have to say... one more point for Count Novick.

Lance:

Maybe so... but eventually, he's going to physically confront him, right? I'm not sure Novick is ready for what the powerhouse TA Cole is going to do when that day comes...

THE SCOURGE INVESTIGATES: DESPITE ALL MY RAGE

Jack Harmen stands in the hallways of the DEFplex as a cameraman hurries up next to him, waved closer. Harmen nods to him.

Jack Harmen:

Aaron, have you...

Aaron King:

Broken out of the old DEF Archive. Like you asked. Heavier than I expected. What year is this camera from, 1997?

Jack Harmen:

No one will miss it. It's ours now. Give it here. What are you doing? Are you falling?

MULTIPLE BURSTS OF STATIC.

We see Aaron King's wide eye staring into the lens, trying to figure out why it won't work. He taps on the glass twice.

Jack Harmen:

Oh, the light! That worked. It likes pain.

King leans in and lifts the camera off the bench, hoisting it onto his shoulders. King begins to fiddle with the buttons.

Aaron King:

Why does it say low--

MULTIPLE BURSTS OF STATIC.

A brick wall. Just a brick wall. The lighting is a bit ominous due to the proximity of the camera to the wall, but that is not by design.

Jack Harmen:

So, this is modern technology?

Aaron King:

Yes.

Jack Harmen:

The best money could afford?

Aaron King:

You gave me a quiznos card with five stamps and a used tampon. So no. It's not the best money could buy.

Jack Harmen:

I want that Quiznos card back, if you didn't barter with it, I want it back.

King scoffs.

Jack Harmen:

So, how'd you get the camera anyway? What, did you steal it?

Aaron King:

Yes.

Jack Harmen:

Good

Aaron King:

I think Teresa was using it for some ASMR video.

The camera jerks.

Jack Harmen:

Did...

He clears his throat.

Jack Harmen:

Did you wash this?

MULTIPLE BURSTS OF STATIC.

Dark red hair hangs in front of the face of a grizzled veteran. Bulbous eyes, as he stares into your soul. Jack Harmen smiles down at you.

Jack Harmen:

Can they see me scratching my ass from this angle?

The camera shakes no.

Jack Harmen:

No? Good.

Harmen stands up, and now, in fact, all we can see is a nice crotch shot. Harmen walks back a few steps to stand properly in frame.

Jack Harmen:

So, I've been part of DEFIAНCE for... oh, how long has it been?

Aaron King:

Too long.

Jack Harmen:

Don't. Don't make old man jokes.

Aaron King:

Why, cause you heard 'em all?

Harmen grits his teeth.

Jack Harmen:

Listen, I've been part of DEFIAНCE for a long time, and no one has documented these, strange unexpected behaviors of some of the Faithful's favorite Saints. Like how Torvald can punch out a horse, I've seen him do it. Or how I've actually seen Paul Dunson cough up dust. He's like a mummy. Something is going on here in DEFIAНCE, and it's more than just the Kabal. The Scourge, I believed, would not only get to the bottom of these strange occurrences, but eliminate them. Now, I realize I must take up the mantle and do so myself.

Harmen stood tall, and cleared his throat.

It is here where Jack Harmen renders us with his best rendition of "Bullet with Butterfly Wings" by the Smashing

Pumpkins.

Halfway through the opening chorus.

Aaron King:

What year was this song?

Jack Harmen:

Shut it!

Aaron King:

I bet it's Paul Dunson's favorite song.

Harmen continues to serenade the Faithful. Until he reaches the chorus.

Jack Harmen (grunge singing):

Despite all my rage... I am still, just a rat in a cage.

Suddenly, CAGE of the Midcard Experiment pops up behind Harmen's shoulder.

CAGE:

CAGE!

Jack Harmen:

Despite all my rage...

CAGE nods and anticipates Harmen as he continues.

Jack Harmen:

I am still...

CAGE keeps nodding, even more excited.

Jack Harmen:

... Just a rat in a...

CAGE leans in, waits for Harmen, but when Jack says nothing.

CAGE:

CAGE!

It's here Jack Harmen attacks, suckerpunching the Midcard Experiment's mascot in the throat. CAGE doubles over, coughing and gagging. Harmen takes a few steps back, and rushes, hitting a kneeling CAGE with his patented locomotive.

Harmen gets up into the camera's face, screaming, blood capillaries about to burst.

Jack Harmen:

See! DEFIAНCE! That's how you get rid of filth. You draw them out and DESTROY! That's how you cleanse the world Faithful. One rotten core at a time.

Harmen breathes, seething.

Aaron King:

Hey, how'd you know he'd show up?

Jack Harmen:

That was the weird thing I was documenting King. Keep up. He always shows up when you sing that Smashing Pumpkins song. It's unreal... it's like his mating call.

Harmen kicks Cage once as he walks off, Aaron King taking a moment to film the fallen CAGE as he lays unconscious.

CRESCENT CITY KID vs. STRONG AF

DDK:

Welcome back to this action-packed edition of UNCUT! Coming up next, we have Gulf Coast Connection member Crescent City Kid going up against a powerhouse from BRAZEN, Strong AF!

Lance:

Strong AF, also known as Allen Fosters, was a former Olympic-level powerlifter and is looking for an opportunity to break out and tonight, but The Kid himself is coming off a solid win over Butcher Victorious just two weeks ago! Let's get to the match!

And in the ring, the crowd is jeering Strong AF, wearing a shirt that reads "I'd move my pecs, but I like this shirt." He's jaw-jacking with a fan at ringside that doesn't much care for the meathead.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is set for one fall! First, already in the ring from Seattle, Washington! Weighing in at 254 pounds, he is **STRONG AF!**

He whips the shirt off and poses with his great physique on display, back turned to the camera to show the back muscles. He gets ready for his opponent.

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied by "Wingman" Titus Campbell... weighing in at 183 pounds from right here in New Orleans... he is the **THE CRESCENT CITY KID!**

The duo make their way out from the back to a nice pop from the crowd, along with Crescent City Kid... wearing his mask and with a collection of beads that he takes off and throws out to fans in the audience!

DDK:

Theodore Cain not here tonight after that rough match with Tyler Fuse last week. We hear he may be cleared sooner than later, but right now it will be just CCK and Titus representing the Gulf Coast Connection tonight!

"The Wingman" Titus Campbell throws a few jester hats out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, Crescent City Kid gives his own jester hat to a young girl in the audience, then bumps fists with Titus before The Kid gets into the ring. He gives up some muscle to Strong AF.

Lance:

Here we go. Can CCK make it two in a row on UNCUT tonight?

DING DING

Strong AF looks like he's ready to fight. He starts to try and corner him, but CCK slips out behind him and then starts peppering Strong AF with the forearms. He keeps on fighting, but Strong AF BLASTS him with one big clubbing forearm and CCK is brought to a knee. Strong AF laughs and then pushes him to the corner before he launches The Kid high in the air with a big back body drop! CCK gets tossed almost to the lights before he hits the mat!

DDK:

Wow! Right away, Strong AF imposing his will! Titus Campbell is watching the match really worried for his friend here!

Lance:

And Strong AF... yep with the military press!

He holds him up for the military press and even does a couple of reps before he lets CCK drop to the mat face first! He gets pancaked on the mat and walks in a circle, pointing at his muscles and saying he already has the match won!

DDK:

No, kid, you only win the match when your hand is raised! Don't look past Crescent City Kid! Butcher Victorious did two weeks ago and it cost him!

The Kid gets bullied by Strong AF and then hoists him on his shoulders. He turns and rams him into the corner and then rams him with a series of deliberate and slow shoulder thrusts. The Kid gets the wind knocked out of him and then gets hooked.

DDK:

Uh-oh! Uh-oh! Strong AF looking for something big!

He tries to suddenly snap down for a small package...

Lance:

Crescent City Kid trying to fight... but Strong AF isn't going down for the small package. He reverses!

Strong AF hoists The Kid and then holds him up, but he slips free and lands behind him!

He's in the corner and Strong AF starts to charge... but CCK gets both boots up and kicks the big bicep of Strong AF before he can hit the running clothesline in the corner! The Faithful respond in kind as CCK realizes he has a chance now!

DDK:

There we go! Crescent City Kid finds an opening! Now where's he going?

He leaps onto the second rope and then flies off with a front missile dropkick, sending Strong AF back into the corner! CCK kips to his feet and then gets a running start to the corner opposite his opponent! Titus Campbell cheers on his buddy from the outside!

Lance:

Titus Campbell cheering on The Kid! The crowd is behind him...

He tries to charge at Strong AF... but he gets NAILED with a big running shoulder tackle when Strong AF hits out of the corner!

DDK:

No! Crescent City Kid takes a little too long trying to set up whatever he was going for!

Strong AF covers quickly, but lazily with just his weight laying on his chest!

ONE... TWO... NO!

CCK kicks out of the big move and Strong AF can't believe it!

Lance:

Strong AF should have hooked a leg!

Strong AF then decides enough is enough. He has The Kid on his shoulders, and walks around with him before getting ready for his finishing move.

DDK:

He's looking for the Deadly AF! This modified death valley driver might just do it!

And Strong AF throws him up... but CCK flips out and lands on his feet to the surprise of the crowd! As Strong AF tries to get up, he gets blindsided by a superkick from CCK! One kick isn't enough so he fires a second superkick and that blow sends Strong AF stumbling into a nearby corner.

DDK:

Amazing! Crescent City Kid fires off those superkicks!

Crescent City Kid waits for Strong AF to rise, but leaps off the middle buckle to land the CCT!

Lance:

Strong AF is down! The flying tornado DDT that he calls the CCT lands perfectly! He has him down... now where does he go?

CCK has Strong AF down and Titus urges him to go! He nods and then rolls out to the apron then climbs up top while Strong AF is still down. He leaps off and hits a high-elevation Hurricane Press!

DDK:

Hurricane Press! The diving splash connects! Is this it?

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ “The Saints” by Andy Mineo ♪

Crescent City Kid rolls off of Strong AF’s limp body and then celebrates another win!

DDK:

He did it! That’s two in a row for the Crescent City Kid!

Lance:

Great win right here! Strong AF looked like he had control for the match but the second that he made a mistake, CCK took advantage and won the match by blitzing him with a series of big moves to keep the big man down!

DDK:

That he did! Another big come-from-behind victory for Crescent City Kid tonight! Could big things be on the horizon for this young kid?

CCK leaves the ring with Titus Campbell carrying him on his shoulders! He grabs the Gulf Coast Connection prize bag and throws the remaining beads out to the audience as the show moves forward.

REAL

♪ “Cause” by Human Impact ♪

RRRAAAAAAHHH!!!

A DEF-ening pop from the Faithful fills the WrestlePlex. Wearing jeans and a gray “SEATTLE’S BEAST” t-shirt, the Favoured Saints Champion KERRY KUROYAMA steps through the curtain. The belt is proudly strapped around his waist as he peaks his fists over his head and poses for the screaming fans before moving over to the interview stage. Waiting for him there is interviewer Jamie Sawyers, along with head official Benny Doyle.

Jamie Sawyers:

Kerry Kuroyama! Thank you for joining us tonight! I take it you’re enjoying a much-needed break from what has been a busy schedule for you as of late!

Kerry Kuroyama:

“Much-needed” is an understatement, Jamie. A break from the action has been long overdue. But only for this week, because even after all that I’ve withstood just to stand here tonight, there’s still work to be done in that ring.

The crowd pops!

Jamie Sawyers:

I think we all know why you’re here tonight, but before we begin the proceedings, is there anything you’d like to say?

Kuroyama stoically nods. He leans into the mic while making direct eye contact to the camera.

Kerry Kuroyama:

First thing’s first. I have something to say to DAN RYAN...

The crowd reacts at the name drop. It’s divided, but still LOUD.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Last week, I learned first-hand why you are indisputably one of the most feared and dangerous athletes in DEFIAНCE history. But while that match may go down in the history books as a win in my column, given the circumstances, the victory feels a bit hollow.

He shakes his head.

Kerry Kuroyama:

A win over a former three-time FIST of DEFIAНCE should *mean* something... but you and I both know, Dan, that win was a fluke. I know you’re not happy with it... and frankly, neither am I. You deserve a rematch, and I deserve a chance to come into that fight fully prepared, to show you the full force of the STORM.

He requests the mic from Jamie, who hands it over and lets him roll with it.

Kerry Kuroyama:

So here’s my offer to you: Once I become the Southern Heritage Champion of DEFIAНCE...

He pauses a beat for a swelling cheer from the Faithful.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...you can call your shot, whenever and wherever. Although I can promise you this, Dan... the next time we meet, it’s not going to be so one-sided.

He begins to unstrap the Favoured Saints Championship from his waist. The crowd picks up in volume.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But that's a battle for another day. Right now? There's business to tend to...

Kuroyama holds the belt out in front of him and stares at his reflection in the face

Kerry Kuroyama:

A little over a year ago, my career was on the verge of ending... first by injury, then by choice. But I didn't surrender to the fear that my best years were behind me. I returned... stronger, more determined, and resolved more than ever to forge my LEGACY.

He looks out to the Faithful as he holds the title over his head. His eyes are tearing up.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Here I am now, DEFIAНCE! As of today, I have served this company as its Favoured Saints Champion for an unprecedented one-hundred and thirty-two days! I outlasted not only a consecutive four, but a grand total of EIGHT worthy challengers just to stand here tonight for this very moment!

KER-RY!! KER-RY!! KER-RY!! KER-RY!!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Regardless of whatever creeps and cowards take the other titles in this company, I want everyone watching right now to understand... THIS -- RIGHT HERE -- IS WHAT A ***REAL DEFIAНCE CHAMPION*** LOOKS LIKE!!

RRRAAAAAAHHHH!!!

Kerry gives the belt a lasting look... and finally relinquishes it over to head official Benny Doyle. He immediately turns back to the camera.

Kerry Kuroyama:

And I will soon become champion again... because I'm *banking my shot* for the Southern Heritage Title NEXT WEEK, at DEF TV!!

RRRAAAAAAHHHH!!!

Kerry Kuroyama:

SCROW, you creepy bastard... your days of embarrassing this company and the legacy of that title by calling yourself its "champion" will soon be over! I know you like to avoid confrontation as little as possible. But I'm afraid this contract is non-binding. You can either bring yourself to the ring next week, OR... I can drag your sorry, scrawny ass out there myself!

The Faithful roar in approval.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Either way, next week, I'm coming to claim the Southern Heritage Title, and bring the integrity of this company out of the Kabal gutter and back into the hands of the ***REAL DEFIANTS*** that make this place what it is!

The music pumps in as Kuroyama hands the mic back over to Sawyers. He holds up his arms in his iconic pose for a few moments to earn a thunderous ovation from the fans before heading to the back.

TYLER FUSE vs. FLEX KRUGER

♪ “Flex” by SIP ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... weighing two-hundred-seventy-five pounds... FLEX KRUGER!

The scene opens to Flex Kruger walking down the rampway for his upcoming match.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred-eight pounds... TYLER FUSE!

♪ “Machinehead” by Bush ♪

Fuse appears from the back in black trunks and black boots, eyes locked on the ring and nothing more. One of the quickest entrances in all of the sport right now, it doesn't take long for Tyler to enter the squared circle and let referee Brian Slater know he's ready.

DING DING

DDK:

Two guys who hit pretty hard coming up.

Tyler walks to the center of the ring and immediately pops Kruger under the jaw with a left fist. Flex stumbles into the ropes but then forearm smashes Tyler in the side of the head.

Fuse likes it, he wants another. Kruger obliges and gives it to him.

Fuse's face, which is normally expressionless, conveys a twisted sense of joy after Kruger crushes the side of his temple. This time, it's the elder Fuse who hits the ropes and comes across the canvas with a knife edge chop to Kruger's chest. Kruger fires back with a forearm smash; Tyler returns the favour with a knife edge chop. The two men go back and forth for a solid minute before Fuse works Kruger over with forearm smashes of his own. Kruger is stepping backwards each time, to the point The OG Player has worked the PCP member into the ropes. An Irish whip sends Kruger across the next step of ropes...

And Tyler connects with a mammoth powerslam.

DDK:

Incredible display of strength shown by Tyler Fuse, he's down seventy pounds to Flex.

Tyler applies a hammerlock to Kruger while both men get to their feet. Kruger tries to fight out of it by throwing wicked back elbows. He finds the side of Tyler's ribs a number of times, causing Fuse to break the hold...

However, Tyler is crafty. Fuse breaks the hold but doesn't break holding Kruger. Instead, Tyler slips around to the front of Kruger with a waist lock and lands a belly to belly suplex. Fuse holds on... as both men get to their feet, the former two time Tag Team Champion has another hammerlock on Kruger.

Fuse tries to escape, once again by firing elbows into Tyler's side but it's not doing the trick this time. Tyler is already thinking ahead. He walks both men into a turnbuckle. With the hammerlock still applied, Fuse jumps onto the second turnbuckle, leaps overtop of Flex Kruger and takes the bigger man's head with a bulldog.

DDK:

Not Tyler's finisher though, which still is a bulldog specific move. Tyler didn't get enough momentum to end the match here.

But it was never intended to. Fuse is like a leech. He's held onto Kruger the entire time and now applies an arm bar.

After a minute of fighting, Flex is in the ropes and Tyler breaks the hold. Brian Slater didn't have to count.

Fuse hurls Kruger into a corner. This time, however, after impact it's Kruger bursting across the canvas with a hard knife edge chop of his own to Tyler. Five more knife edge chops get The Faithful to WOOO and work Fuse into a turnbuckle. Kruger hip tosses Tyler out but the elder Fuse is up to his feet in a hurry and races towards Kruger again. Kruger moves and Tyler goes right into the padding... stumbles out and walks himself into a German suplex bridge into a pin.

ONE.

TW-KICKOUT.

Tyler's up to his feet faster than Kruger and drops a knee across the PCP member's chest. Fuse mercilessly continues dropping knee after knee to the chest.

Lance:

Looks like Tyler's found an opening here.

Fuse bounces off the ropes and clubs Kruger with a sliding forearm smash. Then Fuse goes right back to work on Kruger's chest.

Lance:

He's knocking the air out of the bigger Flex Kruger.

Tyler performs a deadlift on Kruger, taking him by the waist and returning the favour of a German suplex bridge into a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Fuse kicks Kruger in the midsection. He positions The Lord Paramount of Pectoral Perfection into a pendulum backbreaker, connects and discards Flex hard to the canvas. Tyler slips around to Kruger's other side and goes back to kneeing the man in the stomach.

DDK:

Tyler has shown the ability to really stick with things. He's trying to overwhelm Flex.

Fuse throws Kruger into the ropes but it's reversed. Tyler is turned inside-out with a strongman style clothesline, the clubbed shot echoing throughout the arena as Tyler lands chest-first on the mat. Kruger lifts Fuse and throws him into a high angle suplex. Kruger holds on, drags Tyler up and tries for another high angle suplex but in mid-air Tyler adjusts his weight accordingly and comes crashing down upon Kruger, grabbing his head and hitting a DDT.

Lance:

Real solid counter.

Tyler peels himself off the mat, an intense look on his face. The time of trading shots-for-shots is over. When both men find a vertical base, it's clear Flex is struggling. Tyler connects with a discus clothesline and then a fisherman suplex into a pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Fuse won't allow for the kickout to frustrate him. Instead, he drives more knees into the gut of Kruger before pulling the PCP member to his feet. Looking for a Russian leg sweep... it's Kruger who holds his ground and sends Tyler crashing to the mat instead. Kruger nods to himself, bounces off the ropes-

THUMP.

DDK:

Tyler Fuse with a solid looking exploder suplex on Kruger, using all of the bigger man's momentum coming off the ropes against him!

An equally impressive looking popup powerbomb follows.

Fuse holds on, drops to his knees and works his way into a choke hold.

DDK:

Kruger might tap here...

Lance:

He could pass out, too. Tyler's worked on knocking the air out of Kruger for the entire contest.

Kruger is struggling to make it into the ropes. Eventually, he gets there but Tyler's ready to strike once more. He drags Flex to his feet, snaps Kruger's head into a headlock and runs up the ring ropes.

The bulldog connects. Tyler hooks a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING**DDK:**

Another impressive victory for Tyler Fuse, although Flex Kruger certainly came to fight.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... Tyler Fuse!

Kruger tries to recover on the canvas as Brian Slater raises Tyler Fuse's hand and UNCUT goes elsewhere.

THE WORLD WE WANTED

The Guided Hand: *[voice modified]*

This was unacceptable!

We open to Crimson Lord and Ravanna staring at two separate screens on a large computer monitor. On the left is a red backdrop with a black shadowy figure, representing Mr. Fear. On the right is a white backdrop featuring a shadowy figure, representing The Guided Hand. These three are the 'heads' of the Cerberus while the monsters they created play under the same guise in DEFIAНCE and act as the muscle for The Kabal.

The Guided Hand:

These actions that you provoked, destroying our own base, Mr. Fear, you have strayed WAY too far off course. None of this was in our original plans - but yet you act of your own free will while rubbing the proclamation of 'One Voice' in our faces while doing so. This was NOT an action dictated by The Kabal, this was an action dictated by Fear and Fear alone!

The makeshift 'warehouse' that serves as a backdrop is adorned with several vehicles, duffle bags and experimental equipment. The remnants of the last remaining items that were able to be scavenged from the flames that just recently burned their homebase to the ground.

Mr. Fear:

Our plans were squandered the moment that Snake Charmer, Teresa Ames, wormed her way into our organization. The Book did not have an outline of how to manage both our Weapon and an Actress! You all know she played Jason Reeves like a fiddle - and now that he's fully back under our thumb, it was time that we eliminated any opportunity of someone taking him from us.... Again.

The Guided Hand:

And in doing so you squandered YEARS of work. Mr. Fear the motives you've had from the very beginning have always been that of a maverick. You don't listen... you never have... We should not have let....

Crimson Lord:

ENOUGH!!!!!!!

Slamming his fists into the desk in front of him, the might of Crimson Lord's anger shackles the scene into a dead halt. The oncoming guest 'Blue Reaper' stops dead in her tracks as she is carrying a box filled with items from the liar. Which she was able to rescue from the fire. The blue eyed Reaper stares at Ravanna who simply absorbs her Boss' demeanor while nodding at the masked rank and file warrior to march over towards her. Crimson Lord meanwhile addresses the two other members of Heads of The Cerberus.

Crimson Lord:

I warned you, Fear that Miss. Ames would be a problem. Yet we went along with YOUR plan. Now I am left with broken test tubes, no Black Death, and no Red Death! All because your little game had to proceed to the end. Without medical products our losses will be substantial. The product that funded this little operation of ours is gone! You have forced me to have to resort to other means to keep my House in order. So you have left me with the only chance to keep the money going to fund this little entrepreneur business we got here is by making sure Mr. Reeves KEEPS The Fist, and Scrow KEEPS The Southern Heritage Championship! When time permits eventually my Cerberus will take the Unified Tag Team Championships as well!

Mr. Fear:

This is the World we always wanted, Crimson Lord. A world filled with CHAOS!

The Guided Hand:

Your ladder you've built for DEFIAНCE to climb it's cracking at the seams.... The wood splinters and each step we take is going to be a potential falter. Execution is a priority and if you don't succeed Mr. Fear then I feel like you've led us down a path that will take far too long to come back from. Punishment for these setbacks will be unfathomable and you know this.... You forgot your pledge.

Crimson Lord:

Chaos is indeed the objective here, but our message must be sent by different means as well. The drugs we once had in our possession no longer will allow our firm grip on those that commit the chaos unaware of their actions. This new project of yours Fear, we will allow you to take. However, know that this is your second chance. There will be no third!

Blue Reaper and Ravanna reappear back on screen behind Crimson Lord, seemingly finished with the inventory sorting of what 'acceptable' items remained after Jason Reeves' chaotic actions.

Blue Reaper: [voice modified]

Anything else you'd like for me to do?

The modified voice of Blue Reaper seems to irritate Crimson Lord as he disconnects the signal from Mr. Fear and The Guided Hand. The highest ranking member of The Kabal turns and looks down at the small framed putty warrior and of course Ravanna who is standing next to them both. He looks into the box.

Crimson Lord:

Crap all worthless!

Looking back at the monitor where Fear once was.

Crimson Lord:

This new plot of yours Fear, it better bear fruit or you and I are going to have a confrontation!

Lord smacks the box out of Blue Reaper's hands and walks off quickly followed by Ravanna, all that is left is Blue Reaper looking down at some charred objects from the lair. One specific one is part of a globe that keeps having a color changing effect to it with static between each change, first to red then to blue, a few more switches and settling on blue.

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. ONLYFLIPS

DDK:

Tonight's main event on UNCUT is going to be an uphill battle for the BRAZEN team known as Only Flips! Kenny Yi and Lee Laz we have seen before but tonight they are looking at a pair of seven foot twins who have destroyed everyone who has been in their path since Acts of DEFIAНCE!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens were pretty confident in their chances to take this win tonight and they said it themselves earlier! They have beaten everyone from the Pop Culture Phenoms to Los Tres Titanes and tonight they are looking to continue their win streak! Let's go!

♪ "Rocket Fuel" by DJ Shadow and De La Soul ♪

The music plays and the members of the crowd familiar with BRAZEN cheer on the trio. One Asian-American in a blue hoodie, a Caucasian man wearing the same and a young blonde girl pointing at the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied by Liz Icarus, at a combined weight of 402 lbs... the team of Kenny Yi and Lee Laz...They want you to like and subscribe... ONLY FLIIIIIPPPPSSSSS!!!

Kenny and Lee both run to the ring and head inside. The crowd watch the young team hit the ring and clearly have their game faces on. When the music cuts out Ophelia Sykes appears on the stage.

Ophelia Sykes:

Ladies! Gentlemen! The match you've all been waiting for tonight! As anointed by one Tim Tillinghast ... The seven-foot SIX-STAR Main Event Monsters of DEFIAНCE! Big Money Max! Big Money Mason! THE LUCKY SEVENS!

The lights go and three numbers appear on the screen in the form of a slot machine!

7 7 7

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

The lights come back on and the twins put up "The Winning Hand" while wearing gold-colored capes that have a message on the back in red: MAIN! EVENT! MONSTERS! The Lucky Sevens quickly head on down to the ring and then shed them down. Ophelia Sykes stands by her guys as they each grab a rope. They get to the ring and climb over the ropes. The young Only Flips get ready to fight and the official starts to call for the bell.

DING DING

Once it rings, Max Luck goes right for Lee Laz, but he ducks and then lives up to his name. He does a back flip under the clothesline! Max looks shocked and then tries again with a big boot to the face when Laz crouches underneath that with a matrix evasion ... but Max angrily stomps him as he is down!

DDK:

Oh, no! One too many of those flips and Max stomps him like a bug!

Mason Luck watches his brother try and pick up Lee Laz ...

But coming down the aisle runs Titaness of the Los Tres Titanes! She slides into the ring and stands to the side of Lee Laz. Max Luck looks confused just at the fact that she's there!

Lance:

We're in the middle of a match! What's Titaness doing out here?

Kenny Yi and Liz Icarus both look shocked by the appearance of the Show of Force in the ring. She stands by Lee Laz.

Max Luck:

What the hell are you doing? Get out!

DDK:

Alvaro de Vargas and The Lucky Sevens attacked Minute and put him out of action! What is the meaning of this, though?

Ophelia Sykes and Mason Luck are all yelling at Titaness. She looks down at Lee Laz who is still trying to get up after being stomped in the chest.

Titaness:

I'm sorry.

Before Laz can respond, she DEADLIFTS him up before planting him with a huge release German suplex! Titaness looks at the other members of OnlyFlips, mouths another "I'm sorry" and then rolls out of the ring before Max Luck realizes what happens! just as Hector Navarro calls for the bell!

DING DING DING

Max Luck looks at the official... and the crowd cheers!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners as a result of a disqualification... **ONLYFLIPS!**

Lance:

OH, NO! She just cost The Lucky Sevens this match! They were crowing earlier about how they had this match all wrapped up before it started... and Titaness just gave the win to the BRAZEN team!

Kenny Yi and Liz Icarus both go check on Lee Lazz... who is still seeing stars, but raises a fist that his team did technically get the win! They celebrate, but the focus goes back to Titaness, who waves a hand and starts inching back up the ramp with a PISSED Mason Luck about to follow...

DDK:

This might have been a huge mistake! We have seen Titaness pick fights with BFTA members! Her feud with their former member Jack Mace most recently, but she might have bit off more than she could chew here!

She starts to head to the stage as Mason Luck gets ready to dish out a beating...

Until URIEL CORTEZ steps out just behind her from the curtain entrance, dressed in a sleeveless LTT shirt and black jeans... oh, not to mention holding a chain. Ophelia tries to hold Max back from where he is at ringside while Uriel and Mason go eye to eye. He looks over at Titaness and then hands over a lead pipe of her own.

DDK:

BFTA should have known that attacking Minute was going to have consequences! Uriel and Mason now going to blows!

Mason jumps on Uriel and tries to fight the Titan of Industry, but a chain around his fist knocks Mason in the stomach! Uriel batters him with a few more shots across the back!

Uriel Cortez:

YOU DON'T MESS WITH OUR FAMILY, ASSHOLE!

Max tries to help his brother and Titaness arms herself when DEFSec busts out on the stage and tries to break it up! Wyatt Bronson gets in between them as Ophelia Sykes tells Max to go!

Lance:

Los Tres Titanes out for revenge! Uriel and Titaness set this trap for The Lucky Sevens!

DDK:

Folks, we need to wrap this show up, but this issue between BFTA and Los Tres Titanes is getting heated already! ADV and Morrow aren't here tonight and Los Tres Titanes knew it! We gotta go! Good night and we'll see you on DEFtv 166 next week!

Uriel and Mason have to be pulled apart by DEFSec! Max tries to help his brother but in the melee, Titaness grabs Ophelia! She has Sykes over her head and THROWS her down the aisle right onto two members of DEFSec, knocking them down in the process of trying to catch her! Max goes to check on her and Uriel yells before HURLING a member of DEFSec himself! He leaps and tries to get at The Lucky Sevens with chain in hand as the show fades to black!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.