

SHOW OPEN... AND A NEW HOST?

The screen fades up from black ...

Energetic music begins to fade up ...

A glitch effect, accompanied by a digital glitch sound effect ushers in the UNCUT logo with a slow dissolve.



The logo fades and on a black screen, words in white appear one at a time.

THIS.

IS.

UNCUT.

...

But instead of finishing out the usual show open, the show opens in the production studio. In the background, several of DEFIANCE's crack team of technical employees are manning the video screens in the background, monitoring the various programming. In front of them, a well-dressed white man with spiky black hair, a soul patch, and a fancy gray suit greets the fans with what has to be the most out-stretched smile on TV.

Chris Trutt:

Hello, everybody and welcome to UNCUT! I am this week's host, Chris Trutt... which rhymes with UNCUT! How about that?

Cricket chirps. He pauses with that same nervous smile.

Chris Trutt:

ANYHOOZLES... on tonight's show, UNCUT with Chris Trutt, we have all kinds of action! We'll be seeing the Southern Heritage Champion, THE Gage "The Rage" Blackwood as he has called himself before... see, fans, I've done my homework... in action! Will the...

He stops and checks his notes

Chris Trutt:

The... Soh-Hurrrr... be on the line? Oh! Short for Southern Heritage! That's clever! Hahaha.

He looks back up.

Chris Trutt:

We'll be seeing several of DEFIANCE's Finest... DEF-Finest! Boom! Nailed it. DEF-Finest in action, including "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez, Conor Fuse, Stalker and Raisin... Rezin! Sorry, I'm nervous! We'll also check on Lindsay Troy, Jeff Harvey...

Trutt scans his notes.

Chris Trutt:

Crap! I mean, Jay Harvey! Whew, that was a gaffe, that would be embarrassing to call somebody Jeff Harvey... we'll have a HUGE challenge announced for Ascension, all that and Levi Cole against Givip...

He looks at his notes again...

Chris Trutt:

GVP. And I'm fired, aren't I?

He points to the camera.

Chris Trutt:

All right, there you have it... and by it, I just need to clarify, "It" is the thing that lists some of the things that you'll see on this episode of UNCUT! Enjoy!

ROUND 2: FITE~!

Backstage, not long after the main event of DEFtv 143 has concluded, Eddie Dante and Mushigihara are walking through the halls of the DEFplex on their way back to Mushi's locker room. The God-Beast is furious at the way his FIST of DEFIANCE match against Mikey Unlikely ended, with the combined interference by 24K and the additional beatdown by Team HOSS. His longtime manager shares his sentiments.

Eddie Dante:

Yes, yes, I know, Mushi, this is unfortunate circumstances! You had him dead to rights... but...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

With a mighty roar, the monster lifts up a nearby garbage can and YEETS it for distance, growling deeply and viciously afterwards.

Eddie Dante:

Look. We can't change the outcome. But we got this match after you steamrolled Cristiano Caballero of all people! Once we get you facing high-caliber competition, and beating THEM, the higher-ups will have no choice but to offer you more opportunities for gold!

A low murmur escapes the God-Beast's curled lips.

Eddie Dante:

We'll learn from this. And adapt. And evolve. And conquer. Have I ever steered you wrong before, big fella?

A morose God-Beast shakes his head as if to say "no."

Eddie Dante:

Exactly. So we'll go home and rest, and tomorrow I'll give the board a call and ask them for a top-notch opponent we can hang on our wall like a trophy in time for Ascension. Savvy?

"Tough break, big guy. You almost had 'im."

Both men glance over their shoulders at the interruption and see Lindsay Troy approaching, on her way out for the night. She comes to a halt as the two of them are blocking her from proceeding, and it's a scene eerily reminiscent of the last time the three of them were in a hallway together, some five years prior.

At least, this encounter is off to a more ... cordial start. For now.

Eddie Dante:

Lindsay Troy... perfect timing. Me and the God-Beast were just discussing looking for someone to wreck on the next show.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, were you now?

She looks around Eddie and notices the trashcan and subsequent waste that litters the hallway up ahead.

Lindsay Troy:

That supposed to serve as a warning to Tim the N00b or...?

Eddie Dante:

Clever, but no. We're watching him as we are everyone who has come here since we last departed, but after that

spectacle that happened out there, I'm going to see about finding an established star for my God-Beast to face so we may rise up the rankings, and you just so happened to arrive on the scene!

A chuckle.

Eddie Dante:

I supposed you can consider this a formal challenge then, for... DEFTv 144?

Eddie Dante grins ear to ear, nodding towards the Queen. For her part, Lindsay matches Eddie's chuckle with one of her own, although her's is far more amused than Eddie's.

Lindsay Troy:

Mmmkay.

A grin accompanies the chuckle now.

Lindsay Troy:

We'll see if the big guy fares any better in his second try than he did in his first. You remember our first dance, right Mushi? I know Eddie remembers.

The God-Beast doesn't say anything; he merely stares, emotionless.

Lindsay Troy:

Picture it: DEF*MAX, 2015...the God-Beast versus the Queen...Eddie talks a bunch of shit beforehand, Big M and I throw a bunch of bombs at each other, but in the end the Monster finds himself slayed.

Dante bristles with annoyance.

Eddie Dante:

That was five years ago. FIVE. As wrestling goes, as you surely know, that might as well be EONS. Mushigihara has travelled the world since then; honed his skills, grown into his strength, and evolved into a walking engine of devastation! You saw what he did to Unlikely before those cowards came out and ruined everything; he is a THREAT, and you WILL see him as such.

Lindsay Troy:

Never said I didn't, Ed. Only wanted to remind you what happened the last time your big mouth wrote a check that your Golden God couldn't cash for you. But hey, guess we'll see how the chips fall in a couple weeks, yeah?

Troy turns to Mushi and tilts her chin up to him.

Lindsay Troy:

Make sure that engine's nice and tuned. Gonna have the whole world watchin'.

Mushigihara:

Ojou-sama.

Mushi's response seems to legitimately take the Queen of the Ring by surprise, not only because she understands Japanese, but because it's the first time Mushigihara has ever addressed her directly, respectfully or otherwise. For those unaware, "ojou-sama" is the proper way of addressing a Queen in the Japanese language.

Mushigihara:

Gonen mae to onajide wanai koto o yorokonde o mise. Junbi ya dekite.

Lindsay Troy: (smirks, knowingly)

Yes...we'll see what your travels have taught you. And mine as well.

She muscled her way between Eddie and Mushi and continues on her way.

Mushigihara:

Osu...

Eddie Dante:

Yes, Mushi. We'll be ready for her.

The camera fades on them staring at their departing opponent.

"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ vs. DAVID HIGHTOWER

DDK:

Hello, ladies and gentlemen, welcome to UNCUT for in-ring action and we have a good one coming up next. We learned as of this last Friday, "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez was cleared for competition after getting a fireball to the face a month ago against Alvaro de Vargas! Tonight, Uriel returns to action against BRAZEN powerhouse David Hightower!

Lance:

The Titan of Industry made his comeback in surprise fashion and put ADV right through this announce table, then laid out a challenge for Ascension to meet him one on one. Minute is still on the shelf, but right now, Uriel fights for the Sky High Titans. Let's get to the action!

And here we go to the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! First, from West Memphis, Arkansas, weighing in at 275 pounds... **DAVID HIGHTOWER!**

♪ "Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams Jr. ♪

David Hightower lumbers through the curtain and takes the stage as imposing as ever. Hightower adjusts that unforgiving chain around his neck and he begins his descent of the ramp, heading toward the ring. Once the mountain of a man gets there, he climbs inside and then puts the chain on the corner. He waits for his opponent... but first, a big pop for a familiar voice...

Thomas Keeling:

Ladies! Gentlemen!

The crowd gives a big cheer to the returning Thomas Keeling!

DDK:

Thomas Keeling is back! He was laid out by his son, Tom Morrow, formerly Junior Keeling a few weeks ago nursing a sore jaw.

Lance:

Did you ever think we'd see cheers for Thomas Keeling before all this?

DDK:

Nope!

Thomas Keeling smiles with the reception and a decent "WELCOME BACK!" chant.

Thomas Keeling:

Thanks, folks! The pleasure's all mine! First off, I'm sorry Mr. Hightower but you picked the WRRRROOOONNNNGGGG night to accept this match! Tonight, your opponent stands seven foot one... (Thomas holds the mic out)

Crowd:

AND A HALF!

Thomas Keeling:

He weighs in at 375 pounds! And if my no good bastard son and his band of thugs know what's good for them, they'll answer my client's challenge for Ascension or he'll BEAT an answer out of every last one of them! Please welcome... **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

♪ "Let's Go" by Run The Jewels ♪

Out from the back comes "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez... but not in a fancy suit for the first time in the little over two years he's been with DEFIANCE! Wearing tattered black jeans, wrestling boots and the new "Sky High Titans: Towering Over All Competition" shirt, Uriel storms to the ring and wants a fight. Once he gets to the ring, Uriel pushes the ropes down and steps over them. Hightower looks up, but he shows no fear of an angered giant.

DDK:

Here we go! Referee Brian Slater about to call for the bell!

DING DING!

Hightower attacks first by rushing right at Cortez with several big shots! He continues throwing them to the big breadbasket of the monster, but Uriel fights back and CLUBS Hightower with a few big knee strikes to the chest! He doubles him over some more and then grabs David by the neck with both hands, then CHUCKS him into the corner!

Lance:

Wow... I haven't seen Uriel get this aggressive in such a long time!

DDK:

It's true!

Thomas Keeling watches his client continue throwing knees to the chest of David, then The Titan of Industry pulls him into the corner. He holds up both hands... TWHACK!

DDK:

Chop Of Ages! Uriel just laying waste to Hightower, but he's not done...

THWACK!

Lance:

Another one! Uriel Cortez is playing for keeps tonight!

The crowd groans from the impact of the move as Uriel pulls him out of the corner and clobbers David with a huge Short-Arm Clothesline. The second he goes down, Uriel drops a HUGE Elbow Drop into his chest! Brain Slater ducks for a cover, but Uriel gets off of David quickly.

Lance:

Uh-oh. He wants to take out his frustrations on David. I don't know if that's wise...

He grabs the bald West Memphian and pulls him up, but he gets surprised when Hightower stuns him with a basic, but effective Jawbreaker. The blow stuns Uriel, then he gets rocked with a STIFF Double Sledge to the chest!

DDK:

Big move! He calls that Dropping the Hammer! Normally one is enough to bring people down, but not tonight!

He throws a second one to the chest, then rocks Uriel. Then a THIRD one! He stumbles to the ropes and when he comes back, David hits a HUGE Spinebuster that rocks the ring and surprises Uriel! It takes a couple moments for David to catch his breath.

Lance:

Goodness! Not a lot of finesse out of that Spinebuster, but he got Uriel off the ground and now he's gonna try and win this!

ONE! TW... NO!

He doesn't even get a full two-count as Uriel sits up and shoots a death glare right back at a surprised Hightower.

DDK:

Oh, wow! After all that, Hightower can't keep him down!

David goes right for the kill and goes off on Cortez with a few big rights to stun the big man while he's on his knees. Hightower hits the ropes and tries a move, but Uriel tries a Clothesline first. David ducks and hits the other ropes, but he doesn't expect Uriel to come off the other side with a MASSIVE Dropkick! The crowd goes crazy when Uriel sits up and smiles.

DDK:

There it is! The Biggest Dropkick in DEFIANCE!

Uriel rolls and slowly picks himself up while Hightower is still looking up at the lights. Thomas Keeling points at his target and Uriel nods before he charges full speed at Hightower and CRUSHES him in the corner! Hightower is about to fall over, but he picks him up first and then picks him up over the shoulder. He looks like he's about to hit an Atomic Drop, but simply THROWS Hightower across the ring with a massive toss!

DDK:

Atomic Throw! I think this one might be done!

The Titan of Industry looks out to the Faithful who want him to finish off Hightower. He obliges and then picks up Hightower, who surprises him again with a headbutt... but Uriel growls and STRIKES him with an even bigger headbutt of his own! Uriel grabs his head then picks up Hightower by the side. He goes up high over the shoulder... then gets SPIKED with a massive Waist-Lifted Side Slam!

DDK:

INDUSTRY STANDARD! This one is done!

ONE! TWO! THREE!

The Titan of Industry sits back up to his feet and then gets his arm raised.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner...

Thomas Keeling moves his way over to Quimbey and asks for the microphone. He gets it.

Thomas Keeling:

YOUR WINNER... **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

Uriel and Thomas celebrate in the ring a good singles victory with the Faithful!

DDK:

What a dominant win! David gave him a fight, but in the end, Uriel was just too much to contain!

Lance:

I gotta imagine that Alvaro de Vargas and Better Future don't want anything to do with... oh, no...

The crowd's reaction switches to JEERS when Ken Ellis walks out from the back and stands on the ramp with a microphone in hand. He taps the microphone in hand and then pulls out a folded piece of paper from his pocket. When Uriel tries to leave the ring, Thomas grabs him by the hand, pleading off-mic to hear him out.

DDK:

What does Tom Morrow's toadie want?

Ken tries to be as professional as possible, but the crowd continues jeering him.

Ken Ellis:

I have a written statement from the desk of "Brighter" Tom Morrow that I would like to read to you now...

The crowd jeers. Thomas rolls his eyes and Uriel is having a hard time from leaving the ring to go after Ellis.

Ken Ellis:

It reads as follows... "Uriel Cortez! We could have been great together! You! Me! Theo! Alvaro! Ruling the roost! Nobody would be talking about Team HOSS! They'd be talking about Better Future ruling DEFIANCE, but you had to go and ruin it by siding with that mental and literal midget, Minute."

Uriel wants to wreck him, but Thomas keeps him by the arm as Ellis continues reading and he jeers.

Ken Ellis:

"With that said... on behalf of my client, Alvaro de Vargas, we accept your little challenge for Ascension! Your completely unprovoked attack of my client will not go unpunished. The burns that you suffered from that fireball a few weeks ago is nothing compared to what you will go through when Alvaro has his revenge. You will be right back on the injured list trading burn scar stories...."

Uriel has had enough and climbs over the ropes. Ellis lets out a literal shriek and then starts turning tail to run behind the curtain! The Titan of Industry is already halfway up the ramp after him!

DDK:

Holy hell, I don't think I've seen Uriel Cortez run that fast ever! But there you heard! The challenge has been accepted for Ascension between two of DEFIANCE's biggest men!

Lance:

And what a grudge that's going to be!

Thomas Keeling waves to the crowd and leaves the ring before starting to try and catch his client as we head elsewhere.

IN MEDIA RES

BAM!

Where are we? We can't be sure - it's pretty dimly lit. What's going on? We can't be 100% sure of that either. All we can determine is this: we're smack dab in the middle of a fight. Not just a fight - but a full-on brawl. At least thirty guys spread around a dimly lit pub, throwing punches, throwing kids, throwing chairs - it's mayhem! It's chaos! It's... a DONNYBROOK!

How did the fight start? Does it really matter? Although maybe we can take an educated guess - because now into frame comes DEFIANCE's own "Black Out" Pat Cassidy, with his fists raised high. He's squaring off with a round-faced chubby gentleman with a backwards cap. Cassidy ducks the man's attempt at a punch, and fires back with an uppercut that rocks and drops the man. Satisfied, Cassidy smiles over the man's downed form. He looks up, his eyes go wide, and then he calls out.

Cassidy:

Newbludd! On your left.

Suddenly our focus switches to the bar where fellow DEFIANCE wrestler "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd is thoroughly enjoying himself as he repeatedly smashes another chubby gentlemen's face into a bowl of snack mix. Hearing Cassidy's warning, Brock snaps his head to the left and narrowly avoids a wild haymaker thrown at him by an especially greasy looking patron. Eyes wide, the greaseball offers little resistance as Brock grabs the back of his head and slams him face first into the bar. Letting go of both men, Newbludd locates Cassidy and gives him a big thumbs up.

Brock:

Thanks, buddy!

Before Cassidy can respond, Newbludd's expression changes from gratitude to surprise and he points a finger to an especially burly man charging towards Pat from behind.

Brock:

On your six, Cassidy!

In one swift motion, Cassidy bends down and surprises the charging man with a back body drop, sending the guy to the floor with a splat. Cassidy lifts the man up, grasping the back of his shirt with both hands. Cassidy turns to Brock, casually asking him a question as he sends the dude headfirst into the stomach of another man who was trying to catch Cassidy off guard.

Cassidy *[using the first guy as a battering ram to take out the second]*:

I've been meaning to ask - how are you planning on getting Morrow's crew off your back? Guy seems persistent.

Before Newbludd can answer, he's forced to take his attention away from Cassidy when a short man holding a pool cue above his head like a battleaxe comes rushing towards him. Easily dodging the man's overhead attack with a simple sidestep, Brock yanks the pool cue away from the man with one hand while at the same time grabbing by the face with his other hand to apply an Iron Claw.

Brock:

First, I'm gonna get my hands on Theo, and show him that taking me out is alot harder when you have to look me in the eye and do it.

Still squeezing his attacker's face with the painful clawhold, Newbludd kicks the diminutive man's legs out from under him and drives him hard into the tavern floor. Releasing his grip on the now unconscious man's mug, Brock rises back up and grabs a random beer off of the nearest table. Taking a swig, he wipes his mouth off and locates Pat in the drunken fog of war.

Brock:

Then, if Uriel hasn't already done it...I'll chop down the big man, Vargas. Which just leaves Sleazy Ken as the only man standing between me and Morrow. I think I can handle Ken.

Cassidy:

Well, remember - if you're ever in over your head...

Cassidy pauses for a second to dodge a thrown beer bottle.

Cassidy:

...you've got a drinking buddy in your back pocket.

Cassidy grabs a nearby nameless brawler and plants the man with a swift headbutt as Brock is suddenly bum rushed by two heavily built, and heavily intoxicated warriors. Quickly snatching the pool cue up with one hand, Newbludd grabs a barstool by one of its legs with his other and raises both up to meet these new combatants head on. Resembling a circus lion tamer, Brock keeps both men at bay by jabbing each with either the cue or the stool when they get within striking distance.

Brock:

I appreciate that, man. And hey, if you ever need a hand, you know I got your back. I dunno if I wanna join the Friendship League though. I dig that Trashcan Tim guy...

Newbludd suddenly moves in a blur, taking out one of his attacker's by jabbing him in the eye with the dirty pool cue and then cracking him in the head with it. Dropping the busted pool cue, Brock grabs the barstool with both hands and rams it into the other man's stomach. Doubled over, the man falls to a heap after Newbludd smashes the stool over his back.

Brock:

...but, what's the deal with that Conor guy? I mean, he almost cost you guys an easy win tonight.

Cassidy:

Conor's alright. A little rough around the edges, but I'm trying to help the guy. Get him to relax a little. Try new things.

Cassidy grabs a nearby brawler wearing a flannel shirt by the arm and flings him violently to the ground.

Cassidy:

I think we're close to a real breakthrough with Conor. He's about to turn a corner.

On the phrase, "turn a corner," Cassidy smashes a forearm into the flannel man's face

Brock:

Maybe so. Just be careful man, you might not like what's on the other side if he does turn that corner. Some people are meant to stay in their shell, if ya know what I mean.

Before Cassidy can answer Brock throws a hand up and tilts his head slightly. One second later, the faint sound of police sirens can be heard above the commotion of the bar fight. The wailing sirens grow louder by the second and Newbludd looks at his friend with disappointment in his eyes.

Brock:

Damn, I guess we better get the hell out of here. Shit, things were just starting to get fun!

Cassidy nods, looking around to survey the continuing melee.

Cassidy:

Yeah, the NOPD accommodations are far from five star. Trust me.

Brock and Cassidy turn to the exit - and to both their surprise, there is a rather large man standing directly in their path. Between the two Defiants and their hasty escape is a man as huge as any wrestler - and just as nasty. The big guy grins a toothless smile and cracks his knuckles as he eyeballs the two wrestlers, flexing his tattooed covered muscles. He might be the only man in the place bigger than our two heroes.

Brock and Cassidy turn to face each other - the unspoken question of how they're going to handle this hangs in the air. Cassidy shrugs, and Brock grins.

Brock [gesturing]:

After you?

Cassidy:

Age before beauty, my friend.

The two men smile and they both turn back to face the menacing giant - the only thing between them and sweet, sweet freedom. With a mighty yell, they both charge the man full steam as we fade to black. The last thing we hear is four fists meeting skin and a loud THUD as the man hits the floor.

HEAVY ARTILLERY vs. THE LOUISIANA BULLDOGS

DDK:

Welcome back to more UNCUT action! Coming up next, we're highlighting tag team action as The Louisiana Bulldogs go up against BRAZEN's most powerful force in terms of sheer physicality, the team of Heavy Artillery!

Lance:

On the BRAZEN Double Shots, we've been seeing Heavy Artillery rack up a lot of wins... enough that they appear to be looking for more opportunities while Louisiana Bulldogs want to put themselves on the map with a win tonight.

DDK:

Much easier said than done! Bobby Horrigan has really been taking to this new partnership with Roosevelt Owens and the two have been tearing it up, but Denver and Oliver Brandt want to stop their momentum with a win so let's get to the action!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is BRAZEN Showcase tag team match set for one fall! First, at a combined weight of 798 pounds... Bobby Horrigan! Roosevelt Owens! **HEAVY ARTILLERY!**

♪ "Momma Said Knock You Out" by Five Finger Death Punch feat. Tech N9ne ♪

The thundering theme starts to play and the lights flicker on repeat every three seconds between the colors of green and orange as two men stand on the stage. On one side, the 6'1" and 330-pound brawler from Boston, Bobby Horrigan. On the other, the 6'6", 468-pound big man from Georgia, Roosevelt Owens! The two simply nod at one another and then storm down to the ring slowly as the camera cuts to a quick inset promo by the men.

Bobby Horrigan:

Rose... you hear 'bout these two lads that want to pick a fight wit' us? Louisiana Bulldogs? We ask for competition and we get THIS gobshite?

Roosevelt Owens:

Oh, yeah, I know 'em... (scoffing) fuck 'em.

Bobby Horrigan:

Heh... you're a regular wordsmith, big lad. I got five minutes to give those pups a good stompin'. Let's get to it.

The two bump fists and leave the set before getting back to the ring.

The two men enter the ring through the ropes with Bobby posing in front of Big Rosey. They both raise their arms in the air in front of the other and then head to their corner as they await their opponents...

♪ "Born on the Bayou" by Clarence Clearwater Revival ♪

The Brandt brothers emerge from the curtain. As they make their way down the ramp, they smack hands with some fans before sliding into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... at a combined weight of 449 pounds... Denver and Oliver Brandt... **THE LOUISIANA BULLDOGS!**

As they get into the face of Bobby Horrigan, they don't back down. Hector Navarro gets between them as we go to a quick inset promo for them...

Denver Brandt:

Olly... I'm tired of being behind the eight-ball. They say this business is all about three seconds.... so what do you say we take three seconds and get a big win?

Oliver Brandt:

I say let's do it!

The two dab fists... then back to the ring.

DING DING!

Horrigan starts off for his team while Oliver Brandt goes in for his team. He tries to shoot for a single leg on Bobby, but the big Irish brawler stops him and snaps him back to the mat. Bobby grins then tries an elbow drop, but Oliver moves and then snaps on a tight headlock. He keeps Bobby grounded, but isn't able to hold on long as he lifts him up and over before CHUCKING him across the ring. Denver goes right back at Horrigan with a quick succession of chops, but Horrigan shakes them off and blocks one before throwing an open-handed chop of his own - extra stiff!

DDK:

Wow, that had some oomph to it!

With Olly hurt, Horrigan tries to go for a scoop slam, but Brandt slips out behind and Oliver tags in. Horrigan charges but gets caught by a boot from Oliver, leading to a kick to the gut from Denver, another kick to pop him back up by Oliver, and then Denver finishes the combo off when both brothers hit a Bridging Northern Lights Suplex! The crowd pops as Oliver leaves and Denver hooks for the cover.

ONE... TW... NO!

DDK:

Nice start by The Bulldogs and great double-team move!

Lance:

Here we go, though. Can Denver stay on him?

Denver tries to get Bobby back up and tries for a sleeper hold, but Horrigan bites down on his hand! Denver howls in pain as the brawling Boston-Irishman chomps down harder! Bobby Horrigan bullies Denver and picks him up over the shoulder then drives him to the corner. Big tag to Big Rose and the mass of humanity climbs into the ring. Bobby hits a scoop slam on Denver, then nods to Rosey. Rosey grins, then picks up his own partner and scoop slams him right across the body of Denver!

DDK:

Wow! That's a unique double-team! Heavy Artillery using their mass to get the advantage.

Lance:

And a HUGE Elbow Drop by Rosey after that! Cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Denver barely gets the cover up, but Roosevelt grins though it was a lackadaisical cover. Roosevelt picks him up and DESTROYS him with a huge open-handed chop! Denver is left hurt, then Rosey picks him up and simply throws him down with a slam near the ropes. Rosey then stands on his back against the ropes! And just to be a dick, Bobby Horrigan enters the ring and helps put a boot on his head! The official gives them until five and both big men break off

at four to return to the corner.

Lance:

They're picking Denver apart! My goodness!

DDK:

Oliver wants the tag, but Heavy Artillery have done a great job keeping him on their side!

Roosevelt tags Bobby and the Boston-Irishman climbs into the ring and lands a very low dropkick to the face while Denver is seated. Bobby gets up then mouths...

Bobby Horrigan:

HOW'S THAT FOR FLIPPY GOBSHITE?

Rosey reaches out a hand.

Roosevelt Owens:

Tag me, Bobby, I'ma hit a 630!

Bobby laughs and then tags Rosey while the crowd boos. Big Rosey measures his target by running off the ropes for his finisher...

DDK:

Big O... NO! MISSED!

The Big Splash misses! Denver moves and sees Oliver in the corner wanting the tag. Bobby yells at Rosey to get up and keep him from getting the tag! He holds his chest while the beaten-down Denver runs over and tags Oliver! Olly gets in and clubs Big Rose with a running forearm, but he doesn't fall. He runs again and hits another. Second verse, same as the first! Denver runs and Rosey misses both a clothesline then a back elbow, as Denver finally lands a low dropkick of his own to Rosey's knee, followed by a DDT!

DDK:

Big move by Denver! And now an ankle lock on Rosey! He's got him!

He has an ankle lock tied in tightly and falls back with a leg grapevine. Big Rose starts yelling out in pain! The mass of humanity tries to free himself, but he gets stopped by a flipping senton by Bobby Horrigan out of nowhere! The crowd grimaces when Bobby hits the move to save his partner!

Lance:

Great save by Horrigan! He just crushed Denver! Looked like a flip to me!

DDK:

And now Big Rose starting to get back up! Bobby goes back to the corner so he can tag in!

Denver tries to save his partner, but Big Rose is back up intercepts him by SPIKING him down with the Georgia Twister! The Black Hole Slam connects and then he boots him out of the ring so Heavy Artillery can focus on the legal Oliver. Bobby goes up top after Rosey picks up Oliver. He plants him with a huge Samoan Drop near the corner... then Horrigan comes off the top with a HUGE Diving Splash!

DDK:

Big Guns! That combo is it!

One. Two. Three.

Bobby gets up and both he and Roosevelt have their arms raised.

Lance:

I think Oliver just got crushed by Horrigan! He got beat up!

DDK:

Heavy Artillery have dominated again. They've been terrorizing BRAZEN and if they keep this up, they'll find opportunities sooner than later.

Bobby and Rosey bump fists and then dust themselves off before leaving the ring as the scene goes elsewhere.

'NUFF SAID

To the east wing hallway we go and into view comes Gunnar Van Patton. He curves the bill on his black, Grunt Style, trucker hat and slips it on, before starting down the hallway. His objective is a vending machine just around the corner that contains various types of energy drinks. One his extremely few guilty pleasures, the Lycan's thirst for a Monster energy drink is only surpassed by his thirst for blood. He pulls a roll of bills from his pocket and peels off a pair upon reaching the machine. In goes dollar number one without issue, but dollar number two puts up some resistance. Despite his trying to smooth it out along the corner of the machine, the bill won't go into the machine.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Fuckin' shit...

It doesn't take much for him to lose his temper, leading to him denting the side of the machine with his fist. Despite what they say, violence sometimes is the answer. The impact of the strike causes the drink he desired to tumble to the bottom of the machine. It doesn't improve his mood, but he swipes the can anyhow. He cracks it open and is just about to take a sip when someone calls out to him.

Jamie Sawyers:

GVP!

Van Patton launches the energy drink across the hall, not giving a damn that it splatters everywhere. He sighs and violently twists his head to crack his neck, before turning around. With a cameraman in tow, DEF's head interviewer confidently walks up to the Texan. The cameraman makes sure to keep his distance, after the last one who got too close ended up on his ass.

Jamie Sawyers:

Could I get a moment of your time? Word had it that you were dead, but here you are! Everyone watching would love to know more about you after your apocalyptic debut on the last Uncut.

Gunnar Van Patton:

No.

In the Lycan's mind, nothing more needed to be said. He starts back to the locker room, leaving Sawyers completely dumbfounded by that response.

Jamie Sawyers:

Wait... What? Are you serious?

Sawyers follows after Van Patton. He isn't going to give up so easily and hurries to position himself between the Lycan and the locker room door. The Texas growls and slams his right fist into the metal door, barely missing the interviewer's left ear, yet easily denting the door.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Stop me again while Ahm walkin' and Ahm gonna shove mah foot so far up yer ass, they're gonna find boot prints on yer tonsils.

That comment makes Sawyers audibly gulp, but he doesn't move. He is determined to get the scoop before Christie Zane does. Van Patton sizes up the interviewer, examining the pro's and con's of killing him in his head, before deciding that a fine this early in his DEF career would not be beneficial at all. It would surely put a dent in his beer budget.

Jamie Sawyers:

There's really nothing you would like to say to the DEF fans?

Gunnar Van Patton:

Ahm guessin' yer stupid ass didn't hear me first time 'round. I fuckin' said no. I reckon they get their fill of bullshit from the herd of braggarts ya'll got in this fuckin' place. Everythang ya need to know 'bout me, ya can learn by watchin' that rang.

Seeing an opening to probe like any good journalist would, Sawyers perks up and brings the microphone up to Van Patton's lips. The cameraman stealthily slides into position for a good view of the Texan.

Jamie Sawyers:

You mean your upcoming match with Levi Cole?

Hitting his daily quota for human interaction, the Lycan grips Sawyers by the collar of his button-up shirt with both hands, lifting him from the floor and slamming him against the locker room door.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Say another damn word and Ahm gonna remove yer head from yer shoulders. Now, yer gonna fuckin' move outta mah way. On yer own or by me crammin' yer bloody carcass in that trash can over there... either way, it's gonna fuckin' happen.

Van Patton goes nose to nose with Sawyers, growling loudly with an inferno raging in his eyes.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Answer this next question wisely, poindexter... we done here?

The interviewer nods in affirmation, the fear of God forcibly put in him. Van Patton tosses Sawyer directly into the cameraman, causing them both to tumble to the floor. The Lycan vents his fury on the locker room door in the form of a brutal kick, which opens it the hard way. He snarls down at Sawyer one final time.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Spread the word to that jezebel Zane and every other parasite. The next one of ya that even breathes in mah direction is gonna be pullin' that microphone from their fuckin' colon.

The warning is clear as a bell. Van Patton slams the door behind him, as he looks to prepare for his upcoming match with Levi Cole. Sawyers sighs, shaking his head in frustration. He turns to his faithful cameraman and helps pick him up from the floor.

Jamie Sawyers:

You okay?

The cameraman gives him a quick thumbs up, as Sawyers brushes himself off.

Jamie Sawyers:

Does DEF ever sign a Texan who isn't a complete asshole?

GETAWAY

Panicked breathing.

Hurried footsteps echoing through the halls.

The camera closes in on the source of the commotion.

One gofer for The Better Future Talent Agency, Ken Ellis, checking a corner and making sure the coast is clear.

Ken Ellis:

Oh, man... I think I lost him.

Ellis takes a deep breath. He didn't remember the halls of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex being such a maze. The gofer's phone starts vibrating in his breast pocket and he whips it out to answer.

Ken Ellis:

Boss? Yeah! Message delivered loud and clear.... Okay, okay, I'll meet you in the parking I...

Ellis' eyes go wide. The color drains from his face when he sees the other end of the hallway and sees "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez with Thomas not far behind him.

Uriel Cortez:

ELLIS!

Ken runs right by his phone and keeps on running down the hall until he finds himself heading towards the parking lot. He bursts through the double doors in a panic and tries to catch his breath.

Ken Ellis:

Come on, come on, come on... boss, where are you?

He scans the parking lot, then keeps an eye out for his getaway car...

Scratch that...

Getaway limo.

Ken Ellis:

Oh, thank G... aahhhh!

He stops cold when a massive hand is now wrapped around his throat right as he let his guard down. The limo pulls up just as Uriel Cortez and finally, Thomas Keeling follow not far behind.

Thomas Keeling:

(Huffing) Uriel... slow do...

He looks up and sees Uriel looking right at the limo as its back window rolls down. Alvaro de Vargas peers his head out the limo window while the sunroof opens and Tom Morrow stares down the giant. Uriel growls with his massive mitt still wrapped around Ellis' throat.

Tom Morrow:

Hey! Let go of my toadie! You got your match at Ascension!

Thomas Keeling shakes his head.

Thomas Keeling:

You miserable little pissant...

Uriel points a free hand at Alvaro de Vargas.

Uriel Cortez:

I want HIM... right now.

ADV grins and starts getting ready to get out.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Heh... I'll light your ass up a second time, pendejo. Let's do this...

Uriel drops Ellis and the toadie goes scrambling towards the opposite side of the limo. Better Future's security, Theo Baylor, pops the door open and pulls Ellis in. As soon as he's inside, ADV is about to step out of his side when Morrow shouts.

Tom Morrow:

No, Alvaro! Better Future doesn't fight unless somebody's paying for it to happen.

De Vargas growls and rethinks it, but they all get interrupted when a bottle goes flying, SMASHING into little pieces against the hood of the limo! In another panic, Morrow slaps his hand on the roof.

Tom Morrow:

DRIVE! DRIVE NOW!

As soon as the words come out of his mouth, the limo speeds off now, and Uriel Cortez doesn't take his eyes off Alvaro flipping the bird while laughing as they fly out into the night. The Titan of Industry watches them leave, but then his eyes turn towards the person who threw the bottle.

Brock Newbludd.

Standing with what was a six pack of beer in one hand, Brock glares in disgust at the escaping limo and grabs another bottle of brew. Twisting the top off, he turns his attention to Cortez and Keeling and grins at them before taking a swig.

Brock Newbludd:

Sorry fellas, I guess the ol' cannon ain't what it used to be. Man... I was really looking forward to seeing that bottle bounce off of Morrow's dome!

Walking up to the imposing seven footer and his mentor, Brock sets the sixer down between his feet and eyes up the mountain of man towering over him.

Brock Newbludd:

Thanks for the save earlier tonight, big guy. I gotta say, you putting Vargas through that table like the sack of shit he is was pretty damn impressive.

Cortez acknowledges Brock with a curt nod. Thomas Keeling walks over and offers Brock a hand.

Thomas Keeling:

Mister Newbludd. Pleasure to make your acquaintance... I am sorry it isn't under better circumstances. I've heard what my son has been doing to try and sign you and I'm sorry that you're even involved in this mess.

Cortez snorts.

Uriel Cortez:

I'm sorry I didn't get to finish de Vargas. Ascension isn't getting here fast enough.

Looking first to Keeling and then to Cortez, Newbludd shrugs his shoulders and takes another swig of his beer.

Brock Newbludd:

Hey, don't sweat it, fellas! Those shitheads can't run forever, not with me and the big man here breathing down their necks. Whether it's Ascension or sooner, we'll make sure that Better Future has no future, catch my drift?

Cortez signals to Brock.

Uriel Cortez:

They're gonna pay for what they did to Mateo, that they can be sure of.

Brock reaches into the six pack and offers two beers, one to Thomas and Uriel each. Thomas shakes a hand.

Thomas Keeling:

I'm more of a red wine, guy, but thank you.

Brock shrugs, but Uriel reaches over and takes BOTH for himself, somewhat surprising both Brock and Thomas.

Uriel Cortez:

...What? I've had my face partially set fire to. I've earned these.

CONOR FUSE vs. TITUS CAMPBELL

The scene jumps to Lance Warner behind a DEFtv backdrop.

Lance:

Folks, up next we have Conor Fuse vs. Titus Campbell. This was originally a dark match before DEFtv 143, where Conor demanded a tune-up battle before he and his Friendship League Members took on Gulf Coast. Additionally, this was right before Patrick Cassidy and Trashcan Tim arrived at the arena and as you'll be able to tell, we were working with half capacity because the doors had just opened! Anyway, the match should explain itself. Let's go there now!

The scene jumps to the ring, with Titus Campbell already standing there waiting.

♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, weighing in at two-hundred pounds... he is The Character Formerly Known as Player Two... I'm also being told he is The Codebreaker and the newly dubbed Best Pout Machine... he is a former Tag Team Achievement specialist and the Power-Up King with more than five-hundred power-ups including but not limited to... MUSHROOMS, FIRE FLOWERS and the always dreaded GAME SHARK! He is THE LOCKER ROOM LEADER and FOUNDER of the Friendship Members League... [stops to take a short breath]... CONOR FUUUUUUUUSE!

DDK:

Should I even comment on this?

Lance:

I wouldn't.

Conor comes racing out, hands held high as The Game Boy lags behind. Fuse is all happy and skippy as he makes his way down to the ring.

DDK:

I overheard Conor backstage before we got out here, Lance. He did NOT seem happy he was taking on a BRAZEN talent. Not at all!

Lance:

That's what the commotion was about? Hmm. Well, I do remember a few months ago Conor was trying to write off wrestling BRAZEN talent, deeming them below him and almost making a challenge at the time for what sounded like the Southern Heritage Championship!

DDK:

Yes and then thankfully Magdalena interrupted. Wow, time flies. That was more than two months ago!

Lance:

Well, anyway, Conor looks in high spirits. Maybe he's forgotten all about it.

Fuse jumps onto the apron and then clears the ropes by leaping over them, too. He waves to referee Mark Shields while Conor rests in a corner. The theme song dies down and Shields calls for the bell!

DING DING

DDK:

Here we... go?

Not exactly. Conor strolls up to Mark Shields and starts asking him questions.

Conor Fuse:

Hey Marky-Mark. How ya doing this fine evening?

Shields smiles and pats Conor on the shoulder.

Mark Shields:

Oh, I'm doing alright. Did you want to see some memes?

Shields starts digging into his referee pockets for his phone... Conor, however, reassures Mark by shaking his head no and placing a hand on his shoulder.

Conor Fuse:

No that's quite okay. Thank you, though. I was wondering... I saw you leave the arena last week in some weird... uh, red Honda Fit was it? What was that all about?

Meanwhile, as Titus Campbell waits to get his hands on Conor Fuse, he doesn't see The Game Boy get on the apron, walk over the top rope and impose himself from behind.

Titus Campbell is no push-over, either. He's an inch TALLER than The Game Boy... just not as roided out...

The Mini Boss spins Campbell around...

THUMP.

DDK:

Oh C'MON! Game Boy with a cheap shot! This is happening too many times!

Mark Shields: *[answering Conor]*

Well, that's a funny story because-

Once Conor notices Titus is dead to rights on the canvas and The Game Boy is out of the ring, he cuts the referee off.

Conor Fuse:

Ah, ya know what? This is the wrong place. Meet me at the water cooler tonight and we can speak about it there.

Shields nods his head like that's a super solid idea while Conor jets past Shields and hooks Campbell's legs. Once the referee sees what's going on he races into position.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

DDK:

I've had just about enough of this nonsense.

The Faithful boo as The Codebreaker stumbles to his feet. Shields has a look of 'awe' in his eyes as he raises Conor's hand.

Mark Shields:

My god, what did you hit him with?

Conor giggles.

Conor Fuse:

Just my dropkick.

Mark Shields:

Hell yeah, son. That's some dropkick!

Conor giggles again as he dusts himself off and exits the ring. He and The Game Boy head to the back as Conor leans into his henchman with a minor remark.

Conor Fuse:

No more BRAZEN. Hate BRAZEN. Waste of my time.

DDK:

Ours too, Conor... ours too.

THE NEW ME

UNCUT goes to a nondescript hall somewhere in the building. “DEFtv 143: UNSEEN FOOTAGE!” appears in the bottom corner of the screen before fading away as we focus on a group of people moving through the building, only one of which is actually recognisable.

Cayle Murray:

... and that's why you never trifle with a man who threatens to cover you in little bruises.

DDK:

Well, there's Cayle Murray - who once again dodged giving The Faithful a proper explanation for his recent actions tonight. That pantomime with Perfection was a disgrace.

Lance::

I think it's something we're just going to have to grow to expect, Keeps.

Cayle is still wearing the same attire as earlier - custom 24K jacket and all - and is surrounded by big, beefy security guards, some of which likely have at least twice the Scot's body mass. None of them belong to DEFsec and each sports a plain black polo embroidered with the 24K logo on the right breast. Murray looks calm, confident, and full of himself within the safety of this meat wall, though he stops the group before hitting an intersection.

Cayle Murray:

Fabio, check that corner. I don't want to get dribbled on by some green-toothed DEFIANT dipshit.

'Starbreaker' slaps one of the beefers on the chest.

Beefier:

My name is Gavin.

That gets a scowl.

Cayle Murray:

For fuck's sake, Lisil...

He motions towards the intersection using his eyes. The big man edges towards it.

OSV:

Oi Oiiiiiiiiii!

Cayle's eyes roll so far back they almost disappear into his skull. He readies himself, recognising the tones instantly.

Appearing as if out of nowhere, but really, just following behind Cayle's hired goons, Jesse calmly holds the palms of his hands out flat in front of Murray and his beefy men.

Kendrix:

Woah there Cayle, easy now. No need for you to look so concerned. The only thing you need to be concerned with here is the awareness abilities of your special security team here.

Cayle Murray:

Oh piss off Scroobius Prick.

He turns to one of his guards. A different one this time.

Cayle Murray:

Franco, this is exactly the kind of gimp you were supposed to be looking out for. You and I are going to have words

about your employment later...

The attention turns back to JFK.

Cayle Murray:

Go on, then. Spit it out. What do you want? You're probably going to be disappointed if it doesn't involve you getting thrown all the way in the bin by these lads, though...

Kendrix eyes the hefty security team flanking either side of the starbreaker. His eyes light up.

Kendrix:

No way, bruv?! Randy? DeAntay? Krang!!!

Murray looks appalled with what he's seeing as Jesse shakes hands and hugs the big fat brutes.

Kendrix:

Great choice of security team, Cayle. You guys still working at the strippees? Is Chris Ross still the boss? How's Chrystal doing these days?

Krang:

She's doing real well, she misses you, Jessie. We all do.

Jesse embarrassingly throws his hand Krang's way after his kind words.

Kendrix:

Oh stop it, get out of here! Did she go for the breast enlargements in the end? She was always worried about taking too much attention away from her arse. It must be difficult being a strippee, that's quite the dilemma.

Krang:

Oh yeah, she got 'em.

Jesse's face lights up like never before, ever!

Kendrix:

No way bruv?!

Krang:

Yes way, bruv?!

Kendrix:

No way, bruv?!

Krang:

Yes way, br...

Cayle slaps Krang on the back of the head and scolds Randy and DeAntay, before flashing death stares at Pugh, Pugh, Barney McGrew, Cuthbert, Dibble, and Grubb.

Cayle Murray:

Enough! I'm paying you goobers actual human money for this! You should be, I don't know, beating him up! Not... whatever the hell this is.

He turns to Kendrix.

Cayle Murray:

And you! Quit being nice to my goon army and get to the point. Or I'll...

He looks around.

Cayle Murray:

I'll...

His mind is racing for something threatening.

Cayle Murray:

I'll stand right here and politely ask you to piss off again.

JFK pats Krang on the shoulder and motions his attention back towards the impatient Cayle.

Kendrix:

Okay, bruv. As you know, I'm not good with the scathing insults like you are.

JFK's cheeky grin is met by some muffled laughter from his goon pals.

Kendrix:

So to avoid any further unpleasanties, especially in front of Krang here...you know how sensitive he gets...I'll get straight to the point. ASCENSION...Cayle Murray versus Jesse Fredericks Kendrix...

Cayle's eyes widen as the security team look on in great anticipation.

Kendrix:

One on One! The match that never happened. No security goons, No Mushighara acting as gooseberry between us, no 24k and no S.E.G. Just you and me finally in the middle of that ring.

Murray immediately bursts into a fit of laughter. Like, the kind that starts with a massive snort. He is doubled over in seconds, growing red in the face as he puts his hands on his knees to support him.

Cayle Murray:

Bloody hell chief.

Cayle rises up again, wiping a tear from his eye before immediately spit-laughing again.

Cayle Murray:

Did you hear that, Queef?! He said he wants a fight. Good one, Jesse. Real funny pal! With ha-has like that, you'll make a great fit alongside Elise and... uh, the other ones.

Jesse holds his bottom lip out, nodding along to Cayle's quip before he releases a smile.

Kendrix:

Now, that right there is disappointing. Well, at least we're both having a good laugh at each other, innit bruv?!

JFK points his thumb over his shoulder toward the apron.

Kendrix:

JFK was doubling himself over watching your amateur attempt at being the new JFK of the group just now.

Cayle stops in his tracks

Kendrix:

In fact, JFK and the Sports Entertainment Guild's been having a good old laugh at the brand new JFK wannabe over

the last few weeks. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery though, so I genuinely appreciate it, bruv.

Cayle Murray:

HEY! YOU DON'T SAY TH--

A realisation hits Murray before he can finish his sentence.

Cayle Murray:

Oh for fuck's sake... it's... am I really?

He shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

Nah. Listen, you're talking to the longest-reigning FIST of DEFIANCE ever here, okay? What are you? Like, 20th? Slotted somewhere in between Lindsay Troy and El Trebol Jr.? Does that even qualify as a FIST run? I don't know, you tell me.

One step forward.

Cayle Murray:

But I'll tell you what, cunto. Seeing as I'm in a charitable mood, and to shake the dumb idea that your name somehow belongs in the same sentence as mine from your head - I mean, me? A JFK tribute act? Come on - alright, whatever. ASCENSION. Let's do it. I could use a quick two-minuter to work the rust off anyway...

Jesse holds his hand out inviting the shake. Cayle looks down at it and grabs it.

DDK:

IT'S ON! Cayle Murray and JFK at ASCENSION!

Cayle goes for the release but JFK doesn't let go.

Kendrix:

Just...Listen, yeah?! JFK knows exactly who you are. But it seems you've forgotten just exactly who I am. See our boy you've now decided to protect at all costs? Well, he's already put your supposed longest reign as the FIST to shame and right into the bin where it belongs.

Kendrix:

And before he won that belt...I was the champ around here...and I almost killed Mikey during my reign to keep hold of it.

Kendrix:

So if I almost killed my best friend to get what I want...what do you think is going to happen to you when you stand in my way to get that title back?

JFK finally lets go.

Kendrix:

Later. Bruv.

Cayle watches him leave from where he came, wearing a face like thunder. Again, he shakes his head - and tuts.

Cayle Murray:

That guy's a fanny. I've always said that...

Cut.

HOPE

The One is watching you, Malak Garland. The One has been watching you for some time.

Why do you run, why do you hide?

A champion should fight with honor. A champion should have integrity.

You have none of these qualities, Malak Garland.

Max and Mason do.

Max and Mason have honor, integrity and more.

They are worthy champions and so far you are not worthy.

Tick, tock. Tick, tock.

There is still some time to impress The One.

This week, Malak Garland, don't run from the fight.

Stand up for yourself!

Honor. Integrity. Respect.

The One will be watching.

Don't disappoint.

GUNNAR VAN PATTON vs. LEVI COLE

With the crowd settling back into their seats, after a tiny intermission, attention turns to the ring and ring announcer, Darren Quimby.

Darren Quimby:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall...

♪ **“Born in the U.S.A.” by Bruce Springstein** ♪

Through the curtain comes the red, white, and blue-clad Levi Cole. The collegiate standout nods his head in time with the beat of his entrance music, giving the capacity crowd a once-over. He enjoys the cheers he gets in return and it brings an ear to ear grin to his face. He clasps the chinstrap of his headgear and starts to the ring.

Darren Quimby:

First, from Omaha, Nebraska... weighing in at 265lbs... LEVI COLE!!!

DDK:

Levi is looking as good as I have ever seen him.

Lance:

He is in the best shape of his career and he will need to be, tonight.

Cole makes sure to slap as many fans' hands as he possibly can before making his way up the steel steps. He steps out to the middle of the apron and pumps his fists with excitement.

Levi Cole:

Come on! We got this!

Once in the ring, Cole begins stretching and warming up. He pauses only for a moment to allow tonight's official, Mark Shields, to half-ass check him for any foreign objects. While confident and positive as always, he knows that he is going to have to be ready for tonight's opponent. His eyes look to the entrance ramp with silencing of his music.

♪ **FUUUUUCCCCCKKKKK!!!** ♪

♪ **“Boots and Blood” by Five Finger Death Punch** ♪

Lance:

The FCC's on line two Ms. Mayweather...

DDK:

Quite the choice for a replacement entrance song.

The lights dim and white strobe lights begin to go off. Into view comes someone far less jovial and outgoing. There's no posing or celebrating with the Lycan. He has come here to fight and that's just what he is going to do.

Darren Quimby:

And his opponent... from Arlington, Texas... weighing in at 241lbs... GUNNAR VAN PATTON!!!

Lance:

Van Patton made quite the statement last time, as he single-handedly chewed up and spit out the GCC like some of that tobacco he loves.

DDK:

It was quite the statement. Yet, let's see how he fares against someone the calibre of Levi.

Lance:

Agreed. This is a totally different test than taking on the Crescent City Kid.

Just as he reaches the bottom of the ramp, he launches his Violent Gentlemen Hockey Club hat into the crowd and dives under the bottom rope. He handsprings up to his feet instantly locks his blue eye on his adversary. He never focuses his gaze elsewhere, as he tightens his gloves. The Texan looks to start the fight right now, but the official steps in.

Mark Shields:

I'll call for the bell once you are in your corner, Van Patton. Do you wish to remove your shirt?

Gunnar Van Patton:

Fuck off.

Mark Shields:

Whatever. I don't care.

Once Van Patton is in his corner, Shields gives him an inspection... well something barely resembling one. Satisfied, the official gives the signal to the timekeeper to start the action.

DING DING DING!**Lance:**

And here we go!

Showing his explosiveness once again, Van Patton rockets out of his corner and drives both knees directly into Cole's chest, sending him crashing into the corner.

DDK:

For the second time in a row, we have seen Van Patton waste no time in going on the offensive.

Lance:

A wise commentator once said, "He doesn't get paid by the hour".

DDK:

He surely takes that quote to heart.

The Lycan stays on the offensive, cracking his opponents ribs with rights and lefts to the body before rocking his head back with a left-handed uppercut. A brutal knee from the right side connects with Cole's midsection, doubling him over, and Van Patton launches him through the ropes to the floor.

Lance:

A wise strategy by the newcomer. Cole is trained to handle things on the mat, not the floor.

DDK:

A wise observation. I didn't think of that.

Never given a chance to find his bearings, Cole stumbles back to his feet. He has no idea where his adversary is until it is too late with Van Patton darting through the ropes and clocking him in the jaw with an elbow.

DDK:

Elbow Suicida!

Van Patton is consumed by adrenaline. He executes a front handspring back to reach a vertical base and exposes his chiseled physique by violently tearing off his t-shirt and launching it into the crowd, much to the delight of many female

fans in attendance. His fiery stare turns to the still dazed Cole, who's down on one knee. The Texan quickly rolls into position and goes right to work, delivering a sinister, right-footed roundhouse to Cole's chest, which sends him flying back into the barricade.

DDK:

The sound of that kick sends shivers down my spine.

Lance:

The impact of everything he does is just mind-boggling.

A second kick makes the entire crowd cringe in horror, as it echoes through the arena. The impact worsens due to Cole's body being sandwiched against the security barrier.

Lance:

Cole is going to have a welt across his chest from that one.

DDK:

I'm surprised the barrier held up, as that could have caved in a mountain.

Van Patton rolls in and back out of the ring to break the count, using the movement of the exit to spin into twisting, low dropkick that once again connects with his foe's chest.

DDK:

There's almost no wasted movement from Van Patton.

Lance:

And what movement there is goes straight ahead. There's no reverse with this man.

Firmly in control, the Lycan drags his enemy back to his feet and shoves him into the ring. Cole instinctively tries to get vertical and stumbles to the far corner, using the top rope to stay upright. Van Patton is in hot pursuit and upon meeting him there, goes right back to work with strikes. A left-right combo to the body is followed by a left-footed kick to the inside of Cole's left knee and a right-handed Muay Thai elbow to the jaw.

Lance:

Elbows like that will have you eating tapioca for a couple of weeks.

DDK:

I believe it.

Cole shoves Van Patton away, hoping to create some space and give himself just a single moment to recover. The Texan is relentless and immediately charges at him. Cole tries to counter with a boot to the face, but Van Patton catches it. The Lycan throws the captured foot to the side, causing his enemy to spin in the process and expose his back. In a flash, Van Patton clamps on a crossface chicken wing and falls back, pulling Cole away from the ropes.

DDK:

He could be looking for that Mask of Voorhees submission early here.

Lance:

Crystal Lake is definitely the last place anyone wants to visit.

Usually having a larger man on the mat is the best gameplan, but with Levi Cole it isn't the case. Well-trained on the mat, Cole is able to defend against Van Patton's attempt to scissor his body. Doing so allows Cole to use his brute strength to get back up to his feet with his foe draped all over him. He hurries backwards, crushing Van Patton between himself and the turnbuckle. Yet, the Lycan refuses to let go.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Fuck you.

DDK:

Van Patton showing just how tenacious he can be.

Cole tries for a second time and he still can't break loose. The Lycan snarls in defiance.

Lance:

Levi is going to have to work a lot harder than that.

DDK:

And do so quickly, as he is fading.

Not one to give up so easily, Cole hooks his free arm around Van Patton's head and drops to one knee, hitting a modified chinbreaker before harshly slamming the Texan back into the corner for a third time. This finally breaks Van Patton's grip enough for Cole to snapmare him to the mat. Cole is given zero time to breathe, as his adversary races towards him. However, this time Cole is ready. He catches the Lycan in midair, stopping a second double knee attack, and launches him overhead with a suplex that has Van Patton hitting the turnbuckles upside down.

DDK:

Beautiful execution with calamitous impact.

Lance:

Cole has made delivering a suplex an art and that was a masterpiece.

Cole tries to clear the cobwebs by slapping the side of his head. He has to clear the fog quickly and even with it still being hard to focus, he locks his arms around the Texan's waist from behind and sends him flying across the ring.

DDK:

Release German Suplex!

Lance:

Picture perfect as always.

Clutching the back of his head, Van Patton struggles back to his feet where he is instantly gripped again and sent on a very painful trip.

DDK:

German Suplex number two!

This time, Cole keeps his grip intact and muscles his enemy back up. Not the Texan's first rodeo, Van Patton wraps his right leg around Cole's blocking any attempt at a third suplex. Left-right-left elbows slam into Cole's cheekbones, dazing him enough for the Lycan to hurry the pair to the corner, where Van Patton drops to one knee and Cole's face collides with the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

Quick thinking there by the newcomer.

That dims Cole's running lights and he wobbles backwards, creating just enough distance for Van Patton to blitz him with a leaping knee to the mouth.

DDK:

Busaiku Knee Kick!

Lance:

Incredible. That's a 265-pound man that he just turned inside out.

Snarling the entire time, A kneeling Van Patton stares down at his foe. He takes just a moment to wipe away a drop of sweat from his nose before standing. Cole struggles to push his large frame from the mat and his foe allows him to expend the energy on his own. Once Cole gets to one knee, The Lycan pounces, again locking on the crossface chickenwing.

DDK:

Van Patton is dead set on locking that hold in.

Lance:

And Cole knows it.

Cole knows he can't let the hold be locked in, so he uses his free hand to combat his opponent's attempt to lock in the crossface. He is able to stop Van Patton for a few moments, but a trio of elbows to the point where the neck meets the trapezius muscle breaks down the defense and allows the submission to be applied fully.

Lance:

Cole is barely treading water here. He is about to be dragged to the depths of Crystal Lake.

DDK:

The end may be fast approaching..

Falling to the mat would be a bad thing to do and Cole is fully aware of that. He refuses to let his adversary force him down. He slams his free hand firmly into the mat, using it to keep from sinking any lower. The crowd begins to chant and clap for him, hoping to rally Cole.

DDK:

There's no doubt who the crowd is behind.

Lance:

Cole's going to need all the help he can get, as he is sinking deeper.

The fan's support helps give Cole a burst of adrenaline-fuelled energy and he grits his teeth. Slowly but surely, he rises up to his feet and rotates his body just enough to scoop up the Texan's lower half and slam him down across his knee with a pendulum backbreaker. Showing his brute strength, his single arm easily holds his foe and positions him on Cole's shoulder.

DDK:

Amazing display of power by Levi!

Lance:

Sometimes I forget just how strong he truly is. He did that with one arm.

DDK:

Incredible strength.

Tapping into his energy's reserve tank, Cole charges into the corner, ramming Van Patton's back into it before turning and driving him into the mat with a British Bulldog powerslam.

DDK:

Cole planted him there.

It takes both men a moment to stir, with Cole being the first to get upright. He stares a whole through his enemy, as

Van Patton rests on all fours, and pulls down the straps on his singlet. Cole snatches the Texan by the waist and deadlifts him into the air, only to deposit him back on the mat harshly.

DDK:

Deadlift German Suplex!

Lance:

Even tired and thrashed, he is still ragdolling a 240+-pound man, as if he is picking up a child.

The vice-like grip of Cole refuses to break, while the two men once again reach a vertical base. Taking a page out of Van Patton's book, Cole rapidly changes grips on his facedown foe, rotating into a gutwrench. The crowd comes to life with the sight of Cole pulling his opponent up and looking out to them. He is moments away from unleashing the most devastating weapon in his artillery.

DDK:

Everyone knows what the gutwrench capture is the prelude to.

Lance:

For sure. If he hits that patriotic powerbomb, it's all over.

Using all of his uncanny might, Cole yanks Van Patton from the canvas for what many think will be his patented Gutwrench Powerbomb. However, the Lycan has other ideas. Van Patton floats over Cole's shoulder, landing on his feet. As soon as Cole faces him, the Texan unleashes a Pele kick square to the bridge of the nose that sends Cole stumbling into the ropes. With his enemy seeing stars and staggering towards him, Van Patton goes to work. A left to the body, a left to the jaw, a right to the jaw, and a spinning solebutt from the right side all connect and Cole plummets to all fours.

DDK:

It's hard to call the action, when you blink and miss two things. He is that fast.

Lance:

You're preaching to the choir, Darren.

Van Patton is off the ropes and sprinting back before his adversary can realise what is going on. He leaps high into the air and drives his boot down across the back of Cole's neck, harshly spiking him face-first into the mat.

DDK:

Curb Stomp!

Lance:

That's got a broken nose or shattered teeth written all over it.

Rolling with the impact of the move, the Lycan is back on his feet in a flash. He drags the thumb of his pistol-shaped hand across his throat before pointing at the battered Cole, who is barely able to push his massive frame up from the canvas. Two steps and Van Patton goes airborne, spiraling swiftly. Instead of delivering a kick like a Robinson Special, the Texan delivers a vicious elbow to the back of Cole's neck.

Lance:

Bang! Pinpoint accuracy with deadly impact.

DDK:

Ghostface Killer!

With zero time to waste, Van Patton bustles onto his foe and locks on the crossface chicken wing for a third time. This time, Cole is unable to put up any kind of resistance. The submission is expertly applied and the Lycan fires his lower

half into the air, landing in a flawless bridge.

DDK:

Mask of Voorhees!

Lance:

That bridge is a thing of beauty. He's on the very tips of his toes. Cole is going nowhere.

DDK:

Oh, he is going somewhere. The very bottom of Crystal Lake.

Positioned in the dead center of the ring, what is only a few feet looks like miles to the trapped Cole. His brain has been scrambled and now he finds himself at the very bottom of Crystal Lake. He struggles with all the energy and strength he can muster, but with his arm on the verge of being torn from his shoulder, he does the only thing he can.

TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP!!!

Darren Quimby:

And the winner of this match by submission... **GUNNAR VAN PATTON!!!**

DDK:

And Crystal Lake gains a new resident.

Lance:

Once Van Patton executes that bridge, it's all over. There's no escape.

♪ "Boots and Blood" by Five Finger Death Punch ♪

Despite the bell being tolled, the Lycan keeps the submission applied. His thirst for blood getting the best of him. Referee Shields is too busy checking out an attractive girl in a loosely-defined, homemade DEF tank top to call for the break. He finally notices and takes his time going over to give instruction.

Mark Shields:

Alright, that's enough. It's all over, Van Patton. Let him go.

Van Patton releases his defeated foe, even though he is not even close to being satisfied, but to be frank, that is a thirst that will never be quenched. He looks down at the bruised and battered Cole, utterly disgusted by what he sees. He snorts, before spitting a glob of tobacco juice next to Cole's head, while the fallen competitor clutches at his shoulder. The Lycan shakes his head in repugnance, completely sickened by the weakness adorned in the colors that he and his brothers risked their lives for.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Ain't worthy to wear that flag.

DDK:

That's not the show of respect Cole was hoping to get after this match-up.

Lance:

He really had high hopes, if he thought for one second that could happen.

His attention is pulled away by Shields, who tries to raise his hand and the Texan angrily rips it away. He never once sets his sights on the official, knowing that if he did, there would surely be a fine in his future. He doesn't give a rat's ass what the crowd's reaction is to his victory. The confrontation was over and he was victorious. Yet, there was no celebration or basking in his victory. It was onto the next battle for Van Patton, as that is all that matters in his world. The Lycan slaps the side of his own head and gives it a shake to clear out any lingering effects from being the victim of

multiple suplexes. He rolls out of the ring and starts to the back, leaving Shields to tend to the hurting Cole.

DDK:

Van Patton moves to 2-0.

Lance:

...while Cole moves to DEFmed.

DDK:

You might be right.

FEELING THE HEAT

As we cut backstage we see the beautiful Christie Zane standing next to Scott Stevens who appears ready for a day at the beach with shorts, flip flops, sunglasses and a towel over his shoulder as he fans himself with one hand and has an ice cold beverage in the other.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, my guest....Scott Stevens.

The Faithful cheer as Stevens continues to fan himself..

Scott Stevens:

Can you feel it Christie?

Stevens asks as he appears flustered.

Christie Zane:

Feel what?

Stevens takes a sip of his beverage hoping it will cool him off.

Scott Stevens:

The heat Christie. You can't feel that? It's a scorcher.

Stevens says as he dabs his face with his towel.

Christie Zane:

I'm afraid I'm just fine.

Scott Stevens:

Well lucky you Christie because the heat is coming and it's worse than Summer heat in July in Texas.

Stevens' face begins to get red and he has trouble breathing.

Scott Stevens:

The heat that's coming Christie you can't escape from. It suffocates you slowly and painfully and will not stop until you have breathed your last breath. Isn't that right James?

Stevens asks as he raises his sunglasses.

Scott Stevens:

James, I told you I was going to make your life a living hell and that's what I've continued to do. Normally, I wouldn't have to use a steel chair, but your dumb ass is so thick headed I needed something to get your attention, but don't worry James after Acension, I'm going to bitch slap you back to reality and put you back in place just like I've done to your two girlfriends before you.

Stevens says as he raises his hand as if he's going backhand the camera.

Scott Stevens:

James, you can hide behind Stale Murray, Shitty Mikey, and a hundred security guards, but I will eventually get my hands on you and you will be begging me to not let you make it to Ascension. See you soon.

Stevens warns as the image fades to commercial.

STALKER & REZIN vs. TEAM BADASS

♪"This Link is Dead" by Deftones♪

As the feed returns from commercial, we are greeted by a static filled screen as the opening song blares through the television screens. 'She thought she was protecting herself - and DEFIANCE - but The Kabal was always going to happen.' The words etch themselves onto the screen in black letters one word at a time, as the song continues the camera fades into the DEFArena.

Lights out.

DEFiatron plays a video reel of Stalker and Rezin's recent antics against Scott Douglas, Matt LaCroix and others, as their names flash on the screen. Smoke billows down the rampway as Stalker and Rezin lead themselves out to the ring, both dressed in ring attire, the Faithful waste no time in providing them both with a chorus of boos. Waiting for them inside is none other than Tripp Wise and Davis Bloome of BADASS.

Lance:

We got a special UNCUT edition tag team match that was just signed for this evenings' event. BADASS recently scored a win against JJ Dixon and the Southern Bastards. Challenging Stalker and Rezin from the DEFIANCE roster doesn't seem like the smartest move, but - it appears BADASS want to make a name for themselves.

DDK:

Stalker's last in-ring match was in partnership with Reinhardt Hoffman down at BRAZEN and that was over a month ago. He's been nothing but a pest in Scott Douglas' ear for the past two months and I'm looking forward to seeing his face punched in tonight.

Lance:

Not mincing words tonight, Keeps?

DDK:

Not at all.

Camera refocuses on Darren Quimbey who's ready to kick things off.

Darren Quimbey:

This tag match is set for one fall.... First in the ring hailing from Washington, Tripp Wise and Davis Bloome - BADASS!!!!

Davis Bloome and Tripp Wise get some feedback from The Faithful, but more so because of their opponents.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... now entering the ring from Parts Unknown. They have a combined weight of over 430lbs... STALKER AND REZIN!!!!

DING! DING!

The bell rings after Benny Doyle gives his final instructions and after a brief deliberation Stalker convinces the wild eyed Rezin to let him take on Tripp Wise to start us off.

Lance:

OH!! Tripp Wise without even waiting for Stalker to turn around! Whallops him in the back of the head with a hard forearm.

DDK:

Rezin is already trying to breach the ring and, now look, Doyle is reminding him of actual tag team wrestling rules!

Tripp Wise uses the mini distraction to their teams' advantage, whipping the veteran Stalker into the corner, Davis Bloome hits him with a forearm to the back of the head, unseen by Doyle as Tripp charges in with a big crowd-popping body splash!

DDK:

It's NOT a punch in the FACE! But it'll do!

Stalker falls forward as Benny Doyle turns around to restore some order, but it's too late as Tripp has the clear advantage, executing a perfectly done BRAINBUSTER, before rolling over for the cover.

1....

2..NO!

Lance:

The Hardcore icon, finding a tough time for himself in the ring but manages the shoulder up!

DDK:

If he'd spend more time remembering how to wrestle in the ring instead of driving Ubers and stalking Scott Douglas, maybe he wouldn't look like a trash can right now!

Davis Bloome took a hot tag and with a double team, both men have Stalker laying on the mat in pain after a well timed Double Suplex! Davis is stomping Stalker's face into the mat as Rezin tries to break it up, once again warned by Doyle not to mess around. This allows Stalker a moment to breath - he rolls onto his face as Bloome stands over him jawing at Rezin.

DDK:

NO!! Stalker with a low blow on Bloome behind the ref's back!

Lance:

Tripp is not happy and storms the ring, but Stalker ducks his clothesline!

Stalker connects hard with a solid right punch to Tripp's face after he turns to face him, following it up Stalker clotheslines Tripp clearly out of the ring. Bloome, the legal man, is up and chases for Stalker.

Lance:

Stalker drops low, lifts Bloome up! STUN GUN ON THE ROPES!

Bloome is choked out hard by the top ropes as Stalker's flurry of offense exhausts him as he stumbles towards the corner looking for Rezin's hand!

DDK:

Tag to the Favoured Saints final round participant!

Rezin hops into the ring and darts forward at Bloome who... MOVES out of the way as Rezin's reckless charge causes him to bounce almost face first into the corner. Catching himself though, Rezin turns to face Davis Bloome who reels back a hard punch but.. It doesn't phase Rezin who simply shakes his face at him NO!

Lance:

Uh oh!

Tripp Wise slides into the ring as Doyle tries to restore order and warns him back to his corner but instead he also throws a wild punch at Rezin who shakes it off. Screaming at both men, Rezin 'fires up' and unleashes a flurry of chops and kicks to both men, much to the jeering of the crowd.

DDK:

Oh come on! Is this guy on drugs?

Benny Doyle has practically given up, when Tripp gets a point and heads to his corner. Rezin with complete control of the ring targets Bloome with an enziguri, but it's DUCKED! Davis leaps to his corner to make the hot tag to Tripp, who immediately catches the staggered Rezin with a KNEE to the side of the head! Back on the mat, Rezin's groggy vision looks to his own corner...

Stalker:

Heh heh... time to FIRE IT UP!

As he is being pulled to his feet, Rezin's eyes POP WIDE into a manic Nick Cage expression. The Escape Artist suddenly bites back with an elbow to shake Tripp Wise off, and begins thrusting his arms interchangeably into the air while chanting.

Rezin:

FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!!

Lance:

Looks like somebody's been watching The Crow for sPoOkY season...

Wise rallies himself and comes at Rezin from behind with a clothesline, but it's DUCKED! Rezin counts with a spinning CLOVEN HOOF kick to the temple! Cackling widely in complete overdrive mode, Rezin runs laps around the ring as Tripp slowly gets to his feet in a daze, before slipping in front of him and nailing the ASAI DDT for the coup de gras!

DDK:

Up, over, and INTO THE VOID goes Rezin!

Davis Bloome is back into the ring for the save, but he's cut off by Stalker who meets him with a quick boot to the gut and follows through with the EVENFLOW! Doyle ignores it as Rezin hooks the leg for the pin.

1...

2...

3!!

DING! DING! DING!

Lance:

Stalker and Rezin making a clear statement tonight against BADASS. They are here and a force to be reckoned with both in the ring and outside of the ring.

DDK:

If at any point, someone can convince this lunatic to stop being so annoying with his static interrupt--

At that point Keebler's microphone cuts to static as we fade away from the ring to another screen filled with static. 'It's all my fault - and he will suffer for my mistakes... they will all suffer....' - More words etch themselves onto the screen in black letters onto the static this time there is a name attached to the quote. 'Jessica 'Reaper' Reeves. Cut to commercial.

RUINED!

Jay Harvey sits in front of his locker with his head down. A tough fought victory fresh on his mind and the wounds of battle fresh on his body. He pulls down his knee pad to reveal a bruise on its way to make things difficult for him for a few days.

He changes out of his wrestling gear and hops into the shower. The beauty of TV editing. Harvey is back in front of his locker just in a towel. Harvey grabs at his duffel and can't help but turn his nose to a familiar smell. He thinks maybe this odor is residual from a custodian cleaning.

Harvey opens up his duffel and the stench grows stronger and stronger. He looks down to see all his clothes, stained with what appears to be bleach.

Jay Harvey:

What... the... FUCK?!

Harvey is irate, his hands covered in that cleaning liquid that has always made his stomach turn. Everything is...

Harvey:

Ruined! Everything is fucking ruined! GODDAMNIT!

Harvey can't believe it... or can he?

Harvey:

That bitch...

Harvey knows who did this. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

Harvey:

This has gone far enough!

Harvey knows what he has to do... first is to get a new set of clothes. The second is to put Teresa Ames in her place. Harvey throws his duffel bag against the wall. Harvey is dead center of your screen, in obvious anger. The feed soon gets cut.

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: GAGE BLACKWOOD Â© vs. SGT. SAFETY

DDK:

This last match we have on UNCUT is going to be interesting. Gage Blackwood, of all people, has offered a SOHER title shot to Sgt. Safety and it has been accepted!

Lance:

Very strange. Blackwood has been outspoken about BRAZEN before, when he went through many roster members during the build up to last year's DEFCON with title defenses. After beating Victor Vacio, he said he would never fight BRAZEN again and yet, here we are...

DDK:

To the ring and Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

This is the MAIN EVENT of the evening and it is for the Southern Heritage Championship! Introducing first, the challenger... SGT, SAFETY!

♪ "Health and Safety Video" by Work Safe™ Productions ♪

The Sergeant emerges from behind the apron, his normal safety attire on with a clipboard in his hands. He's jotting down notes on the condition of the rampway and guardrail as he makes his way to the ring while warmly waving to the odd fan he sees.

DDK:

Safety has had quite the, uh, following here lately.

Lance:

Indeed, Keeps. He's been very popular during his recent interactions with Malak Garland, Conor Fuse, Patrick Cassidy and Trashcan Tim!

DDK:

I'm surprised he's not an honorary member of the Friendship Members League yet.

Lance:

Don't speak too soon...

Safety rolls into the ring, checking the ropes to ensure they are securely fastened, all turnbuckles to make sure they are covered properly and anything else he can evaluate. Meanwhile, Mark Shields looks at Safety wondering if he should be doing something like this, too. After all, he is the referee. However, after deep thought Shields doesn't think so and figures Safety is doing just fine. Shields checks out the chicks in the crowd...

DDK:

We should note, Safety is nowhere near one-hundred percent after his brush with death and GVP.

Lance:

Also true.

♪ "The King of the Highlands" by Antti Martikainen ♪

Immediately, Blackwood marches down the rampway, wearing his ring gear, his trademark "WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR YOU LATELY" t-shirt and the SOHER around his waist but he also has someone else with him. It's referee Benny Doyle and Gage is pushing Benny ahead of him as they both quickly descend down the rampway.

DDK:

What's Blackwood doing?

Lance:

Who knows...

Blackwood demands Doyle enters the ring as the champion asks for a mic from Darren Quimbey, who was too stunned to introduce him.

Gage Blackwood:STOP MY MUSIC. [*Pointing to Sgt. Safety*] Alright, you stupid baw juggler. You wanna take my heat?**DDK:**

What is he even talking about?

Blackwood pulls back the ring apron. First, he slides in a table. Second, he slides in a chair... then a baseball bat, a second table and walks into the ring with a second chair. Chair in one hand, mic in the other, Blackwood is in the center of the ring and draws a line with his foot across the middle-space between himself and the challenger.

Gage Blackwood:

You're on television for, what, FOUR straight weeks and The Faithful love you now, is that right!?

Blackwood turns to hear the crowd's reaction and he's right, Sgt. Safety receives a cheer! The challenger is pleasantly surprised and seems genuinely grateful, as Safety raises a hand and mouths the words "thank you" to the people. This only makes the crowd give another pop!

*"SGT. SAFETY!"**"SGT. SAFETY!"**"SGT. SAFETY!"***Gage Blackwood:**

SHUT UP, YOU BLOKES! This man standing here in front of me is not worthy! Safety, you had some fun in a Conor Fuse WrestlePlex tour... you turned into Sensei Safety for Malak Garland and then that mercenary kicked your ass up and down this ring AND THAT GETS YOU A FAN BASE!?

Blackwood has worked himself into a frenzy! He's clearly rattled by his own comments, believing them to be true. Sgt. Safety is starting to get worried for Blackwood's mental health as the challenger stands there and looks at referee Benny Doyle and Mark Shields. They reply with blank stares.

Gage Blackwood:

I HAVE BEEN HERE, BUSTING MY ASS FOR OVER FOUR YEARS AND YOU SPEND FOUR WEEKS... DOING NOTHING BUT BULLSHIT SHENANIGANS AND THEY LOVE YOU FOR IT!?!?

*"SGT. SAFETY!"**"SGT. SAFETY!"**"SGT. SAFETY!"***DDK:**

What a GROUNDWELL of support this is turning into!

Gage Blackwood:Well, if you're a self-made star... I like to *end* stars in DEFIANCE. So, I already put you on and crossed you off this t-shirt I'm wearing, like the rest of them!*"BBBBB000000000000000!!"*

Finally, Gage is able to put some composure together. A smirk crosses his face as he turns to referee Mark Shields.

Gage Blackwood:

Shields, get the hell out of here. Benny's the new referee. I spoke to management and said I would put my title on the line against you, Sgt. Safety, as long as the match was... NO HOLDS BARRED. ANYTHING GOES.

Sgt. Safety is perplexed. Concern immediately crosses his face as he waves his arms around with caution.

Sgt. Safety:

No, Gage. I can't let this happen. That's unsafe.

As Shields leaves the ring, Blackwood gives him the finger for the hell of it and then snatches Benny Doyle by the collar.

Gage Blackwood:

RING THE BELL. THIS HARDCORE MATCH STARTS... NOW.

Reluctantly, Benny asks for the bell to sound.

DING DING

DDK:

I don't believe this! Gage has coerced Sgt. Safety into this match! A hardcore match of all things! He knew Safety wasn't going to agree to a stipulation such as this one... after all, it's unsafe! You heard the man!

Lance:

Hardcore should be left in the 90s!

Blackwood pushes Safety, but Safety doesn't respond with physicality. Instead, he tries to plead with Blackwood. He's clearly concerned... for both of them!

Sgt. Safety: *[off-mic]*

Gage, I'm sorry. I can't do this match. Thank you so much for giving me the title shot but I will have to decline. A hardcore match is just too... aw shucks, it's just too unsafe, Gage.

Blackwood provokes Safety with another hard push, this time knocking him a few feet back. Meanwhile, The Faithful are cheering louder and louder for The Sergeant!

Sgt. Safety: *[off-mic]*

Gage, please. I don't want to fight you like this...

Blackwood sneers while Sgt. Safety is shaking his head simply saying "so unsafe, so unsafe".

Gage Blackwood:

STUPID BLOKE. DOBBER. BAW JUGGLER. The ONLY reason I gave you this match is to fight you in a HARDCORE setting... to destroy you in a HARDCORE setting... to end this pathetic little momentum you've got going... in, you guessed it... A HARDCORE SETTING!

Blackwood shoves Safety as hard as he can this time, knocking the challenger into the turnbuckle! The SOHER is in full rage, or Gage-mode, now. His thick accent breaks through and he's barely making any sense.

Gage Blackwood:

A'M AFF TAE END YE, SAFETY!! A'M AFF TAE STOAP THIS GLAIKIT WEE RUN O' YERS AFORE IT KIN GANG ONY FURTHER!! YER HEE HAW TAE THAE PEOPLE... 'N' AH, A'M TH' BEST THING GAUN IN DEFIANCE WRESTLING TH'DAY! YE GLAIKIT BOOT! YE PUMPIN' BLOKE!! A AFF TAE-

DDK:

SAFETY HITS THE MIC OUTTA BLACKWOOD'S HANDS!

The Faithful ROAR in support as Safety suddenly looks apologetic.

Sgt. Safety:

Gage, please. This is not safe! This is not-

Blackwood takes a step back and slowly places his second hand on the chair he was holding. Sgt. Safety tucks his hands behind his head and hopes the end is swift and painless...

SWING...

*SWOOOSH!!***DDK:**

Safety ducks at the last second... he rolls through and rushes at Gage... DROPKICK TO GAGE'S CHEST!

Blackwood lets go of the chair and the crowd EXPLODES! Sgt. Safety Irish whips Blackwood into the turnbuckle across the way and follows through with a stinger splash!

Lance:

This arena is UNGLUED!!!

*"SAFETY FIRST!"**"SAFETY FIRST!"**"SAFETY FIRST!"*Safety hulks up around the ring, trying to think of what to do next- **WHILE KEEPING SAFE!!****DDK:**

Safety is already more over with this crowd than Gage ever dreamed of being!

Sgt. Safety takes Blackwood and hurls him into the ropes... Safety lowers his head but Gage knocks the wind out of the crowd by dropping to his knees and punting the challenger in the skull!

DDK:

Snap suplex! Belly-to-belly suplex! And then a running release suplex! Gage with three suplexes!

The crowd is taken out of it.

Lance:

Damn...

Back on top, Blackwood strolls over to one of the two tables inside the ring. Gage sets the first one up in the corner. Then he grabs Safety by his trunks and pulls him into a Midlothian Hangover in the middle of the squared circle.

DDK:

The brainbuster connects!

Blackwood configures the second table right where he dropped Safety.

Lance:

This is not going to end well...

CRACK.

DDK:

Blackwood with a spinebuster to Sgt. Safety through the table in the center of the ring!

Gage Blackwood: *[directly to Sgt. Safety]*

What's that? Not *safe* enough for you!?

CRACK.

Blackwood drags Sgt. Safety to his feet and hip tosses him through the table leaning against the turnbuckle.

Gage Blackwood:

Fine. I'll do you one better.

Blackwood is sporting these crazy eyes, never-before-seen during his DEFIANCE tenure. They are practically bulging out of his head as he collects both chairs he initially placed inside the ring and opens them up, side-by-side.

Blackwood has Sgt Safety to a knee, shouting into his ear.

Gage Blackwood:

All FUN and GAMES, huh? Everyone's talking about how great you are. No. Wrong. I'm great.

Blackwood smacks The Sergeant across the face. The challenger is barely hanging in there but Blackwood knows he can hear him since his eyes are open just slightly.

Gage Blackwood:

Pathetic safety act. It ends now.

DDK:

Gage... no. Don't do it. Please!

Lance:

This is going too far...

Another Midlothian Hangover.

CRACK.

Through the chairs.

The pin is academic.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

The SOHER's theme takes over as he pushes off Sgt. Safety and rises to his feet. Some of The Faithful jeer but most of them are in silence, concerned for the BRAZEN star's safety. How ironic...

Meanwhile, Blackwood sneers as he looks down at the carnage he delivered. Asking for a microphone, his theme is

quickly cut off.

Blackwood walks to the center of the ring, standing directly over top of his former challenger and pieces of a broken table. Looking into the hard camera, the newly dubbed Noble Raider tries to maintain composure.

Gage Blackwood:

The Sgt. Safety experiment is over. He had a cute little run in cameos and matches but now he has succumbed to the powers of an elite talent... an elite wrestler. The best champion going in DEFIANCE today. I'm no snowflake. I'm no entertainer. I'm a reckless wrestling machine. Sgt. Safety, you are relieved of your duties. Your fifteen minutes are over.

DDK:

So righteous...

Gage Blackwood: *[getting more heated by the second]*

DEX JOY... I AM GOING TO END YOUR FIFTEEN MINUTES, TOO. Aye, you had a longer run than my friend here... I'll give you that. But nobody beats me on pay-per-view! FOUR YEARS UNDEFEATED.

Blackwood tells Darren Quimbey to toss Gage's "WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR YOU LATELY" t-shirt to the ring. Darren does as Blackwood catches it and then runs over the names on the back.

Gage Blackwood:

MUSHIGIHARA. ELISE ARES. SCOTT DOUGLAS. OSCAR BURNS. LOSER JAY. A WHO'S WHO OF DEFIANCE. ALL HAVE FALLEN TO ME. ALL HAVE BOWED TO MY GREATNESS... THE BEST PURE WRESTLER IN THIS INDUSTRY. THE GREATEST SOHER OF ALL TIME.

Blackwood punts Safety in the side of the head for good measure.

Gage Blackwood:

Gage. Blackwood.

Blackwood throws his t-shirt into the crowd and tosses the mic on the floor. With Sgt. Safety defeated below him and a wreck of broken table pieces scattered throughout the canvas floor, Benny Doyle hands Gage The SOHER title. Blackwood straps the belt around his waist and marches up the rampway while the announcers maintain radio silence. There, upon reaching the top of the stage, follows Gage's trademark exit. The UNCUT signature shows in the bottom right hand corner as Blackwood stops in front of the curtain but doesn't turn around. Instead, the camera swings to face him, showing the carnage he's left inside the ring and the fallen body of Sgt. Safety laying there motionlessly.

Blackwood closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and vanishes behind the curtain.

DDK:

We can only hope Dex Joy puts an end to this nonsense soon. Gage Blackwood is ruthless and the situation tonight was entirely uncalled for...

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.