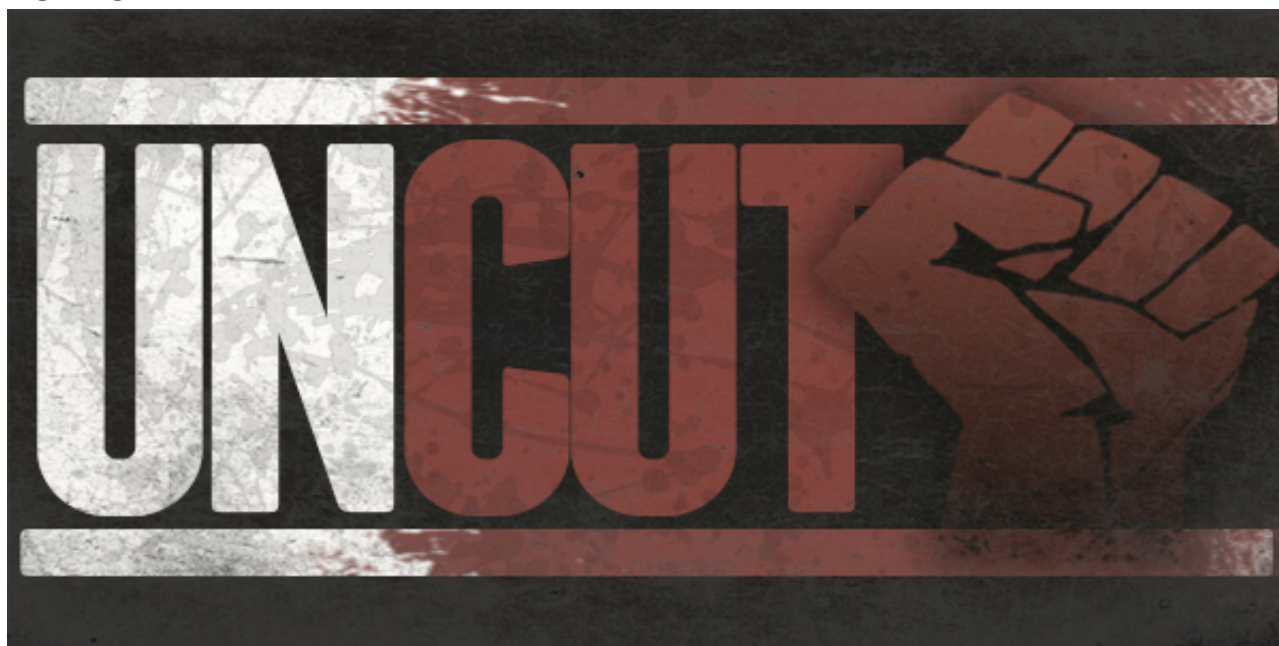


SHOW OPEN

AN EXCLUSIVE ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME INTERVIEW

The shot opens backstage, immediately after DEFTV 159 has gone off the air. Fresh off his main event showing, KERRY KUROYAMA is making his way back to the locker room.

The Pacific Blitzkrieg is wearing a stern expression as he looks down at the protective covering on his last two fingers. Then he senses the camera on him, and hears the approaching footsteps of an interviewer

Kerry Kuroyama:

Jamie, no offense, but I am not in *any* mood right now to --

He freezes when he looks over, and finds that it's not Jamie Sawyers there to ask him questions. It's somebody else.

Chris Trutt:

Hi-dee-ho, Kuro Kerryama! The name's Chris Trutt, backstage interviewer for DEFIANCE! Have we met before? Oh wells, pleased to meet you anyway!

Trutt shakes his hand intensely. Kerry says nothing back, but only stares back in stunned silence.

Chris Trutt:

Boy howdy, am I glad I finally got the chance to interview you! I had to interview Lindsay Troy last night, and let me tell you, she was SCARY looking. And this is from a guy who constantly gets put on Kabal duty! I mean, don't get me wrong, I'm not saying she's like Freddy Kreuger levels of scary, just that kind of "she looks like she's seriously going to beat my ass" scary. Hey, now that I think about it, didn't the two of you have a match recently?

Kerry stares back in silence. Trutt scratches his head.

Chris Trutt:

Oh wait, hang on, didn't she break your fingers? How are those doing by the way? Crazy she did that... but like I said, she's SUPER SCARY right now. Although they've been saying you've been doing well lately too. Speaking of which, how did the match go against "Turns and Twists" Oliver... um, Burns? He's also been pretty hot lately, cause I think he's going to fight Gage Blackwood for the FIST. WOW, that's hell of an opportunity for him, now that I think about it! Hey, Mr. Kerryama, let me ask you something, have you had any interest in going after the FIST? I think you'd be really suited for it, with your new "pure wrestling" vibe you got going on. But man, that'd be pretty hard to pull off, I think. There's a LOT of people that want that title right now. Who do you have to beat to get a shot at that, I wonder?

Kerry stares back in silence. Trutt's innocent grin never leaves his face.

Chris Trutt:

Hey, one other thing I was meaning to ask you, but do you remember all those weeks ago when you hit Scotty Stevensons in the back of the head, because he said that he was going after the FIST also? Was just wondering, did you guys ever patch that up, or is there still some bad blood between you? I noticed you were scheduled to wrestle one of the Stevensons brothers at DEFTV 160. Hey, do you think they all might be related?! I'm pretty sure Scotty is from Texas or Oklahoma or someplace like that. Hey, speaking of Scotty, do you remember Scott Douglas? Man, he was so cool! Do you still talk to him? Do you think I could get his autograph? Do you think he'll ever come back? Oh wow, wouldn't THAT be cool! Hey! Do you ever think Seattle's Best might reunite? I got one of your t-shirts at home, but I don't wear it much anymore, because... you guys... aren't...

Trutt trails off when Kerry finally turns away and continues on toward the locker room.

Chris Trutt:

Uhh, thanks for the comments, Mr. Kerryama, and pleased to meet you! Again... I think?

We fade to black.

SEARCH PARTY CYRUS 013

Cyrus Bates hates people so much. It's no surprise he has a disgusted look on his face, as he shuffles shoulder to shoulder through the thick mall crowd. In fact, he's surprised by how many people are out shopping during the morning time.

Cyrus Bates:

I guess these morons are all early Christmas shoppers. Despicable. MEE6, ALEX, give me a status report.

Dressed in the plainest of street clothes and a zip-up hoodie, Cyrus clutches a finger to the headphone in his ear as he whispers back and forth with his comrades.

MEE6:

You're going to want to look for a bald individual with a goatee, Blue Eagle. Remember, he is the mEmEmAsTeR. The family man.

Bates slips by another bunch of people while keeping an eye out for the target.

Cyrus Bates:

And we're sure this is the exact last known geolocation Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch sent us, right?

This time, ALEX's voice chimes through the crackly burst transmission radio.

ALEX:

Affirmative, Blue Eagle. Stay sharp.

The Bellicose Brawler's eyes frantically scan the many tops of heads he sees in the crowd until he finally finds one that matches the description. The signature goatee confirms all his inklings.

Cyrus Bates:

Bald head and goatee at one o'clock. I'm locked in. Going to radio silence, then moving to the target for acquisition.

Bates lowers his arms and begins to casually walk towards the subject but it's still incredibly tough to get there due to the crowds. Cyrus has to look up on occasion to make sure the subject is still standing by the soft pretzel stand.

MEE6:

Do you got em?

Bates not only ignores the radio transmission but also MEE6's blatant butchering of the English language which he will take issue with later at the debriefing. Cyrus gets within a few feet of the bald goatee man before the subject turns suspiciously, as if the radio transmission was a bit too loud and spooked him. The master of memes immediately leaves the area.

Cyrus Bates:

Shit. Meme man on the run. I repeat, MEME MAN ON THE RUN!

For a split second, the subject looks back once more, locking eyes directly with Cyrus as if time stops.

Cyrus Bates:

Jay-son?

After the moment passes, the bald goatee man seemingly vanishes but Cyrus insists on searching.

Cyrus Bates:

Jayson? JAYSON? Jayyyyyyyyyyyson? Jayssssssson? Jaysooooooooooooon?

Bates' voice inflates to varying degrees of volume as he hastily navigates through the crowd, near desperate to find "Jayson" albeit unsuccessfully.

Cyrus Bates:

JAYSON!? JAYYYYYYYYYYYYYYSON!?

Him bellowing "Jayson" quickly becomes cumbersome as it's clear he's attracting too much attention. However, luckily for him, his cell phone becomes his saving grace as it begins to ring loudly. Bates answers it without hesitation.

Cyrus Bates:

Sir!? Yes, sir. Right away, sir. Be there on the double.

Click. Cyrus stows his phone in his jean pocket and hastily makes an exit, for "Jayson" just fell through the cracks of his fingers but rest assured, the search isn't over.

TITANESS VS. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

DDK:

Coming up next on UNCUT, we've got singles action. It'll be "The Show of Force" Titaness up against the loud and proud Butcher Victorious!

Lance:

Two weeks ago, Butcher took on Dex Joy for the Favoured Saints Title and while he did not win that match, he has impressed some people. Meanwhile, Titaness has been involved the game of one-upmanship going on between Los Tres Titanes and The Pop Culture Phenoms, but she proved her mettle. She moved a JEEP!

DDK:

That she did! But can she put another check mark in the win column tonight against Butcher? Let's find out as we move to Darren Quimbey with the introductions!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, representing Los Tres Titanes... from The Bronx, New York weighing in at 190 pounds... she is The Show of Force... **TITANESS!**

The lights go black. Then a set of words appears on the DEFTron in silver...

*THE SHOW OF FORCE
TITANESS*

♪ "THE BADDEST" by K/DA ♪

The Faithful show love for one of the new kids on the block as a single violet spotlight shines on the new female powerhouse, flexing her arms, back to the stage. Wearing a purple top with silver trim, 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. Once she gets there, she leans with her back to the ropes, then backflips into the ring before she gets ready for competition.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a singles match set for one fall! First, from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 210 pounds... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

♪ "Junior Kickstart" by The Go! Team ♪

The fans right away do not like the song that sounds like a rock band playing over a marching band, but it plays Butcher Victorious heads out from the back... now wearing a purple sparkling sequined coat and a matching... yep, a top hat like a complete asshole. Taking in a mix of some jeers and indifference, Butcher's music fades as he starts to speak while Titaness watches him.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK!

He smirks after dropping his dumb catchphrase.

Butcher Victorious:

And Butch wants to use it to wish Titaness in that ring... a Happy Birthday! She just celebrated this past weekend! Everybody! Use your voices and wish Titaness a Happy Birthday! Come on! Do it!

The Faithful break out in a chant of "HAPPY BIRTHDAY!" Titaness is happy for the reaction, but looks up at Butcher. Almost waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Butcher Victorious:

And I got you a gift, Titaness!

He rolls into the ring and holds up the microphone.

Butcher Victorious:

THE GIFT OF LOSING TO ME!

Jeers from The Faithful ring out while Titaness looks on unimpressed by Butcher's boastful proclamations.

Butcher Victorious:

So what if you can move a jeep! Who cares how much you "lift, bro!" The second biggest muscle I have is this! (pointing at his brain) and as for the first, I...

He doesn't get to finish any more because a big boot from the 6'2" Titaness CLOCKS him right between the eyes!

DDK:

I'm pretty sure we know how he was going to finish that statement, but the Birthday Girl shuts him up with that kick!

Titaness holds her arms out to cheers from The Faithful while Butcher still tries to check his jaw. Referee Rex Knox checks on him and when he says he's okay, he calls for the bell.

DING DING

As Butcher tries to get back to his feet, Titaness comes running and slams into Butcher with a huge running clothesline that sends him flying over the ropes and landing out on the floor!

Lance:

I'm guessing that Titaness' birthday wish was to shut Butcher Victorious up, wasn't it?

DDK:

I'm thinking so, too! What's she going for now?

Titaness stops and grabs the ropes near Butcher as he tries to get up. When he does so, Titaness LEAPS over the ropes and wipes out Butcher with a huge plancha over the ropes!

DDK:

Titaness with a huge plancha right onto Victorious! What a dive!

Lance:

She's been training with Minute looking to add some lucha libre influence to her skillset and looks like that's going well!

Titaness is the first to her feet and raises another fist with the crowd cheering her on. She grabs Butcher and he shakes his head frantically before she HOISTS him over head and then drops him down with a deadlift into a gutwrench suplex on the floor! Victorious writhes around the floor in agony while Titaness sits up slowly, gritting her own teeth from the landing.

DDK:

Butcher has gotten nothing so far! That's what he gets for belittling her so close to her birthday!

After The Show of Force gets a few seconds, she throws a rising Butcher up and then throws him back inside the ring. She slowly gets into the ring as well and tries to finish the job quickly, but Butcher's veteran instincts kick in and then he rolls to the adjacent side to get back out to the floor. He taps his head and musters a weak smile, but it goes away when Titaness reaches over the ropes to grab him by his hawk! He freaks out until he takes hold of her neck and then drops her neck across the top rope in stunner-like fashion!

DDK:

Ouch! Modified hangman over those ropes!

Titaness falls to a knee and stumbles around when Butcher leaps back in and NAILS her with a huge running clothesline of his own! The 213-pound Butcher drops Titaness for the first time in the match... then comes back and moonwalks to jeers before dropping a jumping elbow drop into her abdomen!

Lance:

I give a 0.5 out of ten to the moonwalk, but a 9 on that clothesline and elbow drop! Cover by Butcher!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Titaness kicks out but Butcher doesn't give her any chance to recover as he stomps away at her back. She tries fighting through it and gets to her knees, but Butcher comes off the ropes where he fires off a basement dropkick, knocking her on her back again.

DDK:

Butcher nails the dropkick on Titaness! This would be a big win under his belt!

She tries to get near the ropes when Butcher kicks away at her back again, then sets her up against the ropes. When she's there, he runs to the opposite side of the ring and comes back with a big cannonball to her back while she's against the ropes!

DDK:

Landslide Victory! Can Butcher take it here?

Butcher pulls her off the ropes and then goes to cover the bombshell of Los Tres Titanes!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

The shoulder comes off the mat before the three count and enrages Butch Vic. He slaps his hands on the mat three times quickly and yells at Rex Knox.

Lance:

Another kickout by Titaness! But what's Butcher doing?

Butcher turns his attention to The Faithful and then looks out before leaping to the middle rope, then back to the mat. The crowd jeers as he looks for his Quintuple Jump Moonsault. He leaps to the first rope, then the second, then the third...

DDK:

Better Than The Best Moonsault Ever... MISSES! By a country mile!

Butcher holds his chest in pain after Titaness rolls out of the way, hoping to collect herself. She hears the cheers from the crowd as she starts to get back to her feet. When Victorious gets back to his feet, he gets clocked with a big clothesline from the former powerlifter and amateur wrestler. A second run off the ropes sees Titaness taking him down with another big clothesline and when he tries to get up a third time, she nails a huge pair of double chops to his chest to stun him! Titaness shoots behind him and then THROWS him over with a big release German suplex... then kips up to her feet to cheers from The Faithful!

DDK:

Another big suplex by Titaness! She's on fire right now!

Lance:

And the crowd is loving it!

The Show of Force waits for Butcher to try and pick himself back up and when he does, she hooks him on her shoulders to a big cheer from the crowd... then drops him with the big waterwheel drop!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Butcher kicks out, but Titaness calls for the end.

DDK:

Here we go! Titanium Driv... NO! BUTCHER WITH A HURRICANRANA COUNTER! PIN!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

Titaness escapes at the last second as Butcher pleads with Rex Knox that it was a three-count!

Lance:

Butcher ALMOST steals one there, but Titaness with the kickout!

Butch Vic grabs Titaness by the hair and then rocks her with a big forearm. The blow sends her into the ropes as he gloats... but when he turns around he gets BLASTED with a huge rebound lariat from the Show of Force!

DDK:

LADY LARIAT CONNECTS! BUTCHER'S HEAD JUST GOT KNOCKED INTO THE THIRD ROW!

After she lands the Lady Lariat, Titaness slowly rises again and then grabs the arms of Butcher before pulling him up. She powers him up off the mat... right into the Titanium Driver!

DDK:

Titanium Driver! Titaness nails the tiger driver! Is that going to be enough?

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "THE BADDEST" by K/DA ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **TITANESS!**

The tall Titaness has her arm raised in victory by Rex Knox before she climbs the turnbuckle to celebrate the win.

Lance:

Another big win in singles action by Titaness tonight! I'd call that a successful few days for her after her birthday.

DDK:

Indeed! We'll see what happens in the shows to come between Los Tres Titanes and The Pop Culture Phenoms, but for right now she'll enjoy this victory!

The Show of Force heads out of the ring and then starts to make her way back up the ramp as UNCUT moves on.

WEEDS OF A DANDELION

Unaired Footage from DefTV 159

It's late in the evening, the sun setting on this near Fall evening. Standing together in the far back corner of the parking lot of the WrestlePlex are Klein and Dandelion. Hidden and shielded as best they can among the Faithful. Dani's body language is a bit stiff, concerned. Klein tries to reach out and lightly grasps her hand.

Klein:

You know I love you, more than anything or one I've ever loved in the world, but this is really really hard.

Dani just nods but doesn't lookup.

Klein:

One way or another... this... this has to end.

Tears well up in Dani's eyes as she finally looks up at her Box man. Suddenly...

Jestal:

KLEIN! Get away from her!

Jestal bursts into view shoving Dandelion out of the way! We are once again to the races as Jestal throws haymakers at a surprised Klein. Klein instinctually fires back with his own.

The only difference? This time Dani has a front-row seat to see her boyfriend and brother at each other's throats in a parking lot.

Jestal:

I am done with you trying to hurt my sis!

The two fight back to a rental car and Dani is trying her best to get their attention but there is only so much you can do when you can't speak.

Klein:

Sometimes life is painful. Tragedy is comedy. Aren't you supposed to be the funny one?

Klein slams Jestal's head into the rental car driver's side window causing a ripple effect on the glass. Klein takes a moment as the heavily breathing clown just laughs up at him.

Klein:

I don't see the humor.

Dani puts her hands through her hair in horror. Klein backs away and tries to kick Jestal's skull through the driver's window. The jester however moves at the last second and Klein's foot goes through the window. Jestal shakes his head trying to get his wits back. Dani is trying to get Jestal to leave with her, but he ignores her and nails a clothesline from hell while Klein's foot is stuck in the car.

Security rushes to the scene, as both men tumble back and forth on the ground. Finally, they are able to separate the two. Klein is not being restrained much as his ribs seem to be giving him a lot of problems.

Klein:

FINE! You want this? You want it to all end like this? I ACCEPT!

Jestal with a sick grin on his face a bit of blood trickled down the side of his face from the window. Dandelion looks at Klein and shakes her head. Jestal shoves security off him.

Jestal:

At Acts I end you!

Dandelion blocks Jestal and shakes her head at him. Her brother however just chuckles and leaves on his own accord. Dandelion rushes over to Klein struggling to get his breath.

Klein:

I'm sorry Dani. Your brother won't stop. He won't...

Dani protests but Klein kisses her on the forehead and then tumbles into her arms. Dandelion, with help from DEFSec, helps Klein walk toward the backstage area. The cardboard box that was on his head tumbles away in the wind.

THERE'S LEVELS TO THIS

Sometime after Lindsay Troy dispatched Arthur Pleasant and sent a shocking challenge to Malak Garland.

COMPLIANCE Warehouse.

Sensory deprivation pods.

Malak Garland:

There's levels to this, Cyrus. That's why I called you here to join me and soak in the sorrow together.

Shook to his core due to the announcement of the Faithful Brings the Weapons match against Karen, Malak innocently floats alongside Cyrus in a huge deprivation pod. It's not weird at all that two grown adults share the same space.

Malak Garland:

I called you here because I need to converse with you. You always do such a good job of trying to calm me down whenever life gets challenging for me.

Cyrus remains silent, caught within his own thoughts and afflictions.

Malak Garland:

I am just completely unnerved by that hag's challenge and the way all the crowds have treated me since day one with this company. To quote you, oof. Oof, I say. I credited you so it's okay that I stole your saying.

Still, Cyrus remains quiet.

Malak Garland:

You know what? Screw her. You're gonna handle her on UNCUT first and if by some miracle she wins, then and only then will I face her.

The sound of calm water dripping in the background looms as Malak fiddles with the drawstring to his swim trunks.

Malak Garland:

Also, I'm going to be the special referee because I like to be in control of things. Plus, we have our new secret weapon.

Malak raises his arm out of the water, showing off his wrist which fashions a band around it.

Malak Garland:

What's this, you ask? It's my restoration and energy balancer bracelet I made for Karen. I intended to give it to her the last time she was here but now I won't because she's mean. Let's use the chakra energy this gives us to our advantage and kick her geriatric ass back to the stone age.

Malak opens the pod and reaches for his phone.

Malak Garland:

I see Kaz hasn't returned any of my calls either. Fine. I see how it is.

TWO OF THE SAME

The scene is backstage during DEFtv 159 after Conor Fuse saved Magdalena at the hands of Dr. Ned Reform and TA Cole. The Character Formerly Known as Player Two exits gorilla and into the backstage hallway. He stops when the camera swings in front of him to show Gage Blackwood, the FIST of DEFIANCE, blocking his path.

Gage Blackwood:

Conor. How are you?

Fuse rubs the side of his head with a slight smile.

Conor Fuse:

Hey Gage. I'm alright... I'm alright.

Blackwood looks Fuse over, head-to-toe.

Gage Blackwood:

I'm halfway through the VHS tape you gave me. I told you I'd watch it.

The Ultimate Gamer seems a little frustrated, likely from the event he just came from. However, a genuine expression of happiness slowly crosses his face.

Conor Fuse:

Oh that's awesome...

And Conor starts piecing things together, becoming more enthused with each word.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, that's great! I got literally every camera angle on your big FIST victory! Hard cam, obvi. Ringpost cam, given. Apron cams, both of them, of course... of course. Rafter cam, hell yeah I did! Even some found iPhone footage off YouTube-

Blackwood raises a hand to slow Conor's racing mind.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, Conor, I'm aware.

Fuse blushes.

Conor Fuse:

Right, of course you're aware. You're halfway through!

The "Locker Room Leader" falls into a moment of contemplation as the two stand in silence. Conor lifts a finger in the air, as if to say something and then puts it back down. A moment passes. He lifts a finger again to say something else but pulls back for a second time. Another moment passes.

Finally, Blackwood gives a coy smile, pats Conor on the shoulder and walks towards gorilla.

Gage Blackwood:

Good luck in all of your championship title defenses.

The Noble Raider exits, readying for his own world title match against Teresa Ames while the camera stays on Conor. Fuse looks a little horrified at first.

Conor Fuse:

Wait, did he? What? Hmmm...

Eventually, a mischievous grin crosses The Ultimate Gamer's face before he shrugs his shoulders and walks out of view.

Conor Fuse:

That was a nifty little encounter. Might go play some video games to decompress. Feeling very vintage ATM...

JACK MACE VS. LEYENDA DE OCHO

DDK:

Up next on UNCUT, we've got a match stemming from a backstage assault that took place on DEFtv 159. Alvaro de Vargas and Jack Mace looked to finish what they started on DEFtv 158 by assaulting Henry Keyes, only for Keyes' good friend Lindsay Troy to get involved. In the middle of that, Keyes' friend, BRAZEN star Leyenda de Ocho tried to help him out only to get laid out by the members of Better Future Talent Agency.

Lance:

That they did. And right now, Leyenda de Ocho demanded this match against either man and it was Jack Mace up to the challenge. Mace has been dominant in his recent performances in the last few weeks, but don't sleep on Ocho. He's a well-traveled veteran in other promotions like New Frontier Wrestling among others!

DDK:

With that, we're taking it to Darren Quimbey for our introductions!

♪ "Hold Back the Night" by The Protomen ♪

The stage lights up in multiple colors as LEYENDA DE OCHO charges forth from the entryway to a sizable crowd pop. He makes his way down the ramp at an energetic clip, slapping hands with fans reaching across the barricade on his trip to the ring and getting the crowd hyped.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, hailing from Chicago, Illinois, and weighing in at one-hundred and eighty-eight pounds... he is the CARTRIDGE CRUISER... **LEYENDA DEEEEEEE OOOOOCCHHOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!**

LDO hops to the apron and scales the corner post to pump both hands into the air holding up four fingers apiece for a total of eight, getting another pop from the crowd before wowing everyone with a forward flip off the top rope to enter the ring. He waits for his opponent to come around.

♪ "The House Jack Built (instrumental)" by Metallica ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Grewelthorpe, North Yorkshire, England, weighing in at 268 pounds... He is represented by Better Future Talent Agency and is a **"DAMN FINE PRO WRESTLER" ... JACK MACE!**

Mace is SUBSTANTIAL standing at the top of the ramp with his huge hooded black cloak draped over his face and his silver trunks. He sheds the cloak and flashes a menacing cackle at the general direction of the ring before he approaches. The cloak comes off once he makes it to ringside, then he flashes a grin at LDO. He heads inside the ring where referee Hector Navarro stands between he and the Cartridge Cruiser. LDO looks up at Mace but he doesn't back down as the bell ring.

DING DING

Mace lives up to his alternate nickname of The Killer Bear and tried to go for big clothesline at the jump, but LDO is quick to respond and ducks with a forward roll before leaping to his feet. He ends up near the ropes as Mace turns around and then comes rushing forward, but LDO sidesteps a second swipe. Mace comes at him a third time, but once again The Cartridge Cruiser stops and ducks a third elbow!

DDK:

Wow! Right off the bat, Mace isn't able to land a blow! Ocho has been on a big win streak on our most recent BRAZEN shows!

Lance:

And his amazing speed and agility are proof of that!

Mace gets angry and tries to rush at LDO again, but he moves out of the way and Mace goes tumbling through the ropes. He manages to try and get back up but before he can get fully going, LDO leaps to the top rope and then hits a HUGE springboard somersault plancha over the ropes and right onto Jack Mace!

DDK:

WOW! RIGHT OFF THE BAT! BIG MOVE BY OCHO!

The crowd goes batty for the BRAZEN star after wiping out Mace with a huge dive on the floor! After a few moments, it's Leyenda de Ocho who gets up first and starts to pump a fist to the cheers of The Faithful. When he gets back up to his feet, LDO waits as Mace starts to stumble up. The big man heads back into the ring to try and get away from the smaller LDO, but The Cartridge Cruiser is already on the top turnbuckle. Mace turns around only to get wiped out with another big jumping somersault senton, wiping him out to the mat!

DDK:

He lands on top of Mace with another springboard somersault senton! Will he pull off the upset?

ONE... TWO... NO!

The big Brit shoots up off the mat in a rage and throws Ocho off him!

Lance:

Look, though, Leyenda staying on the attack!

Ocho speeds off the ropes and comes right back with a basement dropkick to the back of Mace, causing him to flinch! He rolls around the canvas as LDO preps the big shining wizard kick that he likes to use.

DDK:

LDO like this shining wizard to set up his springboard moonsault finisher called the Actualizer? Can he connect?

He tries... but Mace CATCHES him in mid-air! Ocho frantically shakes his head, but can't do much but brace for impact as Mace stands to his full height and changes the bearhug position into a vertical suplex before dumping Ocho on the mat with the massive counter!

Lance:

Big suplex counter by Mace! And now you can tell he's ticked off from the earlier offense from Ocho!

The former BRAZEN Champion grabs Ocho by the waist while he's on the mat and then deadlifts him into a big release German suplex, bouncing him off the canvas with enough impact that he rolls over onto his stomach.

DDK:

He was just being a good friend to Henry Keyes and got caught up in that assault. Now, Mace trying to make sure he pays for his involvement.

Lance:

Where's Mace going now?

The Killer Bear makes like his nickname and mauls LDO as such, using a Canadian backbreaker hold across his back to put pressure onto the back of the rising star of BRAZEN!

DDK:

Leyenda de Ocho has already mixed it up with a who's who of DEFIANCE's best and brightest. Bronson Box, Corvo Alpha, and Rezin. If he can somehow get out from this, he can use that speed of his.

Lance:

Looking like a HUGE "if" at this point.

Some of The Faithful try to get Ocho the energy he needs with a big “Ocho!” chant, but when he tries to fight his way out, Mace simply drops to his knee and hits a Canadian Backbreaker drop, rocking the spine of the young gamer! Mace kneels over and goes for a cover.

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

Ocho uses his legs to free himself with the kickout and his tenacity is rewarded with a big 12-6 elbow to the top of the head from Mace, sending him reeling again. He growls before picks up the dazed Ocho and knocks him to the ropes before he comes back, jabbing a huge elbow smash into the small of his back!

DDK:

Mace has singled out that back! It's crazy that a man this size has very good credentials as a ring psychologist.

Lance:

He was trained at the Harold Ketch Grapple Arts Academy, where his former mentor Oscar Burns also trained.

DDK:

Indeed, and it shows!

Leyenda is doubled over on his feet when Mace goes to shove him to the ropes again. But this time, he gets caught off guard when Ocho comes back and spins with a forearm to his face! The blow rocks Mace briefly and he tries to fight back with a boot before throwing him into the ropes, He misses a clothesline on the way back, but Ocho does not miss a desperation inside springboard dropkick that catches Mace square in the chest!

DDK:

What a comeback! LDO might have this!

He can't follow up right away due to the punishment he has taken on his back. He holds his back with a free hand, but guts it out. Mace has fallen to a knee and holds his chest but when he gets up, LDO greets him with a barrage of kicks to his left leg to keep him down. He hits a few more shots and Mace tries pushing him away from the leg... only to come back and hit a big dropkick to the same knee, hobbling Mace! Mace gets doubled over and then Leyenda unleashes a thrust kick to the jaw, then an enzuigiri to lay him flat on his back!

Lance:

Ocho has him off his feet! What a series of kicks!

DDK:

What's he going for now?

He has Mace down on the mat and then heads to the apron where he comes down with a big springboard splash right into a cover!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

DDK:

Almost, but Mace kicks out again! LDO has him on the back foot!

LDO tries for another big move and goes for the Actualizer... but before he can connect, Mace has his knees up and Ocho bounces off them in a vicious manner!

DDK:

OOOH! He went to the well one too many times with those high-flying moves and Mace caught him!

The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler holds his own knee and makes sure that he can walk... then NAILS Ocho square in the chest with a huge running knee lift! After being doubled over, Mace wastes no time in picking him up before DRIVING

him down to the mat with the Jackdrop Suplex!

Lance:

Jack Mace is done playing around! He has Ocho up... JACK OF ALL HOLDS! He's grounded and locked in!

He holds the Arm Triangle Choke tightly on the mat! He tries to fight his way out... but when he can't move... his arm stops moving! Hector Navarro checks on him and then calls for the bell!

DING DING DING

Navarro tries to pry Mace off of Ocho as he holds it a few more seconds before finally deciding to let go. Mace rolls away and stands back up.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **"A DAMN FINE PRO WRESTLER" JACK MACE!**

Angrily, The BFTA member pulls his arm away from Hector and then leaves the ring once again, heading back up the ramp just as fast as he got there. He doesn't even look back at the damage caused to Leyenda de Ocho, who is now being attended to by the referee.

DDK:

Another win by Jack Mace, but Ocho definitely pushed him in this one. Mace got caught by surprise on a few occasions before putting him away, but Leyenda de Ocho showed us something tonight against a top-flight competitor on the main roster.

Lance:

It's that same gutsiness that has propelled him to great heights in BRAZEN. This won't be the last you hear of this kid!

Ocho gets helped up to his feet by Hector Navarro and gets cheered on by The Faithful as the show moves elsewhere.

ALL FIRED UP. GET IT? CAUSE ADV SEGMENT!

UNCUT EXCLUSIVE: DEFIANCE Studios

Jamie Sawyers looks a little uneasy with his next task but he stands by anyhow ready to do his job.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen... standing by is none other than Better Future Talent Agency member, Alvaro de Vargas and Tom Morrow.

Stepping into view from the left is Alvaro de Vargas, joined shortly thereafter by none other than BFTA's brainchild, Tom Morrow himself. Alvaro himself wearing a tiger-striped jacket and now a gaudy fucking hat to go with it. Showing off lots of tiger-based drip.

Tom Morrow:

Jamie. Been a while. Go ahead and ask your stupid questions so I can give you my most eloquent and well-put answer.

Alvaro gets in his face.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Go ahead, pendejo. ASK.

Jamie does his best attempt to remain composed with a giant Cuban ready to stomp him at a moment's notice.

Jamie Sawyers:

On DEFTv 160, the match was made official earlier this week. It'll be "Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes taking on Alvaro de Vargas and Malak Garland. Your thoughts on...

Alvaro de Vargas:

Get the fuck out. We're doing this a capella, pendejo.

Jamie looks somewhat alarmed.

Jamie Sawyers:

Hey, I barely got to my ques...

Alvaro now hovers over him some more and motions for the microphone.

Tom Morrow:

Don't try to be a hero to your fellow journalists, Jamie. Fork it over and leave. Now.

Jamie finally relinquishes the microphone to Alvaro's hands, who then gives it to Tom Morrow as Saywers departs.

Tom Morrow:

Lindsay Troy... I'd say it's a pleasure, but we both know I'd be lying. Hey, how are Wade and Tyler doing? Remember when I got them canned from DEFIANCE? Wasn't that fun?

He smirks.

Tom Morrow:

That might have been ancient history when I got your tag partners in the Big Damn Heroes fired. Granted, you got me fired, too... but that didn't stick, cause money can pretty much fix anything whether you want to admit it or not. But Lindsay, I'm not here to talk about the past. And for once, I'm not even talking about the future. I'm talking about right now.

With a big slap, he pats Alvaro on the chest.

Tom Morrow:

The issue between Henry Keyes, Alvaro de Vargas and the new mascot of Better Future Talent Agency, Helen... none of this involved you. It never did. But just like you always do, you make everything about you. If nobody's talking about Poochie Troy, she's going to make damn sure they do. So now we're here and you might think that you did a good thing helping Henry Keyes from an attack that had nothing to do with you... but like I said, Lindz, here we are.

He smirks.

Tom Morrow:

I know all about this path you've been on to show everyone that (mock clapping) YOU STILL GOT IT but the reality is Troy, you messed up. REAL bad. Alvaro here? It's been fun as hell messing with Henry Keyes for sticking HIS nose where it didn't belong. BFTA has a new mascot in Helen. But when we get serious? People get hurt. Your good buddy who carried you to all those matches of the year, Oscar Burns? Beat him. Scott Stevens? Lit his dumb redneck ass on fire just cause he could. Beat Conor Fuse within an inch of his life. You aren't the only one coming into this match with a body count, Queenie.

Alvaro takes the microphone.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Henry Keyes... I'm not done with you, either, pendejo. Not by a long shot. Ever since you cost Mace and I the Unified Tag Team Titles, bad things have happened to you. I've left you laying not once, but TWICE. Compré tu pequeño tigre! And it's been fun torturing you like this, just like it'll be fun to do the same to you, Troy. No me importa una mierda if my partner is the little copo de nieve, Malak Garland. I will not balk at the chance to take on two of DEFIANCE's toughest individuals... and párese con la mano levantada en la victoria! My hand raised! Victorious!

Tom Morrow holds a hand out to help illustrate his vision in what he's seeing.

Tom Morrow:

Okay, NOW I'll go ahead and talk about the future. It ends with this man... hand raised! Showing everyone WHY no star burns brighter than El Sol Dorado.

ADV then pulls the microphone back.

Alvaro de Vargas:

DEFTv 160... ¡ambos se quemarán! Both of you will BURN! And the snowflake will, too, if he fucks this up for us...

ADV reaches into his pocket...

Fireball into the camera.

Static.

(and probably a hefty fine for throwing a fireball at expensive equipment).

ONE ON ONE WITH THE BOOGEYMAN

Fading into the interview stage, Chris Trutt is standing awkwardly with a microphone next to the tag duo of “Skyfire” Zack Daymon and “The Iceman” Leo Burnett, along with their manager, Rocko Daymon, leaning on his cane between them. Zack and Leo are wearing respectively red and blue tracksuits while the graying elder Daymon is in jeans, flannel, and a gray Dojo Wrestling Academy t-shirt.

Chris Trutt:

Hello, ladies and gentlemen! I’m here today with a hot rising force in the BRAZEN tag team ranks, the RAIN CITY RONIN! Uhh, the newer one, anyway. Zack, Leo... and, umm...?

Rocko Daymon:

...Rocko.

Chris Trutt:

Rocko! Right. Guys, thank you for joining me here!

Rocko Daymon:

Thank you for having us, Chris. It is an honor for us to be here on UNCUT.

Chris Trutt:

You guys have been pretty busy lately, right?

Rocko Daymon:

You could say that, Chris. Right now, these boys are looking forward to the next BRAZEN Double Shot, where they’ll have a shot at the BRAZEN Tag Team Champions, Los Enfants Terribles. A shot at redemption, after falling short to Archer and Flyer back in July.

The Iceman nods and leans into the mic to speak.

Leo Burnett:

But we know to get to that point, we gotta first get past the team of Ryan Batts and Luke Ali’i, two of the best athletes in BRAZEN right now. Beating them isn’t going to be any easier than going up against the champs themselves.

The younger Daymon steps in to get his own word in.

Zack Daymon:

But that doesn’t matter, because we’re stronger than we were the last time we fought Flyer and Silver. Our battles against bigger fish like the Kabal with “The Guardian” Jessica Reeves have given us the big stage experience we need to take over the tag team division in BRAZEN, and make an impact in DEFIANCE.

Chris Trutt:

Ugh, the Kabal... wait, that’s the other big match you guys have coming up, right? At ACTS of DEFIANCE?

Rocko nods, absolutely stoic.

Rocko Daymon:

Indeed. In an effort to remove their shadow from hanging over the event like a pall of despair, Jessica Reeves shall lead these two into the streets of New Orleans to battle the Kabal.

Chris Trutt:

A New Orleans street fight? That sounds like it could... I dunno, be a bit on the “ouchie” side of things?

On a dime, the younger Daymon steps in to comment.

Zack Daymon:

You think we're afraid of the pain? Fuck pain! We are the Guardians of DEFIANCE! No amount of pain we endure can be as bad as what those freaks will do to this company if left unchecked! The Kabal are a *CANCER* to this sport, and we are committed to burning them out!

Chris Trutt:

Yeah, but... that Stalker guy has been a lot scarier looking lately! He's got that "Crimson" prefix, which sounds really spooky, like "Count" or "Darth" or "Uncle". Not to mention, that crazy Teresa Ames lady pretty much has him on a leash!

Rocko is about to say something, until Zack raises his hand, and the elder Daymon takes a step back to give his son the floor. Leo stands by with his arms crossed over his chest, intently focused on his tag partner.

Zack Daymon:

Are you scared of the boogeyman, Chris?

He shakes his head.

Zack Daymon:

Not me. Maybe he really is some Michael Myers movie monster that can't feel pain, but that doesn't matter to me. I have the speed, the cunning, the training, and most important of all, the *passion* to beat him. Not only beat him... but *dismantle* him, piece by piece.

Burnett looks to the elder Daymon, but Rocko shakes his head, telling him without words not to step in on this. Meanwhile, the young BRAZEN talent's fiery stare finds the camera, eager to get to address The Faithful, and the target of his challenge.

Zack Daymon:

I want to make a statement at the next DEFIANCE TV, by removing the Kabal's most powerful weapon from their arsenal! I want the monster Crimson Stalker one-on-one in the ring!

Trutt seems to be in a trance as Zack Daymon's speech carries on but suddenly his eyes cut to the side when Teresa Ames walks into the frame, standing behind her is none other than the source of Zack's challenge, Crimson Stalker.

Teresa Ames:

So, let me get this straight... you want to go one on one with the Boogeyman...? My PET Monster... the unbeatable Crimson Stalker!?

Wearing a 'No More False Heroes' t-shirt, Teresa moves forward with authority and takes the microphone out of Trutt's hand.

Teresa Ames:

You look like a liar, hun. I don't buy your.... Schitck. In fact, if I was a betting woman, which I am, I would say this is a trick. I'm not all about tricks. You should really read the room before doing them.

The words flicker out of Teresa's mouth like a Kabal Cobra, the commander doesn't hesitate to shove the microphone into Zack's chest. The younger Daymon immediately takes it and raises it to his lips.

Zack Daymon:

The Kabal does nothing but scheme, but you think *we're* the ones who can't be trusted?!

He scoffs and shakes his head.

Zack Daymon:

This is no trick, Ames... the Guardians don't sink to that level. This is just a plain and straight challenge to that brain-

dead Frankenstein monster behind you. I want him alone in the ring, so this company can finally see him for what he truly is!

He narrows his eyes and steps in closer.

Zack Daymon:

But if it concerns you that much, then let's ensure nobody else from either side gets involved. Let's go dig up some goons who have nothing at stake in this war of ours, and let's make it a LUMBERJACK MATCH!

Smirking at the young son of Stalker's legendary rival, Teresa walks behind her summoned demon, Crimson Stalker, and whispers in his ear. Jason Reeves exhales heavily against the crimson mask covering his face as each whispered word enters his eardrum.

Chris Trutt:

What... what was that, Teresa? Did you say something...?

Trutt produces a microphone out of thin air while stepping forward in an attempt to listen in on what Teresa's whispers. Teresa glares at him in response to his question as Crimson Stalker steps forward even closer to the group. With fire in his eyes, Zack steps up to meet him. Leo attempts to stand with his partner, but Rocko puts a hand on his shoulder to hold him back..

Crimson Stalker: [heavily breathing]

... ..

Zack Daymon:

I can't tell if you shit your pants, or that smell is just your breath, but either way, you need to step the fuck back before I lay you out, old man.

He leans over, looking daringly to the original QWERTY girl.

Zack Daymon:

Do I have an answer, or not?

Teresa seems to have lost interest a bit as the camera zooms out to take in her reaction, staring at her phone, she looks up and cracks her neck while measuring Zack Daymon with her eyes.

Teresa Ames:

Hun, if you have that much of a death wish then have at it. But if you screw with us... I'll make sure you can't have children. No Street Fight at ACTS of DEFIANCE for you, cupcake. You can sit on the sidelines while your friends get slaughtered! That's even assuming you'll be breathing when you leave that ring at 160. Watch out for the Sanguine Saliva, I hear it leaves some nasty side effects. I wouldn't know though. I'm immune to venom.

Snapping her fingers in a unique manner catches Crimson Stalker's attention, tearing him away from staring daggers into Zack Daymon's soul, the mute monster stalks away leaving behind a cold sweating Chris Trutt and a fired up 'Skyfire'. His partner Burnett and the elder Daymon pull him to the side. The camera picks up some of the conversation.

Leo Burnett:

Man, are you serious? We got way too much on our plate right now!

Zack Daymon:

Trust me... I got this.

Leo Burnett:

But what about Double Shot? How are you going to be in condition to --

The conversation becomes unintelligible as the trio shuffle off the exit at the other side of the stage.

CRIMSON STALKER vs. JJ DIXON

Starting off this match we fade in to Jason 'Crimson Stalker' Reeves standing in his corner, his handler Teresa Ames is sitting on the top turnbuckle behind her pet while Brian Slater gives final match instructions to his opponent J.J.

Dixon

Lance:

Folks kind of a surprise match up here. After the challenge from Zack Daymon, Crimson Stalker's manager requested a BRAZEN talent that was hungry for a challenge and well...

DDK:

JJ Dixon and Stalker are quite familiar with one another and he seems eager to heed the call but I gotta say I don't know if Dixon or that Skyfire kid know what they are getting themselves into.

DING DING

The bell rings and the young gun out of the Southern Bastards doesn't hesitate in an attempt to make his mark, charging forward with uncaring closed fists, Dixon manages to make Crimson Stalker falter and fall back into the far corner.

Lance:

Hot Start here from Dixon!

Indeed it was as JJ continues to waylay into Jason Reeves. Each closed punch is harder than the last and no warnings come from Brian Slater, as this match is being fought under Stalker's Rules. Dixon with a HARD Irish Whip into the opposite corner as Stalker absorbs the turnbuckle with his back.

DDK:

Is.. he enjoying this...?

With a void like stare in his eyes, the crimson mask breathing with each chest exhale, Crimson Stalker seems to be in his comfort zone as his handler idly texts away on her cell phone.

Lance:

At the snap of the fingers it seems like Teresa can make Crimson Stalker do her bidding, perhaps when she's silent he uses it as his time to toy with his victims.

DDK:

.....Right....

Dixon doesn't seem to mind as he executes a Vertical Suplex out from the corner and moves in for a quick pinfall attempt!

1!

NO! Shoulder up!

The quick pinfall attempt catches Crimson Stalker's handler's attention and the Keyboard Queen off guard. Teresa seems slightly annoyed that her text conversation was so rudely interrupted. She snaps her fingers and calls out to her pet.

Teresa Ames:

Make him tap!!

Dixon doesn't let the distraction phase him as he picks Crimson Stalker up off the mat, but Stalker shoves him

backwards, Dixon comes in with a HARD FOREARM, BLOCKED by Reeves!

Lance:

There's that look again!

Teresa's words of magic is all Jason Reeves needed to hear as Dixon's next strike is blocked, Crimson Stalker slams his knee into the gut of Dixon so hard the Southern Bastard youth doubles over in surprise as the wind is sucked out of his sails. Stalker yanks Dixon's hair back in a Horror movie like fashion - as if he is ready to slit the poor kid's throat - but instead he wraps his arms tightly over the neck and under the armpit in a Corba Clutch hold.

DDK:

Dixon is struggling to get free, this is not something he wants to tap to, but Stalker's yanking the poor kid's neck around in a damn vice! No rules, typically a move like this.. I don't know.

Crimson Stalker's arm is wedged tightly around Dixon's neck as he struggles to reach the ropes, but as he does Stalker leaps in the air and wraps his legs around Dixon's entire body as both men slam into the mat.

Lance:

Uh oh... this isn't good.

Dixon is trapped and has nowhere to go as Crimson Stalker yanks him into a deadly Cobra Clutch modified sleeper as Jason rolls onto his side on the mat and tightly grips Dixon into place with his entire body, violently yanking on the poor man's arm and neck so hard it looks like they are going to break in half. Finally Brian Slater takes one of JJ Dixon's screams in pain and frantic arm waves as a sign of tapping.

DING DING DING

Quimbey announces Crimson Stalker as the winner and referee Brian Slater pleads with Stalker to let Dixon go, eventually Teresa taps on the ring apron three times which causes Jason Reeves to relinquish JJ in angst. The Crimson Masked monster sits up, staring vacantly at Teresa who snaps her fingers once more before he stands up and walks out of the ring with purpose to be beside Teresa as she heads up the ramp, typing away on her cell phone and we fade elsewhere.

HOW DAVEY GOT HIS GROOVE BACK

Earlier this morning...

Standing in front of Ballyhoo Brew with a smile on his face, a grinning Brock Newbludd slaps his friend Pat Cassidy on his good arm. In response, Cassidy frowns at his fellow tag team champion and scratches his head.

Pat Cassidy:

So, you're saying that this is going to happen right here and right now...inside of our bar? Listen, I'm all for thinking outside the box, but don't you think we should just *ask* him first?

Taking a sip of coffee out of his traveler's mug, Brock shrugs his shoulders and looks down at the sealed up cardboard box on the ground between his feet.

Brock Newbludd:

Either way dude, we're going to have to get that thing out of the cooler. While I may have not exactly thought this through all the way, this is just exactly what he needs. And besides, I already did ask and he said no. Davey's still got the itch, I know that much. Between us, I think he just needs a little boost of confidence to make him realize he's still got it.

Pat Cassidy:

I get that, dude. But, you probably should've run this by me *beforehand*. I mean, I know there's no customers in the bar right now or anything but this is just straight up nuts.

Brock Newbludd:

If I would have done that, then you would have shot it down on the spot. Trust me brother, this is gonna work.

Cassidy glances down at the box on the ground with a suspicious eyebrow raised.

Pat Cassidy:

And what's the deal with the box? What's in the box?

Flashing his buddy a smirk, Newbludd picks the box up off the ground and tucks it under an arm.

Brock Newbludd:

Oh just you wait, buddy. Inside this box is Davey's ticket back to the big time. All he has to do to get it is prove himself inside of the cooler.

Pat Cassidy:

And if he doesn't?

Sighing, Newbludd turns and faces his one winged partner.

Brock Newbludd:

He will dude. Just trust me on this.

Turning to face the front doors of Ballyhoo, Brock rests a hand on Pat's shoulder.

Brock Newbludd:

Time's a wastin', bro. Let's get in there before Davey does. The bar opens in an hour and he'll be here any minute.

Five Minutes Later...

Whistling a happy tune as he enters Ballyhoo Brew through the front door, Davey LaRue flips on the lights to start getting the bar ready for opening. The burly Cajun immediately stops whistling when he sees his two friends, and technically bosses, sitting at the bar. Brock and Pat both spin around on their barstools to greet him, Newbludd with a

grin and Pat with a slight frown.

Brock Newbludd:

There he is! My old pal Davey! Hey buddy, did you think over what we talked about last night?

Shaking his head, Davey sighs as he approaches the tag team champions.

Davey LaRue:

I did bon ami. I really did. De ting is, ol' Davey ain't changin' his mind. De days of tossin' fellas around de ring are ovah. Been too long, and I've gotten too old. Cass' may have one arm, but he's still got dat fightin' spirit. I'd be nuttin' budda liability brudda.

Cassidy's frown deepens as Brock narrows his eyes at his friend.

Brock Newbludd:

What are you talkin' about, dude? You DO still got it. Seriously bro, enough of this self-doubt bullshit.

Pat Cassidy:

You sure seemed raring to go when you pulled our asses out of the fire last week. I think there's still a badass in there somewhere.

Making his way around the bar to stand behind it, Davey picks up a glass and starts to polish it.

Davey LaRue:

De decision is final. Davey LaRue de professional wrassler is retired. I've traded my boots for a bar rag and dat's dat.

Leaning back in his barstool, Brock looks to Cass and gives him an apologetic smile before locking eyes with Davey.

Brock Newbludd:

Fine. Have it your way, buddy. You are a damn fine bartender, no doubt about. Maybe slingin' drinks and carousing with the customers every night has made you soft.

Davey LaRue:

Eh! I ain't gone soft, bon ami!

Brock Newbludd:

Whatever dude. If you say so...

A sudden crashing sound in the walk-in cooler behind the bar causes Davey and Pat to both snap their heads while Brock keeps his eyes on LaRue.

Davey LaRue:

What de hell was dat?

Brock Newbludd:

I don't know, man. Sounds like lost profits to me. Lemme guess, you stacked the cases of beer too high again? Hmmm?

Not particularly fond of his friend's tone, Davey puts his hands on his hips and winces when another loud banging sound is heard.

Davey LaRue:

I don't tink so, bon ami. I...

Another loud bang.

Davey LaRue:

What in tarnation!?

Brock Newbludd:

Well, don't just stand there!

Throwing the rag onto the bar, Davey gives Newbludd a quick glare and heads towards the cooler door. Behind him, both Brock and Pat hop off their stools to follow behind him. Davey reaches for the cooler door and freezes when a low growl rumbles from the other side.

Davey LaRue:

...Dat sounded like a...

Cautiously, the bartender opens the door and the instant he does he gasps. Sitting inside the cooler among a pile of beer cases and spilt liquor is a five foot long alligator. Not especially big as far as alligators go, but in the confines of the small cooler, big enough to be intimidating. The gator immediately snaps it's head in LaRue's direction and growls. Eyes wide in surprise, Davey takes a step back but is stopped by Brock's hand firmly placed on his back.

Davey LaRue:

What de hell is dis!?

Brock Newbludd:

Motivation.

Davey opens his mouth to speak but doesn't get a chance to when he's suddenly pushed into the cooler by Newbludd. Quickly grabbing the cooler door, Brock slams it shut and places his back against it. A push from his friend on the other side causes him to lurch forward, but Brock widens his feet and pushes back to keep LaRue trapped.

Davey LaRue:

Dammit Brock! Dis ain't funny!

Brock Newbludd:

Stop being a sad sack! I told you, buddy! You've gone soft!

Another growl is heard from inside the cooler and Newbludd smiles at Cassidy when Davey's pushing on the door suddenly stops. Inside of the cooler, the sound of a beer cracking is followed by the sound of a can being crushed.

Davey LaRue:

I AIN'T SOFT! YA TINK DIS GATOR IS SOMETIN'? DIS AIN'T NUTTIN' BUT A LIL' BABY!

Both members of SNS' raise their eyebrows when a loud battlecry echoes in the cooler. A second later, a cacophony of thuds, crashes, grunts and growls fill the air. Brock removes himself from the cooler door and stands next to Cassidy. Pat takes a step towards the door, but Newbludd stops him.

Pat Cassidy:

Brock. We've pulled some stunts in our time but we can't straight up murder a man on television. A guy we like!

Brock Newbludd:

Just hang on, bro. This shouldn't take long...

The sounds of battle continue for another few seconds and then things go eerily quiet. Pushing Brock aside with his good arm, Cassidy yanks the door open and his jaw immediately drops in surprise.

Pat Cassidy:

Holy shit...

Newbludd peers over his partner's shoulder and whoops in delight.

Brock Newbludd:

That doesn't look like a guy who's lost it to me! What do you think, Cass?

Pat Cassidy: *[his mouth agape]*

I think that's the coolest fucking thing I've ever seen...

The camera switches it's view to show the inside of the thrashed cooler. Sitting on the back of the now docile alligator with one hand clamped on it's mouth and the other holding a beer, Davey takes a drink and scowls.

Davey LaRue:

Ya made yer point, bon ami. Ol Davey' will help ya'll out against de Lucky Sevens. On one condition! No, TWO conditions!

Jabbing a playful elbow into Pat's ribs, Brock nods his head eagerly.

Brock Newbludd:

Yes! There he is! There's that gator wranglin', beer drinkin', wild man! Name it, buddy!

Davey sets his beer down in between his legs and pats the alligator on the back. Surprisingly, the intimidating reptile lets out a growl that can only be described as submissive.

Davey LaRue:

One, ol' Davey's not cleanin' up dis mess! Two! I be keepin' dis gator!

Brock and Pat look at each other and shrug their shoulders.

Brock Newbludd:

Done and done, buddy! Just don't bring it into the bar, deal?

Pat Cassidy: *[still shaking his head in amazement]*

You can have whatever you want, kid.

Nodding his head, Davey pats the gator again.

Davey LaRue:

I'm namin' dis lil' cher Mojo. Cause' she helped ol' Davey get his back.

Brock Newbludd:

I like it. Oh, and if you like the new pet, you're gonna LOVE this.

Newbludd leaves and quickly returns with the cardboard box he had brought with him. Ripping it open, Brock pulls out a piece of clothing and throws it at Davey. LaRue catches it and unfolds it to reveal a black singlet. Written in gold across the front of it are three letters.

Davey LaRue:

...SNS...

All traces of anger gone, Davey admires the singlet for a long moment before looking back up at his two friends. Before he can say anything, LaRue catches another object tossed his way. A pair of brand new alligator skin wrestling boots. Now smiling from ear to ear, Davey manages to tear his eyes off of his new gear and look up to his friends. Before he can say anything, Brock puts a hand up.

Brock Newbludd:

You're welcome, dude.

Davey looks back down to the gator skin boots and runs a hand along them in admiration. As he does so, Cassidy enters the cooler and walks up to him. Making sure to keep a safe distance from Davey's new pet, Cassidy extends his good arm out towards Davey for a handshake and LaRue takes it.

Pat Cassidy:

Welcome to The Saturday Night Specials, brother.

LINDSAY TROY vs. CYRUS BATES

DDK:

Welcome back to ringside, folks as we get ready for a very interesting contest.

Lance:

That's right. Lindsay Troy is set to square off against the massive Cyrus Bates but there's a caveat.

♪ "Savage" by Megan Thee Stallion ♪

Cyrus Bates walks out to a welcome of boos.

DDK:

The Bellicose Brawler will have none other than his big wig snowflake as the special guest referee.

Bates' pectorals bounce with the bass of the music as he confidently enters the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This is a singles match with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first, CYRUS BATES!

Bates lazily raises his arms to half acknowledge the fans he despises.

♪ "Put 'em in the Grave" by Jedi Mind Tricks ♪

The arena comes nearly unglued as the spectacular Lindsay Troy walks out next.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing next, from Tampa, Florida, she is LINDSAY TROY!

Troy rolls into the ring and shoots Cyrus a nasty glare before ascending a turnbuckle to bask in the adoration from the Faithful.

DDK:

This crowd loves LT and I'm sure they equally love the challenge she laid down to Malak on the last DEFtv because of how it involves them directly into the match!

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

Malak Garland walks out on stage last. He's wearing a referee shirt but with white snowflake logos inside each black stripe.

Darren Quimbey:

And lastly because he requested to be introduced, your special guest referee is MALAK GARLAND!

DDK:

Oh he needed to be introduced, huh? What a crock. I hope LT is going into this with a plan because Garland won't play it by the books for sure.

Malak rolls into the ring and eyes Troy down. He proceeds to pull out some contraband in the form of brass knuckles, rings and exacto knives and hands them all to Bates literally right in front of everyone before signalling for the bell.

DING DING

Lance:

Is Malak serious right now!?

The fans yell obscenities at Malak and Cyrus as LT wastes no time delivering a torpedo dropkick to the chest of her bigger opponent, sending the handheld weapons everywhere!

DDK:

Take that!

Malak looks immediately shocked as Troy wags her finger in his face like he better have something greater planned than that before stomping away at Bates in the corner.

Lance:

Malak asserts himself right away, not allowing LT to get too many shots in.

Indeed, Malak pulls Troy back by the waist and informs her he's only giving her a count of one, then disqualifying her and therefore revoking any type of match between the two of them. Troy plays it cool and lets Cyrus get back to his feet before nailing him with a corner splash, bulldog combination!

DDK:

Cover!

Malak simply stands there and looks down at LT hooking one leg without counting, which ignites a white hot hate within the crowd.

DDK:

Come on! Count the fall!

Garland goes to plant his foot in Troy's face but the Legendary one moves just in time, letting Cyrus take the stomp!

Lance:

Malak just pummeled his own partner!

Troy tumbles to the side and smacks Bates down with a clothesline as soon as he gets back up. LT stays relentless as Malak moves to the safety of a corner and watches as Troy whips his muscle into the opposite buckle. She jumps up to the second rope and begins the ten punches of fury.

Faithful:

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! OHHHHHH! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The fans erupt as Malak electric chair drops Troy from the second rope to the middle of the canvas.

Lance:

I think this is as unfair of a special referee I've ever seen and we have Mark Shields on staff for crying out loud!

Garland looks around as if hoping no one saw what he did. He consults Bates in the corner to try and get his head back into the game. Groggy, Cyrus picks up the brass knuckles and readies himself.

Malak Garland:

DO IT! DO IT! Disfigure Karen's already ugly face!

With her back turned, it takes Troy a moment to pull herself up with the assistance from the ropes. Fans try to warn her not to turn around but it's too late.

WHACK!

DDK:

Down goes Troy! This is ridiculous!

Malak jumps for glee at the sight of the clean shot Cyrus got on his enemy. Bates hooks a leg for the cover.

ONE!

KICKOUT!

RAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

DDK:

What?

The absolute unexpected hits both Bates and Garland like a freight train as they look at each other in disbelief.

DDK:

Lindsay Troy just kicked out of a clean brass knuckle shot at one and Malak was rushing to count too!

They both look down, stunned. A trickle of blood pours from her mouth but LT kips up, slaps Bates' jaw off with a spinning judo kick and gets right in the face of the terrified snowflake.

DDK:

OH BOY! LINDSAY TROY IS ALL FIRED UP!

Malak Garland:

Hi Karen! Oh my goodness, I am so sorry! I am just trying to unpack things as the ref!

Malak tries every excuse in the book but Troy is entertaining none of it. She raises a fist but Bates gets her in a waistlock bearhug before she can connect. It doesn't last long as LT executes a standing switch. Eventually, Troy's back is exposed to Garland who takes the opportunity to chop block her at her braceless right knee.

Lance:

Who booked this!? Like seriously, who allowed and enabled Malak Garland to slate himself in as special guest referee? Just despicable if you ask me.

Troy rolls out of the ring and shakes her leg, gaining the sympathy of the front row fans as they try to encourage her to get back into things. Meanwhile, in the ring, Malak beats his chest like the vicious gorilla he isn't and he begins doling out orders to Bates.

DDK:

I can't imagine what sorts of things Malak is planning for LT right now.

With the focus shifted to Troy working her knee out and her expression growing angrier by the second, things go from bad to worse as the fans react to the sight of none other than Malak's shiny new toy, The Game Boy, who appears from under the apron.

Lance:

The Game Boy was under the ring this entire time? The cards continue to get stacked up higher!

Game Boy stalks his prey, getting closer and closer until Troy starts kicking him. Game Boy grabs a limb, picks her up, holds her over his head and goes to chuck her into the crowd until she drives her shin flush into the side of his masked face!

THUD!

DDK:

What a shot!

Troy breaks free from Game Boy's grasp with enough time to grab a chair which is handed to her by a random fan before she malforms it on top of his head!

CRACK!

DDK:

THE GAME BOY JUST GOT LAID OUT BY A CHAIR SHOT!

Lance:

A chair a **fan** gave Troy, no less. Could that be foreshadowing Malak's fate in the Fans Bring the Weapons match?

The loud steel-meets-masked flesh sound catches the attention of Malak and Cyrus in the ring. Once more, a ghostly white face overtakes all of Malak's emotions as he watches LT walk up the ring steps and enter the squared circle like a deer caught in the headlights. The fans rise from their seats as a buzz grows throughout the arena.

DDK:

Payback time!

It's clear where the momentum resides as Malak frailly moves off to the side and watches Cyrus swing and miss with a clothesline to where a sprinting Lindsay Troy first downs Malak with Thy Kingdom Come, only to bounce off him and hit Cyrus with the exact same thing!

Lance:

STEREO THY KINGDOM COME! Garland is down! Bates is down!

LT DEFIANTLY pins Bates and grabs Malak's limp-as-a-cold-fish arm to count the pinfall herself.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

It's over! Troy wins! We get her versus Malak at ACTS where the fans will partake in the match! How poetic!

♪ "Put 'em in the Grave" by Jedi Mind Tricks ♪

LT raises her own arm in victory as she stands tall over Game Boy, Cyrus Bates and Malak Garland.

Lance:

She overcame the odds and beat two physically powerful adversaries and one... well... mental one?

As the commentary acknowledges the heroic feat Troy just pulled off, the fans shower her with cheers.

DDK:

We will have a weapons match at ACTS! We will hold Malak Garland accountable and mark my words, Lindsay Troy is coming with a vengeance! We're out of time! Thanks for tuning in! We'll see you next time, Faithful!

A lasting shot of Lindsay Troy, ascending the ropes is the final image seen of the night. She holds the badly twisted chair she used on Game Boy's head high and stares intensely out to the rabid Faithful in attendance.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.