

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.

ALVARO de VARGAS vs. JACK HALCYON

DDK:

Folks, welcome to UNCUT and we're about to get the show rolling with some in-ring action! Two weeks ago, we had a good luck at BRAZEN star "One Shot" Jack Halcyon. He's been making waves with some wins on BRAZEN shows but tonight, he gets to follow up on his match with "Black Out" Patrick Cassidy... but tonight, he steps up in weight class against the 6'7", near 270-pound Alvaro de Vargas.

Lance:

De Vargas is an arrogant brute, plain and simple. Halcyon impressed many with his match against Cassidy, but this match is going to be very different.

DDK:

Indeed. Take nothing away from that great match with Cassidy, but ADV doesn't care about star ratings or great matches... he wants to HURT people and he wants to make money. Halcyon better have his guard up.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! First, making his way to the ring from Las Vegas, Nevada, weighing in at 220 pounds... **"ONE SHOT" JACK HALCYON!**

♪ "Lonely Boy" by The Black Keys ♪

Jack Halcyon's theme plays and gets a mostly modest reaction from The Faithful in attendance this time around. The young wrestler emerges from the back, wearing simple blue trunks and black boots. His hair is slicked back and with a little more gusto than he had before, he approaches the ring. He gives a nod to some of the fans as he makes his way to the ring, and he adjusts his elbow pads as he walks. After he gets back in, his music fades out and his opponent's music plays...

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

The crowd's hatred intensifies as out comes the tall, brash and cocky Cuban-American known as Alvaro de Vargas! With his frizzy hair, sunglasses, and of course his purple fire-adorned gear, he shoots the crowd a corny-ass grin. He's without Tom Morrow or Ken Ellis tonight and as Darren Quimbey starts to speak...

Alvaro de Vargas:

¡No! Tengo esto, hijo de puta calvo!

Darren shuts up the crowd jeer as ADV already has a mic in hand, ready to rock and roll tonight.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Look at this little pendejo in the ring. Some little BRAZEN kiddo trying to get famous off us ESTABLISHED stars! Especially ME! El Sol Dorado de DEFIANCE! Who the hell even does that?

DDK:

The irony of Alvaro being a BRAZEN hanger-on to Trashcan Tim until Tom Morrow picked him up isn't lost on me.

Lance:

Nor I.

ADV approaches the ring and then walks along the apron, flashing another smile at his opposition.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Escucha, Make-A-Wish Kid! ADV isn't here to make your dying wish to be a star come true... El Sol Dorado is here to make a POINT! Those over-the-hill pendejos, Scott Stevens and Oscar Burns, will be BURNED once and for all at DEFtv 150 and I want them to see what happens to those who fly too close to me...

ADV now enters the ring and stares down at Halcyon.

Alvaro de Vargas:

"One Shot"? Oh, no, no, no, no, no, 8-Mile. You need to lose yourself from my ring right now and I'll give you ONE SHOT to do it, before you get cayó sobre tu cabeza. Comprende? Dropped RIGHT on your head!

The crowd jeers as Alvaro backs up and holds the ropes open for the young BRAZEN star to take his leave. The crowd starts to jeer when ADV smirks, holding them open. Halcyon is about to go through... but fakes him out and dropkicks ADV in the ropes instead! ADV almost tumbles out of the ring, but barely hangs on as the crowd has a laugh! Halcyon backs up and the

DDK:

ADV getting treated the way he deserves to be treated, especially after that!

Lance:

Look at him, he's red in the face!

ADV storms into the ring and as he does so, Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

De Vargas gets up and charges right at young Halcyon, but he ducks under a clothesline and when he turns around, he gets pelted with chops from Halcyon. The angry de Vargas shakes them off and then tries another clothesline, but Halcyon ducks again and then comes back with another dropkick, sending him staggering back into the corner. Now with Halcyon in control, he gets back up to the corner and then runs full speed at ADV, connecting with a forearm. The show staggers ADV and the crowd lends its vocal support to young One-Shot.

DDK:

Here we go... springboard missile dropkick! Halcyon can do this!

Halcyon goes for the quick cover now!

ONE... TW... KICKOUT!

ADV kicks out in a big fit of rage and SHOVES Halcyon right off of him!

Lance:

Oh, boy! I think Halcyon just made Alvaro angry!

Alvaro sits up and then seethes before he starts to climb up to his feet. Halcyon gets back up and then throws another volley of forearms before El Sol Dorado can get back up... but he fights through and shoves Halcyon to the ropes. He comes back and slides under a big boot, but when he turns around, ADV CLOCKS him with a massive lariat!

DDK:

Lord, what a lariat! Halcyon embarrassed him and now I think Alvaro is done toying around.

ADV certainly is as he picks up Halcyon by his waist and then drags him up to his feet. He starts to hook him up and then hoists him high in the air. To show off his strength, he holds him and walks around... then DRIVES him down to the canvas with a huge belly to back suplex! The young Las Vegas native looks hurt now but Alvaro de Vargas sits up and looks coldly over at the young kid.

Lance:

Look at that glare of de Vargas. He's just become a proverbial killer in that ring as of late especially when he's against top competition.

DDK:

True, but he doesn't have Morrow here and he keeps playing down to Halcyon just cause he's BRAZEN. BRAZEN stars have defeated established DEFIANCE talent before so this isn't entirely unheard of if he looks past Halcyon.

He doesn't pin Halcyon, but instead he stands over him, yelling at the BRAZEN star to get up. Halcyon starts to crawl to get back up to his feet and pulls on de Vargas' pants, but when he starts to get up, he gets WALLOPED with clubbing shots across the back. ADV then gets jeered as he hoists Halcyon then...

THUNK!

...drops him back to the mat after a HUGE headbutt!

DDK:

OW. I think this one is done.

ONE... TWO...

ADV pulls him up off the mat to the jeers of the crowd! He pulls up the young man off the mat and then pushes him back to a corner before hooking him over the shoulder...

Lance:

Here comes The Cuban Miss... NO! JACK ESCAPES!

DDK:

Oh, wow!

The crowd pops as Halcyon not only slides out, but ADV crashes into the corner. Halcyon sees his shot and takes it when he maneuvers and HOISTS ADV off the mat with a big Olympic Slam!

ONE... TWO... NO!

The crowd almost loses its composure, but ADV's massive shoulder comes up.

DDK:

ADV's arrogance almost cost him there! Can Halcyon follow up?

Halcyon tries to get back up again and starts to try and take down Alvaro with some sort of leg submission, perhaps the On Tilt submission, but before he can fully apply the calf crusher-like hold, ADV kicks him away. Halcyon recovers and gets on his feet, but gets a nasty surprise in the form of a HUGE running knee to the chest! The blow rocks the youngster and that's enough for El Sol Dorado to stop playing around.

Lance:

Uh-oh... he's got the standing headscissors applied. We know what comes next, Darren?

DDK:

We do... Halcyon upside down... OHHH! ARDIENDO!

The piledriver connects and Halcyon slumps over. He nudges the young BRAZEN star over and then doesn't bother hooking a leg cause he knows it's done.

*ONE... TWO... THREE!***DING DING DING**

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

DDK:

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

Alvaro sits up and then stands over his opponent's prone body. He kneels over and pats him on the head with a mocking smile before he heads to leave the ring. He does a handstand over the ropes to touch the apron then leaps to the floor to show off like the dickbag he is, then heads back up the ramp.

DDK:

Halcyon gave ADV more than people bargained for, but sometimes brute force just wins out in our business. ADV has it in spades.

Lance:

He and Jack Mace are gonna need all that and more if they're gonna defeat Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens now that the former FISTS of DEFIANCE are now on the same page!

ADV nods and then smiles at the camera near the ramp then disappears behind the curtain while young Jack Halcyon gets a modest round of applause for his showing tonight.

MOVIE THEATER POP

The word graphic 'LAST FRIDAY' in white lettering appears superimposed on the lower left hand portion of the television feed as a panning shot shows a single cinema movie theater sitting within a small rural town.

Inside, a few patrons buzz about, grabbing their favorite buttery and salty comfort snacks as members of Screen 7 run the show.

"Sticky Floors" Alan Goldstein is the ticket taker, wishing a pleasant blessing to everyone that walks by.

Alan Goldstein:

Thank you and welcome. Thank you and welcome. Thank you and welcome. Yes, we will have an intermission, Mrs. Bastion. I haven't forgotten about last time.

The sight is serene in and around the lobby and theater. Red velvet curtains bracket the large projection screen. "Free Refills" Berry Chernobyl ushers people to their seats as his muscles nearly burst out of his corduroy suit.

Berry Chernobyl:

Tonight, we will be showing a special double feature screening of The Pond Place and The Book of Notes. I hear these director cuts are amazing, Mrs. Bastion.

The patrons, young and old, find their seats. In the lobby, "Horror" Hector Harris parks himself in the manager's office, counting money like the greedy schmuck he is.

Hector Harris:

Who needs to sell t-shirts when you can just screen rehashed movies old people throw money at?

He verbally pats himself on the back like a fat cat kingpin surrounded by wads of cash. "Extra Butter" Gilbert Rogers finds himself belly up, drinking hot butter from one of the many dispensers as Teresa Ames storms into the lobby.

Teresa Ames:

WHERE IS HE!?

Needless to say, she is furious. Her hair is all frizzled out and her eyes are wide and crazed. She marches over to Rogers, pulls him up from his kegstand and demands answers.

Teresa Ames:

Where in the hell is Gage Blackwood!? I waited an *extra* 10 minutes for him to pick me up!

With a mouth full of liquid gold, Rogers has a hard time speaking.

Gilbert Rogers:

Mmmmm, gimme that, gimme that, mmmmmm.

Teresa violently shakes the man. He simply shutters in fear. He eventually points towards the theater sanctum.

Teresa Ames:

That bullshit liar is already here!?

Ames roughly releases Rogers from her grasp. The jostling causes some hot butter to spurt out of his mouth and down his chin. Rogers watches Ames march on... and then back to sucking out butter. She stops at Goldstein.

Teresa Ames:

Gage Blackwood. Now. I am seething.

The overly skinny ticket taker wants nothing to do with Teresa's aura so he promptly backs off in fear.

Alan Goldstein:

Ummmmm, have a look! I think he's in the front row!

The Cute N Qwerty Gurl stampedes down to the first row where Berry Chernobyl finishes seating a couple and sure enough, it's Gage Blackwood and a guest.

Teresa Ames:

What. The. Fuck.

Her eyes can't believe it.

Berry Chernobyl:

Excuse me, may I see your ticket so I can seat you, please?

Ames finds none other than Kristie Bellis sitting next to Gage Blackwood. An awkward glance is exchanged between all those involved. Kristie looks super cute in her little black dress as Gage's facial expression is entirely disinterested about his current surroundings.

Teresa Ames:

What the absolute holy fu—

Berry Chernobyl:

Miss, may I have your ticket please or I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to leave.

Teresa Ames:

You are scum, Gage Blackwood. I can't believe you! I picked out this niche date for us and yet here you are, with this tramp, Kristie slut-ass Bellis. Why? I just want to know why!?

Tension rises as Gage gives his entirely disinterested reply.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, I never said I'd go with you. I said, "sure?" Then you stalked me backstage after my match with Thomas Slaine. I was getting uncomfortable.

Blackwood turns to Kristie.

Gage Blackwood:

Besides, Kristie and I are just friends.

Ames is fuming! In fact, she's even more fuming at how casual Blackwood is over this.

Teresa Ames:

I am going to cut off your baws—

Berry Chernobyl:

Okay, that's enough.

Before a fight breaks out, Chernobyl grabs Ames by the arm and begins escorting her back up the aisle. Kristie's face turns red at the scene being caused. Ames goes ballistic in Chernobyl's arms.

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSHHHHHH!

A gust of air whistles between Bellis and Blackwood's heads and no, it isn't from any ASMR finger flutters. They turn in

confusion. It's not exactly easy to see in the dimly lit theater. Gage finally looks down and notices a full, unopened can of soda on the ground. It has a large dent in it. He picks it up.

Kristie Bellis:

Did she just throw an unopened soda can at us?

Blackwood nods.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye. She missed, though.

Teresa's banshee screams echo for a few more moments until she's removed from the property entirely. The lights dim and the long venture of about six hours of sappy romantic movies begins as the television feeds ends.

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. LOUISIANA BULLDOGS

Lance:

Up next we have the Lucky Sevens about to compete and I will be honest ... after how close they came to becoming number one contenders to the Unified tag titles I would not want to be the Louisiana Bulldogs right now.

DDK:

I gotta agree with you Lance. The Saturday Night Specials will now be challenging The Fuse Bros ONE in a great first-time match that fans are already clamoring for, but The Lucky Sevens have been fighting for an opportunity. Let's see if the Louisiana Bulldogs can have any hope of victory tonight.

The Louisiana Bulldogs are both in the ring warming up. Denver and Oliver Brandt are both raising arms for the crowd and get ready. While they do that camera is on the stage now where Tom Morrow is standing and Ken Ellis holds out his mic for him so he doesn't have to.

Tom Morrow:

I have nothing cute to say to you swamp-loving inbreeds tonight. Big Money Max and Big Money Mason got *ROBBED* last week! Mason *clearly* kicked out Brock's stupid roll-up before the three, but that official was clearly related to Helen Keller cause he was too blind and too deaf to see who should be the *real* number one contenders!

More booing tries to drown out Tom Morrow but he won't let it.

Tom Morrow:

Now my guys have to face ... YOU ... and I'm not going to bother learning either of your names because as far as I'm concerned the only thing people will be saying after my guys are done with you is "oh, God, stop! Call an ambulance! They're beating them to death! Ahhhh!!!"

Tom Morrow does not acknowledge any more jeering because he points up and the 7 7 7 appears on the DEFIA-Tron but it is now no longer gold ... but solid green!

Tom Morrow:

THEEEEEEEEE LUCKKKKKYYYYY SSSSEEEVVVVENNNSSSSSS!!!!

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

The lights come back on and the twins putting up "The Winning Hand" while wearing solid green capes! Now both twins have goatees to show that they have indeed turned to the dark side and the weight belts both men wear have green dollar signs.

DDK:

At least they aren't dressed as Uriel Cortez and Minute. That was classless.

Lance:

And they look angry tonight. I don't think I want to be the Bulldogs.

Max and Mason Luck walk to the ring with both Thomas and Ken behind them cheering them on. The twin giants quickly head inside the ring. Max and

Mason both look like they want to hurt someone in the worst way. Mason is going to start for his team with Oliver Brandt starting for his. He does not look afraid of the giants.

DING DING

Big Money Mason tries to rush Oliver Brandt but the amateur wrestling star ducks and tries to pick Mason's leg using a chop block. The blow makes Mason fall to his knee and he tries to go for an ankle lock early. Before he hold gets locked in fully Mason uses his other foot and kicks him off. Oliver gets up but Mason launches him over seven feet in

the air using a free fall drop!

DDK:

I definitely think you were right Lance. The Lucky Sevens were playing around a little too long with the Specials and it cost them. Tonight they are driven by anger but they are focused.

Before Oliver Brandt is able to get off the mat, Big Mase grabs him by his side and then carries him over in a gut wrench suplex setup. Mason walks over and tags Max before he dumps Oliver over with a huge suplex. But before Oliver can even recover from that, Max is already right there on him like a hungry dog on steak. He grabs him by the sides and then hits his own released gut wrench suplex. Max shoots off the ropes quickly and then delivers his signature running jumping elbow drop right into Oliver's heart.

DDK:

The Box Cars elbow drop! Oliver might be coughing up air for the next three days after that.

Lance:

Oh and now look what Max is doing ... he just threw Oliver at the corner. Max is daring Denver to come in and make the tag.

Max kneels forward and is daring Denver to make the tag after his brother got beat up. Denver does just that and hopes to make a name for himself. He runs past Max and then hits Mason on the corner with an upper cut and then turns to Max. Max tries to grab the much faster Denver but he continues running off the ropes. But much to his surprise Max runs to a corner to misdirect him as he hits the ropes and then runs him down with a stiff clothesline.

DDK:

The Lucky Sevens not getting paid by the hour ever with this type of offense.

Lance:

Max forces Denver into their corner. He gets the tag to Mason!

The twins both enter the ring and they grab Denver. They both pick him up in a vertical suplex and hold him for a few seconds then launch him across the ring with a big double release suplex!

DDK:

That's the Coin Toss! Max and Mason have been using that double release suplex very well. And I think they'll do something else they are good at.

Lance:

What's that ... oh no!

Mason grabs Denver by the face using the Winning Hand and then pulls him up! Oliver comes back into the ring and then tries to break it up with punches to the back, but Mason turns around and gives him a claw as well! He holds both brothers and then throws Oliver away into the grip of a Winning Hand by Denver! The twin brothers then drive both Bulldogs down using stereo Winning Hand Slams!

DDK:

I think we can wrap this one up after the double Winning Hand Slams! How dominant do they look right now?

Lance:

The twins have always brimmed with potential since they joined DEFIANCE Wrestling, but this is a whole new level tonight.

Tom Morrow makes a "wrap it up" gesture on the outside. Mason nods at his manager and then picks up Denver. He holds him up and then uses the Winning Hand with one hand while cranking him over his own shoulder in a Canadian backbreaker.

DDK:

Rack City! Rack City is locked in and ... yes, there's the bell! Denver is tapping!

DING DING DING

Mason Luck throws Denver away and they have the match won but the brothers aren't done. Max picks up Oliver Brandt off the ground in another Winning Hand and then uses his free arm to put his lights out using a shore range lariat!

Lance:

And that claw into the lariat was called Luck's Run Out! The Lucky Sevens didn't come to play tonight!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are the winners ... THE LUCKY SEV ...

Mason doesn't wait for the announcement. He steals Darren Quimbey's microphone and chases him away to take the microphone himself.

Mason Luck:

Brock ... Pat ... the two of you are *DEAD* do you hear us? *DEAD!!!*

He gives the microphone to Max Luck.

Max Luck:

You little boys don't know what you just did by taking something that doesn't belong to you. That title shot should have been *OURS!* You're just some flavor of the month team that got a lucky win and people only like you cause they want free drinks at your shitty little bar.

Mason now takes it back.

Mason Luck:

The next time that we see the both of you, you *better* start walking in the opposite direction or your career are *over*.

The rage-filled Luck brothers leave the ring with Tom Morrow and Ken Ellis behind them looking very impressed with the mean streak shown by the brothers.

DDK:

Nothing unclear about that warning. The Saturday Night Special will challenge for the Unified tag titles against the Fuse Bros at our big DEF TV 150 show.

Lance:

And I have no doubt after tonight the Lucky Sevens aren't done with Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy!

FAITHFUL NO MORE

Black screen. We hear the sound of a single droplet hitting the surface of water.

Fade into a stage. Same set up as last time that we were here: dimly lit stage area, so everything around it is obscured by darkness. On the stage, Ned Reform sits on a single stool with a bottle of water in his hand. He's wearing the same clothes as last time: thick, dark-rimmed glasses and a dark blue sports coat. He's again fitted with the headset mic. His head is down and his body slumped as he looks toward the floor, as if he is deep in thought. In the corner of the screen, we get the following information:

NED TALKS - March 8 - New Haven, Connecticut

Reform looks up and out into the audience - people who we once again cannot see due to the lighting. Reform appears thoughtful as he speaks a single word.

Ned Reform:

Faith.

Reform repositions himself, no longer slumped forward, but now sitting at full attention.

Ned Reform:

Faith is an interesting term. Philosophically, I mean.

Reform stands. He puts his hand to his mouth to indicate deep thought.

Ned Reform:

"To one who has faith, no explanation is necessary. To one without faith, no explanation is possible." Thomas Aquinas said that. Write that down, please.

Reform pauses, looking out to his yet-to-be-seen "class."

Ned Reform:

Faith is certainly a virtue by modern standards. We speak openly about. We expect our leaders to have it. To have acted on faith is an acceptable answer when questioned about one's motives. Aquinas certainly celebrated the virtues of faith. But I wonder if we truly aspire to be... faithful?

Reform holds up a hand.

Ned Reform:

Now, now, hold on! Quite obviously, there are times when it is preferable to be faithful. To a romantic partner. To a friend. To your own moral code. But today, I'd like to talk to you about times when being faithful causes harm. When being faithful means giving up your critical thinking and capacity for rationality. Today, I'd like to talk about... THE Faithful.

Reform shakes his head and chuckles rather condescendingly.

Ned Reform:

How deranged, how demented, how indoctrinated does a fanbase have to be to refer to itself as "The Faithful"? It's telling. You see, the fans of DEFIANCE, the maladjusted mutants from New Orleans, are not fans at all. They are a cult. A brainwashed contingent of emotionally stunted imbeciles cheering on nonsense. They worship mediocrity. They make heroes out of scoundrels and fools. But...

Reform again shakes his head, but this time as if he is pitying the DEFIANCE fans. He sighs.

Ned Reform:

It's not their fault. You see, the cure for ignorance is education. Sadly, the DEFIANCE Faithful have simply never been

taught anything better. The system has failed them. But that's where I come in, children. Dr. Ned Reform is headed to DEFIANCE as a model. As an example. As the dose of education that the people need to free them from this spell. I will bring the cult down. I will save The Faithful from their unfortunate fate.

Reform swells up, as if he can barely contain his own brilliance.

Ned Reform:

I will be the education they so desperately need. Don't worry, "Faithful"... help is on the way.

The screen goes black again, except for one sentence written in white lettering:

DR. NED REFORM IS COMING

THE CHAOS DOESN'T STOP

Previously Recorded.

Stalker:

Bullshit! Are you saying you can't see anything? No, direct angle from the camera you said Fear sent you?!?

Fade in. Stalker is hovering over the shoulder of the Kabal's attorney and consigliere, Courtney Paz. They're standing at the command desk inside Stalker's Den (aka The Reaper Cave, aka The Kabal's Headquarters). Victor Vacio is in the background moving pictures to and from the 'target' board. Rezin is being his usual Rezin self, leaning back in a swivel chair that's adjacent to the current focal point of the scene.

Courtney Paz:

Look, I watched the film three times. I was able to download every bit of footage from around the block, Jason. "Mister" Fear pays me very well to do the things you knuckleheads are either unwilling to do...

Looking towards Stalker.

Courtney:

...or are too incompetent to be trusted to do yourselves.

Her icy gaze finds Rezin on this last remark, who stops swiveling in the chair and shrugs his shoulders like he just woke from yet another one of his infamous time-traveling daydreams.

Rezin:

...I'm sorry, I wasn't paying attention. Who the hell are you again?

Paz snorts.

Courtney:

But listen to me - all of you. When I'm telling you there wasn't anything to see... I mean it. I watched all the footage, Deacon hits the back of that ambulance like a brick wall, then the ambulance cuts out of view. The light hits just out of eyeshot in all of the footage we have... there is nothing.

Stalker:

People don't just vanish, Paz. And that fucking light has been consistently interfering with my ability to follow through with my actions.

Grumbling like an angry bear Stalker stares daggers over his shoulder and at both Yellow and Orange Reaper, who just entered the frame. Orange Reaper stands taller than Stalker, the modified suit of armor giving the Orange masked wrestler a slight height advantage against his psychotic leader.

Stalker:

Both of you were supposed to be watching from the rooftop... and neither of you idiots saw anything?

Questioning Orange Reaper first, Jason looks to him for a response. Reaper Orange's eyes flare up in a strong 'fiery' orange. The modified voice booms out from behind the masked 'Reaper' visage.

Orange Reaper: *[voice modified]*

If I saw something, I would have told you.

Cracking his knuckles Stalker is clearly not happy with Orange Reaper's response, before looking towards Yellow Reaper. The Yellow eyed black monster stares at Stalker, almost judging the veteran hardcore icon. The leader of The Kabal demanded answers and the stance he took expected them.

Yellow Reaper: *[high pitched voice]*

Look orangy here was supposed to get the popcorn. Since he wants to be the brooding silent type I had to get the kernels. Blame him! Not me!

The pair seem to be at odds but Stalker pushes it aside, shaking his head and ignoring the masked 'useless' watchers and he points his finger to Courtney's laptop once more.

Stalker:

Something doesn't add up, Courtney. If Deacon is gone then I need you to verify that for me before 150. DEFIANCE isn't ready for who I have in mind next, but I want to make sure Deacon is officially off the map.

Courtney:

I'll keep looking, Jason. But I already started, hospitals, airports, hotels, the power The Kabal has to get 'information', and I haven't seen or heard anything - it's like he... poofed.

Rezin:

Kinda a shot in the dark here, but have any of you maybe considered...

The Goat Bastard's eyes narrow as he holds up his hands, a la Giorgio A. Tsoukalos.

Rezin:

...ALIENS?

Stalker braces his hand against the desk before leaning towards Rezin.

Stalker:

Let's make sure that DEFIANCE remembers 150 for good, we need to make them understand that the chaos doesn't stop. I need you to focus, Rezin - I need The KABAL to focus. We ALL need to make it clear that the DEATH of DEACON is only the beginning. Whether it's Keyes, Lindsay Troy, Deacon... or perhaps even the one who's evaded me... hahahaha.

Stalker starts laughing like a maniac as he clutches Courtney's shoulder who looks back up to him awkwardly.

Courtney:

I'll be in attendance for that one....

Slinking away from Jason's grip, Courtney Paz, attorney for the dark power behind Stalker's mission, closes her laptop and starts looking for her purse. Which for whatever reason happens to be in Rezin's lap.

Rezin:

OH, uhh... sorry, dunno how that got there. I wasn't trying to steal your ID and sell it on the black market or anything. Nope! Nothing like that!

Paz snatches her purse up, gives Rezin a glare but shakes her head in a disbelieving motion. She makes a quiet exit with her laptop under her arm, the task given to her by Stalker, of ensuring Deacon is 'gone' is already weighing heavily on her shoulders. Victor Vacio stands next to the target board and clears his throat to wipe away the awkward silence Courtney's departure has left The Kabal in.

Victor Vacio: *[pointing at Douglas' picture]*

Ha llegado el momento de la venganza...

Stalker walks up and slaps Victor's shoulder with enthusiasm. Stalker's eyes are a bit wild, menacing like, as he reviews the target alignment of DEFIANCE's mightiest heroes.

Stalker:

Like I said... perhaps the one who thought they could evade me... Perhaps he will be the next best choice.

As the camera pans around the target board, to catch a glimpse of who Stalker and Vacio are looking at, Stalker turns to face the camera completely blocking the view of just who it might be.

Stalker:

A special example will be chosen, someone you all love.. And just like Deacon... i'll be sure to show them that Stalker's World is going to be the darkness of DEFIANCE. History will be written and in the books you all will remember my name and my name alone at 150!

Fade to black.

ROLL OUT THE BARREL...

"One more time girls, ten reps! And if ya drop one, ya gotta start over. So, don't let ol' Davey down!"

In the alley behind Ballyhoo Brew, a scowling Davey LaRue stands with his hands on his hips. Chewing vigorously on a coach's whistle, the Cajun bartender has apparently traded in his scrubby blue jeans and t-shirt for an equally even scrubbier pair of grey sweatpants and sleeveless hoodie. Topping off his homeless gym teacher look is a once white, now yellow, headband with the word "COACH" written in black marker across it.

Davey LaRue:

Toss dat' keg like ya mean it! C'mon!

Standing in front of him with their hands on their knees are Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd, aka The Saturday Night Specials. Shirtless and sweating profusely, the new number one contender's for the Unified Tag Team Championship both look up at LaRue with contempt-filled eyes.

Davey LaRue:

Dirty looks ain't gonna help ya win doze' belts! But de did just earn ya ten extra reps. So, quit yer' huffin' and get ta work! Twenty tosses!

Groaning in protest, Newbludd and Cassidy both stand up straight and make their way towards an empty beer keg that's standing up in the middle of the alley.

Pat Cassidy:

I can't believe you talked me into this...

Brock Newbludd:

I can't either...maybe we should have given Davey that raise he asked for...

Cassidy blinks away the sweat from his eyes and chuckles softly as he stares at the empty keg.

Pat Cassidy:

If this torture pays off and we snag those titles, maybe we can look into that.

Brock Newbludd:

We'll call that a deal, buddy. Now, you wanna start, or should I?

The sudden high-pitched shriek of LaRue's whistle cuts through the air, causing both men to wince.

Davey LaRue:

Enough of de small talk ladies! Get ta tossin or else I'm bumpin' it upta TURDY reps!

Newbludd and Cassidy both crack grins at LaRue's accent.

Brock Newbludd:

How many reps!? Did you say thirty!?

Chomping on his whistle with even more gusto, LaRue nods his head and grins menacingly.

Davey LaRue:

Dat's right, Broccoli boy! TURDY!

Both men's smiles widen even more, and Brock gives LaRue a thumbs up.

Brock Newbludd:

Ok, just checkin'!

Newbludd bends down and picks the keg up, gripping each end of it to hold it sideways across his stomach.

Brock Newbludd:

Alright dude, let's finish this shit. Once we're done here we're gonna hit the ring, and you better believe we'll be putting our "coach" in there with us.

Cassidy nods his head approvingly.

Pat Cassidy:

I'm thinking we'll probably need to practice the Keg Stand about turdy times or so.

Moving behind Newbludd, Cassidy begins to backpedal to create some space between the two. Pat counts his steps as he goes and when he reaches fifteen paces, he stops in his tracks. Both men look to LaRue expectantly.

Davey LaRue:

Was dat' fifteen paces, mon ami? Do I have ta come check dat?

Pat Cassidy:

Just blow the damn whistle, Davey!

LaRue narrows his eyes at Cassidy and blows the whistle.

Davey LaRue:

BEGIN!

Giving a quick glance over his shoulder to locate Cassidy, Newbludd tightens his grip on the keg and squats low. Letting out an audible grunt, he pops his hips and surges upright to toss the keg up and over his head in a manner that resembles a German Suplex.

Davey LaRue:

Catch dat' ting, Cassidy!

Cassidy ignores LaRue and keeps his eyes locked on the empty keg of beer flying towards him. Spreading his feet, Cassidy reaches up with both hands and snatches it out of the air. Spinning on a heel to put his back to Brock, Cassidy adjusts his grip on the half-barrel and proceeds to German Suplex it back towards his partner! Having picked himself up off the ground, Newbludd catches the hurtling barrel out of the air!

Davey LaRue:

Dat's one! Nineteen more ladies and yer' done! Grip strength and hip strength! Dat's the way to dem tag straps!

Nineteen Barrel Tosses Later...

Brock and Pat are both hunched over, hands on their knees, panting with sweat dripping down their faces. LaRue walks over, and opens his mouth... when Cassidy holds up a single finger, shooting LaRue an angry look.

Pat Cassidy:

Not a word, Cajun Spice.

At that moment, the rear door to Ballyhoo opens. Siobhan Cassidy pokes her head out.

Siobhan Cassidy:

Hey, uh, guys - we have a bit of a situation here. The New Orleans Saints cheerleader's bus broke down and now they're crowding the bar looking for service. I could use an extra set of hands.

Cassidy and Brock look at each other, blinking twice before breaking out in grins. Davey LaRue, however, blows his

whistle.

Davey LaRue:

Nawnaw boys, ya'll busy trainin'!. Remember: de titles. Ol' Davey can help out de broke down chers. De lookin' for service and I will go service dem now.

With a grin, Davey walks with Siobhan back into the bar. The Saturday Night Specials are left speechless, starting at each other in amazement.

Brock Newbludd:

... we'd better fucking win those belts, dude.

STALKER'S WORLD MATCH: REZIN vs. NO FUN DEAN

Fading in back into the WrestlePlex, NO FUN DEAN is in the middle of making his entrance. Once he's ringside, he begrudgingly hauls up the apron and pulls out a few chairs from underneath and takes one with him as he rolls in.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a "Stalker's World" match scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, hailing from Morrisburg, Ontario, Canada, and weighing in at two-hundred and fifty pounds... please welcome NOOO... FUNN... DEEEEEAAAANNN!!!!

DDK:

Welcome back to Uncut, ladies and gentlemen, as it appears we're in for some extreme rules action in the form of "Stalker's World".

Lance:

Wait a sec, why does it have to be *his* world? Stalker may be a hardcore icon in his own right, but it's not like he invented extreme rules.

DDK:

In any case, ever since his return to DEFIANCE, it would appear that his nefarious following in THE KABAL are doing everything they can to bring this violent form of wrestling back on the upswing.

♪ *"I Have a Prepared Statement" by Whores* ♪

The Faithful let their absolute scorn be heard as REZIN twirls through a wall of smoke obscuring the curtain and comes to a stop in the classic JC pose, facing away from the crowd. With an about-face, his evil grin is ear-to-ear as he begins strutting down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, REAP-resenting THE KABAL! Hailing from Indianapolis, Indiana... he weighs in at two-hundred and five pounds... he is "THE ESCAPE ARTIST"... RRRREEEEZZZZIIINNNN!!!!

The Goat Bastard, clad in his patch-covered battle vest that no doubt adds volumes to his absolute PUNK ROCK credibility, has something suspiciously draped in black cloth slung over the shoulder. He is brimming with spiteful delight as he obnoxiously taunts the crowd on his trip to the ring.

DDK:

Well, speak of the devil... by far, the most loud-mouthed member of the Kabal is no doubt looking to pay tribute to his *in*-glorious leader by participating in the gimmick match of his making. Looks like he brought something with him, Lance.

Lance:

I couldn't help but notice that. But I'm also interested to hear what sort of challenge he's going to give to Henry Keyes, who is hungry to even the odds with the man that woefully pinned him at DEFIANCE Road.

DDK:

Hopefully, this isn't a preview to the sick ideas Rezin has in mind. Meanwhile, looks like Brian Slater is ready to get this match underway!

DING DING

No Dean Fun brandishes a chair off the bell, while Rezin unslings and uncovers the object on his shoulder... revealing a jet black kendo stick, the standard weapon of the Reapers! Rezin promptly slashes it around in a demonstration of his badass swordsmanship...

...until it eventually slips from his grip and falls to the floor. The crowd bursts into laughter as Rezin looks down at it, completely deflated.

Rezin:

...well, shit.

WHACK!

DDK:

And No Fun Dean opens things up with an open CHAIRSHOT right to the back!

Lance:

Great way to get an early advantage on that clown Rezin after he graciously disarmed himself by accident.

DDK:

Dean isn't finished as he drops the chair and just yanks Rezin back up... and there's a VERTICAL SUPLEX onto the CHAIR to follow it up!

Rezin bounces off the chair and waddles around the ring on his knees while clutching his back, face full of agony. Dean picks up the chair and boots Rezin to the mat to trap him under the legs and wrangle him into a chinlock, pulling his neck across the edge of the seat.

Rezin:

AAAAHHH!!!

DDK:

And now it's Dean with the CHINLOCK across the chair! The so-called Escape Artist is going to have a hard time getting out of this one as No Fun Dean puts him to task, showing some surprising versatility with that chair!

Lance:

I can't imagine Stalker would be too happy having his man in the Kabal getting his ass handed to him in the "World" that is supposedly *his*.

When he doesn't show any signs of tapping, Dean drags Rezin out from under the chair, pulls him to his feet, and bounces his face off the nearby turnbuckle. As Rezin stumbles, Dean locks up his head from the side and takes a bounce off the ropes...

DDK:

No Fun Dean is still eyeing that steel chair... going for the BULLDOG--NO! Rezin slipped out at the last second!

Lance:

Ooh, and Dean inadvertently dropped nothing but his own arm into that chair. Unfortunately, that didn't pay off.

Rezin slides out of the ring to catch his bearings, and eventually begins crawling his way around the ring. Dean, meanwhile, shakes the feeling back into the arm and follows him outside, casually beginning pursuit. Slater also follows, remembering the stip.

DDK:

Rezin is on the outside, and he spots something... what is it?

Lance:

It's his black kendo stick!

Rezin scrambles the last few feet and reaches out... but he's inches away from the kendo stick as Dean grabs the leg and cuts him off.

Rezin:

OOF...

DDK:

It's no fun for Rezin tonight, as No Fun Dean wrangles him to his feet by the waist... looking for a GERMAN SUPLEX--NO! Rezin wheelbarrows into a VICTORY ROLL on the ringside floor!

One!

TWO!

And Dean kicks out! But now Rezin sees his opening!

Rezin pounces on the kendo stick and winds it back for a baseball swing, but No Fun Dean finds one of the chairs he pulled out from earlier, deflecting the cane strike with a swing of his own and sending the Goat Bastard's weapon out of his hands and into the ring.

Rezin:

Godambit, SERIOUSLY?!

DDK:

A wild chairshot from No Fun Dean keeps that stick out of Rezin's hands for just a bit longer... hang on, Dean cuts off Rezin trying to make a break into the ring... and instead gives him a GERMAN SUPLEX to send him across the ringside floor!

Rezin gets tossed with enough force that he rolls back to his feet and falls against the guardrail in a complete daze. Seeing an opportunity, No Fun Dean pulls the apron up and digs around, pulling out a fold-out table. The Faithful brim with excitement.

Lance:

Looks like it's getting real now, Keebs.

DDK:

I think No Fun Dean has a plan with that table, and he turns back to--WAIT!! Rezin BACK UP, sprinting up to the apron--OH GOD, REZINRANA--!!

SMASH!!

DDK:

And it puts No Fun Dean RIGHT THROUGH THAT TABLE! What the hell happened?! I thought he was hanging onto the barricade by a thread!

Lance:

It seemed that way, Keebs, but the Goat Bastard somehow found a second wind while Dean was preoccupied with the table, running up the steps and along the apron in the blink of an eye!

DDK:

No Fun Dean is OUT after being thrown head-first through that table, and now Rezin may put this one away as he goes for the cover on the ringside floor!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!! No Fun Dean is still alive in this one!

Rezin works to pry Dean off the floor and rolls him back into the ring. When he slides in himself he immediately goes for the black kendo stick as Dean pushes his way off the mat. A sick grin forms on Rezin's face as he prepares for a strike to the head...

DDK:

Rezin is looking like he's ready to hit a home run, using No Fun Dean's head! Here's the SWING-NO!! DUCKED by Dean!

No Fun Dean grabs the kendo stick with both arms, and Rezin struggles to get it away from him. The heavier man finally wins the tug-of-war by whipping around and sending the Escape Artist into the ropes. Dean adjusts his handle of the cane as he awaits the return...

Lance:

Now it's No Fun Dean's turn to show us how you use a Singapore cane!

DDK:

Rezin running back as Dean SWINGS--and it's DUCKED!!

Lance:

There's a chair still set up in there!

Rezin vaults off the chair to the top rope...

DDK:

TRIPLE-JUMP MOONSAULT by the GOAT BASTARD!! No Fun Dean just got laid OUT!

Yanking the kendo stick from Dean's hand, Rezin breathes a sigh of relief as he holds the weapon close to his face. Then, with a twist of the handle, it lights up in BRILLIANT RED...

Rezin:

AHA! NOW we're talkin'!

Lance:

I have a bad feeling about this...

DDK:

Where the heck does the Kabal get the money for this crap?!

Slowly, No Fun Dean works his way up to a knee, shaking out the cobwebs... then suddenly sees Rezin winding back...

CRACK!

"OOOOOHHH!!!"

DDK:

GOOD GOD, Dean just took a direct headshot from that kendo stick RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!!

Dean's eyes roll back in his head and he drops to the mat like a ton of bricks as Rezin cackles victoriously, pumping his glowing-red kendo stick into the air before falling upon his opponent with the cane pressed down on his neck and shoulders.

DDK:

He's pinning him with that kendo stick, but Dean isn't even CONSCIOUS!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!! It's mercifully over!

DING DING DING

♪ "I Have a Prepared Statement" by Whores ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... RRRRRREEZZZZIINNNN!!!

"BOOOOOOO!!!"

Rezin pumps his glowing kendo stick in the air as Slater raises the other arm in victory.

DDK:

Well for better or worse, it would appear as though Rezin has done his cohorts in the Kabal proud here tonight by proving his fortitude and cunning in the so-called "Stalker's World".

Lance:

A straight shot to the head from that special singapore cane of his was all it took to put No Fun Dean away. Hopefully, he didn't sustain a concussion... but at least he'll be in good hands with Iris.

DDK:

Ugh... looks like we're not quite finished here as Rezin is calling for the mic!

Rezin reaches through the ropes and yanks the mic from Quimbey's hand, wildly swinging the glowing stick over his head as a warning. Mic in hand, he redirect's his snarling, hungry grin to the camera.

Rezin:

Did you see that... HEN'RY KEYES!? Do you SEE NOW what it means to be PUNK ROCK!

He points the kendo stick threateningly to the camera.

Rezin:

Rest assured, HENN'RY KEYEES... you will regret the day you threw down that oily workglove, and made yourself an ENEMY FOR LIFE! Now your destiny lies with ME, HENN'RY KEYES! Lindsay-Wan knew this to be true! And I WON'T REST, HENN'RY KEYEES... until all these DEFIANCE normies sees me as the most PUNK ROCK athlete of ALL TIME!

"BOOOOOOO!!!"

Rezin:

That's why we're gonna do this in a match with the most PUNK ROCK stipulation ever, to finally prove all your STEAM is *NOTHING* compared to my SMOKE! Next week on DEFTV... I am challenging YOU, HHEENN'RRY KEEEEEEYYES... to a **WEAPONS MATCH!**

A mixed reaction brims through the crowd. Some whoop the stip announcement, while others seem rather anxious. The rest just want the grinning Goat Bastard to shut up and leave already.

DDK:

I don't know anything about that being "the most punk rock stipulation ever", but that's sure to be an interesting battle!

Rezin:

THAT'S RIGHT! ERRYBUDDY KNOWS that you're only as PUNK ROCK as your best tool for destruction! So NEXT

WEEK, HRREENNNRRYY KEEYYYYEESSZZ... you bring the most trusty arm in your arsenal...

He draws the glowing stick closer, bathing his goatish face in an ominous red light.

Rezin:

...and I'll bring MINE!

Lance:

We'll see if he learns to hang onto it by then...

Rezin:

ONE WEEK, and our swords will clash, in the ultimate PUNK ROCK battle of DEFIANCE! So choose wisely, and DON'T disappoint me again...

The fist clenching the kendo stick raises up to the heavens and shakes with contempt.

Rezin:

HENNERRYYY KEEEEEYYYYYYYYEEEESSS!!!

The Escape Artist pitches the mic as his music plays and he heads to the back, still holding his red-glowing kendo stick high over his head.

DDK:

After all that, the challenge now formally been made: The Airship Pirate, Henry Keyes, against the Escape Artist, Rezin, in a one-on-one duel with their weapons of choice! How is Keyes going to respond to this stipulation? And what would be his choice of weapon in such a match?

Lance:

I wouldn't put it past Henry to have some sort of game plan when the two of them finally meet. But you can never know what a guy like Rezin has planned. Maybe... IT'S A TRAP!

DDK:

Whatever may come, we still have more action to get to, so don't go anywhere folks!

STAKEOUT LOL MISSING YOU LOL

This time, the broadcast graphic shows the words 'LAST MONDAY' superimposed in the lower left hand corner.

Things pick up in a quaint little neighborhood. The light breeze causes the residential tree leaves to rustle nicely as the mid afternoon sun creates a warm glow.

Teresa Ames:

I'm going to kill him. But first, I want him back. I'll stop at nothing until he's mine, do you hear me? He should be mine. I deserve him. Me.

Teresa Ames paces down the sidewalk, talking on her phone to someone.

Teresa Ames:

Her? Oh, don't worry about *her*. I will give her a homemade hysterectomy her daughter will also have to worry about.

She arrives at the corner of a pair of streets.

Teresa Ames:

Gotta go. Talk to you later. Ames out.

Ames promptly hangs up as she examines the street name signs. Stealthily, she crouches down and sneaks her way onto the property with a long driveway. She takes cover behind a few parked cars.

Teresa Ames:

You sonofabitch. I got you right where I want you. Maybe I should just burn your house down to flush you out or maybe I should help myself to your bedroom. Wait for you there with a knife.

As she whispers her maniacal plan to herself, she can't help but be nosy, peering around the cars towards Gage Blackwood's alleged residence. Her gaze eventually locks onto her own reflection within the body of the car she's hiding behind.

Teresa Ames:

I only see Kristie. That fat sloth stole my man.

Her gaze raises to a car window. Again, she thinks she sees Kristie in the reflection.

Teresa Ames:

I swear to my non-secular, non-offensive greater being, Kristie will pay for this.

The Cute N Qwerty Gurl military crawls to the garage doors. She notices many pebbles and decorative stones planted within the front garden, all within arms reach. She helps herself.

Teresa Ames:

I need to get his attention.

She turns and tosses some stones at the upper floor windows. Not hard enough to cause any damage but enough to get anyone's attention should the room have any occupants in it.

Teresa Ames:

Come on.

Nothing.

Teresa Ames:

Dammit.

Panic begins to set in as she whips out her phone and relentlessly calls, texts, video chats and emails Gage. She mutters what she types to herself.

Teresa Ames:

Look, Gage. I am just taking a walk, getting fresh air and you know what? I am totally over it. I forgive you.

Her thumbs swipe text like a pro.

Teresa Ames:

This time apart will do wonders for us. I have calmed down completely. Maybe I could come over sometime? I mean, I would have to know where you lived for that to happen.

Relentless.

Teresa Ames:

Actually, I am just wondering what my last name will be? Will it be Ames-Blackwood or Blackwood-Ames because I am not dropping my last name whatsoever. Also, do you think I look fat in blue? Thinking of an attire change. Let me know, boo. Miss you.

After about 50 more messages, Teresa likely waits through another 20 minutes of inactivity before deciding to finally depart.

CONOR FUSE vs. "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS

DDK:

Are you ready for a huge main event, Lance? Cause we got one coming up! Conor Fuse, who we just saw last week make a HUGE return in grand fashion -- becoming the Unified Tag Team Champions as part of Fuse Bros ONE -- goes one on one against "Bantam" Ryan Batts! Batts has had his share of issues with both Fuse Bros in his career. Just two weeks ago, Batts and Tyler Fuse settled their grudge with Batts winning via submission!

Lance:

And while Batts didn't win against The D, we understand this match was made earlier this week. Conor Fuse wanted to offer a sort of olive branch to Batts regarding their past history to bury the hatchet to show that he and Tyler Fuse have changed. Based on that, tonight, Batts will look to follow up on his win over Tyler Fuse and if he can somehow defeat Conor, too? That's huge.

DDK:

Indeed, that would be big for him if he wants to get another shot at gold down the line. Let's go to the ring for the main event!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is your main event of the evening for UNCUT! Introducing first, from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing in at 204 pounds... **"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!**

♪ "The Last Garrison" by Enter Shikari ♪

The lights in the arena flash rapidly in shades of red as out from the back, Ryan Batts out in his newer thigh-length trunks and a red version of the "Bantam" logo on the left side. Black knee pads and boots with dark red kick pads to round out his new attire as he waves a black and red rally towel overhead on his way to the ring. He throws it to the crowd and then heads to the ring at a rapid pace. He slides inside and then does a front flip to his feet to pop the crowd!

DDK:

Here comes a determined Batts! He lost against The D in a very close match with The D now heading to DEFTv 150! Now Batts, we understand is also lobbying for a match against Matt LaCroix for the Favoured Saints Championship!

Lance:

And a win here can do that, but Conor Fuse has all the momentum in the world right now! I talked to him earlier today and when the subject wasn't about how many records he set playing the new Mario World 3D game on the Switch... he seems genuine about wanting to bury the hatchet between he and Batts based off their very bitter history.

Batts hits the ring and waits for his opponent to arrive.

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

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, weighing in at 200 pounds... he is The Character Formerly Known as Player Two... **CONOR FUUUUUUUUSE!**

Fuse leaps out from behind the curtain, carrying two of the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships to a big reaction. He holds them up as he makes his way down. Once at the apron, Fuse places the belts on the floor, jumps onto the apron and jumps over the ropes.

DING DING

The bell rings with both men meeting in the middle for a collar-and-elbow tie-up. The two start to fight for the first advantage with Batts using his quickness to try and outmaneuver the more exuberant of Fuse Bros One. Conor kicks Batts and then tries a snapmare... but he rolls through and lands on his feet, which surprises Conor! Batts grabs his

arms then goes for a hammerlock, but surprisingly, Conor manages to grab the arm to maneuver him into a hammerlock and take Bantam to the mat!

DDK:

Wow! Conor gets the better of the first exchange between these two!

Lance:

That he does! Conor takes him up now. What does he have planned?

Conor keeps Batts grounded, but that doesn't last long when Batts uses his free hand to grab him by the back of the neck. The smaller Batts jumps forward, but then sends Conor flying forward. The Locker Room Leader rolls through and gets on his feet. Batts comes forward and tries a kick, but Conor ducks down and Batts misses. He keeps going to the ropes, but Conor grabs him on the return and then reverses the whip to send Batts to the ropes.

He lays across the mat and Batts keeps running, then he gets up and leapfrogs over Batts off of that. When Batts comes back, Conor leaps up, but Batts hooks a leg and takes him down to the mat! He tries a leg lock, but Conor quickly reaches out and grabs the ropes.

DDK:

That was an amazing exchange there! Batts keeps up with Conor every step of the way and then secures the leg, but Fuse makes the ropes.

Lance:

Both men have improved by leaps and bounds over the last year as competitors. Batts showing way more aggression and Conor who has just been showing great adaptability!

One-half of the Unified Tag Champs gets back up. Batts goes for the arm now and then puts Conor down. The crowd is amazed that Conor is able to hold a bridge when Batts tries to power him down to the mat. He tries to get a pin, but Conor pops a shoulder up! Batts then rips Conor off the mat by his arms, but the taller Fuse leaps up and then connects with a standing monkey flip on The Young Scrappy Wrestle-Lad!

He sees the chance now when he pushes Batts to the ropes and when he comes back, he clocks him with a big spinning back elbow strike! The crowd cheers for Conor getting one up (jokes!) on Bantam. He picks him up by the hair and strikes him with forearms to send him to the ropes. Conor pushes him off again and when he comes back he lays into Batts with a big spinning heel kick!

DDK:

Nicely done! Cover!

ONE... TW-NO!

Batts kicks out, but Conor keeps the advantage. He pulls Batts up again and then hits another big shot to send Batts to the ropes. The protege of Oscar Burns sees Conor come running, but he stops him by leaping up, kicking Conor in the face and then backflipping using the ropes to land feet-first on the ring apron! The crowd sees the impressive move, but when Batts tries to get back into the ring, Conor is already there to stop him cold with a huge springboard dropkick from the corner of the ropes to catch Ryan on the apron! Batts gets knocked off the ring apron and crashes down in front of the ring!

Lance:

Wow! Batts hasn't been able to get much of anything going right now! Conor has used his own speed to cut him off at every turn!

DDK:

And I think it's about to get worse!

Batts is on dream street and the crowd's reaction is telling him something big and bad (at least for him) is about to happen. And he's proven right when Conor leaps over the ropes once to land on the apron, then leaps off the ropes with a springboard asai moonsault on the outside!

DDK:

BIG MOVE BY CONOR! THIS ONE COULD BE OVER QUICK!

Conor is back up and the taller of the two men smiles out to the crowd before he picks up Batts and tosses him back into the ring. Conor slides in after him and covers.

ONE... TWO... NO!

Lance:

Another kickout by Batts, but Conor looks like he's already prepping to end this!

Conor heads up top again and then gets in position to land the Side Scrolling Senton. He leaps...

Lance:

Batts moves! But Conor rolls through the landing!

Conor does do just that and rolls through, but when he gets back up and charges at Batts, he gets caught and HURLED into the turnbuckle with a huge exploder suplex! The crowd cringes as Batts holds his jaw in pain, but breathes a sigh of relief that he can get away for the moment while Conor hangs upside down in the corner hurt.

Lance:

That was a great counter move by Batts! He has Conor hurt now.

DDK:

He certainly does and if Batts is gonna take advantage, he better do it quickly.

The Scrappy Young Wrestle-Lad stands up and doesn't give Conor a chance to recover any more than he has. He pulls Conor up by the arm and sets him up in the corner... then goes to town with STIFF shoot kicks aimed at his left arm! Conor winces in pain after each shot and works him over before he rolls him forward and then KICKS him viciously in the back! Conor arches his back but things go from bad to the absolute worst when Batts comes back with a sick penalty kick that knocks the wind out of Conor!

DDK:

Tha training with Lindsay Troy has just paid dividends for Batts. Those kicks have become some of the strongest parts of his offense lately, especially when working the arm!

Batts has Conor where he wants him now as he holds his chest in pain. Batts sneaks up behind him and grabs him by the waist, then powers him up and over into his signature deadlift German suplex!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Conor guts it out kicks out at two, but slumps over. Still in a daze from the original suplex, he's left wide open when the Scrappy Young Wrestle-Lad comes off the ropes and soccer kicks the left arm out from under him! The crowd cringes from the impact while Conor flails about on the mat, clutching the arm!

Lance:

Goodness! Conor Fuse's arm is being targeted badly! That's exactly how he beat Tyler and if Batts has his way, it'll be more of the same. '

Batts stalks Conor now and then waits for the chance to put a hurt on him with another arm hold. Batts grabs the arm, but Conor deflects and then peppers him with forearms. Batts gets rocked, but before Conor can mount another

offensive move, Batts grabs the arm and twists it around violently before landing an overhead kick to the same arm! Conor crumbles to a knee and then Batts hooks him from behind to roll him up in a crucifix pin!

ONE.. TWO... THR-NO...

Conor kicks out, but when he does so, Batts ends up rolling through it with him and pulls him back, then applies a vicious keylock submission!

DDK:

Keylock applied! If there's any submissions that work the arms, I'm willing to bet that Ryan Batts knows it!

Lance:

And I'm also willing to bet that if Conor doesn't find an escape route right now, then he's gonna be tapping out!

Batts continues kneeling over the laying Conor while he has the keylock applied! Benny Doyle checks to see if he wants to tap out, but Conor shakes his head in the negative and tries to keep fighting. The technical wunderkind continues the hold to be applied tightly while Batts has it locked. Conor tries to fight towards the ropes again.

DDK:

Can Conor Fuse make the ropes?

He tries getting to the ropes, but when he has a hand out, Batts lets go and tries to roll the other way. Conor rolls out of that attempt and when Batts tries to reapply the hold, Conor moves away. Batts gets pushed back from the move but when he is sent back, Conor kips-up and CRACKS Batts upside the jaw with a vicious superkick before falling back to the corner, still nursing his arm!

DDK:

What a sequence of moves by Conor! He let Ryan have it with that vicious superkick, but now he's gotta fight back seemingly with only one good arm!

Lance:

He does! He's gotta pick up the pace!

Conor "X" Fuse gets ready as he starts to pull himself up in one corner. Batts has been completely rocked by the kick and then he starts to get back up, but very spaghetti-legged. Conon rushes at him from one side of the ring to the other, connecting with a big forearm in the corner. The blow rocks Batts, but Conor isn't done. He sweeps a leg out and knocks Batts into a seated position in the corner before running around, then coming back with a big cannonball senton in the corner!

DDK:

What a combo there by Conor!

Lance:

And now he pulls him out of the corner! Where's he going now?

Conor has Batts down on the mat and then heads to the top rope this time...

DDK:

Side-Scrolling Senton! He gets it this time!

After he lands the big senton bomb off the top, he rolls over and then hooks the leg using his good arm.

ONE... TWO... TH-NO!

The Young Scrappy Wrestle-Lad gets the shoulder up, surprising Conor in the process!

Lance:

Conor fights back, but now what's he going for?

Connor looks down at Ryan, and then leans back in the corner waiting for Batts to try and stand. He has him all lined up and then runs as Batts stands up...

DDK:

HEAD ST-- NO! BATTS MOVES!

Batts rolls out of the way at the last second and Conor lands on his feet after the attempted stomp. But the Cali native grabs a waistlock and then pushes Conor to the ropes. He hangs on, forcing Batts to roll backwards before heading back. Conor runs at him, but Batts sidesteps that...

DDK:

BRIDGING TIGER SUPLEX! THAT'S IT!

ONE... TWO... THR-KICKOUT!

Conor slumps over after the kickout and hits the mat, this time leaving Batts in shock.

DDK:

Ryan Batts almost defeated one-half of the Unified Tag Team Champions there! Ryan and Conor taking each other's best shots and still going!

Lance:

Both men have just upped their game in-ring over this last year!

The Faithful bite on every move as Batts tries to go back to the arm. He grabs the arm and then tries for a double knee armbreaker, but Conor pushes him back to escape the move! Ryan fights back with big kick to the arm! He throws a few more to Conor's left arm and then tries to grab the arm to lock in the Fastest Armbar in the West!

Lance:

He's trying the Armbar... NO! Conor stacks him up for the pin!

ONE... TWO... THR-KICKOUT!

Batts barely escapes but Conor rolls him up again! This time, inside cradle!

ONE... TWO... TH-NO!

DDK:

No! Batts escapes again!

Conor is back up, but Batts grabs the arm and then hits the double knee armbreaker to the bad arm! Conor howls in pain after the earlier work done and Batts has a big opening... The crowd GASPS as after the two collide, Batts hits the ropes and then CRACKS Conor in the chest with a desperation flying headbutt!

DDK:

BATTER UP! BATTER UP!

Batts crumbles on top of Conor and then hooks the legs.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "The Last Garrison" by Enter Shikari ♪

Batts holds his nogging in pain, but has a smile on his face as Darren Quimbey makes the announcement.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!**

DDK:

Batts pulls it from the jaws of defeat! With all respect to the victor, after Conor's recent success, I would have to call this an upset!

Lance:

I could see that!

The Young Scrappy Wrestle-Lad is still reeling from his own finish surprising Conor under the chin, and crawls over to the corner to ask for a microphone.

DDK:

What's Ryan doing? I'm surprised he can even get to a microphone.

Conor gets handed his titles back, but looks disappointed in the close loss that came out of nowhere. Still, the crowd is cheering as Batts has the microphone and then leans against the corner to keep himself upright. He takes a minute to himself as the music cuts.

Ryan Batts:

Conor...

Ryan is huffing after the high-impact match and takes another second to catch his breath.

Ryan Batts:

I've made it no secret... I've never gotten along with you or your brother... but between these matches with you and Tyler these last couple weeks...

He looks out to the cheering Faithful.

Ryan Batts:

I gotta say... this is pretty fun. (crowd applause) I can't stand your brother's ass for the whole "attacking me from behind many times" theme... (sighing) ...But if you'll indulge me, I want to do this again... and again... and again... and fight you.

Batts smiles, but Conor looks at him confused.

Ryan Batts:

If you REALLY want to prove that you've changed... on the next few UNCUT shows if you aren't defending those Unified Tag Team Championships with your brother... You versus me... BEST OF FIVE SERIES!

The Faithful POP like whoa as Conor takes a moment to raise a hand to his chin.

DDK:

That's amazing! Will Conor accept?

Ryan Batts:

We'll call this Match One if you agree... but what's it gonna be?

Batts throws the microphone over to Conor and then raises the microphone.

Conor Fuse:

Best of Five? I THINK I can count that high. Game on!!

The crowd applauds as he tosses the microphones and then Batts reaches out. The two shake on it before Batts raises Conor's hand.

Lance:

Wow! A Best of Five Series right here on UNCUT between two rising stars! I can't wait!

DDK:

Indeed! I can't wait to see the rest of this series if this first match is what we get.

Conor Fuse and Ryan Batts both stare at one another one more time before they both leave the ring after making their new arrangement!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.