

METAL FEAR: GUNS OF THE GOD-BEAST

The text at the bottom of the screen reads: *"before the events of Conor Fuse vs. Deacon at ACTS of DEFIANCE"*.

Conor roams the WrestlePlex backstage, still stricken with fear he will be struck by The Mute Freak from behind... with a chair. A metal chair. Just like DEFtv 140. Hence the title, Metal Fear.

The Game Boy stays close behind. With a hulking 6'6" 330+ pounds of pure muscle to watch over, one could wonder what The Character Formerly Known as Player Two is scared of, even if he was to run into Deacon.

Conor Fuse: *[to The Game Boy]*

Shhhhh, be very quiet. I think I hear someone close by.

Unlike earlier in the night, where he ran into his brother, Tyler [seen on the pay-per-view], this time The Codebreaker is ready. He won't get ambushed again. Fuse looks at The "Mini" Boss.

Conor Fuse:

You know what to do.

The Game Boy says nothing. He simply cracks his knuckles.

Conor peaks his head around the corner and the camera goes along with him. That's when a pizza boy passes the hallway opening. Conor slithers back and the delivery man passes him and The Halo From Hell without even noticing.

Conor breathes a sigh of relief, like he *barely* escaped with his life.

Conor Fuse: *[acting tough]*

Pizza dude had 30 seconds before I beat him into a pulp!

That's when Conor and his partner spin around, directly into...

"OSU!!"

The Game Boy holds up a cardboard cutout of an exclamation mark above his head, to show a sense of surprise!

The God-Beast and his manager, Eddie Dante are standing right there.

Eddie Dante:

Ah, you there. Did you see a pizza delivery man walk by here? Our victory meal should be here by now.

Mushigihara:

Mmmmmmmmm. OSU.

The camera swings back around to Conor Fuse, who's mouth drops open.

Conor Fuse:

How can you eat pizza at a time like this!?

Dante and Mushigihara look confused while Conor continues his overly animated rant, complete with hands flying all over the place and the odd jump up and down.

Conor Fuse:

The Defcon is waiting for me! He could be anywhere! He's got a chair! He's gonna swing it! He's gonna crack my fragile little skull!

Eddie Dante:

...oooooooookay, and nobody told you that was part of the job here?

Mushi just groans while all Conor can do is blink.

Conor Fuse:

Part of what job? Hey, can I get in on some of that pizza?

Hearing another noise down the hall, Conor decides to grab The Game Boy by the arm and sprint off, worried for his life.

In the background, Eddie and Mushi face a nondescript delivery man, Eddie gleefully handing the deliverer a \$50 bill as Mushi takes two pizza boxes and walks off screen. Smiling at what is clearly a considerable tip, the pizza boy walks in the opposite direction, leaving Eddie alone... until he looks in Mushi's direction and shouts "HEY!" before running off.

Results

By the time Deacon had recovered from the low blow, Victor Vacio had disappeared, leaving only a manila envelope. The DEFiatron showed Deacon what he'd missed due to being focused on the massive Game Boy. Vacio slid under the bottom rope, dropped to one knee behind the Deacon, and leveled a solid crotch shot that sent Deacon to the ground. If that weren't enough of a message, clearly, Victor wasn't about to be as subtle about it - he would put it in black & white.

Of course, Deacon dared not open the envelope, not out there, so he carried it to the back, Magdalena and the referee helping him to the back as best they could.

"What is it?" Magdalena asked with a gesture to the envelope as soon as they re-entered Gorilla.

Deacon didn't even shrug, opening the envelope with a swift tear. Whatever **additional** message Victor had chosen to send him, it wasn't something Deacon could guess.

Until he pulled the paper out.

Jack's results.

Deacon's mind went blank.

"What is it?" Magdalena asked again, but the words didn't process. His only answer could be found in the Mute Freak's blood-drained face & dilating pupils.

THEO BAYLOR VS. "WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL

DDK:

Folks, thanks for joining us on UNCUT! Coming up next, we've got a battle between two of the heavier hitters in BRAZEN! We have the return of the LA native Theo Baylor coming up against one of BRAZEN's most popular men, "Wingman" Titus Campbell!

Lance:

Theo hasn't been around much since the dissolution of his previous stable. We understand that he spent the last three months training with wrestling Hall of Famer Sonny Silver in Seattle working on his striking game. He wanted to better himself and we'll see if that three months of training will help his game.

DDK:

Sonny Silver may be known to fWo fans like his fellow alum, Deacon. Big return for Theo Baylor so we'll see what the former World Trios Champion can do against Campbell! Let's get to the intros!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 270 pounds...

THEO BAYLOR!

♪ "Greatest" by Eninem ♪

The new music hits and out comes Theo Baylor not endearing himself to the fans as he mouths off. As opposed to the angry young man he was three months ago he was last seen on DEFtv, he is... well, he's mostly the same. But instead of the angry sneer he usually had, he has a smile like he knows something the fans don't. He has on the t-shirt of the Silver Lining Wrestling gym and then takes it off and tosses it aside as his opponent comes out next.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Miami, Florida, weighing in at 310 pounds... **WINGMAN TITUS CAMPBELL!**

♪ "Earthquake" by Labrinth feat. Tinie Tempah ♪

The Faithful give a cheer as Campbell comes out ready to go. While known as a party guy, the focus is all professional right now as The Wingman steps over the top rope, raises both arms and gets into the face of Theo Baylor who looks ready for a fight. The official for the match, Hector Navarro, rings the bell.

DING DING DING!

Theo goes right to big Titus and SHOVES him back! Titus is only slightly surprised by this, but he looks like he wants a fight as well and shoves him back!

DDK:

Wow! Titus looked ready for this! Both guys already swinging away!

The two big bulls are trading shots with one another, but it looks quickly like it's Theo taking advantage! He has a slight speed advantage over Titus and comes back with big body shots to back up Titus into the corner. Theo grins and grabs Titus by the back of his head before BLASTING him with a big Headbutt!

Lance:

Goodness! Is that what Sonny Silver teaches at his school?

DDK:

From what I've studied, his striking style is more kickboxing and elbow influences, but that wouldn't surprise me!

Theo has Titus rattled and takes a second to preen for the crowd, taking in the jeers. Titus quickly sees Theo coming and tries to catch him, but Titus gets a boot to his chest. Theo stumbles back, but then Campbell switches him around

and throws him to the corner. Titus is still a bit woozy from the Headbutt, but he comes back and hits a big Body Avalanche in the corner! Baylor gets rattled and then Titus whips Theo across the ring before Titus follows him in and hits a big Body Avalanche with that move!

DDK:

Wow! And now he's trying for Turbulence... no! Look!

He can't quite get Theo up for the Airplane Spin because Theo catches him with an elbow to the ear to get him down, then **BLASTS** him with a big Back Elbow! The blow actually knocks the big Wingman down to his knees while Baylor now laughs. He piteases Titus and starts talking trash to the big man.

Theo Baylor:

You ain't ready for me! Nobody's ready for me now!

DDK:

And now Theo Baylor drives him down with that HUGE Flying Shoulder Tackle!

Theo grabs him and wails away on Titus now with huge elbow strikes! The official almost stays away from him, but has to step in and do his job. The LA native backs up and then waits for Titus to try and get back to his feet. When he does, he catches him with another cheap shot from behind, sending him into the corner. He stumbles now and then Theo goes back to hitting another barrage!

DDK:

Wow! Theo has always been a vicious competitor in BRAZEN, but has been more of a "Bull in a China shop" type of style. These strikes look a bit more measured than they normally do. I think that striking training is paying off!

Lance:

Indeed! Titus needs to find a way out!

But he doesn't because Baylor grabs him by the neck and **CHOPS** his chest down with a move called Burning Pain! Titus is hurt while Baylor doesn't go for a pin, but instead is meanmugging with the jeering crowd.

DDK:

He calls that chop Burning Pain! That's what Titus has to be in! Baylor tries to get him... no! Titus back!

Titus fights back with a pair of rights to the chest, then knocks Theo back to the ropes only to come back and **DRIVE** him down with a big Full Nelson Slam! Titus scrambles back to the ropes, still winded from the blows he's taken, but trying to bear with it and fight. Titus stumbles back to the corner and then heads to the second rope before he flies off with a middle rope Diving Headbutt!

DDK:

Taking Flight! Now Titus for the win!

One! Two! No

Theo kicks out, but The Flight Crew are behind Titus as he tries to hook him up again for the double underhook. He tries to get him up for The Hook-up, but...

Lance:

Wow! What strength! He reverses with a Back Body Drop! **WELCOME TO LA!**

Theo Baylor catches him with another **STIFF** Running Elbow Smash! The blow rocks Titus badly and then Theo falls up with his signature Elevated Sitout Spinebuster! But instead of going for the pin, he stands up, grabs the legs and turns over!

DDK:

Whoa! Inverted Cloverleaf! Looks like he might have learned a little more on his time off than we thought!

He has the hold locked in, but Titus can't get anywhere! Groggy and beaten, Titus has no choice but to TAP TAP TAP! The bell rings quickly and Theo Baylor looks mighty proud of himself.

DING DING!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **THEO BAYLOR!**

DDK:

What a finish! Theo with that sick Running Elbow Smash and then follows it up with that Inverted Cloverleaf! That's a deadly finish from somebody that big!

Lance:

Indeed! Wait... who's that?

Theo Baylor is laughing up the damage done to Baylor, but when he looks down, he sees a man in a suit heading to ringside. The man looks up at Baylor and then holds out an envelope with a gesture to call. Theo looks at the envelope.

DDK:

Wait... that's... that the man who approached Alvaro de Vargas back at Acts of DEFIANCE! Ken Ellis, right?

Lance:

Yeah! He approached Alvaro saying his talents weren't appreciated... and it looks like this Ellis guy is approaching Theo, too. What do you think this is about?

DDK:

No idea, partner.

Theo looks at the guy somewhat skeptically, then decides to open the envelope. Whatever it is... it seems to have piqued his interest as the scene heads elsewhere on the show.

ASMR WITH AMES 4: CHAMPIONSHIP BELT TAPPING!

The livestream broadcast of another ASMR session with Teresa Ames starts. She sits pretty in front of her dynamically glowing recording equipment, stationed somewhere in the depths of the Wrestle-Plex.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

WELCOME to a very SPECIAL edition of ASMR with Ames.

Her voice fluxes with enthusiasm on certain words. The pupils of her eyes grow wide with joy.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Guess what I have!

She doesn't leave her virtual audience waiting for long before she holds up a coveted, sparkling DEFIANCE Tag Team Championship belt! If there was an audience on hand, a gasp of astonishment would take place for sure.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Now, I know what you're all thinking. Teresa, how did you get your hands on a championship belt? Isn't Malak obsessed over them and doesn't let anyone else touch them?

She smiles deviously.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Of course, rumors spread like wildfire and while Malak is very *protective* of his titles, he gave me *SPECIAL* permission to be with this tag team belt so I could make a very memorable ASMR session for all you lovely followers today.

Her salon-grade nails seductively caress the gold plated title belt.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Speaking of which, don't forget to send me donations. I accept e-transfers and I am currently setting up an OnlyFaithful account which will provide exclusive perks to subscribers.

She chuckles devilishly.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Oh, and, for the record, I am not just *anyone*. To Malak, I am his most trusted female companion. Therefore, I get special privileges and perks of my own.

Her voice trails off, leaving the many single men watching her video online to think suggestively about the two wrestlers.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Anyways, that's not why you're watching this video. You came for this. Let's get back to the belt, shall we?

Her gaze turns to the championship. It simply looks flawless in the staged lighting. Her fingers rub the crevices of the moulded gold plates like a model trying to sell a product on a shopping television channel.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

TIME TO TAP!

She gently taps the gold at first, which makes a tinning sound.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Music to my ears.

She begins to hum the song 'We Are The Champions' as her tapping gains vigor. The intensity of the tapping is picked up by her Blue Yeti microphone.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Euphoric.

She turns the belt at different angles so the camera can catch all the action. Teresa even turns the belt around, revealing its premium leather backing to her camera.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Look at this. That is Grade A quality leather. Lets touch it!

She has her way with the belt as the softness of tapping the leather is recorded.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Look at the stitching and these bolts that hold the gold plates in its place! Masterful craftspersonship.

Her words seem chosen almost too conscientiously as to not offend anyone. The Keyboard Queen slowly drapes the belt over her shoulder as she looks into her recording camera and winks while blowing a kiss.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Thank you for joining me on this LEGENDARY edition of ASMR with Ames. Remember, we have the belts. We are the team to beat. We are the best at everything we do. ASMR Champion. Tag Team Champion. We have it all.

She fake fist bumps the camera lens before signing off for another successful video.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Subscribe and stay frosty. Ames out.

The video ends but not before Ames gives the belt such a quick lick that it's almost unseen.

Epitome of Corruption

MAX DEF 2016- BACKSTAGE

Courtney Paz:

Hey, Mark!

We can see her target no less than five feet away stuffing an arena hot dog in his face, it's the referee for tonight's bout, Mark Shields. Courtney is motioning Shields to walk over to her, he politely nods accepting the gesture and walks over. Paz spins back around and walks back the same direction she came from with Shields in step.

Paz:

Listen. I consider you a fair referee. A man of integrity and so does James.

There's a fade and cut to the transition from the original clip. Courtney's hand pulls down on a door-handle. As she steps through the door first she also holds it open.

Paz:

Five minutes, Mark. Might be worth your while.

Shields steps through the threshold as Paz lets go of the door and when it thuds closed...

We transition to-

MAXDEF 2016- GRUDGE MATCH: PERFECTION VS. CODENAME: REAPER

FLASH IN

Perfection scurries to his feet keeping hold of Reaper's leg and steps over it....

DDK:

PICTURE PERFECT!!!!

Perfection is wrenching back the figure four lock and applying as much pressure as he possibly can. Reaper can be seen trying to pull apart Perfection's legs but opts to instead work his way to the ropes. James holds onto Reaper's foot and tries to stop him from scooting them near the ropes, it's an intense inch by inch fight.

Angus:

Get to the ropes damn it! I believe!!!!

Reaper is able to get one last scoot out from under Perfection and the crowd explodes as he is making progress to the bottom rope. Perfection is visibly pissed and is yelling at Shields while punching the leg of Reaper. Shields begins to nod and has positioned himself with his back to the ropes.

DDK:

Reaper is INCHES from grabbing that bottom rope, will he grab it or tap!?

Shields lowers his body and presses his lower back against the bottom rope pushing back and away from Reaper's hand. We can hear Reaper shouting loudly at Shields as Perfection in one last effort pulls Reaper away from the ropes.

Angus:

This is bullshit!!!!

DDK:

I don't know if Mark Shields knew that he was against the ropes or...

Angus:

OR?! NO! FUCK THIS!!!!

The crowd has turned from an eruption of cheers to an explosion of boos and jeers. In one last attempt Reaper reaches for the ropes but they aren't even close to being reached. A few seconds go by before he finally succumbs and begins to tap on the canvass, Shields calls for the bell and jeering reaches peak in the Wrestleplex.

Ding....ding...

Perfection has already rolled out of the ring and has made his way up the ramp with Shields following shortly behind.

Darren Quimbey (*barely audible*):

Here is your winner....PERFECTION!!!!

We cut backstage with James "Perfection" Witherhold and Lance Warner side by side with a crew of four to five of Mikey & Perfection's private security detail enclosing them. Witherhold is of course dressed in his tailored and custom charcoal suit, gold aviators with brown tints, and a gold watch that glistens every time he makes a hand gesture.

Lance Warner:

Many people watching at home now know what happened between Mark Shield's and yourself. They wonder if that, coupled with your actions in Acts of Defiance, suggests you're the same man now as then four years ago?

That makes Perfection's head reel back.

Perfection:

The same man? Are you serious right now? If- IF- Mark did anything improper why would he still be refereeing right now? If I was match fixing why would I get another contract?

Lance Warner:

Well, some would suggest that comes from your close ties with Mikey Unlikely and...

Perfection:

STOP! No. No! We aren't doing the stupid whataboutism today, Chance.

Security Officer:

Lance, sir.

Perfection:

Yeah, that.

The officer who chimed in nods in joy.

Perfection:

Fact is- I'm here, buddy. Whether you or those unkempt and flea ridden Unfaithful like it or not. Mark Shields still has a job. Do you know why, dopey? Because he did nothing wrong! I did nothing wrong! Neither then nor now. The end. Anything else? No? Outstanding.

Lance Warner:

I'm just asking questions about your motives, James...

Too late. Perfection has already walked off with posse in tow leaving Warner to just shrug at the camera with an "I tired".

METAL FEAR: GRAPE EATER

The night of avoiding The Deacon continues. Conor and The Game Boy got lucky to run into Tyler Fuse first. Then Conor got their stealth act together and they narrowly avoided a blood bath with the pizza boy. A God-Beast interaction followed (Mushigihara didn't seem right, at least Conor did not think so and Mushi's manager was a senile old guy, too) and here they are.

Shelter in place. That's the name of the game. Conor and The Game Boy have found a nice spot underneath part of the rampway. They are out of sight from everyone. Well, almost everyone.

Conor knocks into the camera.

Conor Fuse:

Owie! Dammit, camera guy. I know I told you to document this but you could've been a little further away.

Conor takes a moment and realizes there's barely enough room for The Game Boy down here.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, let's move.

They head into one of the electrical spots backstage which powers the DEFiatron (or DEFTron, or whatever you decide to call it today). Upon entering the area, however, a voice can faintly be heard.

"Mmmmmmmmm."

Conor raises an eyebrow. He does not know who this is!

"Mmmmm. Yeah, yeah."

The Game Boy gives a shrug.

"Gimme that, gimme that, extra extra."

Conor and The Game Boy decide there's no way out of this eventual encounter and they walk into the open space. There, sprawled out, laying on a stack of dead wires is a very large, round kid who fits deep inside the hole where the wires are wrapped in a circle. He wears black spandex but his gut is way too big and wobbles out freely.

To UNCUT viewers, this is "Extra Butter" Gilbert Rogers.

Conor doesn't know what to say. The Game Boy does not put the cardboard exclamation mark over his head, either. They just kind of watch in "awe" as Rogers appears to dig into his belly button...

And pulls out a vine of grapes.

The vine has approximately ten grapes on it. Rogers looks it over and licks his lips.

"Extra Butter" Gilbert Rogers:

Mmmm, yeah, yeah. Gimme that, gimme that.

Rogers proceeds to pick the grapes off, one by one and throw them in his mouth. Meanwhile, Conor's mouth is open from sheer shock while The "Mini" Boss, well, it's tough to make out how he feels given the face mask and all.

Rogers picks another grape off the vine, throwing it into his mouth.

“Extra Butter” Gilbert Rogers:

Mmmmmmm. Gimme that, gimme that.

Gilbert’s head slowly turns towards Conor, as his eyes simultaneously move with his head, like something out of The Exorcist movie. He “sees” Conor but doesn’t completely see him, either.

“Extra Butter” Gilbert Rogers:

Grape?

Conor’s first reaction is “hell no” by the look on his face. But as he takes pause to contemplate, he snaps back to The Game Boy and then to the round man. The Codebreaker shrugs.

Conor Fuse:

Sure. Hit me with one.

Rogers’ head slowly goes back to the grapes, eyes along with it, at the same pace he noticed Conor. In almost robotic fashion, Rogers plucks a grape and without looking, tosses it perfectly to where the younger Fuse stands.

Conor catches it and throws it in his mouth.

Conor Fuse:

Mmmmm. Not bad. Thank you, strange person!

Rogers is too preoccupied to respond. He’s trying to figure out which grape to eat next. Conor gives another shrug and they walk past the scene. Once clear of “Extra Butter”, Conor breaks the silence.

Conor Fuse:

I like that guy.

"MELLOW YELLOW" GEORGE OTHELLO VS. RHYS COLLINS

DDK:

Welcome to UNCUT! Our next match is going to see the debut of the young Welshman from Swansea, "Mellow Yellow" George Othello taking on longtime BRAZEN star Rhys Collins in what should be a budding technical contest. What can you tell us about both men, Lance?

Lance:

Well, Rhys Collins was trained in the Conclave, the same school that has produced the first BRAZEN Champion Reinhardt Hoffman and current DEFIANCE star Gunther Adler. Meanwhile, Othello came up in the Harold Ketch Grapple Arts Academy. The same place that has trained Jack Mace, "Bantam" Ryan Batts and of course, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns, considered its best student.

DDK:

Othello was supposed to debut on the last episode of UNCUT, however, big things are in the kid's future already! He's been named as the tag partner of Oscar Burns for our upcoming TAG PARTY II show coming up next week! We'll see what he can do in singles action right before that, so let's get to it!

And to Darren Quimbey we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is a BRAZEN Showcase match! Introducing first, already in the ring from London, England, weighing in at 224 pounds... **RHYS COLLINS!**

Rhys warms up in the corner and awaits his opponent coming out.

♪ "Mellow Yellow" By Donovan ♪

The light sounds of the theme song start to play and out from the back, casually strolling out and looking cool as a cucumber, The young 20-year-old raises a hand in the air to a modest amount of applause from the faithful and starts heading to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Swansea, Wales, making his debut... weighing in at 211 pounds, "**MELLOW YELLOW**" **GEORGE OTHELLO!**

Othello has on bright yellow wrestling spats with white wrestling shoes. The lean and tall Welshman heads to the ring while an inset video plays for his introduction.

George Othello:

Hey, all. Name's George Othello. I'm uh... well, big things are already in my future, it seems, eh? I'm teaming with Oscar Burns for his Tag Party II thing... I'm fighting Rhys Collins. Do I feel any pressure? Nah. I got this.

George is finally in the ring and puts a bright yellow mouthguard in his mouth while on the other side of the ring, Rhys is waiting for him to make a move.

DDK:

From what we have understood, for only doing this for about two years, he has almost a zen-like calm. It's like pressure bounces off him, but experience is another. We'll have to see how Othello does when the lights are on.

DING DING DING!

Referee Hector Navarro calls for the bell and the two lock up. Quickly, it's Rhys with the advantage when he goes from behind and takes Othello down to the mat with leg takedown. He rolls over and casually locks on a headlock like it's easy. He holds it and continues looking smug...

Until Othello slides out behind him! Before Rhys even registers what's going on, Othello takes him down using a big Judo style over-the-shoulder Arm Toss! Rhys doesn't even know what happened now when Othello is on him, trying to grapple with him around the arm!

DDK:

Wow! Big move and Othello is moving into a Cross Armbar... but Rhys to the ropes!

The crowd cheers Othello after Rhys underestimates him. Othello lets go much like his fellow Ketch Academy Graduates and backs off enough for Collins to get back up.

Lance:

From what I've heard, Othello is an experienced judoka before he got into wrestling. Black belt, even. He's managed to use that in his wrestling style effectively and has a Triangle Choke that he calls The Code Yellow.

DDK:

Impressive... and oh, come on! Othello tried to lock up and Rhys catches him with a cheap forearm to the face!

The crowd jeers Rhys as he levels the young Welshman with a Running Forearm Smash. Rhys smirks and then picks up Othello before he lets him have it with a barrage of Forearm Smashes in the corner. Once he has the kid stunned, he sets his leg up and pulls at it in the ropes! Othello tries to fight his way out, but another Forearm Smash catches him in the face and then Rhys hits a Dropkick to the knee!

DDK:

Nice move to the knee! Othello is now reeling!

Lance:

I know you're the play by play guy, Darren, but I know Rhys has that Inverted Deathlock finisher called The Collins Crank! I've seen it and it looks vicious!

DDK:

That it is! And now Collins with a Shinbreaker... then the Saito Suplex! He calls that combination the Rhys-plex! Could that be it?

One...

Two...

No!

Othello kicks out, but Rhys tries to grab his leg and turn him over into a Half Crab, but Othello kicks away using his free leg. Rhys fights back by stomping away at the leg and then trying a Figure Four, but Othello grabs his legs and rolls him up into an Inside Cradle!

One...

Two...

No!

Collins is back on his feet, but when he gets there, he's stopped with another kick to the gut and then a Bridging German Suplex from Collins!

One...

Two...

No!

Othello kicks out, but just as he does so, Collins tries to grab on, but when he gets there, Othello is ready and pulls him onto the ground and quickly locks in a Triangle Choke! The crowd cheers on the Welshman as he has it locked in tight, surprising Collins! He's on the ground and tries to fight his way out... but he taps!

DDK:

WOW! Quickly and suddenly! George Othello takes the win with Code Yellow!

Darren Quimbey: Here is your winner of the match... "MELLOW YELLOW" GEORGE OTHELLO!

Lance:

What an impressive debut win for the young kid from Wales! After Rhys got off to a rough start, he worked the leg, but one mistake let George Othello catch him!

George Othello dusts himself off and checks his knee to make sure things are still in working order. He gives the fans a polite bow before he leaves the ring while Rhys Collins is still trying to breathe, still wondering what just happened.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT TIGHT ENDS

Darkness shrouds the Wrestle-Plex parking lot. It is who-knows-what time of night as ACTS 2020 is in the record books. All the Faithful have gone home and it's very quiet except for a clinking sound gaining some volume. Malak Garland walks onto the asphalt, with five belts stacked on top of each other, over his shoulder. There's a few stray cars around but he knows his ride isn't there yet as he whips out his phone and checks his Uber app.

Malak Garland:

Ahhhhhhhh, fresh air. Surprised they don't make you pay for this stuff yet.

As Malak wrestles with his first world worries, he can't help but notice an idling black limousine a few feet to the side. What graces his vision greater than that is the one and only FIST of DEFIANCE, Mikey Unlikely. Unlikely walks up holding his FIST of DEFIANCE championship sans the case for the first time in a long time.

Malak Garland: *[Muttering to himself]*

Whoa, the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Malak doesn't want to get too close as he's clearly starstruck. They lock eyes, causing the Keyboard King to freeze like a deer in the headlights. A moment passes before they both just sort of glare at each other's title belts and nod as if they belonged to the same club. Unlikely smiles and Malak musters up the bravery to speak.

Malak Garland:

That your ride?

His weak voice is barely audible.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey Champ! Yea this is mine, unfortunately it's the best they could scrounge up tonight. I'm used to a 2018 or newer, I didn't even know they still had these 2015's in service! Sometimes you take what you can get, know what I mean?

It's at this time that a black Chevrolet Spark rolls up. A notification ding emanates from Malak's phone, telling him his Uber has arrived. The windows are tinted and it's hard to see inside. The driver is cloaked in shadows.

Malak Garland:

Oh.

Malak's head snaps as if he is coming out of a trance. His ride is waiting and not a moment too soon. He saunters over and opens the back door to the car. He thumbs his phone a few times.

Mikey Unlikely:

...That your ride?

Malak Garland:

Huh? Oh yeah, this is my ride. It's an Uber. All I can afford but I'm just giving it five stars right now because I hate feedbacking and if I wait, I certainly won't do it later.

The FIST smirks. He was there once too.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey, you keep doing what you're doing and you'll get to where you want to be. You've got the right attitude.

Malak nods to Mikey one last time before getting into the Chevy Spark and closing the door. The driver goes to confirm the destination but before he can, there's a knock on the glass. Malak rolls the window down and the FIST of DEFIANCE is at his window.

Mikey Unlikely:

Why don't you ride with me tonight? I'm sure we have some mutual interests.

Garland smiles as he doesn't know what to say. Overjoyed, he cancels the ride, giving the UBER driver a cancellation fee before hopping out. The scene fades as the champions get in the limo.

METAL FEAR: THE PHANTOM REIGN

The time is drawing near. It's moments before Conor Fuse takes on The Deacon. He and The Game Boy are near Gorilla but Conor is trying to hide behind a stack of tables. He's not doing a very good job because every few seconds he pops his head out to take a look if anyone is around. Plus, The Game Boy is standing right out in the open. It's not a great plan.

Conor Fuse: *[whispering to The Game Boy]*

Hey, just let me know if you see *him*, okay?

The Game Boy nods ever so slightly.

Conor Fuse: *[still whispering]*

I hope he doesn't show tonight, you know. Like, maybe he's forgotten. Slept in or something.

Conor hides his entire body behind the tables.

Conor Fuse: *[not whispering as much]*

Do you see anything, my little NPC Nightmare? Thoughts? No? Afternoon? Keep me updated over here.

Conor is not visible but his voice becomes louder and louder with each word.

Conor Fuse:

'Cause, man, let me tell you Game Boy, this has been one tough week. I'm sure The Defcon is out for blood. I know he is. He's an old guy, too. Old guys are all blood thirsty. Thirsty, thirsty. Hey, is anyone out there? Ya gotta speak to me, man. Ya gotta-

Just at that moment, the Southern Heritage Champion passes. Gage Blackwood can't help but get caught up in this nonsense, seeing a large man in a video game looking mask standing beside a stack of tables and what has to be Conor Fuse's voice from behind them... just getting louder and louder.

Tired of not getting an answer from his *own* Mute Freak, Conor sticks his head out and that's when he sees Gage Blackwood right there.

Conor lets out a very high-pitch scream, one that sounds nothing like his normal voice. Then Fuse settles down, realizing it's the SOHER Champion in front of him.

Conor Fuse:

Oh my goodness, Gage! You scared me! I thought you were *him*!

Blackwood scratches his head.

Gage Blackwood:

Who?

Conor nods.

Conor Fuse:

The Defcon!

Blackwood is still scratching his head.

Gage Blackwood:

Um, who the hell is The Defcon? That's a pay-per-view.

Fuse shakes his head no.

Conor Fuse:

No it's not. Deacon is the pay-per-view name.

Blackwood rolls his eyes.

Gage Blackwood:

No. Deacon is a *wrestler*. Defcon is the pay-per-view name.

Now Conor rolls his eyes.

Conor Fuse:

That's what I said. *Defcon* is the wrestler. *Deacon* is the pay-per-view. Are you hard of hearing Gage? Jeez!

Blackwood realizes there's no getting through.

Gage Blackwood:

So you're hiding from him?

Conor nods frantically and starts biting his nails.

Gage Blackwood:

Well, maybe if you kept your mouth shut for a change, no one would notice. I would have walked right by and not realized a thing... even with this *freak* standing here...

Conor doesn't look pleased but it's more of a five-year-old un-pleased look, meaning Gage is in no physical trouble whatsoever.

Conor Fuse:

That *freak* is my Game Boy!

Gage looks The "Mini" Boss up and down and then back at the former tag champion who's still trying to hide behind the tables but is doing a terrible job at it. It's rare for Blackwood to take pity on a guy but he clearly has in this moment.

Gage Blackwood:

Well, keep your mouth shut. Otherwise, I can't see you at all. It's like you blend in perfectly.

Conor's stunned.

Conor Fuse:

Really? Ya think?

Blackwood speaks with a hint of sarcasm but there's no way Conor is tuned-in to notice.

Gage Blackwood:

Really. You are truly camouflaged.

Fuse smiles and waves.

Conor Fuse:

Wow, thank you Mr. Gage Blackwood, the man with the name from the video game The Journeyman Project! You're terrific.

Going back to a conversation Gage and Conor had over two years ago, Blackwood thinks about reminding The

Character Formerly Known as Player Two this is just a coincidence but decides to pass.

Gage Blackwood:

Goodluck with your match.

Conor Fuse:

Thanks again! Goodluck with yours! You have the best and most scariest SOHER reign of all-time! You're just like your t-shirt says, SoHeR LiT!

Blackwood lets out a huff before leaving.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye. Also, if you see your brother, say hi to him for me. I love what he's been doing. Guy is so pissed.

And the champion walks off, leaving Conor to "hide" behind the tables.

Conor Fuse:

Hey Game Boy, just tell me when my match is, okay? Otherwise, I'mma stay here until then.

SCROW vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentleman this is the main event of the evening. Currently in the ring from Austin, Texas...BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

♪ Diabolical - Nyxx ♪

The lights turn off. A raven appears on the Defiatron first with a close up of its eye. It blinks a few times and quickly is followed by a collage of moments Scrow has been in the ring. From the strikes to said Defiants as Scott Douglas, Oscar Burns, Dex Joy, and finally, the kill shot to Carny Sinclair at MAXDEF! The various clips repeat after Scrow's logo flashes on the screen. The Deftron entrance video illuminates the stage where Scrow stands in a scarecrow pose. Scrow comes to life, he slowly heads to the ring staring down but his eyes look up through his burlap mask. Just behind him, his entrance video is on repeat.

Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring from the Fields of Torment ..."The Raven's Eye" SCROW!

The camera stays focused on Scrow's face while the lights flash on and off giving off a horror like vibe. He reaches the ringside area he walks toward the steps and climbs the steps. He walks the apron and pulls back on the top rope and launches himself over them flipping and landing on his feet in his scarecrow pose. Hologram birds fly from the ceiling and land on his arms for a few seconds and then fly off as he raises his head and removes his mask.

DDK:

Scrow looks like a totally different man here on Uncut.

Lance:

Sadistic comes to mind.

Butcher stretches with help from the top rope as Brain Slater calls for the bell.

DING DING

Scrow charges Butcher, he quickly moves out of the way and starts to unload on The Unhinged! Scrow quickly grabs Butcher by his long beard and pulls him behind him. Butcher clearly was not expecting that. Scrow throws swift kicks into the rib cage of Butcher. Mixed in with a bunch of chops, punches, and knee lifts. He ends his barrage with a snapmare! He quickly locks a headlock on Butcher. The Faithful continue to show their distaste for Scrow.

DDK:

Not many can in DEFIANCE hang with Scrow's striking. I could feel those blows from all the way over here.

Lance:

Scrow clearly is not working by the clock here.

Butcher turns to his side trying to twist out of the headlock and Scrow quickly drives his elbow into the spine of Butcher. Victorious shouts in pain! Falling face-first to the mat. Scrow floats over the top of Butcher sticking his hand in the mouth of Butcher and pulls back into a modified camel clutch. His knee is wedged into the lower back as he pulls back on Butcher. Brian is there to check if Butcher wants to give up. Victorious shakes his head. Scrow holds the hold a bit longer before releasing it only to leap up and drive his knee into the back of Butcher's shoulder. Victorious quickly grabs his shoulder in pain. Scrow picks up Butcher and lifts him up onto his shoulder and drives the new body part he just attacked into a shoulder breaker!

DDK:

Scrow is just systematically taking Butcher down.

Butcher continues to hold his shoulder in pain. Scrow stands up and looks down at Butcher with that same sick smile

that seems to be a pattern of his. Scrow waits for Butcher who uses the ropes to try and pull himself up.

DDK:

Scrow may be looking for The Raven's Call here!

Lance:

Butcher turns...he ducked it!

As Scrow spins around he grabs the back of Butcher's head and slams his face into a knee lift quickly followed by and lariat.

DDK:

FEARFALL!

Lance:

It looks like he modified his finisher as well.

Scrow covers!

ONE

TWO

THREE!!!

♪ *Diabolical* - Nyxx ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match "The Raven's Eye" SCROW!!!

Scrow looks down at his fallen foe, Brian tries to raise his hand but he quickly pulls away from Slater with an icy glance toward him. He walks over to the corner and motions for a microphone. A ringside attendee rushes to hand him one. He walks to the center of the ring and looks out into The Faithful in utter disgust, as his music cuts...

MESSAGE

DDK:

We haven't seen this side of Scrow since his debut against Aaron King. It appears he has something to say. Maybe we might get some answers as to why he acted the way he did at Acts of Defiance.

Lance:

If you think that you have not been following Scrow like you should have been doing. He is not one to just give answers to his actions...at least not right away that is.

Scrow with the microphone in hand stares down at an unconscious Victorious with that same evil grin he gave Dex when he refused to tag him in. He looks out into the Faithful who clearly turned on him once more. A few Faithful try to start Dex Joy chants but for the most part, it's jeering toward Scrow. He turns around to face the hard camera and raises the microphone to his mouth.

Scrow:

At Acts of Defiance, the man you so adore once again showed his true colors. Yet you people eat it up. Mr. Joy is nothing more than a glory hog! Dex knew Scrow was going to win that match without his help and he just could not allow that. His ego could not allow Scrow to do what he could not do and beat Angel and Aleczander...

He gets close to the camera.

Scrow:

BY HIS MOTHERFUCKING SELF!

Scrow backs away and thinks about his choice of words but then shrugs as if he could care less.

Scrow:

Aleczander said something that really struck a nerve with Scrow. On DEFTV 140 Aleczander told Scrow that Dex Joy's career was on the rise while Scrow's was buried six feet under! The truth was hard for Scrow to swallow, but he had a point. Something clicked inside of Scrow at ACTS. Why was Scrow trying so hard to impress you, people? If hopping around like a clown and egging you people on is what was gonna make you people like him, well then count Scrow OUT! Scrow is no goofball, NO, Scrow is a weapon! A Weapon that now has the safeties turned off, NO ONE is safe in this ring from now on when they stand across the ring from Scrow! NO ONE!

Jeers continue. Scrow notices Butcher finally moving and swiftly stomps on his face knocking him back down. He looks over his shoulder for a second toward the hard camera then turns to it once more.

Scrow:

Dex you are a sickness and Scrow will not allow himself to be infected by what you represent! Scrow no longer cares what you people think of him anymore. He is done being your entertainment of the evening. If you want your entertainment? Then watch one of the Biggest Loser's matches.

Scrow notices Butcher moving again he looks back toward him before returning to the hard camera.

Scrow:

Dex the next time you and he meet it will not be on the same side but opposite sides of this ring. It may be on a DEFTV it may be on a Uncut....hell it may be at Ascension. Scrow wants you to know this someday in the near future Scrow is going to make sure the infestation you have caused...

Scrow drops the microphone and grabs Butcher by the back of the trunks and his hair and spins him and throws him violently into the ring post between the top and middle ring ropes. He turns 180 degrees and charges toward Butcher. He dives through the top and bottom ropes with a floating dropkick slamming his foot into the injured shoulder of Butcher slamming him into the ring post with even more impact. Butcher screams in pain holding his shoulder falling to the mat. Scrow stares down at him with that same evil closed-lip smile once more. The Faithful have not stopped their jeering toward Scrow. He looks out into them and closes his eyes embracing the waves of hatred for him. He opens his

eyes with a cold blank stare out into the sea of Faithful. He walks over and picks up the microphone. Through the thickness of the jeers, Butcher's screams of pain are heard.

Scrow:

Scrow is ...

Butcher's yells continue...

Scrow:

Scrow is ...

Butcher's yells continue...

Scrow stares at Butcher who keeps interrupting him with what he has to say. Scrow drops the microphone again and grabs Butcher and locks in a rear-naked choke. Butcher is struggling to get free. It doesn't take long but Butcher passes out from the choke. Scrow throws him to the side. DefMedical rush to the ring with a stretcher trying to roll him out of the ring as Scrow sits on his knees with the same evil smile as before watching them try and get him out of harm's way. As they load him on the stretcher. Scrow hops to his feet, walks over to the microphone once more picks it up, and finishes his train of thought.

Scrow:

The VACCINE!

♪ *Diabolical* - Nyxx ♪

Mic drops once more. The camera zooms in on Scrow's face once more with that evil smile across his face as Uncut closes out.