

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.

THE FIRST FOLLOWER

Black screen.

♪ *Mozart - Symphony No. 40 in G minor, K. 550* ♪

On the screen, the following is written in fancy letters:

**NED Talks
w/Doctor Ned Reform**

“The First Follower”

Deep Voiced V/O:

This is “NED Talks” with Dr. Ned Reform.

Fade into a large oak desk. On the desk are various items of a professional nature: file folders, open books, etc. On the left corner of the desk is a large globe. On the right corner is a shiny nameplate that reads “Dr. Ned Reform.” In a cushy desk chair dead center sits the man himself, Ned Reform. He’s got his thick-rimmed glasses on and is wearing a professional dark blue suit coat. Flanking Reform to the left is TA Holyoke, his personal ring announcer. To his right is TA Amherst, his time keeper. As the classical music fades out, Reform spreads his arms open wide in a welcoming gesture.

Ned Reform:

Welcome, children. Today’s NED Talk will be...

Reform breaks his sentence mid-thought, pausing for just a second before shaking his head.

Ned Reform:

Excuse me. Where are my manners? Before we talk about today’s lecture, it’s my honor and privilege to welcome the two new members to the Committee to Reform DEFIANCE. I’ve made some excellent hires - I think you’re all going to love them. Allow me to introduce my personal hydration assistant, TA Smith.

A third person appears on screen, taking position next to TA Holyoke. TA Smith is a woman of average height with a short black hairstyle. She wears a similar sweater-vest/dress shirt combo as the other TAs. In her hand she holds a bottle of water.

Ned Reform:

With Smith in my corner, I can ensure that dehydration will never be an issue during athletic competition. I’d also like to welcome the final member of Team Reform... TA Hampshire!

TA Hampshire walks into frame standing next to TA Amherst. Hampshire is an older man sporting grey hair and a grey mustache.

Ned Reform:

Hampshire will be handling all my legal matters - a “must have” in our world today. With this highly educated and infinitely qualified team in place, we can finally get down to business in fixing DEFIANCE for the better. Wave to the people, everyone!

On command, the group of TAs - Holyoke, Hampshire, Amherst, and Smith - begin to smile and wave. Reform clears his throat.

Ned Reform:

Now, my friends, if you would excuse us and give me a moment alone with the people. Rush, rush now.

Reform’s team disappears out of view. We can see Reform looking off camera, watching them leave. A door slams

and Reform sighs and shakes his head.

Ned Reform:

Good people. Real Salt of the Earth, you know? But I'm glad they're gone. Now it's just us.

Reform smiles.

Ned Reform:

While my TAs are going to be a fantastic support team, I have been reflecting more broadly on my own personal goals here in DEFIANCE. Self assessment is a hallmark of greatness, children. Write that down. Admittedly I have been making progress: I currently sit undefeated and I have the most qualified support staff around me. I've found workarounds for some of the biggest hindrances and dysfunctional systems in DEFIANCE - namely the time keeping and ring announcing - and I'd say overall my stock is on the rise. Yet...

Reform sighs.

Ned Reform:

It's not enough. You see, children, leaders don't make movements. Oh, they START them for sure... but contrary to popular belief, leaders are only the second most important part of a movement. Observe...

Reform reaches into his desk and produces a small remote. He clicks a button and behind him a screen comes to life. On the screen is this video of a man dancing at some sort of outdoor concert venue. The footage is both grainy and shaky - clearly shot with a handheld camera. While music plays from the unseen stage area, the man jerks his arms and body awkwardly as he dances around by himself. All around him, other concert patrons sit in lawn chairs and on blankets. This guy is the only one dancing. The video pauses.

Ned Reform:

Look at our man here. Dancing by himself. It might seem silly to compare one such as myself to this person, but hear me out. This man is defying expectations. He is putting himself out there. While all the masses around him sit idly by, he is forging his own path. He is brave. He is an innovator. In short, this man, as silly as it may sound, is a leader. A leader needs to have the fortitude to stand alone and look ridiculous. Now watch...

Reform unpauses the video, and suddenly a second man joins the first. Together, they rock out as they dance in circles on the grass while a few people nearby begin to chuckle. Reform again pauses the video.

Ned Reform:

Here we have it: the first follower. The first member of the masses to see the leader's brilliance and to join the leader in his mission. You see, leaders make movements but it is the first follower that sustains them. Now that the dancers are two instead of one, behold...

The video starts up again, and now we see a whole rush of people get up and join the two men. It's a full on dance party. The video turns off.

Ned Reform:

A good leader knows that the first follower is crucial. And that's what I need. Now, do I have my TAs? I do. And while they're fantastic support, they are outsiders. I cannot begin to change the culture of DEFIANCE until someone from within the ranks decides to take the brave first step to join me. I need a DEFIANCE wrestler to pledge themselves to my cause. I need to find MY "first follower."

Reform looks directly into the camera.

Ned Reform:

DEFIANCE! Hear my call. I know there are those among you who are dissatisfied with the status quo. I know someone out there has the vision for a better way. Perhaps you've been too afraid to rock the boat until now. Perhaps you thought nobody would listen. Well, I assure you: Dr. Ned Reform is listening. Join the Reform Movement - be my first

follower - and together, we will build a coalition to change DEFIANCE from the inside.

Reform stands from his chair and removes his glasses, placing them in his suit's front coat pocket.

Ned Reform:

I'll be doing some of my assessing in the coming weeks - scouting good candidates for this position. Thank you for your time, my pupils, and as always: thank you for coming to my NED Talk.

As the classical music kicks back in, the camera slowly begins to pan away from Nefrom as we fade to a black screen and the following lettering:

♪ Mozart - Symphony No. 40 in G minor, K. 550 ♪

**NED Talks
w/Doctor Ned Reform**

"The First Follower"

V/O:

This has been "NED Talks" with Dr. Ned Reform.

Fade out.

VACANT PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP: MALAK GARLAND vs. FLEX KRUGER

DING DING

The bell rings as the crane cam shows Malak Garland in the ring, standing across from Flex Kruger.

DDK:

Welcome back to Uncut, ladies and gentlemen!

Lance:

We are getting right to the action tonight as Malak Garland faces off against Flex Kruger for the... Paper Championship?

The two competitors circle each other in the ring before tying up.

DDK:

That's right, Lance. Apparently Malak found the belt made from paper that Conor Fuse had given to Dex Joy after Tyler destroyed the actual SOHER.

Lance:

Now Malak thinks he's going to make this a legitimate belt and contend for it on Uncut?

DDK nods to his partner as Malak cinches in a hammerlock. Kruger does a standing switch only for Malak to counter the exact same way.

DDK:

Malak shoves Kruger in the back of his head!

Flex doesn't take kindly to the disrespect and begins to unload rights and lefts. The Source of Envy reels backwards until he cowers in the corner for the ref to break things up.

Lance:

Flex looks like he's all business tonight.

Faithful are still filtering into the arena as Malak chops Flex down with a swift kick to the shins.

Lance:

Malak goes off the ropes and lands a hard clothesline! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Flex gets his shoulder up but Malak takes advantage by locking in a sleeper hold.

DDK:

Malak staying on top of his opponent here.

Flex manages to rise to his feet but Malak modifies the sleeper into a headlock and refuses to let go.

Lance:

He's showing some resiliency, I'll say that.

Flex tries to break himself free from the headlock by going to the ropes but Malak still holds on until the two crash to

the mat in dirty fashion.

DDK:

Malak holding in that rugged headlock and taking both himself and Flex down to the canvas rather awkwardly there.

The Faithful in attendance don't take too kindly to the rough play as Malak wrenches back on the bulldog headlock.

Lance:

I don't know if he's going to let go. Flex needs to look for another way to escape this.

Kruger tries to plunge some fists in Garland's exposed kidneys but it still doesn't break the hold.

Malak Garland:

You like that!? I am just getting warmed up. I am just starting to RAGE.

With the dirty bulldog still locked in, Malak rolls to his feet and tosses Flex over his hip and to the canvas. By this time, Flex's face is losing pigment and the referee is keeping a real close eye on things.

DDK:

I think this is what Malak meant when he said he intended to show how far his wrestling prowess has come but I mean, he looks to be hurting Flex badly right now.

Malak pulls Flex up once more and delivers a devastating running bulldog, planting Kruger face first in the middle of the ring. Then the Snowflake Superstar transitions into a crossface submission.

Lance:

Will Flex tap?

DDK:

Is he even conscious anymore!?

The ref slides into position and asks Flex if he wants to quit. Surprisingly, Flex is still awake and tells the referee no.

DDK:

The ref is signalling to the timekeeper that this match will continue!

Seeing his opponent will not quit only infuriates Malak more.

Malak Garland:

QUIT! QUIT! WHY WON'T YOU QUIT! I AM RAGING! AVALANCHE!

The Keyboard King finally releases the hold but only because he has grander plans. Flex groggily rises to his feet and tries to block a few kicks before one breaks through.

Lance:

This isn't looking good!

Malak applies the pumphandle to his opponent and gives him a jumping DDT!

#ohmygoshyoulostsosadlol**DDK:**

Flex landed hard on his neck!

Seething at the teeth like a baby having a tantrum, Malak ignores going for the cover and instead locks in the bulldog

headlock once more.

Malak Garland:

You will give up to this! AVALANCHE!

Kruger crawls to the ropes ever so slowly as the fans cheer him on. The ref watches with concern at the sheer will shown by Kruger.

Lance:

Flex is MUSCLING his way to the ropes! He's taken all this punishment, yet he still persists! Wow.

Flex is almost there until Malak wisely presses his boot against the bottom rope, extending it further away from Flex's grasp and ensuring not to give himself any more leverage.

DDK:

That looks awfully close to Malak cheating but I think he's trying to ensure Flex can't reach the ropes!

It's all moot in a moment anyways as Flex uses the last of his energy to roll Malak into a back cradled pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Malak breaks the hold which allows him to escape the pin. Garland spins around, onto his shins and stares a scared hole right through Flex who is calling him on for more.

Lance:

Flex wants to fight!

Half shaking in his boots, half still in AVALANCHE mode, Malak approaches Flex and the two unload violent fists on each other.

DDK:

Malak with a knee to the gut just before Flex could land the knockout blow!

Kruger gulps for air as the Armchair Expert downs his opponent one more time with the pumphandle DDT!

#ohmygoshyoulostsosadlol

At this point, it's academic as Malak rolls Flex over for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, the winner of this match and the self-proclaimed new Paper Champion, Malak Garland!

The Source of Envy rolls out of the ring, grabs the paper title, holds it up high while he tries to catch his breath and not

show the pain he's experiencing.

Malak Garland:

I am now the Paper Champion! Look at me!

DDK:

Even in defeat, what a showing by Flex Kruger. He showed how tough he is.

Lance:

He's a former BRAZEN Champion after all, Darren but still, Malak showed some grit and a will to win in his own right. He was relentless with that bulldog. I'm not quite sure I want to know where this new "champion" goes from here.

Malak heads to the back as the crane cam zooms in on Flex collecting himself in the ring before the broadcast continues on elsewhere.

THE DOOR

When: Sometime last week

Location: Wrestleplex

Chris Trutt stumbles out of the broom closet into the derelict boiler room of WrestlePlex, an area Scotty Flash just happens to be investigating for a potential 'permanent' home for DEFIANCE Radio. The hot new radio show has grown in many ways, and constantly moving from location to location has become frustratingly tasking. Caught off guard by the surprise entrance, Flash removes his sunglasses, a look of confusion etched on his face.

Chris Trutt:

Oh.. oh man I'm sorry. There isn't usually anyone hanging out around here when I come back from my trips.

Closing the door behind him Trutt attempts to brush off Scotty Flash but the Radio host can't help but stare at the door. Trutt's appearance seems off, like he'd just seen a ghost or at least something scary enough to resemble one.

Scotty Flash: [pointing at the door]

Uhh... you wanna explain what that closet is all about? What were you up to in there?

Chris Trutt:

I wouldn't worry too much about that place. It's pretty dangerous once you step in that door, i've been to quite a few different places... and times.. I think.

The junior reporter pauses as he looks Scotty Flash up and down.

Chris Trutt:

Hey since you are kind of hot shit now, do you mind if we cut an interview right here, right now?

Suddenly Scotty Flash finds himself in a bit of a bright light, while Chris Trutt produces a microphone seemingly out of nowhere. Scotty awkwardly throws his sunglasses back on.

Chris Trutt:

So how much did Mikey Unlikely pay you to interfere at his match at DEFCON?

DEFIANCE's creepy Chris Trutt is straight to the point with a grilling hot question, made even more uncomfortable by the bright shining light which just happened to come on at the same time Trutt produces his microphone.

Scotty Flash:

Okay, you're sort of encroaching on my personal space here, buddy... Step back. Who are you again? A "junior reporter"? Do you really think I want to be interviewed by a JUNIOR reporter? You wanna hear an interview? Listen to MY show, kid.

The comment frustrates Trutt who stares back at the door longingly. Letting out a long sigh he kicks the floor a bit and crosses his arms before looking at Scotty Flash.

Chris Trutt:

You know what Scotty? I'll tell you a secret if you promise to give me the inside scoops going forward?

A twinkle in his eyes Trutt extends his hand out, wanting to shake the hands of the man who helped distract Scott Douglas long enough to get him kicked from DEFIANCE for good.

Scotty Flash:

I make no promises, but...

Chris Trutt:

Trust me you definitely want to know my secret.

With a shrug Scotty shakes Chris Trutt's hand, but has his fingers crossed behind his back, with his other hand and a stupid smirk on his face.

Chris Trutt:

Alright well - don't renege on our deal.

Chris Trutt signals the light to be cut out, it dissipates quickly and Trutt's microphone seems to once again disappear. The scene now returns to its original darker tone.

Chris Trutt:

That door there... takes you to The Kabal. If that interests you at all. Directly to their hideout, just follow the weed smell.

Smiling at the Radio Host, Chris Trutt seems utterly pleased with himself with the secret he just revealed. Wanting to be congratulated or at least thank you'd, Trutt waits for a response from Scotty Flash.

Scotty Flash:

Why the hell would I want to go to wherever The Kabal hangs out?!?

The question hangs in the air for a moment. Something else hangs in the air also. Flash sniffs the air loudly.

Scotty Flash:

Oh. I see. Well. ...maybe you should put some kind of warning on that door? Something?

Chris Trutt:

Where's the fun in that?

Bewildered, Flash shakes his head and dusts off his jacket before turning away from Trutt.

Scotty Flash:

Well... clearly all of the space down here is "spoken for"--

Chris Trutt:

You aren't even a little curious about what's on the other side of that door?

Scotty ponders Trutt and the door in turn for a quiet moment.

Scotty Flash:

Curious? Maybe. But that might be a journey for another day. Besides... If I'm gonna walk into The Kabal's House? ...I think I'd better have an invitation.

Trotting off, Flash leaves Chris Trutt to consider his words.

Chris Trutt:

...I wouldn't even put that out into the universe, dude...

CATERING

Backstage. We see the large spread of healthy foods and sandwiches and chips known as craft services. BRAZEN star Somchai is loading up with carbs for his evening work out. He nods to a few dock workers who are unloading a large pallet of fresh fruits and sandwiches. Somchai walks off screen, as the two dock workers let the pallet down with a loud thud.

Dock Worker #1:

Oh, that's lunch.

The two shrug to each other. The second dock worker looks over to the pallet still on a lift.

Dock Worker #2:

Eh, it'll be fine.

He points to his watch.

Dock Worker #2:

We're union.

The two walk off, each grabbing a sandwich and following Somchai off screen.

For some reason, the camera stays on the pallet.

For excessively long.

After a few too many moments, Jack Harmen walks onto screen. He looks from left to right, shifty and sneakily. The hydrolic lifts of the pallet rise by his hand with a loud lurch, and Harmen quickly scurries off with enough food to feed an entire orphanage.

MORE DOORS

When: Post DEFCON 202, Night 2

Location: Lakefront Arena

Scott Douglas had stormed out of his locker room, and away from Jessica and the continued nonsense that surrounds her and her family. He's had enough and with his DEFIANCE career recently placed in his rearview... He wasn't going to suffer any more of the Kabal, the Reeves', the Reapers, the Creepers, or any other spooky or doom-centric entities.

He also wasn't big on eye patches, but that has nothing to do with anything.

Heading down one of the hallowed halls of the Lakefront Arena's backstage area he comes across the dressing room of none other than Mikey Unlikely.

The camera pushes in close, visually raising the tension with such a simple yet swift camera movement. One can almost hear the "dun, dun, dun" in their head.

Douglas holds, momentarily, mulling it over ... before suddenly knocking lightly on the thick wood door. The camera pulls back awaiting a response and a possible bout of fisticuffs, but ...

Nothing.

No answer from the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Scott knocks again with a little more fervor than before.

Still no answer. Douglas' sighs and prepares to beat on the door like he's the police.

Voice:

He's not in there, Scott ... Mikey's still doing his "everyone look at me" press conference.

Scott Douglas stops. He knows that voice. His hand drops down and he has as much of a smile on his face as he can muster on a night like this one. Douglas turns around and there, just a few feet away, stands Jay Harvey. Jay is beaten and bruised after his war with his nemesis, Kendrix. Both men look quite worse for the wear.

Jay Harvey:

I was pulling for you tonight. I really was. You know we had our differences in the past... but when I called, you answered. You got me back home.

Harvey extends his hand. Douglas looks down and then back up, locking eyes with Harvey.

Harvey:

I appreciate that. Even though you were a giant pain in my ass, I always respected you, Scott. I know this won't be the last time I see you.

Douglas adjusts his bag on his shoulder before reaching out and meeting hands with Harvey.

Douglas:

I'm sure I'll see you down the road, Jay.

The pair shake hands and with a nod, Jay Harvey exits the frame as Scott Douglas turns back to the unanswered door. He jiggles the handle to find it unlocked. He glances over his shoulder before opening the door and entering.

The camera peers in to see Scott Douglas slinging his duffle around to the front and pulling back the zipper. He reaches inside and produces a championship title, which he sets down on the locker room bench.

Douglas zips his bag up and exits the room, ignoring the camera.

With a quick zoom, the title is readily recognizable; The Hollywood Heritage Championship.

Cut to elsewhere.

MEETING HELEN

Where: Backstage, outside the locker rooms

When: About an hour after the Kerry Kuroyama/Rezin match on Uncut 92

We fade to Henry Keyes, looking “intently” at a steam pipe running floor-to-ceiling outside of the locker rooms backstage; all the while stealing occasional glances at the currently-closed doors, waiting for someone. He has very clearly replaced one of his suspenders with the black-and-metal studded belt that was bestowed upon him at the end of his DEFCON match.

Henry has no tools in his hands or anything, but he’s positioned them in such a way where if he had a wrench he could do something, anything, to this giant steam pipe. Finally, the doors open. Keyes drops his hands from the pipe and springs a little quickly into action as a figure steps through the doorway.

Henry Keyes:

Hey, hi there! Fancy, uh - fancy running into you here!

It’s Rezin. His nose looks even more busted up than before. The minute his eyes find Henry Keyes, they pop wide open.

Rezin:

Oh shid, it’sh you... waid here!

The Escape Artist dashes off camera. We can hear a clutter of objects and muttered profanities as he struggles with something out of our view. When he slips back into the frame, he’s now wearing a long black tailcoat and matching tophat. The ends of his moustache are also curled up. Now appropriately decked out in his full steampunk regalia, Rezin shakes a vengeful finger in the Airship Pirate’s direction.

Rezin:

HA HA HAAWW!! Iv id ishn’d my arsh nemeshish... HENNERY KEEYYYEESSH!! Whad short of vailed heroicsh are you up do DISH dime!?

He winces briefly. The act of speaking seems to be painful with his nose all busted up.

Henry Keyes:

I was just, you know - looking at these PIPES here. I think my team could really do some work on this facility - really improve things, you know. Horribly inefficient, these things. You’ll never get in the air with the pressure settings they’ve established.

Rezin:

HA!! Showsh whad you know, HEN’RY KEYESH! Pipesh were made for SHMOKE, not shdeam!

Henry Keyes:

So, listen...I’m glad we happenstanced to run into each other here. I’ve been meaning to ask you for a little bit...did you - NOTICE - anything during our handshake? The one after our match?

As if there were OTHER handshakes. Rezin shrugs, and suddenly seems to relax his standoffish body language.

Rezin:

Nah... dhe onry dhing I’ve nodished ish dish uneggshplainable urge I ged do dresh up in dese Vigdorian era clothes whenever you’re around.

Henry Keyes:

You’re telling me! So listen - it had me thinking! Maybe, this is a sign that -

Keyes looks ready to go on and on and on like a 14 year old who’s just seen The Usual Suspects and never knew twist

endings were a thing for a brief moment, but he catches himself.

Henry Keyes:

Just, maybe, uh...do you? Want to meet Helen?

Rezin:

...who dafugg ish HEREN?!

Henry Keyes:

DoyouwanttomeetmytigerHelen?

Rezin's eye arches with a hint of suspicion.

Rezin:

Waid a shec... you have a DIGER?! How do you even --

Henry Keyes:

GREAT! By the way, I forgot to say it in the moment - NICE. HAT!

Keyes wraps an arm around Rezin's shoulder a little too hard considering Rezin's battle wounds from back-to-back nights of intensely physical matches, but Keyes is too excited to notice Rezin's obvious discomfort. He shuffles him down the hall, walking at a pace that's brisk for a 6'3" man like Keyes and nearly a jog for a 5'10" man like Rezin.

Henry Keyes:

She's a real sweetheart, you know. Gave birth not too long ago! Four healthy cubs - I brought one onto a commercial thing once because I thought it was "bring a canine" not "bring a sign" day at the Ballyhooze Brews House Hooze thing. A BIG misunderstanding! Almost got fined for that one. And I know what you're thinking - tigers aren't canines! But I didn't HAVE a canine, you see - next best thing, right? Anyway, THAT cub is named Nico, and the others are Hermi, Mega, and Pleis. Maybe you'll meet them on another trip. I don't normally do this, I need you to understand - NO ONE goes on the ship without my clearance, and I know the doctors are going to give me grievances, but the HANDSHAKE, you know??

Rezin:

Man, achshurry, I DON' know, ya know? I jushd doog your hand, an' shuddenry--

Henry Keyes:

ANYWAY, I'm not sure Helen will let you stroke her right away, but I'll see if El Dio can scrum up a few flank steaks and maybe she'll warm up to you. The mustache will get you FAR with her, let me tell you -

Keyes finds himself immediately distracted as they pass a private locker room with a bare bulb lit above, a familiar face sitting inside.

Henry Keyes:

MISS TROY!!!

Lindsay Troy is, indeed, in the aforementioned locker room, her head bowed over her phone and her jaw clenched in annoyance about ... something. Or nothing. She's probably still pissed about the bullshit from DEFCON but who can say, really?

Henry Keyes:

Can I, uh...need a swig?

Keyes quickly pulls out a leather-bound flask from his back pocket and gives it a little shake. Lindsay gives it a glance.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm good. Thanks.

Keyes shrugs and takes a quick swig himself before pocketing it, not noticing Rezin giving the flask a VERY curious once-over.

Henry Keyes:

I know what might cheer you up - we're on our way to check in on Miss Helen! Care to join us?

Lindsay Troy:

I...wait, what do you mean *us*?

Henry pulls Rezin by the scruff into the doorframe, which Rezin does NOT appreciate but seems incapable of stopping. The Queen's eyes go wide, not only at Rezin's "formal wear" but at the fact that he's even standing next to Henry to begin with.

Lindsay Troy:

Yeah, no. I want no part of that dipshit and his Michigan J. Frog cosplay.

Rezin:

Aw, sherioushry?! I dhougnd I wash goin' vor Shnidery Whibrash!

Henry Keyes:

Fair enough, well I'll uh - I'll catch up with you soon, ok? I know you wanted to talk about that thing. SO! Where was I, Rez? Allow me for a moment to regale you the provenance of the line from which Helen was brought to me...

Rezin and Troy lock eyes for a quick moment, Rezin's in panic, Troy's baffled, Henry's completely oblivious to both as he shuffles his frenemy down the hall. His ramblings lose clarity as we cut to the next match.

NATHANIEL EYE vs. FINN DUNSON

DDK:

Welcome back to another episode of Uncut and we have a big match! We saw Nathaniel Eye make his return to DEFIANCE Wrestling in big fashion on the last Uncut by defeating Thomas Slaine! This time he goes one on one against a member of the Dunson Clan ... Finn Dunson!

Lance:

And there is some history here! Last year, Eye had a number of issues with the Dunson Clan. He knocked off Todd and Richie in singles matches before getting beat by Paul! But now he takes on their cousin, Finn! He's a powerhouse at six-foot one and two sixty-five so Eye may have his work cut out for him!

DDK:

This one should be good as we look at the future of DEFIANCE Wrestling! Nathaniel Eye fights Finn Dunson and that happens now!

Finn Dunson is already in the ring by himself with no other members of the Dunson Clan present. He has decided he wants to go it alone and he looks ready to fight right now.

Quimbey:

Already in the ring he weighs in at two-hundred sixty five pounds ... FINN DUNNNNNNNNSOOOOONNNN!!!!

Finn is already looking pretty confident with himself and tells the booing DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful that he's got this match all wrapped up. His opponent's music plays now.

YOU CAN'T STOP ME!!!

♪"You Can't Stop Me" by Andy Mineo ♪

The crowd is very happy to see Nathaniel Eye who is now rocking the all crushed-velvet-like attire and new theme music as one of DEFIANCE Wrestling's newest members! The cheers from the crowd get a little louder from the ladies when he takes off his Eyes Up Here t-shirt with the arrow pointing up. He throws the shirt into the crowd and he shows off his eight-pack abs. After he gets done counting each one he struts down to the ring to the sounds of his entrance music and then jumps on the apron. He looks incredibly proud of the response!

DDK:

His confidence is at an all time high since he has joined DEFIANCE Wrestling full time. I have no doubt gold is on his mind!

Lance:

Makes sense to me! He has that Starry Eyed Surprise and that Eyes up Here move but I did my research and Finn has a move called the Dunn Deal. That spear will end it if Eye isn't careful!

Finn Dunson gets right in the face of Nathaniel Eye and tries to shove him back but Eye doesn't take any disrespect from the brash opponent and he pushes him back. It takes the referee a lot to separate the two before he can call for the bell.

DING DING DING!!!

The Handsome Face gets pushed back a bit by Dunson but that makes Eye get more aggressive and hold onto a head lock. Finn Dunson is trapped in his grip and tries to punch his way out. He pushes Eye off him and he hits the ropes with force. Eye runs into Finn using a shoulder tackle but he does not budge. Finn looks proud of himself and then tells Eye to take his best shot again. Eye runs again and tries another shoulder but Dunson only gets knocked back without being knocked over. He dares him to do it one more time. Eye is happy to do so ... but he spins Finn around instead and then wallops him using a big drop kick!

DDK:

Crafty thinking by Nathaniel Eye!

Lance:

Finn was getting too big for his britches there.

When Finn is seeing stars the Lover and the Fighter gets ready and he throws some knife edge chops right to the chest of the powerful Brazen star. He chops a few times and leaves him reeling in the corner. Eye gets cheered on by the DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful and then he hits a flying forearm in the corner. Finn gets rocked upside the jaw and then gets taken out of the corner to eat a back suplex from Eye. When both competitors hit the mat Eye uses a nip-up to get back on his feet and then celebrates with the crowd.

Lance:

Impressive move by Eye!

And Eye goes one step further when he leaps up and hits a spinning leg drop on the chest of Dunson. After the flip he covers.

One ...

Two ... No!!!

DDK:

He's a real blue chipper isn't he? Both men are but Eye has just improved leaps and bounds since we first saw him on the scene.

Lance:

Very true.

He gets ready to launch a knee strike at Finn Dunson when he tries standing but before he can get the Starry Eyed Surprise out, Finn rolls outside of the ring.

DDK:

The DEFIANCE Wrestling faithful are booing Dunson but that is very smart beyond his years. He goes to the outside to avoid damage and stall Eye's momentum.

Lance:

It was. Eye is not waiting though.

Eye grabs the ropes and then leaps over with a big plancha to wipe out Finn on the floor!

DDK:

But then Eye does that! He gets Finn back inside the ring and he waits ...

Lance:

Slingshot elbow drop! Into another cover!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Finn kicks out! Eye throws two more chops and then he tries to rock Finn, but he plays dirty and grabs him by the hair before pulling him backwards and throwing him across his knee!

DDK:

That was a great counter by Finn! Now what is he doing?

He gets into a three point stance on one side of the ring while Nathaniel is trying to stand. The second that he does that Finn takes off with some great speed behind him and he rams right into Eye with a big football-type tackle! The blow sends Eye launching into the turnbuckle!

Lance:

Wow! Wow! That was power!

DDK:

That was! Finn is bigger and more aggressive than either member of the Dunson Clan that he has run into in the past!

Eye is left dazed and confused in the corner and that gives Finn the opportunity to follow up. He grabs Eye by the back of the neck and then elevates him into a big inverted suplex! A move rarely seen in wrestling these days but it is enough that Eye has the wind knocked out of him.

DDK:

I think that really could be all! Finn makes the cover!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Eye kicks out and Finn Dunson thinks the count is wrong! He yells at the referee and then throws his arms up.

DDK:

Finn making a rookie mistake here by giving Eye more time to recover.

Finn hits a scoop slam and then talks trash to Eye on the ground. He stomps him several times. He throws him down on the ground and he runs to the ropes. A running senton does not find its mark because Eye is able to move out of the way!

DDK:

Finn almost gets the win but that was a mistake on his part!

Lance:

He is quick and powerful but so is Nathaniel!

Eye gets up and then runs right at Dunson by ducking under an elbow and then coming back with a flying shoulder tackle of his own and knocks Dunson down. Eye back up and then hits a second one off the ropes to knock Dunson down again. When Eye is back up he dares Dunson to stand and take a swing. He tries for a clothesline but Eye uses his speed and ducks that to fire back with a thrust kick to the gut, a kick to the chest when he is doubled over and then a push to the ropes where he can drop Dunson with a big spinning spine buster!

DDK:

The ring shook after that move! Is Eye gonna make it two in a row?

One ...

Two ...

No!

Dunson kicks out!

DDK:

Finn Dunson is making a great showing for himself tonight!

The former football player gets set up and Nathaniel Eye is right behind him. He runs at Dunson for a spear attempt

but Dunson knows the move well and he kicks Eye before he can get stopped. Dunson sees his chance and then he tries a spear of his own called the Dunn Deal ...

DDK:

STARRY! EYED! SURPRISE!

Lance:

He countered the spear into a knee strike! Dunson is out!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer Eye after he hits the flying knee strike to counter Dunson's own spear! Dunson is out cold and Eye makes sure of that before he runs over to the corner. He jumps over the ropes and then leaps towards the top turnbuckle. He yells out "EYE'S! UP! HERE!" then hits the diving leg drop of the same name with big hang time!

DDK:

Eye's Up Here! I think that is going to do it!

Lance:

I think so too!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

Another celebration of cheers erupts as the pretty boy is happy to have notched another win under his belt.

Quimbey:

Your winner ... NATHANIEL EYYYYYYYYYEEEEEE!!!!

Eye gets up and he cheers with the crowd on the turnbuckle.

Lance:

That makes another one! He wins on the last UNCUT over Thomas Slaine and then keeps that up over Finn Dunson. He has looked incredible since joining DEFIANCE Wrestling as a member of the main roster!

DDK:

Agreed. I think the sky is the limit for this kid.

Nathaniel leaves the ring and takes a drink from a bottle of water after the match. He throws his fist up and then heads for the back to celebrate notching another win.

IS... IS HE DEAD?

When: Post DEFCON Night 2

Location: Stalker's Den(dba Reapers' Cave, DOOM Burgers INC.)

Voice:[screaming]

HELP ME CLEAR THE TABLE!!

The woman's shriek shatters the audience's television screens as bolts of lightning strike down outside the building in downtown New Orleans, causing a strange illumination of lights to filter into Stalker's Den. Coming into camera view is Courtney Paz and Tyler Fuse. Tyler is dressed down in street clothes, carrying Stalker's uber keys as he quickly pockets them before helping Courtney clear off a few boxes and left over plates from the previous night's events.

Courtney Paz:

There was so much blood in the backseat, Jason's going to be fucking pissed!

Out of character for Courtney, she ends up cussing in the heat of the moment. The Kabal lawyer vents her frustrations while Tyler Fuse is quickly clearing out the larger objects, which allows for the table to be fully cleared.

Tyler Fuse:

Bring him in... set him on the table.

Everything's been happening so quickly that the cameras slowly pan over to see the rest of The Kabal's members carrying in what looks like a dead body. Scrow and Victor Vacio are taking the brunt of the carrying load while Rezin is attempting to carefully hold Stalker's head up.

Rezin:

I don't think he's breathing...

A loud thud and crash is heard as Jason Reeves' body is lofted heavily onto the table. They are evil wrestlers, not medical workers and Stalker's body reacts to the rough treatment as he screams out in agony.

Stalker:

Ril... urghhhhhhhhhhhhh... ey!!!

Rezin:

Oh shit... there he is!

Becoming almost too real for Rezin, he steps away from the scene. Scrow takes over the medical duties, while attempting to form Stalker's body on the table in a workable fashion enough to find out if he can help him or not.

Scrow:

What was he saying while Tyler was driving us back?

The question from Scrow snaps with a tone of bitterness at Victor Vacio, who apparently was closer to Stalker in the backseat of his Uber on the 'rescue' car ride.

Victor Vacio: [shrugging]

Stalker seguía murmurando algo sobre Dan Ryan y alguien llamado Riley ... lo que sea.

Courtney Paz:

WHAT does it even matter what he is...

CRASH!

Stalker's reaction to Scrow's medical treatment reacts in violence as he starts shaking in a violent tremor-like state.

His eyes open up wide as he screams pain, raising his broken arm from his chest he looks down at it in agony before using his one good hand to grab Scrow's shirt collar and pull him in closer. The leader of The Kabal's on screen force and the 'chemist' Scrow share a moment as the two stare at each other, eye to eye.

Stalker:

Kill.... Fucking.... KILL... the Guardian!

RAWRRR!!!

Releasing his grip on Scrow, the Hardcore Icon lean's back on the table screaming in utter agony. The screams are so loud and earth shattering, that it causes Courtney Paz to cover her ears. Stalker's body flounders around on the table making Victor and Tyler both step in to hold him down. A few seconds of that transpires before the tremors finally subside.

Courtney Paz:

Is... is he dead...?

Scrow:

Not.. not yet. But he needs to be taken to my lab. I think the regeneration tank is the only thing that can help him at this point.

After Scrow's statement, the silence of Stalker's Den is deafening as Scrow tries to work diligently. Suddenly a sound of 'wheels' is heard as Rezin appears from off screen wheeling in a giant flat screen television. Hanging from the center of the screen is a giant white piece of paper with the words 'Turn Me On' written on it.

Rezin:

Uhhh... so I couldn't help but notice this blocking the fridge. And I'm not claiming to be a medical genius or anything, but my cognitive instincts tell me we should, I dunno, turn it on?

Victor Vacio and Tyler Fuse are filled with intrigue by the large TV Screen, which is now adjacent to the table in which Stalker lies upon. His breathing remains shallow after the scream out in sheer agony. Scrow remains focused upon the situation at hand, pulling gauzes and bandages from the medical bag he's produced seemingly out of thin air, in an attempt to help clean up the badly beaten Stalker. The older Fuse brother, the man who ripped Conor Fuse's heart out at DEFCON steps forward, with an angry glare on his face he takes off the white piece of paper before looking for the power button.

Tyler Fuse:

This better not be a message from that Guardian.

The big flat screen television springs to life with a blue screen. The Kabal members not focused on Stalker stare blankly at the screen while precious seconds tick by. A web camera that is attached to the top of the TV springs to life with a blinking red dot.

Rezin:

Man this shit is getting too weird even for me! And I watch David Lynch movies!

A black and white static filled screen takes over the television, a figure is shown sitting on the screen but their face, description and whereabouts are kept completely secret as the shadow man, only known as Mr. Fear, addresses The Kabal directly.

Mr. Fear: [voice modified]

Good Evening, lady and gentlemen. To say I am not disappointed would be factually wrong and a direct undermining of our overall scope of plans.

There is a pause in the shadow man's address to DEFIANCE's darkest Heel stable.

Mr. Fear:

Mr. Fuse.. you were supposed to secure the Unified Tag Team Titles, break your brother's heart and pick a new partner from within The Kabal, you failed.

Tyler Fuse seems unphased by the dialogue. His eyes staring blankly at the screen almost like he was a child being told what he had just done wrong.

Mr. Fear:

Rezin, the airship pirate was to be silenced for good and yet you congratulated him on being more Punk Rock than you. Now while you think on that, Rezin. Remember that being 'the second' most punk rock man in DEFIANCE, is the same as being called Malak Garland. Might as well just dub your new nickname 'Snowflake' Rezin.

The Escape Arist rolls his eyes as he pops a spliff into his mouth and sparks it up using his favored Zippo lighter.

Rezin:

Okay, boomer, whatever...

Victor Vacio steps in, pushing Rezin backwards away from the screen.

Victor Vacio:

Toma una de tus pequeñas "hamburguesas fatal" y cálmate.

Mr. Fear:

Scrow, while your match with Dex Joy will be quite memorable. No one told you to go off script and tell him he is off the hook. He's a hero and should be PUT DOWN like the rest of the Heroes.

The comments fall on deaf ears as Scrow is methodically attending to Stalker's broken body.

Mr. Fear:

As for Stalker, his assumption that Deacon was dead cost him and cost us all. We need to squelch this... this... Guardian's attempts to thwart our plans any further. The Proving Grounds will continue, regardless of Stalker's condition. You all are not without direction. The purpose of our plan and the end game remains the same. Chaos must top priority and The Proving Grounds must prevail without a hitch.

With a bit of reluctance Courtney Paz steps away from Stalker, crossing her arms she approaches the television screen and stands next to Tyler Fuse.

Courtney Paz:

What do we need to do now?

Mr. Fear:

Ms. Paz, you will ensure that the Proving Grounds battle royal happens without a hitch, Rezin will be your bodyguard and coordinator of events.

The Goat Bastard

Rezin:

Okay, sure, whatever... but NOT because you say so! I shouldn't have to remind everyone here that I only do what I WANT. And the only reason I WANT to be the host to your little game show is because it's a solid opportunity to troll the normies!

With that Victor Vacio and Rezin disappear off screen for the moment, perhaps to investigate leftovers.

Mr. Fear:

...please help keep him in line.

Courtney Paz:

Seriously? Rez? Come on, Nathan...

She hiccups and coughs.

Courtney Paz:

Mr. Fear, please. Anyone but him - give me Victor or even Tyler here!?

Slapping Tyler Fuse on the chest, he doesn't react. The older Fuse brother simply stares forward at the shadowy figure ordering them around from behind the safety of a visage.

Mr. Fear:

Mr. Fuse has another 'larger' task at hand. Codename: Guardian, among other things. I trust that you, Tyler Fuse, can get the job done against our white masked failure of a hero? Will you remind them that 'Fear is Coming'?

Tyler Fuse: [monotone]

Yes, most definitely.

Leaping up from the unconscious Stalker, Scrow has an objection to the request.

Scrow:

Stalker asked Scrow personally to take care of the fake one, the White Guardian. Let Scrow handle that masked hero, Scrow will make an example of them.

Turning back to Stalker, Scrow looks over him with care and direction as Stalker's breathing seems to have improved slightly.

Mr. Fear:

Scrow - your priority is pulling Stalker together. There is much work to be done, take care of him. That's your priority, focus on it, administer the 'Red Death' if need be....

Scrow starts to shake his head almost ignoring Mr. Fear's request, petting Stalker's face he leans in to whisper to him.

Scrow:

Scrow will do as you asked.

Courtney Paz sees the situation giving way and clears her throat once more, standing between the visual of Scrow and Stalker while facing the screen, alongside Tyler Fuse. The state of The Kabal certainly seems to be unified, but perhaps the roles might feel a bit skewed.

Tyler Fuse:

Don't worry, Mr. Fear. We will take care of all of it. I am ready to don the mask if you feel it is time.

Mr. Fear:

DEFIANCE's heroes will continue to drop but it's more important for The Kabal to grow. Our identity is that of chaos. If we dangle a prize in the faces of those greedy enough to strive for it, can we make them act out in desperation? Show their true colors? The Proving Grounds will attract exactly what and whom we need to push the bar further. Keep your eyes open, as Monsters appear in all different Shapes. Fear is Coming. The Kabal's footprint must continue to grow, make it happen.

A growl is let forth from the shadowy figure on the screen, the one only known to the world as Mr. Fear disappears from sight as the television screen changes back to a light blue. Off screen a billow of smoke appears as Victor Vacio and Rezin stride back into the scene. Plates of food are in both Kabal's members' hands, glorious Doom Burgers from the leftovers last night.

Rezin:

Is all of this schemery working up anyone's appetite, or is it just me?

Victor Vacio:

Honestamente, solo estoy aquí porque puedo lastimar a quien quiera. Es un pasatiempo mío.

As Vacio's tone settles the rest of The Kabal into a darker mood, Tyler Fuse walks off in silence, Scrow switches his attention to Stalker's vitals and Courtney shakes her head in frustration before reaching for a plate of food from Rezin. Scene fades out.

I SAY YES

The scene shifts to a black room with one lone, yellow light bulb on a wire dangling from the ceiling. Several moths circle the bulb, slapping into it at times. The camera pans down from the bulb finally resting on what appears to be a weather worn, slowly rusting cage. It is a large cage, unkept and neglected. It appears big enough to hold a large animal. Or a small man. It appears to be occupied.

The camera cuts to a chain lazily and haphazardly coiled on dusty, dirty, soiled concrete, it's metal surface as pitted and as ugly as the cage. The camera pulls back enough to see that the heavy steel chain is inside the cage, with one end wrapped and fixed to one of the cage bars. A rat scurries in the distance of the shot. We hear a voice -- compressed and close.

NARRATOR:

"Why would they fear him?" I often wonder." What is it about the man that they would seek to lock him away, far from the eyes of the world?" Stripped of his dignity. His humanity. Cast aside. Left to decompose, slowly.

The chain pulls taut, an echoing rattle fills the room. The camera cuts back to the single bulb, stoically raining it's dull light downward. The narrator's voice is cold and calm.

NARRATOR:

A forgotten weapon, locked away, perhaps? A mistake... shoved into the corner? Pushed, or perhaps pulled, into the darkness?

We hear another rattle of chain and the camera cuts to a tight shot of a section of the cage. A crouched silhouette edges into the shot. Hairy and heaving, it's unclear if it's man or beast. But one might assume...

NARRATOR:

Or is this where he placed himself? Is this all the comfort and dignity he felt he deserved? Is this exile, this imprisonment self-imposed? Can you imagine what that would take?

Cutting to a tight shot of an aging lock on the aging cage. In the background, we see a blurred, hulking figure, shifting uneasily -- chain rattling and echoing with every moment. A low growl reverberates through the cavernous, unseen room, finally making its way to us.

NARRATOR:

So much trouble taken... no matter who made this happen. So much care taken... to be sure he would never be found.

A hand darts out, snatching a scurrying rat before pulling it out of the shot.

NARRATOR:

Imagine... the horrors he must have visited to deserve such treatment. Surely... this was meant never to be discovered. Surely, he was meant never to be released. Just to die, to slowly decompose. To be forgotten, shoved in a corner and neglected. No longer a man. No longer deserving of comfort, of respect.

We hear footsteps. The hulking, crouching silhouette turns towards the sound, ravenous and lashing out. The sound that rattles from his lungs is chilling, primal and dangerous. The footsteps owner seems unabated and unafraid. Cut back to the lock.

NARRATOR:

But, I ask you... isn't it criminal... to lock away such a piece of art?

An ornate key enters the shot, approaching the lock. The chain goes taut.

NARRATOR:

Isn't such a work... of such majesty... such *brutality*... meant to be shared?

A loud click as the key enters the lock. The screen goes full black.

NARRATOR:

I say Yes.

MINUTE vs. DAVID HIGHTOWER

DDK:

What a match we've got for you up next on UNCUT and it is a bit of a size mismatch. We've got one third of Los Tres Titanes in action later tonight when Uriel Cortez takes on Alvaro de Vargas in a Falls Count Anywhere match! That match took place during our CLASH of the BRAZEN, but but before we get to that, right now we have BRAZEN's wrecking machine David Hightower taking on Uriel's tag partner, perhaps DEFIANCE's fastest wrestler... Minute!

Lance:

Minute has been working hard in the gym as well and he weighed in today at about 164... but boy, he's giving up almost a foot and a hundred pounds to the 6'4" and 275-pound Hightower! Hightower has given other members of the main roster a run for their money and Minute will surely be another.

DDK:

His opponent's size has never deterred Minute! Titan de los Cielos... or in English as a nod to their old tag name, Titan of the Skies, he can attack from all angles. We'll see if speed beats power or vice-versa up next!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by Titaness... From Tijuana, Mexico, weighing in at 164 pounds, representing Los Tres Titanes... **MINUTE!**

The lights go black and the arena is now enveloped in darkness... soon, one gold and silver spotlight shines on the stage...

♪ "Chase Me" by Danger Mouse feat. Run The Jewels and Big Boi ♪

And where the two spotlights meet, Minute raises a hand in the with two fingers, then takes in a nice applause from The Faithful. As the lights return, Titaness poses next to her stablemate with her back turned to the ring. She turns and bumps fists with Minute before he DASHES toward the ring like a lawn dart, then slides into the ring with the quickness. He leaps to his feet and looks out to the crowd before stepping up the ropes. He has one foot on the top turnbuckle and another on the ring post, posing for the crowd! Titaness remains at ringside showing her support for the dynamic luchador as he leaps back inside the ring and waits for his opponent.

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

David Hightower lumbers through the curtain and takes the stage as imposing as ever. Hightower adjusts that unforgiving chain around his neck and he begins his descent of the ramp, heading toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from West Memphis, Arkansas, weighing in at 275 pounds... **DAVID HIGHTOWER!**

David Hightower scowls at the fans along ringside who proceed to boo in his face. Once the mountain of a man gets to the ring, he climbs inside and grabs hold of the chain in his catcher's mitt sized hands. He tosses the chain aside and looks down at Minute, smiling like he's already won the match. Minute for his part, looks up at David Hightower and does the same.

DING DING!

DDK:

Here we go! The TJ Tornado taking on this tank of a man!

David tries to attack, but Minute ducks under his attempt at a clothesline and then does a front flip to his feet! The TJ Tornado pops The Faithful and then raises his hands! An angered Hightower turns around and then shoves Minute into the ropes then goes for a whip. He tries a back body drop... but the crowd GASPS when Minute leaps up onto Hightower's back as he's bent over! He balances himself, takes another bow, then leaps off his back quickly! The Faithful applaud and even Titaness gets in on it outside but Hightower isn't amused.

Lance:

Minute can run circles around almost anyone in DEFIANCE, but is he trying to make Hightower mad? I don't know if that's so smart.

DDK:

Interesting tactics for sure, but Hightower's temper is notorious.

Minute stands near the ropes when Hightower has seen enough. He charges at Minute again, but Minute slips through the ropes and David hits nothing but the corner! Minute leaps back into the ring, then leaps off the middle ropes and nails a springboard dropkick, catching David in the chest! He doesn't go down, but Minute pops up and lays in the ropes, waving at Hightower. He angrily barrels towards him, but The TJ Tornado slips through and Hightower goes through the ropes!

DDK:

Minute's playing matador here... and here he comes!

The crowd cheers on Minute as he runs through the ropes and hits a slingshot dropkick through the ropes, catching David in the face! He goes stumbling backwards as Minute slips back inside the ring. He runs from one side and back with the quickness and FLIES through the ropes in missile-like fashion with a high speed suicide dive, CRASHING right into Hightower and knocking him off his feet at last!

DDK:

WOW! There was enough speed on that to knock down Hightower!

Lance:

And Minute is back up!

The TJ Tornado is back on his feet and he once again bumps fists with Titaness and then heads back into the ring to cheers from the crowd. A dazed and angered Hightower starts to stumble his way back into the ring when Minute leaps off the ropes nearby and hits him with a springboard discus leg drop on the way back in! He tries get Hightower on his shoulders then into a cover.

ONE... TW-NO!

Hightower kicks out right at two and powers Minute off of him!

DDK:

Gonna take more than that to take down Hightower!

Minute goes for the legs and then connects with a few blistering shoot kicks to the leg to try and wear him down. He continues firing off kicks, but David shoves him off the ropes. Minute comes back right into a seated dropkick against the left knee! Hightower stumbles down and then Minute tries to run off the ropes again... but he gets surprised on the return when Hightower surges to life and THROWS him up in the air with a release flapjack slam! ‘

DDK:

Ooooh! There was nothing fancy about that! I think I can count the number of wrestling moves Hightower knows on one hand, but he doesn't need many with raw power like that.

Minute hits the mat hard but things get worse when Hightower trucks right over him using a big shoulder tackle! The blow sends Minute flying into the corner and he crashes hard! Titaness shows concern for her friend as Hightower pulls him out of the corner and then goes for a lax cover.

ONE... TW-NO!

DDK:

I think Hightower should have had a better cover there! Minute kicked out rather easily.

Lance:

He should've, yeah. Hightower getting a big win over a former two-time Unified Tag Champion though would be nothing to sneeze at!

He grabs Minute and then picks him up before just tossing him aside with a throw, sending him crashing down. Hightower angrily stomps over to where Minute got tossed and then picks him up. He goes to whip him across the ring, but fakes Minute out and simply whips him into the same corner he was just in, then clobbers him with a huge avalanche! He throws Minute out of the corner and then measures him up before walking forward and DRIVING a big knee drop into his chest!

DDK:

What a big series of moves! I think this is it!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Minute kicks out in the nick of time! Rex Knox holds up two fingers, but David Hightower angrily stares him down. He goes back to Minute and then grabs The Littlest Flippy-Doo by the neck. He grabs him up and then looks like he has a running powerslam in mind... but Minute slips out the back! He barely catches his footing when David turns around and then runs at him with a clothesline. Minute ducks and then runs right behind him and as Hightower kicks off the ropes, Minute leaps off the top rope and flies back, SPIKING him down with a huge tornado DDT!

DDK:

Interceptor! Great move by Minute! Can he follow up?

Minute takes some time to get back to his feet while David Hightower is left seeing stars on one side of the ring, using the nearby corner to help himself up. Minute sees his target and then leaps to the corner. He starts to climb the ropes and then RUNS across the ropes mid-length, then takes flight with an AMAZING rope-running corner dropkick, catching Hightower in the face! The Faithful gasp in astonishment as Minute gets on his knees and beats on his chest!

Lance:

This... this is otherworldly agility by Minute! He's unreal!

DDK:

He's primarily been a tag team wrestler with Uriel Cortez, but he can absolutely go in the singles realm! He's scored victories over stars like Jack Harmen, Oscar Burns and Elise Ares!

Minute crawls over to go for the cover on Hightower!

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

Hightower kicks out to the surprise of many! Minute is left surprised by the combo of moves not getting the win, but Minute doesn't stop.

DDK:

I'm surprised that Hightower kicked out! Minute staying on the attack,

Lance:

Minute's best chance to win!

He lays into Hightower as he tries to rise with a few kicks to his barrel chest, and then a superkick to the jaw! Hightower is glassy-eyed when Minute goes for it. He stands up and leaps off the ropes, but he comes back and gets KNOCKED down with a big running body block! Hightower roars and then goes for a cover on Minute!

ONE... TWO... THR-HAND ON THE ROPES!

Knox stops counting then Hightower punches the mat in frustration.

DDK:

Great move by Hightower, but a rookie mistake for sure! Great ring awareness by Minute!

Hightower stands up and then uses his far superior strength to hoist Minute off the ground with ease and grabs him from behind. He starts to try and hoist Minute up, but he flips over and at the last second, reverses the move with a tilt-a-whirl reverse DDT into the mat!

DDK:

What a counter that was! This is Minute's chance!

Minute then heads to the ring apron and looks out to the crowd with Titaness cheering him on before he leaps up and connects with a huge springboard senton bomb to the chest of Hightower! He then rolls out and then goes to the other side while Hightower is hurt!

DDK:

Springboard senton bomb! What a move! And now is he going for... YES! MINUTE DETAIL!

Lance:

He softens big Hightower with one big move then goes for the Minute Detail! Risky strategy but it may pay off here!

Minute goes from the other side and then connects with the springboard 450 splash, the Minute Detail, before he hooks the far leg of the massive Hightower!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

The TJ Tornado rolls off of the fallen Hightower and then gets cheers from the crowd as he kneels up. Titaness joins her fellow stablemate in the ring and then raises his arm along with the referee.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **MINUTE!**

Lance:

Minute has some big singles wins under his belt! A little later, we're gonna see if his partner can do the same thing when Uriel Cortez takes on Alvaro de Vargas! Falls Count Anywhere and all members of Better Future and Los Tres Titanes are barred from the arena!

Minute starts to leave the ring when suddenly, Titaness grabs Minute's legs and then puts him on her shoulders! Minute cheers and soaks in the adulation from The Faithful as the show goes elsewhere.

WELCOME TO AMES WORLD

When: After midnight, post Night 2 of DEFCON 2021

Location: Lakefront Arena

Drunken Familiar Voice:

You sound like a stage five clinger you know?

Teresa Ames appears from behind the lockers in which Jessica Reeves and Scott Douglas parted ways for the last time on DEFIANCE television. In one hand is the discarded manila envelope in which Scott Douglas had slapped out of the Original Reaper's hands.

Teresa Ames: *[waving her hand]*

Looking for this?

Jessica Reeves:

Are.. you drunk? Were you sleeping behind there?

Pointing at the bottle of rum in Teresa's hand, Jessica moves in to grab the package she had intended to deliver to Scott Douglas. Teresa, with a bit of drunken agility, side steps her with a giggle.

Teresa Ames:

I know that voice. You had a lot more to say to that cutie, Scott Douglas than he let you. You were probably in love with him. Figures. Fucking stage five clinger sluts like you give us Good Wives a bad name - the Good Wives. I can start my own club. I gotta tell Gage.

Teresa's excitement grows in her idea to tell Gage about starting a Good Wives club and the glint in her eyes pisses Jessica off. Reaper Prime lunges forward grabbing Teresa's wrists which causes her to drop the bottle of rum and make it crash against the locker room floor, shattering everywhere.

Jessica Reeves:

You smell like VOMIT! Give me that damn package!

Kneeing Ames in the gut Jessica leans up punching downwards at Teresa Ames who is lying on her back, prone on the concrete floor. The punch catches Ames in the cheek of her face and Ames screams out loudly, reacting with a violent kick upwards into Jessica's groin!

Teresa Ames:

Get off me, you vanilla slut! Take your fucking package psycho! I don't want to hear any message on that damn tape anyways!

Rolling off with a heaving thud Jessica's face bursts into a fright of pain and agony as she heavily intakes air in an attempt to recover from the brutal kick she just received. Covering her face with her hands she pleads with Teresa.

Jessica Reeves:

Then just give me the fucking envelope and go!

Teresa groans out as she stands, padding down her dress in the process. She grabs the envelope still folded tight, as it appears in her hand she tosses it to Jessica before combing through her hair.

Teresa Ames:

You gotta go for the champion girl. That Scott Douglas, he's no champ. Not like my husband.

Finding her reflection in a mirror across the way, Ames stands posing for a few moments admiring her torn up wedding dress, partial vomit stains and despaired look. Cracking her neck in a circular motion she does not realize that the young Jessica Reeves has now stood up behind her.

Jessica Reeves:

I think you need to spend a bit longer looking in that mirror, psycho.

Teresa Ames:

Stalker's daughter right? One time SOHER champion? The 'Original'?

She airquotes the word.

Teresa Ames:

Reaper..? So, what exactly are you doing here anyways? The wrestling locker room looks like an odd place to talk about your daddy issues.

Ames pops off at Jessica, who once again squares against her, but this time Teresa HEADBUTTS Jessica's face and splits her nose wide open. Blood pours down Jessica's face, her nose becoming a fountain of blood.

Jessica Reeves: *[stuttering]*

You... you... broke my fucking nose.... My.. nose..

Teresa smirks at Jessica before reaching her right arm fully back, her palm wide open as she slaps Jason 'Stalker' Reeves daughter flat out to the ground. Jessica lands with a loud thud and a groan of pain as she covers her face, blood flowing heavily in her hands. The envelope in question that started this fight now lay partially open next to Jessica's face.

Teresa Ames:

Welcomes to Ames' World! Bitch!

For a lasting reminder, Teresa Ames kicks Jessica twice in the gut before walking off. Leaving Jessica Reeves crumpled in a mess and looking into the manila folder. Gasping for air her eyes swell up when she realizes the gravity of the secrets on the tape. Secrets intended for one person and one person's ears only, Scott Douglas. But now the tape was in the hands of that one, Teresa Ames. With a final cry out in pain the scene fades away in misery as Jessica's eyes flush open in a hint of light.

CLEVER DICK

DDK:

We've got Rick Dickulous up next here on the interview stage, Lance. Likely here to gloat about his win at DEFCON.

Lance:

Win? He nearly killed a man on Pay-Per-View, Keeps! I think a good deal of the Faithful think he should be out of a job as a result...Rick Dick--

Suddenly the crowd is bathed in deep blood red lighting as a powerful kick drum resonates through the building's sound system.

♪ "Face Fisted" by Dethklok ♪

Rick strolls out onto the entrance ramp, his massive frame making the entryway seem tiny, eyes narrowed and staring daggers at the centre of the ring, his reddish full beard accentuating a wicked scowl. His shaven head glistens in the crimson light, along with his shimmering, oiled upper body. An axe occupies his massive and taped right hand (both are, up to his wrists), resting against the bare flesh of his shoulder.

Lance:

I don't know how he does that, but I'm getting a little tired of it, if I'm being honest.

DDK:

Are you kidding me? I may not like this guy, but you gotta admit his timing is impeccable.

Rick's legs fill his brown industrial work pants - his quads flexing through the thick material, and he sports a pair of plain black boots. Rick makes his way down the ramp and over to the interview stage, his eyes still exuding hate and loathing at the Faithful as he stalks past. He walks up the stairs slowly and steps onto the stage, taking one of the microphones from its stand and taps the foam end a few times with a sharp loud POPOPOP that quiets the crowd.

Rick Dickulous:

Don't you love that? How something so simple as a repetitive tapping noise can unconsciously cause someone to quiet down and pay attention? Almost as if you've been conditioned...as if you're being controlled, and you don't know why.

The crowd begins to react, random jeers and far from approving comments can be heard in a cacophonous millieux.

Rick:

I know this is the first time I've seen all of my adoring fans since DEFCON - and WHAT A DEFCON IT WAS, right?! I mean, we got to see quite a few decent screwjobs...and we got to see a man damn near die - I'll be honest, that was my favourite part...not gonna lie.

DDK:

Ugh. It's one thing to win a match and brag about it, Lance, but at DEFCON Chris Richards and Rick Dickulous weren't there to wrestle.

Lance:

Exactly, Keeps. Chris Richards is my hero in that match no matter what. Surviving a twenty plus foot fall with nothing seriously injured?!

Rick:

I read a lot of your comments too, read the hate mail, read about how I should be sent to prison for what I did to Chris Richards. But see, what I did? What I did was legal. Absolutely sanctioned in the State of Louisiana, and every single one of you whining and complaining like the Karens and Chads you are? Complaining about how every time your kids see Rick Dickulous on their screen they're scared, or they're upset because the kids say I'm bullying other wrestlers? Awwwww, cry me a river...I'll shit you a bridge, and you can get over it.

The crowd starts getting louder as Rick nods, looking back and forth at the crowd with a smug sneer on his face.

Rick:

But ya see, if I went to prison for what happened at DEFCON, you'd need to start locking up every other superstar in this promotion. Come on now, do you really think I'm the ONLY one here who's done anything bad? You think I'm the only one to put someone else in danger? If you do, clearly you're delusional...or you're just a simpleton who can't read, or maybe someone who allows cognitive dissonance to run wild and free in your day-to-day.

DDK:

See, this is why Rick Dickulous is easy to hate. What he's saying...is actually right, and I absolutely hate the fact that I had to say it.

Rick:

All it takes to get yourself over that hump is information, something concrete, something to jar you back to your dead-end job reality where you're barely scraping by paycheck to paycheck. See, I met someone not too long ago, some would say he's a good guy. In fact, I'd be willing to bet most of you would call him a good guy, but see, you've all put on blinders to the reality of the situation...he too was scraping by paycheck to paycheck, barely able to find a job because of his record, struggling to get by, then he found an employer who swept all that under the rug, put him in the spotlight, let worthless trash like you - exactly like each and every one of you - hold him up as some kind of ace in the hole to save the day...but they never wanted people to remember that he too had a history. A history that would easily muddy the waters a bit.

Lance:

I hate to say it, but now I'm a little interested to see where this is going.

Rick:

What do inmates do in prison? I mean besides what the television dramas tell you? They work out, right? A lot of men work out, because they know they're in a den of predators. Kill or be killed. So they make themselves stronger, better equipped to fend for themselves...because the one thing that's true in those television dramas in regards to prison? You have no friends in there. None. You have to be competitive or it gets wired into you through brute force...and that's where we come to good ol' Hollis.

Lance:

Wait a second, Hollis? Where do I know that name from? It's right on the tip of my tongue.

Rick:

See, Hollis you're an ex-con, right? A shining beacon of morality? And I know good goddamned well you've had that competitive, dog eat dog, only the strong survive mentality beaten into your head to such a degree that you THINK you're the best, the meanest, the STRONGEST....well, I'm here to challenge that paradigm, Mr. McAllister....

Lance:

Hollis McAllister?! Rick Dickulous is calling out The Original DEFIANT? The Wargod?

DDK:

Bronson Box. Rick Dickulous has taken notice as the biggest man in the yard, Lance, and I'm just a bit curious what Bronson Box has to say about this!

No music, no fanfare, no bells and whistles. Clad in his trademark brown and grey pinstripe three piece suit. Once through the curtain he tightens his tie and starts up towards the interview area absolutely unafraid of the axe wielding egotist waiting for him there.

Rick:

Well lookie here! The man himself... whats up HOLLIS! Did I say something in error, little man? Was what I said not the god's honest truth? You told me to do my research... well I did. And you're every bit of the bad-ass motherfucker you've been made out to be.

He leans in. The microphone is the only thing between the two men's faces.

Rick:

But you sure as shit 'aint the strongest. Not by a country goddamn mile, old man.

The quickness with which The Original DEFIANT reaches out and snatches the microphone is impressive enough to even garner a raised eyebrow from the very large snatchee. The buzz rolling through the Faithful at this point for this confrontation is palpable.

Box:

You think you're the first fatheaded fool to throw my shoot name at me like some sort of insult, lad?

Bronson is calm. Spooky calm. The fact he didn't come roaring out here in Box-like fashion has every eyebrow in the arena raised.

Box:

And yer' correct in yer' research, boy'o... just not yer' fookin' opinions. See, I 'aint a nice guy. In fact... I'm the original mean piece of shit of DEFIANCE. I've carved a path of hellish, bloody destruction across this company since its inception.

Now it's Boxer's turn to take a few bold steps forward.

Box:

I'm the violent bastard that defined what it is to be DEFIANT. I saw what you did at DEFCON... I 'aint impressed. What I am impressed with is this challenge. Strongest... you DO realize there's a difference between SHOW muscle and GO muscle, aye? Because from where I'm sittin' you're all show, son. But it would be my distinct pleasure to embarrass you on the single solitary thing you hang your hat on you juiced up prick...

The ACE shoves the microphone into Rick's chest and starts to turn and leave...

... Rick stops him, with a shit eating grin spread across his face.

Rick:

You really should be asking yourself a question here, STARMAKER...Wargod...Def Ace..whatever you feel like going by today: where is Richard getting his information? Because it 'aint all from the damn website, believe me. I mean... What could possibly make me think I could take on the "mighty" Bronson Box?

The crowd cheers Box's name as he stares narrow eyed and obviously a little confused by that last statement by the lumbergiant.

Rick:

I know more about you than you'd like me to, Hollis. Remember how I said "you don't have any friends in jai?" Well...it's 100 percent true. You don't.

Lance:

I don't know what kind of game Rick Dickulous is playing here, Darren.

DDK:

Whatever it is, he seems far too confident, and that's a problem.

Rick:

I know your strengths; I know your weaknesses; I know your bowel movement schedule...and you have one man to thank for all of that: your trainer and good buddy *Spud Collins*.

Rick's eyes narrow as he drops the microphone to the stage with a loud thud, readying himself for what he can only

assume is an oncoming assault.

The Wargod's face speaks volumes. Disbelief, incredulousness.

We can hear him off mic shout "bullshite" as he shakes his head and balls his ham-sized fists.

Bronson is obviously FAR less calm, cool and collected now. As though on cue DEFsec and referees come pouring from backstage to separate the two before any violence ensues. Bronson has been here long enough the backstage crew can predict these things pretty well.

Furious, ten different sets of hands at his chest pulling him down off the interview stage Rick just stands there... laughing. After Bronson is hauled backstage in a huff Rick shakes off the few members of DEFsec that were standing between him and The Wargod. The big man takes one last look around the arena and takes a bow before heading out, obviously proud of himself.

DDK:

He got his goat, I'll be damned. Bronson came out here cold as ice and left hotter than a campfire, partner.

Lance:

Rick played Box! How often have we EVER seen that? And what if it's true? Bronson has very few close compatriots. None closer than his trainer, mentor, business partner Spud Collins. It... makes no sense, Keeps. And what shape will this STRENGTH competition take? What are we about to see from these two?

DDK:

What indeed partner, what indeed.

FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE: URIEL CORTEZ vs. ALVARO DE VARGAS

DDK:

Here we go, Lance! We are here with what is promising to be a very violent confrontation. We saw Los Tres Titanes get the old Sky High Titans name and retire it for good so Tom Morrow couldn't have it. And we saw Morrow take an absolute beating at DEFCON that he deserved.

Lance:

Absolutely true. But Alvaro de Vargas didn't see it that way; so much so that he called in practically frothing at the mouth on DEF Radio for this challenge. One on one, no Better Future Talent Agency and no Los Tres Titanes. Just two giants ready to tear into one another one more time.

DDK:

These two actually met one on one back at Ascension 2020 with ADV taking the win... this time, though, it's Falls Count Anywhere in the DEF-Plex! ADV wants to avenge Tom Morrow and Uriel Cortez is hoping to close this chapter of his career for good. We've got Darren Quimbey in the ring right now for intros!

And we do indeed. Darren Quimbey is ready to announce. In the ring. Cause ring announcing.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a Falls Count Anywhere match and it is set for one fall!

The Faithful roar with approval for the fact of two giants ready to beat the hell out one another for their amusement. As they continue to cheer, the lights start to pulsate in shades of silver and gold...

LOS
TRES
TITANES

The name forms in a cursive gold with diamond-themed pattern. And with that...

♪ "RISE" by Mako, Glitch Mob and The Word Alive ♪

A LOUD explosion of gold pyro now goes off and standing on the stage, wearing an open sleeveless coat with a silver and gold towel draped over his massive neck and white thigh-length trunks, stands the massive Uriel Cortez!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from The City of Industry, California, weighing in at 339 pounds... he is **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

The crowd cheers the DEFIANCE star as he slowly heads to the ring. His game face is on tonight even as he hands out high fives and fist bumps to the fans heading on down to the ring. He continues to head to the ring and then climbs inside. Uriel Cortez throws his massive coat off and then gets ready to put one last chapter with Better Future Talent Agency behind him.

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Miami, Florida, weighing in at 271 pounds... **"EL SOL DORADO" ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

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 gestures to his new t-shirt with ADV's shit-eating grin plastered in a golden sun reading "¡EI SOL DORADO!" He comes out and for once, no microphone but he does have wicked intentions etched on his face as he talks some mess to the camera.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Falls Count Anywhere, pendejo! I'm gonna drag your big ass around this arena! Te voy a patear el puto culo!

ADV climbs up the steps and watches as Uriel shoots him a death glare. De Vargas takes his shirt off and then climbs into the ring to look up at The Titan of Industry. He spins the shirt around as referee Brian Slater calls for the bell...

DING DING!

DDK:

I think Brian Slater might be the only referee big enough to con... WHOA!

Right at the start, ADV's shirt gets whipped right at the face of Uriel and that's what ADV uses to launch right into an attack, slamming him over and over at the outset with a barrage of chops to chest of the big man. Alvaro throws a boot into his gut and then backs him into a corner with all the strength he can muster.

DDK:

This is a great strategy by Alvaro! Attack him and keep Uriel from getting any opening. He's hard to stop once he gets going in that ring!

Lance:

Alvaro himself is very crafty beyond his years!

He runs across the ring and then leaps right at Uriel with a huge corner clothesline! He rocks the giant and ADV takes the time to talk trash to the crowd.

Lance:

Oh, no, look at Uriel...

The Titan of Industry has been attacked, but the 7'2" giant snorts and slowly stalks his way out of the corner. When Alvaro turns around... he gets GRABBED by the throat and tossed into the corner!

DDK:

The Faithful are loving it! Uriel hits a huge running back elbow in the corner! And he's not done!

The massive Uriel bounces off the ropes just as ADV stumbles out of the corner, only for The Titan of Industry to KNOCK Alvaro down with tremendous force using a running shoulder tackle! The Faithful cheer on Diamante Gigante as he raises a fist in the air!

DDK:

Big move by Cortez! He's been working really hard in the gym these last few months. He's shed somewhere like twenty pounds in the last few months and it's showing!

Lance:

It's true! Now he's got de Vargas!

He grabs El Sol Dorado off the canvas and then powers the cocky Cuban-American up over his shoulder. He holds him in place and just to get the crowd going, he has him over the shoulder with ONE arm while waving to the crowd in the other, building up a chant... before DROPPING him hard with a big delayed scoop slam! ADV writhes in pain, but it gets worse when Cortez drops a HUGE elbow drop into his chest and then goes for a cover.

ONE...

TW-NO!

De Vargas kicks out, but Uriel grabs him by the head again and leads him up before hitting a knee to the chest, then a headbutt to send to the corner!

DDK:

There's plenty of history between these two giants! They fought last year at Ascension where ADV scored his first huge pay-per-view win as a main roster member against Uriel!

Lance:

Indeed! Uriel never forgot that fireball to the face... and in fact was ADV's first victim of that deadly weapon. A trivia fact I'm sure Uriel would like to erase tonight.

Uriel has ADV pinned to the corner. He raises his hands and plays to the crowd... but before he can hit the Chop of Ages, ADV lunges out and thumbs Uriel in the eye! The big man staggers around for the moment as the crowd jeers. ADV then goes low and chop blocks the left knee of Cortez, dropping The Titan of Industry down to a knee!

DDK:

Big counter by Alvaro... and now he runs... running knee to the chest!

ADV scores with his signature running knee to the chest, dropping Uriel to the mat! But before Alvaro can go for a pin in the ring, The Titan of Industry rolls underneath the bottom rope and then heads to the floor. As he leaves, ADV holds his arms out wide.

Alvaro de Vargas:

MY RING, PENDEJOS! EVERYTHING REVOLVES AROUND ME!

The jeering of The Faithful continues as ADV rolls out of the ring. Uriel holds his chest in pain while ADV gets another attack ready.

DDK:

What's ADV got planned?

The tall Cuban runs across the ringside area and may be looking for another knee or his running big boot... but instead, he gets WAILED on with a huge clothesline by The Titan of Industry!

Lance:

Whatever plans he had just got derailed by Cortez and that massive clothesline on the floor! And now what's Uriel gonna do?

Uriel looks out to the fans and then the big man gets a running start... then DRIVES all his weight down into a big senton on de Vargas on the floor!

DDK:

OUCH! That had to be the tallest freaking senton I've ever seen in DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Me too! Uriel might wrap this up! Cover right on the floor!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Credit to de Vargas! We've seen him take some punishment in the past, but that had to be up there! This is a tough man!

Lance:

He's beaten Oscar Burns on a pair of occasions and like we said before, he has beaten Uriel Cortez and Minute in singles action. ADV can get it done. Period.

Cortez grabs ADV and then racks him up on his shoulder. He points towards the ring post near by and then has designs on slamming ADV into it... but he slips out behind him, then SHOVS Cortez into the post! Uriel stumbles and doesn't go down right away, but Alvaro saves himself from getting slammed.

DDK:

He's got Uriel doubled over near the timekeeper's area!

It takes ADV a few seconds to catch his breath and make sure that his body is still intact. And when he confirms this, he charges forward and NAILS a doubled-over Uriel in the side of the head with a running big boot! The timekeeper and a ringside assistant scramble like rats as Uriel is sent stumbling over the barricade and right into the area!

Lance:

What a move! ADV just sends Uriel down and it didn't take these giants long at all to take advantage of Falls Count Anywhere!

DDK:

No it didn't!

And in fact, El Sol Dorado takes more time to catch his breath before he reaches over the knocked-over table and then goes over to the wreckage to try and pin Uriel on the floor now.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Titan of Industry kicks out again and ADV is left shocked, but doesn't stay that way for long when he rolls over and lays into Uriel with right hands. And by the nature of the match all that Brian Slater can do is watch the carnage unfold or count a pinfall/submission.

DDK:

We say it often, but Morrow found a true diamond in the rough with Alvaro. Plucked him right out of BRAZEN and he has been just on fire ever since... bad pun notwithstanding.

Lance:

Indeed. He's taking the fight to Uriel and not too many people match up to him physically!

ADV continues to batter the giant with rights until he opts to stand to grab another weapon and then takes hold of a chair. He closes the chair with The Titan of Industry once again trying to stand. And when he does...

WHAM!

Cortez THROWS the chair into the face of Uriel, staggering him against the barricade! ADV then follows with a big clothesline and dumps him over the barricade and right into the crowd!

DDK:

There was some venom in that shot by Alvaro! He wants payback for what happened to Tom Morrow and he wants it in a bad way.

Lance:

Morrow got exactly what he had coming to him! We heard ADV say a couple of weeks ago that Better Future still had

eyes on other talent... I wonder who else they're looking at?

Replays flash on the screen showing the chair being lobbed at Uriel Cortez from multiple angles before Alvaro runs into him.

DDK:

Uriel is looking at a loss if Alvaro keeps this up!

Now both giants are on the other side of the barricade with a rabid crowd cheering on destruction being caused by both beasts. Alvaro now takes the fight right to Uriel as he stumbles through the crowd, wailing away on him with a series of clubbing blows to the back. He tries another shot to Uriel and then clobbers him again. As Uriel is down, Alvaro grits his teeth and looks out.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Bésame el culo, pendejos!

Alvaro has Cortez down between seats. He gets a running start from one level up... and then LEAPS off the nearby steps, DRIVING both feet into the chest of Cortez with a big double foot stomp! The Faithful groan while Uriel growls in pain, holding his rib cage!

DDK:

Alvaro pulling out all the stops tonight! And now another cover in the crowd!

Lance:

Is this gonna be all for Cortez?

Alvaro tries to pin Uriel's shoulders to the floor.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The shoulder comes up and El Sol Dorado is left growling in anger!

DDK:

Close one, but... oh, no, where's he going?

Alvaro climbs off of Uriel and pushes his way through a sea of fans a few levels back between levels and goes to grab another steel chair. He folds it shut quickly and as he comes back, Uriel is using some seats to try and stand again. ADV swings...

DDK:

NO! CORTEZ BLOCKS THE SHOT!

Diamante Gigante grabs the chair with both hands and then brings up at knee to the chest of Alvaro! ADV doubles over in pain as the two monsters stick out like sore thumbs among the sea of the Faithful cheering on the physicality. Uriel grabs the chair...

AND BRINGS IT DOWN ACROSS ALVARO'S BACK!

DDK:

AND THERE GOES ADV'S SPINE!

De Vargas falls to his knees after the brutal shot to the back, but Cortez isn't done. The Faithful continue voicing support for the giant when he grabs the chair and then opens it up before setting it down. He picks up ADV and then drills him with a big right to the jaw, sending him staggering backwards so he's sitting in the chair.

Lance:

He's got those hands out. I think we know what's next!

Uriel smiles with ADV sprawled out across the chair. He looks up...

THWACK!**DDK:**

LORD! That might have been the hardest Chop of Ages I have EVER seen Uriel throw! He knocks Alvaro out of that chair! And now he's trying to pin him between the fans in the aisle!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The shoulder comes up from ADV this time and now he's the one left surprised, but he doesn't let it get to him.

DDK:

Tom Morrow and Alvaro de Vargas have cause Uriel so much pain. Morrow and his father Thomas Keeling originally brought Uriel Cortez into DEFIANCE back at DEFCON 2018 and since then, Uriel has called DEFIANCE home whether he's been loved or hated.

Lance:

And now he wants this chapter of his career to be closed for good, but not if Alvaro has something to say about it first!

Uriel has the chair again, but when he tries to swing... he gets a kick between the legs!

DDK:

ADV plays as dirty as anyone else, but all legal tonight!

Diamante Gigante reels over being kicked in the... diamantes, and that gives Alvaro the chance to get the momentum back. He limps up and it looks like two big welts are left on his chest from The Chop of Ages double chop hitting his chest, but El Sol Dorado fights back. Alvaro has the chair...

WHAM!

WHAM!

WHAM!

WHAM!

No, Uriel didn't forget to wake up before he go-go'ed. He gets blasted four different times across the back by the chair and then gets brought to his knees.

DDK:

That chair has been bent to nothing! Look!

Sure enough, the chair is dented between the two men's opposing shots and now ADV lets it drop. As Uriel is left on his knees, he runs forward and then PUNTS the massive Cortez in his rib cage! Cortez rolls over in the aisleway now leading towards the stage. The Faithful start jeering Alvaro.

"ADV SUCKS!
ADV SUCKS!
ADV SUCKS!
ADV SUCKS!"

Alvaro de Vargas:

Lo que sea, pendejos! Eso era bueno!

He hurries over to Cortez and tries the pin again.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

DDK:

No way! Cortez is taking everything ADV can give him and kicking out!

Lance:

If he wants to really put them behind him, Uriel isn't going to give up. He knows he needs to win this!

More cheers erupt for the giant member of Los Tres Titanes as ADV stands to his full height and ignores the crowd. The fight finally bleeds out from the crowd and now both giants are on the side of the DEF-Plex arena closest to the interview stage on the right. Uriel tries to stand when ADV grabs him in a headlock and then runs over to SLAM Uriel's head up against the stage. As Uriel crumbles to a knee, ADV motions for a stagehand on the stage to get him a microphone.

DDK:

What is this?

ADV continues to threaten a stagehand until he gives him the mic from the slightly elevated stage. He starts to talk... then WALLOPS Cortez upside the head! The feedback of the microphone grinds through the arena speakers and ADV can be heard cackling.

Alvaro de Vargas:

I told you on DEF Radio, pendejo... I'm gonna cripple your little pendejo friend, Minute... then I'm gonna take that sweet little pendeja and I'm gonna have fun with her!

DDK:

Ugh. Deplorable.

ADV throws the mic down and then climbs up onto the stage. Not very high, but he still has a little room between himself and Cortez. The giant starts to try and stand again, and when he does, ADV LEAPS off with a somersault senton off the stage, wiping out he and Uriel in the process!

Lance:

ADV WANTS TO WIN! THAT RISKY MOVE PAID OFF!

DDK:

IT DID! WE'VE SEEN DE VARGAS BUST THAT MOVE OUT ON BIG PAY-PER-VIEW MATCHES IN THE PAST,

BUT NOT LIKE THAT!

Both men are down on the floor near the interview stage... but ADV is the first one to slowly crawl over and try and pin Uriel!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

NO! URIEL KICKED OUT!

Lance:

How'd he do that?! Alvaro is almost 280 pounds and bowled Uriel over!

The chants from the Faithful get crazy and the cheers continue. ADV slowly rolls off of Uriel and tries picking him up again. When he has Uriel on a knee... Uriel fights back and DRILLS Alvaro with a straight punch to the gut! Uriel uses the nearby stage and then gets back up with the fans fully in support of ADV getting his ass kicked. De Vargas tries a right, but Uriel blocks and then nails a STIFF headbutt that rocks him and then sends both giants towards the ramp.

Lance:

Oh, boy... they're coming this way, Darren. They're coming OUR way!

DDK:

I don't like this!

Uriel grabs Alvaro and then RAMS him back-first against the lower section of the stage! ADV is hurt, but it gets worse for him when he drags ADV over...

Uriel Cortez:

You aren't fucking with ANYONE I care about ever again!

The Titan of Industry then BIELS him right onto the ramp, sending him crashing back-first!

DDK:

We thought the fireworks ended back at DEFCON, but think again! We've got this physical match between two monsters to close out this edition of UNCUT!

Lance:

You said it partner.. And oh, boy I told you I wasn't kidding! Now Uriel... BIG BUSINESS ON THE STAGE!

Uriel picks up ADV and DROPS him on the stage with the inverted headlock elbow drop and then lays on top of him for the cover as the crowd counts along!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE- KICKOUT!

Lance:

WHOA! Alvaro got pinballed around the stage and then spiked on the ramp... and he still kicked out!

DDK:

Uriel should have hooked a leg, but he didn't! Both of these men are spent just beating the hell out of one another to end this grudge!

Cortez slaps the stage and sits up again with bad intentions in mind for the crown jewel of Better Future Talent Agency. The crowd cheers him again as he grabs Alvaro by the back of his hair and then tries to stop him...

But Alvaro grabs his arm and pulls him into a headbutt! Then another! And another! And another! And another!

DDK:

Good lord! Alvaro doing what he needs to do to keep Uriel Cortez from gaining the upper hand!

The Titan of Industry eats a couple more headbutts until he crumbles to a knee and then is left kneeling on the stage while Alvaro grits his teeth. He fires a kick to the knee and then doubles him over...

DDK:

Oh, no... that's it... if he hits the Ardiendo on that stage, it's over!

Lance:

He's beaten Uriel with this very move! Can he hit Ardiendo?

Alvaro has the piledriver locked in... and he tries to hoist Uriel once... but he stays grounded. Then again... but Uriel kicks frantically until he gets dropped... **BACK BODY DROP ON THE RAMP!**

DDK:

Uriel with the comeback! He fights his way out of Alvaro's signature piledriver!

Alvaro hits his back on the ramp and is left writhing in pain now with Cortez back on his feet, He stands up to his full height and then charges forward, **SMACKING** right into Alvaro with **The Biggest Dropkick in DEFIANCE!**

Lance:

WHAT THE...? URIEL WITH THE DROPKICK ON THE RAMP!

The Faithful go nuts! Uriel takes some time to get up with both men laid out, but The Titan of Industry is up first! Alvaro is still hurt, but he gets up again...

Lance:

Oh, no... he IS coming our way!

DDK:

Time to go!

With the crowd cheering the massive monster now dragging Alvaro near the announce table, Darren Quimbey and Lance Warner get the hell away from the table. Uriel starts to get ready to give Alvaro the ride through the announce table... But Alvaro elbows his way free! He has Uriel stumbling back, then tries a low blow again... **BUT URIEL CATCHES THE LEG!** ADV shakes his head while Uriel grits his teeth, then **PULLS** him right into his grip...

INDUSTRY STANDARD THROUGH THE ANNOUNCE TABLE!

"RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!"

The table explodes into pieces and Uriel kneels over to pin Alvaro in the wreckage...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

♪ "RISE" by Mako, Glitch Mob and The Word Alive ♪

The giant heaves a sigh of relief and looks out to the audience... then unleashes a heavy roar reciprocated by The Faithful!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

The giant slowly gets up to his feet and then balls up his fists before he raises them overhead! Feedback can be heard as Darren and Lance try to scramble for headsets.

DDK:

Can you hear me, Lance?

Lance:

Yes! What a fight we just witnessed here on UNCUT! Alvaro de Vargas made the challenge for UNCUT 93 on DEF Radio and Uriel accepted... and tonight, in this Falls Count Anywhere match, The Titan of Industry prevailed!

Brian Slater raises the hand of Uriel and the homegrown giant of DEFIANCE and The Faithful cheer as they see Alvaro de Vargas get his!

Lance:

What a hellacious match that was! With this win tonight, Uriel Cortez has to be happy to have the shadow of Better Future and Tom Morrow no longer looming over him!

DDK:

Without a doubt, Lance! Folks, thanks for joining us for UNCUT! For Lance Warner, I'm Darren Keebler and we'll see you soon for DEFtv!

Cortez nods and acknowledges the crowd before he starts to head to the back while trainers attend to Alvaro. Uriel salutes the crowd as the show heads out... to one last look at a departing star...

COLD CLOSE

When: Post DEFCON 202, Night 2
Location: Lakefront Arena

The camera catches up with Scott Douglas on the tail end of a conversation with Kerry Kuroyama. An hour or so prior, Scott suffered a devastating loss but reconciled with his old friend. It is obviously a bittersweet end to his career in DEFIANCE.

Kerry Kuroyama:

... definitely. I'll give you a call tomorrow.

Douglas looks beaten, he looks battered ... but somehow he looks lighter.

Scott Douglas:

Sounds good.

He sounds exhausted but for the first time in many years, hopeful.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I'd worry ... if I didn't know you'd land on your feet.

Douglas' smirks at Kerry's comment, responding with a bit of a chuckle.

Scott Douglas:

I'm sure...

The pair take a beat and the moment sets in.

This is it.

It may not be the last conversation between the two but it'll be the last here.

Douglas breaks the silence.

Scott Douglas:

It's your turn now, Kerry. Give 'em hell!

The pair shake hands and nod at one another as Kerry turns away heading back toward the locker rooms. Scott is headed the other direction... for the door.

"Oye, watch it!"

As Douglas turns away from Kerry he runs smack dab into none other than the ACE of DEFIANCE... Bronson Box. The two collide shoulder to shoulder and before he can even focus his eyes on this newly presented obstacle the voice has already made it very clear who he is.

Douglas steps back, prepared for a fight.

Douglas stares at Bronson.

Box stares at Scott.

DEFIANCE'S Favorite Son stares at The Original DEFIANT ...

And surprisingly nothing happens ...

A smile stretches across Scott Douglas' face as it dawns on him ... "how fitting."

Douglas side steps Box holding a hand out slightly, signifying he doesn't want any trouble. Bronson starts on his way but stops short, looking over his shoulder.

Bronson Box:

They fooked me out of my place here once. And here I am. Keep that in mind, lad.

Boxer continues on his way.

Douglas continues down the hallway as the true veteran of the pair quips at him.

SMACK

Douglas hits the crash bar of the exit door, it swings open wide and he steps out into the New Orleans night.

As the door swings closed, in a brief glimpse "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas' last moments on DEFIANCE film are captured.

He suddenly turns his head to the right and a big smile stretches across his face and Iris Davine meets him in an embrace as the heavy door swings shut.

SLAM

THIS.

IS.

UNCUT.