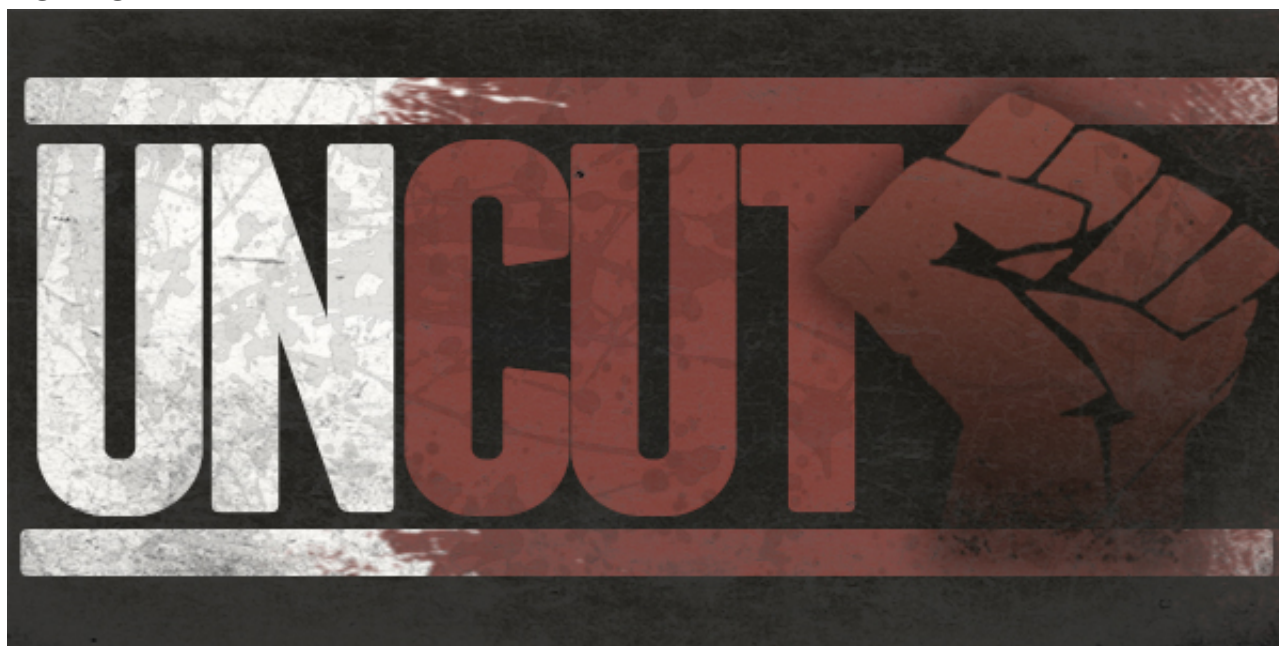


SHOW OPEN

LOVELY

A dark, wide corridor. A drab green paint adorns the walls. A single light lives on the ceiling at the very end of that hallway, dimly shining down.

NARRATOR:

You must be quite bored of all of this by now, eh?

Somewhat low to the ground, our camera begins a painfully slow crawl down the hallway. Towards the pale beam of light.

NARRATOR:

Weary of all of this exposition... all of this waiting...

Still a ways out from the end of the hall, we note a stone pedestal waits for us. Ornately carved, ancient, and moss covered in places, it sits. It waits.

NARRATOR:

But I must advise... do not so carelessly wish this moment away...

The pedestal is not alone. Atop it we can see a box. Wooden. Plain. Waiting.

NARRATOR:

Don't brush it away. Don't hurry down this hall.

We hear footsteps. Heavy and heaving. Barefoot. Taking their time as well.

NARRATOR:

Once you're there... once we are ALL there... we can't go back. None of us. So take a moment. Breathe. Enjoy this wonderful silence. The stillness.

The camera continues its slow lurch forward.

NARRATOR:

This is all quite wonderful, really...

The pedestal nearly in reach, our camera slows, almost imperceptibly, until it comes to a final rest at the foot of the stone stand. It slowly begins to rise until our gaze is fixed and resting upon the wooden box. It's worn brass clasp is shut tight. The camera peels back as a dark figure steps into shot. Two hands -- one covered in smears and gobs of black paint, the other in red -- reach forward almost trembling. They grab the box with reverence and care, carefully lifting it from its place.

NARRATOR:

Quite wonderful, indeed.... Yes...

Our hairy, hulking figure turns to face the camera with box in hand. He is a silhouette of rock and fur. The box almost glimmers somehow. Corvo Alpha moves to offer us the box.

NARRATOR:

All of it...

More footfalls, these with shoes. Echoing. Corvo drops to his knees, arms holding the box high. Another, this one much smaller, silhouette enters the frame. He reaches to unclasp and open the wooden box.

NARRATOR:

Lovely.

Reaching in... the figure reveals a finely made, black bowler cap. He places it atop his head and turns around to face us. It is **Lord Nigel Trickelbush** - former manager of THE STORM, unseen in DEF since 2018. His mechanical smile is fixed upon his face as Corvo rises to his feet behind him, still a tangled, snarling, foaming silhouette of rage.

NARRATOR:

Quite lovely, indeed.

CORVO ALPHA IS COMING - UNCUT 97

PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP: MALAK GARLAND Â© vs. ROOSEVELT OWENS

DDK and Lance Warner nestle into their usual commentating station.

DDK:

Lance, up next is yet another Paper Championship match featuring Malak Garland but we understand this title defense has a little more meaning attached to it.

♪ "Mamma Said Knock You Out" by Five Finger Death Punch feat. Tech N9ne ♪

Big Roosevelt Owens walks out on stage. His ominous glare is intimidating and not something to be taken lightly.

Lance:

That's right. Take a look at this.

A video package overtakes the broadcast moments after Roosevelt stands tall atop the rampway, cracking his knuckles.

Chyron:

DEFTv 135

May 5, 2020

Teresa slides into the ring and promptly kicks the limp body of the official out of the squared circle. Roosevelt Owens rolls away from Theodore Cain and stares at The Comments Section with confusion over the abrupt ending to their match.

Malak joins his fellow Keyboard Warriors in the ring as they all glance around the arena, soaking up their few moments in the spotlight.

*Malak lowers the microphone and **whispers something to Bates first, then Owens.** The big man half-smiles, shrugs his shoulders and nonchalantly leaves the ring.*

The footage cuts back to the live feed of Owens entering the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for the Paper Championship! Introducing the challenger, from Marietta, Georgia, ROOSEVELT OWENS!

Owens howls loudly.

DDK:

So, let me get this straight, Malak whispered something unknown to Owens over a year ago and that has led to this match?

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

Malak Garland walks out on stage, strumming his paper belt like a guitar, brother.

Lance:

I did some digging into this and my sources seem to think that Malak made some sort of wildly outlandish promise to Owens in the moment in order to get him to exit the ring peacefully so The Comments Section could prey upon Theodore Cain without hindrance.

Malak continues his best Guitar Hero impression as he walks down the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the champion, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, MALAK GARLAND!

Garland rolls into the ring and hands the belt over to Benny Doyle who hands it over to the timekeeper. Malak looks a bit confused at the sight of seeing Benny.

DDK:

As stupid as that sounds, it makes sense for a guy like Malak. Who knows exactly what he promised Roosevelt but here we are. The only thing that's concerning is that Malak doesn't appear too scared of an opponent five inches taller and double his weight.

Lance:

One last thing. Owens was caught on a hot mic during the awards show at the end of last year saying something about Teresa Ames, so there's that too.

DING DING

The bell tolls and Owens licks his chops but all does not appear as it is. Malak immediately rams into Doyle, downing the zebra. Owens looks confused.

Lance:

LOOK OUT!

WHACK!

SMACK!

Owens folds over to a knee after receiving a kendo stick shot and a chair shot from ALEX and MEE6 respectfully.

DDK:

Where did they come from!?

Lance:

I think they were under the ring!

Malak laughs like an evil villain getting away with a dastardly plot as the two goon hands continue to wail away on Owens with their weapons! Roosevelt has no choice but to cover up.

DDK:

Just when you thought Malak was actually wrestling honorably, or for that matter, simply wrestling his opponent, he goes and pulls this stunt.

Lance:

Let's be honest, I'm not sure Malak could defeat a man of Roosevelt's size fair and square.

The kendo stick finally breaks over Roosevelt's back and the chair is warped beyond repair so The Source of Envy directs his lackeys to pick Owens up. They follow his command.

SMACK!

DDK:

SUPERKICK BY GARLAND!

Owens sways groggily in a knelt position as Malak rushes off the ropes.

BIG PUNT TO THE FACE.

Lance:

Down goes Owens.

Malak hooks a leg and instructs MEE6 to count the pin using the referee's arm.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

MEE6 jumps out of the ring in fear. ALEX stands frozen in fear as Owens rises to his feet and headbutts ALEX very hard. Malak cowers in the corner and gets a belly-to-belly suplex for his trouble!

DDK:

Owens is pissed now!

The big man climbs to the second rope and hits a ring shaking corner splash and stays on top of Malak for what should be an academic cover but Benny is moving very slow.

Lance:

Count it! Count it, Benny!

ONE!

The Faithful implore for a faster count.

TWO!

One more! One more!

Benny raises his arm high one more time.

WHACK!

DDK:

Mark Shields! What the hell is he doing here? He just cleaned Benny's clock!

Mark stands over Benny, seething and with a piece of *paper* in hand.

Mark Shields:

This is my assignment, assclown. I'm the referee for this match. I told the Favored Saints I'd be late and to start the match without me but now I'm here so I can take over.

Lance:

I don't think that's how refereeing wrestling matches works, Mark. You can't just start the match and then arrive for it later.

Regardless of antics, Mark kicks Benny's limp body out of the ring and gets in an athletic stance to call the match as if nothing happened. Owens gets up and takes issue with Mark over breaking up the count to his sure victory.

DINK!

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The Faithful let out an audible shriek as Malak Garland's forearm is firmly planted in the groin of Owens. The blatant low blow is right in front of Mark's eyes. Like, you couldn't miss it if you tried.

Mark Shields:

I'M GOING TO LET THAT SLIDE BECAUSE OWENS WAS GOING TO ATTACK ME. I WAS IN IMMINENT DANGER AND MALAK SAVED ME. CONTINUE THE MATCH!

DDK:

You've got to be kidding me.

Malak promptly rolls Roosevelt up and latches onto the tights for good measure. Mark counts quickly.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

It's over. Malak gets his arm raised in victory.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner and still Paper Champion, MALAK GARLAND!

Mark hands Malak the belt as ALEX and MEE6 join in a group hug, despite the visible pain they're in.

DDK:

Malak is a friggin mockery of wrestling, Lance. This has to stop. This dog and pony show is absolute horse manure and I hope SNS serves it up cold to them.

DDK's furiousness aside, Malak blows arrogant kisses to the crowd as he's carried out of the ring by MEE6 and ALEX.

Malak Garland:

!RANK !RANK !RANK

MEE6:

NUMBER ONE! NUMERO UNO! THE ABSOLUTE TOP SPOT!

ALEX:

On paper, of course!

Malak rubs his paper belt against his cheek. He closes his eyes and thinks of a nice relaxing sandy beach to calm his triggered soul after that intense match.

Lance:

If we can only get that lucky, Darren.

A closing shot of Roosevelt Owens shows his frustration. Whatever promises he was fed could be considered taken care of now.

REZIN vs. HFIV

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

Fade in as the crane cam moves in over the roaring crowd and onto the interview stage. Music is already playing and three people are already standing in place: CHRIS TRUTT, VICTOR VACIO, and REZIN.

Lance:

Look alive, Keebs! We got Kabal creeps in the house!

DDK:

Ugh... I don't know why Chris Trutt keeps putting up with this goon! Is giving Rezin an interview on Uncut part of his job description now!

Rezin, clad in his usual patch vest and rocking a Bad Brains muscle shirt this week, smiles in dark delight as he tugs Trutt's mic in close.

Rezin:

Hey-HEY, Trutt!! Do ya know what time it is?! DO YA!?

The junior reporter looks less than enthused to be in the presence of Kabal's nefarious VOIDguard, while the patch-vested Rezin gleams like a hyena and the void-faced Vacio keeps the intimidation factor present as he stoically shoulders his mallet.

Chris Trutt:

Uhh, is it time for more "Inglorious Misadventures", Rezin?

Rezin:

HAHAHAHA, fuggin' A-right, it is! So zip 'em SHUT and park your BUTT, cause it's REZIN and TRUTT, LIVE on UNCUT!

Chris Trutt:

Uncut is pre-taped, though...

Rezin's eye twitches as he suppresses the urge to throttle the reporter's neck in a fit of rage.

Rezin:

Damnit, Trutt, stop questioning the logic at play here and just get this thing rolling already! You're messin' with my buzz!

Trutt sighs like a man who is growing ever exhausted with this routine.

Chris Trutt:

If you insist... so guys, before we dig into it, let's review the events that went down last week at DEFIANCE TV 155...

The DEFIatron lights up and plays through a series of clips highlighting the events that followed the one-on-one encounter between Lindsay Troy and Titaness one week ago:

Rezin, on the mic, distracts Titaness from outside the ring.... Victor slips in unseen from behind and clips the legs... both put the stomps to her... Rezin holds out the arm while Vacio readies the mallet... Cortez and Troy run out for the save... Rezin and Vacio make their retreat... Uriel and Minute assist Titaness out of the ring and back up the ramp...

DDK:

It's hard having to sit through and watch all of that again... and I shudder when I think of what more they could have done had Troy and the others in Los Tres Titanes not ran in to make the save!

When the footage ends, Rezin is cackling in delight, and Victor is nodding approvingly. The Faithful are booing vehemently.

Chris Trutt:

There it was, once again... and as we can all clearly see, you two attacked Titaness in a manner that was completely unprovoked and unsolicited. And you're actually PROUD of that?! Unbelievable!

Rezin:

Heh heh... are you really that surprised, Trutt? You of all people should know by now that I DEFY ALL that is "believable" in this sport! And no doubt, you wouldn't believe how far Vic and I could have gone on that arm had we not been interrupted!

Chris Trutt:

You know, Rezin, you can really be despicable sometimes! I know the two of you have your issues with Uriel and the Favoured Saints Champion Minute, but Titaness isn't involved in any of that, making her completely innocent in this!

Rezin:

Hey, man... sometimes, for a statement to be made, innocent blood has to be spilled! Don't blame ME... it's the law of the jungle, Trutt! The STRONG prey upon the WEAK, innocent or not!

Chris Trutt:

Are you sure it's not just because you're jealous of Minute's amazing 630 degree splash?

Rezin:

I'll have you know, being jealous is a VERY punk rock thing to do! And it's not like we didn't give those clowns fair warning! We warned that pipsqueak Minute about stealing my thunder, and we warned that mongoloid Cortez about trying to protect him! But did they heed those warnings, Trutt? Did they stand down and step aside!?

Snarling, the Goat Bastard shakes his head.

Rezin:

NO!! They deliberately got in our way, and went so far as to openly MOCK us! You think I didn't tune in to last week's DEFIANCE Radio? You think I didn't hear all that shit about "The Most Interesting Flyer in the World"? Saluting "Dipshit Kabal Lackeys"?! Hardy-fuckin'-har, amirite?

Trutt instinctively nods in agreement but stops as soon as Rezin angrily shakes a fist in his face.

Rezin:

Well WHO'S LAUGHING NOW, Trutt! We made good on our words and we ACTED, cause at the end of the day, we got reputations to uphold, and I'll be DAMBED if people go around and start saying the Kabal don't act on their threats!

Chris Trutt:

Then... why not go after THEM? Why cross the line and attack a friend and loved one like Titaness?

Rezin:

Cause sometimes, Trutt, in this unforgiving, lawless world we live in, examples need to be made of! And sometimes, that extra step needs to be taken. Yeah, we coulda busted up Minute's legs and made sure he NEVER flies the skies again. Breaking bones is easy-peasy... but broken bones eventually heal.

His dark eyes find the camera and his dastardly grin widens as he suggestively wrings his hands together like a scheming, moustache-twirling villain.

Rezin:

But the human SPIRIT? That never fully heals! The human spirit carries scars for life, Trutt! And when you go to the extra step of trying to break something like that, it takes a bit more than the typical post-match beatdown. You gotta

use FEAR as a weapon to break the human spirit... the FEAR that even their friends aren't safe from our wrath! The FEAR that THEY will have failed to protect them!

Chris Trutt:

That's horrible!

Rezin:

That's EXISTENCE, Trutt! I hate to sound like a broken record here, but what did you honestly EXPECT?! You stupid normies take these things like "honor" and "loyalty" and "respect" and put it all on a pedestal of greatness, but the reality is that these are nothing but delusions of a self-centered ego! Do you think the Tsavo Man-eaters questioned the morality of their actions when they devoured over a hundred innocent railroad workers?! This is how CHAOS WORKS, Trutt! That's how WE work! I'm the GHOST, and Vic is the DARKNESS, and DEFIANCE is our own little Tsavo River!

Rezin elbow bumps Vacio in the chest as a sign of comradery, though Victor flashes him an annoyed look. He looks more or less uninvested in what's being said; he just wants something to pound. Trutt can only shake his head in revulsion at these two and all that they stand for.

Chris Trutt:

Well regardless of what you say, Rezin, this isn't the untamed wilderness... this is DEFIANCE Wrestling! And next week, at DEFIANCE Television 156, it appears the hunters will become the HUNTED, as Titaness has laid down the direct challenge to you in retaliation to this attack!

On a dime, Rezin's entire demeanor flips from sinister and smug to anxious and panicky.

Rezin:

H'WHAAT?! I didn't accept any challenge! That SHAM-azon can go pick on someone her own size!

Chris Trutt:

So you're walking away from the challenge? I thought you always said that wasn't punk ro--

Rezin:

HEY MAN, watch your mouth!! I don't walk away from shit! It's literally a genetic impossibility!

Chris Trutt:

So you ACCEPT the challenge??

Rezin's brain melts down as he spits, snorts, and stammers his way through trying to explain this paradox.

Rezin:

I DIDN'T SAY... I mean... I'M NOT... uhh... SHE CAN'T... ugggGGGHH, SHUT UP TRUTT!! I fucking hate you! Somebody send out my opponent already!

♪ "Good L_ck, Yo_'re F_cked" by Celldweller ♪

The Faithful give off almost equal levels of heat as HIGH FLYER IV and ARCHER SILVER of LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES strut out through the entry-way, flashing their newly won BRAZEN Tag Team Championships. Rezin immediately balks and swipes the mic from Trutt's hand.

Rezin:

Goddambit, what the hell is with all these kids of famous wrestlers constantly challenging me on Uncut? Am I the only one getting bored of this trend!? Oh well, I'll take what I can get... so which one of you lamers is the high flyer of this outfit?

The one with "High Flyer" literally in his name blows raspberries at Rezin and flips him off.

Rezin:

Fine, whatever, let's burn this shit up, you Simpson-looking sum'bish!

Rezin leads the way down the aisle with HF IV in hot pursuit, both men loudly jaw-jacking at each other with each step. Archer and Victor are not far behind. Finally, referee Brian Slater emerges from the entry-way and hurries to the ring to make it official.

Darren Quimbey:

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

DDK:

It would appear that yet again, we're being treated to another impromptu affair featuring DEFIANCE's favorite grease-stain, Rezin! Although I'm not sure just who would be rooting for a scamp like High Flyer IV!

Lance:

Though one thing is for certain: this is going to be a fast-moving, high-flying contest, given these two individuals! HF IV is fresh off his tag team title victory at Clash of the BRAZEN X, and he looks to be riding high on that momentum!

DDK:

You could have said flying high.

Lance:

You're right. I chose not to.

Darren Quimbey:

Entering the ring, REAP-resenting the Kabal... he hails from SIN-dianapolis, SIN-diana, and weighs in at two-hundred and five pounds... he is the (allegedly) "greatest" high flyer in all of DEFIANCE... the ESCAPE ARTIST...
RRREEZZZIIINNN!!

"BOOOOOOOO!!!"

Spouting expletives back into the audience, Rezin zips to the apron and hops the ropes to enter.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, representing Los Enfants Terribles... hailing from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and weighing in at one-hundred and seventy-eight pounds... he is the BRAZEN Tag Team Champion... HHHIIIGGGHHH
FFFLLYYYYEEERRR FFFOOOUUURRR!!!

"BOOOOOOOO!!!"

HF IV pops right up to the turnbuckle and MOONSAULTS into the ring in an absolute show-off moment that he immediately throws into Rezin's face. The Goat Bastard snarls in envy and rage.

Rezin:

Fuck off, kid! EYE own the moonsaults in this town!

HF IV

Ok boomer...

Rezin:

YOU SON OF A--!!

DING DING

Rezin furiously streaks across the ring at HF IV, but the young BRAZEN tag champ deftly leapfrogs the charge and the

Escape Artist instead barrels face-first into the second turnbuckle. As he bounces off from the impact, he stumbles perfectly into position as HF IV leaps upon him.

DDK:

WHEELBARROW VICTORY ROLL right out of the gate!

One!

Two!

NO!! For a moment there, I thought this would be over faster than it began... but this match continues!

Lance:

Lucky us...

Rezin pushes the lighter Flyer off of him beforeipping up to his feet and catching him off guard with a wild hook kick. As HF IV staggers, Rezin snags an arm and runs off the turnbuckle for a flipping arm drag that coils the young tag champ to the mat.

DDK:

Rezin keeps ahold of that arm off of the arm drag, and there's a few hard kicks to keep Flyer IV on the mat... now he's draping that arm over the bottom rope! Rezin, bounces off the ropes... OH, MAN!! And drops the knee right into the inner arm of High Flyer IV!!

Lance:

And ANOTHER!!

HF IV's brash and cocky demeanor is all but gone down as he howls in pain, and Rezin drags him to the turnbuckle before jumping to the second rope and taking another bounce...

DDK:

Rezin into a HEADSTAND...!!

...

...

...

...AND DOWN COMES THE KNEE, after what felt like forever!

Lance:

I'm not sure I understand the logic of holding that position for that long, but that was nevertheless stunning to see!

Flyer IV crawls away while Rezin stalks him like a hungry, grinning bird of prey. He spots the turnbuckle ahead. Without a moment's thought, he sprints forward. Like a gazelle, he leaps to the top in a single bound, pivots, and dives off the top...

DDK:

Rezin with the MISSILE DROPKICK--NO!!

Lance:

A MISSED dropkick if anything!

HF IV rolls under, and Rezin flops hard to the mat. As he gets up in a slight daze, he hardly notices that the younger

Flyer has teleported himself to the top rope...

DDK:

Wait, High Flyer IV on the top rope--flips forward with the DRAGONRANAAA that sends Rezin FLYING!!

Lance:

WOW!!

The crowd pops. How could they not, in the sight of such flippy-dooos? Rezin flips a few more times as he careens across the canvas like a rag doll, falling through the ropes and splatting face first on the floor at the feet of Victor Vacio. Victor shakes his head pitifully before bending over and rolling the "ghost" to his "darkness" back into the ring.

DDK:

Rezin stumbling back onto his feet... does he even know where he is?

Lance:

Does he EVER?

DDK:

Rezin coming to as HF IV charges in... Flyer FLIES--

Rezin:

AAAHH!!

DDK:

And Rezin DUCKS!!

As Rezin straightens up, he wipes sweat from his brow and shows visible relief at having dodged a bullet. What he doesn't notice is that HF IV caught himself on the second turnbuckle. The audience practically yelps as Rezin slowly and unsuspectingly turns around...

DDK:

HF IV WITH THE CROSS BODY BLOCK into the PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!!

Rezin pushes HF IV off and the two scramble to their feet. High Flyer IV goes for a spinning back elbow that Rezin ducks. Rezin kicks low for a sweep that HF IV hops over. Both men immediately tangle with the young BRAZEN tag champ going for a whip that instead gets reversed...

DDK:

Flyer in motion, hits the ropes... Rezin REBOUNDS... going for the STANDING MOONSAULT--wait, FLYER, OFF THE ROPES, WITH THE SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT--

Lance:

OH NO!!

SPLAT!!

The Faithful cringe in unison as bodies crash mid-air and fall into a heap in the middle of the canvas. Both competitors writhe in pain, clutching their ribs where the impact occurred. HF IV crawls to one corner while Rezin drags himself to

another.

DDK:

That moonsault-on-moonsault looked absolutely devastating!

Lance:

Rezin's claim to being the "greatest high flyer" in DEFIANCE is certainly being put to the test tonight, by the very young man who adopted the ACTUAL TITLE of "High Flyer"!

Rezin is the first to his feet. He takes a moment to stare off into space. A strange calm overtakes him, and he almost looks lucid. Then his brow furrows and his lips curl into a sneer. High Flyer IV, back on his own two legs, spots him with his back turned and charges...

DDK:

Here comes HF IV--GOOD GOD, NO, A CLOVEN HOOF KICK NEARLY TAKES HIS HEAD OFF!!

Lance:

For a moment there, I thought he was lost in an acid flashback, but instead, he was baiting High Flyer IV into a trap!

Rezin goes up to the top rope. High Flyer IV slowly gets to his feet, in an absolute daze...

DDK:

Rezin on the top rope... MOONSAULT LAYS OUT HIGH FLYER IV!!

Lance:

And... he's going back up!!

DDK:

ANOTHER ONE!? Rezin, OFF THE TOP... SECOND MOONSAULT LANDS!!

Almost bouncing back to his feet off the impact, Rezin pounces back to the top rope...

DDK:

AND THERE'S MOONSAULT NUMBER THREE!! GOOD GOD!!

Lance:

Three consecutive moonsaults! Rezin is no doubt sending a message to Minute! Is this sort of punishment in store for the Favoured Saints Champion at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE?

Rezin gets back to his feet... and his grin widens as his gaze gets lost in the jeering Faithful.

Rezin:

...y'all wanna see some FLIPPY-DOOS?!

Lance:

UH OH...

The boos amplify as Rezin again goes to the corner. He takes his sweet ass time climbing up, milking every moment for what it's worth in heat, scaling to the top one turnbuckle after the next.

DDK:

Is he really going for it?! The 630 degree splash?!

Lance:

Ever since Minute debuted the glorious MINUTIAE as his new finisher, Rezin has been a man OBSESSED with

proving himself as the greatest aerial daredevil in all of DEFIANCE! But can he pull off such a feat?

Rezin makes it to the top... sets himself... focuses... calibrates... jumps... FLIPS...

...makes it only four-hundred and fifty degrees when High Flyer IV suddenly springs to his feet and catches Rezin by the head.

DDK:

HIGH FLYER IV WITH THE SIT-OUT FACEBUSTER!! Flyer rolls him over for the PIN...

Lance:

His FEET are on the ropes!

DDK:

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

Rezin kicks out at the last second in shock and rage. Slater smirks as he holds three fingers to his face. High Flyer IV bounds to his feet and cheers victoriously.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, by pinfall... HHHIIIGGGHHH FFLLLYYYYEEERRR
QQQUUUAAATTTTRRRROOOOOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

The BRAZEN Tag Team Champion pulled it off, Lance! The legacy of the HIGH FLYER lives on with a victory over Rezin!

Lance:

Though not without the tactics we'd come to expect from anyone with the "Harmen" name! Referee Brian Slater was unfortunately in a position where he couldn't see HF IV getting that extra leverage off of the bottom rope!

DDK:

Considering it's REZIN we're talking about... does anyone need to complain about the outcome? In any case, if he was hoping to send a message to Los Tres Titanes tonight, I'd say he's failed spectacularly!

Lance:

And I say, good riddance! He could have had this match won if he wasn't so obsessed with trying to prove he can pull off that 630 splash! And now he has an angry and vengeful Titaness to look forward to at the next DEFIANCE TV!

Rezin complains plenty to Slater, who fittingly tells the Goat Bastard to fuck off. High Flyer IV regroups with Archer Silver on the ramp, and Les Enfants Terribles victoriously hold up their BRAZEN Tag Team Championships.

CLAP CLAP CLAP

Parting through the curtain are the celebratory Les Enfants, sans the BRAZEN champ himself. Archer holds a triumphant HF IV on his shoulders as HF IV raises both tag straps in the air like Rocky.

Only to hear the golf clap, of one Jack Harmen.

Jack Harmen:

Good showing kid. Really impressive. Knew you had it in ya. All those tropes.

HF IV hops off Archer's shoulders and steps toward his father. Silver cracks his knuckles, ready for a fight.

High Flyer IV:

Yeah? So what. Shut up. I don't need you. I'm CHAMP yo!

Jack Harmen:

You don't need me.

Harmen nods toward Archer.

Jack Harmen:

I'm glad.

Without hesitation, Harmen shoulder bumps into his own son, sending him into Archer's hands. The two remain upright, as Jack Harmen gets into his son's face. Silver isn't far behind.

Jack Harmen:

So stay out of our way.

Harmen falters for a moment. He looks away from his son, who never broke their stare.

Jack Harmen:

I won't protect you from the Scourge.

Harmen turns and walks away without another word.

Angrily, HF IV shouts after him.

HF IV:

I don't NEEEEED you to! I'm the champ!

HF IV smacks the tag belt across his shoulder. Archer Silver leans in.

Archer Silver:

We're the champ.

Without hesitation.

HF IV:

We're the champ!

HF IV slaps the belt twice, as Archer nods.

HF IV:

Can you believe that guy? He's like a barnacle on my awesomeness. I can't believe I'm related to him.

THINGS TO DO

The scene opens backstage outside the locker room areas, where reporter Jamie Sawyers is standing by with a mic in hand, watching the door. Dressed in his street clothes, Kerry Kuroyama steps out, bag of gear hanging at his side. He looks to be on his way out.

Jamie Sawyers:

Kerry! How's it going?

Kerry Kuroyama:

Jamie...

Kerry gives him a nod and continues passing by, until he notices the camera and realizes it's not going to be that easy.

Jamie Sawyers:

Are you leaving? There was some talk that you might be in action tonight...

Kerry Kuroyama:

No, Jamie. Unfortunately, that won't be happening.

He moves to leave, but the reporter keeps pressing.

Jamie Sawyers:

What fell through, if you don't mind me asking?

Kuroyama sighs impatiently.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I did, Jamie. I was offered an opponent from the BRAZEN bench, and I said thanks, but no. I'm sure he's a solid worker. I'm sure we could have put on a good competition. But to be perfectly honest, I'm in a place right now where I have to honestly ask myself, what do I stand to gain from this, other than a single tally in the win column? What do I stand to lose? Why even take the unnecessary risk?

He winces and slowly shakes his head.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I spent a year out of the ring rehabbing this fucking knee, and needless to say, it's given me a different perspective on my career path. To be perfectly frank, Jamie, I didn't choose to remain with DEFIANCE just to fade into filler talent. I have ambitions to fulfill, and I'm not going to do it by stacking up empty wins over journeymen working for paychecks.

Getting slightly more intense, he raises his fist and clenches it.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Every match I compete in--every DAY I live and breathe--must be a step forward from here on out, Jamie. Anything less is just trifling away precious time. So I turned down the match they gave me tonight, in exchange for a match next week, at DEFIANCE TV 156.

Jamie Sawyers:

Against who?

Kerry's focus goes from Jamie to the camera, and everyone watching.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Anyone worth my time. Consider it an open challenge to anybody with the ambition and mettle to make the claim as this company's greatest DEFIANT. I'll be there in the ring, ready to see if they can back it up.

Jamie Sawyers:

When you say “anyone worth my time”, do you mean--

There’s an electronic beep from Kerry’s smart-watch. He checks it and gets moving again.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I have to go now, Jamie... I have things to do.

Kuroyama is gone, and Jamie stammering in confusion.

Jamie Sawyers:

Uh, see ya, Kerry! Thanks...?

Fade out.

"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ vs. BERRY CHERNOBYL

DDK:

Welcome back to more in-ring action here on UNCUT! Coming up, we have "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez of Los Tres Titanes in action going up against Screen 7's own Berry Chernobyl!

Lance:

Los Tres Titanes have been battling against Rezin and Victor Vacio of the Kabal in recent weeks! They almost got away with attacking Titaness after her match with Lindsay Troy, had it not been for the last-minute save by Cortez himself. And we know now that at Maximum DEFIANCE...

The screen switches to a MAXDEF poster of Uriel Cortez on one side and Victor Vacio on the other. Uriel with a massive hand out, Vacio with his signature mallet in hand.

DDK:

The match has been made official! "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez vs "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio! That one is going to be vicious. Vacio has payback coming his way if Uriel has anything to say about it!

Lance:

And right now to get ready, Uriel is in action against Berry Cherynobl! Let's go to ringside for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from The City of Industry, California, weighing in at 339 pounds... being accompanied by Titaness, he is a member of Los Tres Titanes... **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

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

LOS
TRES
TITANES

The name forms in a cursive gold with diamond-themed pattern. The massive hand of Uriel is shown lifting... then a graphic of the giant using his hand to slash a massive mountain in twain...

♪ "Voodoo Child" by Brick + Mortar ♪

A LOUD explosion of gold pyro now goes off and standing on the stage, wearing an open sleeveless coat with a silver and gold towel draped over his massive neck and white thigh-length trunks, stands the massive Uriel Cortez! Right at his side, Titaness does a standing backflip on the stage and that sends an explosion of purple and silver pyro! Uriel yells out "BUFF GIRL BACKFLIP!" and Titaness shakes her head as the two head to the ring. Once then get there, The Titan of Industry climbs up the ropes and Titaness stands there, ready for a fight. Once he takes off his coat, he waits for his opponent.

♪ "Hello, Zepp + Overture" ♪

The lights fade to complete darkness, save for one set of lights on the stage. The tall and ultra-scrawny Alan Goldstein and the portly grunt Gilbert Rogers stand as Berry Cherynobl, the one member of the group made for a ring, comes out. Behind them, "Horror" Hector Harris follows behind.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, From The Last House On The Left... weighing at 247 pounds, he is a member of Screen 7...

BERRY CHERNOBYL!

"Horror" Hector Harris screams at Berry as he knows how big the match is for the star to pull off the upset against a

giant like Uriel. Berry nods as the arena is still shrouded in darkness.

DDK:

The Screen 7 got to the main roster somehow, but they've been hanging back... but they have been looking for a breakout moment thanks to their mentor, the loudmouth "Horror" Hector Harris. We don't know a lot about Berry Chernobyl, but this... he's an athletic freak. 6'3" and 247, but looks small next to Cortez like many people do.

Berry shows no fear and waits as Uriel leans back and watches him enter. Uriel and Titaness exchange words then the bell is called for by referee Rex Knox.

DING DING

The two competitors try and lock up, but it's Berry that ducks first and then tries to go directly after the much larger Cortez with right hands. He continues throwing them with Uriel trying to shake them off. Berry nails another one, but Uriel grabs him by the throat and then shoves him off to the corner! Quickly, Uriel grabs Chernobyl and tosses him across the ring with a massive biel throw!

DDK:

What a throw! Berry Chernobyl tried to go right at Cortez, but The Titan of Industry just THROWS him across the ring!

Lance:

And looks like he's gonna go again. Look!

Uriel heads over to Berry as he tries to get up again, but he biels him across the ring a second time, wowing the crowd for tossing a big man across the ring like Berry Chernobyl so easily! The Titan of Industry raises a hand to the crowd and The Faithful cheer the big man.

DDK:

The overall popularity of Los Tres Titanes has really risen in the past few months since they vanquished Tom Morrow from DEFIANCE back at DEFCON. And... oh, boy...

Lance:

A new nickname has been thrown around since that painful chop he threw at Victor Vacio last week... People backstage are calling Uriel Cortez's hands among DEFIANCE's deadliest and we're about to see why.

Uriel has Berry pinned in the corner...

THWACK!

Then the Chop of Ages hits hard enough to bring Berry to his knees, clutching his chest! The rest of Screen 7 and Hector Harris all recoil in sympathy pains. Uriel loves it and stands over him, ready to fight while Titaness watches on proudly.

DDK:

That Chop of Ages is deadly. Uriel has been trying to better himself lately in that ring by working with different kinds of chop-based attacks so we'll see what he's come up with.

Lance:

Something I think Barry isn't trying to find out.

Uriel grabs him by the back and then HURLS him across the ring again using an Atomic Throw! He lifts him up for an atomic drop, then opts to throw him straight down. Berry is hurt, but he follows Hector's word and rolls out to the floor to try and save himself. Uriel shakes his head and steps over the ropes to follow him, but when he gets close, Hector, Alan and Gilbert try and protect Berry. Hector starts cussing out Uriel but the big man grabs him and then gently puts him off to the side like a kid. He growls, then yells at Alan or Gilbert to do something.

Lance:

No offense... but what are THEY gonna do? One looks like a skeletal alien and how can I put this gently? Gilbert Rogers has the weight, but not the strength.

Harris yells at Rex Knox so he can give them an opening. Uriel tells one of them to bring it, so Alan tries a chop of his own... and hurts his hand. The Titan of Industry shakes his head and then grabs Alan and throws him all the way up against the ring ropes and then CHOPS him across the chest after he bounces off! The Faithful collectively groan as Goldstein gets hurt badly!

DDK:

WOW! YOU COULD HEAR THAT ONE UP HERE!

Alan falls back to the floor in pain and is feeling it while Gilbert backs off. Uriel finally grabs Berry and then rolls him back inside. Uriel starts to climb in again and then goes after Chernobyl, trying to hide in the corner. When he gets there, Berry gets both feet up and finally manages to stop Cortez. The Titan of Industry staggers briefly, but charged again and then runs at him, but Berry moves and that leaves Cortez to hit nothing but the buckle!

Lance:

Berry finally getting some offense in... wow! And a spear tackle to Cortez's knee! He finally gets him down!

Indeed, Cortez gets backed down. The Screen 7's unlikely assist actually helps The Ghostface Grappler. He runs at him and then takes him down with a bulldogging headlock. The blow stuns The Titan for just a moment, but as he starts to get up, Berry finally rocks him with a roundhouse kick! Uriel is stunned even further, then Berry nails a second and finally, a third one! Cortez goes down!

DDK:

Berry got him off his feet! Is that it?

ONE... TWO... NO!

The man with DEFIANCE's Deadliest Hands powers out! Berry tries to get to the middle rope next. He tries to go after Uriel with a flying clothesline... but Uriel SWATS him in the chest with another chop in mid-flight! He crumbles to the mat quickly!

DDK:

And here we go! Uriel Cortez coming back! Berry had a chance there, but he went to the well one too many times.

Lance:

Big clothesline by Uriel! Then another!

Berry gets swatted with two big clotheslines, then whips him to the corner to hit a huge corner splash. Berry gets rocked and Cortez goes to whip him out of the corner, only to shift direction and send him back before crushing him with a running back elbow in the corner. Uriel grabs him by the back of the head and then bends him backwards before...

THWACK!

DDK:

Big Business! Uriel lets him have it with that focused chop to the chest! He's really been working at hitting that move from different angles!

Cortez grits his teeth and holds out his massive right hand to the crowd before pulling Berry up. Harris protests on the outside and yells at Gilbert Rogers to do something, but all he can do is freak out. Alan is still sucking wind on the floor when Berry gets CHOPPED with a massive downward strike across the chest/neck, crumbling him in half! Cortez pins his folded-over body.

DDK:

Berry Chernobyl folded in half! I was told earlier Uriel was gonna try and use that move called Chop of Ages MAX!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Voodoo Child" by Brick + Mortar ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

Titanness joins her massive boyfriend in the ring and the two bump fists. Uriel celebrates with the crowd.

DDK:

A good singles win for Uriel Cortez! He now looks ahead to Maximum DEFIANCE where he and Victor Vacio will look to settle their grudge.

Titanness smiles at Uriel and then the two leave the ring after this big win.

Lance:

Uriel Cortez meets Victor Vacio at Maximum DEFIANCE! That one should be vicious!

DDK:

Indeed. Victor Vacio better keep that mallet close. And not to mention on DEFtv 156... Rezin goes one-on-one with Titanness! We'll be keeping an eye on that one!

Two-thirds of Los Tres Titanes head to the back to celebrate the win for the evening as the show heads elsewhere.

SEARCH PARTY CYRUS MISSION 002

The C Squad arrives at a picturesque waterfront military compound. The palm trees sway in the wind as a few uniformed soldiers patrol the perimeter. Bates peers between a couple of huge bay leaves with a pair of binoculars.

Cyrus Bates:

I see two bogeys at ten o'clock. They don't look overly alert. Get into position.

Still in their ghillie suits, MEE6 and ALEX slowly creep along the forest line until they have clear shots of the patrollers.

Cyrus Bates: [Over the radio]

We need to infiltrate that compound. The subject we're looking for might be in there. We must always maintain stealth. Do you copy?

MEE6 clicks his push to talk radio button adorned on his lapel.

MEE6:

Copy that, Blue Eagle. I'm going to take my shot.

MEE6 pulls out a laser pointer and tries to shine it in the eyes of one of the patrolmen.

ALEX:

Taking my shot too!

ALEX does the exact same thing to the other patroller. Eventually, the patrolmen notice glowing red dots moving up and down their persons. The patrolmen begin to panic as they think they're about to get sniped.

MEE6 & ALEX:

Targets acquired!

Cyrus Bates: [Over the radio]

Did you just point laser pens at them!? Where are your weapons? Dammit, I'm going to have to look after this myself before our cover gets blown!

Suddenly, Cyrus Bates comes crashing out of the forest like a bat out of hell and runs full bore into the patrolmen before they can escape. So much for stealth. The Bellicose Brawler powerslams the patrolmen into the nearby water, allowing the current to pull their limp bodies away. Cyrus stands tall and cracks his knuckles with a badass look on his face.

Cyrus Bates:

Oof. That oughta hurt.

MEE6 and ALEX stow their deadly laser pointers in their pockets and join Cyrus on the beachfront. The trio stare ominously at the large barracks in front of them.

Cyrus Bates:

Time to jump into the belly of the beast.

BACK TO SCHOOL

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, up next on Uncut...

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

Lance:

Uh, that's not what's supposed to be next.

DDK:

Indeed it isn't, Lance. It sounds like we're going to be joined by the man who failed to capture the Favoured Saints Championship last Wednesday... Ned Reform.

Except Ned Reform is nowhere to be seen. Instead, it's his goon squad: TAs Holyoke, Amherst, Hampshire, and Smith. All dressed in the same sweater vest ensemble like they came off a damned assembly line. The crowd seems a little confused to not see them with their leader... but proceeds to boo them anyway.

Lance:

Rare to see Reform's TAs without the mastermind leading the way.

The group climbs into the ring as the music dies down. TA Holyoke, Reform's usual mic man, calls for a mic.

TA Holyoke:

Hello ladies and gentleman. We, the faithful TAs of Ned Reform...

TA Smith elbows Holyoke in the ribs, shooting him a look of concern.

TA Holyoke:

OH! Goodness! I mean DOCTOR Reform! Forgive me!

Holyoke looks worried. He's gonna get it later for sure.

TA Holyoke:

As I was saying... Dr. Reform has sent us here today on his behalf. He is at home, continuing to strategize his return to DEFtv in the face of an unjust defeat. And right now, on behalf of the Good Doctor, I'd like to invite Nathaniel Eye to the ring.

On cue, all the TAs turn and look toward the entrance. A small cheer rises up from The Faithful in anticipation of the arrival of Nate Eye.

DDK:

Ned Reform has been trying to weeks to recruit Nathaniel Eye as his protegee, trying to "outdo" him at every turn. He tried - unsuccessfully - to do what Eye could not and defeat Minute for the FS Championship.

Lance:

For this part, Nathaniel Eye has seemed entirely uninterested in the offer and...

YOU CAN'T STOP ME!!!

♪ "You Can't Stop Me" by Andy Mineo ♪

The crowd is very happy to see Nathaniel Eye who is now rocking the all crushed-velvet-like attire and new theme music. The cheers from the crowd get a little louder from the ladies when he takes off his Eyes Up Here t-shirt with the arrow pointing up. He throws the shirt into the crowd and he shows off his eight-pack abs and then gets into the ring like he is ready to fight someone!

Nathaniel Eye:

Cut the music.

The music is gone and Nate is looking extra fiery tonight.

Nathaniel Eye:

I don't care how many times that bald hypocrite wants to make me an offer to join him. I would rather shave my well-groomed balls with a broken beer bottle than accept any offer that clown has to give to me!

The cheers are deafening for the native of Louisiana.

Nathaniel Eye:

And Mister TA Asswash, you and the Stepford Stooges can get the hell out of here. When he's done licking his wounds from *not beating* Minute ... you can pass on that message!

TA Holyoke walks right up into Eye's face.

TA Holyoke:

You misunderstand, Mr. Eye. Dr. Reform is not here to once again tell you to reconsider your ways. He has sent us today to challenge you to a match.

A pop from the crowd!

TA Holyoke:

Dr. Reform, in his infinite wisdom, has realized that you will never come around until he can prove to you directly all that he has to offer as a teacher in one-on-one competition. He would like to formally challenge you to a spirited singles match at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

The Handsome Face shows a little bit of surprise but also shows some determination.

Nathaniel Eye:

Well ... I will accept that offer. You can also go tell him that when the fake air quotes "doctor" sees me in this ring standing across from him, I'll be taking *his* punk ass to school.

TA Holyoke:

Very good. Dr. Reform will be sending you the paperwork via the mail sometime soon. Until then, Mr. Eye...

As TA Holyoke is speaking, there's a ruckus that rises up from the crowd.

DDK:

Wait! Look!

TA Holyoke:

... I suggest that you...

We'll never know what TA Holyoke was about to suggest, because Ned Reform attacks Eye from behind!! He locks the unsuspecting young wrestler in his Ad Hominem submission!

DDK:

The Ad Hominem! Reform's twist on the Crossface Chickenwing!

Lance:

I think he was under the ring, Keebs...

DDK:

What an absolute coward.

Nate Eye fights valiantly, but Reform has the hold synced in TIGHT. Reform ragdolls him left and right, choking the very life right out of The Handsome Face. Various DEF officials sprint from the back and try to pry The Pedagogue of Pain off Eye, but he's like a rabid pitbull and refuses to let go. Finally, when Eye is complete unconscious, Reform lets him go and his lifeless body falls into the mat where the officials can begin to tend to him. As the fans boo, Reform asks Holyoke for the mic. He looks down at Nathaniel Eye's crumpled form and sneers.

Ned Reform:

I take no pleasure in this brutality... but some pupils only learn this way. And at Maximum DEFIANCE, Mr. Eye... you will finally learn your lesson.

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

Ned Reform drops the mic and snaps his fingers, commanding his TAs hold the ropes open for him as he departs. The fans let him have it all the way up the ring, but unlike his usual demeanor, he wears his sneer the entire way up the ramp and to the back.

TERESA AMES vs. RAIN CITY RONIN

Lance:

Welcome back to UNCUT everyone! Looks like our main event tonight is going to feature yet another hoop for Teresa Ames to jump through before joining The Kabal!

DDK:

I hope this is the last one, this Courtney Paz, The Kabal's lawyer, is definitely not the most well trained ring announcer or whatever you want to call that she's been doing over the past month.

Lance:

I think it's usually jitters on her part - she's not accustomed to being in the ring and much less a center of attention. Unlike the Kabal's Proving Grounds Battle Royale winner - Teresa Ames. Let's get to the ring where Courtney and Teresa are both waiting to kick off tonight's match!

As we switch to the center of the ring, Courtney Paz is standing with a microphone in hand, Teresa Ames is oblivious to her at the moment as she appears occupied with a focused session of texting. With a soft tap of the microphone in her hand Courtney Paz brings the microphone up and clears her throat before addressing The Faithful.

Courtney Paz:

Welcome to the FINAL Round of The Kabal's Proving Grounds!

As Hector Navarro enters the ring to officiate the upcoming match, The Faithful gives Courtney a slightly more receptive response than she has received previously from the dedicated crowd base.

Courtney Paz:

As a reminder Mr. Fear wanted to once again extend his thanks for the continued support of this event and also the ratings you all, the fans, are helping draw towards DEFIANCE! And more importantly to The KABAL!

DDK:

I don't think DEFIANCE's recent successes can be attributed to this 'Proving Grounds' mess, if anyone tunes in to UNCUT to watch this... it's most likely to see what screw up may happen. Speaking of... where is the third wheel to this fiasco or he is late again?

Lance:

If you are referring to Rezin, I'm not entirely sure. I haven't seen him out in the crowd yet either so it's possible he may not have anything to do with tonight's match up!

DDK:

Do we know who Teresa is going to be fighting tonight?

Lance:

Not yet but I think we are going to find out.

Courtney Paz:

Tonight's MAIN EVENT Matchup will be a special one as Teresa Ames!

Courtney pauses to point towards Teresa Ames who is still ignoring her and focused only on her cellphone. For a moment the crowd's reaction is full of boos, until laughs erupt when Courtney's frustrations boil over and she taps Teresa on the shoulder to pay attention.

Courtney Paz:

As Teresa Ames will once again square off against one of The Kabal's most feared competitors, you all know him very well, he's the MOST... UM... HARDCORE FLYER OF THEM ALL!!! HERE IS RE!!!

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

Courtney's introduction is cut short as 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 as he appears at the top of the ramp, briefcase in hand.

Lance:

I... don't think Rezin is here for a match up. He's got a microphone in his hand and is already signalling for his music to be cut off.

DDK:

You see? Shenanigans with these two, it's always something!

The crowd's quizzical reaction soon turns into more loud boos as Rezin's music is cut off, sliding into the ring with the briefcase in hand he looks to both Courtney Paz and Teresa Ames and shakes his head before addressing them both.

Rezin:

Change of plans, gang... I know this whole thing is set up to have ME be the next level of the Proving Grounds and all that, but I got a little distracted earlier by that blue-haired BRAZEN twerp, so there's going to be a different opponent. Or OPPONENTS, I should say.

Courtney Paz:

Did you get this approved by Mr. Fear?!?

Rezin:

Did you presume I gave a single flying fuck?! Not like I'm getting paid to do this shit! Anyway, here's the deal... some darn meddling kids have been sticking their noses in our Scooby Doo schemes lately. So I figured, why not kill two birds with one stone by giving our new pledge here a decent challenge and throwing these dudes a bone?

♪ "Get Got" by Death Grips ♪

"The Iceman" Leo Burnett and "Skyfire" Zack Daymon appear at the top of the ramp, the DEFIatron is lit up with a display package of some of their recent BRAZEN work and good spots against main roster talent. The Faithful let out a decent cheering reaction as both 'hungry' wrestlers make their way to the ring.

Lance:

The NEW Rain City Ronin are looking to make a name for themselves here tonight as it now appears that Teresa's Final Proving Grounds match up will be a handicap match against this talented young team!

Stopping along the way to the ring is Zack Daymon, slapping the hands of a few fans Skyfire notices a sign in the crowd that he likes, pointing it out to the camera and The Kabal in the ring.

DDK:

Seems like Zack Daymon is pointing out that fan's sign.... What's it say?

Lance:

I only caught a quick glimpse of it but I think it said 'The Guardians will Destroy The Kabal!'

DDK:

Guardians? Plural.. So, is there more than one?

Leo Burnett reels in his distracted partner as both wrestlers enter the ring. Courtney Paz and Rezin find their usual seats by the time keeper's table. Rezin sets the briefcase on the table while reaching for the time keeper's bell. Courtney tries to advise him not to mess with it but he ignores the request.

Lance:

Teresa Ames seems unphased by the change of direction in the match, in fact the look in her eyes gives me the

creeps right now. She's already nodded to Hector Navarro that she's ready to start.

DDK:

It looks like she's flipped that switch.

DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING-DING

Hector turns around confused as he did not signal for the bell, in fact he was still giving instructions to the tag team of Zack and Leo for this handicap match. Rezin who just rang the time keeper's bell acts as if nothing happened on the outside. Teresa Ames runs like a bullet across the ring and DROPKICKS Zack Daymon in the back and he falls through the ropes to the outside!

Lance:

Regardless of Hector Navarro's signal it looks like this match has started as now Leo and Teresa are locked in a grapple in the corner.

DDK:

At this point Hector has seen it all with this event and is just rolling with it.

Zack Daymon struggles to recuperate on the outside of the ring from the sneak attack by Ames, while the legal man of Leo Burnett looks to settle the score as he IRISH WHIPS Ames across the rings into the ropes!

Lance:

Ames ducks a HARD clothesline attempt from Burnett!

Flying back off the ropes Ames launches herself into the air for a HARD CROSSBODY! Burnett hits the mat like a ton of bricks and Ames scampers to her feet, before she launches herself against the ropes, bouncing against the ropes she uses the momentum to roll forward, jumping, BIG SPLASH!

DDK:

Teresa's playbook seems to be growing with every week we see her! She's hooking the leg of Burnett!

ONE.

TWO...NO!

Zack Daymon steadies himself on the ring apron and is already cheering for Iceman to get up and tag him in.

Lance:

Rocko Daymon's son, Zack Daymon, seems really fired up to get in the ring. I have to wonder if Zack's relationship with his father is a factor to their focus on The Kabal - Stalker and Rocko go WAY BACK!

DDK:

Well for tonight he may not even get in the ring as Burnett seems to be in a bad spot here!

It takes Teresa more than a few seconds to get Burnett up to his feet but when she does, she pulls her arm back, VICIOUS SLAP! Leo's face absorbs the blow as he stumbles back but Teresa immediately hooks him, she attempts to lift him for a suplex but misjudges her own strength as Burnett's feet barely lift off the mat.

Lance:

Burnett's not budging here as Teresa's far too small to be able to lift him vertically like she wants... OH HARD SHOVE to the mat!

The Iceman shoves Teresa hard down with ferocity, knocking her head into the mat! Teresa rolls immediately in pain trying to crawl away from Leo but he's not having it! Grabbing her ankle he drags her closer to him before leaning

down and picking her up off the mat.

DDK:

HARD WHIP into the corner there by The Iceman!

Ames bounces into the corner like a rag doll and falls down to her butt as Leo looks at her and then to his partner who is excited to get into the ring. Moving towards Zack he gets the tag in and Skyfire is ready to get into the mix after receiving the opening sneak attack from Teresa to start the match.

Lance:

The Faithful seem pretty receptive to the second generation star as he steps through the ropes. Zack seems to be taking a bit of time to work his way over to Teresa, which if I can say anything, it would be to NOT give her any time to recover!

Zack's attention seems to be split between Teresa Ames and the rest of The Kabal members on the outside, most specifically Rezin. Urging him forward Leo calls from the corner to focus and Zack's 'fire' ignites as he finally picks Ames up. Zack grips the small framed Keyboard Queen, BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX!

DDK:

Oof! Tera just crumpled like an accordion into the mat, I don't know if she is going to get up from that!

Replays show Teresa Ames being launched in the air perfectly by the second generation wrestler, "Skyfire" Zack Daymon, the perfect execution for his belly to belly suplex has Teresa flat on her back and out! Zack presses his chest down on her for a pin but does not hook her legs.

ONE.

TWO.

NO!

Lance:

Last second shoulder up from Ames!

DDK:

That seemed more reactionary on Teresa's part in getting her shoulder up, the tide definitely seems in favor for the New Rain City Ronin!

The Faithful get behind the up and coming tag team as Zack stands up bringing Teresa along with him, he whips her into the ropes, coming back... SPINNING POWERSLAM!

Lance:

WOW! That looked really good!

Leo Burnett yells out to hook the legs and this time Zack Daymon does as he moves in for another pinfall attempt.

ONE.

TWO.....NO! KICKOUT!

Just as Navarro's hand was going to hit the mat for the three Teresa's sense of self motivation gave her the power to forcefully kick her way out of Zack Daymon's tight pinfall attempt!

DDK:

Ames just barely kicks out there!

Daymon tries to stay on top of her but it appears Teresa starts to cry.

Lance:

What the heck is this?

Teresa crawls into a vacant corner and stares down her two opponents. She seems to be overwhelmed by the moment.

Teresa Ames:

There's two of you and only one little old me and I don't know if I can overcome the odds.

Her mascara begins to run.

Lance:

I don't know if I would trust the emotions she's showing, Darren.

Rezin stands up from the time keeper's table, he starts walking towards the ring steps with that metallic briefcase.

Lance:

Zack Daymon can't seem to keep his eyes on the sulking Ames in the corner. Rezin on the outside has garnered his attention! Not sure if Rezin even said anything to the young man but Zack can't help but keep his eyes focused on the Goat Bastard!

DDK:

Oh no I think Ames was playing possum!

With Zack's back turned, Teresa Ames wipes away her tears, scampers herself up in the corner, Leo Burnett doesn't want Rezin involved in this match at all and has hopped off the apron to give The Kabal's stoner a few choice words of his own.

Lance:

WATCH OUT!

Ames runs full steam across the ring, does a handstanding cartwheel, SPRINGS UP... CTRL + ALT + ASLEEP on "Skyfire" Zack Daymon!!

Teresa Ames:

Haha, gotcha!

DDK:

Man that ELBOW WAS NASTY! Burnett doesn't even see it! Ames is rolling Zack for the cover, oh come on not like this!!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

At the very last second Burnett's attention returns to the ring but he slides in the ring at the last second, unable to get to the pinfall attempt as he dives in a second too late and almost clips his own partner on the break up attempt!

Lance:

Teresa Ames is quickly rolling out of the ring and Hector Navarro is following her to raise her arm! Man - after all of that, I did not think Teresa had a chance at ALL to recover but nonetheless she proves to have many tricks up her sleeve! She's a good fake crier, that's for sure!

Courtney Paz grabs the microphone as her and Rezin stand side by side next to Teresa, Rezin hands her the briefcase that she rightfully won through her powerful Proving Grounds showings. The Goat Bastard raises Teresa's arm while Courtney serenades the crowd.

Courtney Paz:

And your winner... and NEW... OFFICIAL.. Member of The Kabal... TERESA AMESSSSSSSS!!!!!!!

Lance:

Well, it looks and seems official now.

DDK:

Teresa Ames joining the Kabal is a dangerous situation, hearing it become 'official' has just made my stomach turn. But credit does go to her as the young Zack Daymon just couldn't seem to keep his focus on finishing the match.

As Leo Burnett checks out his partner inside the ring, Rezin leads Courtney and Teresa up the ramp. As the camera watches the trio of Kabal members leave, Courtney digs into her suit jacket and pulls out a thin manila envelope. The lawyer for The Kabal hands it over to Teresa Ames as the cameras cut to an overhead final shot of the booing Faithful.

A RED DEATH: A SET OF DEMANDS

When: Post Main Event UNCUT 96

Location: Stalker's Den (Scrow's lab)

Fading into the inside of Scrow's lab, Ravanna, Scrow's handler, is standing in front of three large monitors. The monitors are turned on and feature three shadowy figures, one on each screen. In the middle is the obvious color and shadowy figure of Mr. Fear. Flanking her on the left and right screens are shadowy visages not seen before on DEFIANCE television screens.

Mysterious Voice 1: *[on the screen]*

How long until he's ready to be administered the Red Death?

Ravanna:

Per the latest tests that we have completed, it's still a few weeks away from perfecting. The animal test subjects have shown 'odd' signs of easy manipulation.

Snapping her fingers it grabs the attention of everyone else in the room, which is Courtney Paz who is sitting at the table behind her on her laptop and Reaper the Grey, who is monitoring Jason Reeves vitals in his regeneration tank. Courtney looks confused for a second but then realizes the 'finger snapping' wasn't for her benefit but rather the hulking Reaper the Grey. In silence he walks forward and hands Ravanna a clipboard - potentially containing some critical notes from Scrow.

Mr. Fear: *[on the screen]*

If Scrow would focus on his directives we would NOT be behind schedule. The Crimson version of Jason was supposed to be ready for Maximum DEFIANCE. This... 'rogue' Guardian has caused enough problems to our plans and needs to be put down.

Mysterious Voice 2: *[on the screen]*

The Guided Hand's involvement is exactly what The Kabal wa....

CRASH!

In the distance of Scrow's lab, deep in the hallways of Stalker's Den, a noticeable crash is heard. This garners the attention of Ravanna, Courtney Paz and Reaper the Grey all at once as they look into the large open doorway leading into Scrow's Lab.

Courtney Paz:

What was that?!?

Ravanna:

You remembered to close the door when coming here from Wrestleplex right?!

Courtney Paz: *[standing up]*

I'm not Rezin. I don't forget simple shit like that please don't disrespect me.

There is a moment where Ravanna, the 'intermediary' of The Kabal's power figures, contemplates Courtney's reaction to her but she bites her tongue. Instead she instructs Reaper the Grey to follow Courtney as she walks briskly to the open doorway to investigate. Ravanna turns back and faces the mysterious shadowy figures behind The Kabal.

Ravanna:

Anyways... According to Scrow's latest notes here, Jason's vitals remain optimum. His body is essentially fully recovered from the fight he had with Deacon. There was a lot of 'bone' damage he received but the latest X-rays shows all of his broken bones have been healed.

Mr. Fear:

It doesn't fix the time table. But nevertheless we have priorities to take care of - has Tyler reacted well to the most recent change in his 'identity'?

Ravanna doesn't get to respond, instead she turns around to Courtney returning from the dark hallways outside of Scrow's lab. Reaper the Grey follows in silence as well.

Ravanna:

Well...? Something out there?

Courtney Paz:

Just Rezin and Victor leaving their food out. Some plates were on the ground and I think a fucking rat was eating on it, or something, cause there were small bite marks on the burgers they left out.

Looking to Reaper the Grey to confirm Courtney's statement, Ravanna sighs in frustration as he confirms Courtney's assessment.

Ravanna:

Ugh... Rodents.

Ravanna's statement isn't clear if she's referring to the rats or the other members of The Kabal. Courtney Paz looks back at her and The Kabal's monitors of mysterious figures, shrugging her shoulders she adjusts her glasses before sitting back down at the table in front of her laptop. Reaper the Grey returns to monitoring Jason Reeves' tank while Ravanna turns back to the monitors to address Mr. Fear's original question.

Ravanna:

After Tyler or rather Reaper Red laid waste to the Guardian at DEFIANCE television - he seemed - okay.

Courtney Paz:

Yeah if you mean 'stoic silence' as being okay - Tyler barely talks anymore and him behind that damn mask gives me the creeps. He wouldn't even tell me if he took the serum or not.

Ravanna:

He did take it Courtney. It was gone from the lab when I arrived - speaking of which - with Stalker's new form unable to be ready for MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. I think Tyler is our best shot at taking down Codename: Guardian for good at Pay Per View. So, we were able to secure a match between the two at the show.

Mysterious Voice 2:

I don't think that's the right play.

Heels clicking.

The attention of the group turns towards the entrance to Scrow's Lab. Emerging from the shadows is none other than the Proving Grounds winner, Teresa Ames. Carrying the metal briefcase she 'won' for achieving her final victory against Rain City Ronin, she's also Facebook live streaming upon entering.

Teresa Ames:

Hope I'm not interrupting! The Good Wives club couldn't wait to see the inside of this place.

Ravanna: *[turning off the monitors]*

How long have you been out there? How.. How did you get in here? And turn off your damn phone before Reaper the Grey takes it from you.

Teresa Ames:

Blondie over here left that secret door open in the boiler room and, well, you could say I know my way around here.

Courtney Paz:

BULLSHIT! I did not!

Reaper the Grey growls and looks like he's about to approach Teresa. However, Ravanna holds up her hand stopping him when Teresa shuts off her phone and pockets it.

Ravanna:

While... Mr. Fear has been quite pleased with your performance in The Proving Grounds - you still have not signed the contract we left for you at Wrestleplex. Therefore you are not yet an official member so you shouldn't be here.

Pulling out a slim manila envelope she tosses it onto the table.

Teresa Ames:

You mean that? Oh, it's signed.

As Teresa Ames pulls out a chair to sit across the table from Courtney Paz, she sets the metal briefcase on it before sitting down, extending her legs out and placing her heel-covered feet on the table. Courtney immediately picks up the envelope, opens it and pulls out the contract. The lawyer of The Kabal starts giving the contract a once over evaluation.

Courtney Paz:

Looks good... looks.. Good... Wait a second, what are these amendments at the end? Personalized Recording Studio, King Sized Heart Bed made of Reclaimed wood? What... what the hell is all of this?

Teresa Ames:

Just a few necessity items that are needed to support my leadership of The Kabal.

Courtney Paz:

LEADERSHIP!?

Courtney stands up flustered, holding the contract in her hand while looking to Ravanna and then back to Teresa Ames.

Courtney Paz:

Listen... Miss Ames. Like Ravanna said, we are all very impressed with your abilities and are glad to have you as a member but... you are not our leader. If anyone is our leader it's Stalker... it definitely is not going to be you.

Teresa Ames:

You mean Mr. Silent in the tank over there? Don't you all have something cooking to bring him back to life? I still have very important information I want to discuss with him.

Ravanna:

Like what... exactly? You've been hinting at that for weeks now.

Teresa Ames:

Tsk tsk... that would be for Stalker's ears only. Either way it doesn't matter. What DOES matter is that you have a capable person in front of you willing and able to take out Codename: Guardian. And when I do - I want to be made leader of The Kabal.

Ravanna:

That's already been taken care of. Tyler Fuse will be donning the Reaper Red identity to destroy Codename: Guardian at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

Teresa Ames:

Perfect, put me in that match.

Courtney Paz:

The Favored Saints aren't going to agree to a handicap match, we already had a hard enough time getting them to agree to the pay per view match after Tyler's attack on their 'special' hero.

Teresa Ames:

I didn't say handicap match, I said put me in the match. Make it a triple threat. I'll keep 'Proving' myself to you all.

Ravanna looks at Reaper the Grey and then at Courtney. Reaching behind herself she turns the monitors back on to communicate with the mysterious 'figure heads' of The Kabal.

Ravanna:

We will have to discuss this with leadership.

A twinkle appears in Teresa's eyes as the monitors flicker to life, she looks between the three shadowy figures and smiles widely.

Teresa Ames:

You know... you Kabal people really do have some fancy equipment. Glad I signed up!

Courtney seems irritated with Teresa's presence. Ravanna stoically stares at her for a second before returning to the monitors. Reaper the Grey returns his attention back to the silent tank containing Jason 'Stalker' Reeves. As Ravanna gets ready to address the figures once more, we fade to black.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.