

SHOW OPEN

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.

GUNNAR VAN PATTON vs. PIETRO GEIST

Darren Quimby:

Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall...

A murmur can be heard throughout the Wrestle-Plex, as the DEFIANCE faithful are settling back into their seats. Their attention turns to the entrance ramp with the screaming of a certain four letter expletive starting with "F".

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

And through the curtain and into the darkened arena comes one of the most volatile competitors on the DEFIANCE roster.

Darren Quimby:

Introducing first... From Arlington, Texas and weighing in tonight at 240lbs... **GUNNAR VAN PATTON!!!**

Strobe lights give split-second glimpses of the disgruntled Texan. His focus is solely on the ring, ignoring each and every out-stretched hand of the crowd. After whipping his Violent Gentleman trucker cap into the crowd, The Lycan dives into the ring headfirst and is up on his feet in an instant courtesy of a front handspring.

Lance:

There's a souvenir for a lucky DEFIANCE fan.

Never one to play to the crowd, Van Patton heads to his corner. He allows referee, Benny Doyle, to confirm he has no weapons and then sits down on the mat. He starts tinkering with his attire, making sure each pad is in its proper place and his gloves are as tight as possible around his wrists.

DDK:

Van Patton is ready for the battle he craves.

Lance:

He's that way 24 hours a day, seven days a week, Darren. I saw him backstage and he looked ready to fight the lady handling the catering.

DDK:

He will need to be. Word has it that the bosses called upon the new, BRAZEN player-coach specifically to cure Van Patton's desire for competition.

The vocals of Ivan Moody slowly phases out. The capacity crowd looks on in anticipation, their interest surely peaked. Looking absolutely breathtaking, a statuesque blonde makes her way out to the top of the entrance ramp. She can't help but smile, as she looks over the crowd. Soon the sound of boots marching flows out of the Wrestle-Plex's speaker system.

Lance:

Do you know who that is? That's Lorelei Albrecht!

DDK:

That means only one thing...

♪ "Links 234" by Rammstein ♪

Darren Quimby:

And his opponent... From Munich, Germany and weighing in at 319 and one-quarter pounds... **PIETRO GEIST!!!**

Red strobe lights flicker all round the arena, as the man known as "The Todesengel" stomps into view. He runs his fingers through his light blond undercut and joins his beloved in basking in the adoration of the fans in attendance.

DDK:

The former DEFIANCE Trios champion looks to be in absolutely incredible condition.

Lorelei points to the ring and the Uberkrieger starts his march down to the ring. Unlike his foe, he makes a point to bump fists with several fans on his way. Normally all business, Lorelei can't help herself and slaps a few hands as well. She heads to the steel steps, while Geist grips the top rope from the floor and steps up onto the apron.

Lance:

Van Patton wanted serious competition and less of the talking. He's going to get it all he wants with Geist.

DDK:

That is for sure.

Things just got serious for Van Patton and he knew it. He uses the top rope to pull himself up from the mat and promptly tears his shirt from his body, sending it out into the crowd as well. He watches Geist closely, as the German climbs into the ring and heads to the ropes to raise his fists high into the air, much to the joy of the crowd. Lorelei crosses her arms and looks over her man's opponent, not impressed in the slightest at what she sees. The Lycan stares a hole through her before his attention is grabbed by the Uberkrieger stepping up behind her.

DDK:

This is going to be the biggest test Van Patton has faced since coming to DEF.

Lance:

In both difficulty and size of opponent.

Geist backs up to his corner, locking eyes with his opponent, as the official checks him for any foreign objects. He never looks away, even as he leans down for Lorelei to place a kiss upon his cheek. She whispers ever so softly in her love's ear, bringing a devilish smirk to his face.

Lorelei:

Bring mir seinen kopf.

With the bombshell taking her place at ringside, the official calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!!!

Looking more like the start of a boxing match than a wrestling contest, both fighters bring up their clenched fists and bounce out to the middle of the ring. Geist is the first to go on the offensive. He fires off a right-left combination of punches, but Van Patton leans to the left and then the right to avoid them. The Lycan bobs under a right hook and leans back to avoid a left uppercut. The Todesengel doesn't let up and fires off another right hook, which Van Patton again ducks. A left hook from the Uberkrieger collides with the back of Van Patton's right elbow, stopping it from hitting its target, and the same elbow immediately slams into the Uberkreiger's jaw.

DDK:

Outstanding counter attack.

Lance:

Those are becoming a trademark of the Texan.

Geist contorts his head, stretching things out to combat the throbbing in his jaw. He glances over at his enemy and finds him displaying the elbow that just made contact. Van Patton motions to him to come fight some more. That gets a smirk from the German and he pulls his hands back up into a boxing stance.

Lance:

I'm not sure how smart it is to taunt someone like Geist. That's just asking for trouble.

The two men meet again in the middle of the ring and the Todesengel throws a pair of light jabs with his left, which are instantly swatted away by his opponent. A third jab comes with an overhand right in tow. Van Patton can barely get his hands up in time to block it. Even with defending, the force of the punch causes him to take a couple steps back.

DDK:

I've said it before, there are very few that have punching power on par with the big German.

Lance:

Van Patton was only a moment away from finding that out the hard way.

Always moving forward, the Uberkreiger sways back and forth while approaching and he goes right back to his boxing background. A duo of left-right combinations meet the Lycan's forearms or are deflected to the side. Van Patton tries to return fire with a roundhouse from the left side, only to have it slapped down by his adversary's right hand. Geist unleashes a left hook that Van Patton bobs under and counters with a leaping, right-handed Muay Thai elbow aimed for the jaw again. The Todesengel's massive left forearm easily blocks the incoming strike and socks his opponent in the mouth with a right cross, which sends Van Patton stumbling back into the corner.

DDK:

Right on the button!

Geist keeps the pressure on. He fires off another right, but Van Patton bats it down with his left and attempts a backhand with his right. Yet, the German is up to the task, blocking it with his right arm, before going to a left uppercut. The top rope bends down with the Lycan arching his back over them to avoid the strike. The Texan retaliates with a quick left-right jab combination of his own, creating just enough space for him to hop up to the second rope.

Lance:

Van Patton hand speed is nothing to scoff at either, Darren.

With his opponent not backing off in the slightest, Van Patton is still playing defense. A wild right hand from Geist is blocked by Van Patton's left shin and follow-up left hand is kicked aside by the same leg. The Lycan turns the tables on his enemy with a left kick aimed for the temple. Again, Geist's huge arms come into play, blocking it and a kick from the right side as well. Van Patton looks to use the high ground to deliver an axe kick. However, his leg is caught at the ankle and after being blasted in the gut with a right hand, he is violently torn from the second rope.

DDK:

Once he gets his hands on you, Geist will deposit you exactly where he wants to and it isn't always pretty.

Van Patton lands unceremoniously, but instantly positions himself in a three-point stance. As if he was shot out of a cannon, the Texan explodes towards the German with a leaping Muay Thai-style knee strike. It misses the mark, leaving him to turn right into a pair of left-handed body shots and a right cross to the jaw. Van Patton uses the impact of the punch to spin into a left knee strike, that connects with Geist's chest. The German is driven back just a couple of steps, but it creates some space between the two. Geist smirks down at his kneeling adversary and casually brushes off his chest, not intimidated by the Lycan's ability.

Geist:

Gar nicht so schlecht.

Lance:

Geist seems to be enjoying himself.

DDK:

I'm betting he hasn't had an opponent want to slug it out with him like this, in a long time.

The German's comment and confidence get nothing but a guttural growl in reply. Van Patton takes a deep breath and rises back to his feet. He rubs his thumb across his nose a couple of times before resuming his fighting stance. Van Patton circles, so he is positioned in the middle of the ring and waiting for his foe. His wait would be a short one.

DDK:

If you want a fight, Geist is going to give it to you.

Lance:

And there's no one who wants one more than that one-eyed Texan right there.

Geist leads with a series of light left-handed jabs, while circling his foe. None hit their mark, yet it was just to set up a final left jab that leads a right cross. Van Patton is up to the task, slapping the punches away and then blasting the inside of the Uberkrieger's left thigh with a roundhouse from the left side. Before the German can react, Van Patton looks to his trademark elbow. It is blocked, but allows the Lycan to get in close enough to lock on a clinch. In control, Van Patton starts blasting away with knees to the left side of Geist's abdomen. He switches legs and slams the point of his knee into the inside of his enemy's left thigh three times in a row before Geist is able to break free with a massive shove.

DDK:

Brute strength is one way to counter technique.

Lance:

Once thing Geist has in spades.

Not wanting to give his adversary any chance to recover or adapt, Van Patton closed the gap quickly. He turned to a barrage of jabs of his own, but randomly mixed in kicks to the inside and outside of the Todesengel's left leg. While the jabs didn't work, each kick landed with an audible slap.

Lance:

You spoke of Geist's punching, let's talk about those kicks from Van Patton. Stiff can't even describe them.

Geist tries to take a step back, only to have Van Patton leap at him with a knee. The Uberkreiger knocks it down. GVP keeps coming, though. It looks as if the Texan is going to try and sweep the targeted leg, so the German lifts his leg out of the way. Van Patton expects this and spins into a leaping roundhouse aimed right at his foe's ear. Geist is able to absorb most of the impact with his arm, yet he can't stop himself from stumbling into the ropes.

DDK:

Even with defending against it, that kick still made the huge German almost fall over.

Van Patton rapidly pursues him and uses the greater length of his legs to offset the German's wingspan. Geist tries to keep him at bay with a left jab, but the Lycan easily stays out of range by sidestepping to his right, allowing him to connect with a stiff, right-footed roundhouse to the outside of the Geist's left knee. A kick from the left catches the Todesengel right on the kneecap and he has to rotate that leg to the rear, while backing off.

Lance:

With his size, an injury to that leg could spell doom for Geist and he knows it.

In the blink of an eye, a Sagat-like tiger knee comes flying towards the German. While he blocks it, the force knocks him off balance. Van Patton takes aim on the leg again with a kick, narrowly missing it. However, he spins like a top with the miss and delivers a leaping solebutt to Geist's chest. Van Patton's second attempt at a tiger knee slams into Geist's chest, backing him into the corner.

DDK:

A knee straight to the very heart of the German.

Clutching Geist's head and arm, the Lycan slams a pair of knees into his abdomen. A third is caught and in a flash, the Todesengel is stampeding across the ring where he slams Van Patton into the opposite corner. With the positions reverse, the larger Geist has room to move. He slips under an incoming right elbow and tries to drive his right fist through Van Patton's torso. The Uberkrieger's left fist finds Van Patton's cheek right after. Geist goes back to his right hand, utilizing a pair body shots.

Lance:

Those body shots could have caved in a mountain.

Stars spinning around his head and all, Van Patton instinctively throws a left cross. It's batted away, leaving him open for a flurry of body shots to batter his midsection, doubling him over. Geist lets out a roar while delivering an apocalyptic right uppercut that stands Van Patton up before he falls to his ass in the corner.

DDK:

Uppercut right in the mouth!

Lance:

That's going to make chewing tobacco real hard for Van Patton.

Geist confidently makes his way back out to the middle of the ring, as the referee checks in on the possibly concussed Van Patton. He stops in his tracks upon hearing some commotion behind him, Geist looks back to find the Lycan pulling himself up from the mat. Van Patton shoves the referee aside and uses the backside of his love to wipe away some blood that has trickled from his now-busted lip.

DDK:

Get DEFmed ready. Van Patton has four or five stitches coming to him.

Lance:

That one was on the button. He is lucky to have teeth.

A fire is starting to rage inside the Lycan and if looks could kill, his enemy would be six feet under, pushing up daisies. He bares his fangs and growls, but Geist isn't intimidated at all and glares right back at him. The two warriors meet in the middle of the ring. The TODESengel fakes a jab, only to have Van Patton threaten him with the thought of a kick in return.

Lance:

Both are now completely aware of just how dangerous the other can be and not wanting to risk making a mistake.

DDK:

Can you blame them? Looks at the blood flowing from Van Patton's mouth.

Never one to play defense, Geist uncoils an overhand right that collides with Van Patton's left elbow. A follow up left meets with the right elbow, but this time Van Patton's left leg crashes into the inside of Geist's left leg immediately after. Van Patton rapidly spins into a left-footed Black Mass style roundhouse, yet catches nothing but air with Geist leaning back. Geist doesn't miss with his right-left combination, catching Van Patton on each side of his jaw. A second left hand is ducked and this time, Van Patton's heel hits its mark, as does a right-footed roundhouse to the outer portion of Geist's left knee and a left-footed one square to the German's chest. Geist stumbles back into the ropes, only to have an aggressive Van Patton come flying at him with a knee strike, that sends both men tumbling over the top rope and to the floor.

DDK:

An disastrous landing on the cement floor for both men.

Van Patton is to a vertical base and hurries over to his larger foe. Geist is only upright for a split-second when Van

Patton catches him in the back of the left thigh with a right-footed kick and a left elbow to the jaw, which drops him back down to one knee.

DDK:

A lightning fast duo of strikes.

Lance:

Not even the beastly Geist can absorb those shots.

A handful of hair pulls Geist back to his feet, where Van Patton looks to send him crashing into the security barrier with an Irish whip. It is reversed and the Texan finds himself being the one to slam into the barrier instead. Shrugging off the impact, Van Patton darts back towards his enemy, only to be launched into the air and harshly driven down on the barricade.

DDK:

Pop-up Powerbomb onto the security barrier!

Geist keeps a firm grip on his foe and shows off his uncanny power by lifting him from the barrier just to power bomb him again, this time into the ring apron.

DDK:

And into the ring apron!

Lance:

Geist is tossing around a two hundred forty-pound man like he is a child!

After taking a moment to shake out his sore left leg, Geist rolls in and out of the ring to break the count. Van Patton is dazed and shaky, using the ring to stay upright with one while clutching his back with the other, as Geist descends upon him. Trying to stay upright becomes even more difficult when the German clocks him dead in the mouth with an overhand right. Not done in the slightest, Geist grips his opponent by the hair and the seat of his pants and sends him flipping back-first into the barricade.

Lance:

That security wall has zero give.

Geist gives Van Patton zero time to recover, forcibly making the Lycan roll back into the ring. Geist joins him soon after and lets Van Patton expend energy to get vertical before rocking his head back with a European uppercut, which has Van Patton stumbling into the ropes. Geist grabs his foe by the buckle of his belt, yanks him from the ropes, and right into waist lock. Geist tosses Van Patton nearly seven feet into the air before depositing him with a swank spinebuster.

Lance:

Spine to the pine!

DDK:

Beerdigung!

Van Patton once again grips his back in agony. In doing so, he rolls over and exposes his back to his enemy. Geist grips him by the back of his belt and pulls him up just enough to lock in a rear waist lock. A mighty pull puts Van Patton on his feet, but his stay there isn't a long one, as Geist bridges backwards.

DDK:

German Suplex!

Lance:

As one would expect from Geist.

DDK (chuckling):

I guess you are right.

Geist sits up and takes a moment to brush the hair from his face, regaining some lost energy. Van Patton, on the other hand, clutches at the back of his head after being dumped on it. Geist nods to his beloved Lorelei on the outside and climbs back up to his feet. He clubs the kneeling Van Patton across the back. The Texan refuses to stay down and gets another clubbing strike for his troubles. Yet, a growl begins to radiate from Van Patton. He slams his fist into the mat and starts to rise again. A third blow slams into his back, but this time, he rises back up to his feet and gets right in Geist's face.

Lance:

The beast within Van Patton doesn't need much prodding before he starts foaming at the mouth.

DDK:

He surely lives up to that wolverine moniker, the Lycan.

Van Patton connects with an elbow to the German's jaw. Geist replies instantly with one of his own that gets another from the Lycan in return. Forgoing the martial arts display from earlier, the two men begin to trade shots back and forth with neither willing to give an inch. The sound of each strike echoes through the arena.

DDK:

Good lord... Those elbows are horrifying.

Lance:

Neither man is holding back at all.

Turning up the head, Geist changes from elbows to a gigantic haymaker. The first dims Van Patton's running lights and a second lays him out.

DDK:

No one throws a right hand like Geist.

Lance:

And you can't fault him for going with what brought him to the dance.

Geist's jaw is throbbing and despite having the advantage, he can't stop himself from tending to it. He holds it and tries moving it around to eliminate some of the pain, before turning his attention back to his enemy. The Todesengel yanks Van Patton up and fires him into the corner, where he delivers a huge, charging, back elbow that sits the Texan down.

Lance:

These two are going to have to endure some of the CTE protocols DEFIANCE has in place after this match.

That slight sprint didn't do Geist's leg any favors. He slams his fist into the side of his knee, while walking out to the middle of the ring in hopes of trying to use adrenaline to block out the soreness for what was about to come next. The German builds up a head of steam and does front flip, sandwiching Van Patton between himself and the turnbuckles.

DDK:

Cannon ball body attack!

Lance:

Great use of his gigantic body, but at what cost to the leg?

Geist slaps the mat angrily, snarling from the pain coursing through his leg. Lorelei looks on with a concerned look.

Lorelei:

Bist du in Ordnung?

Geist:

Es geht mir gut...

Van Patton grips the top rope, hoping to pull himself up, and he gets some assistance from his enemy. Though, he would most likely wish he hadn't, as Geist blasts him with a left-right combination of body shots. An Irish whip sends the Texan to the opposite corner. However, Van Patton doesn't stay there. He explodes out of the corner and catches the approaching Geist with a dropkick square to the German's left kneecap.

DDK:

Both feet connected with pinpoint accuracy.

Lance:

When Van Patton gets a game plan set in his head, I'm not sure the good lord he speaks of can even change it.

Scurrying on all fours, Van Patton heads back to his fallen foe and waits for him to make it to one knee, so he can wallop him with a stiff as hell roundhouse to the chest.

DDK:

There's no way to stop yourself from grimacing when you witness one of those kicks.

The sound of a second right-footed kick bounces off of every wall and hallway of the Wrestle-Plex.

Lance:

Even with the contractually-obligated kickpads, that has got to feel like you're being struck by a two-by-four across the chest.

Kick number three puts the huge German on his back.

DDK:

A third finally takes the giant down.

The burst of energy has taken a lot out of the Lycan and he can't barely stay upright, while stumbling to the ropes and out onto the apron. He twists and extends his torso, hoping to stretch out the soreness before using the top rope as a slingshot to launch himself back into the ring and down upon his fallen foe.

DDK:

Tope con hilo!

The aerial attack is spot-on with Van Patton landing firmly on Geist's abdomen. The Lycan rolls up to his feet with the motion of the attack and darts to the opposite ropes. Geist sits up to tend at his aching midsection, putting himself in perfect position for Van Patton to crash into his right cheek and ear with a low, twisting dropkick.

DDK:

Spiral Arrow dropkick!

Lance:

That will rattle your brain and possibly tear your flesh, all in one.

Van Patton drapes himself across the large chest of his foe and hooks the leg for the first match's first attempt at a pinfall.

1...

2...

No!

DDK:

Kick out by Geist!

Geist's power is still a factor, as he uses just his arms to toss Van Patton off and break the count.

Lance:

Sometimes even a perfectly applied cover isn't enough with monsters like Geist.

The German has been trained well and he immediately rolls to his stomach to stop a second attempt at a cover. Van Patton is undeterred, though. The Texan once again scuttles around on all fours, positioning himself at Geist's legs. Van Patton plants his left boot down across the left ankle of his adversary. In control, he grimaces and takes a moment to contort his torso just slightly in an attempt to work out the tightness that still lingers in his back. Not looking to win any style points, Van Patton stomps the ever-loving hell out of Geist's left knee.

DDK:

Van Patton is merciless.

Lance:

You have to be when taking on someone who could end you in a flash like Geist can.

Things are firmly in Van Patton's control. He forces his hobbling opponent to stand and applies a rear waist lock. No stranger to the suplex, executing one of the German variety looks to be on his mind. However, Geist's size comes into play. First in the form of him being well over three hundred pounds. With the damage done to Van Patton's back, lifting such a load is extremely difficult.

Lance:

I think Van Patton's bloodlust is getting the best of him.

Then, Geist's wingspan allows him to grip the nearby top rope and use it in conjunction with lowering his center of gravity to block any attempt at a suplex. Van Patton tries with all of his might, but can't get his enemy to budge.

DDK:

Picking up someone like Geist is quite the task on its own, but with a battered back, it will be nearly impossible.

Lance:

I second that.

A pair of back elbows to the Texan's jaw breaks his grip. Geist spins around to continue his offensive, only to be struck with a lightning-quick combination of a left hook to the mouth, a right-footed roundhouse to the outside of his damaged left leg, and a spinning solebutt with the same foot. Van Patton races to the ropes. Yet, when he comes sprinting back, he doesn't find his opponent waiting. Instead, he finds Geist charging at full speed at him from the side. The collision sends Van Patton soaring through the air.

DDK:

AUTOUNFALL!!!

Lance:

POUNCE!!! For our English speaking friends.

The force of the impact sends Van Patton rolling all the way out to the floor. While having the momentum shifted in his direction, Geist couldn't capitalize on it. Right after impact, his left leg buckles and he plummets to the mat. Lorelei starts slapping the ring apron to a steady beat, trying to get the crowd to rally behind her beloved. Slowly but surely, the crowd begins to chant his name in hopes that they can re-energize him.

Lance:

Listen to the people, Darren.

DDK:

There's no debate who the crowd is behind here tonight.

GEIST! GEIST! GEIST! GEIST! GEIST! GEIST!

Gritting his teeth, Geist fights through the pain and heads out to the floor. He finds a dazed Van Patton and captures the Texan's head between his legs. It looks as if Geist is going to try for another power bomb. Van Patton drops to one knee and wraps his arm around the German's injured leg. Two attempts by Geist fail, so he turns to wildly clubbing Van Patton across the back with both arms, putting him face-down on the floor. Geist pulls his opponent up, only to have Van Patton quickly spiral free of his grip, turning his back to the German, and blast him in the nose with a perfectly-placed kick.

DDK:

Pele Kick!

Geist's eyes start to water, while he staggers backwards. He swings his right arm recklessly at his in-coming opponent, but the clothesline misses. Geist turns around to find Van Patton has leapt up onto the security barrier. The Texan comes flying back at him with a twisting knee strike that nearly makes the mammoth German do a backflip.

DDK:

Ricochet knee strike!

Lance:

An amazing use of the environment by Van Patton. Geist never saw it coming.

Adrenaline is starting to flow through Van Patton's veins, helping him block out the pain that still haunts his lower back. He hurries his opponent up only to immediately dump him on his head with a suplex, surprising everyone with his own display of strength.

DDK:

Saito Suplex!

Lance:

Van Patton's technique really is spotless. It allows him to hit those suplexes on just about anyone.

Not wanting to see the contest end in a double countout, the official heads to the floor.

Doyle:

Get it back into the ring, Van Patton, and keep it there or I am going to count you both out.

The Lycan doesn't debate with the referee and rolls back into the ring, while the official checks in on the stunned Geist. Little did the referee know that Van Patton is only following the command, so he could get into position to deliver more punishment to his foe. Slowly but surely, Van Patton scales the turnbuckle and perches himself on the top rope. He looks to turn up the heat, in order to keep his tough-as-nails opponent down.

Lance:

Watch out below!!!

The referee turns back to check on what the Texan is doing and has to rapidly dive to safety, as Van Patton comes flying off the top rope. Both of the Lycan's boots plunge right into Geist's chest, viciously forcing all the air from his lungs.

DDK:

DOUBLE STOMP FROM THE TOP ROPE TO THE FLOOR!!!

The official cannot believe what he has just seen and stomps over to Van Patton in a huff.

Doyle:

What in the world are you doing? I told you to keep it in the ring!

Van Patton staggers back to his feet, obviously spent and slightly bent over from his aching back, and brushes off the official.

Van Patton:

Fuck off...

With Van Patton returning to the confines of the ring, the official checks in on Geist. He clings to his body in pure agony. Lorelei soon joins the official in seeing how the German is doing. Both she and the official kneel down next to Geist to get a closer look.

Lorelei:

Meine Geliebte.

Doyle:

Geist, can you continue?

Lorelei's concern for her fiancé turns to disdain for the referee for even mentioning the very thought that Geist would quit. She scowls at the official and hisses a response to that question.

Lorelei:

Yes, he kan...

Doyle:

Then, he needs to get back in the ring.

DDK:

Lorelei's confidence in her man never waivers. Not even for a second.

The official's request is clear and he makes his return to the ring. Van Patton is seated in a far corner. He is more than happy to let the referee count, as he replenishes his energy.

Lance:

You can't fault Van Patton for doing this. He is conserving his energy, while forcing Geist to use his.

DDK:

Having that extra bit of energy could really be the deciding factor.

Lance:

Exactly.

1...

2...

3...

Lorelei runs her well-manicured fingers through Geist's hair, as he starts to stir. The fans begin to clap for him, hoping their support will give him the energy to keep fighting.

Lorelei:

Du musst aufstehen.

4...

5...

6...

Geist sneers in agony while struggling to get up from the floor. His journey to the ring apron is filled with hobbling and stumbling, with his leg giving out just as he gets there and him collapsing.

DDK:

Geist is so close, but can he get that large body into the ring with that bum leg?

7...

8...

9...

With only a moment to spare, he rolls under the bottom rope, much to the joy of Lorelei and the capacity crowd.

DDK:

That was a close one for the German.

Lance:

But he went from the frying pan into the fire, as the Lycan is ready to pounce.

Having gotten a breather, Van Patton takes full advantage. He patiently waits for his enemy to use the ropes to get vertical before charging at him. Van Patton leaves his feet to drive both knees into the German's chest, forcing him to slam into the corner.

DDK:

Everything Van Patton does has such tremendous impact.

Van Patton rushes to the far corner, using the distance to build up a head of steam. He hops up to the second rope, landing on it with his left foot, while driving his right knee into Geist's mouth.

DDK:

Step-up knee in the corner!

Landing safely on both feet after the strike connects, the Texan makes use of a right-footed roundhouse to his enemy's injured leg, which drops Geist to his bottom in the corner. Van Patton immediately on the move. He hits the ropes and attempts to decapitate the German with a hellacious boot to the jaw.

DDK:

Absolutely evil boot wash there.

Lance:

Van Patton is looking to return the favor for his busted lip.

Geist is completely out of it and puts up zero resistance, as Van Patton rolls him out to the middle of the ring. The Lycan climbs out to the apron and once again ascends the turnbuckle. He crouches down and grips the adjacent top ropes with each hand to steady himself. Once taking a deep breath, Van Patton launches himself as high as his legs will take him and drives every pound of his muscular frame into his opponent.

DDK:

NIGHTWATCH!

Lance:

The height on that frog splash was amazing! Van Patton is digging deep into his bag of tricks to keep Geist down!

Hooking his foe's leg as deep as he can, Van Patton looks for the pin.

1...

2...

NOOO!!!

DDK:

Kick out by Geist!

This time, Geist had no choice but to use every inch of his 6'7" frame to kick out. Van Patton snarls loudly while climbing up to his feet with a handful of Geist's hair making him do the same. The Lycan looks to be going for a fireman's carry, but he struggles once again to lift his gigantic foe with a damaged back.

Lance:

That Saito Suplex earlier might have done more harm than good earlier.

Geist's feet are barely off the mat when he begins to drive right elbow after right elbow into Van Patton's left cheek. He lands safely on the mat and clocks the Texan in the mouth with a solid right hook. Taking advantage of the opening, Geist hits the ropes and drives his shoulder square into Van Patton's lower back, knocking him down.

DDK:

Spear from behind!

Lance:

That would be a 15-yard penalty.

Van Patton squirms on the mat in anguish. He is defenseless to stop Geist from stomping him in the back three times. The German hobbles into the ropes and jumps as high as he can to deliver an elbow to the Lycan's spine.

Lance:

Looks like Geist has picked a body part of his own to focus on.

DDK:

Van Patton's lower back has a big target on it right now.

A second jumping elbow hits the same spot.

DDK:

That elbow wasn't a work of art, but it gets the job done.

Thinking he may have done enough damage, Geist rolls his opponent over and hooks the far leg, going for a pin.

1...

2...

NO!

DDK:

Kick out by Van Patton!

Everyone in attendance could hear Van Patton growl, as he put all he had into kicking out. Geist slowly makes his way back up to his feet and kicks his left leg a few times to try and calm the discomfort he is still feeling. He makes full use of Van Patton's hair to lead him to his feet, before whipping him into the corner. Van Patton arches his back and is barely able to stay upright. A second Irish whip sends him into the opposite corner, doing more damage to his back.

DDK:

Van Patton struck that corner with a ton of velocity.

Geist focuses on his target and despite his leg, he looks to blitz Van Patton. The Lycan gets both feet up into his face to stop the charge. However, Geist shrugs off the attack and blasts him in the jaw with an elbow that sends Van Patton crumpling to the mat.

DDK:

Geist held nothing back with that elbow.

Lance:

Van Patton is going to have a hard time eating anything for the next week.

With things firmly in his control, the Todesengel hoists his opponent up off the mat and seats him on the top rope. To make sure Van Patton doesn't put up a fight, Geist socks him with an uppercut that nearly knocks him off his perch. The German steps up to the middle rope and puts his right foot on the top rope, while capturing his opponent's head under his arm. Geist takes Van Patton overhead and the pair come crashing down hard.

DDK:

A ring-shaking Superplex!

Neither man is enthusiastically leaping back to their feet after that. Geist is the first to show any sign of life. He battles back to his feet, just to stumble to the side and lean against the top rope. The Uberkrieger roars and violently shakes the top rope, hyping himself up. He leads a nearly unconscious Van Patton up by the hair. He winds up his arm like a pitcher warming up before dashing to the ropes. There's only one thing that comes with this situation. Geist throws all he has into a lariat straight from the lowest pit of hell and he gets every bit of it.

DDK:

ENTHAUPTUNG!!!

Geist folds his opponent in half, using every ounce of energy he has left to hold him down for the pin.

1!!!

2!!!

THR-NOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

VAN PATTON KICKS OUT!!!

Lance:

Unbelievable!

The entire erupts in complete and utter shock, as Van Patton's left shoulder somehow gets off the canvas with barely a moment to spare.

DDK:

Absolutely incredible! You need only a single hand to count how many people have kicked out of Enthauptung!

Lance:

That lariat was horrifying. Yet, one has to wonder if the damage to the leg didn't allow Geist to build up the momentum he normally does.

DDK:

You may be right, Lance.

Geist sits next to his fallen foe in disbelief and can't stop himself from getting frustrated.

Geist:

Sohn einer Hündin!

He looks over to Lorelei, who gives him a "thumbs down" gesture.

Lorelei:

Schick ihn zur Hölle!

Like a pair of sledgehammers, the enraged German slams both of his clenched fists into the mat and leads his enemy up to a vertical base. Geist tears the elbow pad from his right arm and off it goes into the crowd. He stomps his right foot, building up his adrenaline, before hitting the ropes for a second time. Yet, this time, Van Patton meets him with a right-footed soccer-style kick dead on the left kneecap, causing Geist to faceplant.

DDK:

What a scary sight. Geist might have hyperextended his leg there.

Van Patton sprints to the ropes. Geist is at full extension of a push-up, when the Texan jumps up and drives his boot down across the back of his neck.

DDK:

Curb stomp!

Not wanting to give his adversary a chance to do anything, the Texan sits him up. Growling like a rabid wolf, Van Patton brutalizes his adversary's cranium with a left-footed roundhouse. A matching one from the right side comes right after. Van Patton stops Geist from toppling over by snatching him by the hair and blasts him in each cheek with another alternating pair of roundhouse kicks.

DDK:

A quartet of vile kicks, each one harder than the one before it.

Lance:

Van Patton was holding back nothing. He is trying to kick Geist's head from his shoulders.

Van Patton lets loose a thunderous roar and forces Geist to stand. Adrenaline cancels out the pain in his back, as the Lycan puts the giant German into a fireman's carry. Using all of his might, he tosses Geist up and nails him in the mouth with a knee.

Lance:

He got the big man up!

DDK:

GO 2 SLEEP!!!

An exhausted Van Patton falls on top of the damaged Geist and can barely hook the far leg.

1!

2!

THRE-NOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

GEIST KICKS OUT!!!

Geist slides his shoulder out from under his foe with only a split-second left before the count of three.

DDK:

Neither man will admit defeat!

Lance:

Normally, Van Patton will chain that GTS into something else, but he just didn't have it in him. That may have cost him there.

DDK:

Another astute observation, Lance! This match has surely taken its toll on both men.

Van Patton sees his foe trying to reach out towards the ropes and grips his extended arm by the wrist. A right knee to Geist's left cheek stuns him long enough for the Texan to reposition the arm behind his own neck and lock his arms around Geist's neck. Van Patton plants both feet and pulls back as hard as he can, trying to fold his enemy in half the wrong way.

DDK:

Border City Stretch!

Running on fumes and still suffering from a damaged back, Van Patton battles to keep his foe in place. Each time he feels the German start to move, he applies as much pressure as possible. However, it becomes rather futile with the Uberkrieger's large frame coming into play. Even with his foe trying to snap his back, Geist is able to rotate the duo a full ninety degrees and extend his foot to reach the bottom rope.

DDK:

Great ring awareness by Geist.

Lance:

He may be a bruiser, but he knows where he is in that ring at all times.

Van Patton lets go of the hold instantly, trying to conserve any energy he can. The Lycan pushes himself up to a three point stance and nearly falls over upon getting upright. Luckily for him, he props himself up against the ropes and their

support keeps him on his feet. He is breathing heavily, as he watches Geist use the ropes to sluggishly work his way up to a vertical base. The German can barely stay vertical and he grips the top rope with both hands. He can do nothing, as Van Patton hobbles up behind him and whacks the back of his left thigh with a right-footed kick. Geist's chest is then blasted with a roundhouse from the Texan's opposite leg, breaking his grip on the top rope and sending him teetering back to the middle of the ring.

Lance:

No matter how big or bad you are, those kicks from Van Patton will break you down.

Even with the advantage and his opponent out on his feet, Van Patton can't stop himself from dropping to one knee out of fatigue. He digs deep and hurries past his enemy to the far ropes. He hits them and then passes Geist again, while continuing to the opposite set. Whatever he had in mind is going to have to wait, as the Todesengel steps up to meet him with a back elbow that looks more like a backhanded lariat, which nearly takes the Texan out of his combat boots.

DDK:

A brutal blow to the chin!

Lance:

These two men are throwing bombs out there.

Van Patton's training comes into play and despite having his bell severely rung, his auto-pilot has him rise up to his feet. He soon wishes he hadn't, as he was a sitting duck for the German to unleash the biggest weapon in his arsenal for a second time. There was a sickening sound of flesh on flesh when Geist strikes with death-dealing lariat.

Lance:

BANG!!!

DDK:

ENTHAUPTUNG!!!

Completely spent, Geist slowly claws his way over to his fallen adversary and collapses next to him, draping his left arm across Van Patton's chest. The slides into position, as if he was stealing third base and begins the count.

1!!!

2!!!

THRE-NOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

DDK:

KICK OUT BY VAN PATTON AT TWO AND NINETY-NINE ONE HUNDREDTHS!!!

The Lycan's right shoulder leaps off the mat with only a fraction of a millimeter left before the referee could slap the mat for a third time. The crowd rose from their seats and couldn't believe their eyes. They were sure that the Uberkieger had put down his enemy once and for all. Yet, it was not meant to be. Lorelei covers her mouth with both hands, nearly in tears.

DDK:

What will it take to keep either of these two men down!?

Lance:

I am at a loss for words, Darren. These men are not human.

Growing frustrated, Geist bares his teeth and punches the mat. He groans while climbing up to his feet and uses the back of Van Patton's fatigues to have the Texan join him. Geist isn't looking to keep his foe there though. He clamps

on a rear waist lock and yells in rage, while dumping Van Patton on his head with a suplex.

DDK:

German suplex!

Geist's anger is driving him, as he stalks his opponent and once again yanks him up by his pants. He immediately captures Van Patton by the waist again, not trying to camouflage what he has in mind at all.

Lance:

German suplex number two coming up.

Not a stranger to the position, the Lycan knows what he must do. He viciously stomps his left boot into Geist's left foot and then thrusts the same boot back into Geist's left knee, painfully locking it. The abuse to the already injured knee allows Van Patton to break free and spin into a stiff kick to the outside of the same knee. A spinning back elbow knocks the German senseless. With Geist's leg giving out under his weight, forcing him to one knee, the Lycan darts to the ropes and obliterates Geist's face with a knee directly to the bridge of his nose..

DDK:

BUSAIKU KNEE KICK!!!

Lance:

Geist's nose has to be broken. It has to be.

The combination of rage and adrenaline have taken the fire within Van Patton and turned it into a blazing inferno. Letting the flames consume him, the Texan tears the patch covering his right eye from his face and casts it aside, exposing his pitch black false eye to everyone. He slaps the mat with both hands and lets out a deafening roar that spews crimson into the air.

Lance:

There's no holding back now.

DDK:

Van Patton has just turned the intensity up to eleven.

The Lycan's enraged stare hones in on his enemy. He watches Geist struggle to pull himself up from the mat. The thumb of the Texan's pistol-shaped hand emphatically slides along his throat and he points the gun directly at the German. Van Patton snatches him by the hair and angrily hooks Geist's head under his arm. He slips his enemy's arm around the back of his own neck and spits a cloud of blood into the air.

DDK:

He can't be going for it. There's no way he can lift Geist. That's a three hundred plus pound man!

Lance:

Oh he is, Darren! Van Patton's fury has conquered any pain tormenting his body.

Roaring one last time, Van Patton amazes every man, woman, and child watching, as he takes Geist vertical for just a few moments before depositing him on his head with a lethal brainbuster.

DDK:

EEFF-YOOUU-KAAYY-EESS-ZEE!!!

Coming down from his adrenaline rush, Van Patton drapes his weary body across his opponent's torso for a makeshift cover. The official is in position in a flash, starting the count.

1!!!

2!!!

3!!!

DING DING DING!!!

Darren Quimby:

The winner of the match by pinfall... **GUNNAR VAN PATTON!!!**

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

DDK:

And finally this savage contest has come to an end. Van Patton's record remains flawless, but did he ever have to work for it.

Lance:

The view in the ring says it all. Two bloody and exhausted warriors who threw everything humanly possible at each other.

Geist remains motionless, while Van Patton rolls off of him and onto all fours. Blood drips from the Lycan's mouth and starts to pool beneath his head. He can barely keep himself from crashing to the mat. Lorelei hurries into the ring to tend to her man, knowing Van Patton is of no threat to her in his current condition. The Lycan slowly claws his way to the ropes, as Lorelei kneels down next to Geist, who has his own crimson river flowing from his face.

DDK:

These two men have been through hell.

Lance:

Yet, I don't think they would have wanted it any other way.

Though it takes him a few tries, a clearly spent Van Patton stands up. His legs are little more than wet noodles, but he still staggers over to his fallen foe. Lorelei looks up at him with justified concern in her eyes. Geist is still flat on the mat and the Texan isn't exactly Mister Congeniality, so no one could blame her for being worried.

Lorelei:

Stay Back. You hafe done enough.

DDK:

Come on now. The match is over. Leave them alone.

Lance:

He is volatile, but I didn't think Van Patton would be rabid like this.

Benny Doyle steps in and is promptly shoved aside by the Lycan. The blond bombshell backpedals, as Van Patton reaches down to assist Geist in sitting up. He looks over to Lorelei and while still not presenting himself in the most friendly of ways, the Texan drapes Geist's arm across his shoulders and starts to help him rise up off the mat.

Van Patton:

Help me.

Lance:

Darren, are you seeing this? Van Patton is helping Geist stand.

DDK:

Based on what we have seen of the Texan so far, I am not sure what to make of this.

Not needing to be told twice, the woman joins Van Patton in getting Geist vertical. Lorelei helps Geist stay upright and he starts coming to his senses. The Lycan stands proudly before his now former foe.

Lance:

Van Patton is a proud warrior. He respects an opponent that can give him a real fight.

DDK:

And Geist surely did that.

Van Patton brushes his hair out of his face and looks the defeated German dead in the eyes. He extends his hand in a show of respect. Geist takes a moment to think about it, not pleased that he came up on the losing end, but an elbow to the ribs by Lorelei got him to reach out and accept the olive branch.

Van Patton:

Teach those BRAZEN kids what we already know... Words don't win matches.

The Uberkrieger nods in agreement, letting Van Patton know that his message was received, loud and clear. The Texan makes his exit from the ring, leaving Lorelei to deal with the thoroughly thrashed Geist. The duo watch Van Patton closely, as he unsteadily heads up the ramp, leaning forward with his right hand holding his back in pain.

FAVORED SAINT

Backstage at Ascension Night One, Matt LaCroix, the inaugural Favoured Saints Champion, is being cared for by the medical staff after his grueling match. The title belt rests in his lap as he sits upright on the stretcher. Small pen lights are flashed into his eyes as the staff ask him a series of questions to ascertain his condition. Off screen, we hear a booming voice with a thick Mississippi accent.

Off Screen:

Woo-eee! Ain't that a shiny new prize, Mr. LaCroix!

The massive Trashcan Tim comes bounding happily into view to a pop from The Faithful. He claps two heavy hands on the shoulders of medical staff, flashing them both a giant front toothless smile.

Trashcan Tim:

Will you look at that beaut, boys?! That was one heck of a match out there, Matt. Real proud of ya. Wanted to be the first to say congratulations.

Trashcan extends his oven mitt of a hand, but the Favoured Saint still looks a little out of it and unsure of the situation. It doesn't take more than three seconds for Iris Davine to step between the two.

Iris Davine:

I don't really think this is the best time, Tim. We have a medical situation going on right now that we need to sort through. If you could step away from the champion, that would be most appreciated.

Tim takes a step back and puts his arms in the air before a response comes from Southern Strong Style, still quite a bit groggy.

Matt LaCroix:

Thanks, brotha. I feel like sumbody put a gris gris on me, but once all this wears off I'll be sure ta stop by an' talk about yer mama an' them. We'll get squared.

LaCroix reaches out a fist and Trashcan Tim eagerly meets him with a fist bump.

Trashcan Tim:

You deserve it, brother! You impressed me from my first days in DEFIANCE, 'specially when we teamed up against Black Panda and that pen-day-ho ADV.

Matt LaCroix:

I 'preciate it, brotha. Best'a luck ta ya, Tim. Gonna have ya hands full with that Fuse kid an' his pal. Wish you'n Cassidy all tha luck in tha world. Be well. I'll be watchin.

Trashcan Tim:

I sure do appreciate that, friend. You get yourself all healed up: you got a strap to defend now.

Iris Davine:

Now Tim, if you'll excuse us?

The head of medical shoves her way past Trashcan Tim to continue her evaluation of the First Favoured Saint of DEFIANCE. Tim backs away as instructed, but his eyes linger on that beautiful new championship for just a moment before he turns his back and walks away.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE KLEIN KIND

Returning to the hospital room Toybox just exited, Cyrus and Teresa tend to their seemingly unconscious Keyboard King.

Teresa Ames:

Do you think I'm crazy if I buy Jestal a Christmas present or is it too soon?

Clearly with her head still in the clouds over Jestal, Teresa fixates on her new squeeze. Meanwhile, down the hall...

Click, clack, click, clack.

The shoes of the box wearing-bruiser, Klein, echoes against the tiled floor as he jaunts towards the hospital room. On his travels, he passes by Toybox. Dandi jumps for joy and runs to him, jumping into his arms with a hug. Jestal walks by them and rolls his eyes. Klein carries on after their brief lighthearted exchange.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Cyrus Bates:

What now!?

The incessant knocking prevails until Klein walks into the room. If Cyrus wasn't uneasy when The Toybox came by, laying eyes on Klein does the trick.

Cyrus Bates:

The circus just left. We don't need any charity here.

Klein waves enthusiastically, until he hears the charity line. His shoulders slump a bit, as he lowers his head in submission.

Klein:

I -- Ow.

Klein notices the injuries and state of Malak Garland. Without hesitation, Klein reaches behind his back and produces a cardboard box, about the same size as Klein's. However, it has long flowing silver hair, and the front eye slit makes it look more like a suggestion box. There's even an arrow that points to the slit with the words "Comments here."

Klein quickly fashions this onto Malak's head, and then turns toward Cyrus and Teresa for approval. He even throws a thumbs up like he's Buddy Christ.

Klein:

See, he looks better now.

Cyrus and Teresa scoff at the fact Klein dared to touch Malak but like the concerned parents they emulate, they relax after seeing it's just a box.

Cyrus Bates:

Ehhhhh... it's just a box.

As if having some sort of healing properties, the box on Malak's overly swollen face slowly brings his eyelids to a flutter. In reality, he starts waking because he was jostled.

Malak Garland:

Grumble, grumble... grumble, grumble...

The Source of Envy sits up ever so slightly. He begins to notice the box on his head. Initially he panics but that quickly gives way to a sense of calm. A sense of *safe*.

Malak Garland:

Wh-where am I? What the heck is on my head!?

Teresa Ames:

You're still in the hospital, hun. You have a box on your head. It was placed there. By... *him*.

She says that as she points to Klein.

Malak turns to face Klein. The two peer at each other through their respective box holes. Klein waves enthusiastically.

Malak Garland:

You put this box on my head?

Malak asks. Klein nods.

Malak Garland:

Why did you put this box on my head?

Awkward silence.

Malak Garland:

Oh. Is it to hide my hideous facial scars and injuries?

Klein takes a second before nodding.

Malak Garland:

And is it also because it provides me a safe space to escape to when feeling too much anxiety?

Klein doesn't wait to nod this time, so he kind of shrugs his shoulders.

Malak Garland:

This feels... comfortable.

Malak slowly drifts back off to sleep. Klein exchanges a look with Cyrus and Teresa, who remain unimpressed.

Cyrus Bates:

[To Klein] Don't think you've won him over because you brought him foldable cardboard. [To Teresa] How did Malak know all that stuff.

Teresa Ames: [Sarcastic]

Clairvoyance. How the heck should I know, you idiot!? They must speak the same language or something!

With that, Klein doesn't say another word. He simply bows like his job here is done and leaves. The door to the room shuts behind Klein, finally leaving the three commenters alone. Malak snuggles into his safety box, completely oblivious.

THE COLD WAR

♪ Nocturne in B Flat Minor, Op. 9 No. 1: "A Madame Camille Pleyel" - Chopin ♪

The scene opens to show a familiar large opening shot of the insides of what looks to be a warehouse type location. Once again we have gathered in the center room a large wooden table, stacked with papers, cassette tapes, cameras and everything else you'd need to spy on someone or a set of enemies. In the background against the wall are three large glass cases - now empty of what used to be the 'Reaper Costumes'.

Jason 'Stalker' Reeves is first on camera, opening the large double doors to enter the Reaper Cave. Rezin follows the dark cult leader with his zippo lighter quickly flicking on and off in his hand. It's clear something is on the latter's mind as he pauses while looking over the now 'home away from home'.

Rezin::

So uh, hey, just to clarify things, are we 'The Fallen' or 'The Kabal'? You keep switching it up, and it's been a little confusing to say the least. Like, maybe just simplify things by combining the two? 'The Fallen Kabal' or 'The Kabal of the Fallen'... I dunno, whaddya think, Cap'n?

Stalker:

I told you not to call me that.

Rezin::

Look, you're the one running how this ship sails, so that makes you the CAP'N!

With a shrugged sigh, Jason Reeves tosses his long sleeved jacket and uber keys onto the planning table while continuing to ignore Rezin's initial inquiry. As the camera pans further out, glimpses of several wrestlers are seen on two boards, one black and one red. Stalker's eyes fall to something out of place on the table in front of him one particular open file.

Stalker:

Someone has been here... someone is here...

The words come out with a stone cold silence as Rezin's shoulders tense up. He looks around the Reaper Cave.

Rezin::

Oh jeez... you think it's the Feds?! I KNEW dumping that mysterious metal monolith out in the middle of the desert in Utah would turn out to be a bad idea! Why does this keep happening?!

The Zippo comes on as the panicking Rezin goes full-on "Cage Eyes".

Rezin::

Quick! We need to torch the place! But let me grab my Ted Kaczynski poster first!

Stalker:

Damnit, Rez, what the fu--

Voice on the PA:

¿Que es esta cosa?

Rezin::

AHH!!

Rezin bounces in surprise, nearly setting his beard on fire in the process. His head whips around as he searches for the source of the disembodied booming voice. Meanwhile, disdain paints Stalker's face as he looks beyond his shoulder to where the voice had echoed from the 'PA System'.

Stalker:

Vacio...

Rezin puts two and two together, and suddenly looks a bit frustrated as his hands motion towards the location of the speakers for the speaker system.

Rezin::

Wait, Victor? What's he doing on the PA? That's MY job! And this music sucks!

He cups his hands and yells at the speaker, as though it would hear him.

Rezin::

PLAY SOME DISCHARGE OR GET THE HELL OUT, WOULD YA?!

Stalker:

....

Rezin::

Or SOME NAPALM DEATH... PREFERABLY THE EARLY STUFF!!

Stalker:

Rezin... calm..

Rezin::

I could ALSO GO FOR SOME ANTISECT... I don't know, I'M IN A VERY EIGHTIES BRITISH HARDCORE MOOD, JUST CHECK MY VINYL COLLECTION AND PICK SOMETHING THAT WORKS!!

Stalker:

Damnit, would you lay off the weed and just focus for once!?

Rezin blinks and suddenly forgets the PA system, turning to Stalker.

Rezin:

"Focus?" Heh heh, Cap'n... you forget, I'm a street-walking cheetah with a heart full of napalm. I don't focus... I just *burn*.

The Zippo comes on and he cups the flame in his hands. His stance becomes a bit more defensive as he looks to his friend and mentor.

Rezin::

You can always control when that flame burns... but HOW it burns, Cap'n? That's just a matter of nature. You knew this when you brought me to this place. You don't control that fire... only EYE do.

The heated exchange is sudden and abrupt as Rezin puts out the flame.

Rezin::

Now you wanna talk "focus"? How focused were you on Scott Douglas? Scrow and I coulda used some back-up in that Favoured Saints business...

Stalker grumbles.

Stalker:

Victories don't always come in pinfalls and championships. He walked away changed and in that small milestone I will celebrate while others brush me off as a loser.

Looking down at the pile of tapes, folders and documents - Stalker pauses again as he notices another 'file' that catches his eye. Someone's dossier or perhaps a log book of damning evidence, whatever the large folder was, garnered Jason's complete attention as Rezin's eyes switched to the ally/target boards. We can hear the footfalls of Victor Vacio leaving the PA booth.

Vacio: [approaching]

De todos modos, nadie traduce estas cosas.

Stalker:

We have 'much larger' targets to set our sights onto now anyways. You know as they say - the bigger they are the harder they fall. I think it's time we look at some of the empire's oldest titans and bring them down to their knees as well.

Rezin::

So... what does that normie Pat Cassidy have to do with any of this?

Stalker:

Pat Cassidy is where this dance will take shape - he will be made an example of - the drunk has no place ascending to be a False Hero like the ones our war will target.... Our Cold War.

Rezin flashes his impish grin, giving the rogue's gallery his ominous "Kubrick Eyes".

Rezin::

Cold War, huh? That's soundin' pretty PUNK ROCK to me, Cap'n.

A pause occurs when Jason's cell phone rings, he pulls it free from his pocket as his face reacts with a frown when his eyes read who is ringing the busy Uber driver.

Rezin::

That our babysitter? That goes back to my original question... hey Vic, which do you think is better? "The Fallen Kabal" or "The Kabal of the Fallen"?

Vacio:

No me hablas, cabron.

Rezin::

Yes, I'd love to tell you about my time working in the indie leagues as the mysterious goat-masked luchador EL CABRON, but which one do you think makes a better faction name?

Groaning with disdain - Stalker tosses the phone onto the table as he eyeballs the caller ID, he looks to Rezin with a blank stare.

Stalker:

Our DLC has been fully unlocked gentleman, we have been given permission to make examples of everyone.. At our leisure and at any given point. No one is safe from my World.. And especially Not from The Kabal's World...

Fade into static.

EXTREME FAITH

Stalker had shown up & then he'd left. No one had been hurt. Jack had not even awakened during the ordeal. The whole thing felt so minor in one respect.

"I told you this would happen!" Leah screamed in a whisper as to not wake Jack.

But in no respect was it minor to a nigh-hysterical Leah.

"What he do?" Deacon asked.

"What does it matter?" She hissed. "You told me this job would pay the bills. You told me you would keep it separate. You told me..."

She didn't finish the statement. Six days later, she'd not finished this one or provided any others. For all purposes to Deacon, she'd been struck mute like Zechariah. But the father of John the Baptist had been struck mute for failing to believe the words of an angel. Leah had been struck mute in... Deacon didn't know, but he knew enough to avoid asking.

So Deacon did what he always did - sat in the waiting area until Leah went to stretch her legs then he took her spot in Jack's room. It was in those moments with Jack that the Deacon lived, whether his son was awake or asleep.

"Hey."

And it was in that moment that he saw a face he'd not seen in ages.

The King of Extreme himself, Eli Flair, stood in the doorway. Friend, ally, and rival a lifetime ago, Deacon struggled to remember the last time he even saw Flair on television, let alone in person.

For the moment, Deacon didn't know how to react.

"You gonna invite us in?"

Ducking under Eli's massive frame, the sweet, petite, and far too dangerous Ivy McGinnis joined him. For eighteen years, she helped guide Eli Flair's wrestling career and provided welcomed counsel to the sometimes-naive Deacon, whether or not he needed it.

Heck, whether or not he even knew he needed it.

"I think he's Mute Freak'd on us, Eli," continued Ivy, looking up over the rim of her glasses at her partner.

In an industry full of sharks, Eli had been a brother & Ivy a sister, at least until they retired from the business. That had been a lifetime ago.

"Cut 'em some slack, kiddo," replied Eli, "He's seein' a pair'a ghosts." He waited for Ivy to enter the room, following a half step behind.

"I--I'm," Deacon's words wouldn't come. While Eli had retired from wrestling after a series of farewell matches, eventually hitting the jackpot calling it quits with a title belt around his waist, Deacon had simply left it behind him after securing enough funds for an acceptable life for his eventual family, or that was the plan.

What do they say God does while we're busy making plans?

Laughs. God laughs.

Deacon turned from Eli & Ivy to Jack laying in the bed, the child's dark eyes closed, hid in the shadows of his face. At one time, Jack had had visitors, not from the industry but from the church, but that'd seemed even longer; they got to still laugh.

"It's been a bit, D," Eli said as they stepped beyond the curtain. He didn't look at Jack. Eli had Mariella - healthy, athletic, Mariella.

Deacon couldn't speak; he had no words. For the first time, he understood Leah's unwillingness to talk - what could she say that wouldn't exasperate the problems?

Finally, Eli did turn to Jack.

A flash of pain crossed his face, deeper & more personal than when Deacon had potatoed him in Deacon's still-green CSWA days. Deacon bit his bottom lip; that flash deserved a receipt, but Deacon wasn't sure he could stop the cascade of--

"Finally come to see?" the question escaped Deacon's lips.

"What?" Ivy asked.

"Finally come see?" Deacon asked again.

With a quizzical expression, Eli turned from Jack to Deacon and said, "Knox called me."

"You never call."

Eli's expression deepened. "You really mad? Seriously, you know --"

"I sit here alone. No one h--"

"You could've called **me**," Ivy said, her eyes solidly on Deacon's own.

Deacon met her gaze, his anger building. A glare from him had caused many a man to glance away from the intensity. But Ivy? She never waived.

"Phone works both ways," Ivy continued. "Knox called me, told me what's what. I got in touch with the luddite here and we hopped the first flights we could get out here."

With that ever present strength, Ivy stood taller than the Deacon's vaunted size and added, "It's unfair to blame us for not being here if you never gave us the choice."

The Deacon's glare ended with an eclipse, his massive hands covering his face as the reality hit him like a dropkick - he wasn't alone. Behind his improvised veil, the Deacon started to cry.

The first hand touched Deacon's shoulder, the size instantly telling him it was the man that'd traveled with Deacon from the CSWA to the fWo to the Ultratitle tournament. The man once known as "Total Elimination" Eli Flair squeezed Deacon's shoulder. The second hand that touched Deacon's own hand was different, softer yet stronger. Ivy's fingers gripped Deacon's knuckles and slowly pried his hand away from his face.

"Sorry," Deacon said.

Eli shook his head. "Don't apologize, dude. Just friggin... **call**."

The Deacon laughed, the sound exploding out of his chest into the room that had not held laughter in so long.

"Daddy," Jack said from his bed.

The Deacon squeezed his eyes shut. He'd woken his son. "I'm sorry, son."

Then the six year old Jack looked from Deacon to Eli to Ivy then back up to Eli, his face going from sleep to awake to glowing.

"I know you two," Jack said as a smile deepened the lines on his face.

"Yeah, I'd hope so," Eli said, pulling his hand from Deacon's shoulder to reach out and touch Jack.

"My dad beat you for the World Championship," Jack said, Ivy laughed, Eli faked a mean mug, and Jack added, "Twice."

Eli's eyes lingered on Jack for several seconds before he broke into a huge grin, turning his gaze back towards his friend and peer. "Dude. I'm too damn old t'try and even the odds, so do me a favor and don't ever win the FIST, yeah?"

ALVARO DE VARGAS vs. EMILIO BYRD

DDK:

Folks, welcome to some in-ring action on UNCUT! Coming up next, we've got one of the big winners to come out of Ascension in action momentarily. The man christening himself as El Sol Dorado... Alvaro de Vargas!

Lance:

While Theo Baylor came up short in putting away Brock Newbludd, it was Alvaro de Vargas that managed to hand Uriel Cortez only his second direct loss in singles action in DEFIANCE. But now, he looks to follow that up with a win tonight as he takes on Emilio Byrd of Thugs 4 Hire!

DDK:

Thugs 4 Hire have been one of our more popular teams in BRAZEN for some time. Always gutsy and ready for a fight so we'll see what they can do tonight. Let's go to ringside for this match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from The Bronx, NY, weighing in at 239 pounds, being accompanied by Hurtlocker Holt... **EMILIOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.... BYRD!**

♪ "Regulate (PhoteK Remix)" by Warren G. feat. Nate Dogg ♪

The fans cheer for the remix of Regulate as both members of Thugs 4 Hire come out from the back to a good response. Emilio Byrd tipping his hat and Hurtlocker Holt looking badass as usual, with the donation box, taking payments from the crowd to lay a beatdown upon the their opponents for the evening.

Emilio turns to a guy in the front row yelling "EMILIOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" over and over again. Emilio smirks and tips his hat to the fan before entering the ring with Hurtlocker Holt. Once the two get inside, they pose for the crowd and then wait for their opponents... and the jeering that comes with it. The toadie for Better Future Talent Agency, Ken Ellis, appears on stage.

Ken Ellis:

Ladies! Gentlemen! Please welcome... **"BRIGHTER" TOM MORROW!**

The crowd jeers louder when Tom Morrow makes his way out and points to the audience.

Tom Morrow:

Go on! Show your love, your support and complete adoration! He is the CENTER of the universe we know as DEFIANCE! He is El Sol Dorado! EVERYTHING REVOLVES AROUND HIM! This is 274 pounds of unadulterated WRECKING POWER! Please welcome... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

The unusual rock/flamenco combination blasts through the Wrestle-Plex and walking out, head full of frazzled curly brown hair, is the massive Cuban-American standout. Wearing a bright purple silk shirt and purple pants with the flame patterns on them! Behind him, Better Future's enforcer, Theo Baylor. Both men bump fists as Morrow bows to ADV and hands him the microphone.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Cut my music! (the music goes quiet) Now... excuse my language, pendejos! Both of them!

The jeers come out for his awful catchphrase. ADV grins like the shitbird he is as he and Better Future walk to the ring while Emilio Byrd is shadowboxing in the ring.

Alvaro de Vargas:

At Ascensión... I SLAYED the beast called Uriel Cortez! That giant pendejo thought he was going to get some payback on us for speaking the truth! Soy el mejor! *I* am the biggest AND the best that DEFIANCE has to offer! El mas

grande y el mejor! There is NO ONE shining brighter than me right now! And you... EMILIOOOOOOOOO...

Emilio rolls his eyes.

Alvaro de Vargas:

You, too... are about to get BURNED...

Alvaro tosses the microphone to Morrow and then jumps onto the ring apron while Theo Baylro stands by Morrow and Ellis. ADV steps through the ropes and into the ring. He looks down at Byrd and scoffs his direction as the bell rings.

DING DING!

Lance:

No shortage of confidence from Alvaro, but some were calling that massive fight between he and Uriel one of the better matches of Night One!

DDK:

He has so much potential, but it's already going to his head... OH!

Alvaro launches his first assault into Byrd, kicking him in the chest before he doubles over with a STIFF series of clubbing blows. El Sol Dorado continues laying into the smaller Byrd by grabbing his arm, then short-arming him into a back elbow! Byrd gets rocked a second time. Then ADV CLOBBERS him with a big short-arm clothesline, knocking him down in the early going!

DDK:

Wow! Already out the gate, Alvaro de Vargas is laying into Emilio Byrd! Byrd and Holt are definitely two of the toughest men in BRAZEN, but de Vargas is making this look easy.

Lance:

It wasn't long ago that Alvaro was a member of the BRAZEN brand, but kept on inserting himself into the main roster shows and that fake friendship with Trashcan Tim... now ever since Morrow got a hold of him, he's making the most of his potential!

While Holt watches on, ADV grabs him by the head and waist.... Then simply THROWS him out of the ring! ADV wipes his hands together.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Saca esta basura de aquí!

Morrow cheers on de Vargas while Theo Baylor and ADV continue cheering. Alvaro watches as Emilio starts to stand on the outside, albeit slowly. He climbs towards the ropes, but ADV is there to cut him off with a knee. He tries to grab him over, but with some quick thinking Byrd grabs de Vargas by the neck and snaps his neck over the top rope! ADV gets rocked and the fans cheer as he starts to head to the top rope.

Lance:

What's Emilio doing? Going airborne?

DDK:

I think so... yes! Flying shoulder tackle off the top rope! And now the cover!

ONE!

TW... NO!

DDK:

Not even a two-count, but de Vargas is reeling now!

The crowd cheers on the charismatic half of Thugs 4 Hire as he waits for de Vargas to try and get up. He charges at him with another shoulder that sends him into the corner, followed by third shoulder to the gut! With de Vargas reeling, he pulls him by the head out of the corner with a big running bulldog! He lets out a cry of "EMILIOOOOOOOOOOO!" and then goes for another cover...

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

A little bit closer now! Morrow starting to sweat a little bit!

Morrow gnashes his teeth as Byrd grabs El Sol Dorado by the head and tries to hit him with a neckbreaker, but the big man is too tall and turns to shove him harshly into the nearby corner. Byrd bounces out and then gets SMACKED from behind by a huge Clothesline from de Vargas!

DDK:

What a shot right there! He just leveled Byrd with that northern clothesline!

De Vargas growls at Byrd and then looks out to Morrow, who gives him a thumbs down. De Vargas nods, then picks up Byrd before DRILLING him to the mat with a huge spinning sidewalk slam!

DDK:

Abajo Vas! That huge spinning sidewalk slam plants him down!

Lance:

That he did! I think de Vargas is done playing around!

De Vargas nods, then picks up Byrd again... the standing headscissors. Hoisted up. Then...

DDK:

ARDIENDO! THAT'S IT!

The old school piledriver connects and Byrd is out. De Vargas grins as he lays his body weight on the shoulders of the Thugs 4 Hire member.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

DDK:

A brief slip-up by El Sol Dorado aside, he just ran right through Emilio Byrd! And... no, what's going on?

De Vargas isn't done as he wipes his feet near the prone form of Emilio Byrd, then throws his arms in the air to jeers from the crowd. Theo Baylor heads into the ring, but then so does Hurtlocker Holt trying to protect his partner. He shoves Theo back! De Vargas tries to get into the middle of it, but Theo holds him back so he can do it.

Lance:

Disrespect being shown by Better Future... wait, what's Morrow doing?

As Emilio Byrd is now being attended to at ringside, Hurtlocker Holt looks like he's itching for a fight and so is Theo Baylor. The two old rivals glare at one another as Morrow takes the microphone.

Tom Morrow:

HEY! HEY! HEY! Knox!

He yells at referee Rex Knox.

Tom Morrow:

Looks like Hurtlocker here wants to fight... well, Theo here wants a fight, too!

Theo stands in the corner and looks itching to go.

DDK:

Is Holt really going to do this? Ascension didn't go Theo Baylor's way and you can tell he's irate about falling to Brock Newbludd.

Lance:

He is! I say let them fight!

Rex Knox is listening to something in his headset as he stands between the two big brawlers. He listens... Then nods! He points to the timekeeper and announces this second impromptu match.

THEO BAYLOR vs. HURTLOCKER HOLT

DDK:

It looks like we're going to get a second match right now! Theo Baylor versus Hurtlocker Holt!

The two men look like they want to tear one another apart and the fans look like they want to see it. When Rex Knox checks both sides to see if they're both good, Hurtlocker Holt nods. Theo says nothing, but the rest of Better Future Talent Agency do.

Tom Morrow:

Mess his ass up, Theo!

Alvaro de Vargas:

You got this, Big Teddy Cool! Bust him up!

Theo smirks as the bell rings...

DING DING!

The two men charge at one another, but it's Hurtlocker Holt that actually gets the surprise advantage on Theo Baylor with a huge Thesz Press followed by a flurry of right hands at the bell! The rest of Better Future look on in a bit of shock as the crowd cheers him on.

DDK:

Hurtlocker Holt sticking up for his tag partner here! Theo now trying to get Holt off him!

Lance:

Holt is a former Marine! He's not someone for anybody to take lightly in the ring.

Theo does his best to shove Hurtlocker Holt off of him, but the second that he tries to get back to his feet, Hurtlocker Holt charges and then bulldozes the enforcer of Better Future into a corner! He goes to town on the slightly larger California native with a flurry of punches to the gut!

DDK:

Wow, look at him go!

After doubling over Theo in the corner, Hurtlocker Holt charges off one side of the ropes and then comes back into the corner, SMASHING right into Theo with a big running corner clothesline! He rattles Theo and then charges off the ropes to come back and hit a second clothesline! He's down now and then goes for a cover on Big Teddy Cool.

ONE!

TW... NO!

DDK:

Early kickout by Theo, but this match has been all Hurtlocker Holt so far!

Holt goozles Theo by the throat and appears to be seeking out a Chokeslam, but an angry Theo BLASTS him in the side of the head with a huge elbow. The blow rattles Holt pretty good, but not as bad as the second and the third elbow smash. Hurtlocker Holt is barely standing now when Theo CRACKS him in the side of the head with an especially stiff elbow smash to the face, finally knocking him off his feet!

Lance:

Wow! Those elbows are so vicious!

DDK:

A nice effort in the opening there by Hurtlocker Holt, but Theo has just been operating on another level since he got the callup.

Theo Baylor's striking training from PRIME Hall of Famer Sonny Silver looks like it's paying off right now as he stands over Holt and brushes his face with a boot.

Theo Baylor:

Come on. Get up. GET UP.

And then THROWS a sick punt-style kick to the rib cage! Holt rolls over and clutches his ribs in pain while a fired-up Baylor now pifaces him just because he can.

DDK:

Oh, come on, you don't need to be doing this. If you can beat him, do it.

ADV and the rest of Better Future look on impressed as Baylor pulls Holt up. He pushes him to the corner...

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

Three open-handed chops greet him in the chest before Baylor pulls out Holt by the neck, then runs off the ropes only to return with a SICK running elbow smash right to the side of Holt's head! The crowd cringes as he throws Holt out of the corner.

DDK:

And Theo chops him down again! What a shot!

Baylor decides now is the time to end it as he pulls Hurtlocker Holt back to his feet... He hoists him up and right into Welcome to LA! The Elevated Sitout Spinebuster rattles Holt, but Baylor doesn't go for the cover. He rolls back to his feet and then grabs the legs...

Lance:

He's just wrecking Holt... oh, no!

DDK:

SHIVERS! I THINK THAT'S GOTTA BE IT!

The Inverted Cloverleaf is locked in! Theo cranks on the back of Hurtlocker Holt who tries to fight... but he can't!

TAP TAP TAP!

♪ "Greatest" by Enimem ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

DDK:

Wow! First, ADV makes quick work of Emilio Byrd, then Theo does the same to Hurtlocker Holt. I'll tell you this... Better Future Talent Agency have a pair of real blue chippers.

Lance:

Hard to argue, but... man, Tom Morrow has just become unbearable!

ADV, Ken Ellis and Tom Morrow all enter the ring and he pats Theo on the shoulder before raising his arm. Morrow then turns to the camera closest to the ring.

Tom Morrow:

FUTURE OF DEFIANCE! RIGHT HERE! COME JOIN THE WINNING TEAM, BURNS! JOIN THE WINNING TEAM!

DDK:

Wow... there it is again. We saw him give Oscar Burns that business card just after his loss to Lindsay Troy.

Lance:

They actually want to court arguably one of DEFIANCE's top stars... no way he'd join him... would he?

DDK:

I don't believe it.

As a sort Hurtlocker Holt is down on the ground, Better Future leave the ring and head back up the ramp. ADV and Theo bump elbows while Ellis brings up the rear. An evil expression crosses the face of Tom Morrow as the scene heads elsewhere.

BALLYHOO DAT!?

Back on the air following the short commercial break, DEFtv returns to show Jamie Sawyers standing in front of the backstage interview backdrop. Sawyers has his trusty microphone at the ready and flashes a practiced smile as he raises it up to his lips.

Jamie Sawyers:

Welcome back, everyone! Joining me at this time to talk about his victory at Ascension, and what the future holds next for him, is a man who has made short work in establishing himself as one to watch here in DEFIANCE. Please welcome "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd!

The crowd roars in approval as Newbludd enters the scene with his back to the camera. Clad in a pair of blue jeans and a black t-shirt that looks like it just had its sleeves literally ripped off, Brock does something between a side lunge and a bad dance move as he shuffles towards Sawyers.

Brock Newbludd:

BALLYHOO!?

Peeking over one shoulder to flash a grin, the veteran grappler spins around in a dramatic fashion to face the front of the camera. The crowd lets out a second cheer upon seeing the front of Brock's shirt, which has the words "BALLYHOO DAT!?" written in bright white letters across it.

Brock Newbludd:

BALLYHOO!?

Pointing a finger at the second word on his shirt, Newbludd drops a hint for the Faithful and some catch on.

Crowd:

Dat!

Brock Newbludd:

C'mon baby! You guys got more than that! BALLYHOO!?

This time around, the live audience responds in force, recognizing their hometown football team's iconic cheer.

Crowd:

DAT!!!

Brock Newbludd:

Ballyhoo Brew! Dat's who!

Reaching behind him, Brock pulls out another black shirt that was stuffed in his back jeans pocket and tosses it onto the slightly confused Sawyers' shoulder.

Brock Newbludd:

That's for you, Jamie! Authentic Ballyhoo Brew leisure wear, hot off the press! Plus, you can have one of these babies too! One coupon for a free rail or domestic tap on opening night!

Digging into his back pocket for a second time, Brock pulls out a business card sized piece of paper and proudly hands it to Jamie.

Brock Newbludd:

No need to thank me, Jamie, because I KNOW you and all the rest of the staff here will be out to support Cass and I on opening night. Now, you got questions and I have your answers, so let's get down to business.

Slightly confused, Sawyers reads the coupon just handed to him and raises an eyebrow. Newbludd sees the interviewer's cheeks flush and raises an eyebrow of his own.

Brock Newbludd:

What? You don't like free shit?

Jamie Sawyers:

Erm...no...I mean yes...I do. It's just that this says "Good for one free lap dance and hot beef sandwich at Swamp Rat's Gentlemen's Club..."

Now matching Sawyers' flushed cheeks, Newbludd quickly snatches the card out of Sawyers' hand and stuffs it back in his pocket.

Brock Newbludd:

Hehe...woops! I'm going to need that back. You ever been to Swamp Rat's? Good roast beef, if you know what I mean. Bada-bing!

Brock lets out a hearty laugh and slaps the straight-faced journalist on the back. Seeing that he and Jamie are clearly not on the same page, Newbludd clears his throat and attempts to match the man's serious look.

Jamie Sawyers:

No...no I do not know what you mean. I appreciate the gesture, but can we please start the interview now?

Scratching his head, Brock sheepishly smiles and nods in approval.

Brock Newbludd:

Right on. You just tell Davy, the bartender, that I owe ya one. Now, go ahead and shoot, Jamie.

Sawyers rolls his eyes and turns to face Brock, going into full interview mode.

Jamie Sawyers:

Let's talk about Ascension and your victory over Theo Baylor. As impressive as it was, do you think it was enough to finally put Tom Morrow and the Better Future Talent Agency behind you?

Brock Newbludd:

Part of me really hopes not, because it was a really fun time whipping Theo's ass right in front of his dipshit boss. I mean, the look on Morrow's face when I spiked his dude's head straight into the concrete...that is real feel good stuff, man. And hey, let's give credit where credit is due. Baylor, he can fight. The kid has an ACTUAL bright future ahead of him if he kicks Morrow's ass to the curb and carves his own path. That being said, I may have scrambled whatever brains he did have pretty bad by the time I was done with him at Ascension, so I doubt that's going to happen anytime soon. So yeah, he might want some payback...his boss might want some too.

Newbludd shrugs his shoulders in a nonchalant manner.

Brock Newbludd:

That's fine by me, if they want another piece they know where to find me...

He points a finger at the camera and smiles wide.

Brock Newbludd:

And that's at Ballyhoo Brew, where every Tuesday night is Ladies Night! Girls, plan on cleaning puke out of your hair on Wednesday, because on Tuesday you're drinking for free at Ballyhoo Brew!

Newbludd focuses back on Sawyers and is suddenly interrupted by his phone ringing loudly in his front pocket. Retrieving his ringing phone, Brock looks at it and frowns apologetically at Sawyers.

Brock Newbludd:

Shit! Sorry Jamie, I've been waiting for this call all day. Good interview! Tom Morrow sucks, Ballyhoo Brew rules!

With that, Newbludd puts the phone up to his ear and gives the camera a thumbs up as he walks off camera.

Brock Newbludd:

Whaddya mean they're all out of wacky waving inflatable arm tube men, Davy!? We NEED those, buddy! Make it happen!

Sawyers shakes his head as he watches Newbludd leave. Looking back into the camera, the defeated interviewer raises the microphone back up to his lips.

Jamie Sawyers:

And that's that...I guess.

Rolling his eyes, Sawyers walks off camera as the scene slowly fades to black.

BEER MONEY

BZZZZZZZZZ.

The shrill sound of a buzzsaw cuts through the air: we're smack dab in the middle of Ballyhoo Brew's new bar section, just weeks away from his big grand opening. What? You didn't hear? Well, Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy are opening a brewery! Beer and food served Wed - Sat. Right now, most of the bar area looks finished: the bar top is shiny, the shelves ready to be stocked, we see various tables and chairs along with a large pool table and all the assorted memorabilia you'd expect on the walls. We also see the walls adorned with pictures of DEFIANCE stars past and present.

The only part of the establishment that is still being worked on by construction workers (hence the sound of the saw and hammers banging) is a large stage in the back left corner of the bar. A stage where, give one of the bar's proprietors, many songs are likely to be sung.

And speaking of that particular proprietor - "Black Out" Pat Cassidy moves throughout the bar, stopping to mingle with various staff members who are training and construction workers who are working. Cassidy is dressed casually in jeans and a black Boston Bruins hoodie. He greets every person with a smile, a handshake, and a business card before hitting them with a "Hi! Pat Cassidy. Successful businessman" and moving on to the next person.

Finally, Cassidy lands his eyes on one familiar person among all the noise - Christie Zane, DEF interviewer extraordinaire. She stands next to the door to Ballyhoo Brew's kitchen area with a microphone and a DEFIANCE camera, smiling and motioning Cassidy over. Cassidy approaches Zane with a grin.

Cassidy:

Chris. Tee. ZANE! You know we're not open yet, but for you... I could probably get this party started a little early. I have some pull around here, you know.

Christie shakes her head.

Christie Zane:

This isn't a social call, Pat. I was hoping we could get some footage of the place near completion and maybe a word or two from the owners. It's for a behind the scenes special DEF is putting together.

Cassidy:

Cool, cool. Newbludd's not here at the moment, but if you need something official... I'm your guy.

Cassidy hands Christie a business card.

Cassidy:

Pat Cassidy. Successful businessman.

Christie smiles despite herself. She tucks the card in her coat pocket.

Christie:

Yeah, I know who you are. So I guess we're all wondering... you've touted this place as an ultimate destination for DEFIANCE fans. What can the folks out there expect?

Cassidy [grinning]:

Let me tell you! We're gonna have it all! You want quality but affordable drafts? Got it! Play a game of pool and listen to some tunes? Got it! DEFtv parties? DEFIANCE-themed trivia nights? Meet and greets with the wrestlers? Got..

Suddenly, Cassidy stops mid-sentence. His face turns cold as he looks off camera. His physical stance shifts from warm and welcoming to slightly defensive and his tone loses all its warmth.

Cassidy:

...I'm afraid we're not open to the public yet, buddy.

Into the frame moves Tom Morrow, dressed (per usual) in his slick business suit and carrying two items: a bottle of champagne and a briefcase. Grinning, Morrow walks up to Cassidy and Zane. He hands the bottle of champagne to Cassidy.

Tom Morrow:

Oh, I know. Consider this a "good luck" present for your new endeavour.

Suspiciously, Cassidy takes the bottle. He gives the label a quick once over - his cold demeanor breaks for a second with a look of surprise at how fancy it is. Then he's back to business as he places it on a nearby table. He turns back to Morrow, folding his arms.

Cassidy:

Newbludd ain't here, pal. And you should be glad he isn't. I'm pretty sure you've got an asskicking coming your way, and while normally I ABHOR violence in a fine drinking establishment, I think I'd let that one go considering how big of an ass you are.

Morrow smiles, unfazed by Cassidy's threat.

Tom Morrow:

You misunderstand, Patrick. I'm here to talk to you. I'm here to make you an offer.

Cassidy barks out a laugh. He nudges Christie as if to say, "the nerve of THIS guy."

Tom Morrow:

I wouldn't laugh until you've heard me out. The fact is, you're a talented young man. You're going places in DEFIANCE, that much is clear. But I think we can all agree, based on recent events, that you have lousy taste in friends.

Cassidy frowns at that accusation, the betrayal of Conor Fuse still fresh in his mind.

Tom Morrow:

And I'm simply here to offer some perspective. You see, you've again made a poor choice in aligning yourself with Brock Newbludd. Brock is using your rising stardom to hitch a ride to the top, nothing more. He can't be trusted, Mr. Cassidy. And I thought you deserved to hear it from someone who knows.

Cassidy shakes his head and wraps his hands around the back of his neck. He ain't buying it.

Tom Morrow:

I'm here to make you an offer. I think you need to cut Brock loose: as an ally but especially as a business partner. You might think you need him in this little venture you've got here, but you don't. He'll hold you back, and when the time is right, he'll throw you under the bus to serve his own gains. Much like Conor did. Brock took money from me, plain and simple. It was offered to him on a contingency and he got drunk at a bar instead. With you.

Cassidy re-folds his arms and raises an eyebrow.

Tom Morrow:

But that was HIS decision, not yours. I'm just calling it like I see it, my friend. I don't think it will even get that far, because you'll likely be losing your partner soon. I'll be frank: I'm paying The Stevens Dynasty a large sum of money to take Brock out of the game once and for all at DEFtv 145. Now I have no doubt they'll be able to do it... barring anyone comes to Brock's aid, of course. And by "anyone" I mean you. Now, if you're willing to look the other way...

Tom Morrow holds up the briefcase and taps it.

Tom Morrow:

...I can assure you that the Better Future Talent Agency will make it worth your while. What's in this briefcase is just a sample... a down payment... on how we can help your career and your business going forward. You don't need Brock Newbludd. Consider this a gift of good faith on my part.

Cassidy goes to open his mouth, but Morrow holds up a hand to cut him off. He hands Cassidy the briefcase.

Tom Morrow:

No need to answer right now. Your actions on DEFtv 145 will speak loud enough. Just take some time and think about it. And don't do what he did... actually put my money to good use this time.

Smiling, Morrow shoots Cassidy and Zane a nod of goodbye and walks out of frame. Cassidy is left standing with Christie and the briefcase in his hand. He looks to Christie, who shrugs. Cassidy places the briefcase on the nearby table and pops it open. While we can't see inside, both Pat Cassidy and Christie Zane's eyes go wide at the contents inside, and they shoot each a "holy shit" look...

...and we fade out.

SKY HIGH TITANS vs. GULF COAST CONNECTION

DDK:

Here we go with our next match, Lance. The Sky High Titans wasting no time getting back into tag team action as they take on Theodore Cain and The Crescent City Kid of Gulf Coast Connection!

Lance:

That should be a good one! GCC have been looking for a big signature win lately and if they could somehow upset the former two-time Unified Tag Team Champions, that could do it. But after everything that Uriel Cortez and Minute have been through with Alvaro de Vargas, I understand they're looking to put that behind them and get back to the tag division.

DDK:

We came to learn Tom Morrow -- then, Junior Keeling -- manipulated their split. He leaked those messages and emails to Comments Section, allowing them to get into their heads, fray the group and win the titles they've had since. Imagine a reunited Titans maybe getting a shot down the line? But we'll see who wants it more tonight. Let's go to Darren Quimbey with intros for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first, accompanied by Aaron King, at a combined weight of 453 pounds... Theodore Cain, Crescent City Kid... **GULF! COAST! CONNECTION!**

♪ "Surf City" by Jan & Dean ♪

The trio make their way down in their playful, yet serious nature, making sure they slap some hands and have a good time, getting cheers as local favorites as they always do. Cain and CCK get into the ring with King cheering them on! Crescent City Kid rolls into the ring through the ropes as Theodore Cain gets inside and pounds on his chest. They look ready for this big opportunity.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... making their way to the ring at a combined weight of 532 pounds... accompanied by Thomas Keeling... "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez... "The Sky High Kid" Minute... **THE SKY HIGH TITANS!**

♪ "Let's Go (The Royal We)" by Run The Jewels ♪

As the theme blasts over the PA, two new spotlights shine on stage. On the left is "The Sky High Kid" Minute, decked out in his black spiked luchador mask, along with a snazzy-looking business suit, looking 100% business. On the right, the GIANT form of "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez, wearing the exact same business suit, along with a massive replica of the same mask of Minute. The crowd ROARS for their return.

DDK:

Listen to the crowd! Minute made his return in grand fashion at Ascension, saving Uriel Cortez after that loss to Alvaro de Vargas. The two reunited and dare I say now that they cut the dead weight that is Junior Keeling, I think they can return to form.

Lance:

They found instant chemistry when they first formed... enough that they ended the reign of The Stevens Dynasty in only their third official match as a team. They have defeated Team HOSS, The Pop Culture Phenoms, The Fuse Bros, there is no team these two cannot beat when they focus. Gulf Coast Connection will need everything they can to try and upset the Titans.

The team hits the ring. Minute climbs to the top turnbuckle, bounces off one corner, then another, then backflips into the ring! Uriel raises a fist and now that he's back to the suits he steps over the ropes. The replica mask comes off, along with the coat. The bell rings.

DING DING!

DDK:

Looks like Minute and CCK are starting. I'm telling you now, fans, don't blink!

The two masked men meet up and Minute offers him a hand, which he takes. Both men go in for a lock up and CCK quickly goes for a hammerlock. He has Minute locked up, but the TJ Tornado leaps up and then throws him over with his free hand using a flying snapmare! CCK rolls to his feet after the move and then boots Minute in the gut. He tries a snapmare of his own, but Minute POPS the crowd when he flips over and lands his feet in front of CCK!

Lance:

You were not lying, Darren!

Minute runs off the ropes, but when CCK expect him to come at him, Minute leaps to the side and goes to the adjacent ropes. He does it again... and again, wowing the crowd some more until The Crescent City Kid boots him in the gut. He pushes Minute to the corner and then sends him to the ropes, but as The Kid comes running, Minute leaps to the middle rope near the corner, spins over to the next one then comes out of the corner with a missile dropkick knocking him down!

DDK:

Minute is simply amazing, no doubt about that! Only 22 years old!

CCK goes down and heads to the outside... big mistake because Minute comes FLYING through the bottom rope like a mother-lovin' rocket with a low-pe suicida (shut up, Excalibur) then takes him out on the floor! The crowd goes crazy as Minute looks as good as ever after coming back from his month and a half injury. He throws The Kid back inside, then follows when he tags Uriel Cortez.

DDK:

Oooh, not, not where he wanted to be.

The Crescent City Kid sees the well-dressed monster in front of him and then quickly rushes over to Theodore Cain. Aaron King claps on the outside for his guy while Thomas Keeling does of this. Uriel offers him the first shot and Theodore gets himself ready. He runs off the ropes and tries to hit Uriel... but he barely flinches. Cain shakes his head, then tries again... still not going down. Uriel even puts his hands behind his back and gives Cain one more shot. Theodore starts to run... then lets out an "A-HA!" with a headlock around Uriel's head. Uriel simply shoves Cain to the ropes, then the 360-pounder runs him over with a shoulder tackle on the return!

DDK:

Cain tried, he really did, but no matching up with The Titan of Industry!

Uriel shrugs then throws Cain to the corner. He puts the hands up and the crowd knows what's coming next... THWACK! And Cain crumbles over!

DDK:

The Chop of Ages! Uriel just doubled him over with that double chop!

Lance:

Then a tag to Minute! They pick up Cain and send him to the ropes! What's Minute doing?

Uriel picks Cain up as Minute lays down, effectively flap-jacking Cain into an upward kick by Minute! The blow rocks Cain, then Uriel runs off the ropes and mows him down with another shoulder tackle! The crowd cheers as he leaves the ring, allowing Minute to hit a springboard moonsault! He tries pinning the bigger Cain.

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Great double team by The Titans, but not enough to put big Cain down!

Minute goes after the leg with some sharp shoot kicks to rock the bigger Cain. when he has him stunned, he tries to fly off the ropes again for a headscissors... but he gets caught!

Lance:

Uh-oh... Snake eyes in the corner! Cain makes the runs off the ropes and big boot lands!

DDK:

What a series of moves! Cain just turned it around quickly!

For the first time, Uriel Cortez and Thomas Keeling show worry for young Minute as Cain quickly tags out to The Kid. Cain picks Minute up and drops him with a belly to back suplex, setting him up for Kid to flip over with a slingshot senton! The Kid tries to cover Minute.

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

And now The Gulf Coast Connection are in control! Looking good so far, but Minute can absorb a tremendous amount of punishment.

Lance:

Crescent City Kid on the apron... and springboard crossbody on Minute! Cover again!

ONE... TWO... NO!

The Crescent City Kid shakes his head after the failed cover and then reaches over to make the tag back to Theodore Cain. Aaron King yells support from the outside as they try another double-team. Both CCK and Cain shove Minute to the ropes. Cain tries to pick him up to set him up for a move on CCK, but Minute instead hits him with a big dropkick instead! CCK goes flying and when Cain realizes what went wrong, he tries to turn and stop Minute with a knee to the chest. He runs off the ropes, but Minute is right behind him and as Cain bounces off the ropes, Minute ducks and comes back with a springboard Tornado DDT!

DDK:

Wow! That backfired on them in a hurry! CCK gets dropkicked, then Cain gets the Interceptor DDT by Minute!

Thomas points to the corner and yells at Minute get over... and he does! He tag in Uriel Cortez and now he's a man possessed. Shoulder tackle to Cain! Cain tries to get back up again, but Uriel clobbers him with a short clothesline. The Crescent City Kid tries to springboard in again... CHOP TO THE CHEST! The crowd grimaces in pain and Aaron King looks on wide-eyed as his partner was just swatted out of the air!

Lance:

Goodness, I think Crescent City Kid is regretting trying to fly again!

Uriel's focus is back on Cain again when he launches him to the corner of the Titans. He changes in and hits a big corner splash. Following that, he pulls him out of the corner into a short-arm clothesline! He finishes the combo with a big elbow drop! Cain gasps for air as Uriel goes for a cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Wow, how did Cain kick out of that?

Uriel stands up and then looks out to the cheering crowd. He tries to hoist Cain up for what might be The Atomic Throw, but Cain frantically punches away at the head of Uriel, and then runs off the ropes for a low shoulder tackle to the knee! Uriel crumbles down to a knee and finally, Cain has a chance to win when he rushes off the ropes and drives all his weight into a shoulder tackle knocking Uriel flat on his back! The Smash Surfer goes for a cover!

ONE... TW... NO!

DDK:

Not even a two-count! But Cain is gonna try like hell to fight!

Cain tries to get up and finish off Uriel, but can't get the giant off his feet as he tries to stand. He tries for Bottoms Up... but Uriel picks him up instead and then DRILLS him into the canvas!

DDK:

INDUSTRY STANDARD! THAT'S IT!

Lance:

No, look!

Uriel stands in the corner and tags Minute, standing over a prone Theodore Cain as the crowd knows what's coming next. Minute hits the top rope. He then LEAPS onto the shoulders of Minute from the top rope, then right off into a MASSIVE Splash called...

DDK:

NO, **THAT'S** IT! THIRTY-STORY SPLASH!

Minute hooks the legs of Cain and when CCK tries to get back in, Uriel stops him by grabbing his waist.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

The crowd roars in approval as Minute gets to his feet and then celebrates with Cortez.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **THE SKY HIGH TITANS!**

DDK:

A big return to form for the Titans!

Uriel goes into the ring to help Crescent City Kid. Minute rolls back over to Cain and Uriel stands over him, offering him to then help him to his feet. It takes Cain a few seconds to figure where he is, but he gives him a hand up and then raises the hand.

Lance:

Great sportsmanship being shown by the Sky High Titans. THIS is what Junior Keeling/Tom Morrow passed on. Real sportsmanship and real friendship.

The GCC leave ringside with Aaron King helping them to the back. Meanwhile, Thomas Keeling has a microphone.

Thomas Keeling:

Ladies and gentlemen... THEY'RE BAAAAAACCCCKKKKKK!

The Faithful show their love for the Titans. Minute and Uriel bump fists and enjoy their first victory as a team in some time since losing the Unified Tag Team Titles to Comments Section.

DDK:

They both look great. I wonder what this is about.

Thomas Keeling:

Now... while Ascension didn't entirely go our way... [jeering from the crowd]... oh, we know... But while that didn't go our way... my absolute disappointment of a son and his band of thugs got what was coming to them when Minute returned

in spectacular fashion...

More cheers! Minute shakes his hands together and looks proud of himself.

Thomas Keeling:

But if he wants to go his own way, then we'll go ours. And we're going to start... by working our way back to the Unified Tag Team Championships that we were cheated out of!

The crowd jeers.

Thomas Keeling:

But in order for us to do that, we have to avenge a previous loss. And the one we want to avenge before we challenge again... LUCKY SEVENS! We're calling you out because we want another match with you! You came within an inch of winning the titles and you want another shot and we want another shot! So let's do this on DEFtv 145!

Another loud response!

DDK:

That sounds great to me! Remember, it was The Lucky Sevens that defeated The Sky High Titans to earn their shot against The Comments Section.

Lance:

I wonder if they're going to take them up. I heard they were in the house tonight and...

Lance stops and there is no music or fanfare because the giant twins are now both walking to the ring. Uriel Cortez and Minute watch the two giants come their way and Mason Luck does not look happy.

DDK:

Mason and Max Luck have been irate. They literally destroyed Malak Garland and put him in a hospital bed ... but it took Teresa Ames and all three of Comments Section to put down Mason for a three count.

Lance:

And I don't think that you can blame them. Time and time again the Comments Section cheated and manipulated the rules and in that cage match where they had them dead to rights, one slip up cost them the match.

Mason and Max are in the ring now and they are wearing the Lucky Sevens "WINNING HAND!!!" shirts and jeans. Mason looks down towards Thomas Keeling and Minute then the fans cheer when both twins square up to Uriel.

Mason Luck:

You want to fight us again? Did I hear them right Max?

Max Luck:

That's what I heard too, bro. I heard the Titans didn't like that we beat them the first time.

Thomas Keeling interjects.

Thomas Keeling:

To be blunt, no. But back then, we had Junior dragging us down. Now, my boys are focused! They are the well-oiled machine they were before Junior manipulated us all. They're more than ready for another chance to get back the titles they were screwed out of by my damn son and his machinations. What we want is competition, plain and simple. From what I've seen, you're betting men. What do you say, Lucks?

Mason looks at his brother and Max turns back to him. Max walks up and gets in Uriel's face.

Max Luck

Is this really what you and the small fry want, big man?

Mason takes over.

Mason Luck:

Cause we ain't anybody's charity case and we're not your redemption story. We want another shot ... and we'll do everything we have to to get it.

He holds out the Winning Hand.

Mason Luck:

I know that you're protective of your little buddy there so I don't want you to get butthurt again when we beat you a second time and we shake him down to get another title shot. We accept.

Uriel visibly gets angry at that last barb.

DDK:

Challenge accepted! But as good as the Lucky Sevens have been, I don't know if Mason really wants to go there. You saw Uriel on the warpath for weeks getting to de Vargas and putting him through our announce table to avenge him.

Lance:

Indeed.

Uriel has a retort, but before he can use it, Minute taps on Uriel's arm. He points up so Uriel smiles and then HOISTS him onto his shoulders so now they have to look up to Minute. The Faithful cheer now and laugh at Minute now looking down on them slightly, but the Lucks don't look amused. Uriel grins as he asks for the microphone from Thomas.

Uriel Cortez:

If you two are really gonna go THERE... how many times did it take us to win the Unified Tag Team Titles? We won them on our first try against The Stevens Dynasty. How many title shots did YOU two have and not win? Four?

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!"

Uriel holds his hand out for Minute to slap it!

Lance:

I... I think the Lucky Sevens just got owned there, Darren. Am I saying that right?

Mason and Max now have matching upset looks on their faces. Mason is about to say something else ... and then he drops the microphone and tells Max "let's go." Mason and Max eye the Titans one more time and then step over the ropes to leave the ring and go to the back.

DDK:

I think the Titans won the war of words tonight, but how personal did that get awful quickly?

Lance:

Two young, strong, very proud teams, Darren! Those Unified Tag Team Titles are worth a lot and they both want them badly. We'll see them on DEFtv 145 next week so we won't have to wait long!

Thomas Keeling and The Sky High Titans look ready for 145 and they watch The Lucky Sevens walk away.

THE HAMMOCK DISTRICT

The dreary afternoon wanes on. Conor sits in his car, looking out his driver side window like a lost kitten. Beads of rain dance down the exterior of the glass as his glare extends to the big IKEA store in the background.

Buzz, buzz.

The younger Fuse realizes his phone is vibrating. Taking it out of his back pocket, he looks at the screen and a warm smile crosses his face. Swiping up, Conor answers the call and puts the phone to his ear... until he realizes it's gone straight to video.

Conor Fuse:

Hiii Malak!

Fuse looks down and sees Malak laying in what looks to be a hospital bed. It slowly dawns on The Green One his friend might not be alright.

Conor Fuse:

Are you... okay?

Malak's weakling grip on his phone causes the image to shutter briefly.

Malak Garland:

Oh, hey, Conor. Hi. I am doing as fine as someone my size getting hit by a tractor trailer repeatedly can do. Wh-what are you up to?

Conor exits his vehicle and sprints into the store, playing a self-invented game of dodge the rain droplets as best he can. It's presumed he gets the high score this round.

Conor Fuse:

Oh, okay, that's good! You can spare me the details, friend. I am at IKEA right now... looking to pick up a hammock! You see, I have this super awesome plan to reboot my Friendship Members League and I'm gonna need an awesome hammock for that. I asked "Twists and Shouts" Oscar Burns where the Hammock District is but he just looked at my funny... like I'm not right in the head or something. I thought all cities had Hammock Districts.

Conor wipes the wetness from the front of his phone as he merrily walks down a random aisle.

Malak Garland:

Oh, is that right? *[Forces a cough]* Take me with you. I want to feel like I am anywhere but in this hospital bed.

Conor Fuse:

Sure, I can do that!

The thirsty Keyboard King easily traps Conor into staying on the phone.

Malak Garland:

Go right. The hammocks are to the right. Trust me.

Conor doesn't even question it and blindly turns right, which leads him into the maternity section.

Conor Fuse:

This doesn't seem right.

Conor flips his phone around to show Malak the section he's in. Garland absolutely refuses to take any responsibility for steering him incorrectly.

Malak Garland:

Oh, you turned left when I said turn right. Whatever. [Forces another cough] You'll know you're at the hammock section when you see the fake sand on the ground.

It takes Conor a second to reorient himself before leaving the maternity section and making his way to the in-store beach setup. The display is wondrous. There's cardboard standees of nice looking ladies, colorful beach balls and yes, even fake sand on the ground, representative of a beach. Conor's eyes go wide.

Conor Fuse:

Ahhhhh... neato! I think I'm here.

Meanwhile, a sales lady notices Conor enter the location. Having no one else around all day, this is finally her break to make a sales pitch. She tucks back her blonde hair and approaches The Armlock Aristocrat. Her name tag reads 'SALLY.'

Sally:

Hi there, welcome to the beach! My name is Sally, how may I go about providing you in-store service this afternoon?

Conor stares blankly at Sally. The awkward silence is not broken until Malak speaks up through the video chat.

Malak Garland:

[Clears throat] HELLO? EXCUSE ME, DOWN HERE!

Sally gazes down at Conor's phone.

Malak Garland:

Hi Sally, my name is Malak and this is my friend, Conor. Lots to unpack here. I am his official video concierge for this shopping excursion and we are looking for a hammock. Before you dupe my friend into wasting his money, *[forces yet another cough]* I need to let you know what we DO NOT want. We DO NOT want twine, polyester or bogus threading. I am looking for real rope made from sustainable sheep and woven in North America. DO NOT try to pass off anything fake to him or else I will know and I will leave a very negative review online.

By this time, Sally's face has transitioned from upbeat to fretting.

Sally:

No problem, Mr. Malak. We will go right to the top end stuff. Follow me.

Sally makes haste to the finer hammocks on display as Conor mindlessly follows. Sally starts showing Conor and Malak a nice SnuggleBrand hammock. It's cast iron frame is strong and promising not to rust but something else catches Conor's eye.

Conor Fuse:

What about that one?

As The Character Formerly Known as Player Two points to a hammock off to the side, Malak desperately chimes in.

Malak Garland:

Are you... are you serious, Conor? That one isn't even near the store aisle! That one has cheap twine! Don't be a fool. If you want FML to stand out then expect to lay some heavy dollars on this hammock!

Malak clearly speaks like someone spending someone else's money. Conor hits his head with his free hand, like of course, how stupid could he be to even entertain the thought of that useless hammock out on the periphery?

Malak Garland:

Get your head in the game, Conor. This is why you invited me along on this shopping trip, remember?

Sally:

So, can I get the paperwork started on this one?

Sally points to the ultra expensive hammock in front of them, yearning for Conor to max out his credit card on. Fuse takes a moment to think about it... and then rubs his hands together. An evil smile crosses his face.

Conor Fuse:

Yes... yes this will do.

Fuse looks down at his phone and Malak Garland.

Conor Fuse:

Thank you, Malak my friend! I will not forget your help!

Malak Garland:

No problem. I just wish I could have been there to witness this purchase in person but I am not very well right now. You see...

The interaction continues for some time, as Malak goes into his whole song and dance, switching the attention on him. Malak starts "coughing" as the scene comes to a close.

CAROL OF JESTERS: JOY and FUN to ALL

The scene opens with Jestal sitting in front of a fireplace. Surrounding him sitting on the floor are Faithful children. The fireplace is decorated with stockings and various Christmas theme decorations. On Jestal's lap is a big book.

Jestal:

Welcome, all you Faithful out there in TV land! Allow me to tell you all a quick short story before the violence continues here tonight at Uncut 81.

Jestal lifts the book from his lap and the cover shows an ice cavern-like mirror maze underneath it. The title of "How The Comments Section became Scrooges."

Jestal:

Now my little duckies, our story begins....

The scene fades into the outside of the Wrestleplex. Just outside the parking lot. A mirror-like maze covered in ice which looks like one of those grass mazes you see in the world. On one side is Jestal guarding the entrance to the maze as children line up to go through it. On the other side of the maze is Dandelion standing next to a table stacked up with posters of the siblings with their autographs.

Jestal:

Enjoy ducky!

A kid thrilled starts through the maze. The sounds of glee and aggravation sound from above the maze.

V/O Jestal:

We were thrilled to get our new mirror maze. It was a way to have some fun on the DEFIANCE's penny. Plus it was a great publicity stunt. Whoever was able to get through the maze, would get a picture with my sister for FREE and a signed autograph of us with the Tag Team Championships.

Another kid goes through, giggles continued throughout the sections of the maze. A quick fade-in of Jestal sitting by the fireplace and looking down at the children.

Jestal:

It was a way for us to give to the Faithful for all they do to keep us going all these years. DEFIANCE wouldn't be here if it weren't for your mum's and dad's.

The scene fades once more to the maze, Dandelion celebrates a child making it through.

V/O Jestal:

We knew there were some people here in DEFIANCE that were not into the whole fun thing. Those nasty Stevens for example. Nevertheless, though we continue to do what we do best....HAVE FUN! It however would seem to come to yet another obstacle.

Malak Garland comes into view but the camera is looking behind him as it stares toward the maze. Jestal appears once more. He looks down at the children setting the book on his lap.

Jestal:

Duckies this story will continue at DEFTV 145, make sure you get your mum's and dads to get you tickets!

Children:

AWWWW...

Jestal winks at the kids.

Jestal:

Trust me my little duckies, you will love the end of this story!

Uncut continues....

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: DEX JOY Â© vs. CUL

DDK:

What a match we have coming up! We have our new Southern Heritage champion in action "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy! He did what nobody else could in the last year and not only ended the reign of Gage Blackwood ... but after endless insults hurled his way about his unworthiness as a challenger he made Gage Blackwood eat every last word.

Lance:

He sure did! And Dex Joy has decided he will not rest on that victory. He is going to look at being a fighting champion and prove that he deserves the title. Tonight he will make his very first defense against the leader of the Viking War Cult, Cul! The match will be physical no doubt and Cul is a former holder of the world trios titles with the Cult so he is no stranger to championships. Darren Quimbey is now about to introduce the champion!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is for the Southern Heritage championship!!!

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

From Los Angeles California ... weighing in at three-hundred-fifty-five pounds ... he is the defending Southern Heritage champion ... he is "The Biggest Boy" and "Dexy Baby" ... DEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXXXX JOOOOYYYYYYYY!!!!

Dex is heading to the ring with some extra pep in his step proudly wearing the championship won by many DEFIANCE Wrestling greats with Dex now looking at putting his name along side them one day. Dex is in the ring and he takes the championship and raises it again for the cheering faithful.

♪ "Guardians of Asgaard" by Amon Amarth ♪

The pitch-black stage area explodes with red light and then out comes the man known simply as Cul. He is without the rest of his group choosing to fight alone for the chance to make a great championship.

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing his challenger weighing in at 285 pounds ... HE IS CULLLLLLLLLLLLLL!!!!

Cul takes off his armor and places it on one of the ring post then he climbs into the ring right in the face of Dex Joy. The Biggest Boy tells him to bring it and Cul obliges him!!!

DING DING DING!!!

Two big men are now engaged in a fist fight!

DDK:

Something tells me that there will be no technical exchanges in this one! Cul is a brawler through and through and a big one that!

Lance:

But he isn't the Biggest Boy is he?

Cul gets an early advantage as he goes right for Dexy Baby's eyes and tries clawing at them. Dex is in clear pain when Cul puts him back in the ropes using big blows to his chest. He pushes him to the ropes and then he attempts throwing him across the ring ... but Dexy Boy spins him around and then sends him to the ropes. When Cul comes back the

Southern Heritage champion does a leap frog!

DDK:

Wow!!! How did he just do that?

When Cul comes off the ropes Dex now lays flat on the mat and when Cul comes back a second time he gets drop kicked almost right out of his boots!

Lance:

He's an incredible athlete Darren, that's how!

Cul gets sent out of the ring from the sheer force of him being drop kicked out of the ring. Dex gets back up to his feet and then he circles the ring pumping a fist in the air. He waits for Cul to rise on the outside and then gets another run off the ropes while screaming ...

Dex Joy:

Whooooooooooooo - peeeeeeeeeeee!!!

Dex flies through the ropes and the three-hundred and fifty-five pound meteorite goes crashing into Cul on the ring side floor!

DDK:

First that drop kick and then that dive! Where does Dex get this kind of ability from?

Lance:

His confidence in himself has just risen to a brand new level since he won that title! You can feel it!

The Biggest Boy is the first of the two to get up and then he pitches Cul's body back inside the ring. The fans cheer for Dex when he gets back inside. Cul is trying to stand up again but Dex puts him right back down on the mat with a big running body block followed by a jumping elbow drop and then a cover.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Wow! Dex just tried to put Cul away and I'm surprised he was able to kick out of that!

Lance:

I know right? Now Dex is trying to finish this quick!

The Biggest Boy is picking up Cul and then tries to put an early end to the match. He tries picking up Cul for the Dex Drive but before he can lift him, the leader of the Viking War Cult fights his way free using an elbow to the head. He keeps elbowing away until he is free and then he charges right into him with a big spear.

DDK:

That spear just rocked Dex!

Lance:

It did! And now look at Cul! Is he headbutting him on the mat!

Cul is looking very deranged and he is actually laughing about headbutting Dex on the mat but he does several times until the official gets in the way telling him to stop. Cul does that and then switches to punches and keeps on going and going like the energizer bunny of punching until the official gets in the way again. Cul screams in his general direction and then laughs again.

DDK:

He is deranged no doubt about that but he needs to focus on trying to win the Southern Heritage championship!

Lance:

I think that he could.

Cul is lining up Dex for another attack and gets him off his feet using a gigantic lariat. That one blow manages to rock Dex is an impressive feat on its own and winning the Southern Heritage championship would be better so he tries winning that.

DDK:

Here we go! New champ?

*One ...**Two ...**No!!!***Lance:**

That was a big kick out from Dex but if Cul continues attacking Dex with those big moves and I think we could be looking at a new champion.

DDK:

I think he is thinking the same thing.

Cul grabs Dex by the faux-hawk and then picks him up. He is looking for a finishing power bomb that he refers to as the Blood Eagle. The living Viking tries to get Dex up in the air for it but Dex wiggles free. Dex on the other hand starts to fight back against him and then pushes Cul over using a back drop!

DDK:

No, Dex is free now!

Lance:

This is bad for Cul! Real bad!

The fans fire up Dexy Baby again and when Cul is back on his feet he gets jabbed in the face with a flurry of blows. He continues doing that and then whips Cul across the ring so he hits a corner. He runs for the corner and then charges so that he hits him with a big splash. He picks him up and then another trip across the ring leads to Cul getting thrown up in the air and then down with a massive pop up power bomb!

DDK:

Dex Bomb! I can't believe he lifted Cul for that move!

Lance:

And I think this might be it!

DDK:

I think that you're right!

Dex has Cul vertical again but Cul somehow manages to get in a knee. He cuts Dex off with two more knee shots and then tries what looks like another lariat but he gets the shock of his life by Dex running to the adjacent rope and then running all his weight into him like a freight train using a pounce!!!

DDK:

That's Dexy's Midnight Runner! He just knocked the hell out of Cul and now he's in the corner where he does not want to be!

Dex runs full steam ahead ...

JUMP FOR JOY!!!

Lance:

Stick a fork in Cul, I think he is done!

The cannon ball in the corner hits and then Dex pins him.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

Dex gets off of Cul and then gets his title back. He raises his championship up high so the fans can see it and then celebrates a successful title defense.

Quimbey:

Your winner and still your DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage champion ... DEEEEEEEEEEEEXXXX

JOOOOOOOOYYYYYYYYY!!!!

DDK:

A great first outing for Dex Joy! And ... wait he is asking for a microphone?

Dex is catching his breath for a moment and relishing the moment when he gets the microphone.

Dex Joy:

OH PALLIES LOOK WHAT WE DID!!!

When he screams the crowd cheers when the Southern Heritage title goes up. After he takes a few more breaths and lets the fans cheer to their heart's content he speaks again.

Dex Joy:

Gage Blackwood didn't give me a chance in hell of being worthy of this title! He called me the funny fat guy and that I was a joke! Well pally ... lookie what I got!!!

The title is up again!

Dex Joy:

He's right! I'm funny! I'm a fat guy! But I also take this title very seriously my friends! This is my first singles title in my DEFIANCE Wrestling career and as much as Gage pissed me off and *really* lit that fire under me ... he treated this title with respect whether you liked him or you hated his bitter ass!

Dex turns to face the locker room.

Dex Joy:

And now that Dexy Baby's fire has been *LIT! LIT FAM!* There ain't *NOTHIN'! NOTHIN'* that's gonna put it out! So let the locker room know now this is my challenge to you! The last two champions Elise Ares and Gage Blackwood had the two longest reigns with this belt! Maybe I'll beat that and maybe I won't but I will fight *EVERY* match like it's my last! You'll get 1000% out of me when I defend this title because I am fueled by BIG! DEX! ENERGY!!!

His music plays and he swings the title over his head and starts rocking out! The air guitar with the belt even happens! He plays to his theme song and then starts walking to the back with the air guitar on the title.

DDK:

Wow! Where does he even find this much energy?

Lance:

I don't know but I believe everything he says! Dex wants to be the fightingest champion with that title and I think he can make it happen!

BE FOREWARNED

It's Monday, November 30th, 2020. There's talent gathered throughout the DEF Plex today, taking part in promotional tapings for DEFIANCE Road, the new DEFIANCE video game that's due to come out in the spring of next year and other projects. There's even a fire safety course being taught inside the arena, actually in the ring by none other than Sgt. Safety. He demanded to hold a meeting and (some) of the roster obliged. The scene begins outside Gorilla, as a few crew members are enjoying a coffee break from the fire safety session. Then, down the hall, stomps Gage Blackwood, now the former Southern Heritage Champion. He makes his way past other DEFIANCE staffers, Victor Vacio, Matt LaCroix and Teresa Ames quickly before arriving in front of the crew having their coffees.

Blackwood stops cold in his tracks. He stands in front of the group... waiting for them to take notice.

That's when one of the crew members pulls back and reveals "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas is amongst them. Douglas looks concerned, perhaps readying for a fight.

Until it's clear Gage has other plans.

Gage Blackwood:

Next week, DEFTv, make sure you're on standby.

Blackwood looks one of the crew over.

Gage Blackwood:

Your sense of fashion is rubbish.

And that's it. Blackwood walks off in another direction... leaving Scott Douglas standing there with a shrug.

Sub Pop goes back to conversing with the ring crew and the scene fades.

STALKER vs. "BLACK OUT" PATRICK CASSIDY

DDK:

And folks... it's now time for our main event here on Uncut! We've got a match that we saw booked a few weeks ago: "Black Out" Pat Cassidy is set to clash with Jason "Stalker" Reeves!

Lance:

The impetus for this match dates back months, where during a BRAZEN tag team battle royale, Stalker and Reinhardt Hoffman were eliminated by Pat Cassidy and Doug Matton. Backstage - Stalker reportedly suffered an ankle injury in an exchange with his tag team partner over his effort against Cassidy.

DDK:

I think Stalker had his sights set on Cassidy after that.

Lance:

Correct - that was made clear when Stalker and Rezin involved themselves in Pat Cassidy's match with Scott Douglas. Cassidy picked up the win but resented the fact that it looked like he was only able to do so with Stalker's help.

DDK:

That's right, Lance. A few weeks ago here on Uncut Cassidy issued a challenge to settle this issue... and Stalker quickly accepted.

Lance:

This will be the first time these two athletes have ever faced off... and it's our main event... right now!

♪"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!"♪

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

The crowd comes alive!

From the back emerges Pat Cassidy in his usual ring attire: black taped wrists, black boots, black knee pads, and dark blue tights with the letters BOPC down the left leg. He pauses at the entrance to soak in the cheers from the DEFIANCE Faithful and strokes his beard with a smile on his face. He claps his hands together, looks into the camera, and says "my people!" audibly enough for the camera's mic to pick it up. He begins to head toward the ring.

Darren Quimby:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL... introducing first, from Boston, Massachusetts and weighting in at two hundred and forty-four pounds... "BLACK OUT" PAAAAAAT CAAAAASSIDY!

Cassidy slaps some hands on his way to the ring. As he makes his way down, we get a mini-screen promo featuring Cassidy standing in front of a DEFIANCE backdrop.

Cassidy (mini promo):

Stalker, buddy - you can keep your flashing lights, crazy distraction, and fortune cookie messages - this is going to be two guys slugging it out in the ring, and you're going to find out exactly that's where I do my best work.

Cassidy hops up to the top rope and raises his arms to another roar of approval from the crowd. Cassidy points to himself with a finger to the chest, nodding and grinning in anticipation. He leaps down from the top-rope and moves to a corner of the ring, resting his elbows on the ropes and leaning backwards into the turnbuckle, waiting for Stalker as his music fades out.

Lance:

Cassidy's had a busy couple of weeks... the big blowup with Conor Fuse, a big victory at Ascension, and now he's opening his own business. Or is he? What was up with that nonsense from Tom Morrow?

DDK:

From what we've seen from this young man over the past few minutes, you've gotta believe he has more integrity than to entertain that offer.

♪ "It's On" by Korn ♪

Darren Quimby takes the center of the ring as he introduces Pat Cassidy's main event opponent.

Darren Quimby:

And his opponent... hailing from Seattle, Washington and weighting in at two hundred and thirty five pounds... STTAALKKKERRRRR!!!!

The lights dim to almost a complete darkness, a burst of static filling the DEFiatron as words begin to materialize out of the background, 'The Kabal is here... to ravage and war... as fate would have it... that DEFIANCE would be our ROAD...' After a few moments the screen fades back to black before Stalker's name appears in static like letters.

Smoke billows out from the ramp entrance way as Stalker's theme music rumbles to life, the crowd sets into a chorus of boos as Jason 'Stalker' Reeves makes his way to the ring. His eyes look predatory as his presence is doubly nightmarish with the punk rock dynamo Rezin flanking his back, clad in a bootleg "Unsane" muscle shirt. The wild 'Hardcore Icon' stares down Pat Cassidy as the man's arms flock out to either side as he ascends the steps. Cassidy moves out of the corner where he was leaning and assumes a battle-ready stance.

DING DING DING!

With referee Benny Doyle signaling for the bell, Cassidy and Stalker immediately start to circle each other with eyes locked. Stalker's cold eyes have evil intentions as he moves maniacally and with purpose, while Cassidy seems to be barely containing his excitement as he half walks/half jumps around the ring. As he walks, Cassidy raises his arms up and down, encouraging the crowd to get fired up - and get fired up they do! The Faithful come alive in anticipation of this match up!

DDK:

Somewhat of a "big fight" feel here in our Uncut main event!

With the crowd at a fever pitch, the two Defiants stop circling, and look ready for the initial lock up - until Stalker suddenly switches gears and rolls under the bottom rope and out of the ring to a chorus of boos! Cassidy shakes his head like "come oooooooooon" as Stalker begins to slow pace around the outside floor - his eyes still focused on Cassidy inside the ring.

Lance:

Look, Keebs - you've got Stalker on one side of the ring while Rezin is pacing like a caged animal on the other. I think The Kabal is ending Cassidy a message: we've got you surrounded.

DDK:

Cassidy himself is figuring that out right now.

Cassidy turns, eyeballing Rezin, and then back again to look at Stalker. He is indeed surrounded. From the outside, Stalker grins evilly as he sees Cassidy connecting the dots. Cassidy looks to the crowd with a "so what do we do about this?" expression... before shrugging and rolling under the bottom rope to the outside, charging Stalker and unloading with right hands! The crowd explodes as the Leader of the Kabal and the Scrapper from Southie lay into each other!

DDK:

And as is fitting for these two, we are not starting with a display of technical expertise but a slugfest!

As the two men trade punches, the exchange seems to go more in Cassidy's favor, with Black Out finding more of his

blows landing. Cassidy grabs the stunned Stalker and whips him violently into the ringside barricade. Stalker quickly recovers and charges Cassidy... only to run into a back body drop on the unforgiving concrete floor!!

Lance:

Benny Doyle is yelling at both men to climb back in the ring, and has no choice but to start the ten count. Despite how both men are acting, this is NOT a no disqualification match!

Doyle begins his count...

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Hearing the ref begin his count, Cassidy moves quickly. He lifts Stalker off the ground, and rests the dazed Defiant against the ringside barricade. With a roar of approval from the fans around him, Cassidy puts some distance between himself and Stalker as the count continues.

FIVE! SIX!

Cassidy raises both arms high to fire up the crowd a little more before he gets a head off steam, running across the ringside floor and toward Stalker who is still prone against the barricade. Cassidy LEAPS into the air, looking to crash down with a brutal Stinger Splash...

...but suddenly Rezin comes out of nowhere and pulls Stalker out of harm's way! Cassidy can't stop himself - and he crashes VIOLENTLY into the steel barricade ribs first! There's an audible "OOOOOOOOH" from the fans as Cassidy crumbles to the floor, crying out in pain and holding his sides.

SEVEN! EIGHT!

Thinking quickly, the dazed Stalker shakes some cobwebs from his head as Rezin pulls him to his feet. The Hardcore veteran rolls into the ring and then back out again, breaking the ref's count. Rezin watches on with anticipation as Stalker looks down at Cassidy, writhing in pain on the ground, and sighs with a smile - he now has this punk kid exactly where he wants him.

Stalker: *[screaming]*

The smaller THEY are the - the easier they crumble! That's why 'Guardians' of proper stature must be destroyed! You are like a bloodied fish in the water!

Stalker screams down at the broken Pat Cassidy while yanking him up by the shoulders, kneeling Cassidy in the side before rolling the winded drunkard into the ring.

DDK:

This man babbles like the craziest son of a..

Lance:

His messages have always been cryptic, between the Jessica video feeds and his screaming... it would seem like only the man living inside Stalker's head knows what's going on in 'his' reality.

Coming through the middle ropes, Stalker waylays into Cassidy's ribs with a falling elbow drop, he repeats the process before standing up above the man with a look of disapproval on his face.

Stalker:

Going to learn one day... PAT! That when you summon the Boogey Man.. he comes to kill...

Lance:

OOW! Stalker with a mean stomp to Pat Cassidy's face.

DDK:

He's not going to do any good on the mat covering his face, get up and knock the old creep Uber driver out, Cassidy!

To no avail, Keebler's attempts to rally the man are fruitless as Stalker picks up Cassidy whipping him into the ropes he sets him up for a drop toe hold clean into the mat! Crashing face and ribs first into the mat, Pat Cassidy howls in pain as the Rezin yells out his approval. Stalker slithers to his feet with a smirk across his face as he lowers himself onto Pat Cassidy's back, a cross face being applied with Stalker's legs wrenching Cassidy's arm back and his arms tucked under the fallen man's chin.

Lance:

Once again Stalker uses a form of submission to wear down and slow his opponents, this has been a utilization of his in each of his matches.

DDK:

I think it's because he's fairly slow - part time Uber driver - part time burned out wrestler. His method and application is sloppy, look.. Pat's already wiggling free.

Not for long as Stalker climbs to his feet quickly and stomps on the back of Cassidy's ribs causing the man to fall prone on the mat.

Lance:

It looks like Stalker is circling him like prey, thinking on his next move. Rezin is yelling to finish him and Stalker is cautiously rubbing his chin as he moves in on Cassidy.

With the fans reigning down their disapproval, Stalker stands over Cassidy's prone form. He lifts both of Cassidy's legs into the air, signaling for another incoming submission.

DDK:

We've seen Stalker utilize The Sharpshooter before... and with the punishment that Pat Cassidy has taken here, if he locks it in...that could be it.

However, there's a brief pop from the crowd as Stalker attempts to lock in The Sharpshooter... Cassidy manages a desperation small package!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Lance:

Cassidy almost stole one there. And now both men are back to their feet...

Cassidy, trying to regain control of the match, fires at Stalker with a kick... but it's caught by the veteran grappler! Controlling Cassidy via his foot, Stalker spins Cassidy around looking to catch him on the rebound with an offensive move... but Cassidy instead surprises Stalker with a clothesline!

Lance:

Cassidy showing some signs of life!

Clutching his injured ribs, Black Out is able to whip Stalker into the ring ropes and catch him on the rebound with a

knee to the gut. On impact, Stalker flies forward and lands in a seated position on the mat. Cassidy quickly bounces off the ropes and plants a STIFF kick into the lower spine of Stalker.

DDK:

Even though his ribs seem to still be an issue for him, Cassidy seems to still be in this!

Lance:

I'm starting to wonder if maybe Cassidy's clash with The Game Boy and Conor Fuse at Ascension may have taken more of a toll than he let on.

DDK:

Maybe, but don't forget Stalker's war with Scott Douglas at that same event. They're likely to be on even footing.

Cassidy gingerly handles his ribs, but grips the nearby turnbuckle with determination. He looks to the fans, who as always are firmly behind him. Snarling, he grabs Stalker off the mat and hooks him for a "go to" move of his: the pump handle slam! Cassidy pulls Stalker's arm up over his shoulder and reaches down, preparing to lift the leader of the Kabal into the air for the slam...

Lance:

Of course!

DDK:

Rezin on the apron now, drawing the attention of referee Benny Doyle!

Cassidy sees Rezin on the ringside apron, and immediately releases Stalker from his pump handle set up and drops him to the mat. Instead, with hatred in his eyes, he shoves Doyle out of the way and gets in Rezin's face!

DDK:

The inexperience of Pat Cassidy showing here... you never take your eyes off your man in the ring.

And Keebler's words ring true, as Stalker attacks Cassidy from behind, pulling him back to the center of the ring. As Benny Doyle finally gets Rezin to drop down off the apron, Stalker is able to score a LOW BLOW on Cassidy out of the ref's line of sight. A crooked grin on Stalker's face as he taunts the fans, their reaction is utter disapproval as Cassidy sinks to his knees and Stalker is back firmly in control.

Stalker: *[yelling]*

LOVE THAT TRICK! Gotta use it on that big guy real soon!

Lance:

Stalker with a closed fist punch to Cassidy's face! And that sends the man flat on his back!!

Shooting Rezin a look, the hardcore icon's eyes go wild as he pounces on Pat Cassidy, his closed fist remaining stone like as he punches Cassidy into the mat further. Rezin cackles with excitement as he pumps his fists interchangeably, watching Stalker make Pat Cassidy's head hit the mat over and over. Thudding each time louder than the previous.

Rezin:

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

Doyle is bit thrown off by his interaction with Cassidy, recovering slowly in the corner as he moves forward to address Stalker's blatant disregard for rules as he repeatedly punches Pat Cassidy as he lay prone on the mat.

DDK:

Come on Doyle do your job and toss the guy!

Stalker relents enough for Doyle's approval as Cassidy is nowhere near close to being able to climb himself up to his

feet. Encircling him like a snake, Stalker approaches Cassidy, pulling him up to his feet as they wobble side by side. Giving Cassidy a shout in his ear, Stalker wraps his arm around the man's shoulder and yanks him backward for a Russian Leg Sweep!

Lance:

Stalker rolling over with a quick pressed pin attempt!

ONE!

TWO - NO!

Slamming the mat in frustration, Stalker looks up towards Rezin before dragging his eyes outwards towards the fans. With little regard for Cassidy's well being, Stalker lifts the poor man up to his feet as the crowd reminds the pain expert that they are no fan of his.

Stalker: *[yelling]*

You HEAR them? They are what makes foolish ones like you think they are a Hero in this story... their is no hero, Pat.. only ME!

With a ferocious growl Stalker sends Cassidy into the ropes. Stalker looks to hit Cassidy with a clothesline on the rebound, but Cassidy ducks! The crowd comes alive for this sign of life from Black Out... but they're immediately deflated as Stalker manages to catch Cassidy on the next go around and lock in a sleeper hold!

DDK:

And Stalker has that sleeper synced in tight... this doesn't look good for Cassidy.

Stalker grits his teeth and hangs on as Cassidy bucks and turns, looking to escape the potentially match-ending maneuver. Cassidy reaches out for the ropes, but it's futile as Stalker makes sure to position both men far away from any potential escape. Benny Doyle moves in to check on Cassidy.

Lance:

If you look closely, Keebs, you can see Pat Cassidy's eyes beginning to flutter.

DDK:

Stalker is a journeyman wrestler and a master of these types of situations. Cassidy has fought hard, but ever since that missed splash he's appeared too hurt to gut this one out. We're likely seeing the end here.

Cassidy is down to one knee with his eyes half closed, and Stalker's evil grin is growing. The crowd begins to rally, hoping they can will the Boston native to power back into this...

LET'S GO BLACK OUT! (clap clap clap)

LET'S GO BLACK OUT! (clap clap clap)

LET'S GO BLACK OUT! (clap clap clap)

Despite the cheering of the fans, Cassidy appears to be in a bad way. He's now completely off his feet and his arms hang weakly in the air offering just the smallest resistance. Stalker shifts his body so that Cassidy is now fully on his side and nearly down for the count. As the fans continue to try and rally, REF TBD moves in to check Cassidy. He lifts Cassidy's hand...

...it falls!

He lifts Cassidy's hand again...

It falls!

Finally, as Stalker snarls in anticipation of his upcoming victory, Benny Doyle lifts Cassidy's hands one more time....

...but it hovers in place juuuuuuuust before it hits the mat! The crowd comes alive!! Cassidy balls his fist and begins shaking his arm, feeling the energy from the fans willing him to continue on. Stalker attempts to crank down harder on the sleeper, but there's no stopping the comeback train now: Cassidy manages to get up to one knee, and then back to his feet!

DDK:

Cassidy firing elbows into Stalker's midsection!

Lance:

And Pat Cassidy sends Stalker off the ropes... and catches him on the rebound with a takedown!! Stalker is on the mat and Cassidy is right on top of him hammering away with right hands!

Cassidy unleashes a flurry of punches to Stalker's head as the leader of the Kabal tries to cover up and avoid the onslaught. Cassidy up to his feet, and drops a series of elbows onto the back of Stalker's head: one elbow everytime Stalker attempts to rise.

DDK:

The fans are on their feet! Cassidy heading up to the second rope...

Cassidy stands on the second rope, making a "come here" motion as Stalker climbs to his feet. Stalker turns... and Cassidy leaps off the turnbuckle, connecting with a bionic elbow to the mush.

Lance:

Wait, look! As Cassidy prepares for his next move... Rezin is back up on the apron. Doyle is in his face right away, telling him to off the apron or Stalker could face a DQ.

Not about to let Stalker's Kabal partner get in the way of his victory a second time, Cassidy quickly rolls under the bottom rope. He grabs Rezin by the legs and yanks him off the apron! Rezin's face collides with the ring. Taking advantage of Rezin being momentarily stunned, Cassidy grabs him by the back of the head and LAUNCHES him over the nearby barricade...

Rezin:

AAAAHHHH-- **BLGHK!!**

...and head-first into a bucket of popcorn as he flails into the ringside fans!

Lance:

And for the first time in this contest, Pat Cassidy has taken Rezin out of the equation! He needs to capitalize quickly.

Indeed he does. Still clutching his achy ribs, Cassidy quickly rolls back into the ring. Grabbing Stalker, he lifts him up into a sitting position on the top rope, with Stalker facing outward toward the fans. Cassidy climbs up behind him, hooks Stalker's left arm over Cassidy's own neck, and wraps both his arms around Stalker's midsection. With a yell of determination, Cassidy falls backwards, taking Stalker with him in a...

DDK:

Top rope belly-to-back suplex!! Both men collide with the mat!

Lance:

Big move by Pat Cassidy, but with Cassidy's injured ribs that maneuver was no picnic for him, either.

Stalker is down. Cassidy is down, but manages to stir. He rolls over, and has juuuuust enough awareness to drape a single arm over Stalker's prone form...

ONE!

TWO!

THREEE - kickout!!

DDK:

Goodness! The closest of falls there, but somehow Stalker managed to dig down and kick out!

Lance:

You can say what you want about the man, but he is as tough as they come...

DDK:

If Cassidy wants a chance at this, he's going to have to move quickly before Rezin can regain his bearings...

Rezin clumsily trips over the barricade back to the ringside area with his skulllet and beard slathered in butter and sprinkled with kernels of popcorn from his trip into the sea of fans. Back in the ring, both men in the ring are slowly climbing to their feet. Cassidy just barely manages to get there first, and as Stalker turns to face him, Cassidy hooks Stalker for the Irish Goodbye! The crowd cheers out as Cassidy goes for his Reverse STO...

...but Stalker counters with a SHARP elbow to Cassidy's already injured ribs! Cassidy abandons his finish and instead clutches his injured midsection, crying out in pain. That small opening is all the wily veteran needs, and Stalker quickly hooks and DROPS Cassidy with his Evenflow DDT! Stalker quickly covers, hooking the leg...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

DDK:

Unbelievable! All it took was one small opening for Stalker to capitalize and pick up the win here.

Lance:

He'd been working over those ribs all match, Keebs. He saw his chance and he took it.

DDK:

Still, an absolutely gutsy performance by Pat Cassidy tonight. A hasty mistake at the beginning of the match may have cost him what otherwise might have been a victory.

Lance:

What a main event here on Uncut! Folks, thanks for joining... oh wait, we might not be done here!

As Benny Doyle raises Stalker's hand in victory, Rezin rolls into the ring. Shoving the ref out of the way, Stalker joins Rezin in standing over the downed form of Pat Cassidy. Stalker picks up Cassidy by chin, looking into his glazed eyes.

Stalker:

No more false heroes...No More.... 'GUARDIANS'!

And Stalker and Rezin begin to put the boots to Pat Cassidy! Cassidy tries to cover up, but the stiff shots are raining down from all directions.

Stalker:

WEAKNESS! Weakness and little creatures is all that DEFIANCE is filled with. Pat Cassidy - I will come for you one day little worm...

With an aggressive flair Stalker's ramblings are accompanied with an onslaught of kicks to Pat Cassidy's bruised ribs, Rezin is quick to follow up and add insult to injury as he cackles in Cassidy's ear while Stalker beats him relentlessly

DDK:

This match is over! Apparently Rezin and Stalker aren't just satisfied with a victory tonight!

Lance:

They're making a statement, DDK! And Cassidy is on the wrong end of it!

Boos continue to rain down on the two men as they continue to pummel Cassidy. Showing some fight, Pat manages to trip Rezin up with a desperate leg sweep that sends the nihilist down onto the mat. With Stalker still putting the boots to "Black Out", Rezin angrily claws his way towards Cassidy and rises up to a kneeling position to lay into him with more punches.

DDK:

This is getting out of hand, and needs to be stopped now! Do something Benny!

As if on cue, the referee tries to pull Stalker away from his prey and is sent to the mat for his trouble.

Lance:

Yeah, no. I think Benny's going to need some backup. I suggest we get security down here.

The beat down continues on and the jeers reach deafening heights as they seemingly fuel the two men to beat on Cassidy some more. Suddenly, the crowd flips the script and let's a booming roar!

DDK:

What's this!?

Lance:

It's Brock Newbludd! Newbludd's coming to help his buddy out!

As the rejuvenated crowd continues to cheer, the sprinting Newbludd makes it to the bottom of the ramp and hangs a sharp right to race around the ring. Inside of it, Rezin and Stalker slow their beating to watch the newcomer with wary eyes.

DDK:

What's Brock doing?

Stopping in his tracks, Newbludd points at the timekeeper and barks an order at him. Instantly, the diminutive man leaps out of his chair. Brock immediately grabs the chair and folds it up.

Lance:

Evening the odds if I had to guess!

Chair in hand, Brock slides under the ropes and enters the ring. Rezin is the first to act and charges ahead to intercept Newbludd.

DDK:

Here comes Rezin! Look out!

Popping up to his feet, Brock manages to side step his would be attacker just in the nick of time. Still holding the chair, Brock cracks Rezin in the back with it as he passes by him, causing him to flip over the top rope and tumble to the outside!

Lance:

And there goes Rezin! Brock's got his sights set on Stalker now!

Spinning around, Brock locks eyes with the Stalker, who flashes him a malevolent grin before kicking Cassidy in the ribs again. The furious Brock charges ahead as he winds up with the chair, causing the crowd to cheer in anticipation. Sensing that he may have overstayed his welcome, Reeves turns on a heel and makes a quick exit from the ring to rendezvous with the angry Rezin at the bottom of the ramp.

DDK:

Stalker with the escape! Despite Brock cutting their fun short, it's safe to say that Rezin and Stalker got their point across tonight.

Lance:

And they may have taken Cassidy down, but he's definitely not out. He's already starting to stir on the mat!

Stalker and Rezin backpedal up the ramp and Newbludd angrily watches them go. Behind him, Cassidy slowly begins to push himself up to his feet with Doyle's assistance. Cassidy sees Brock in the ring, holding the chair and starting down the retreating Kabal.

DDK:

So while Brock rushed to the aid of Pat Cassidy here - don't forget that earlier tonight we saw Tom Morrow pay off Black Out to help The Stevens take Brock out once and for all! I'm not sure if Brock is aware of that development.

Lance:

I wonder if money talks...

Cassidy taps Brock on the shoulder, and The Innovator turns around right into a Pat Cassidy... handshake! The two business partners shake to the approval of the crowd, and Pat raises Newbludd's hand high in the air in appreciation.

DDK:

For the moment, it seems, it's all good between the proprietors of Balleyhoo Brew!

♪ "1956" by Dropkick Murphys ♪

As Cassidy's exit theme song kicks in, Brock hops up to the top rope, still holding the trusty steel chair. He raises the classic equalizer high into the air as the crowd cheers. Cassidy, meanwhile, remains on the canvas, still holding his achy ribs. Cassidy watches Brock play to the crowd, and the look on his face is... difficult to read. Is he upset because he lost the match... or is something else going on here?

DDK:

What an action packed edition of Uncut. I'm Darren Keebler, and for Lance Warner... goodnight everybody!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.