

## 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.***

## DEF'S STRONGEST - ROUND 4

**Lance:**

And we'll see Rezin along with Victor Vacio later on tonight, Keebs.

**DDK:**

I'll bet more than once - hell, I'd put money on it! But next up we're heading out to Tulane University here in New Orleans, Lance, for the next round of the Meaty Boys Battle!

**Lance:**

Buffalo Brian Slater being given the reins tonight on site without Darren Quimbey, however what I've been told is that this event is being simulcast between Tulane and here in the WrestlePlex.

**DDK:**

Isn't that just a fancy way of saying live, partner? Folks, we've got live coverage here from Tulane University's Track & Field outdoor training facility...

Bleachers mostly full of cheering fans stand behind a chain link fence backstop separating them from a pristine shot put sand pit, a medium sized irregularly shaped stone sitting in the centre. Brian Slater stands just behind the sand pit, positioned between Rick Dickulous off to his left, and Bronson Box (*clad for this event in a traditional Scottish kilt adorned with the predominantly black and red McAllister clan tartan*), along with Rhys and Spud Collins to his right. The two beefy competitors are separated by not only forty-odd feet, but a good number of equally beefy DEFSec members standing between them.

**DDK:**

...where, as my illustrious compatriot was explaining--

**Lance:**

The fourth event in the DEFIANCE's Strongest Man competition between Bronson Box and Rick Dickulous. Rick Dickulous currently leads the best of seven two events to one.

**DDK:**

The Lumbergiant took the first event - the Atlas Ball course - by beating Bronson Box by such a slim margin...but when seconds count, Lance, a slight fumble can be all it takes.

**Lance:**

With the loser picking the next event, strategy plays a major role in how this whole competition plays out. Bronson Box chose a truck pull for the second go-round with Rick Dickulous, banking on his ability to dig deep as he always does and pull out the W. Unfortunately a slip up cost Bronson Box the event and gave Rick a commanding two nothing lead.

**DDK:**

But showing he can still dig deep, Lance, Bronson Box last week on DEFtv beat Rick Dickulous at his own game! Bronson Box did the unthinkable last week and squatted ONE THOUSAND FIFTY POUNDS! That is inhuman...as Timmy from Florida on DEF Radio would say, STRAIGHT UP!

**Lance:**

Straight up indeed, Keebs. Tonight, it seems Rick Dickulous is taking a page from Bronson Box however, and has chosen a standing...stoneput?

The shot cuts to a closeup of the irregularly shaped stone as it slowly pans back out and up to Brian Slater who places his hand to his ear, listening for a moment before nodding.

**Brian Slater:**

Gentlemen! DEFIANCE wants to thank Tulane University...

The crowd cheers.

**Slater:**

...and remind the competitors that there will be ZERO TOLERANCE here tonight for any contact between the competitors. ANY contact WILL result in disciplinary action. Tonight's competition will be ONE THROW each of this 28 pound stone. This will be a STANDING STONEPUT, in Highland Games fashion.

Brian Slater reaches into his breast pocket, retrieving the promotional coin that has been used in each event and places it over his thumb.

**Slater:**

Rick, call it.

Slater flips the coin into the air.

**Rick Dickulous:**

Tails...just like I'll be getting when we're done here. BOOM.

The crowd gives a mixed reaction as the coin lands in the sand pit. Slater bends down to retrieve it.

**Slater:**

TAILS IT IS!

With a chortle, Rick begins his walk towards the sand pit with his eyes glued to Bronson Box's.

**Rick:**

I saw your mom has a profile on Cougar Hunter there, Brondo...maybe I'll slide on into her DMs, among other things. Nothin' wrong with a little GILF action.

As the mostly college aged crowd reacts positively, Bronson Box remains stoic, unphased. Rhys and Spud Collins, clearly incensed are held back only by Box's unflinching demeanor.

Rick sidles up to the stone and picks it up in both hands, resting it on his right shoulder with his hand underneath and pauses.

**Lance:**

Keep in mind, the world record for the 28 pound stoneput is forty feet, eleven inches...I'm anxious to see what Rick can accomplish here.

**DDK:**

Where'd you get that world record from? Your papers?

**Lance:**

The...internet? Don't you have a cell phone?

Rick bobs up and down a few times, seeming to build momentum with each upward motion, and with a loud and laboured grunt, Rick launches the stone end over end, high into the air.

**DDK:**

I don't think that's coming down! Rick Dickulous launched that stone into orbit!

**Lance:**

Not quite, but he's definitely got distance on that throw!

As the camera focuses in on the stone, it violently crashes into the manicured field well beyond a white chalk line

drawn across the wedge. As the camera pans out, the number forty can be seen on a small yellow sign at the side as the crowd gives cheer as Rick smugly looks over again to Bronson with a shit eating grin, DEFSec members quickly begin corralling Rick back to Brian Slater's left side.

**Rick [off mic]:**

Let's see what you got, old man.

**DDK:**

The Lumbergiant just broke a World Record, Lance?

**Lance:**

Unofficially...I'm going to say yes, but we'll have to wait for the announcement from down on the field.

**Slater:**

Rick Dickulous' throw, as measured by DEFIANCE staff, comes in at...FORTY ONE FEET, EIGHT INCHES!

As Rick celebrates, Bronson Box slowly steps forward before being stopped by the hand of Spud Collins on his meaty shoulder. Collins leans forward and whispers into The Wargod's ear, before Box nods confidently and continues towards the sand pit.

**DDK:**

He did! He broke the World Record!

**Lance:**

Again, Keeps, unofficially. We have nobody here verifying the results from any of the Highland Games international bodies. That being said, things are looking grim for The Original Defiant right now.

**DDK:**

He's looking at going down 3-1 here unless he can beat a new World Record....unofficially.

The crowd quiets to a dull roar as the ACE lifts the stone up onto his shoulder with his right hand, his left gently holding it in place with fingertips. Box hunkers down in one of the strangest pre throwing positions anyone could imagine; almost kneeling in the sand with his right leg he's crouched so low, body twisted to the right like a meaty contortionist, face so close to the stone he could purse his lips and kiss it. The crowd quiets even further, waiting for The STARMAKER to heave the stone asunder, The Scottish Strongman roars loud enough to shock even Rick Dickulous as he springs upwards, his left arm swinging clear as his massive right arm extends, launching the stone on a similar trajectory, end over end down the field.

**DDK:**

There's no way Boxer is gonna beat Rick's toss, Lance...and I hate to bet against him, but look at that stone wobble.

**Lance:**

It almost looks like it's pancaking...almost like a waffle pass in hockey. That could cut down on drag.

The shot focuses in as the stone lands, leaving a large crater as it careens on for a few tumbles and comes to rest. Again the shot pans out to show the two craters separated by a few feet but both just past the forty foot line. The crowd erupts in cheers as Box holds his arms up in celebration as Rhys and Spud Collins celebrate alongside him.

**DDK:**

It's too close to call, Lance! Just look at those two craters out there!

**Lance:**

We'll need to wait for the official measurement, and keep in mind that it goes from the toe board at the front of the sand pit all the way out to the front-most edge of the divot. I'm wondering how this will play out.

**Slater:**

Bronson Box's throw, as measured by DEFIANCE staff, comes in at...FORTY ONE FEET, NINE AND THREE QUARTER INCHES!

**Lance:**

HE DID IT! OH MY GOD! BOX TIED IT UP 2 / 2!

**DDK:**

Speechless! I'm absolutely speechless!

As the distance is announced, the DEF Sec members close in around Rick Dickulous who is absolutely fuming mad as the crowd goes nuts! Rick attempts to charge at Box, but he's wrestled back to the chain link fence backstop, all the while fighting and pushing back ineffectively.

**Bronson Box [off mic]:**

NOT BAD FER' AN OLD FELLA, EH?! GO FOOK YER'SELF YA' BIG GOOFY BASTARD!

Boxer aggressively flexes at the lumbergiant, then to the packed stands. The DEF Sec team holds the red in the face Rick Dickulous at bay, the shot cutting back to "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner at commentary inside the WrestlePlex.

**DDK:**

Two world records in a day, Lance? Unofficially?

**Lance:**

That's right, Keeps, unofficially. BUT, we did see Bronson Box even the score here at two events apiece. Who is going to be crowned DEFIANCE's Strongest Man?

**DDK:**

I don't know Lance, but I bet against him tonight and he proved me wrong...I'm all in on The STARMAKER, The ACE, the Scottish Strongman...

**Lance:**

The beating heart of DEFIANCE Wrestling, Keeps!

## FAILING TO PLAN IS PLANNING TO FAIL

A DEFIANCE camera crew creeps around one of the many corners of the arena. They begin capturing film of two men sitting across from each other at a table. The men are the epitome of what physical exhaustion and overall bad posture looks like. The table is littered with empty takeout food containers and crushed energy drink cans.

**Suited Man:**

I can't believe all the work Malak has put us through. Can you, MEE6?

**MEE6:** *[depressed]*

...rank... no... ALEX.

MEE6 and ALEX look like they both need a good, long shower. ALEX's suit has random tears and pizza cheese on it.

**ALEX:**

I mean, if he finds out we didn't do ALL the jobs he assigned to us, we're as good as pulverized dead meat!

**MEE6:**

...rank...

**ALEX:**

I don't know about you, but I certainly don't want to go another twelve rounds with Cyrus in the broom closet again!

The panic is real as ALEX sweats it out. Meanwhile, MEE6 is too lethargic to do anything about the current situation.

**ALEX:**

We need a plan and I don't mean one of Malak's cooked up ones. We need a plan for ourselves to get out of here.

MEE6 raises his head with a glimmer of hope.

**MEE6:**

Rank?

**ALEX:**

Are you with me, MEE6?

**MEE6:** *[nodding]*

Rank, rank!

**ALEX:**

I know you say more than that, MEE6. You're that low on energy, huh?

ALEX rises from his chair with help from the table. He sifts through some of the garbage until he picks up a crumpled juice box. He shakes it.

**ALEX:**

Still some juice left. It's Peach from Concentrate but it'll have to do. Conor used to give us Welch's for crying out loud.

ALEX rushes to MEE6's aid. ALEX waits impatiently for the juice to take effect after administering it. His eyes wander until he sees the camera crew!

**ALEX:**

MEE6! WE'RE SAVED! HEY! GUYS! SAVE US! GET US OUT OF HERE!

The camera crew stumbles backwards until it's clear the camera is on the ground and whoever was operating it has

been removed. The only thing that can be seen is the wall and the only thing that can be heard is the sound of heavy footsteps, until...

**ALEX:**

Cy-Cyrus, what are you doing here? Hey, look, we're overworked and MEE6 could really use some more jui—ARGH! YOU'RE, YOU'RE CHOKING ME! SOMEONE! PLEASE! HELPPP!

Cut feed.

## **PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP: MALAK GARLAND Â© vs. NO FUN DEAN w/ SLIGHTLY FUN JEN**

Fans are settling in around the arena as the first match gets underway.

♪ *"I'm Not Having Fun Anymore" by Dreary Artists* ♪

Some fans stand as No Fun Dean emerges from behind the curtain. He most certainly isn't having any fun at the moment. A woman putters along a few steps behind him. She looks like she's having slightly more fun than Dean.

### **Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, this match is for the Paper Championship! Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by Slightly Fun Jen, weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds, NO FUN DEAN!

Dean flexes while his name is being announced. He rolls into the ring as he directs Jen exactly where to stand.

### **DDK:**

Looks like we're kicking things off with a Paper Title match!

♪ *"ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown* ♪

Malak saunters out on stage, clutching his beloved belt made of paper. Cyrus is not too far behind the Magnum G Mouthpiece.

### **Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing the champion, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, being accompanied to the ring by Cyrus Bates, HE IS MALAK GARLAND!

Malak forces Cyrus to hold his belt before rolling into the ring. The ref checks things over before starting the match.

### **DING DING**

### **Lance:**

We all get to witness yet another title defense for Malak and he even brought Cyrus this time.

### **DDK:**

I'm not going to lie; I think I am bit more intrigued with what's going on between No Fun Dean and Slightly Fun Jen?

Garland and Dean tie up until Malak breaks the grapple, swings wildly and earns himself a back body drop onto the canvas!

### **DDK:**

Big move by Dean!

Dean splashes down on Malak and stays on top for a cover.

ONE!

KICKOUT!

### **Lance:**

That obviously won't do it but a quick test to see if Malak was napping.

Dean pulls Malak up, sends him off the ropes and ends up on the receiving end of a sling blade! Malak allows his momentum to carry himself out of the ring and nearly into the arms of Cyrus Bates.



**Malak Garland:**

Cheer me on. Do your job.

Cyrus claps on cue while holding the paper belt over his shoulder but what they both don't see is No Fun Dean catapulting his body over the ropes with a suicide dive! Dean gets up after crashing into both men and tries to jack the fans up.

**No Fun Dean:**

THIS ISN'T FUN!

Dean turns and sees Slightly Fun Jen who is also cheering but with slightly more gusto. He immediately walks over to her and pulls her arms down.

**No Fun Dean:**

YOU CAN'T HAVE MORE FUN THAN ME. GET ME A WEAPON. NOW.

Doing what she's told, Jen scurries under the apron and retrieves a golf club from under the ring. She hastily gives it to Dean.

**DDK:**

Dean won't want to use that! He will be disqualified for sure!

**Lance:**

Does he really care about winning a fake belt made of paper?

**DDK:**

The real question is should he and good point, Lance.

Dean stalks the fallen Malak with a six iron in hand. He raises it and gives it a swing but ends up hitting nothing but the ring post!

*DOOOOOOOIINNNNNG!*

The shaft the club bends against the steel post as the reverberation hurts Dean's forearms to the point where is forced to discard the club.

**No Fun Dean:**

I HATE GOLF!

Seeing his opening, Malak shotgun dropkicks Dean at the shins, then introduces his opponents head into the apron, which is the hardest part of the ring.

**DDK:**

Malak climbing back into this thing now.

Cyrus is groggy but eventually gets up and eyes down Jen to ensure she doesn't assert herself into the situation. Malak rolls Dean into the ring and then senton flies over the ropes and onto Dean for a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

**Lance:**

Close call there!

Garland rises to his feet and tries to keep the bigger foe down by stomping him but it's no use. Eventually, Dean gets up and is met with some loud chops.

*SMACK!*

*SMACK!*

*SMACK!*

His chest now raw and red, No Fun Dean goes to headbutt Malak but misses.

**DDK:**

Malak ducked! Another shotgun dropkick, this time to the calves of Dean!

Seeing Dean in a knelt position gives Malak extreme happiness as he mounts Dean and locks in a camel clutch!

**Lance:**

Malak is scratching and clawing away!

It's not good enough that Malak has his hands clasped around Dean's neck though. The Source of Envy decides to dig his nails into Dean's face, creating an awkward facial expression.

**Malak Garland:**

GIVE UP!

**DDK:**

Is Malak trying to force Dean to keep his eyes open?

**Malak Garland:**

See the pain! See the embarrassment I am causing you in front of all these people. See the FOMO!

**Lance:**

I think he calls this modified camel clutch FOMO. You know, for fear of missing out. He claws at your face and forces you to keep your eyes open to all the concerned looks from the Faithful. Kind of vindictive if you ask me.

Malak doesn't get the tap out victory he wants as he runs out of energy and has to break the hold. No Fun Dean gasps for air in the middle of the ring while Malak wipes his hands on his tights.

**Malak Garland:**

I TRIGGER TIME!

Garland bounces off the ropes and delivers a gruesome knee strike to the side of Dean's head. Slightly Fun Jen jumps up on the apron but so does Cyrus on the opposite side of the ring. The two stare each other down as Malak hooks a leg for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

***DING DING DING***

Malak rolls off Dean with a smile on his face.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of this match and still Paper Champion, MALAK GARLAND!

Cyrus collects his partner in crime and the two head up the walkway to the back. Meanwhile, Slightly Fun Jen enters the ring to check on her man. Dean pushes her away as he wipes away at his own face.

**No Fun Dean:**

This isn't fun! I'M NOT HAVING FUCKING FUN, JEN!

Slightly Fun Jen begins to cry in the corner as the broadcast goes elsewhere.

## MAXIMIZE YOUR MINUTES

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*

“Maximize Your Minutes”

### **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 reading glasses on and is wearing a professional dark blue suit coat. Reform is reading a thick book until he catches sight of the camera out of the corner of his eye. He pretends to be startled.

### **Ned Reform:**

Oh! Hello. I didn’t see you there.

Reform closes his book, smiles, and looks into the camera with his head tilted down so he can look at us without looking through his reading glasses.

### **Ned Reform:**

Thank you for joining me again, children. Today’s lecture will be both short and sweet, I assure you.

Reform removes his glasses, folds them up, and places them in his coat pocket.

### **Ned Reform:**

As you all remember, two weeks ago I extended an invitation to one Mr. Nathaniel Eye to become my protegee and star pupil. It’s my unfortunate duty to report that despite my repeated emails, Mr. Eye refuses to respond to my inquiries. I’m taken aback by his short sightedness on this matter. I find this strange, as I believe I soundly made my point at DEFIANCE television. Let’s take a look, shall we?

*The shot cuts to footage from DEFTv 154. We see Ned Reform moving out of the way of Ryan Batt’s flying knee and Batts hitting the ring steps knee first. We then see Reform targeting Batts knee, and finally shots of Reform using a steel chair to cripple the helpless Batts as DEF security pry the good Doctor away from the helpless DEF wrestler.*

Fade back to Ned at his desk.

### **Ned Reform:**

Whereas Mr. Eye was pushed to the brink in a long, competitive match with Mr. Batts, I defeated him in under five minutes and may have in fact ended his professional career.

Reform sighs.

### **Ned Reform:**

I do not enjoy brutality, children, as I know I’m supposed to hold myself to a higher standard than the usual assortment of knuckle-draggers in DEFIANCE. But every now and again, one must go to extreme lengths to prove an important point. I believe I taught both Mr. Batts and Mr. Eye a lesson last week. And how did Mr. Eye do in his Favored Saints Championship match? Let’s take a look...

*The shot again cuts to footage from DEFtv 154. This time, we see the closing moments of the Nathaniel Eye vs. Minute Favored Saints Championship match. Minute comes flying off with his Minutiae and pins Eye to retain the championship. After the three count, the sound effect when someone fails at "The Price is Right" plays as the footage freezes on Minute holding his title high.*

Back to Reform.

**Ned Reform:**

Mr. Eye is not the Favored Saints Champion. He failed. I believe my mission is clear: I need to give Mr. Eye one last chance to realize the error of his ways. To understand that there is much I can teach him. And there is only one way I can do that: to continue to succeed where he failed. At DEFIANCE television 155, I will defeat Minute to become the new Favored Saints Champion. And when the match has concluded, and as I raise my newly won championship high, and as I've done what Mr. Eye could not do, Nathaniel will have no choice but to realize that he needs my guidance to become his best self.

Reform leans forward, folding his fingers over each other and smiling... not kindly.

**Ned Reform:**

I look to helping mold Mr. Eye into a top competitor. I look forward to a spirited contest with young Minute. Most of all, I look forward to representing DEFIANCE with dignity and grace as YOUR new Favored Saints Champion.

Reform leans back as the camera begins to pan back.

**Ned Reform:**

As always, children... thank you for coming to my NED Talk.

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

The shot fades away to Reform to a black screen. On the screen, the following is written in fancy letters:

**NED Talks  
w/Doctor Ned Reform**

**Deep Voiced V/O:**

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

## WHAT WERE YOU EXPECTING?

Lights flicker... and everyone braces themselves for the sPoOkYness about to come...

♪ "I Have A Prepared Statement" by Whores. ♪

The DEFIatron displays the Kabal's regular entrance video, customized with stock black and white footage of nuclear explosions, public riots, and funeral processions. An overwhelming wave of boos and jeers greets the entrances of REZIN and VICTOR VACIO, as they stride out of the cloud of smoke forming in the entry-way.

### Lance:

Buckle up, Keebs, because it would appear that we are being "graced" by the presence of the Kabal, in the form of their own personal VOIDguard in Rezin and Victor Vacio!

### DDK:

Well now, this should be interesting. As of late, the Escape Artist Rezin has been antagonizing the new Favoured Saints Champion Minute, and Vacio likewise has been sending some threatening words toward the champ's partner, the Titan of Industry Uriel Cortez!

### Lance:

I hate to say it, but the unfortunate truth is that these obsessive Kabal creeps just aren't going to go away! Los Tres Titanes will have to deal with them one way or another at some point.

Despite the bandages still seemingly affixed to his nose, the Escape Artist is flashing his raptor-like grin and swaggering like a disheveled carnival barker as he soaks up the heat. For tonight, he's wearing a Suicidal Tendencies cut-off beneath his road-worn denim battle vest. Victor's black mask, as always, is a picture of bleak emptiness. Resting on his shoulder is his favoured mallet, a certified tool of dread and doom.

After gazing over the crowd for a few moments, the two step over to the interview stage where junior reporter CHRIS TRUTT is standing by. Trutt is looking professional as always, but his face and body language suggest a degree of exhaustion with this routine. Trutt holds up the mic as Rezin practically pounces on him while laughing obnoxiously.

### Rezin:

HAHAHAHA!! YES, Trutt... you CAN believe what you're seeing! It's ME, your buddy REZIN!! Bet you weren't expecting to see ME tonight, eh?

### Chris Trutt:

...what the heck are you talking about, Rezin? Of course I expected to see you tonight! You sent me a memo saying you'd give me back my phone in exchange for this interview!

### Rezin:

...oh, right.

With his eyes rapidly darting back and forth suspiciously, Rezin reaches into his vest and carefully returns Trutt's phone.

### Rezin:

Here... though you may wanna lay low for a couple months, cause you might be on a few federal watchlists.

Trutt scans through his phone to assess the damage.

### Chris Trutt:

Gee whiz with Cheez Whiz, look at all these missed calls! Wait a sec, my MOTHER called?

### Rezin:

Nice woman, that Mrs. Trutt! Speaks highly of her boy! I hope she checks out those grindcore bands I suggested to

her.

**Chris Trutt:**

Cripes, and what's with all these photos?! I mean, I'm not complaining or anything but... ugh, you know what? I'll deal with it later, let's just get this over with... Rezin, Victor, you requested this time to be interviewed. So what's this about?

**Rezin:**

I'll tell you what this is about, Trutt! This is about CHAOS! This is about the UNKNOWN! This is about BEING DEFIANT... specifically, DEFYING preconceived notions of everything you consider real and true!

**Chris Trutt:**

What in God's name are you babbling about?!

**Rezin:**

I'll TELL YOU what I'm babbling about! See, Trutt, you might have expected to see ME here tonight at Uncut, but let's see if you were expecting THIS...

Rezin reaches up and TEARS the bandages off his nose!

**Chris Trutt:**

Your NOSE! It's FIXED!

**Rezin:**

HA-HA! That's right, completely healed!

**Chris Trutt:**

I have to say, that's quite a quick recovery...

**Rezin:**

Heh heh... just one of the many perks that come with being a member of the Kabal! Our boy Scrow hooked me up with some of that sweet regen goo, and PRESTO! Good as new! Like magic!

**Chris Trutt:**

...you healed your nose using regen goo?

**Rezin:**

I know, right? Is professional wrestling fucking great, or what? One week, you're doing a thing, and if you're not feeling it the next week, you just pretend it never happened.

**Chris Trutt:**

So hang on... you're saying that SCROW, in his lab, has created a "regen goo" that can fix broken noses?

**Rezin:**

Yep! And so much more!

**Chris Trutt:**

How about broken bones?

**Rezin:**

Uh-huh!

**Chris Trutt:**

Open cuts and lacerations?

**Rezin:**

You got it!

**Chris Trutt:**  
Concussions?

**Rezin:**  
Sure...

**Chris Trutt:**  
Paralysis and spinal injuries?

**Rezin:**  
Uhh, maybe...?

**Chris Trutt:**  
Asthma?!

**Rezin:**  
I mean...

**Chris Trutt:**  
CANCER?!

**Rezin:**  
...uh, I think you're looking too deep into this.

**Chris Trutt:**  
I'm sorry, I'm just still grasping the magnitude of this information you've just given me.

**Rezin:**  
Umm, Trutt? Hello?

The junior reporter's eyes are beginning to drift off into space as the strands of sanity that keep his mind tethered to reality begin to snap like old piano wires.

**Chris Trutt:**  
Scrow has a goo that can boost humanity's regenerative capabilities. I feel like that's a big deal, you know? Like, that is a serious breakthrough in the field of medical science. How are we only hearing about this now? Countless lives could be saved and improved upon across the globe with research like that. I know the Kabal are all about "spreading chaos" and everything, but don't you think you're kinda lowballing it by trying to take over a professional wrestling federation? With technology and resources like that at your disposal, you could all live like kings. You could take over the WORLD...! Sweet Saint Sassafras!

Trutt's eyes bulge and he runs his hands through his hair as his brain goes into a meltdown. Rezin and Vacio exchange glances. This interview suddenly took a dark turn.

**Rezin:**  
Uhhh, so anyway, yeah, the nose is back to normal, so let's talk about how I can wrestle in matches again!

**Chris Trutt:**  
Who cares about some wrestling match?! There are literal SUPERHUMANS living among us! This is the Dark Age of GODS! We're all DOOMED!! **DOOM-DIDDLY-OOMED!!**

Overcome with dread and despair, Trutt drops the mic and staggers away, while Rezin and Victor watch in quiet confusion. As he gets to the edge of the DEFIatron, he attempts to climb to the top and end it all. "Attempts" being the



key word here, because he isn't very successful at pulling himself up more than a few inches off the ground at a time. Rezin groans awkwardly.

**Rezin:**

Damnit, Trutt, on any given day, I'd be absolutely loving the shit out of throwing you over the brink of sanity, but right now dude, I kinda need you to buck up and make it through this interview!

Forever begrudged to be surrounded by idiots, Victor Vacio groans and approaches Trutt as he unsuccessfully attempts to get his legs up to the lower lattice of the DEFIatron. Vic puts his hand on his shoulder.

Victor Vacio:

Oye, no seas tan llorón. The "goo" was just toothpaste and Mountain Dew. His nose healed up weeks ago. Ahora baha de ahí, idiota.

Chris Trutt blinks and suddenly returns to reality. He breathes the biggest sigh of relief and human being could justifiably give. Shakily, he lets go of the DEFIatron lattice and recomposes himself.

**Chris Trutt:**

Holy smokes, that's a relief! I about lost it there for a moment...

Trutt angrily shakes a finger at Rezin.

**Rezin:**

Darnit, Rezin! Stop making me lose my grip on reality and go through existential crises!

Somewhat proudly, Rezin shrugs.

**Rezin:**

Hey man, it can't be helped! I'm just a wild and impulsive sum'bish that says and does things that are so punk rock, they make weak-minded people question what is real until their minds collapse! Now if we're past all that, do you mind we circle back to the topic at hand?

**Chris Trutt:**

Right, okay... so regardless of how it happened, your nose is no longer broken... and I suppose that could only mean... you're ready to return to action?

**Rezin:**

DING-DING-DING!! We have a winner here, Vic! Yes, I am medically cleared to compete again... and the timing couldn't be better, because I have been absolutely JONESING to get back in that ring and make gravity my bitch!

**Chris Trutt:**

Because you're on a quest to prove you're the highest wrestler in DEFIANCE?

**Rezin:**

The High-FLYINGest, Trutt! And yes, that's ME!! The ESCAPE ARTIST!! The FAVOURED SINNER, REZIN!! Not that damb corporate shill and Cirque de Soleil reject, MINUTE!!

The mention of the Favoured Saints Champion's name gets a modest pop from the crowd that makes Rezin briefly cringe.

**Rezin:**

Oh gimme a break! "Look at me," he says... and that's the whole point! That twerp just lives for the attention, because the fact of the matter is that he's nothing more than a SHOW-OFF! He stumbled his way into becoming Favoured Saints Champion, his first real accomplishment as a singles competitor, and it immediately went to his head!

The jeering from the crowd picks up in volume, but Rezin's grin only widens as he shakes his head and inches even further into Trutt's personal space.

**Rezin:**

He's SOFT, Trutt... and he's SCARED! Why else would he have Mr. X and Lady Dimitrescu from the Resident Evil games hovering around him like bodyguards?

**Chris Trutt:**

Uriel Cortez and Titaness are his friends and partners... but then, how does Victor fit into all of this?

Rezin jostles Vacio with an elbow to the chest that the latter doesn't seem particularly fond of.

**Rezin:**

Minute's got his goons, so I got mine! Vic is my equalizer! Or rather, my NEUTRALIZER, heh heh! Uriel Cortez can BACK OFF and let his buddy fight his own fights... OR...

Victor unshoulders the mallet and makes a pounding gesture, and Rezin lets out a raspy chuckle.

**Rezin:**

...the Titan of Industry can expect to be DOWNSIZED!! Heh heh heh...

**Chris Trutt:**

That doesn't seem at all necessary! What purpose does it serve to go around making threats when you already have your title match against Minute at Maximum DEFIANCE?

**Rezin:**

Oh, I have my title match, yes... but as for it being against Minute?! HA!! He ain't gonna last as champ until Maximum DEFIANCE! Not if he keeps going out there and defending it all willy nilly against anyone who so much as asks! Either way, I still get my title shot! No backsies on that!

**Chris Trutt:**

I dunno, Rezin, I don't think you're giving credit where it's due. Minute rightfully earned that Favoured Saints title. I mean, that 630 degree "Minute Special" splash is pretty amazing to watch. It takes some serious core body strength to get that many rotations in such a short amount of time, and I can't think of anyone else in DEFIANCE who could pull off something like that on such a consistent basis.

The Goat Bastard looks absolutely dumbstruck by this comment.

**Rezin:**

You can't think of anyone--YOU'RE LOOKING AT HIM RIGHT NOW, you moron! And the only reason people are losing their shit over a nerd like Minute instead of true punk like ME is because I haven't had a real opportunity to whip out my high-flyin', gravity-defyin', brain-fryin' MAD SKILLZ between the ropes to prove to these normies just what the fuck I'm all about!

He directs his sinister snarl to the camera, looking into the very heart of DEFIANCE...

**Rezin:**

But that's all about to change, Trutt! Because the next poor schmuck that steps into the ring with me is getting a BOMB dropped on them from so high, these dopes will be talking a bit less about Favoured Saints, and more about DEFIANCE's Favoured Sinner!

♪ "Get Got" by Death Grips ♪

**Rezin:**

WHOOA GEEZ!!

As underground hip hop pumps through the PA, two young men in corresponding red and blue grappling shorts emerge from the entry-way and take to the stage, looking charged up and ready for a scuffle. Rezin paces around, agitated and confused, while the void-faced Vacio remains stoic as always.

**Rezin:**

What the HELL is this all about now?! Who are you clowns!?

The young man in red trunks motions for Trutt to lean the mic his way.

**Zack Daymon:**

We're the NEW Rain City Ronin! He's "The Iceman" Leo Burnett, and I'm "Skyfire" Zack Daymon... the son of the legendary Rocko Daymon!

**Rezin:**

.....WHO?!

Victor Vacio:

Ay, cabrón... el chico que odia el jefe!

**Rezin:**

Uhhhhh...?

**Zack Daymon:**

Here's a reminder... fifteen years ago, your scumbag of a boss, Stalker, nearly ended my father's life by throwing him from a three-story window! Ever since that day, I've dedicated my life to ridding this sport of creeps like you, and so long as I am in DEFIANCE, I will work tirelessly to stop the Kabal from fulfilling whatever insane plot they--

The younger Daymon is cut-off by a loud and overly obnoxious yawn from the Goat Bastard.

**Rezin:**

BOOOO-RING! Whatever, let's just cut to brass tacks here... you douchebags reek of Seattle, and considering this is Uncut, I'm just going to assume you're out here to lay down the ol' Kerry Kuroyama-style impromptu challenge, amirite?

**Leo Burnett:**

That's right! Now that you're medically cleared, why not treat my friend here to a quick little one-on-one?

Rezin scoffs long, loud, and hard, spewing spittle everywhere.

**Rezin:**

Whaaat, you think I'd ruin this buzz on either of you nobodies?! Piss off, ya posers! I got heads to turn and blunts to burn, and wrestling a match against the likes of either of you is the LAST thing on my mind right now!

**Chris Trutt:**

Hang on, Rezin... weren't you just talking about how you're itching to get back into the ring just a minute ago?

Rezin flashes Trutt a deliberately fake grin that screams "I'm-going-to-kill-you-later-and-wrap-your-body-in-cheesecloth".

**Rezin:**

Why THANK YOU, Trutt... THANK YOU for that helpful reminder, you dense sack of shit!

He turns back to the team of young rookies, now openly scowling

**Rezin:**

It doesn't matter anyway! I mean, I'd love nothing more than to melt that smooth baby face right off with moves so hot, they might as well be considered radioactive, but buddy, we just don't have the necessary arrangements made for all that. After all, we can't have a match without a ref! I don't see a ref here, do YOU??

On cue, referee Brian Slater steps through the curtain and waves to the congregation on the stage as he briskly makes his way down the ramp to the ring. He looks eager to officiate this one. Seeing this, Rezin's face scrunches up as if he just took a bite out of a lemon.

**Rezin:**

SHIT!! ...okay, well... even so, there haven't even been any announcements made yet! Nothing is official here!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall!

**Rezin:**

OH GODDAMNIT!

**Lance:**

Looks like he's not getting out of this one!

Now absolutely aggravated by the situation, Rezin apparently gives in and tears off his patch vest, which he throws to the stage.

**Rezin:**

Fuck it! It's Uncut... not like anybody watches this shit...

**Darren Quimbey:**

Introducing first, hailing from Seattle, Washington, and weighing in at two-hundred and twelve pounds... "SKYFIRE"  
ZACK DAAAYMOOONN!!

**Rezin:**

Daymon, Daymon... OH WAIT!! That's right... I used to fuck your mom! How's Caitlyn doing these days, by the way? Does she still do that thing where she--BLEGHK!!

Rezin's mouth is incapable of finishing the sentence, because a fist has been put into it. All of a sudden, he is staggering off the stage and down the ramp as Zack Daymon furiously peppers him with relentless right hands.

**DDK:**

I don't think he was expecting that...

**Darren Quimbey:**

And the opponent, stumbling aimlessly to the ring and accompanied by Victor Vacio... from Indianapolis, Indiana and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... he is REZIN!!

Rezin rubber-legs his way down the last few feet of the ramp and crashes into the apron with Daymon in hot pursuit. Burnett and Vacio follow to keep their eyes on the action as Zack tags the Escape Artist a few more times and rolls him into the ring. Slater wastes no time cueing for the bell...

## **REZIN (w/ VICTOR VACIO) vs. "SKYFIRE" ZACK DAYMON (w/ LEO BURNETT)**

***DING DING***

The bell causes Rezin to suddenly perk up, his eyes wide with fury and shock as he pushes himself to his feet. Behind him, Daymon has already climbed to the apron.

**DDK:**

Well it would appear this match is suddenly underway as soon as Rezin gets rolled into the ring! Here's "Skyfire" Zack Daymon now, grabbing the top rope... and he gracefully VAULTS into the ring with a forearm smash right to Rezin's noggin!

**Lance:**

Good form on that maneuver! This is an interesting opportunity to see what this new young talent can bring in the ring.

**DDK:**

We saw this fresh BRAZEN tag team, the New Rain City Ronin, make their debut last week at DEFtv against the Stevens Dynasty, though they unfortunately came up short against Bo and George. The young Daymon seems to have a bone to pick with the Kabal, however!

Zack wrangles Rezin off the mat as the latter continues to blubber and bluster in surprise. A hard Irish Whip sends him chest first into the top turnbuckle and leaves him clumsily backpedaling back across the ring off the impact...

**DDK:**

Rezin takes a bounce off the corner, and stumbles back into the waiting arms of Zack Daymon... and Daymon nails a BEAUTIFUL BACK SUPLEX that leaves the Escape Artist bouncing off the canvas!

**Lance:**

This kid's got good style! Shades of a young Kerry Kuroyama in the original Rain City Ronin.

**DDK:**

Skyfire sets Rezin into place... BIG jumping legdrop across the throat! Daymon going for the cover now as he goes for the early upset!

One!

Two!

Kickout by Rezin!

"The Iceman" Leo Burnett continues to cheer on his partner from one side of the ring and the mallet-wielding Victor Vacio watches the action in silence from the other. Daymon scrapes Rezin off the mat and sends him to the ropes. The Goat Bastard eyes pop open once again as he is uncontrollably sent running.

**DDK:**

Daymon has him in motion now to the ropes... HIGH ELEVATION on the running dropkick, catching Rezin right in the recently repaired nose!

Rezin twirls off the impact and falls into the corner, face landing on the bottom turnbuckle. Daymon doesn't look the gift horse in the mouth as he goes running and connects with the KNEE to the back of Rezin's head. With his face being literally crushed into the corner pad, Rezin's arms and legs spasm wildly.

**DDK:**

KNEE STRIKE right to the head! This kid is really showing something here tonight, Lance!

**Lance:**

He is indeed, Keebs, and now he's got the crowd behind him! Although I feel the crowd would gladly be behind anyone who takes it to a slimeball like Rezin.

The Escape Artist melts into a puddle as he slips beneath the ropes to the outside. Daymon hops out after him. He hesitates once he sees Victor Vacio coming around the corner, suggestively swinging his mallet at his side.

**DDK:**

Uh oh... can't forget about Victor Vacio being out here! He can do some real damage with that mallet if left unchecked!

**Lance:**

You're right, Keebs. You can't discount these Kabal freaks from getting involved in the action whenever they please.

As Slater gets to the count of three, Leo Burnett comes around the ring and puts himself between Daymon and Vacio, giving his partner the opportunity to get Rezin back up back into the ring. Only the moment he's on the apron, the Goat Bastard lands a mule kick to send Zack back into the barricade.

**DDK:**

Rezin is still kicking, both literally and figuratively as he scrambles to his feet and finally gets with it, running into the far set of ropes... coming back for the PLANCHA OVER THE ROPES--NOOO, he instead gets TANGLED UP in them!

**Lance:**

Because at the last minute, he realized there was nobody to get the drop on!

**DDK:**

Daymon bounced off the barricade and sprinted around the ring... now he's back in, as Rezin unravels himself from the ropes and stumbles to the center of the ring... RUNNING CROSS BODY puts his shoulders to the mat!

One!

Two!

NO!! Thought he had him...

Daymon slaps the mat in frustration but remains focused as he backs up for distance and waits for Rezin to rise back to his feet. His rage builds as he beckons on the Goat Bastard, and Rezin, on rubber legs, looks barely cognizant at this point. Less cognizant than normal, anyway.

**DDK:**

"Skyfire" Zack Daymon looking for a big win with a big finish, as he rushes forward for the LEAPING REVERSE STO--NO!! Rezin HOOKED THE LEG... and he COUNTERS WITH A MOONSAULT SIDE SLAM of his own!!

**Lance:**

OOH, that just sucked the air out of the room! I have to admit, that was fairly unexpected...

**DDK:**

How did he DO that?! How did that JUST HAPPEN!?

**Lance:**

Don't blow a fuse trying to think about it, Keebs. That's just what he wants!

Rezin takes a moment to catch his breath before kneeling over the laid out Daymon, taking a handful of his hair, and proceeding to brutalize him with heavy and punishing right hands. Slater warns him over the closed fists, so the Escape Artist switches up to open-handed slaps crossing back and forth over the rookie's face.

*"BOOOOOOOO!!!"*

**DDK:**

Now this is just blatant disrespect! Rezin is just taking out his humiliation on an ambitious young talent!

**Lance:**

Unfortunately, "Skyfire" Zack Daymon must have known this could be the consequence of challenging a DEFIANT on the level of the Escape Artist.

Referee Brian Slater has finally had enough as he yanks Rezin up and gets in his face, but not before the Goat Bastard shoves Daymon out of the ring. Rezin begins yelling right back, and while the two continue to yell angrily in each other's faces, Victor Vacio moves around the ring to Zack's position...

**DDK:**

Here's an all too familiar scene as Rezin and official Brian Slater butt heads! There has probably never been as much animosity between a talent and a referee as with these two!

**Lance:**

At least Slater is willing to stand up to this scumbag, which is more than can be said of Shields...

**DDK:**

HEY WAIT!! What just happened?!

The feed cuts to ringside as Zack Daymon curls up on the floor, wincing in pain and clutching his ribs. Victor Vacio, mallet in hand, casually walks away from the scene.

*"BOOOOOOO!!"*

**DDK:**

Did Vacio just use that mallet on Daymon?!

**Lance:**

I think that's what happened, Darren! And Rezin knew just how to keep Slater distracted!

As Leo Burnett chases off Victor, Rezin slips out to procure the wounded Daymon and roll him back into the ring. Following in after him, the Goat Bastard boots Zack onto his back to set him in position in the center of the ring...

**DDK:**

This doesn't look good for "Skyfire" Zack Daymon... Rezin in position, lands a STANDING MOONSAULT across the chest!

**Lance:**

And he's right back to his feet!

**DDK:**

Rezin running to the ropes... SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT, again right across the chest! And AGAIN, the Escape Artist is back to his feet!

**Lance:**

Daymon's ribs can't take another impact like that!

**DDK:**

Rezin, like a black blur, sprints to the corner, hops to the TOP... MOONSAULT NUMBER THREE from the Favoured Sinner! What an unrelenting aerial assault!

**Lance:**

Rezin wanted the opportunity to prove he's the "high-flyngest" in all of DEFIANCE, and now he's making the most of it!

Rezin takes a breather as he circles around the crumbled body of Zack Daymon, grinning like a vulture. The Faithful, continuing to jeer through this, do only what they can do as they turn the energy around and begin to chant.

*"WE-WANT-FLIPPY-DOOS!!"*  
*CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!!*  
*"WE-WANT-FLIPPY-DOOS!!"*  
*CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!!*  
*"WE-WANT-FLIPPY-DOOS!!"*  
*CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!!*  
*"WE-WANT-FLIPPY-DOOS!!"*  
*CLAP! CLAP! CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!!*

**DDK:**

All the same, the Faithful here tonight are unimpressed! Rezin can move with unnatural speed and strike with unknown timing, but the spirit of DEFIANCE has embraced the Titan of the Sky!

Rezin, now snarling and growing unhinged as the audience chants around him, begins to slowly nod, knowing what he must do.

**Rezin:**

Arright, ya scum... you want your FLIPPY-DOOS?!

Sputtering, spouting, and spewing like a deranged wino, he goes to the corner and begins climbing.

**Rezin:**

YA WANT YOUR FLIPPY-DOOS?!? HUH?! YA WANT FLIPPY DOOS?!?

He perches himself on the top rope, pointing angrily to spots in the crowd as he continues to rant and rave like a lunatic.

**Rezin:**

I'LL GIVE YA YOUR FLIPPY-DOOS!! HERE'S YOUR FLIPPY-DOOS!! HA HA!!

All at once, Rezin pounces off the top rope and comes off flipping marvelously through the air...

**Rezin:**

*BLEHGK!!*

...only to land on his head and shoulders in an equally marvelous botch. Rezin's body stiffens up as he crumbles over the prone body of Zack Daymon, who is unmoving by this point.

**DDK:**

WHAAT?! Cover made...

One!

Two!

**THREE!!**

***DING DING DING***



♪ "I Have A Prepared Statement" by Whores. ♪

Rezin rolls off of Daymon's chest as Slater moves in to make sure the stupid bastard hasn't broken his neck. He doesn't seem entirely relieved to discover that the Escape Artist is relatively intact, though clearly dazed. While he's still prone on the mat, Slater raises his arm in victory for a few seconds as if just going through the motions before dropping it back across his chest and leaving the ring.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of this match, by pinfall... **RRREEZZZIINN!!**

**DDK:**

What the hell was THAT, Lance?! It looked like he was trying to pull off Minute's new finisher, the Minutiae... but I'll be damned if that was a 630 degree splash!

**Lance:**

Ehhh, no, it was more like 540 degrees. Rezin is lucky he is coming away from this with a win, and not being carried out on a stretcher!

**DDK:**

He should have thought better than to try to imitate the techniques of the Favoured Saints Champion, Minute! As it stands, the Titan of the Skies STILL reigns supreme in the skies over DEFIANCE!

Burnett tends to Daymon, but the new Rain City Ronin clear out as Victor Vacio steps into the ring, heavy mallet in hand and looking like he means business. As the BRAZEN tag team make their retreat, Vacio pulls the still dazed Rezin off the mat to his feet.

**Victor Vacio:**

Coge el maletín. Mi combate está por comenzar.

**Rezin:**

...b-whaaa??

**Victor Vacio:**

Ay, the BRIEFCASE, estúpido! Go get it!

**Rezin:**

Oh, right...

Rezin rolls out of the ring and stumbles to the back.

**Lance:**

What's going on now, Keeps?

**DDK:**

I'm being told we're still not quite finished with the Kabal, as Vacio is slated for a match here in a few minutes!

**Lance:**

Ugh, you mean we have to keep watching these guys? I need to get Trutt to start taking up these Uncut gigs...

**DDK:**

Uh-uh, no way, you are NOT leaving me with that guy. Fans, let's take a break, and when we get back, we are having the second round of the Kabal's Proving Grounds!

Fade to black.

## THIS SHOW CAN'T GO ON

The feed reads "After the events of DEFtv 154 - Night 2" at the bottom of the screen for a brief moment as Gage Blackwood walks out from gorilla and through the backstage hallway with a purpose. A camera follows behind as Gage is quick to turn a corner and into a locker room where he takes a duffel bag and exits just as quickly. The Faithful can be heard from within the bleachers, cheering for Oscar Burns as the broadcast is well off the air by now. Gage Blackwood, Jay Harvey and Oscar Burns had stood up to 24K and sought revenge, for one night, anyway.

Blackwood brushes past a few of the DEFIANCE crew before coming upon the parking lot exit doors and continuing to his car without hesitation. A pop of the trunk, he throws his bag inside and slams it shut.

Jamie Sawyers appears, mic in hand, before Blackwood can enter the vehicle. Jamie looks at the camera and gives a thumbs up.

**Jamie Sawyers:**

Gage, Gage, that was-

Blackwood gives the interviewer one quick look.

**Gage Blackwood:**

I don't have time.

The Noble Raider points to inside the arena.

**Gage Blackwood:**

Aren't you sick of their shit? The **four** of them, thinking they own this place. mlkEy is the worst FIST of all time. He's no wrestler.

Gage pauses briefly.

**Gage Blackwood:**

Long reign, I know. But he's got his goonies with him. **Four**.

Blackwood opens the driver's door to his car.

**Gage Blackwood:**

Three of us.

He shuts the door behind him and starts the engine. Before he drives off, the camera mic catches him speaking loud enough.

**Gage Blackwood:**

Time to even the odds.

The cameraman and Jamie move back, ensuring they aren't run over as Blackwood reverses out of his spot, puts the car into drive and takes off.

## NOW THAT'S A SHOOT, SISTER

DEFtv 154 - Night One  
Late Evening

Earlier in the evening was a great start for the career of Titaness as far as DEFtv goes, with a huge win in tag team action over Hallmark Journey. The camera catches the female contingent of Los Tres Titanes backstage, walking through the halls in a silver and purple Los Tres Titanes hoodie and black jeans when Christie Zane approaches her for a word.

**Christie Zane:**

Excuse me... Titaness?

The Show of Force stops in her tracks and nods at Christie.

**Christie Zane:**

Can we get a quick word regarding your match earlier tonight?

She nods.

**Christie Zane:**

Congratulations on your big win earlier over the Hallmark Journey in your in-ring debut on DEFtv. We've heard from Uriel Cortez and Minute especially since DEFCON about how well things have been going for you as a trio, but we haven't had a chance to speak with you directly. What do you want to say to the fans of DEFIANCE?

She nods curtly.

**Titaness:**

Sure. It's... it's been amazing to be here. We gave Tom Morrow the boot... and some chops. And a ball kick. That was pretty fun. Uriel and I just beat Hallmark Journey, like you said. Minute won the Favoured Saints Championship. It's been a crazy few months and I wouldn't change any of it...

She continues.

**Titaness:**

Tonight, people got to see a small sample of what Titaness can really do. I've been putting in that work, training with Uriel and Minute. I've had the opportunity to spend the last month training with Hall of Famer Sonny Silver and Lindsay Troy, absorbing everything they impart on me and I take none of it for granted. I know how lucky I am to get this opportunity, but unlike a lot of other tryhards and entitled children, I'm smart enough to make the most of it and be gracious about it. I will...

"Hey..."

And with that, Titaness turns...

And there stands "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy, white styrofoam cup in one hand, Scrow's manila envelope tucked under her arm.

**Lindsay Troy:**

I was just walking around with my coffee waiting to cut into someone's interview for fun...

Titaness raises a slight eyebrow, then Lindsay scoffs.

**Lindsay Troy:**

...Kidding, I was walking by when I overheard you and Christie, so I wanted to stop real quick and say nice job out there tonight. Handled yourself well against the Schmoopie Squad.

Titanness laughs softly.

**Titanness:**

Thank you, I appreciate that.

**Lindsay Troy:**

Surprised you and Uriel were able to keep your gag reflexes in check for that long.

**Titanness:**

Yeah... I'm surprised I didn't walk out of there with diabetes.

**Lindsay Troy:** (chuckling)

Might want to get checked out just in case. You, Uriel, and Minute work well together. It's not going unnoticed. Keep up the good work.

The two are about to part ways, but Titanness then stops and taps the Queen on the arm.

**Titanness:**

Hey... Lindsay, with all due respect... that thing about making the most of an opportunity that comes your way? This is me doing it now...

She points at Zane.

**Titanness:**

The only way I'm going to be better is to challenge myself. I want to show the world what I can REALLY do in that ring. So if you got your dance card free on DEFtv 155... I'm challenging you to a singles match. How about it?

Lindsay takes a sip of her coffee then smiles, serenely.

**Lindsay Troy:**

Shooting your shot, I like it. (She nods) Alright, Holly. I'll see you in two weeks.

She starts to walk away, but has one final thought for the up-and-comer.

**Lindsay Troy:**

And tell Sonny he's full of shit.

Titanness smirks and watches the Queen of the Ring walk away before she smiles at Christie and then heads the other way. Christie turns back to the camera.

**Christie Zane:**

Wow! Lindsay Troy vs. Titanness! That should be a good one!

## TITANESS vs. KYLE SHIELDS

### DDK:

Coming up next on UNCUT, folks, we've got some great action in store! It'll be Kyle Shields... yes, the brother of DEFIANCE's very own referee... against the lovely lady of Los Tres Titanes: Titaness!

### Lance:

We just saw Titaness victorious on UNCUT with her stablemate and boyfriend, Uriel Cortez! Tonight, she's looking to score a win in singles action against Kyle! Titaness is an imposing figure, but Kyle has about forty or so pounds on Titaness so this will definitely be a test for her. Let's take it to Darren Quimbey for introductions.

And it's ringside we go.

### Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, representing Los Tres Titanes... from The Bronx, New York weighing in at 188 pounds... she is The Show of Force... **TITANESS!**

The lights go black. Then one word appears on the DEFTron in silver...

*TITANESS*

Then four more...

*THE SHOW OF FORCE*

♪ "THE BADDEST" by K/DA ♪

The Faithful show love for one of the new kids on the block as a single violet spotlight shines on the new female powerhouse, flexing her arms, back to the stage. Wearing a purple top with silver trim, she turns to face the ring and pops The Faithful with a standing backflip on the ramp, sending a quick shower of violet and silver pyro on either side of the stage! The Faithful react well to the tall powerhouse before she heads to the ring.

### DDK:

Wow! Great entrance by Titaness! The Faithful have accepted the hard-working member of Los Tres Titanes and after a successful DEFtv debut last week, she's looking for a singles win on UNCUT.

### Lance:

We'll see what she can do tonight.

The Show of Force raises both hands into the air after reaching the ring, then flexes for the crowd before waiting on her opponent.

### Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent... from Kansas City, Missouri, weighing in at two-hundred-thirty-seven pounds... **KYLE SHIELDS!**

♪ "Diamond Life" by Tyga ♪

The music hits and everyone's least favorite example of nepotism at work walks down the ramp. Busy dicking around on his phone and making Kyle Shields memes, the lazy and hapless star heads on down to the ring and then rolls inside, expecting his brother, Mark, to be the official...But instead, Hector Navarro waves hello.

### Kyle Shields:

Hey, hey, hey, what the fuck! Where's Mark?

### Hector Navarro:

He was out getting wasted at Ballyhoo, last I heard. I was supposed to ref later, but here I am.

Kyle shakes his head... then he turns and looks at Titaness.

**Kyle Shields:**

Hey, girl, wanna see some memes before I beat you? I got this great eggplant one...

Titaness shakes her head “no” emphatically as Kyle shrugs. He finishes plugging away... no, wait, buys some more condoms cause of his personal philosophy on kids: ewww. He puts the phone down long enough and then waits as Hector calls for the bell.

**DING DING**

**DDK:**

Here we go and this should be... something. When Kyle Shields actually applies himself, he has a fairly decent submission game from what I understand.

Kyle goes to lock up with Titaness and tries to overpower the Show of Force quickly. She locks up with him, but quickly Kyle actually goes behind and uses a waistlock takedown for the advantage. When he gets her down on the mat, Kyle doesn't follow up and instead, he starts talking trash!

**Kyle Shields:**

YEEUH, KYLE! GET IT!

**Lance:**

Did... did he just talk about himself int... nevermind. It's a Shields. That should not be surprising.

But as Kyle is making noise, he doesn't see Titaness already up and lying in wait. Kyle turns and then Titaness QUICKLY takes him down with a big fireman's carry takeover and then applies an armbar! Kyle screams out in pain and then tries to kick out, but the arm is locked up so he scurries to the ropes! He hurriedly gets there, so The Show of Force lets go. Still, she can't help but hide a sly smile on her face.

**Lance:**

That's what he gets for taking his eyes off Titaness for a second. She has an accomplished amateur wrestling background.

**DDK:**

Indeed. And from what I understand, she spent the last month training with Hall of Fame wrestler Sonny Silver during our training camps after DEFCON. He's a highly-touted technician and striker so we'll see what wisdom he may have imparted on her.

Kyle gets back up and tries to calm himself down... then comes rushing at Titaness. She sees the blow coming and ducks, but when Kyle runs off the ropes, it's another big arm drag into an arm lock! She has his arm and shoulder and he hurries. He tries to scramble to his feet, then GRABS Titaness' hair! The Los Tres Titanes member gets pulled back to the ropes and Kyle is forced to let go. The crowd jeers him and he smiles... then tries another cheap shot! Titaness moves out of the way, then CRACKS him with a big boot and sends him stumbling through the ropes!

**DDK:**

Titaness taking advantage of that height! She just knocked Kyle Shields' block off with that big boot!

**Lance:**

And now what does she have planned for Shields?

She looks out to the crowd and grabs the ropes, then leaps over with a slingshot plancha, wiping out Shields in the process! She gets up and The Faithful give her a nice cheer before a staggering Kyle gets rolled back into the ring. Titaness follows and then tries a cover.

*ONE... TWO... NO!*

**DDK:**

The Show of Force is showing out tonight.

Titaness picks up Kyle and then delivers a STIFF double hand chop to Kyle's chest, then another to back him to the corner. Suddenly, Kyle starts grabbing his eye and flailing around.

**Kyle Shields:**

Fuck! Fucking fuck! She hurt my eye!

Hector raises and eyebrow cause he saw it and she came nowhere near his eye with the chops. Titaness rolls her eyes, then tries to go after Kyle but she grabs the waistband of her tights and then throws her harshly into the corner!

**DDK:**

Kyle just abandoned that tactic, but suckered in Titaness after that move and now he's in control. He hits her with the shoulder thrusts in the corner!

Keebler calls it when the bigger Kyle Shields throws a set of shoulders into her abdomen, doubling her over in pain. He pulls her out of the corner and then goes for a big vertical suplex, then a cover.

*ONE... TWO... NO!*

Titaness kicks out to the delight of the crowd, but he's not done so he goes and picks her up again, this time from the back (hee hee) then drives her down with a big belly to back suplex! Titaness arches in pain on the ground when Kyle hooks another leg and goes for the cover.

*ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!*

**DDK:**

Kyle takes control and gets a pair of nearfalls on Titaness! This would be a nice win under Kyle's belt.

**Lance:**

I'm gonna refrain from anything having to do with his beltline. He talks about that area enough.

Shields grumbles under his breath about how his brother can count to three unlike Hector. He sets up Titaness and the crowd shows concern as he looks for a Vertebreaker... but Titaness flips out and lands on her feet! Titaness scrambles up just as Kyle turns and tries a clothesline. He moves but then off the rebound, she picks him up with a snap powerslam!

**DDK:**

Great move to save herself from that deadly move! Can Titaness follow up?

The Show of Force is holding her back, but she does get back up and sees Kyle ducking to the corner. Once she's back up, she runs full speed and rocks him with a running back elbow in the corner, then runs off the adjacent side and comes back to clock him with another big boot to the face! The two-hit combo jumbles his brain matter, then Titaness wows the crowd by picking Kyle up over the shoulder! She runs and PLANTS him with a waterwheel suplex, then goes for the cover.

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

**Lance:**

Wow! There was some strength on display from Titaness there! Almost gets the win, but Kyle kicks out.

**DDK:**

I don't think she's done though. Not by a long shot!

She goes to clock Kyle again, but this time he's ready and stuns her with a jawbreaker. Kyle smiles and then grabs her by the arm and shoves her back into a corner. Kyle runs across the ring and tries to catch Titaness off-guard... but to his surprise, he catches him and **THROWS** him overhead with a belly to belly suplex into the turnbuckle!

**DDK:**

OOOH! What a counter! He just got thrown into the turnbuckle!

**Lance:**

And what's she got planned next?

Titaness smiles as Kyle gets flipped turned upside down like the Fresh Prince theme. Kyle is groggy when The Show of Force grabs him by the waist and then throws him back with a big release German suplex this time! Kyle tumbles ass over teakettle, then Titaness launches herself off the ropes and takes him down with Clash of the Titaness!

**DDK:**

Big spear by Titaness! I think Kyle might be done!

Shields is scrambling when the crowd cheers Titaness. She hooks both arms of a suplex-drunk Kyle, then lifts him up with some good effort...

**Lance:**

Wow! Titanium Driver! She hit it on Kyle Shields! The sitout tiger driver connects!

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

***DING DING DING***

Titaness scoots back and then slowly gets back to her feet, feeling the effects of the match. Navarro raises her hand and she gets cheers from The Faithful.

**DDK:**

Big win here by Titaness in singles action tonight! Kyle had her on the ropes a couple of times, but at the end of the night, Titaness shows her stuff.

**Lance:**

That she does! She's brimming with potential and I have a feeling we'll be seeing big things from her as time goes on.

Titaness leaves the ring and salutes the crowd with a raised fist before she heads up the ramp to celebrate the win.



## MONSTERS IN ALL SHAPES

Shadows loom large backstage as Teresa Ames provocatively stretches her long legs against a stack of production crates. She's loosening up before her encounter with Victor Vacio later in the night. Of course, her phone is no further than arms length away and it's lighting up with notifications like a Christmas tree. She stops stretching to feed the need and swipe through her phone.

**Teresa Ames:**

Junk mail, junk mail, fan mail, declaration of love, hmmm, maybe I'll reply to that one.

She continues thumbing through her phone when something bumps into her from behind.

**Teresa Ames:**

What the absolute--! You just made me delete that message!

She turns and notices none other than The Kabal's attorney at law Courtney Paz standing next to her.

**Teresa Ames:** *[perturbed]*

Where exactly did you come from?

Ames takes a second to give Paz a thorough and intense visual examination. Before Courtney can even say a word, Ames pastes a single finger to Paz's lips.

**Teresa Ames:**

Usually I don't like suits but I gotta say, the whole intimidating business woman thing works for me here.

Ames gives Paz an uncomfortable wink and slowly retracts her hand when she notices some of Paz's lipstick on it. Teresa gives her finger an awkward sniff.

**Teresa Ames:**

Sandy beach peach flavor. My favorite. Although you can't go wrong with blood murder red either. Am I right?

The Cute N Qwerty Gurl cackles like a basketcase before immersing herself back into her phone. Courtney attempts to shrug off the weird intrusion of her personal space, she stutters a bit before she can finally form the words she was wanting to say.

**Courtney Paz:**

Umm... Uh.... Ms. Ames, I've been looking for you all over Wrestleplex, your match with Victor Vacio is up next. As you must remember from our conversation last week, winning our Invitational Battle Royale places you in a VERY special opportunity. Are you ready and focused for your upcoming match against Victor Vacio?

Teresa snaps back into the conversation.

**Teresa Ames:**

First off, Courtney, don't you know it's inconsiderate to sneak up on people?

Teresa moves in a bit closer to Courtney, making the pair bump chests slightly which causes Courtney's demeanor to tense up a bit in reaction.

**Teresa Ames:**

Secondly, Courtney, quit the tough talk. I am more than prepared for Victor Vacio tonight. And it's Mrs. Ames-Blackwood to you even though I go by Ames professionally.

The tension simmers in the air as Teresa finishes up whatever message she was working on before stashing her

phone in her brazier.

**Teresa Ames:**

Got anything else you want to... get off your chest?

Another wink seals it.

**Courtney Paz:**

Just make sure you take care of business if this is something you really want. The Kabal doesn't mess around... and... by the looks of things... you could be categorized as rather messy.

Teresa's mouth falls agape in shock.

**Teresa Ames:**

Really want? Rather messy? Didn't I prove I am willing to do ANYTHING in the battle royal two weeks ago? Listen, I want you to take a message back to that Mr. Fear guy and let him know that everything I do to Victor Vacio tonight is exactly what I'm going to do to them if they insist on stalking me like this.

**Courtney Paz:**

Stalking you...? You said you had a message for Stalker after winning our Battle Royale, then you practically vanished all week! You also didn't accept my friend request on Facebook.

Frustration spills over for Courtney as Teresa Ames seems to have lost interest in the conversation. Suddenly, she snaps back to reality as she stares off in the distance beyond Courtney's shoulder, Teresa's demeanor instantaneously changing from fierce and scary to fragile and cutesy.

**Teresa Ames:**

Send it again sweets. Love you guys! See you out there maybe?

Teresa blows Courtney a kiss, and blows another kiss to the air apparently? This confuses Courtney as she looks over her shoulder to see if someone is behind her. To which there is obviously not and she finally stares back at Teresa who skips away happily.

## TERESA AMES vs. VICTOR VACIO

As we return from the commercial the camera pans over the Wrestleplex, standing in the center of the ring is The Kabal's attorney at law, Courtney Paz. Flanked on her right side is Teresa Ames, the recent Kabal Proving Grounds Battle Royale winner. On the left side of Courtney is Victor Vacio, who is holding his patented mallet and both wrestlers look eager to get started.

**DDK:**

Well, I dreaded this moment since the Battle Royale and here we are. Does Courtney Paz even feel confident in her ability to maintain order this time?

**Lance:**

Darren, you would be surprised by the amount of views that particular UNCUT has gotten on our DEFonDEMAND service since it's showing. It was quite a hit to our fans with the utter craziness going on.

With a soft tap of the microphone in her hand Courtney Paz addresses The Faithful.

**Courtney Paz:**

Welcome to Round 2 of The Kabal's Proving Grounds!

The Faithful gives her a mixed reaction as the attorney at law adjusts her perfectly fit glasses. A smile across her face, she attempts to stoke the crowd's flames.

**Courtney Paz:**

Mister Fear wants to thank EVERYONE for their excitement at our special event and he wants to let you know that there is more to come!

**DDK:**

Please no...

**Lance:**

I wonder if this means 'The Proving Grounds' will become a staple of The Kabal's recruiting habits.

**DDK:**

As long as they keep recruiting the likes of Teresa Ames and other DEFIANCE crazies then that'll be fine with me.

**Courtney Paz:**

Tonight's Matchup is a special ONE vs. ONE Contest!

Avoiding the extra 'activities' of the Battle Royale, Courtney's reliance on the Faithful falls somewhat short as both Teresa Ames and Victor Vacio pose in the middle of the ring to a loud chorus of boos. Vacio swings his mallet around in an impressive display, while Teresa takes a selfie of herself with Vacio's performance in the background.

**DDK:**

Wait a minute... What's this?

The crowd's quizzical reaction soon turns into boos as Rezin, rubbing his sore neck, makes his way down the rampway carrying the briefcase with 100k cold hard cash. The cash prize amount was promised to the winner of the Kabal's Proving Grounds.

**Rezin:**

Yeah, yeah, I know... I'm late with the Marcellus Wallace macguffin thing, whatever. Gimme a break, my neck is killing me! If I had known I was gonna have to waste time shaking down kids for their lunch money earlier, I would have better prepared for this!

Courtney Paz does her best to focus on her duties as Rezin's presence is clearly distracting her. It appears that perhaps Courtney's intention was for Rezin NOT to be here, but she does her best to adjust.

**Courtney Paz:**

In alignment with the Chaos that Mr. Fear would like you Faithful to witness tonight, he has declared that this second round of The Proving Grounds should follow the venerable Hardcore Icon's ruleset.

**DDK:**

The what now...?

**Lance:**

I think she's talking about Stalker.

**DDK:**

Couldn't she just say... that?

**Courtney Paz:**

This match will be contested under Stalker's RULES!!! Which as you ALL know means... absolutely NO RULES!

Courtney Paz claps her hands together as she tries to hype up the crowd while Teresa Ames gives her a 'Are we ready, yet?' look. Victor Vacio, on the other hand, is readying himself with the mallet in one of the neutral corners of the ring. Rezin has found himself seated at the Time Keeper's table with the briefcase of 100k snug under his chair.

**Lance:**

Well it looks like Hector Navarro is ready to signal for the bell as he has now entered the ring after Courtney's official 'introduction' to this match.

**DDK:**

She's no Quimbey, that's for sure. Hope she's good at being a lawyer.

It takes nearly a minute for Teresa Ames to finally put her phone down, cracking her neck in circles, as the wife of Gage Blackwood stares daggers at her opponent Victor Vacio. Walking forward Victor Vacio is still holding onto the mallet he entered the ring with. Hector Navarro looks at the weapon in his hand and simply shrugs his shoulders knowing this is a NO DQ match, he signals for the bell.

***DING DING***

**Lance:**

I'm not sure what to expect out of this match up, we all know that Victor Vacio has multiple advantages over his opponent Teresa Ames.

**DDK:**

Size, strength and not to mention he's carrying that damn mallet which he can use at free will!

Teresa Ames is grinning at Victor Vacio while the two circle each other in the ring, motioning towards the mallet Teresa points to her cheek.

**DDK:**

Is she.. Is she telling him to hit her?

**Lance:**

I think so. And I mean... we all know Victor Vacio is not the greatest of guys but I'm not sure he's interested in just flat out clocking her in the face with his mallet, especially in this contest.

**Teresa Ames:** *[screaming]*

Come on DOOM Burger flipper - gimme your BEST SHOT!

Hector Navarro is cautiously standing in the far corner as Victor Vacio doesn't budge, holding the mallet over his shoulder he looks at Teresa Ames and then to Courtney Paz who is sitting at the time keeper's table.

**Victor Vacio:**

Pensé que la estábamos reclutando? Que...

**Lance:**

WATCH OUT!!

Teresa Ames uses the distraction to her advantage and launches herself into a full sprint at Victor Vacio, SPEARING him to the ground! The Mallet thuds heavily on the mat next to them both as Teresa is quick to follow up with closed fists to Vacio's face!

**DDK:**

Victor's blocking some of her shots but he definitely did not see Teresa coming, the girl really has a screw loose. Like she can just 'flip' a crazy switch.

Screaming wildly Teresa uses her screams as fuel to her strength furiously punching Vacio's masked face without remorse. Hector Navarro looks on helplessly in this no rules match and Teresa is ready to capitalize, as she reaches for Victor's mallet!

**Lance:**

OH WOW! She's got Victor's Mallet while sitting on top of his chest, is she going to hit him with it!?

Indeed she attempts to, rising it above her head but before it comes crashing down, Victor uses all of his strength to launch her off of his chest! Teresa loses control of the mallet and it goes sliding under the bottom rope and out of the ring.

**DDK:**

Vacio has to be thanking his lucky stars after that near miss. Teresa was ready to crush his face in!

The two wrestlers scamper back up to their feet and Victor Vacio moves in to capitalize, grabbing fore Teresa's shoulders, she uses her agility to duck his first grapple attempt! SideKICK to Victor's gut! The Masked Chef absorbs the blow, before going for another grapple against her!

**Lance:**

Teresa tries to sweep Vacio's leg, but he's not having it! He's got her by the hair... YEWOUCH!

With a nasty HAIR toss, Vacio uses Teresa's long hair to whip her onto her back in the center of the ring, she cries out in sheer agony as her back connects hard with the mat! Vacio isn't interested in Teresa's games and is immediately going for a pin against her, pressing the Keyboard Queen's shoulders to the mat.

ONE.

NO!

**DDK:**

Teresa manages to squirm away from Victor Vacio, who is not pleased at all with this scenario. The man looks pissed behind that mask!

Ames kicks wildly at Vacio, giving him no choice but to retreat until the fury is over. Teresa nimbly glides to her feet and nails Victory with a leg lariat.

**Lance:**

She's so fast!

But Vacio isn't down long as Teresa finds herself the recipient of a massive gutwrench powerbomb! The ring shakes upon impact and Teresa holds her head.

**DDK:**

The ref needs to get in there and check on Ames! Even Courtney looks concerned!

With all the attention on Teresa, Victor panders to the crowd. That is, until he doubles over in pain and looks down to see Teresa's fist firmly planted between his legs.

**Lance:**

Low blow! Looks like Teresa's hand is lingering there just a little bit too long.

Still rattled, Teresa tries to shake the cobwebs out by rolling out of the ring and retrieving a couple chairs.

**DDK:**

This is about to get real ugly, Lance.

Ames throws two chairs into the ring as Vacio is ensuring he can still have children. Teresa grabs a chair and promptly whacks Victor across the back!

*SMACK!*

But the shot isn't as painful as the low blow he just received. Ames winds up and swings again but Victor turns and steals the chair off her just in time. Noticing the second chair she wisely deposited in the ring, Teresa is quick to grab that one as the two chaired combatants circle each other.

**Lance:**

Chair wars!

Teresa fakes like she's going to hit him a few times as Victor does back to her. The tension rises and the fans are excited to see what's going to happen next as all Courtney Paz can do is cover her eyes.

**DDK:**

Look out!

The two wrestlers charge each other and swing their chairs as hard as they can, each connecting to their opponent's side!

*WHACK!*

The chairs fly out of the ring as both Ames and Vacio lay on the canvas.

**DDK:**

Oh man Teresa Ames and Victor Vacio are BOTH knocked out after that MOVE! Wait, the fans are all standing... is that.. It is.. Uriel Cortez!

Walking briskly down the rampway Uriel Cortez has a look that means business! His eyes are directly set on Victor Vacio's mallet which is lying idly next to the ring closest to the rampway. Courtney Paz sees the fans reaction and she immediately is trying to get Rezin's attention to intervene.

**Lance:**

At the last DEFTv Victor Vacio appeared on the DEFIATron seemingly threatening both members of Los Tres Titanes.

Uriel Cortez seems very interested in returning that threat.

Rezin dodges his way towards the opposite side of the ring, still carrying the metal briefcase, he's yelling at Uriel. Uriel is aiming that mallet right at Rezin, the heat between Los Tres Titanes and Rezin has been boiling over for weeks now and Uriel seems eager to send a message tonight!

**Uriel:**

Vamos, hijo de puta! Come on, threaten me with this ACME bullshit mallet now!

**Rezin:**

Oh ya, well MEEP-MEEP, you freakishly huge muthafugga! Now give that back, so we can threaten you with it!

Uriel gives it to him with a hefty swing. Rezin yelps as he raises the metal briefcase over his face to shield his newly fixed nose from the impact. The briefcase instead gets struck by the mallet, smashing it into Rezin's forehead and sending him sprawling to the ringside floor.

In the ring Teresa Ames is up first, but barely as she's crawling towards the ropes as the double chair shot that connected both to her and Victor has really knocked the Cute N Qwerty Gurl for a loop.

**DDK:**

Uriel has picked up Victor's mallet and is arguing with Rezin.. Wait.. wait!

**Lance:**

Minute just hopped over the barricade! The Favoured Saints Champion has made an arrival!

Like a bolt of lightning Minute seizes the opportunity, leaping up to the apron in a split second after hopping the barricade. Rezin, recovering off the floor while holding his bruised forehead, looks up just in time to see the Favoured Saints going into motion.

**Rezin:**

No... NO... DON'T YOU EVEN ---

The high flying capabilities making the crowd react in awe, Hector Navarro watches on helpless as Minute Springboards.. 630! 630! SPRINGBOARD from the top ROPE ONTO VACIO!! SPRINGBOARD MINUTIAE FROM MINUTE!

**Rezin:**

NOOOOO!!!

**Lance:**

HOLY COW! Vacio was just coming too and before he could even sit up Minute just hit him with that 630 outta nowhere!

Teresa Ames watches on from the corner while filming the scene with her phone that she picked up from the corner. As soon as Minute vacates the ring, Uriel grabs the mallet and HURLS it all the way up the aisle where it lands on the stage!

**DDK:**

JEEZ! Uriel just got rid of Vacio's mallet! Payback by Los Tres Titanes for Vacio's warning!

Teresa scampers over to Vacio and pins him nonchalantly while filming herself on her phone. Navarro slides in for the count.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!

***DING DING DING***

**Lance:**

Courtney Paz is losing her mind on the outside. She can't believe Los Tres Titanes just came to the ring and basically... ruined The Kabal's Proving Grounds match up! But Teresa DID win and this is a NO DQ match which means anything goes!

Teresa Ames gets up from Victor and looks down at him with an evil and sadistic smile on her face. She blows him a thank you kiss, naturally.

**Teresa Ames:**

Can't wait to try your burgers later, honey. Extra pickles. Just for me.

Ames skips to the corner of the ring, stopping at the ropes, where now Uriel and Minute are backing up the ramp away from the scene, smiling. Rezin, still trying to recover, angrily shakes his fist at them.

**DDK:**

I hope this is the last of the Proving Grounds! If not, Teresa Ames may find a way to the top of The Kabal all by herself or whatever that final prize is.

**Lance:**

That's if Los Tres Titanes doesn't dismantle them with their newly stolen Kabal Mallet!

Darren Keebler sighs in response as Ames tries to give one last seductive look to Minute as we cut to elsewhere.



## RITUAL & PROPHECY

We open to black. Black with a single beam of pale light angling downward just so. The camera follows the light until it rests on a shattered full length mirror fixed to a rusted brass frame. Several panes of it's glass are missing, the light reflecting wildly on it's ragged, jostled edges

**NARRATOR:**

People like us... We're all a little broken, aren't we?

The camera pans down the length of the mirror, to the floor. Finds two buckets of paint, one on each side of the fractured mirror. Each paint bucket sits surrounded by shattered glass. One is filled with red paint. The other with black.

**NARRATOR:**

Each of us, held in suspension, until something comes along and breaks us. Each of us, missing pieces. All of us cracked and splintered. It's unavoidable, really.

We cut to a tight shot of the red paint can resting on the dirty ground. A shadow falls across it.

**NARRATOR:**

He was like you once. But no longer.

A gnarled fist is thrust into the can of red. The camera cuts to its owner's grimy, hirsute chest. A red mess of a hand smears itself across that chest, leaving a horrific blood red smudge behind.

**NARRATOR:**

I made him whole. Addition by subtraction. Stripped away the bloat. Cut off the fat. Made him... simple.

Another hand grabs a handful of black paint from the can. The camera cuts now to the shattered reflection of the mirror. Whether due to the state of the mirror or the state of the man who stands before it, the face we see is ugly. Hairy and soiled. The eyes staring back at us are wild.

**NARRATOR:**

Primal.

The hand smears the clumpy black paint across the top half of his face. When his eyes open again, the contrast of their white against the black of the paint somehow makes him even more unsettling in appearance.

**NARRATOR:**

He is that thing that comes along and breaks you. That force that will shatter DEFIANCE.

A red fist swings and destroys what's left of the mirror and it's brass frame. We abruptly cut back to black.

**NARRATOR:**

It's unavoidable, really.

**CORVO ALPHA IS COMING - UNCUT 97**

## CODENAME: GUARDIAN vs. ARTHUR PLEASANT

**Lance:**

For tonight's UNCUT Main Event, we have an interesting match up between two of DEFIANCE's rising stars. Codename: Guardian vs. Arthur Pleasant.

**DDK:**

Rising Stars? More like rising pain in the butt as far as Arthur is concerned. For the White Ranger - Codename: Guardian, I'm still a bit skeptical of him.

**Lance:**

This match up stems from a lot of different interactions between these two wrestlers. Firstly, Twitter has been a platform used by both wrestlers, which has led to some snide comments from Arthur Pleasant and many 'mysterious' threats by Codename: Guardian.

**DDK:**

So... are they going to have a 'Tweet' off, or an actual match?

**Lance:**

Pretty sure it's going to be a match, at last UNCUT, during the Kabal Invitational Battle Royale, both Arthur Pleasant and Codename: Guardian were present after Arthur's untimely elimination by Scott Stevens. Guardian's interest seemed at the time directed towards Teresa Ames.

Replays show the exchange that happened during the Battle Royale.

**DDK:**

That was until Arthur Pleasant attempted to lay his hands on Tim Tillinghast, now that I remember! It's one thing to be bat shit crazy in the ring - but to go for a 'well known' fan slash journalist? That's crossing the line. I'm glad Guardian stepped in to prevent Arthur from doing something incredibly stupid!

**Lance:**

Following that event - Codename: Guardian issued a challenge via DEFIANCE Radio - which was accepted at our last DEFIANCE Television when Arthur Pleasant decided to break Guardian's Kendo stick. Looks like Darren Quimbey is ready for this main event... let's go!

We switch to Darren Quimbey who stands ready in the center of the ring.

**Darren Quimbey:**

The following MAIN EVENT is... set for one fall. Making his way to the ring first.....

♪ "Danse Macabre" by Saint-Saens ♪

**Darren Quimbey:**

Hailing from Under The Midnight Sun in Utqiavik, Alaska..... standing six feet three inches tall and weighing 207lbs THE PROVOCATEUR....ARTHUUUUUUR... PLEEEEEASAAAANT!

WE DON'T LIKE YOU!

PLEASE SHUT UP!

WE DON'T LIKE YOU!

PLEASE SHUT UP!

**DDK:**

The fans are quick to let him have it - they REALLY can not stand this guy.

Arthur's appearance from the Guerilla position is met with louder cheers from The Faithful. A sneering grin forms on the Provocateur's face as he brandishes the broken 'sticks' of the Kendo stick he destroyed on Codename: Guardian.

With a microphone in hand, Jack Harmen on his left, and Aaron King on his right, the inFamous One speaks.

**Arthur Pleasant:**

YOUR... PURE WRESTLER... W-

“BOOOOOOOOOOO!”

**Arthur Pleasant:**

I SAID... your PURE... WRESSSTLER... will make sure this is a FAIR match-up tonight! In fact, this could be the fairest match in the history of Uncut!! No weapons for the White Masked PURE FAKER! In fact? Jack? Aaron? I want you guys to stay in the back tonight. It's time to show these DEFecators what a real wrestling match looks like!

Tossing the microphone haphazardly behind him, Arthur continues the rest of the way to the ring.

**Lance:**

I wonder if Arthur really considers himself a 'Pure' Wrestler?

**DDK:**

I'm pretty sure he does. Six months into his DEFIANCE career and I'm certain he believes everything that comes out of his own mouth.

♪ “Fake Fool” by Khz ♪

Arthur makes his way in the ring, tossing the kendo sticks in the crowd, the lights dim down as C:G's music comes alive in Wrestleplex. The word 'CODENAME:' appears in solid and impactful looking black letters on the DEFIatron. Below it, a strange code appears, a random set of numbers, but before anything can be made of it, the numbers start flipping into letters until the word 'GUARDIAN' appears below it.

*POP! FIREWORKS!*

A burst of white pillars of fireworks run down the ramp as Codename: Guardian appears amongst the mist, no longer carrying his white kendo stick the masked hero stares down at the ring for a few moments at the top of the ramp before The Faithful's cheers and excitement pressure him to get this main event started!

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent, hailing from parts unknown and weighing in at one-hundred-and-ninety-six pounds... CODENAME: GUARDIAN!!!!!!!!!!

**Lance:**

It's feeling electric right now. Codename: Guardian is sliding into the ring and Arthur Pleasant is eager to hear the bell ring.

**DDK:**

Benny Doyle seems to be reiterating the rules here to both Arthur and Codename: Guardian. As both wrestlers approach the center of the ring. Neither backing down for this moment.

As DEFIANCE's white masked Hero and the PURE Wrestler stand face to face in the center of the ring, The Faithful's noise meters max out, making it hard on Benny Doyle to finalize his list of tasks. Arthur seems overly ready to start as Guardian's stoic stance makes it hard for Pleasant to get a good read on him.

**DING DING**

Immediately latching into an aggressive lock up, both wrestlers try to leverage themselves the advantage but neither budges. Frustrating Arthur, he breaks off the engaged lock and walks in a circle in the ring.

**Arthur Pleasant:**

You know... the PURE Wrestler of DEFIANCE should not be your target! What about the likes of Scott St-

Before he can finish speaking Arthur's mouth is shut involuntarily by Codename: Guardian's foot as they launch a roundhouse kick out of nowhere against Arthur's face!

**Lance:**

WOW!

Guardian wastes no time in attempting a quick pinfall.

ONE.

NO!

Arthur beastily kicks out of the early pinfall attempt, slamming his fist into the mat in frustration he looks up to Guardian, RUNNING KNEE LIFT! Arthur is completely knocked onto the mat again, this time with a much louder thud. Guardian poises themselves above Arthur, looking down at him and shaking their head, they flip forward!

**DDK:**

SOMERSAULT leg drop from Codename!

Again, Codename: Guardian wants to seal this match quickly so they go for another hard pressing pin, this time pushing Arthur's shoulders with force into the mat.

ONE.

NO!

Arthur bench presses the much more light weighted Guardian off of him. Growling in the process Arthur scampers to the nearest corner and tries to pull himself up.

**Lance:**

Guardian is relentless, he's going in for a grapple! Pleasant.. Kicks him back... once.. TWICE!

The second kick is a lifting boot from the corner as Arthur uses the ropes for leverage, lifting his right leg up and booting Guardian in the face. They fall backwards, stumbling to one knee.

**DDK:**

Arthur charges forward... HEADBUTT!

Vicious and out of nowhere, Pleasant charges forward out of the corner to deliver himself forward in a launching headbutt as Guardian pulled themselves up to their feet. Landing on top of him, Arthur immediately sits on the Guardian's chest, unleashing PUNCH, after PUNCH! Nasty set of fists as The Faithful let out a set of jeers.

*ARTHUR YOU SUCK!*

*ARTHUR YOU SUCK!*

**Lance:**

Doyle is finally warning Arthur to back off or will be DQ'd and look at him, he's just smiling at Benny.

**DDK:**

The man is a psychopath, the quick beating he received at the start only seemed to fuel his aggression right there.

Lifting Guardian up, the white hero is taken down just as quick and vicious with a HARD hitting DDT!! Rolling them

onto their back, Arthur cleanly presses both hands down on Guardian's chest.

ONE

TWO

SHOULDER UP!

Guardian doesn't react as quickly as Arthur, getting his shoulder up as Arthur continues to capitalize while the fans continue to berate him.

*ARTHUR IS A NERD!*

*ARTHUR IS A NERD!*

**Lance:**

Ever since joining DEFIANCE, the self-proclaimed PURE Wrestler has garnered quite a bit of hatred for himself and it's showing in usual form tonight.

Doing his best to shrug off the negativity, Arthur sling shots Guardian across the ring with an Irish Whip, Guardian bounces back and DUCKS a hard clothesline from Arthur.

**DDK:**

Here we go!

On the rebound, Guardian jumps to the second ropes, uses them as a SPRINGBOARD, spins around for a FLYING CROSS BODY!

**Lance:**

OH MY! Arthur just... caught The Guardian in mid air with the move and didn't flinch! I have to admit, that's impressive.

Stumbling to gain leverage, Arthur gives himself a few moments to wrangle Codename: Guardian still, smiling he stumbles himself backwards and falls down... STUN GUN! Guardian's neck ricochets off the top rope, causing his body to crash hard into the mat from the reaction of the move!

**DDK:**

Guardian's head almost got popped off from that reversal and Arthur is still in control here.

GET UP GUARDIAN! GET UP!

The Faithful attempt to rally the white masked crusader but Arthur is having none of it. The Denizen of Decay, lifts C:G up with aggression, hooking the hero under his arm - he lifts him and SLAMS him with a FISHERMAN BUSTER!

**Lance:**

Arthur doesn't relent, he's rolling on the mat and doing his best to hold onto Guardian.

Guardian is in The Land of Make Believe as Arthur crashes him down into the mat with a second patented FISHERMAN's Buster.

**DDK:**

Is.. he's doing it again! Wow.

With a ferocious yell out towards The Faithful, Arthur briefly pauses after lifting Guardian up, hoisting the hero up one additional time and DROPS him with a Third and Final Fisherman's Buster!!

**Lance:**

That certainly seems to have quieted down the crowd.

Precious seconds tick by as Arthur is slow to capitalize with a pinfall, but with resolve he manages to pull himself over and drapes himself on top of Codename: Guardian for a nonchalant cover. Doyle slides in for the count.

ONE.

TWO.

NO!

Last second kick out by Codename: Guardian. Arthur is showing some frustration as he sits up and looks out into the Faithful's seats.

**DDK:**

Arthur seems a bit distracted doesn't he? Maybe he's afraid Scott Stevens will come out here and make a fool out of him again.

**Lance:**

Not sure if it's Keebs. It could be... OH!!!

Rising uppercut from Codename: Guardian completely catches Pleasant off guard, he staggers back, using his back leg to catch himself from falling but he's obviously rocked from the jaw punch.

**DDK:**

Codename: Guardian springs to their feet with that Rising uppercut.. Jumping SINGLE LEGGED DROPKICK!

**Lance:**

That looked right out of Street Fighter!

Arthur Pleasant hits the mat with a thunderous reception from The Faithful, they get on their feet and are starting to cheer behind the white masked ranger. C:G launches himself against the ropes, comes charging back, SOMERSAULT! LANDS directly on Arthur's chest with Guardian's back! Howling in pain AP rolls to his face as he slithers on the mat.

**Lance:**

Burst of energy from Codename: Guardian here!

Springing up to his feet again the cloaked crusader pulls Arthur Pleasant up by the arm, hooks himself under his arm... NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX with a BRIDGE!!

ONE.

TWO.

NO!

Violently breaking out of the pin as soon as Doyle's hand hit the mat for the two, Arthur's already sitting up, heavily breathing and trying to shake the cobwebs out. ROLLING NECK SNAP!

**DDK:**

Heck of a burst of speed again from whoever is under that costume. Arthur's body was just snapped forward like a twig as he couldn't even get a chance to stand up.

**Lance:**

Another pin attempt!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Popping his legs out harshly from this kickout Arthur Pleasant nearly launches Guardian off of him. Both wrestlers rise to their feet at the same time, neither strike but rather stare one another down as the crowd's anticipation builds.

**DDK:**

Is this a staring contest or what?

**Lance:**

I don't know if you can actually see whether or not Guardian blinks!

Neither of the two heated combatants budge. Instead, they pause and collect themselves and Guardian actually breaks back for just a step, readying themselves.

**Arthur Pleasant:**

Come on Storm Shadow! GIMMIE your best SHOT!!

*SHUT HIM UP!*

*SHUT HIM UP!*

**Lance:**

Guardian is gauging that request from Arthur it appears, is he just offering himself up here for Guardian to attack!?

**DDK:**

He's a nut so I wouldn't be surprised!

With sheer quickness and force, Codename: Guardian springs around the ring and launches a ROUNDHOUSE KICK! Arthur Pleasant DEFIANCE's PURE WRESTLER absorbs the blow and doesn't move, shaking his head at Guardian in response he seems to taunt the hero with that sheer ability to withstand that powerful kick from C:G.

**Arthur Pleasant:**

THAT ALL YOU GOT!?!? COME ON GIMMIE ANOTHER ONE!

**DDK:**

Told you that he is...

Pausing for a moment, Guardian's mask tilts to both sides as the man or woman behind the costume tries to gauge whether Arthur is serious. Guardian steadies and then springs into a running charge at the ropes, using them as a launching device Guardian springboard rolls forward on the mat launching into a cartwheel and springs up with a MUAY THAI Cartwheel Kick!

**Lance:**

Arthur catches Guardian's foot! It was a trick!

Arthur is Shaking his finger at Guardian, who manages to steady themselves on their other leg, just barely. The Faithful are rallying behind Guardian with rising cheers as the two wrestlers are staring at one another.

**Lance:**

Blade BARRAGE! NO! ARTHUR DUCKS IT!

Balling their fists Guardian launches into a spinning Enziguri attempt, but Arthur smartly dodges the 'counter' move Guardian has put on display more than once.

**Arthur Pleasant:**

I PAY ATTENTION!!

**Lance:**

Really smart duck from Arthur, perfect timing too. He.. was expecting that move.

**DDK:**

I don't think Guardian knows what hit them, they are laying face down on the mat, the masked hero looks knocked out here.

Slowly standing over Guardian, Arthur pulls both legs up, wrapping a leg under each arm; it looks like he's about to pancake Guardian into the mat!

**Lance:**

He lifts Codename up... REVERSED! NO WAY! WHEELBARROW COUNTER!

Flipping up in the air, it appears Guardian was playing possum! Using Arthur's own strength against him, Guardian launches an elbow into Arthur's face on pull up, Front rolls forward and pulls Arthur into a pinning attempt, grabbing both of the PURE Wrestler's legs! Benny Doyle is quick to make the count!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

**Lance:**

OH MY GOD!

**DDK:**

HE GOT 'IM!

As quickly as the move from Arthur Pleasant was countered, Guardian's release and movement away from The Provocateur is just as quick.

**Darren Quimbey:**

Your winner of the match via pinfall... CODENAME: GUARDIAN!

Benny Doyle raises Guardian's arm in victory as the crowd springs up to their feet in excitement from that reversal into the win for Codename: Guardian. Arthur Pleasant can't believe it.

**DDK:**

Just when he thought he had it all planned out it was his own 'tricks' that caught up to him.

**Lance:**

Yeah it was clear that the Guardian was waiting for him at that point, Arthur just didn't see it. Maybe he'll learn something from this loss!

Arthur Pleasant continues to question the count with Benny Doyle as Codename: Guardian collects themselves on the outside of the ring. Wasting no time and no chance for Arthur to retaliate after that surprise victory. Cameras pan out



over Wrestleplex as the fans continue to give Arthur Pleasant a hard time.

***THIS.***

***IS.***

***DEFIANCE.***