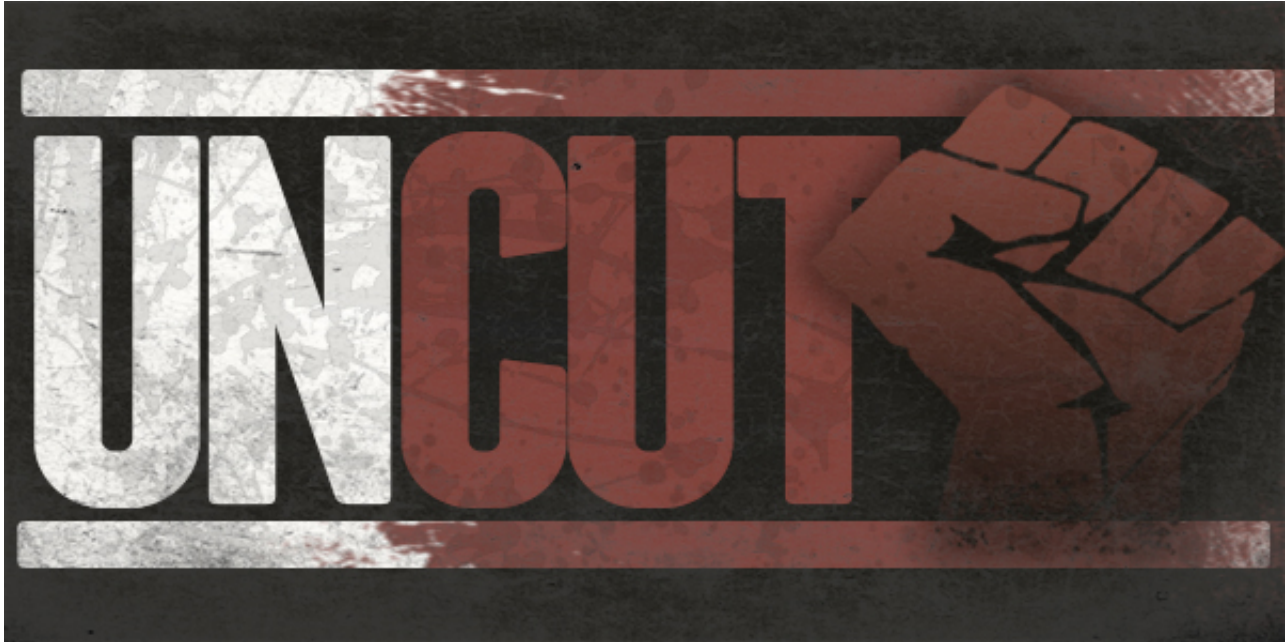


WELCOME TO UNCUT! NOW HERE'S CHRIS TRUTT!

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! And I'm back again! Chris Trutt... which rhymes with UNCUT! How about that?! Welcome to the eightieth edition! Eight! Oh! Edition of UNC...

He gets stopped by someone else off-camera.

Chris Trutt:

Oh, it's on the 79th? Oh, dang... well, so close! Keep it up folks! Keep watching so we can get to episode eighty!

He starts to suck on his own tongue for a moment, very awkwardly.

Chris Trutt:

Oh, so the show! Right! So, yeah... we've got some stars in action! We've got "Bantam" Ryan Batts... doesn't that mean small? We've got Tyler Fuse and... who is "Cracked Out" Patrick Cassidy? That's...

Another whisper off camera.

Chris Trutt:

Sorry, "Black Out" Patrick Cassidy. I don't know if that's a much better nickname, does he have narcolepsy?

Trutt keeps on thinking!

Chris Trutt:

In addition to all that, we've also got some last minute stuff to look at before we get to Ascension! We have Gunnar Van Patton in the house, some more of that ASMR sauciness with Teresa Ames... I'll love you, baby, forget Jay Harvey...

More whispering.

Chris Trutt:

What do you mean "we're filming"? What do you mean "stop talking now"? What do you mean "cut"? We're still o-

"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS vs. KAZUO AKAMATSU

DDK:

Coming up next, we have some more UNCUT action! Up next, we have "Bantam" Ryan Batts taking on the hard-hitting Kazuo Akamatsu!

Lance:

This will definitely be a test for Batts. We've seen Batts take several of the biggest stars in DEFIANCE to their limit on recent occasions including one hell of a match where he came within an eyelash of unseating Gage Blackwood for the Southern Heritage Title. A few weeks ago, Batts displayed a slightly grittier style and a new submission that defeated the larger Gunther Adler.

DDK:

True! Kazuo is a true test and a hard hitter in that ring, so we'll have to see if Batts can keep this up. Let's go to ringside for the next match and Darren Quimbey for introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing in at 205 pounds... **"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS**

♪ "The Last Garrison" by Enter Shikari ♪

The lights in the arena flash rapidly in shades of gold and white and from the back, outcomes "Bantam" Ryan Batts, waving a rally towel and dressed in black pants-length tights with purple trim, fringe on the boots, and a purple bandana. With a grin on his face, he waves the towel for the crowd and then heads towards the ring. The Good Wholesome Wrestle Lad throws the towel into the crowd and gets caught by a young fan a few rows deep. Batts runs up the steps and then gets into the ring as an inset promo plays...

Ryan Batts:

I got close with Lindsay Troy... close with Jay Harvey... and REAL close with Gage Blackwood... but right now, close isn't cutting it. Yeah... I'm the guy that's been a tiger and has been training at Oscar Burns' side... but right now and every night going forward, you're gonna see something more. You got a taste a few weeks ago, Gunther Adler... now, Kazuo, buddy, you're getting served up, too. I'm changing a few things up in my game and right now, you're going to get a glimpse of the NEW Good Wholesome Wrestle Lad!

Batts sits on the turnbuckle, awaiting his opponent.

♪ "Iron Man (instrumental)" by Black Sabbath ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Osaka, Japan...weighing in at 255 pounds... **KAZUO AKAMATSU!**

Akamatsu comes out and heads toward the ring with a smug look on his face, seeing the tall somewhat lanky kid he's about to fight. Kazuo takes his ratted Black Sabbath shirt and tosses it to the side before heading into the ring to stare at the young Californian. He's still sitting on the top turnbuckle in the ring, but when Kazuo gets there, Batts leaps off notices and starts to stand. When he does, Akamatsu says all he needs to...

Kazuo Akamatsu:

...Pussy.

DING DING!

DDK:

Wow... I don't think I need to translate that.

Kazuo goes in, but unexpectedly, gets dropkicked right in the knee by a fast-moving Batts! The former amateur star starts going at Kazuo with a whip, but the bigger wrestler puts the brakes on and sends him to the ropes instead. Batts comes back with another dropkick at the knee! Kazuo goes down while Batts up, having the crowd cheering him on. He runs off the ropes again, but Kazuo catches him and then slams him down with a big slam...

DDK:

Wow! Batts out of the blocks with a speedy attack... NO! Kazuo tried to pick him up and now Batts takes him down by the leg!

Batts takes Kazuo down and goes right into half of a surfboard hold, then stands on his legs... then JUMPS, dropping the knees of Kazuo to the mat in pain! The Japanese brawler is hurt now and Bantam keeps going after the leg with the third dropkick of the contest. Quickly Batts springs into action after that and finally gets Kazuo on his back with a running European uppercut! He goes down and Ryan goes for a cover.

ONE... TW... NO!

DDK:

Not even a two-count by Batts. He stays on the leg... OH!

That sounds is Kazuo striking Batts in the chest with a hard chop! Batts reels back, but it gets worse when he picks him... WILD BOMB!

Lance:

Goodness! That snap powerbomb that Kazuo likes to use is deadly!

DDK:

It is! Batts has been wrestling a more aggressive, straight-ahead mix of high flying and a mat game like he did against Gunther Adler, but Kazuo hits a big move of his own!

ONE! TWO! NO!

Batts kicks out, but Kazuo stays on the attack. He stuns the submission specialist with some chops, then throws him to a corner. He whips him cross-corner and then tries to follow up with a knee strike, but Batts slinks through the ropes, leaving Kazuo to hit the corner! His knee is in a bad way but it gets worse when Batts comes back and hits a quick legsweep. He goes for another leg submission, but when Kazuo gets close to the ropes, he grabs them to force the break.

DDK:

Quick thinking by Kazuo!

Lance:

Batts staying on him!

Or at least he tries, but when he goes low for the leg again, Kazuo fires a knee up and catches him in the chest! Bantam doubles over in pain when he bounces off the ropes and then hits another knee! Kazuo finishes off the combo by pulling him up and then driving him down with a High Angle Backdrop Suplex! The crowd gasps as he goes for the cover.

ONE! TWO! TH... NO!

DDK:

Big series of moves by Kazuo, but Batts staying in this one!

He grabs Batts and sets him up for a big move in the form of his Northern Lights Bomb that he calls Zutsu, but Batts kicks frantically and slips out behind Akamatsu. He tries to go behind the waist, but Kazuo hits him with a back elbow to send him to the corner. When he tries a Corner Clothesline, Batts moves a little faster and hits a double pair of boots to the arm! That stuns him, then he throws a rolling elbow smash to nail him on the jaw.

Lance:

Batts coming out swinging!

A staggered, but angry Kazuo growls after checking his jaw, then runs in again only for Batts to grab his arm and snap him down with a Reverse STO! He gets grounded and then Batts reaches behind him. Despite the size parity, the muscle-bound Batts HOISTS him off the ground, deadlift-style into a Bridging German that wows the crowd!

ONE! TWO! THR... KICKOUT!

DDK:

Wow! What a combo of moves! Kazuo kicks out, but Batts is feeling it now!

Lance:

What's Batts calling for here?

The Good Wholesome Wrestlelad holds out both hands and then runs off the ropes. When he comes back, he leaps toward Kazuo in a wheelbarrow-type set up, but before Kazuo can counter, Batts rolls him forward... RIGHT INTO A HEEL HOOK ON THE BAD KNEE!

Batts has the crowd cheering after the move known as a Shawn Capture! He holds the submission tightly and keeps on putting the pressure on Kazuo... until he taps!

TAP TAP TAP!

Kazuo taps quickly and Batts lets go of the hold, grinning.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match by submission... **"BANTAM" RYAN BATTTS!**

DDK:

Another big submission victory for Batts on UNCUT! He worked over Kazuo's knee, then hit him with that bevvy of strikes into the takedown, then that was all she wrote! I'm not sure what he calls that hold, but it was most definitely unique!

Lance:

Yeah, what a move that was! He used his size to his advantage there and rolled him forward out of that wheelbarrow into that leg hold!

Batts rolls out of the ring and pumps a fist while Akamatsu holds his knee in the ring, growling. The crowd cheers on the young protege of one Oscar Burns as the scene heads elsewhere.

ASMR WITH AMES 7: DIVORCE HER

With a huff and a puff, Teresa Ames begins to stream a very special ASMR session from her regular recording set. Her eyes lock into the center of her webcam.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Hello, hello, hello everyone and welcome to ASMR with Ames. I am your lovely, glowing, picture-perfect host, Teresa Ames and I am holding this VERY special session to address all the rumors I've been hearing from backstage and online chat boards about Jay Harvey and myself.

Teresa pauses for a moment. She allows her eardrums to soak in that name.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Time to set the record straight.

She starts to whimper a bit, as if she is the victim.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Everyone knows he rejected me. Let's recount the facts though. I took a liking to him. I got his merch sales up and then he shot me down in the locker room. Fair. Okay, fine. I can deal with that. I can totally accept you're a committed husband and loving father.

Her mood swings like a rollercoaster, down one minute then up the next.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Hehehehehehe...

The Keyboard Queen cackles as she grabs a dainty female doll and a hair brush. She holds it up for her webcam to see. She smiles sadistically.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

This is my new doll, Cat. Say hi, Cat. My, what beautiful hair you have. Let's brush it. Too bad the rest of your body is disproportionate and you're ugly. How did you ever corral such a specimen like Jay Harvey? What does he see in you that I don't have? I'm perky and nice. You're just a b*tch.

Teresa's hands shake as she viciously brushes the doll's hair. The doll's head would melt if Ames could shoot lasers out of her eyes.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

I hope you enjoyed all those matches you had, Jay, because I have a secret to confess. I was the one that booked them for you. At first, they were just a test to see if you were a suitable partner but after you rejected me, I increased the difficulty because I wanted you hurt and buried.

The brushing intensifies.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

But then you had to go ahead and win all your matches, didn't you? I even had a love letter written for you, but I never sent it. I NEVER SENT IT TO YOU!

Ames stops. Her eyes dart up to her webcam. She winks before promptly ripping the doll's plastic head off. She holds the broken doll in her hands like a savage in the wild.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

DIVORCE HER, JAY. DO IT. COME BE WITH ME. I DESERVE YOU.

The Keyboard Queen throws the doll parts away. She takes a breath, collecting herself.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Jay. I'm sorry for that little outburst. I am over it. What I am not over is the fact that come ASCENSION, I will have to do all the dirty work myself. Mark my words, when I win, I will get my way and FORCE you to sign the divorce papers so you will be my EXCLUSIVE slave for whatever I want.

Her head turns, looking down at the broken doll on the floor.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Thank you for tuning in. Please subscribe to my OnlyFaithful account. See you all at ASCENSION. Stay frosty. Ames out.

The stream ends to static.

TYLER FUSE vs. GUNTHER ADLER

DDK:

A unique setting coming up, although one that isn't new.

Lance:

Yes. Tyler Fuse is taking on Gunther Adler in a tune-up match before Ascension. This will be held inside an empty arena.

DDK:

I'm not sure why management is giving Tyler this chance to wrestle. He was banned from DEFtv 144 and showed up anyway.

Lance:

For what it's worth, I'm told this match took place a few days before DEFtv 144. Tyler demanded he have a contest and promised to stay away from the arena when Kerry Kuroyama was in attendance. We all know how that turned out.

DDK:

We did. For now, however, we go to the ring and both combatants are ready.

The scene switches to the squared circle where Tyler Fuse paces and Gunther Adler watches him. Referee Carla Ferarri calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

Adler charges Tyler but Tyler ducks and rolls to the center of the ring. A swift dropkick to Adler's chest puts the big man into the corner and Tyler races in... full head of steam... with a shoulder block!

Lance:

Adler is much more muscular than the elder Fuse Bro but Tyler does pack a punch. I'll give him that.

DDK:

Fuse tries for a running bulldog but Adler throws him off! Tyler lands on his feet, goes for another dropkick but this time Gunther side-steps him. Tyler crashes to the mat and Adler drills The Game-Changer in the back of the head with an elbow. Now Adler scoops Tyler onto his shoulders... looking for a running powerslam but Tyler slips out and throws Gunther face-first into the buckle!

Gunther wobbles out and Tyler dropkicks Adler in the back this time. Then Fuse races at the larger man and hits the running bulldog! Tyler waits in the corner... he's calling Adler to his feet.

DDK:

Tyler bursts towards Adler and connects with a leaping shoulder block!

Lance:

Really impressive Tyler was able to knock Adler off his feet. If nothing else, Fuse is showing he's all-business and attempting some hard-hitting moves, usually meant for people of Adler's size and build!

DDK:

The one issue here is that shoulder block hurt Tyler, too.

Lance:

Definitely. When you fight a weight class above, it's going to put your body through a different kind of pain.

Tyler shakes it off, however. He meets Adler at the center of the mat and hammers Gunther's face with a left forearm! Then he follows up with a stiff left fist!

Ferrari tells Tyler to keep the palm open but he doesn't listen. Tyler rocks Adler again.

Gunther is stunned but not down. Adler proves sheer force can only take you so far and the real power comes... in force and size. The 260 pounds of Adler crush the 208 pounds of Tyler in the side of the head, knocking him to the mat.

DDK:

It took Tyler two shots to get Adler to take one step back. It took Adler one shot to knock Tyler down!

Furious, the elder Fuse slams the mat with rage. He shoots to his feet and gets right into Gunther Adler's face.

Tyler Fuse:

You're useless. You've been here forever and proven nothing. YOU have failed DEFI-

DDK:

Adler hammers Tyler with another right! Gunther's looking for that powerslam now... and hits it! The German hooks the leg!

ONE.

KICKOUT.

Lance:

I hate to say it but that's impressive. Tyler's a hard man to keep down.

Adler pulls Tyler up by his short brown hair. He's looking for a powerbomb but once Tyler is up on Adler's shoulders, he starts punching the larger man with a number of desperation blows.

Shot after shot echo through the empty arena. Tyler has Adler reeling...

Tyler wraps his legs around Adler's neck and then hurls him into the ropes. The swift and quick Fuse leaps to his feet and sprints towards Adler...

Dropkick to the right knee. Tyler positioned his kick right at the sweet spot because Adler collapses immediately. The big man tries to get up but can't since his knee clearly buckled. Tyler stomps away on it.

DDK:

Tyler's relentless here... now he picks up Adler's knee and drives his left elbow into the injury!

Tyler does this three more times and then with all of Fuse's might, Tyler drags Adler to the ropes and places the knee on the second rope. Tyler comes crashing down, throwing all his weight on the knee as Adler screams out. Tyler does this two more times and then gets on all fours, tucking his head between his shoulders and pushing off the mat, slowly rolling Adler to the middle of the ring.

For good measure, Tyler drives an elbow into Adler's face and then applies...

A figure four leg lock.

Gunther bellows. He slams his hands against the mat. The former BRAZEN wrestler is trying to turn Tyler over but his knee is really feeling it.

DDK:

Adler has nowhere to go!

Lance:

You can see Gunther's lost all ability with that leg!

Adler has no other choice. The hulking German taps out.

DING DING DING

Surprisingly, Tyler drops the hold the second the bell rings. Ferrari raises his hand, even though there's no crowd. The Princess makes her way down the ramp and Tyler meets her at the side of the apron. Fuse looks at Adler, who is holding his knee and may be significantly injured. The Game-Changer shrugs and walks up the rampway.

DDK:

A really impressive victory for Tyler. Kerry may be more of Tyler's size and weight... but I shudder to think what's coming to this man in less than a week's time. Kuroyama is bringing hell along with him.

Tyler and The Princess exit behind the curtain.

DDK:

I hope you're ready. I'm sure Kerry is.

Fade.

"Silence encourages the tormentor, never the tormented."

The scene abruptly shifts to the backstage area of the Wrestle-Plex. The picture is out of focus and all over the place. Whomever is in control of the camera is being forcibly led down one of the arena's various hallways. The picture only shows bits and pieces of what is going on, until they enter a locker room. There's an audible "oomph", as the camera's wielder is shoved into a metal folding chair.

Unknown:

Keep yer ass right there.

The locker room door is slammed shut in the background, as the picture starts to come into focus. Seating himself on a bench in view of the camera is a man just three shows into his DEFIANCE career. The one-eyed Texan reaches down and opens his OD green, US army-issued, duffle bag.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Ah reckon maybe it's time for me to get a few thangs off mah chest.

The Lycan cracks open a Bucked Up energy drink and takes a swig, before looking into the camera for the first time. His voice is calm and controlled, as he speaks.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Now, this is probably gonna be the most y'all ever hear come outta mah mouth in one sittin', as Ah don't see a need to flap my gums to anyone and everyone who'll listen, in hopes that y'all magically discover how great Ah am. Ah ain't gonna be like the others in DEFIANCE. Buncha blowhards tootin' their own horns... Doing nothin' more than wastin' their goddamn breath and everyone's time, if ya ask me.

After setting the black aluminum can beside him on the bench, Van Patton reaches down to tighten his boots really quick and brings his focus back to the camera.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Looks like everybody has questions for me. Where Ah been, what Ahm doin', and what Ah plan to do... Maybe if Ah give y'all some info, the forever-circlin' buzzards like Zane and Sawyers'll leave me the hell alone.

He takes a short sip of his drink, wetting his whistle.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Ah reckon we'll start with that first question... just where has good ol' Gunnar Van Patton been all these years? Let me reply to that with one of my own. Who gives a good goddamn? Everybody's got a past, but it seems like only certain people's history matters at all when it comes to DEFIANCE. Ah could sit here and list what Ah've done and who's asses Ah've stomped, but it ain't gonna change a damn thing. Look around. Ah didn't have the welcome wagon rolled out for me like others. There wasn't a goddamn thang. There wasn't a website post, talkin' about the titles Ah won in garbage promotions that can't stay open or one goin' on about how Ahm a legend outside these walls and how ya should make sure ya watch my debut match. Hell, mah match wasn't even on DEFtv. Ah didn't even get even the tiniest mention on that tabloid, The Defiant. What Ah got was a debut on par with a DVD exclusive, dark match, teamin' with two utterly worthless jackasses that couldn't lace mah boots against a gaggle of pathetic never-were's, who need to go back to whatever Ron Jon Surf Shop they crawled out of.

He chugs the remainder of his caffeine-filled beverage and tosses the empty can into the trash.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Truth be told, DEFIANCE ain't any different than this entire country. Outta sight, outta mind. God forbid ya do somethang outside America's self-centered, tunnel vision. Despite what DEFIANCE staff thinks, the wrestling world exists outside these walls and outside this country. While others were here practicin' their improv comedy skills, Ah was traveling the world, learning how to put a beatin' on any man unlucky enough to stand across from me in that rang.

The Texan takes off his black, Hoonigan ballcap, only to contort the bill into a small U-shape and slip it back on.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Ah reckon that's how this country works now, ain't it? The great men and women who serve this country are no longer seen as heroes. They're quickly forgotten and left to rot once they come home, no matter how much they sacrificed. Ah bet they wouldn't treat their World War 2 veteran granddaddies like this. It's a proven fact that times change and unfortunately for DEFIANCE, so do people. The GVP y'all knew was KIA and now, all that's left is his wrathful spirit.

His dull, unpolished dog tags make an audible click, as he hides them within his black Ranger Up Wrestling t-shirt.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Besides, it'd be flat out stupid of me to expect any kinda respect from a company that is founded on segments that come off more as cut scenes from a failed, Tuesday night sitcom than a real wrestlin' promotion? Ah can see the commercial now, "Hilarity ensues on the next episode of DEFtv!" Ah was told that this is the place where ya gotta go to make a name for yourself in America, now-a-days. But let's call a spade a spade, DEFIANCE ain't a wrestlin' promotion. It's a fuckin' sketch comedy show. Every episode of DEFtv is filled with an increasing amount of bullshit that does nothin' more than make this business look more and more like it is for inbred morons with an IQ firmly between a barbeque grill and jock itch. Ever stand outside this buildin' at the end of the night? It's like watchin' the clown car at the circus. The door opens and a never ending supply of fools comes spilling out, each one a little less funny than the last. Maybe if Ah painted mah face, wore some candy ass tassels around mah boots, and spat out retarded one-liners, Ah'd get a spot on the main show. Blatant disrespect for what Ah brang to the table and the competitive sport this business was founded upon. That's all it is.

The Lycan slips on his first mixed martial arts-style glove and tightens it around his wrist.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Then, to add icin' on the proverbial cake, the officials here made me change mah music because some washed-up asshole used to come out with it and they have hopes that he may come out of retirement. Ah bet he'll be put right in the main event if he ever does climb outta his rockin' chair. Ah mean that's what happens here, right? Ya had yer cup of coffee in DEFIANCE and left because another promotion looked to be yer road to stardom. Yet, ya couldn't cut it. Yer attempt to make it big there went ass up and ya came runnin' back home like a scared child. Yet, instead of having to prove yerself, yer given the world. Main event spotlights, segments with the FIST, the whole kitten kaboodle... all because ya came back with yer tail between yer legs. Ya treat this place as second best and get rewarded for it. Sounds like a buncha bullshit to me.

He gloves his opposite hand. He extends and closes his hands a few times, breaking in the leather.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Let's make thangs really clear. Y'all can keep disrespectin' me. That's fine. The real truth lies at the end of this fist and the blood that stains it.

The Texan extends his fist towards the camera.

Gunnar Van Patton:

With each match, y'all are gonna see that Ah ain't here to make jokes, give fans material for signs, or boost the number of listeners on yer podcast. Ahm here to do what the good lord above made me to do and that's tear ligaments, break bones, draw blood, and last but not least, shatter wills. Be it in the battlefield with a rifle in my hand or in that DEFIANCE rang, mah sole objective is to keep that line at the pearly gates long and windin' and ya can bet yer bottom dollar, this is one E-7 that never fails at his mission.

He pulls a pair of black elbow pads from his bag and slowly slips them into position, as he continues on.

Gunnar Van Patton:

The pain... the horror... the fear... it all falls upon yer shoulders, folks. Y'all chose to forget about me. Ya robbed me of

the glory Ah worked so hard to get. Erased from the history books all the blood, sweat, and tears Ah shed to uphold justice and keep everyone safe and sound. DEFIANCE and all of its followers'll pay for this injustice. For like the good book says, "He who sows iniquity will reap sorrow, And the rod of his anger will fail", proverb 22:8. Ya best believe mah path'll be littered with the bodies of yer idols. Good... bad... black... white... it don't mean a goddamn thang to me. If yer on the DEFIANCE payroll, yer deservin' of my wrath. Ahm gonna brang righteous retribution down upon this land, as if it were Sodom and Gomorrah. They say justice's like beauty, in the eye of the beholder, and Ahm sure many'll peg me as the villain of this here story, but the real villain's the person each one of ya see in the mirror every mornin'.

He withdraws a pouch of chewing tobacco from his bag and stuffs a wad of it into his mouth. After zipping up his duffle bag, he rises up to his feet and tosses it in a locker. The Lycan gives the camera one final look.

Gunnar Van Patton:

Disagree with my words? Well, partner, Ah ain't a hard man to find. It can't be any simpler. Scribble yer little John Hancock on the line and meet me in that rang. Let's see if yer man enough to stop me or if yer gonna be just another corpse at the bottom of Crystal Lake.

Van Patton removes his hat, so he can run his fingers through his hair and put the cap back on backwards, signifying that time for words has reached its end. Having said his piece, he departs, leaving the fans at home and all throughout the Wrestle-Plex to ponder his words.

A CHALLENGE MADE

After DEFtv144.

Cut to a backshot view of a larger older man hovering over the trunk of a car.

“I really wish someone would tell me what the hell is going on....”

The man’s voice is instantly recognizable as Terry ‘The Idol’ Anderson, he’s standing over the back of his beaten up sedan as the camera pans further into view. With the briefcase briefly seen leaving his hands and into the back of the trunk he sighs heavily before his face turns into a frightened stare.

Terry:

Jesus! Scotty! You scared the shit outta me!

Emerging from the shadows of the WrestlePlex parking lot is Scott Douglas, dressed in street clothes, he walks with purpose to his older friend/mentor. A bit of an angered look on his face.

Scott:

You know showing up and seeing me booked against Stalker and Victor Vacio, I knew to expect you there, Terry. But you are the one who was going on about Jessica being in danger or missing or whatever the hell you were trying to tell me... Now she appears on screen in the match you just happen to be at?

Terry can see and feel the intensity in Scott’s voice from his opening comments, throwing both hands up apologetically.

Terry:

Victor and Stalker’s ties are none of my business and nothing I want to get involved in. My truth is still what it is... I do know Jessica’s in danger and I do know Jason being here has something to do with it but why he is targeting you directly... I don’t know but.. Hold on.. She was talking to you directly..

Placing his hand on his chin he tilts his head looking to Scott who just shifts in position waiting for Terry to finish his thoughts, but as the older private investigator gets his thinking cap on he realizes something he didn’t realize before.

Terry:

You two hated each other.. Why is she reaching out to YOU... Scott? And why are you not questioning that more? I thought after she quit that was it.. Did you talk to her after that?

The moment of the conversation was starting to teeter in the older man’s direction as his questions went unanswered before Scott’s hand was raised and a finger was placed pointing directly to WrestlePlex.

Scott:

You tell that son of a bitch... messing with me is one thing... But I’ve been watching and I’ll be damned if I’m going to let him get in the way of up and coming talent! I won’t stand for it. Between his hands in my business and with The Favoured Saints! I’ve had it, Terry. Tell Stalker if he wants to get involved in my matches ... then get involved at Ascension. And WHEN I BEAT him

Scott Douglas directs his finger pointing back at Terry Anderson.

Scott:

He’s banned from ringside during The Favoured Saints Match!

Moving forward Scott Douglas approaches his friend, the older former wrestler/announcer turned private eye, his finger pointing at the man.

Scott:

I'm TIRED of WATCHING a washed up has been interfere in everyone's business. If he has beef with me, he settles it with ME, and leaves everyone ELSE OUT of it!

Terry shakes his head. Before he can ask another question Scott is walking off camera, leaving Terry behind in a confused state.

"BLACK OUT" PATRICK CASSIDY vs. CHARLIE GALT

Note: The following match was taped as a dark match prior to the start of DEFtv 144 and before Cassidy's brutal beatdown at the hands of Conor Fuse.

We cut a shot of the DEF fans in the DEFarena, cheering and mugging as the crowd pans over them. We hear Darren Keebler's voice over the shot of the rabid fans.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, up next we've got a match that is sure to be a good one. BRAZEN's Charlie Galt looks to regroup from his recent loss to Dex Joy as he takes on "Black Out" Pat Cassidy.

Lance:

The affair with Dex was embarrassingly short, Darren, and you've got to think he's hoping this one goes a little better for him.

♪ "Welcome to the Machine" by Shadows Fall ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall... introducing first, from Cheyenne, Wyoming... weighing in at two-hundred and thirty pounds... CHAAARRRLLLLLIEE GALT!

Charlie Galt emerges from the back, walking to the ring with a determined look and hitting himself upside the head to hype himself up - despite not receiving much of a reaction from The Faithful. He quickly enters the ring and begins to stretch against the ropes, preparing for the coming contest.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!"

♪ "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by Dropkick Murphys ♪

The crowd comes alive!

Pat Cassidy emerges from the back, pausing at the entrance way to turn his head and soak in his warm welcome from The Faithful. Cassidy slaps a few hands as he walks down the ramp, sporting a grin that lets us know he appreciates the cheers. As he reaches the ring, he spies a front row fan holding a "I'M CASSIDY'S DRINKING BUDDY" sign, and he approaches the fan. Cassidy slaps the fan five and grabs his sign, holding it up to the camera and pointing at it approvingly.

Darren Quimbey:

From Boston, Massachusetts... weighing in at two-hundred and forty-two pounds... "BLACK OUT" PAAAAAAT CAAAAAASSIDY!

DDK:

The Scrapper from Southie has earned his way into the hearts of these fans.

Lance:

He's a fun guy to be around, Keeps. Or so I hear.

DDK:

I'm sure you have.

Cassidy hops up to the top rope, holding his hands together over his head and encouraging the cheers from the DEF fans around him. Charlie Galt, meanwhile, scowls at the gall of this punk kid who is on the receiving end of all these

cheers. He motions to Cassidy, letting him know that Galt is less than impressed.

DING DING!

The match is underway, and Cassidy and Galt begin to circle each other, looking for an opening. However, just as both men are about to dive in for the lock-up, Cassidy holds up a single finger in a “wait, hold on” motion. Cassidy walks over the rope, looking out in the crowd. He cocks his ear, as if he hears something and would like to hear more. From the legions of DEFIANCE fans, a chant rises up....

CASS – I – DY!

CASS – I – DY!

CASS – I – DY!

Cassidy flashes a thumbs up to his chant. Charlie Galt, for his part, seems to lose his shit over the amount of fanfare Black Out is receiving. He begins to scold the crowd for their actions, which only serves to amuse Pat Cassidy even more. Cassidy holds up his hands, as if to get the attention of the people. Cassidy points to Charlie Galt, and the fans let their feelings be known.

BOOOOOO!

Cassidy then points to himself.

YAAAAAY!

Cassidy points to Galt.

BOOOOOOO!

To himself.

YAAAAAY!

Lance:

Charlie Galt has had enough of this! He lunges at Cassidy with a right hand.

Cassidy blocks Charlie’s punch and fires back with at Galt series of rights of his own. Cassidy sends Galt off the ropes, and catches him on the rebound with a back elbow to the mush. Galt bounces back up and walks right into a Pat Cassidy headlock takedown. Looking to escape, Galt muscles his way back to his feet and reaches for the nearby ropes with both hands. Cassidy, seeing Galt has grabbed the ropes, releases the headlock and instead grabs Galt by the legs. Holding both of Galt’s legs, Cassidy walks backwards, stretching out Galt’s body until he’s finally extended, with hands still on the top rope and legs held outward by Cassidy. Cassidy motions like he’s going to send a kick into Galt’s exposed midsection, asking the crowd if he should. While Galt shakes his head “no,” the crowd responds in the affirmative.

DDK:

And Cassidy with a stiff kick into the body of Charlie Galt!

Cassidy lifts the hurting history teacher to his feet. Black Out hooks his arm and stretches Galt into position for a Pumphandle Drop. As Cassidy lifts Galt, however, Charlie is able to break free and slip down Cassidy’s back. Thinking quickly, Charlie hits the ropes, looking to gain momentum to hit Cassidy with a big move. Cassidy is ready for this, though, and instead he sidesteps the charge and is able to hook one hand around the back of Charlie’s head. Galt continues running and Cassidy uses his own momentum to propel him over the top rope and to the floor!

Lance:

Charlie can't seem to get going here.

DDK:

As the discouraged history teacher regroups on the outside of the ring, Cassidy is again showboating and getting this crowd fired up!

Galt is pacing back and forth on the outside of the ring, fuming at his inability to put together a series of offensive moves and telling the crowd to shut up. Referee Mark Shields, bless his heart, begins to administer a ten count. Finally, Charlie locks eyes with Cassidy, who makes a "well, let's go" motion. Charlie rolls into the ring, and catches Black Out by surprise, twisting around him with a firm hammerlock!

DDK:

Galt looking to finally control the pace of this match with that maneuver.

With Cassidy's arm wrenched behind him, Charlie relishes this opportunity to twist Cassidy around the ring a bit. Releasing the hammerlock, Galt whips Pat into the ropes, and catches him on the rebound with a textbook dropkick! ...or, he would have, had Cassidy not caught the ropes and used them to halt his own momentum. Instead, Galt falls back first onto the canvas. He quickly jumps to his feet, embarrassed and angry, and charges at Cassidy. Patrick is ready for him, and back body drops Galt up and OVER the ropes! Galt again collides with the ringside floor!

Lance:

Oh man. This is going to send him over the edge.

Truer words were never spoken. As Cassidy perches on the top rope in a sitting position and makes a big show of looking at an imaginary watch, Mark Shields begins another ten count. This time, however, when Charlie climbs to his feet, he audibly cries "forget this" and turns his back, heading toward the backstage area!

Lance:

I can't believe this! The history teacher has become so frustrated that it appears he's settling for a count out loss.

DDK:

Uh... it appears young Mr. Cassidy might have other plans...

Indeed it does! Cassidy rolls out of the ring and catches Charlie before he can make it backstage. Cassidy spins Galt around and peppers him with right hands as the crowd explodes! Grasping the back of Galt's head, Cassidy runs him back toward the ring and rolls him under the bottom rope. Following Galt into the ring, Cassidy again hooks him for a Pumphandle Drop... and this time he executes it, driving his opponent into the canvas.

DDK:

Charlie Galt seeing stars!

Galt, on dream street, stumbles into the corner, leaning against the turnbuckle for support while he clears the cobwebs. Cassidy takes position in the opposite turnbuckle, throws a hand up to the fans, and gets a running start... connecting with a leaping Stinger Splash!

After Cassidy's frame collides with Galt, Charlie stumbles out of the corner... right into the waiting arm of Cassidy who sets him up for The Irish Goodbye!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy has Charlie Galt hooked... Cassidy pausing for just a moment, letting the fans anticipate the move...

Lance:

Irish Goodbye! Cassidy connects with his version of the reverse STO!

DDK:

It would appear that for Charlie Galt... the party is over.

Cassidy hooks the leg...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING!

♪ "1953" by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner by pinfall... "BLACK OUT" PAAAAT CAAAAASSIDY!

Lance:

Once Cassidy kicked it into gear, this contest didn't last very long.

DDK:

Pat Cassidy has been on a roll lately with an impressive string of victories!

A BLACK OUT IN STALKER'S WORLD

DDK:

Hold on a minute here. Instead of heading to the back, Cassidy is motioning to ringside for a microphone.

Lance:

Folks, if you've been keeping up the program you know this young man is fond of belting out of a song after a successful match. I have a feeling we might be about to be serenaded...

Still standing in the ring as Charlie Galt rolls out of the ring and heads to the back, Cassidy hits the mic against his palm a few times to make sure it's on, then raises it to his mouth as his exit theme dies down.

Cassidy:

Ladies and gentlemen... if you'll be willing to give me a moment here... I've got something to get off my chest.

Lance:

Wait, maybe he's not singing?

Cassidy leans his elbows on the top rope as he speaks, facing out into the crowd.

Cassidy:

I know what you're all thinking. Geez, Cass, you're not your usual happy go-lucky-self lately. And, yes imaginary fan's voice in my head, you're right! See... for the past month I've had this monkey on my back that I just can't shake. Something that's been lingering in the back of my mind, making it hard to enjoy myself as I have been known to do. I know I'm usually in a better mood after my matches, but right now is not time for singing and drinking. Right now, there's one person I feel I need to address.

Cassidy pauses for a second to let that sink in.

Cassidy:

That person's name... is Stalker.

A boo from the crowd!

Cassidy [nodding in agreement]:

Yeah. That's more or less how I feel about him, too. See, a month or so ago I was standing in this ring across from a man by the name of Scott Douglas.

Pause for crowd pop!

Cassidy:

I owe Scott Douglas a hell of a debt. He answered my open challenge, and he gave me a chance to prove that I could hang. And the match was going pretty well, in my humble opinion, until the interference by Stalker's attack dog.

Another round of boos, this time for Rezin - Stalker's partner in crime and fellow member of The Kabal.

Cassidy:

Rezin made his way to ringside while Stalker distracted Scott Douglas, taking his eyes off the prize. And thanks to Stalker, what should have been the biggest win of my career is now...

Cassidy sneers.

Cassidy:

...tainted. I won the match, but I did so with his "help." I now have an asterisk in the record book. I don't know about you, but I HATE asterisks. I didn't sign my name on the dotted line here in DEFIANCE to squeak out cheap wins. I sure as hell didn't come here for Stalker to do my dirty work for me.

Cassidy now looks directly into the camera.

Cassidy:

Stalker. Jason Reeves. Whatever you're calling yourself these days... you took something from me. Seems only fair that I now take something from you.

A cheer from the crowd as they begin to sense where this is going.

Cassidy:

The bottom line is this: I'm coming to kick your ass. I owe you that much for sticking your nose where it didn't belong. So way I see it, you've got two options. You can agree to face me one-on-one in this ring at Uncut 80, and I can beat you down in front of the world...

DDK:

A challenge for our next edition of Uncut!

Cassidy:

...or we go with option number two: you can play your little games where you hide in the shadows instead of facing me like a man, and then I can just come find you. And what that means is Pat Cassidy is going to hit the town as only Pat Cassidy can, and at the end of a festive night of vigorous hydration, I'm calling an Uber to get myself home. And buddy, let me tell you what: in the history of Uber, there ain't never been a pain-in-the-ass drunken customer quite like THIS guy.

A small laugh from the crowd as Cassidy jerks one of his thumbs in his own direction.

Cassidy:

Don't worry, you'll get your five stars. But you'll also get a boot up your ass. So... your choice. We do this in front of the world, or we do this all over the streets of New Orleans.

Cassidy snaps his fingers as if he'd just remembered something.

Cassidy:

Oh yeah! I almost forgot. If your buddy Rezin can get his shift at Hot Topic covered for the night, he can come too. I owe that jackass one, and I'll be more than happy to kick both your asses. Cheers!

Cassidy drops the mic, raising his hands to the positive response from the crowd.

Lance:

Well, there you have it folks... a challenge for Uncut 80!

Suddenly, as Cassidy mugs for the crowd... a burst of static! The lights in the arena flicker and the DEFiatron fires up! Cassidy stops addressing the crowd and instead looks to the tron.

DDK:

Wait just a minute... Cassidy might not have to wait very long for an answer! Much like his use of the DEFiatron to distract Scott Douglas, Stalker is once again leveraging the tactic to send a message to Pat Cassidy.

Stalker:

Just like the foolish FALSE HEROES before you, Pat Cassidy - you will crumble at the very weight of Stalker's World.

Jason 'Stalker' Reeves' voice echoes through the DEFiatron as the screen is still filled with the unnerving static of unending suffering.

Stalker:

The friends you make... the friends you seek... none of them will be able to save you from the fall you have slipped

yourself onto my friend. My eyes... will always be watching... and for your challenge. Consider it accepted... I just hope the taste of a bitter loss is something you can handle.

The words drop off like a loud thud of a hammer as Cassidy is left staring at the screen, his direct challenge answered quicker than the man was probably expecting. Cassidy smiles, but not in a friendly way, motioning to the tron for Stalker to "bring it."

DDK:

It's not every day we get to say this but... we've got a big match lined up for our next edition of Uncut!

Lance:

Both Stalker and Cassidy have to make through both nights of Ascension first... but if they do, we'll see these two competitors square off for the first time right here!

HEAVY ARTILLERY vs. BARRIO BOYS

DDK:

Welcome back to UNCUT and up next we've got a mismatch of epic proportions! We've got Heavy Artillery demanding more competition against the BRAZEN roster... but tonight, they'll get the team of The Barrio Boys! Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez and Corey Nunez!

Lance:

In BRAZEN, their fellow partner Gerardo Villalobos has had a dominant run as the promotion's inaugural BRAZEN Onslaught Championship. We're gonna see if his partners can attain some success of their own against Heavy Artillery next!

DDK:

Let's take it to ringside for the next match!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a BRAZEN Showcase tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first, at a combined weight of SEVEN-HUNDRED NINETY-EIGHT POUNDS... the team of Bobby Horrigan and 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:

We're at it again, lads! Another week, another set 'o chumps lookin' for the biggest shite-kickin' available. You up for the task, big lad?

Roosevelt Owens nods.

Roosevelt Owens:

Yeah, I still haven't hit that 630 I promised.

Bobby Horrigan:

Time ta get your arse kicked, flippy-dooers!

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...

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, at a combined weight of 413 pounds... accompanied by Mr. Gustavo Salazar, they are HUGO GONZALEZ AND COREY NUNEZ... **THE BARRIO BOYS!**

♪ "Heart of a Champion (instrumental)" by Nelly ♪

The theme plays and Mr. Salazar brings out the athletic young guns, Hugo Gonzalez and Corey Nunez both getting a nice reaction from the crowd. Both men head down to the ring and then climb inside quickly. Both start stretching while Big Rose leans over the ropes in his corner. Bobby Horrigan wants to start first for his side...

DING DING!

And when Bobby Horrigan turns around, he gets greeted with a Double Dropkick from the duo!

DDK:

Wow! Look what's going on! The Barrio Boys are taking the fight to Heavy Artillery!

Both men knock The Irish Boston native on his ass! And before Big Rose knows what's going on, both men advance on him and then they Double Dropkick him as well! Rose stumbles off the ropes and hits the floor!

Lance:

WOW! That might have caused an earthquake!

Bobby tries to get back to his feet and this time, a third consecutive double dropkick works for them to knock Bobby into the corner! The crowd cheers on the duo because as that happens, Gonzalez kneels on all fours to allow Corey Nunez to leap off his back into a Leg Lariat in the corner! He gets hurt and that's when Hugo comes off the ropes and his a sliding Reverse STO!

DDK:

Great sequence of moves! I think this is gonna be it!

Hugo gets Bobby on his back and then goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Bobby kicks out and Hugo rushes over to make the tag to Corey Nunez. He heads to the top rope quickly while Hugo puts the boots to him. Corey leaps off the top with a huge Senton Bomb! He then covers Bobby again!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Look at the Barrio Boys go! They've been high performers on a lot our recent BRAZEN shows!

Hugo and Corey try another double team but first they have to get Bobby to his feet. They pull him up and whip him to the ropes, but when he comes back, he SMASHES into both of them with a huge Double Clothesline! Mr. Salazar lets out a surprised cry when Bobby stands over both of them and shrugs off the earlier punishment... before CRUSHING Hugo Gonzalez with a big Jumping Senton! The crowd cringes as he sits up, holding his jaw, then laughs like a crazy person.

Lance:

Wow! Just like that, Heavy Artillery turns the tide that quickly!

Bobby sits up and picks up Corey Nunez before he SLAMS into him with a headbutt and then a big scoop slam. He makes the tag over to Roosevelt who gets back on the apron and looks pissed off. Bobby comes off the ropes just as Corey starts to sit up, but hits a low dropkick of his own. Rosey then casually strolls off the ropes and unleashes a MASSIVE elbow drop to his heart!

DDK:

Good LORD! What a series by Heavy Artillery!

Lance:

I don't know if The Barrio Boys can take much more of this punishment.

Mr. Salazar watches from the corner when Big Rose picks up Corey. He throws him in the corner and then backs up halfway before rushing forward and CRUSHING him viciously with a running body avalanche! Big Rosey picks him up before he can fall out of the corner and then scoops him up and throws him across the ring using a release suplex!

DDK:

I think they're done!

Big Rosey picks up Corey and makes a tag. Corey Nunez tries to get into the ring only to catch a boot to the face from him! He then walks over with Nunez on his back and tags Bobby Horrigan. Horrigan heads up top while Rosey runs and CRUSHES Corey again with a samoan drop. He sits up and then allows Bobby Horrigan to come off the top with his signature diving splash!

DDK:

That's it! The Big Guns! The samoan drop from Rosey followed by the Irish Slammer splash from Bobby and that's it.

Bobby just puts two hands on his chest and doesn't need to hook a leg.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **HEAVY ARTILLERY!**

The two mastodons get their arms raised and then celebrate before leaving the ring, done with their work.

DDK:

Another challenge and another win by Heavy Artillery! These two look to be starting something soon.

Lance:

As the biggest team on the BRAZEN roster, it's only a matter of time before they start aiming higher, I'm thinking.

One final shot of Bobby and Big Rose before the scene heads elsewhere.

A RILED REUNION

"How is he?" Saori Kazama looked concernedly at DEFIANCE medical team head Dr. Iris Davine, who had just walked out of the DEFplex's examining room.

"Troy will be fine," the good doctor said, "a little banged up but nothing like he would come see me for the last time he was here." I knew you'd broken up back then, but did he ever tell you?"

"Yes, the time he nearly died. Four years ago."

"At an ASCENSION, no less!" crowed a man in the examining room, as he gingerly walked out, shaking his head in frustration. "My first time on DEFIANCE television in four years and I end up gettin' merked by those HOSS pricks. Jesus."

"Just be happy it wasn't a complete beatdown like last time, and that you're back in good condition," the doc said.

The self-styled Slayer of Giants chuckled. "It's good to see you too, Doc."

"Don't be sarcastic! The last thing I want in my office is somebody falling dead like you almost did."

Troy sauntered past, "I know, Doc. I know how concerned you are." He stopped for a second and turned back to her. "I... don't think I ever thanked you for all the concern and advice you gave me back then. I probably woulda withered and died if you didn't give a shit." His face is no longer that of the grinning, cocky, kinda-jerkass underdog DEFIANCE cheered on for many years, but rather, a humble man who had been to the abyss. Iris could only smile.

"Of course. I'm a doctor. It's what I do. And I'm glad you were able to get your life back together." Troy responded with a chuckle and a squeeze of Saori's thin, pale hand.

"Thanks, doc." With a smile and nod, the head doctor departed to look after other talent.

"You OK, boy-o?" a familiar voice called out as Eddie Dante and the monstrous Mushigihara rushed in.

"He's fine. Just a little rattled up. I don't want to say what would have happened if HOSS had really gone in on him, but he'll live," Saori said, while wrapping an arm around her man's waist as he just rolled his eyes and groaned in embarrassment.

"To think we'd see each other again like this, huh, Ed?" Troy chuckled bleakly.

"I'm just thankful I'm able to see you at all." Dante shook his head and Mushi drove a fist into his meaty palm.

"The doc wants me to rest a bit," Troy sighed, "so HEY. God-Beast."

The monster turned to his former partner and adversary, tilted his head, and let out a light, inquisitive...

"Osu?"

"Do your old pal Troy a favor and grind those HOSS dipshits to dust, will ya?"

With a low growl, nod, and clasp of his hands, the mighty Mushigihara roar...

"OSU!"

"DO YOU MIND?!" a voice calls out from the examining room. Even the God-Beast is shocked into silence. To say nothing of the others.

SCROW vs. THOMAS SLAINE vs. MASSIVE COWBOY*DING...DING...***Darren Quimbey:**

The following contest is a THREE-WAY ELIMINATION MATCH! It is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

The Faithful cheer.

Darren Quimbey:

It is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

♪ "Freebird" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

Massive Cowboy steps from behind the curtain to a chorus of jeers as he makes his way to the ring in the main event for Uncut here tonight.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring first...from The Double Dragon Ranch; Tokyo, TX...MASSIVE COWBOY!

DDK:

This came about a few months back on DEFTV 138. Cowboy was set to take on Thomas Slaine until this happened...

Cowboy steps through the ropes and the DEFiatron cuts his music.

Footage of DEFTV 138

The two men circle one another and soon engage in a collar elbow lock up. Thomas is able to hip toss Massive Cowboy over. Cowboy gets to a knee and looks at Slaine before standing back up as the two circle...

Scrow:

Carla! Carla! Carla!

DDK:

Oh no, what could Scrow now want?

Lance:

I had a chance to interview him on Uncut last week. I am not sure he exactly cared about what I had to say. There has been word going around in the back he has yet to apologize to Ms. Ferrari yet.

DDK:

Will he though, he has become so unpredictable as of late who knows what he may do here.

The Faithful along with the competitors quickly look to the entranceway as Scrow clearly is not dressed to wrestle but has something to say. Carla looks a bit shaken up as the deranged man makes his way to the ring. He climbs the steps and walks the apron before entering the ring he says.

Scrow:

Scrow can see the apprehension in your eyes, Carla...Please give Scrow a moment of your time.

Scrow enters the ring, he holds a finger up to both Slaine and Cowboy who are not too happy about the interruption. Neither is The Faithful as they have no love loss for what Scrow did to not only Nicky but Carla at 137.

Scrow:

It took Scrow a while to come to the conclusion...That being perhaps just maybe...

He looks back at the entranceway specifically to DDK and Lance sitting at their position as he says.

Scrow:

Scrow has been approaching everything the wrong way.

He looks back at Carla after a few seconds of staring which clearly was to Lance sitting at his position.

Scrow:

What Scrow did a couple of weeks ago was truly uncalled for. He knows Nicky is at home with an eye injury. Let Scrow set the record straight here, it was not his intention to maim anyone.

He looks back at Carla.

Scrow:

Or strike at the innocent. For that Carla Scrow truly is sorry.

Carla smiles warmly at it, she says something not caught by audio. Whatever it was Scrow seems relieved by it. On the other hand, Massive Cowboy is laughing his ass off right now. Scrow looks toward him.

Scrow:

Something funny?

Cowboy gets in his face and grabs the microphone from his hand.

Cowboy:

Sure is son, here I thought you were not the type of guy to care about anything. Yet, here you are begging for forgiveness. You son are nothing more than a flat out loser!

Without so much as a response Cowboy is struck immediately after saying "loser" by a Raven's Call. Carla quickly signals for the bell. Scrow looks at her in shock, he then looks at Slaine who clearly does not look very happy.

DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of the match as a result of a disqualification....MASSIVE COWBOY!

Scrow tries to explain to Carla but this time she points at the logo on her shirt. Scrow quickly backs away. Until he bumps into Slaine who now is verbally berating him. Scrow backs away from him. The Faithful have mixed feelings toward him. Scrow looks around for a moment then quickly exits the ring trying to explain himself as he backtracks up the rampway. Thomas is not happy at all. Scrow reaches the top of the ramp and stares coldly at Lance before walking behind the curtain

Thomas Slaine's music hits as Cowboy laughs at the footage just played on the Defiatron.

♪ *Hanni El Khatib - You Rascal You* ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the second competitor to this match....from Mobile, Alabama...THOMAS SLAINE!

DDK:

Since then Scrow has gone way off the edge.

Lance:

More like a cliff, he took a jump off the grand canyon and has become the most unpredictable man, and one of the many faces of evil in DEFIANCE today.

Thomas steps from behind the curtain, no man in this match is going to have any type of favor from The Faithful here

tonight as he gets the jeers much like his opponent just did. Slaine looks out into the crowd and walks toward the side of the stage and jaws with a few fans while pointing at them.

DDK:

Thomas and Cowboy sure are not looking for any favors from the Faithful here tonight Lance.

Lance:

They sure are not. Folks this is an elimination-style match. Which would make you wonder if it was wise for Scrow to accept this match here tonight with only a week away from ASCENSION, where he would step into the ring with Matt LaCroix, Black Panda, and Rezin.

DDK:

That Rezin ordeal though makes you wonder should Scrow survive both Matt and Panda will that "alliance" truly last?

Lance:

If it ever comes to be, Rezin is off his rocker much like Scrow.

DDK:

Two peas in a pod from my viewpoint.

Slaine has really gotten upset with a fan as they go back and forth. Scrow rushes out of the back and gets behind Slaine now the fan is pointing behind him laughing. Thomas continues to jaw jack with this fan....suddenly Thomas is turned around...

DDK:

YELLOW MIST! Slaine never saw it coming!

Scrow gently pushes Slaine who is screaming holding his eyes off the stage into a huge set of electrical equipment!

Lance:

GOOD GOD! Slaine is being electrocuted!

DDK:

Scrow just has that same creepy smile on his face...this man is SICK!

The lights flicker as flashes of a close up of Scrow's face, his chin covered in yellow residue. He slowly looks to Cowboy who is running his mouth and pointing at Scrow. Scrow goes into a scarecrow pose and the light completely turn off.

DDK:

What is going on here, the equipment has caught fire, somebody get out here and help Thomas Slaine!

On cue DEFMED and other officials rush the scene to give Thomas the attention he desperately needs, the fire illuminates Scrow's face and his eyes slowly look toward the ring. His expression has yet to change. He slowly backs away enveloping in the darkness. Cowboy is shouting at Carla about everything going on...

DDK:

This man as a champion sends shivers down my spine...

Lance:

Forget about that look a raven is on the ring post! What kind of games is Scrow playing here. Is this supposed to be a wrestling match or a Broadway show?

Cowboy notices it and then another flies down and stands on another ring post. Cowboy and Carla notice the birds, and a third one on another post...and finally a fourth on the last free turnbuckle.

Massive Cowboy:

What in tarnation is going on here!

The ravens in sync in a creepy child voice.

Ravens:

Turn back.....Turn back....

DDK:

Ok, this is beyond a Broadway show this has become very unsettling here.

Ravens:

Turn back.....Turn back...

Cowboy and Carla clearly look uncomfortable in the ring, the ravens suddenly fly up and above Cowboy's head as he looks up at them. The lights come back on...

Lance:

SCROW IS BEHIND COWBOY!

Carla jumps back startled....

DDK:

The ravens have disappeared and Cowboy has no idea Scrow is behind him.

Scrow: *{same child-like voice as the ravens}*

Turn back...

MC eyes widen when he realizes where the voice is coming from he slowly turns around and is struck with a devastating kick to the chest dropping him quickly. Scrow drops to his knees driving his elbow on the top of Cowboy's head! MC holds the top of his head as he rolls over to his stomach. Scrow continues to say "Turn back" at MC. He stomps on Cowboy's ten-gallon hat before sitting on Cowboy's back and sticking his fingers in Cowboy's mouth and pulling back in a version of a camel clutch. MC quickly grabs the ropes after trying to pull Scrow's fingers out from his mouth and having no luck. Carla starts counting...

Carla Ferrari:

ONE...TWO...THREE....FOUR...

Scrow releases the hold and Carla is giving him a mouthful and he just stares at her slowly walking toward her. The fear in her eyes is apparent as she backtracks she points at her logo...this time Scrow could care less. He finally backs her into a corner.

DDK:

Scrow don't you do it!

Lance:

...HE IS KISSING HER!?

DDK:

This man is truly sick! Look at Carla's face. She is terrified!

Carla's eyes are wide open as Scrow lays one on her. He pulls away staring into her eyes, Carla is stuck in fear yellow mist residue now on her mouth. Cowboy through all this has gotten to his feet he spins Scrow around and starts to unload on him. He back Scrow into the ropes and tosses him off the ropes, he hits the ropes and nails a devastating

lariat!

DDK:

Cowboy has the cover here! Carla has not moved since that sinister kiss.

Massive Cowboy:

Count you, crazy dame!

She continues to stand in utter fear. Scrow now from the cover again with that child-like voice says "Turn back".

Lance:

Between Carla stuck in utter fear... Massive trying to end this match....and Scrow talking like a kid you would see in The Shining. This has been the strangest main event I have ever seen.

MC gets up and shakes Carla trying to snap her out of her trance.

DDK:

It looks like DEFMed has Thomas on a stretcher he is moving but it looks like his night is over here tonight. It looks like it's just Cowboy and Scrow now.

Lance:

...Scrow is on his feet...Cowboy is still trying to snap Carla out of what Scrow did to her.

Scrow:

Turn back.....Turn back....

Cowboy turns around and again without wasted hesitation he starts to unload on Scrow, with each blow Scrow looks back at him with that same creepy closed mouth grin *{like something you would see Emperor Palpatine have in a Star wars movie}*.

Massive Cowboy:

This should wake up whatever you did to that woman!

MC irish whips Scrow from the corner and sends him directing toward Carla still standing in the corner. Scrow stops just in front of Carla...the two exchange a stare..

DDK:

CARLA IS KISSING SCROW?

Lance:

Look at her this time she seems all into it! What the hell is going on here?

They both stop kissing both with sinister smiles on their faces as they touch each other's foreheads. Cowboy looks so confused and has no idea what to do.

DDK:

What did he do to Carla for this kind of change?

Scrow slowly turns a quarter toward Cowboy with his mouth wide open. Now Cowboy sees the same smile Scrow has rocked since Acts of Defiance.

Scrow and Carla Ferrari: *{in unison}*

Turn back.....

Massive Cowboy:

Enough of your hocus pocus!

MC charges Scrow...Scrow quickly retaliates and transitions it into sleeper hold he trips Massive to fall face first...he sits back with the sleeper still locked in.

DDK:

Scrow calls that Hush!

Lance:

That modified sleeper camel clutch, Carla is asking MC who refuses to quit.

Scrow is laughing in a maniacal fashion...

Finally MC taps, Carla calls for the bell as Scrow looks down at Massive while Carla raises his arm.

♪ *Diabolical - Nyxx* ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

DDK:

In one of the most bizarre matches to end Uncut here tonight. Scrow adds some more momentum going into ASCENSION where he will meet Matt LaCroix, Black Panda, and Rezin for the Favoured Saints Championship! We are out of time tonight folks...good night!

Scrow exits the ring to a stunned Faithful not knowing just WHAT exactly they just watched. Carla holds her head and then shakes her head...now confused where she is and what just happened. She starts talking to Darren outside the ring as the show feed cuts...

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.