

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.

SHOW AND TELL

Teresa Ames sits cross legged, on the floor of her locker room. Her overly happy demeanour is shared with most of Screen 7 and all of the DEFcepticons who conspicuously sit alongside her, forming a huge circle. All but Berry Chernobyl sits with the group.

Teresa Ames:

Come, Berry. Join us on the carpet.

Berry perches himself on a nearby chair with an exhausted look on his face.

Berry Chernobyl:

No thanks. I'm good.

Smiling the whole time, Teresa rises from her seated position, walks over to Berry and helps him find a comfy spot on the carpet.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering into Berry's ear from behind]*

There we go. Nice and secure.

Ames pats Chernobyl on the shoulder before returning to her spot in the circle.

Teresa Ames:

Well then, where were we?

Megan Kron:

You were telling us a story about ASMR.

Megan speaks mechanically as Teresa finds her own rhythm.

Teresa Ames:

First I want to see everyone's bright smiles! You're my support group and that's what I need right now!

Her analytical eyes pan the breadth of the room. Megan Kron shows a nice toothy grin. It's clear she's trying too hard. The rest of Teresa's support group sports rather frail and fearful looking smiles. Ames loves it.

Teresa Ames:

Wonderful. Just wonderful. Give me your energy.

Megan Kron:

So can we get back to the story please?

Ames nods.

Teresa Ames:

Right. I was planning to conduct a typical ASMR session today but you know what? I CANCELLED it. You know why?

Septimus Tyne's smile begins to fade.

Teresa Ames:

TYNE! PERK THOSE LIPS BACK UP!

Septimus grimaces as he forces his fatigued facial muscles to smile to the point where it hurts.

Teresa Ames:

That's better. Anyways, instead of doing ASMR right now, I have cleared things with Favoured Saints to do my first ever ASMR session LIVE on DEFtv!

Everyone is so enamored with smiling they forget their cue to clap.

Teresa Ames:

I promise each and everyone of you this is going to be an ASMR session no one is ever going to forget.

With that, Teresa gets up and walks out the door, leaving everyone else sitting on the floor. Screen 7 and DEFcepticons members awkwardly stare at each other.

Alan Goldstein:

I don't know about you guys but my hands are handcuffed behind my back, so, maybe someone could help me--

Berry Chernobyl:

We're all handcuffed, Alan. We're all handcuffed. Why do you think I didn't want to come sit in the circle in the first place?

BEST OF 5 SERIES, MATCH #3: CONOR FUSE vs. "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS

♪ "The Last Garrison" by Enter Shikari ♪

Darren Quimbey:

This match is number THREE in a best of FIVE, with the series tied at one a piece! Introducing first, from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing in at two-hundred-four pounds... "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!

The lights in the arena flash rapidly in shades of red as out from the back, Ryan Batts out in his 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!

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

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, weighing in at two-hundred pounds... he is The Power-Up King and one half of the UNIFIED Tag Team Champions... CONOR FUUUUUUUSE!

Fuse leaps out from behind the curtain, carrying all FIVE of the UNIFIED Tag Team Championships to a !RANK response. Once at the apron, Fuse places the belts on the floor and jumps into the ring.

DING DING**DDK:**

Conor immediately charges at Batts, looking for The Head Stomp but Batts SIDE STEPS at the last possible second! Ryan's off the ropes... and he comes FLYING at Conor with The Batter Up but Conor, at the last second too, drops to the mat in a heap!

Lance:

Unreal! Both wanted to get match three over with A-SAP!

DDK:

Fuse is up... Batts is up... Conor ducks a forearm smash, locks Batts' arms and performs a backslide into a pin!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

The Faithful thought it was three. Conor is stunned!

DDK:

Razor-close kickout!

Referee Hector Havarro is adamant the three wasn't counted. Conor looks down at Batts... and he's rolled up!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Both men are working in and out of a grapple now... Conor with a belly-to-back suplex and holds on but Batts standing-

switches Conor and does his own belly-to-back suplex!

Batts holds on, standing-switches to the front of The Ultimate Gamer and performs an exploder suplex.

DDK:

Conor landed on his feet!

WHACK.

DDK:

Hard superkick to Batts!

WHACK.

WHACK.

DDK:

Two more have The Bantam reeling as Conor bounces off the ropes and launches himself towards his opponent... tilt-a-whirl backbreaker by Batts! Batts is going to the top rope...

Lance:

Does he intend to show-up Conor Fuse?

Moonsault...

Connects!

ONE!

TWO!

FOOT ON THE ROPE!

DDK:

Batts had Conor a little too close to the ropes!

Lance:

Conor's longer legs saves him!

DDK:

Batts is right back to work with a fury of forearms to the side of Conor's head. He pulls The Power-Up King to his feet and rams Fuse back-first into the turnbuckle.

Like a battering ram, Batts drives his shoulder into Fuse's chest over and over and over. Hector's at a count of FOUR before Batts stops, hooks his arm around The Codebreaker and lands a sitdown hip toss to the center of the ring.

DDK:

Batts keeps hold of Conor's right arm... he's looking for a submission of some kind...

But with all of his might, Conor gets to his knees, takes hold of The Bantam's arm and pulls both men off the mat!

DDK:

Conor with a modified powerbomb to Ryan! HIGH STACK for the pin!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Once again, The Faithful buy into the pinfall but Conor doesn't complain. He keeps the pace going quickly as he sprints into the ropes and missile dropkicks Batts square in the face! The Yellow Red and Black Attack is whiplashed to the mat and lays... motionless.

DDK:

Conor's going to the top. Might it be the Super Splash 450!?

Yes, Keebler, it is.

DDK:

It CONNECTS!

Lance:

No! No it doesn't! Batts was playing possum! He got his knees up!

Fuse rolls around on the canvas, gasping for air as Batts moves in for the kill.

DDK:

Batts is looking for some kind of crossface variation here but Fuse is attempting to wiggle free!

Conor tracks towards the ropes while Batts shows no mercy. However...

DDK:

Conor makes it before the move is even applied!

Batts springs to his feet and STIFF kicks Conor in the head! The smack is heard within the entire arena as Batts drags the younger Fuse to the middle of the ring and delivers a snap suplex.

Batts looks for the crossface again...

DDK:

Rollup by Conor!

ONE!

KICKOUT!

Lance:

This time, Batts was ready!

The Bantam shoots into the ropes and comes flying across with a forearm smash but Conor rolls through and hits the ropes himself. Batts and Conor criss-cross the ropes a few times before Batts stops in his tracks and waits for Conor to reach him. Batts pushes off Conor, jumps in the air and looks for a dropkick but Conor grabs Batts while he's in midair and hurls him across the ring! Batts lands on the ropes, Conor jumps on Ryan's and hangs Batts' neck on the top rope... before Conor takes another shot off the ropes, leaps onto The Scrapper's shoulders, trying for a hurricanranan.

DDK:

SITDOWN POWERBOMB BY BATTS!

ONE.

TWO.

Conor hits Batts in the head with his legs.

Fuse backrolls to his feet, races in and this time, Batts jumps on Conor, taking The Character Formerly Known as Player Two by his left arm and applying...

The Fastest Armbar in the West!

DDK:

Batts has it locked in!

Conor falls to the canvas... the *middle* of the canvas and shouts in pain!

Lance:

Fuse may have to give it up, here. He's got A LOT on the line and he may have to take the bullet, going down two-one in this series!

DDK:

That's a good call, Lance! Perhaps, Fuse could hold on longer if it wasn't a best of five and tied one-to-one!

Conor waves his right hand around but realizes he's nowhere close. He kicks his feet behind him but it doesn't feel like he's grazed anything. With the notion he's DOA in the center of the ring...

Fuse tries to grasp at Batts but realizes there's nothing he can do.

He taps.

DING DING DING

Batts breaks the hold and rolls to a corner.

DDK:

Batts with a HUGE victory, going up two-to-one!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!

Conor is on a knee, looking over at his opponent, shaking his head in agreement. Fuse shakes his left arm continually, trying to get the feeling back. Hector Navarro walks over and raises Ryan Batts hand.

DDK:

In two weeks, Batts can close things out in match number four!

The scene fades.

NUCLEAR OPTION

DDK:

Welcome back to Uncut, everyone! Now, before we get back to some more exciting in-ring action, we're going to share with you an exclusive interview that Christie Zane had with The Saturday Night Specials after the last episode of DEFtv went off the air.

Lance:

That's right, partner. Christie was able to catch Brock and Pat getting looked over in the medical room after they suffered a beating at the hands of Tom Morrow's new allies, The Stevens Dynasty.

DDK:

You gotta believe Newbludd and Cassidy had some choice words for The Stevens and for Tom Morrow. Let's take a look...

With that, the camera fades out and quickly fades back in to show both members of SNS each sitting on the end of the two exam tables that occupy the Wrestle-Plex's designated medical area. Newbludd holds an ice pack to the side of his head, while next to him Cassidy is having his ribs examined by Irish Davine. Both men share the same disgruntled look as they sit in silence. That silence is suddenly broken when Christie Zane walks on screen, microphone in hand. Positioning herself between the two tag partners, the veteran interviewer wastes no time in getting down to business.

Christie Zane:

Brock, Pat. First things first, how are you holding up after being attacked by not only the Better Future Talent Agency but also their new allies, The Stevens Dynasty?

Cassidy holds up a single finger, as if to say "give me one second." He produces his cell phone, holds it high into the air, and snaps a picture of his injured ribs, making a pained face. He puts down the phone and finds both Zane and Brock looking at him quizzically.

Pat Cassidy:

Look, Siobhan says these "behind the scenes" photos do big numbers. I swear, the girl can't mix an Old Fashioned to save her life, but she's blowing up the Ballyhoo Instagram page. Sorry... what was the question again?

Christie Zane:

You guys just got trounced. I was looking for where your head's at.

Pat Cassidy:

Right.

Cassidy snaps his fingers and shakes his head like he can't believe it.

Pat Cassidy:

The friggin STEVENS DYNASTY?? Seriously!? We beat their asses literally up town and back down again, and they come crawling out of whatever swamp they were hiding in for more? And thanks to them, the Stevens get to claim they have a victory over us.

Cassidy shakes his head.

Pat Cassidy:

Pardon my French, my dear friend Christie, but that's some straight bullshit.

Newbludd snorts and shakes his head in disgust.

Brock Newbludd:

Christie, I knew something was up when I was standing in the middle of the ring and I caught a whiff of something that smelled like a mix of a truck stop bathroom and bacon grease. Then I turn around and there was those two dipshits,

Bobo and Georgie-boy. Wearing the same stupid look on their stupid faces that they had at DEFIANCE Road, right before me and Cass whipped their asses all the way back to the trailer court. I swear to god, if everything goes to shit, all that'll be left are cockroaches and those two idiots.

Brock pulls his icepack off of his head and sighs.

Brock Newbludd:

Of all the pieces of shit Tom Morrow had to scoop out of the toilet, it had to be those idiots.

Cassidy has been nodding along with all of his partner's words. Finally, he motions for Christie to turn the mic his way.

Pat Cassidy:

Zane-a-nator, have you ever seen The Untouchables?

Christie has not.

Pat Cassidy (*doing the world's worst Sean Connery impression*):

"He sends one of yours to the hospital, you send one of his to the morgue." The Stevens wanted payback, but instead of coming back to face us again like men, they ambushed Davey in a dark alley. Now they're running with Morrow and his goons. Feels to me like some good ol' fashioned gang warfare. Like in the old neighborhood. And just like back then, I think this only gets settled one way.

Just as Cassidy finishes speaking, Christie is approached by a random DEF stagehand. The man quickly whispers something in Christie's ear before running off. Zane looks surprised and then turns back to The Saturday Night Specials.

Christie Zane:

Well guys... funny you should say that. Turns out that your match for DEFCON was just made official on the DEFIANCE website: you'll both be teaming with Uriel Cortez and Minute to take on the Stevens and Lucky Sevens in an eight-man tag.

Brock and Pat meet each other's eyes before nodding slowly.

Pat Cassidy:

Works for us.

Brock looks his partner dead in the eye.

Brock Newbludd:

Gotta finish things I suppose. There's going to be a lot on the line here. You know what that means, right?

Newbludd holds a hand up and mimics pushing a big, red, button while making an explosion sound.

Pat Cassidy:

... nuclear option?

Brock Newbludd:

Nuclear option.

Cassidy grins and shakes his head in... well, defiance.

Pat Cassidy:

Let's do this.

Newbludd gingerly hops off the end of the exam table and puts a hand up to his aching head. Glancing at Christie, he

manages to flash her a grin.

Brock Newbludd:

Christie, we're gonna need you to get to a minimum safe distance, because The Saturday Night Specials are about to drop one helluva bomb on DEFIANCE.

Still grinning, Brock turns to Cassidy and sticks a hand out. Black Out locks eyes with The Innovator and slaps his partner's hand hard enough to cause an echo to reverberate off the small room's walls.

Brock Newbludd:

Let's knock these fuckers all the way back to the stone age, bro.

As we fade away from the Saturday Night Specials, we're back at the announcer's desk where the OTHER dynamic duo, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner, sit.

DDK:

I... I shudder to think what the "nuclear option" is to those two.

Lance:

I'm thinking we can expect something big to go down at DEFTv 152...

GAGE BLACKWOOD vs. KYLE SHIELDS

With Kyle Shields already in the ring... Darren Quimbey joins him.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing, from Kansas City, Missouri, weighing in at two-hundred-thirty-seven pounds... KYLE SHIELDS!

Kyle looks over to brother Mark, who will be the referee for the match. Kyle gives Mark a wink and then points to his penis.

DDK:

Seriously?

Lance:

The Shields don't have much class, Keeps.

DDK:

Oh, I didn't mean that, uh, *innuendo* Kyle just did. I meant "seriously?" to the fact MARK is going to referee?

Lance:

No idea how they worked out that one. Has to be a mistake.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, from Edinburgh, Scotland... weighing in at two-hundred-twenty-five pounds... he is THE NOBLE RAIDER... GAGE BLACKWOOD!

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

Blackwood marches out and marches down. He does not look too happy.

DDK:

We all know Gage has his sights on 24K. He's made that clear. However, he is not facing any of them at DEFCON right now and with Teresa Ames and her recent... *unstable antics*, I'm sure Gage is going to be seeing more of her.

Lance:

What did Kristie Bellis do to deserve that beating last week on DEFtv? Some insane stuff for sure. I bet that's why Gage doesn't look happy.

DDK:

That Kristie got beat up?

Lance:

Yeah. That **and** more. I know Gage and Kristie are friends... but it goes past that, too. The stalking. The "Gage Blackwood shrine". Teresa has serious issues.

DDK:

Issues, yes but she's dangerous.

Blackwood slides into the ring and gives the nod to Mark Shields as his theme song closes.

DING DING

... But Kyle doesn't seem ready to go. He's clicking around on his iPhone. Nonetheless, Blackwood approaches him. Kyle glances up from his phone momentarily before getting back to it.

Kyle Shields:

Hey, fuck off for a sec? Just gotta finish placing my order on Amazon.

Blackwood doesn't look impressed.

Kyle Shields: *[looking over to Mark Shields and laughing]*

I mean, where else can a guy pick up a pack of condoms, some golf balls and double A batteries at the same time? Ha ha ha. Am I right?

Kyle looks at Gage again.

Kyle Shields:

Fuck buddy, am I rig-

DDK:

Blackwood PUNTED the phone out of Kyle's hand! The iPhone has flown into the crowd!

Kyle Shields:

What the fuck, buddy?

But before Kyle can get anything else out, Blackwood boots him in the chest, latches onto his arms and hits him with a release double arm suplex, tossing Kyle halfway across the ring!

DDK:

Kyle's back up but Gage hits him with a hard left smack to the face!

Spit flies out Kyle's mouth as Blackwood shoots Shields to the ropes and connects with a sidewalk slam. Propping Kyle up, Blackwood bounces off the ropes.

DDK:

GAELIC STORM!

The pin is academic, even if Mark Shields looks reluctant to do so.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner, GAGE BLACKWOOD!

Mark might have counted a touch slower than normal but nevertheless, Kyle wasn't kicking up. Blackwood gets to his knees and looks down at the younger Shields brother, shaking his head.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, now you can place your order.

Blackwood rolls out of the ring, irate. He marches up the rampway without looking back.

DDK:

Gage is all business tonight. We don't know what's in store for him come DEFCON, yet. But he's made it clear 24K are in their sights.

The scene ends as Mark tries to wake Kyle up by slapping him lightly across the face and telling him there's a super hot chick in row #1. (There wasn't).

UNSCATHED

Stalker's Den.

DEFIANCE Radio has just wrapped up playing in the background, Jason 'Stalker' Reeves is rubbing his forehead in slow 'headache' easing motions. He stares blankly at The Kabal target board, a board now littered with potential 'tag team' partners for the upcoming War of DEFIANCE.

Stalker:

Please tell me it wasn't one of you that submitted the message.

Courtney Paz: *[laughing]*

It sounds like a message you would have sent, and it definitely didn't come from me.

The rub doesn't miss a beat from the sharp tongued former lawyer - now Kabal's main 'coordinator' she clicks a few keystrokes on her lap top as it springs to life, an overview of Stalker's Den revealing all of The Kabal's members present and accounted for sporadically adorning Stalker's command center.

Rezin:

And people say *EYE* have no idea what's going on...

Paz attempts to ignore Rezin's snide remark as she huffs in silence while crunching forward and staring into her laptop. The Escape Artist is leaning back in his seat with his feet propped onto the table as he casually takes a drag off of his... cigarette. We'll just say it's a cigarette.

Stalker:

The Proving Grounds is something that they started long after my initial time getting trained with The Kabal. It's dangerous and unpredictable. I didn't send in any message about it.

Courtney Paz:

Ah... it's because you didn't have to. We have a new message from Mister Fear. It looks like he's the one that sent the message in.

Jason's eyes light up, he moves forward behind Courtney and shoves Rezin out of the way, sending his chair rolling. Rezin barely reacts as he cruises out of the frame and almost crashes into a fellow Kabal member.

Victor Vacio: *[dodging him]*

¡Cuidado, güey!

As Victor enters the frame and barely dodges the projectile Rezin he hovers over his boss' shoulder as they all crowd to see Courtney Paz's laptop screen and learn more about what 'message' came from the 'financier' of the group.

Courtney Paz:

Alright let's see here, open it here and here we go...

Courtney presses play on the video file, Stalker leans in closer as does Victor Vacio. Orange Reaper and Scrow seem to also listen in as they enter the frame from the dark corners of hell. The audio, once emitting from the laptop sounds very similar to what was heard on DEFIANCE radio, almost expectantly Stalker shakes his head but nonetheless he listens with intent.

Mr. Fear: *[from the laptop]*

Jason - Your excellent misdirection against that Guardian at 151 was well received by everyone here in Seattle. You have pleased us with removing Deacon and for that you have earned my gratitude and my visitation. I will be watching closely at 152 and DEFCON. I think we both know what you need to do now, what YOU all need to do. Get your hands on this interferer, unmask them and destroy them. Keep causing your Chaos. And Jason - check your personal email for an update on Jessica. As for the message you heard on DEFIANCE Radio, that was me. There is another initiative

I will be working towards, while your mission remains the same. I am looking forward to seeing the destruction you all will bring at 152 - do not disappoint me.

Stalker pulls out his cellphone and accesses his email on the app. His eyes scan over it quickly while he walks in a circle away from Courtney, Victor and the rest of The Kabal.

Courtney Paz:

Well, it makes sense that it came from Fear. I heard he's invested a lot of money into training and 'finding' the best and the darkest 'talent'. Maybe he wants to add another to your group.

Stalker: *[distracted]*

He foots the bill - has for years. That's why Jessica was lured to him to begin with...

Jason shakes his head while he looks at his phone, his face turning into a grimace.

Stalker:

I don't believe it. They are fucking torturing her.

Courtney shakes her head while looking back behind her, first to Vacio, who shrugs and looks back at Stalker.

Courtney approaches Stalker and holds out her hand for his phone. Vacio approaches also, hunching over Courtney's shoulder to curiously look at the screen.

Victor Vacio:

De todos modos, nada de esta mierda de gente blanca tiene sentido para mí.

Stalker:

You tell me what the hell this video means then?

The three Kabal members look at the small video screen on Jason 'Stalker' Reeves phone, while Orange Reaper and Scrow huddle back to the shadows to resume their meditation training.

Courtney Paz:

Looks like they are doing some psychological examinations - it's not torture, Jason. Jessica went in there willingly, back to The Kabal's headquarters to be helped. She was having... 'issues' - Jason. You know that.

Stalker:

Something doesn't feel right, just it feels like these videos are off, the updates - the calls I get it's like Mister Fear is playing games with me.

Courtney Paz:

Last I checked, Mister Fear was not only paying for this building but also additional salaries for all of us. He's also not the one dressed in white calling themselves 'Codename: Guardian', I think if you need to worry about anyone it should be him.

Stalker:

I felt them cower in my grip when I was ripping at that damn mask. They fear me - up close and personal, they are scared. I don't think they will have ANYONE willing to face The Kabal at 152. We are too strong - far too 'hardcore'. If This Guardian wants a war? They'll have to come to My World to get it and if you look at The DEFIANCE roster... no one is going to be willing to step up after what they've seen us capable of.

Stalker's face turns into an evil snicker.

Stalker:

If anyone does step up - we'll just break their goddamn arm, like I did to Deacon before he passed. May he rest in peace.

Courtney shakes her head while handing the phone back to Stalker.

Courtney Paz:

Speaking of Deacon, there is still no trace of him. Cameras, witnesses, other wrestlers. No one has seen or heard from him. It's like he...

Rezin:

Uuuuhh... hey everybody, we have a guest.

Rezin saunters back into the frame, tailed by a billow of smoke and a coughing Chris Trutt.

Chris Trutt:

I thought you said you knew who was behind that white mask - you know Codename: Guardian?

Rezin:

Damnit, Trutt, I was talking about *V for Vendetta*, the Alan Moore anti-authoritarian graphic novella classic.

Chris Trutt:

S-so, uhh... who is Codename: Guardian?

Trutt asks with earnest enthusiasm, to which Rezin shrugs and lazily gestures at the lawyer.

Rezin:

Fuck, I dunno... why does it matter? Maybe it's her?

Rezin points awkwardly at Courtney Paz, who looks at him confused.

Rezin:

I mean, why not? She randomly shows up here one day, and our mysterious white Power Ranger knock-off starts popping up in the flesh. Makes about as much sense as dudes straight up disappearing, amirite?

Paz and Stalker glower at him in disappointed silence. Even Vacio, through his black void mask, projects dismay. Rezin claps his hands before his face and backs away.

Rezin:

Ya know what? Fuck you guys, I'm out. I've fulfilled my contractually obligated Kabal group appearance, so if y'all don't mind, I got a certain steampunk scumbag that I need to deal with...

Rezin exits, leaving Trutt lingering awkwardly with Stalker and Paz. He leans in to the latter.

Chris Trutt:

So you are Codename: Guardian?

The junior reporter produces his microphone as he approaches Courtney Paz. She looks him squarely in the face and shakes her head.

Courtney Paz:

Do you just stumble around lost all day? Because... - actually, you know what? Don't answer that.

With the tone shift, Stalker intervenes with a nod towards Courtney's laptop while he approaches Chris Trutt himself.

Stalker:

I'll give you a word, Trutt. Straight from the mouth of the puppet master himself.

Clearing his throat, Jason 'Stalker' Reeves, addresses the camera while pulling Trutt's microphone closer to his own

mouth.

Stalker:

A Lot of people forget where I came from and what built the man that they see today. It's no simple task to be a mastermind with a scheme so large that it would shake the core of those lesser to even fathom. I get it.. I talk in puzzles and hysterics. Most of the time - the words fly above your heads in word clouds.

Letting out a growl, Stalker grabs the microphone in a tight grip, ripping it away from Trutt's grasp all together, as the camera zooms in for intensity on Jason's face.

Stalker:

So - let me make it clear to ALL OF you, Codename: Guardian, you freak of a GI JOE rip off, and ANY other heroes listening. The Kabal will destroy any of you willing to face us at DEFtv 152. The fool Dex Joy, the biggest 'JOKE' of them all, thinks he can step in Stalker's World and walk away unscathed? He'll learn differently in a few weeks.

A pause and step from Stalker as he stares into the distance for just a moment.

Stalker:

A lot of people have crossed my path. Many of whom reside here in DEFIANCE today, this challenge is open and waiting - are any of you weak, spineless heroes going to step up and face the future of what DEFIANCE is?

There is a dead silence and Trutt is almost about to speak but Vacio gets the cue from Stalker and covers the junior reporter's mouth. As the silence lingers, a smirk crosses Stalker's face.

Stalker:

The silence was expected. Looks like it'll be a five versus two at DEFtv 152.

Jason's words echo out into the silent Stalker's den as he nods to the camera and we cut to static.

NED REFORM vs. LEVI COLE

DDK:

Well Lance... for the past four editions of Uncut, we've seen videos hyping the debut of Ned Reform. The man has made some bold claims about DEFIANCE, it's competitors, and The Faithful.

Lance:

It's time to see if Mr. Reform can back up all that big talk when he makes his in-ring debut... right now.

♪ "Born In The U.S.A." by Bruce Springsteen ♪

As Levi Cole's theme kicks in, the man himself steps out onto the entrance way, looking fired up and ready to compete against the DEFIANCE newcomer. He gets a good ovation from the fans as he raises both hands and begins to walk toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall! Introducing first, from Omaha, Nebraska, weighing in at 265 pounds... LEVI COLE!

As Cole slaps the hands of some of the fans on his way to the squared circle, he gets yet another inset promo...

Levi Cole:

I did it! Two weeks ago on this very show, I beat Gunther Adler in the middle and it's time to start making my dreams come true. I may have come up short against Alvaro, but they've put me in there with a rookie this week, and while I wish the kid all the luck in the world, he's going to be another "W" in Levi Cole's record as he continues his rise to the top.

Back to reality, Cole is in the ring and again raises both arms to the fans as his music dies down.

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The lights in the arena take on a purple hue as the rock remix of the Beethoven Classic begins to blare throughout the DEFarena. From the back appears Ned Reform: he's dressed in a purple and white singlet with white knee pads, black boots, and white wrist tape. Reform's bald head shines under the bright lights and he strokes his long brown beard thoughtfully as he looks around to the fans - all while sporting one of the most punchable smirks in the entire universe.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... making his DEFIANCE debut... from Litchfield, Connecticut and weighing in at 234 pounds... NED REFORM!

Reform's head cocks slightly at the sound of his ring announcement, and he cups his right ear toward the ring in surprise. Ned begins to walk toward the ring, waving and smiling toward the fans. The Faithful, for their part, just stare back in response. This guy IS new, after all.

DDK:

Ned Reform seems to be making moves to ingratiate himself to these fans right off the bat.

As Ned Reform enters the ring, Darren Quimbey moves to exit... but Reform stops the DEFIANCE ring announcer from leaving the squared circle. Reform whispers something into Quimbey's ear. Quimbey looks confused for a moment, but then shrugs and lifts the mic back to his mouth.

Darren Quimbey:

Excuse me... that's *DOCTOR* Ned Reform!

Reform smiles, planting a hearty pat on Quimby's shoulder and shaking his hand. He then motions to ask for his mic,

and Quimby obliges.

Ned Reform:

Ladies and gentlemen of DEFIANCE... my dear pupils... it is my honor and privilege to be performing in front of you here tonight. Tonight we begin an epic journey together, me and you, and you'll always remember where you were when DOCTOR Ned Reform made his DEFIANCE debut!

Reform tosses the mic, smiling and waving to the crowd. He receives a small smattering of boos in response. Reform makes sure to shake both Levi Cole and referee Brian Slater's hands before moving into his corner in order for the match to begin.

DING DING

With the match officially started, both men begin to circle and eye each other up looking for an opening. Finally, they lock up in the middle... and Ned Reform scores an early advantage by crisply taking Cole down with an armdrag! Cole rolls back to his feet, and Reform immediately hops up to the top rope to raise his hands in absolute triumph toward the fans. The small scattering of boos gets a little bit louder.

DDK:

He's... uh... he's certainly proud of himself.

Lance:

I mean... it was a pretty armdrag I guess.

Cole seems slightly amused at Reform. They lock up again, and again Reform executes a picture perfect armdrag. And AGAIN he hops up to the top rope to celebrate like he just won the FIST in the main event of DEFCON. Both the fans and Levi Cole seem to be losing patience with this guy. Cole demands Reform get down and lock up again.

Lance:

Even the good natured Levi Cole has his breaking point.

A third lock-up between The All-American and The Philosopher King. This time, it's Cole who gets the upper hand, slipping behind Reform with a hammerlock. He wrenches Reform's arm as the DEF newcomer struggles futilely to break the hold. Reform does manage to gain some forward momentum, and he and Levi Cole crash forward into the corner. With his foot on the nearby ropes, Reform demands that Brian Slater force a break. Slater begins to count, and Levi Cole has no choice but to break the hammerlock. As Cole steps away, Reform shakes his arm and shoots the athletic grappler a look that says "what's wrong with you?"

DDK:

Reform seems personally insulted that Levi Cole had him in a hammerlock.

For the fourth time, the men lock up. Cole wastes no time in firing a knee into Reform's midsection before taking the newbie off his feet with a stiff short arm clothesline! Reform scrambles back up, but runs right into a big Biel toss by Levi Cole! Reform hits the ground and rolls, flopping like a fish for a moment before sliding right under the bottom rope to the safety of the ringside floor. Cole pumps his fists to The Faithful and is rewarded with a round of cheers as Reform regroups on the outside, checking his own pulse. Slater begins the ten count...

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

While Slater counters and Cole motions impatiently for Reform to get back in, Reform stands on the outside rubbing his temples and stretching his joints. The fans begin to grumble with impatience.

IX... SEVEN... EIGHT... NINE...

Just before a count of ten, Reform rolls back into the ring. Cole begins to move in, but Reform leans back to hang

halfway outside the ring ropes and demands that Slater tell Levi to back up. Exasperated, Cole listens to the ref's orders.

DDK:

THIS is the guy that's been running his mouth for weeks?

Lance:

I have to admit, I expected more.

As Cole looks to mix back up, Ned Reform begins to untie his wrist tape. He holds out the white piece of tape, waving it around as if to get both Levi and Slater's attention. He moves it right. He moves it left. Finally, he tosses it high into the air. Instinctively, both Slater and Cole look up and follow the trajectory of the piece of tape... and that half second of distraction allows Reform to connect with a kick right into Levi Cole's groin!!!

The fans begin to boo loudly!

DDK:

Unbelievable!

Slater sees Levi Cole on the mat holding himself and Reform shoots him a shrug and a look of pure innocence. Slater pretty clearly can tell what happened... but as Reform reminds him, "you can't call what you don't see." Reform lifts the now hurting Cole off the mat, whipping him off the ropes and catching him on the rebound with a jumping spinning heel kick! Reform hops back up to his feet and raises both arms in the air, seeking some praise for the pretty move. Instead, he's met with jeers. Reform looks taken aback. He drags Levi Cole toward the ropes, positioning his leg on top of the second rope. Using the top rope for balance, Reform leaps up and crashes down on Cole's outstretched leg with a senton. The Good Doctor grabs Cole by the back of his head and in an athletic move, gets a quick running start and leaps right OVER the top rope while holding Cole's head, dropping poor Levi's neck across the top rope. Levi falls back into the ring while Reform lands on his feet on the outside. The Pedagogue of Pain raises his arms in triumph, but he's rewarded with a smattering of boos. Reform's face suddenly turns to shock, and he quickly heads over to a seated Darren Quimby and requests a mic.

Ned Reform:

Uh... I think perhaps the acoustics in this arena are a bit off... but it sounds to me like you fine individuals are... booping me?

BOO! Yep. Reform is taken aback.

Ned Reform:

You're... booping me? Me? I come here, I outline my strategic plan to better each and every one of you, to produce some real results when it comes to changing the culture of DEFIANCE... and here I am, fulfilling my oath to you all and putting on an absolute clinic in between those ropes... and you boo me?

Yep. More boos.

Ned Reform:

Well. I knew that my genius would initially be misunderstood, but I didn't expect this much resistance. It seems conditions on the ground are worse than I assessed. Well, no matter. I'll tell you what. Dr. Ned Reform leads by example. And so, if you're unwilling to be respectful... I can wait. In fact, I will. I'll wait.

Reform hands the mic back to Darren, folding his arms. He looks to the crowd with contempt, mouthing "I can wait until you respect me." And wait he does. Inside the ring, Brian Slater shakes his head in annoyance, and begins the ten count.

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

Reform still stands, arms folded, looking out into the people - he's not impressed.

SIX... SEVEN... EIGHT... NINE...

Right before the ten count, Reform breaks his pose and rolls into the ring... only to immediately roll back out and resume his "waiting" stance! The fan's boos intensify.

DDK:

Oh come on... can't we just DQ this guy and move on with our lives? We could be here all day.

Lance:

Wait, Keeps... look at Cole! We might not have to!

The fan's boos transform into cheers and Reform breaks into a smile, thinking that he's finally worn them down. But they're actually cheering for Levi Cole, who has come up behind Reform! Cole grabs The Pedagogue of Pain and roughly spins him around, tossing him right into the ring steps! Reform's legs fly up and over as he takes a nasty fall over the steps. With the people firmly behind him, Levi Cole rolls Ned Reform back into the ring.

DDK:

If there is a God, Levi Cole will just end this now.

Back in the ring, Reform stumbles to his feet, completely disoriented... and walks right into a T-Bone Suplex!! Reform folds in half! Cole covers.

ONE... TWO... THREE - NO!

At the very last moment, Reform is able to get a shoulder up. Cole is surprised, but he doesn't let it get in his head. He brings the good doctor back to his feet and hooks him for the Gutwrench Suplex! As Cole lifts, Reform is able to get a quick (and unseen by Slater) rake of Cole's eyes!! Levi drops Reform, holding his eyes. Moving quickly, Reform slips behind Cole and rolls him up with a schoolboy...

ONE... TWO...

Cole looks like he's attempting to power out, but Reform reaches over and grabs the second rope for leverage - at an angle so it is JUST out of Brian Slater's sight!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Reform releases the hold and immediately slides under the bottom rope and out of the ring. On the floor, he stands on his knees and raises his arms in absolute triumph. By the looks of him, you'd think he'd just been through a war. Levi Cole is up, absolutely shocked at how that match ended, and attempting to show Slater how Reform cheated, but there's not much Brian can do.

DDK:

Ned Reform spent weeks hyping up how he was going to change DEFIANCE... and this is what we get? A common cheater?

Lance:

Ned Reform showed me absolutely nothing tonight.

Reform gets to his feet, taking laps around the ring and attempting to celebrate with the fans, who are just absolutely letting him have it. He stops when he gets to Quimby, encouraging him to announce the victory and make it official.

Darren Quimbey:

And you winner... NEEEEED...

Reform shoots him a look and points.

Darren Quimbey:

Uh... DOCTOR NEEEEED REFOOOORM!

Reform applauds. The fans boo. Levi Cole is disgusted.

DDK:

You have to feel for Levi Cole - that big win two weeks ago seemed to set him on the right path, and now he's been cheated by this goof.

Reform begins to make his way to the back, and Levi Cole seems to snap. He leaps out of the ring and also asks for Quimbey's mic.

Levi Cole:

REFORM!

Ned stops, just before walking through the curtain. He turns to look back toward the ring with interest. He mouths, "that's actually Doctor Reform."

Levi Cole:

I'm not going to complain, I'm not going to whine. But you and I both know you didn't deserve that win. So what do you say to a rematch... right now!?

The fans pop! Reform looks around to the fans cheering, raising his eyebrows as if the idea intrigues him. He smiles, takes a single step toward the ring... and then goes "naaaaaah" as he bursts out laughing and turns to disappear through the curtain.

Levi Cole drops the mic in frustration, shaking his head. Some nearby fans attempt to show the dejected DEFIANCE wrestler their support.

Lance:

A rather auspicious debut for Ned Reform...

DDK:

The man spent four weeks claiming he was going to change the face of DEFIANCE, and yet all we saw there was a cheap win. Sadly, I've been around long to know we probably haven't heard the last of this...

CORTEZ, MINUTE & TITANESS vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS & KEN ELLIS

DDK:

Can you believe what went down at the end of DEFtv 151, Lance? Specifically to Night Two when we found out not only had The Stevens Dynasty been behind the attack of Davey LaRue at Ballyhoo Brew, but also they are in cahoots with Morrow. Tom Morrow and Cary Stevens is not an alliance anyone in DEFIANCE needs.

Lance:

I agree with you there, Darren. The former two-time Tag Team Champions The Stevens Dynasty, we found out, will be in action against Uriel Cortez and Minute on this upcoming DEFtv before we get to that big eight-man tag with the former Titans teaming with Saturday Night Specials against Lucky Sevens and Stevens Dynasty. But before we get there... right now, Cortez and Minute join forces with Titaness in a six person tag where they will look to get some payback against the team that took their names from them... The Lucky Sevens!

DDK:

And Morrow -- just days after Ken Ellis was beaten down by Better Future Talent Agency's newest client, Jestal... he's going to be in this match.

Lance:

Ooooooh boy. The Sevens better not tag him in. We don't even know what kind of condition he'll be in, but we'll find out soon, won't...

Tom Morrow:

BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH Lance!

The crowd jeers as on the stage, Tom Morrow is there with a headset in his ear.

Tom Morrow:

Last week, my guys pulled off a COUP! The Lucky Sevens proved to the Saturday Night Specials that they are THE BEST team in this division! And The Stevens Dynasty proved they will not be overlooked any more! And tonight, the Lucky Sevens will prove once again that Cortez and Minute - begrudgingly, as good as they are - don't measure up to MY clients!

He smiles.

Tom Morrow:

Hey, Uriel, I couldn't notice your little muscley girlfriend wasn't there to save any of you from that beatdown... heard she had a family emergency. Funny how just one of those phone calls can happy at any time...

DDK:

Son of a... THAT'S why?! Is Morrow insinuating he was behind that?

Lance:

I'm pretty sure he was flat-out saying it.

But as the crowd boos this revelation, Morrow cuts through it to introduce his guys.

Tom Morrow:

Big Money Max! Big Money Mason! THE LUUUUUUUUCCCKKKKYYYYY SSSEEEEEVVVVENNNNNSSSS!!!!!!!

♪ "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. And behind them... is Ken Ellis, looking out to the ring and gulping. The scrawny Executive Assitant for Better Future is a far cry from his fancy suits. Instead, wearing black thigh-length trunks, boots and knee pads that

look like they will slide off any second, as well as a bandaged set of ribs and a knee. Max and Mason Luck walk to the ring with both Thomas cheering them on.

DDK:

Ken wants NO part of that ring! Far as I know, he doesn't even have any wrestling training.

Max and Mason both look ready to continue where they left off with their huge win over The Saturday Night Specials and now, they both hold up the Winning Hand. They encourage Ken to join in who does.... Then grabs his ribs and winces. Mason rolls his eyes and Max ignores him as they wait for their opponents.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... the former two-time Unified Tag Team Champions... they are the team of **URIEL CORTEZ... MINUTE... AND TITANESS!**

Several seconds pass as on the stage before a silver beam of light shows the massive Uriel Cortez and his luchador BFF, Minute, approach the stage. Uriel Cortez in typical ring gear for perhaps the very first time wearing a black two-strapped singlet with silver trim. Minute wearing his regular black mask with black trunks and a white line down the sides. Uriel in particular looks angry of the revelation Morrow just put out, but stays his ground.

The lights go black once again.

Then one word appears on the DEFTron in silver...

TITANESS

♪ "THE BADDEST" by K/DA ♪

The Faithful show love for one of the new kids on the block as a single violet spotlight shines on the new female powerhouse, flexing her arms, back to the stage. Wearing a purple top with silver trim to match Uriel and Minute, she turns to face the ring and pops The Faithful with a cartwheel into a flip, landing on her feet to cause a shower of silver and violet pyro to go off. Minute, Titaness and Uriel nod to one another then head toward the ring quickly. When they get there, Uriel lunges forward, but Tom Morrow gets out of the ring and heads to the back quickly!

DDK:

There goes Tom Morrow! He better run after what he just revealed!

Uriel heads back to the ring as Minute looks to start for his team against Max Luck, going right out of the gate with aggression! He uses a knee and doubles over Minute to the jeers from the crowd. Max then kneels over and then grabs Minute before throwing him to the ropes. Minute gets there, but he stops and then hangs in the ropes, daring Max to come take a swing. Max bites the bait and comes in, but Minute slips down and Max gets his leg caught in the ropes, allowing Minute to get up and then hits a dropkick to the knee!

Lance:

Max tries to get the jump on him early, but Minute is too quick!

Max scrambles out of the ropes and has his knee hurt when Minute leaps into the ring and hits a springboard missile dropkick to the knee! Max drops to a knee and Minute kips up to his feet and then gets a big cheer from the corner and then hits the ropes with a huge handspring enzuigiri to the face of Max, finally knocking him on his back! Minute rolls to his feet after the kick to take a bow for the crowd!

DDK:

Nicely done by Minute! He outmaneuvers the giant! And now... uh-oh! Tag by Minute to Uriel!

The former Titan of Industry steps over the ropes into the ring and then waits as Max tries to get up, only to get caught from the side with The Biggest Dropkick in DEFIANCE! The MASSIVE front dropkick from the seven-footer sends his

fellow seven-footer opponent into the corner and the crowd cheers as Uriel now stands. He shoots a look at Mason Luck then at a petrified Ken Ellis before he rushed towards Max and CRUSHES him with a big running splash in the corner!

DDK:

Some great teamwork here by the former Sky High Titans!

Uriel tags in Titaness and then she leaps into the ring as Uriel grabs Max and SLAMS him with the Chop of Ages in the corner! Max is left reeling and Morrow is taken aback on the outside as Uriel picks Max up and hits a big slam on the 300-pounder! The crowd cheers as Titaness tags Minute but then lets herself get picked up in a military press by Uriel... then Uriel tosses her down on Max with a splash! The crowd cheers as Uriel leaves the ring and then Titaness gets up, pressing Minute over HER head then throwing him down on Max with a splash! Minute goes for the cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

Lance:

The crowd really into some quick power moves by the former Titans! Titaness has gelled with them really well in the brief time she's wrestled with them!

DDK:

And now Minute with the springboard moonsault on Max! Cover again!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Big Money Max kicks out! Mason and Tom Morrow both scream at him separately, yelling at him to fight back. Minute tries to hit the ropes again for a big move, but Mason tries to take a swing. Minute sees it coming and stops before giving Mason the double tall man! Mason tries to climb into the ring and the referee stops him, but when Minute turns around, he gets ROCKED with a huge big boot to the face!

DDK:

Despite Minute not falling for what Mason tried to do, the distraction still paid off! These brothers work together well!

Lance:

And now Max has him!

Max is still feeling the earlier Chop of Ages, but he picks up Minute and throws him down with a slam. He tags in his brother and then Mason enters as Max hits the ropes and DRILLS Minute with a huge leaping elbow drop called the Box Cars Elbow! Minute howls in pain and sits up, but Mason follows right behind him and clocks him with a low kick to the face!

DDK:

There we go! Great ring work by these twin... Titans. Ugh.

Lance:

They really have been dragging the Sky High Titans name through the mud haven't they?

Mason grabs Minute off the mat with absolutely no effort and then dumps the gutsy luchador on the mat using a huge gutwrench toss. Mason then tries to pin him with a boot.

One ...

No!!!!

DDK:

You will need to do a lot more than that to take out Minute won't you!

Lance:

It's insulting for Mason to think he can even do that. Minute and Uriel held those Unified Tag Titles twice! They beat the likes of Team HOSS, the Pop Culture Phenoms, Stevens Dynasty and even Oscar Burns and Ryan Batts!

Mason makes a very quick tag to Max and then Mason has Minute up. He throws him down using a scoop slam. Max follows that up ... another scoop slam! Two big slams from seven feet in the air but Max isn't even trying. Max makes another tag to Mason and then Mason comes in. Mason scoops up Minute again and then throws him down with another scoop slam.

DDK:

Good tag team wrestling here by the Lucks! They're both giants and don't need to do much to batter you in that ring.

Lance:

All true! And they haven't tagged in Ken Ellis at all once. They don't want to have him blow it after Jestal did a number on him!

Ken Ellis does look a little more comfortable than he has watching Mason Luck and Max Luck do all the heavy lifting. Mason tries to pick Minute up again but the little guy kicks at his leg. Minute throws more kicks and then tries to free himself out of Mason's grip and hits the ropes but when he comes back, Mason picks him up and then delivers the Jack Pot Drop!!!

DDK:

That was a vicious move by Mason Luck! He calls that pump handle backbreaker the Jack Pot Drop! And ... oh come on!

The crowd is *booing* Mason Luck who tags Ken Ellis in and gives Uriel and Titaness the finger. Uriel tries to keep his cool and Titaness wants to fight but Ellis is in to try and pin Minute!

Lance:

This would be the ultimate humiliation here if Ken Ellis pins Minute!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Minute kicks out! Ellis is shocked but he gets up and then the Executive Assistant throws some feeble kicks to Minute while he is down. Ken is actually getting into the match and feeling confident!

DDK:

Oh come on!

Ken throws one kick ... but Minute grabs his leg and hits a chop that not only has him reeling but he bounces all the way back to Mason and tags him in. Mason shoots a scornful death glare at the injured stooge and then comes in. Minute kicks his knee then gets up. Mason swats him but Minute bobs and weaves and then hits a drop kick on his knee. The Sky High Kid gets himself up and runs then hits Eso Es Tado to drop Mason's head on the mat.

DDK:

That tornado DDT is a game changer! Minute has the opening he needs!

Lance:

Both Uriel and Titaness want that tag! Who does he go with?

Minute makes the tag... and Uriel gets it!

DDK:

And here comes Uriel Cortez! The monster from the City of Industry is about to gets his hands on Mason Luck!

Mason Luck gets up and then gets a few knees to the chest before Uriel then SMASHES into him with a massive headbutt. The blow sends him to the corner then the former Titan of Industry hits a huge running splash into the corner before he turns his attention on Max Luck, hitting him with a back elbow. Uriel then plants him in the center of the ring with a massive full nelson slam!

DDK:

Big full nelson slam by Uriel Cortez! He is feeding off this crowd!

Lance:

And where is Uriel going?!

He goes to the floor and... SMASHES right into Max Luck with a big spear on the floor!

DDK:

Uriel is on fire and listen to this crowd!

Lance:

And no train noises when he ran into Max Luck!

Uriel then heads back into the ring where Mason Luck and then hits a spear on Mason as well!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

DDK:

NO! MASON KICKS OUT!

Uriel Cortez calls for the end while Ken Ellis starts to freak out that he has no more protection. Tom Morrow is also panicking when Uriel Cortez stares him dead in the eyes before he turns back to Mason. When Mason gets to his knees, Uriel hooks him by the side, but before he can hit the big Industry Standard, Mason elbows him in the side of the head and then connects with the Winning Hand Slam on Cortez, almost shaking the ring! Morrow yells at Mason to hurry and cover, so he does!

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

DDK:

How did Uriel kick out of the Winning Hand Slam?

Lance:

I don't know! Mason looks like can't believe it!

Titaness and a sore Minute watch while Mason tries to get back to things, but when Mason tries to pull Uriel up, the two monsters exchange blows until Max tries to get in the ring to save his brother. Minute and Titaness go and help Uriel by running and both hitting a dropkick from Minute to one leg and Titaness hitting a chop block to the other leg! Max goes down and they use a double dropkick to clear the ring!

DDK:

Minute and Titaness clear Max Luck out of the ring! Great teamwork there!

Lance:

Indeed! Uriel trying to get Mason... no! Mason headbutts Uriel!

The blow stuns Uriel and Mason wobbles back to his corner. Titaness makes a tag! She goes into the ring and ducks underneath a big boot! Then the crowd cheers her on as he goes low with a dropkick to the left leg! Mason gets hurt

when he comes off the top rope and hits a front missile dropkick! Mason rushes back and ... Ellis tags in!

DDK:

What... what is Ellis doing?

Lance:

Did he just tag himself in?

Ken Ellis runs in and tries to roll up Titaness!

ONE... NO!

DDK:

Ken Ellis just screwed things up badly!

Ellis panics and he shoves Titaness, but she stands up over him and towers! Mason tries to get into the ring, but Uriel grabs him by the leg and pulls him out before the two giants slug it out. Minute sees Max trying to get back into the ring, but Minute runs in and POPS the crowd by hitting a running springboard into a somersault tope, wiping out Max Luck on the floor!

Lance:

MINUTE WIPES OUT MAX! NOW TITANESS HAS KEN ELLIS!

Morrow buries his face in his hands and sees Ken try to hit Titaness, but she blocks the shot and CLOBBERS him with a huge lariat, turning Ken inside out! She picks him up...

Lance:

Oh, no! Back where Ken started two weeks ago when they first introduced Titaness!

Titaness powers him up and then FLATTENS him mid-ring with the sitout tiger driver!

DDK:

TITANIUM! THAT'S IT!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **URIEL CORTEZ, MINUTE AND TITANESS!**

Titaness flashes a wry smile then rolls back to her feet. Minute and Uriel join her in the ring! Morrow regroups quickly and orders the Sevens to fall back! Mason Luck wants back in but Morrow won't have it and he and Max head back up the ramp and leave Ken Ellis to rot once again!

DDK:

The former Sky High Titans get a measure of revenge against Tom Morrow going into DEFCON in that big eight-man tag! The SNS team with Uriel Cortez and Minute to take on The Stevens Dynasty and The Lucky Sevens!

Lance:

And we've learned more than one thing... in the ring, those eight men will meet up with Tom Morrow and Cary Stevens to negotiate stipulations for their match!

DDK:

Folks, thanks for joining us tonight on UNCUT! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler! We'll see you on DEFtv!

Uriel Cortez, Minute and Titaness celebrate in the ring once again with Morrow and The Lucky Sevens having taken their leave, not wanting anything to do with Ken Ellis, still laid unconscious on the mat!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.