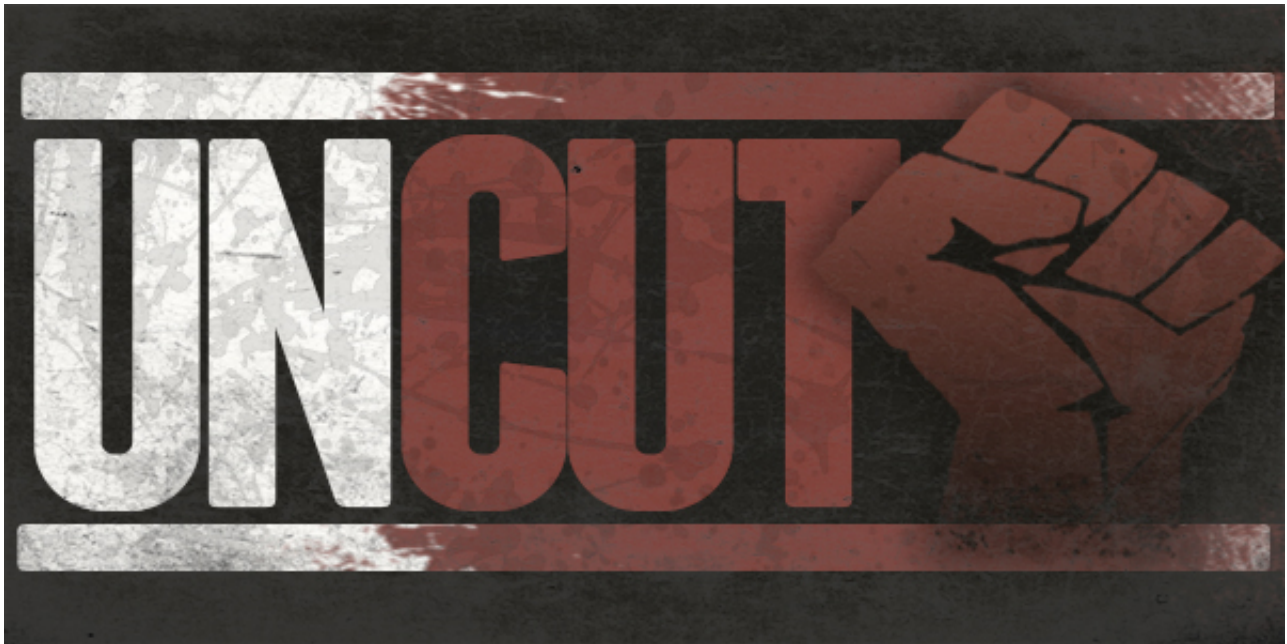


SHOW OPEN

MEMORIES AND GOING FORWARD

Magdalena puts her hands behind her head and leans heavily, or as heavily as her small frame can lean, back in her rolling chair, its fulcrum tilting back until her white hair touches the wall. The room is dark, save for whatever light makes it from the hall through the doorway, casting its shadows on one side of her face. Her thoughts linger on a few weeks ago. The crowd had responded to the Deacon and Conor Fuse's union as expected, maybe even better than expected. She'd done her job, but that had been easy. All she had to do was say a few words.

Oh, and catch Ned Reform with a hurricarana.

She smiles at that thought. In a year that was so full of loss, it was good to feel another win, even if some discounted the Deacon's involvement.

The Deacon is on a nostalgia tour, except the tour is only in one city, the IWC had said, and though she could hear no tone of voice, she could feel the derision. It'd been the same derision she'd felt when she was kicked off of DEF Radio, interrupted by the elder Fuse, and stopped from uttering much more than a few words by the not-so-good doctor Reform.

All in the last few months.

It'd been why she'd spent so many hours perfecting that hurricarana. She smiled again.

But what they'd forgotten was that her job hadn't been over the last few months, it'd been over the last couple of years. Jack's story had been told, and though the sadness remained, the fact that she'd done her part, just as so many here in DEFIANCE had done their part, meant more than she could have ever hoped, no matter what the IWC thought.

But their derisive message was still heard - who would the Deacon be now? A surprise to be flung upon the DEFIANT to get a nostalgia pop? Or something more?

"They said I'd find you back here."

Magdalena turns to the doorway. She smiles.

Who will the Deacon be? That's just a starter question.

ALVARO DE VARGAS vs. NICKY SYNZ

DDK:

Folks, welcome to our opening match on UNCUT! Coming up in just a few moments, we'll see Nicky Synz in action. He was victorious two weeks ago against BRAZEN's Elijah Cross... but tonight, he's taking on a very enraged Alvaro de Vargas. Whole different animal entirely.

Lance:

Two weeks ago on UNCUT, we saw footage at Ballyhoo Brew of Lindsay Troy delivering some vigilante justice out to ADV for what happened to her friend, Henry Keyes, after his match with Alvaro. Alvaro smashed a beer bottle over her head in retaliation, and we know that these two will meet one on one next week on DEFtv 161!

DDK:

A huge opportunity for Alvaro, but Lindsay Troy has been destroying people left and right. However, tonight, we'll see if Nicky Synz has what it takes to take on El Sol Dorado. Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the intros.

And we do just that. Hey, other Darren.

Darren Quimbey:

Who said that? I mean... the following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 216 pounds... he is the lead singer of Synyster Sledge and their new EP, Behind Fiery Eyes, is now out on Spotify and wherever you can get ahold of music... **NICKY SYNZ!**

♪ "Prime Mover (Zodiac Mindwarp cover)" by Synyster Sledge ♪

Nicky Synz explodes from the back, headbanging his long, blonde locks on his way down to the ring slapping hands with the fans as he goes..Nicky then whips out his signature Flying V guitar from around his back and starts playing a few riffs for the crowd. He continues on his way down, getting some pops from the Faithful. But before he can get any further...

Tom Morrow:

SHUT THAT NOISE POLLUTION UP! NOW! SHUT IT!

With complete haste, Tom Morrow makes his way out from the back as the fun and antics of DEFIANCE's favorite rocker come to a grinding halt. The crowd is LOUD with jeering for the mouthpiece of Better Talent Future Agency as he looks out.

Tom Morrow:

!! SAID! SHUT UP!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Tom Morrow: *[getting louder]*

ANYWAY... Nicky Synz, good for you. You won a match two weeks ago. Bet you're feeling pretty damn good! Bet you wrote a song about it that you've played in front of the twelve people who attend your band's shows at local shithole bars.

Synz yells out "MORE LIKE TWENTY PEOPLE!" in the ring.

Tom Morrow:

Oh, twenty... good, you can count. You can also count on Alvaro de Vargas coming out here and cleaning this ring with your face. After what Lindsay Troy planned... no, CONSPIRED to do, we thought we'd give Mrs... Ms... whatever marriage she's on or in between now Troy a taste of what she's got in store next week on DEFtv! You're on tape, Queenie! You conspired with Brock Newbludd, Pat Cassidy and the bodyguard whose name I can never pronounce against my client and laid your hands on me, a civilian, in a public setting! With one snap of my finger, any half-brained ambulance chaser could take this case and I'd sue your ass so far back to the stone age, you'd shake hands with

Jurassic Joe Stone!

DDK:

Who?

Tom Morrow:

But at my client, Alvaro de Vargas's insistence, I'm going to let him take care of you personally. Tonight is a live demonstration. Nicky, it's not looking good for you, kid. Right now, Alvaro is **PISSED** and... well, I'll be honest, you have a better chance of surviving a movie scene with Alec Baldwin than you do winning a fight against Alvaro de Vargas!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

NO! DEFIANCE Wrestling does not endorse or condone anything Tom Morrow has to say about anything.

Lance:

He's garbage.

The Faithful are up in arms as Nicky waves his hands. To his credit, he doesn't back down.

Tom Morrow:

Suit yourself, kid. If you don't move, then my client will move you. Introducing, weighing in at 27...

But he's not waiting any more. Sans music, sans tiger gear and with 10,000% mean-mugging, Alvaro comes out and walks past a shocked Morrow.

Tom Morrow:

ELSOLDORADOALVARODEVARGASLETSGOOOOOO!

Morrow tries to keep up as referee Rex Knox enters the ring. Alvaro is on the ropes when Nicky Synz doesn't wait for one more second. Seeing bad things about to happen, Synz jumps into action with a dropkick, staggering ADV as he enters the ring! Knox makes judgment call and then calls for the bell with both competitors in the ring!

DING DING

DDK:

Wow! Alvaro out here ready to hurt someone! I never thought he'd be the one to cut off an intro from Tom Morrow.

Lance:

And Nicky Synz doing the best he can!

With El Sol Dorado stumbled for the moment, Synz goes wild with chops to the chest and tries to rock the much taller de Vargas, but the blows seem to only be making him angrier. He runs at Alvaro and then nails a back elbow that puts him back into the corner before throwing in a fancy slide across the ring for distance. Synz then launches himself like a rocket right at the midsection of Alvaro, rocking him with a big corner spear!

DDK:

Nicky Synz rocks Alvaro with that Double Platinum combo in the corner! Stick and move, Nicky!

The rocker raises the horns up as Alvaro is doubled over in the corner. He leaps up at El Sol Dorado and then kicks off the corner to hit a big tornado DDT!

DDK:

Call your shot, Synz! That could be it already!

Synz goes for the cover on Alvaro as the crowd screams!

ONE...

TW... BIG KICKOUT!

Lance:

Wow! I can't believe he kicked out of that so quickly!

Synz stays on Alvaro and then grabs him by the neck. He tries for another tornado DDT off the ropes... but ADV learns from his mistakes and hangs on to the rocker! Nicky shakes his head frantically before de Vargas **THROWS** him harshly into the corner! Synz gets his spine rattled against the corner pads, but gets worse when ADV follows up with a huge corner clothesline!

Lance:

Oof! I could feel that one from here!

DDK:

That clothesline in the corner took down Synz! And ADV isn't done!

He props up Synz in the corner.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Volveré, pendejo!

He runs from one side of the ring to the other and then nails a huge corner clothesline! Nicky gets rocked from that one, but ADV still isn't done as he repeats the run from one side back to the other, nailing him with a third clothesline so impactful, Synz crumbles in a heap.

DDK:

ADV is so dangerous when he stays focused like this instead of playing around with his opponents and talking trash.

ADV grabs the head and neck of Synz as he is on his knees now, but de Vargas quickly grabs him up for a vertical suplex. He **HOISTS** him up but lets him simply drop with a huge release suplex!

DDK:

OOOH! ADV lets go of that vertical suplex and just dumps him on the mat! Synz is hurt now!

The crowd jeers loudly as he stands over the beaten and battered Synz, but doesn't stay long. He grabs him by the neck and then pulls him up to a seated position. He then unleashes some **STIFF** knees to the face and the chest of Synz!

Lance:

Goodness! There's some fire behind those shots! What a series of blows!

Synz is out on his feet... well, knees more appropriately. But ADV doesn't let him linger. He picks up Nicky and has him over the shoulder before **HURLING** him across the ring and then slamming him into the corner!

DDK:

Cuban Missile! That's it! It's done!

It's done when ADV says it's done. Morrow watches on proudly at the crown jewel of Better Future Talent Agency as he once again sets up Synz. He takes his time while the battered rocker can't fight back. He hoists him upside down, then El Sol Dorado drops him down with his **VICIOUS** piledriver finisher!

DDK:

ARDIENDO! Count to a thousand if you want! This one is done!

Lance:

I hate to agree with you there, but... yeah, that!

ADV goes for a pin on Synz as the crowd jeers.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

ADV stands up and then raises his hands in triumph as Darren Quimbey makes it official.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

ADV leaves the ring quickly by stepping through the ropes and then jumps to the floor. He heads back up to the ramp with Morrow behind him. Morrow smiles at the wreck where Nicky Synz once stood before he heads to the back.

DDK:

What a one-sided match this turned out to be. Alvaro de Vargas with a win on his way to fighting against Lindsay Troy next week on DEFtv!

Lance:

Lindsay Troy has been a wood chipper in competition, but I'd just say that ADV looks like a buzzsaw based on this win. We'll see what happens on DEFtv!

ADV points to the nearby camera. No goofing off.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Off with YOUR head, Queen pendeja!

SNIP SNIP

The scene switches to Conor Fuse backstage standing beside Jamie Sawyers. The Faithful give a loud !RANK chant for the gamer.

Jamie Sawyers:

Conor, a huge victory for you and The Deacon at ACTS of DEFIANCE. What a difference a year makes! At least year's ACTS, you fought Deacon and now you two put aside your differences teaming together!

Conor agrees and pats Jamie on the back.

Conor Fuse:

I've come a long way, buddy! That's for sure. And I gotta say, this do-gooder thing is pretty fun. I got the crowd behind me...

!RANK

Conor Fuse:

I've made some new friends along the way...

Fuse smacks Sawyers on the back even harder this time.

Conor Fuse:

And I believe in myself!

The Locker Room Leader pauses, raises an eyebrow and shakes his head no.

Conor Fuse:

Okay, that last line makes me sound like a loser. Those are things Malak Garland would say. Speaking of which, I want to-

Conor's attention is diverted as a snipping sound is heard getting louder from across the hallway.

Snip, snip.

Snip, snip.

Snip, snip.

Conor Fuse: *[mumbling]*

What the...

Thomas Slaine walks into the picture, holding a sheet of paper in one hand and a pair of scissors in another. Slaine looks to be cutting out a snowflake. He glances up from his work and mildly stares at Conor before going back to it.

Snip, snip.

Conor Fuse:

Uh, hey Thomas. What's up, guy?

Slaine doesn't say anything, he simply continues working away. His hands are very quick, he's applying a lot of detail to the snowflake. Conor looks at Jamie, Jamie looks at Conor. Both of them give a shrug. They're about to end the interview and move on with their day but finally, Thomas speaks without lifting his head.

Thomas Slaine:

Hello gentlemen...

That's all Slaine says. Jamie and Conor eye each other again.

Conor Fuse:

Hi.

Sawyers waives uncomfortably and Slaine continues working on his masterpiece.

Thomas Slaine:

Don't mind me...

Fuse has a look on his face like "uh, okay?" Meanwhile, Thomas bends the paper to include more character inside the snowflake even though it looks like he's already done enough.

Thomas Slaine:

Conor, can I ask you something?

Fuse shrugs.

Conor Fuse:

Sure. What's up?

Slaine still doesn't look up.

Thomas Slaine:

After I'm done with this snowflake, which looks beautiful by the way...

The Crazy One lifts his head methodically, eyeing Conor and raising the scissors in his hand.

Thomas Slaine:

Can I cut you up next?

And back to the snowflake Slaine goes.

By now, Jamie Sawyers wants out of this conversation entirely... and out of harm's way. Conor gives Sawyers a nod like he's free to go. Jamie does.

Conor Fuse:

Well, that's a good question. I would say... perhaps not today?

The Character Formerly Known as Player Two remains on guard but hasn't moved out of Slaine's path.

Thomas Slaine:

How about a match against me?

Fuse shrugs, trying to make sense of what's happening.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, no problem there.

Thomas continues clipping away. He wanders down the hall, not looking where he's going.

Thomas Slaine:

Great. See you in the ring.

Snip, snip.

Snip, snip.

Snip, snip.

And Fuse watches the unstable brawler continuing to provide character to his paper snowflake.

Conor Fuse: *[mumbling to himself]*

Where in the hell do the Favored Saints find these guys?

Fade.

BACK TO ZERO

We open up on a plain, bread-and-butter backstage interview set-up: Junior reporter CHRIS TRUTT and the recently deposed Favoured Saints Champion REZIN before a plain black DEFIANCE backdrop. Trutt is looking dapper and grinning like a kid on Christmas.

Chris Trutt:

Howdy, big and loud-y, ladies and gentlemen! I'm Chris Trutt, and here with me this evening on Uncut is the now *former* "Favoured Sinner" of DEFIANCE, "the Escape Artist" REZIN!

Rezin angrily fidgets around in place with a scowl affixed on his face. He leans into the mic held in Trutt's hand...

Rezin:

Yeah, okay, whatever, so I LOST that stupid belt! Crusty guy fall down and go boom, hardy-friggin'-har, hope all the kiddies enjoyed the show! Hats off to good ol' Harry Who's-Yo-Mama, coming out there last, like a TRUE hero of the people...

Swipe! The microphone is torn from the reporter's hand. Chris is quick on the release, like a man with a lot of practice in this routine. On a dime, Rezin becomes a stark raving lunatic, with the fuzzy tip of the mic practically going into his mouth as he jams it into his own face.

Rezin:

WELL YA KNOW WHAT, TRUTT!! I DON'T EVEN CARE ANYMORE!! YOU THINK I'M UPSET I LOST THAT BELT?! HA!! I TRANSCEND THE NOTION OF CHAMPIONSHIPS!! CHAMPIONSHIPS ARE FOR LOSERS WHO CAN'T GET OVER!!

Eyes bulging widely, he redirects his stare to Chris, who practically shrinks as not to trigger any more of his haunting hobo wrath.

Rezin:

In fact, I COULDN'T BE HAPPIER to be rid of that stupid thing, Trutt! It was only weighing me down, but now I'm FREE! I LIKE being back at bottom, back to zero! I LIKE being HUNGRY, Trutt! That's where I do my BEST WORK!!

With his rant over, Rezin hands the mic back over to Chris and continues to stew and grumble to himself as he crosses his arms and scowls like an impudent child.

Chris Trutt:

Well, Rezin, never let it be said that you don't always find the faintest silver lining in the darkest of smoke clouds. But how are your comrades in the Kabal reacting to all of this?

The Escape Artist scoffs and wildly shrugs.

Rezin:

Bah, don't even get me started on those guys! One minute, they treat you like the biggest hotshot in the whole Kabal Cave, and the next minute, you're just another worthless fuck-up that nobody even wants to acknowledge! In a matter of three seconds, I went from being their Ted Bundy to their Ottis Toole!

Trutt looks questionably to the camera, his mind unable to equate this comparison. Rezin's teeth grind feriouciously.

Rezin:

For a while there, I had these tar-stained hands on anything and everything, Trutt! I had my own crew of Reapers! I had access to nearly unlimited resources, and the darkest, most evil technology and scientific breakthroughs you could possibly imagine! MONSTER SERUM! REGEN TUBES! But not anymore! GONE! Dust, blown into oblivion!

Rezin throws his arms in the air in defeat as he twirls away from the camera and stands with his hands on his hips and

his head hung low. Trutt's eyebrow pops questionably.

Chris Trutt:

That's... unfortunate, I guess? Although like you just suggested, maybe it's not a bad thing? Maybe being "back to zero", as you put it, is just an opportunity in disguise. A chance to start things anew, and build yourself up again?

After a beat, the dope-smoking daredevil's head nods in agreement.

Rezin:

You know what, Trutt... you may be on to something there.

He twirls back around to the interviewer, extending a black-stained finger and shaking it into the junior reporter's face.

Rezin:

The "Favoured Sinner" may be dead and gone... but look at me! I'm a disease-infested treasure trove of potential here! A regular Pandora's Box of all manners of poxes and plagues to unleash upon this company! And maybe what I need right now is just a new direction... a new outlook... a new IDENTITY, if you will!

Trutt nods.

Chris Trutt:

Yes, I think you see what I'm suggesting here.

Rezin's sneer seems to widen into a maniacal grin. His eyes look like they may crawl screaming from his skull to get away from the rotten brain behind them. He leans in closer to the reporter, causing Trutt to lean away.

Rezin:

...and I think I know just the way you and I are going to learn what that identity is gonna be, Trutt! HERE!! TONIGHT!!

Chris Trutt:

Wait, umm, what? How do I fit into all of this?

Rezin:

I dunno, do I look like some peddler of sense of logic over here? Are you IN, Trutt, or are you OUT??

Chris Trutt:

Ooh, uhh... okay, against my better judgment here, I guess I'm "in"?

Rezin:

FUGG YEAH, LET'S DO THIS!!

Rezin suddenly bounds excitedly in place as he snaps both fingers...

The backdrop suddenly rolls aside, revealing a set of curtains, which promptly pull apart. Lights come on in the background, revealing a large and colorful ROULETTE WHEEL posted up on a sturdy wooden easel.

Chris Trutt:

Ah, jeez, I immediately regret this decision...

Rezin is humming an upbeat gameshow jingle as he dances a jig on his approach to the wheel, gleefully kicking his heels while the junior reporter pensively follows him over.

Rezin:

BEHOLD, Trutt! This is the WHEEL of GENRES!!

Trutt looks over the elaborate and hastily crafted wheel, divided into at least a couple dozen colored sections with text that read things like "Hardcore" and "Thrash" and "Death". The wheel appears currently set to "Crust Punk", which seems to make sense.

Rezin:

Damnit, Trutt, are you BEHOLDING, or what?!?

Chris Trutt:

Wow... how much time did you spend on the construction of this? Like, how long has it been back here?

Rezin:

Unimportant details, I assure you, Trutt! What's important is that we're choosing a new identity!

Chris Trutt:

Uhh, are these really "identities" though? They look like obscure subgenres from your Spotify playlist. You have things on here like "Sludge Metal" and "Acid Jazz" and... what does that even say? "N'wob'h'm?"

Rezin:

New Wave of British Heavy Metal IS an identity, damnit! I don't care what anyone thinks!

Chris Trutt:

...how is "First Four Black Sabbath Albums" an identity?

Rezin gets serious all of a sudden and straightens up, staring daggers back at the junior reporter.

Rezin:

...is that a challenge, Trutt?

Chris sighs in defeat.

Chris Trutt:

Okay, well, how does this "Wheel of Genres" supposed to work, Rezin?

Rezin:

Why not give it a spin and find out, Trutt!

Chris looks questionably between the inane stare etched on the Goat Bastard's face and the camera. After a beat, he sighs as he steels himself.

Chris Trutt:

Okay... here goes nothing, I guess!

He grabs the wheel by the edge, and gives it a TUG, and sends it SPINNING as the market clicks away...

Click-click-click-click-click-click click click click click click... click... click.....

The wheel finally slows and comes to rest, with the marker on... POWER METAL...

Chris Trutt:

Hm, "Power Metal". Okay, Rezin, so what's that mean? How does this relate to... wrestling...?

The reporter trails off when he looks to the Escape Artist again. The camera pans over, and suddenly Rezin is completely changed...

[!\[\]\(8ca028f9e2a49f208b9be4b48bf3bf2f_img.jpg\) "Mirror Mirror" by Blind Guardian !\[\]\(20d863bc5a4a44999429acab5848865c_img.jpg\)](#)

All of a sudden, Rezin is wearing a jerkin vest, spiked wristbands, and a horned helmet. His beard has also somehow tied itself into a Viking braid seemingly in seconds. He majestically extends his arm off into the horizon like a knight riding into battle.

Rezin:

HARK, fellow warrior! The BATTLE of fate is upon us!

Chris Trutt:

Um... what?

Rezin:

My soul is forged anew, by the fire of ancient dragons, like the blade of the Gods of Old!

Chris Trutt:

...I have to admit, I was not really expecting this.

Rezin:

Gaze into the endless horizon, brave brother-in-arms! Envision the glory that lies just yonder! Conquest and triumph awaits those who fight with *courage* and *valor*, even in the face of **DES-TUH-NAAAAAYYY!!**

This last word is delivered at a high and unsuccessfully epic falsetto that leaves Trutt wincing.

Chris Trutt:

Yeah, uh... hmmm...

Rezin:

...what? Think I could do better?

Chris Trutt:

I mean, uhh, maybe? Might win points with the Dungeons & Dragons crowd, but, like, is this... you?

The Escape Artist appears to break character as he looks himself over, and suddenly looks very self-conscious.

Rezin:

Hmm... yeah, you may be right. This fantasy rock bullshit is kinda lame anyway. Okay, Trutt, give 'er another spin!

Chris sighs as he grabs the wheel and gives it a second spin...

Click-click-click-click-click-click click click click click click... click... click.....

After a few rotations, it comes to a stop on... INDUSTRIAL...

Chris Trutt:

"Industrial," huh? So does this mean you're like a factory worker now, or something?

Pan back to Rezin...

[!\[\]\(f3cd43c0876202a7cb76d17dba19e77d_img.jpg\) "Just One Fix" by Ministry !\[\]\(9b0732af281e7b97bcd21aa304168edd_img.jpg\)](#)

He's now in a black tank top, tinted welder's goggles, and, for some reason, a gas mask. He appears to be shadowboxing using a half-assed form of martial arts. Or maybe that's his idea of "dancing"...

Chris Trutt:

Uhhh... what is happening?

Rezin:

The FUTURE is happening, Trutt! And I am the INFERNAL MACHINE that will break the whole system down!

Chris Trutt:

Yeah, I dunno, I'm not sure this works either...

Rezin:

Damb, think so? You gotta admit though... this would be perfect for a dream tag team with Keyes! It's Chicago-based, and it's about fixing things!

Chris Trutt:

I'm not sure that's the kind of "fix" they're singing about... I'm spinning this thing again.

Once again, the wheel spins...

Click-click-click-click-click-click click click click click click... click... click.....

...and comes to a stop on BLACK METAL...

Trutt takes it in, and looks a bit taken aback when he sees Rezin's newest form...

[*♪ "I Am The Black Wizards" by Emperor ♪*](#)

He appears to be covered head to toe in studs, spikes, and straps of black leather, complete with sinister black and white corpse paint to give him an actual demonic appearance. He greets the camera in this new look with a rasping hiss.

Rezin:

I AM BECOME SATAN, the MINION of HELLFIRE and DAMNATION!!

Chris Trutt:

You look like a really angry Juggalo.

Rezin:

...EVERLASTING DARKNESS will CONSUME the EARTH!! I THIRST for BLOOD!! FOR SATAN!!

Chris Trutt:

You look like you wanted to dress up as the Crow but had a blind person apply the make-up.

Rezin:

Damnit, Trutt! Black Metal is about as EVIL as it gets! Now I can for real burn churches, and stab my tag partner to death, and turn it into an album cover!

Chris Trutt:

Rezin, I dunno if this "Wheel of Genres" thing is working out. At least not in whatever way you intended.

Rezin:

WAIT! Don't give up on it yet, Trutt! One more spin! C'mon, let's do it! For SATAN!

Chris Trutt:

Ugh... okay, I'm doing the ONE - MORE - TIME... and then I'm done with this foolishness.

With a beleaguered groan, the junior reporter grabs the edge of the wheel and gives it its hardest spin yet...

Click-click-click-click-click-click click click click click click... click... click.....

...and it falls on DOOM METAL...

[!\[\]\(83f22ed94ec5517769dd76d702c6bfd8_img.jpg\) "Burn In Hell" by Reverend Bizarre !\[\]\(58518edde73d42d67a35a8ed26134c7b_img.jpg\)](#)

The lights flicker out... until moody blue lighting suddenly comes on. Someone has also set off a fog machine.

Chris Trutt:

Oh jeez, what is it going to be this time...?

We pan over to see Rezin with his back to the camera, now wearing a long black cloak. Slowly, he turns around to reveal a grief-stricken expression etched eternally onto his face. That and a lot of eyeliner. The reporter seems to notice the sudden shift in mood.

Chris Trutt:

...uhh, everything okay, Rezin?

Rezin sighs depressingly, his eyes clenched shut as he grapples with the unfathomable and mournful realities of existence.

Rezin:

Who am I kidding, Trutt? This struggle... this LIFE... it's all meaningless. In the end, we are doomed to become dust. Forgotten and forsaken. Such is our fate... and even I, an artist of escape, have failed to escape the ever-reaching grasp of the maiden of death.

He drops to a knee. His eyes are staring off into eons, seeing a truth his mind cannot full grasp.

Rezin:

There's no escaping the truth... that all my life, I have failed. A victim of my own over-inflated ego and vaunted sense of worth. I lost sight of my true self, and paid the price. And now, Trutt, my friend... I am unsure if I'll ever find my way again. All I can see, and all I can FEEL... is the everlasting VOID in my soul.

The Goat Bastard's face falls into his hands and he appears to break down. Trutt rolls his eyes.

Chris Trutt:

Okay, THIS is the worst one yet. Rezin, honestly, I think you need to pitch this goofy wheel and just go back to being--

Rezin suddenly bursts to his feet, hands clenching the reporter by the lapels of his jacket. His eyes are full of dread and desperation.

Rezin:

NO, Trutt... I'm afraid it's too late! My spirit is lost to the shadow of DOOM!

Oozing with drama, Rezin slowly clenches his fist and holds it over his heart as he gazes up to the godless heavens, searching for an answer his faith will never find.

Rezin:

Somehow, some way... I must find the will to carry on in this world.

The Escape Artist throws an arm across his face, no longer able to bring himself to look at the depressing world around him.

Rezin:

Please... I must be left to my solitude.

Rezin sulks out of the frame, leaving Trutt by himself, looking puzzled as he looks between the departing Goat Bastard

and the plywood wheel seemingly bound to his personality. Finally, he turns back to the camera.

Chris Trutt:

Ummm... well, fans, I guess we're being treated to "Doom Rezin" for the time being. We'll see how this all pans out! In the meantime, let's get back to the action!

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. KAZUHIRO TROY

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

A tremendous pop fills the WrestlePlex as the new Favoured Saints Champion KERRY KUROYAMA wastes no time striding through the curtain. He pauses for a beat at the head of the ramp to pump his arms into the air and pose with the Favoured Saints Title strapped around his waist, then heads down to the ramp at a brisk powerwalk, eyes transfixed on the ring. To coincide with his championship coronation, the Pacific Blitzkrieg is wearing new ring attire with an emerald-and-gold color scheme.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, the action continues here tonight on UNCUT, as the Favoured Saints Championship will be on the line in our very next match-up!

Lance:

Kerry Kuroyama definitely had a "favoured" position in the fiveway title match at ACTS of DEFIANCE, easily claiming his first major championship of his tumultuous career. Unsurprisingly, though, he still looks determined to prove that his success is no mere fluke.

DDK:

The first major challenge to his reign is tonight, as the Pacific Blitzkrieg embarks on a quest to prove himself a fighting champion and compete for a shot at the Southern Heritage Championship! But FOUR successful and consecutive title defenses is no easy task!

Waiting in the ring, members of Los Enfants Terribles stand in solidarity behind KAZUHIRO TROY, dressed ready for action and loosening up. Undaunted by the presence of the BRAZEN upstarts, Kerry swiftly ascends the steps, steps through the ropes, and posts up on opposite turnbuckles to pose more with the belt around his waist, paying the others only a few brief glances as he crosses the ring.

Lance:

There's a lot of gold in that ring right now. There in the challenger's corner, you can see the BRAZEN Champion, Killjoy, and Archer Silver and HF IV, the BRAZEN Tag Team Champions, standing proudly behind their LET stablemate in Kazuhiro Troy.

DDK:

And I'm sure Kaz would love to add yet another championship to the ranks of Les Enfants Terribles here tonight! The son of DEFIANCE legend and former FIST Lindsay Troy has quite the opportunity ahead of him tonight, coming in the wake of his triumph in the BRAZEN Tag Party 3 Tournament alongside his mother!

After the music cuts, he backs into his corner and converses with the presiding official, Benny Doyle, in the midst of making his last checks before the bell. Darren Quimbey stands in the center of the ring to make the formal introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall, and is for the FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP of DEFIANCE! Introducing first, the challenger... weighing in at two-hundred and twenty pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by members of LES ENFANTS TER-R-RIBLES, and hails from Tampa, Florida!

KAAAZUUUHHIIROOO TRRROOOOOOOYYYY!!!

Kaz raises his arms, and gets applause from the other members of LET in his corner, but expectedly gets the heel reaction from the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, weighing in at two-hundred and forty-four pounds, and hailing from Seattle, Washington... he is the FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION of DEFIANCE... THE PACIFIC BLITZKRIEG... SEATTLE'S BEAST...

KEEERRYYYY KUUUUROOOYAAAMMAAAAAA!!!

Kuroyama uses both arms to hoist up the title and holds the pose to a strong and supportive reaction from the Faithful. Killjoy, HF IV, and Archer drop out of the ring. The belt is handed over to Doyle, who holds the title up to the camera for a beat, and then over to the ring announcer on his way out. Doyle gives the signal to the timekeeper.

DING DING

The arena is brimming with electricity as both men come out of their corners and circle around the ring, tightly focusing on each other's movements. Then they crash into a lock-up, broken up soon after by a forearm from Troy that reels Kerry back. The champion rolls his neck and goes right back into another tie-up. Troy answers with three more rapid forearms and leaves Kuroyama open to a standing dropkick, putting him to the mat.

DDK:

Kazuhiro draws first blood, putting the champion Kuroyama to the mat with the dropkick, and pouncing on him with a side headlock! But Kerry doesn't stay down long... hooks the waist for a Back Suplex--Troy ROLLS THROUGH and lands on his feet... and Kerry with a LEGSWEEP--NO!!

Troy hops out of range of Kuroyama's low kick and smirks in triumph. Kerry grits his teeth, annoyed, before readjusting the waist of his trunks and circles around to the other quadrant of the ring. Kaz calls him into another tie-up, and Kerry goes for it. Kuroyama goes for the forearm this time, but Kazuhiro has it scouted, ducks, and slaps on a hammerlock.

Lance:

Kazuhiro is all smiles right now as he makes an impressive initial showing, getting under the Favoured Saints champ's skin by disrupting his rhythm.

DDK:

Troy wrenches on the arm as Kerry calculates his next move... going for the three-quarter facelock, but here comes Kaz with a FOREARM from behind--DUCKED by Kerry Kuroyama--GOOD GOD, what a DISCUS ELBOW that clocks Troy square in the face and puts him to the mat!

Lance:

Well, there's one way to wipe the grin off his face.

DDK:

Kerry drops and hooks both legs for the cover! One... and Troy rolls the shoulder off the mat!

Kuroyama immediately slaps him into a side headlock and puts all of his weight into it to keep the smaller and younger Troy pressed to the canvas. The other members of Los Enfants Terribles continue to watch as Kerry forces Kaz's shoulders to the mat again for another one count, and Troy leans back up in an attempt to power out.

Lance:

Kerry is succeeding in keeping the pace slow, working well to his strengths.

DDK:

Kazuhiro Troy, with the Favoured Saints Championship on the line, finds his feet and tries to work back up to his feet...

Kerry cuts his plans short when he switches to a facelock and threatens to lock him into a GUILLOTINE--but Troy somersaults over onto his feet to break free. He catches Kerry in chest as the champion tries to rise up with a low Muay Thai kick to the ribs before sending himself into the ropes.

DDK:

Kaz in motion now... NO! Kerry pops up and sendings him BOUNCING across the mat with a stiff Japanese arm drag!

Kuroyama with the quick cover... One! Two! KICKOUT, and Kazuhiro rolls under the ropes to the outside!

Lance:

The challenger needs a breather.

Rubbing the back of his neck, Troy regroups with the other members of Les Enfants Terribles who offer him some encouragement. Kerry impatiently paces the ring, feeding off the loud crowd reaction cheering filling the arena.

"KER-RY!! KER-RY!! KER-RY!! KER-RY!!"

Kazuhiro waits until Benny Doyle reaches the count of seven before climbing back to the apron and hesitating for a moment as Kuroyama allows him to enter the ring. The second his feet are back within the squared circle, Kerry presses forward...

DDK:

Here comes Kerry, shooting low... JUST misses the leg as Kaz jukes to the side, and clips the back of the champion's leg with another low kick that causes the knee to buckle!

Lance:

If you recall, Kerry spent a lot of time on the bench to allow that knee to fully recover. But it's bound to always be a sensitive spot.

Troy tries to press his advantage by seizing the leg, until Kuroyama rolls onto his back and boots him away, rolling back onto his feet. The champion bursts forward, but Kaz catches him low around the leg, rolling back to his feet and whipping Kerry over across the mat with a dragon screw!

DDK:

Kazuhiro Troy may have some momentum now as he takes Kuroyama to the mat, and he hits the ropes for some speed... Kerry coming up, but puts himself right into position for the CORKSCREW NECKBREAKER!! Kazuhiro Troy with the cover!

One!

Two!

Kuroyama pops up the shoulder!

Troy immediately throws on a facelock as Kerry immediately tries to push himself back to his feet. He uses the momentum to drop the champion with a DDT, then quickly rolls over, lifts Kerry back off canvas, throws his arm over, and drops him again with a snap suplex!

DDK:

Kaz with another opportunity to win the title, coming off of the suplex! He hooks the leg!

One!

Two!

NO!! Kerry won't give it up that easily!

Lance:

But Kazuhiro is doing a great job of quickening the pace here, using speed and suddenness to his advantage.

A pair of overhead elbow strikes keeps Kerry dazed as Troy grabs him by the neck and wrangles him to his feet before dumping him into the corner. Killjoy, Flyer, and Silver cheer him on on the outside as Kazuhiro's barrage of kick kicks

turn Kuroyama's chest red.

DDK:

Troy is absolutely punishing the champion right now with those stiff kicks! Now he'll take him out of the corner with the Irish Whip... no, REVERSED by Kerry! And he goes after him!

Kaz deftly hops the ropes to the apron, leaving Kuroyama to crash into the turnbuckles. He additionally gets a roundhouse kick from Troy while hanging off the ropes, and the champion falls to the mat like a felled tree. Kazuhiro is suddenly charged up as he hurries up to the top rope...

DDK:

Kuroyama is DOWN, and here comes the challenger Kazuhiro Troy OFF THE TOP ROPE... DOUBLE STOMP, RIGHT ONTO THOSE RIBS!! Troy with the cover, FOR THE TITLE!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--KICKOUT by Kuroyama!

Lance:

The damage has been done, though. Already, we can see the Favoured Saints Champion is having a hard time catching his breath.

DDK:

Kazuhiro Troy is in a prime position to stage an upset tonight! And now he continues to chip away at the defending champion, locking Kuroyama into a Dragon Sleeper!

Troy directs Kerry away from the ropes and kneels down to bury the knee into the spine. Doyle looks for the tap out, but Kerry shakes his head, continuing to fight it. Kazuhiro grinds away for several seconds until the crowd begins to rally behind the champion...

"KER-RY!! KER-RY!! KER-RY!! KER-RY!!"

Kerry tremors with energy, digging his heels deep to bridge himself off of Kazuhiro's knee and force him back up. Sensing the shift in momentum, Kaz suddenly switches to a reverse clinch and barrages the back of Kuroyama's neck with elbow strikes to force him back down to his knees.

DDK:

Kuroyama is wobbling on his knees after those strikes to the back of the head, and here goes Kazuhiro Troy into the ropes... coming back with the ROLLING KOPPU KII--NOO, Kerry BURSTS TO HIS FEET and COUNTERS WITH A POWERBOMB!!

Kerry keeps ahold of the legs as he rises up again...

DDK:

And ANOTHER...!!

...AND ANOTHER!!

Lance:

Kerry's come back with a vengeance!

Troy is barely conscious as Kerry switches over to a waistlock, powers him up off the mat, and nearly breaks him half with a gutwrench backbreaker! The punishment continues as Kerry chains through into a head-and-arm suplex that

flips Kaz flat onto his back.

DDK:

And all of a sudden, the Favoured Saints Champion has become DOMINANT in the ring, throwing Kazuhiro Troy from pillar to post with absolute ruthlessness!

Lance:

I believe up in Seattle, it's what they call the "Beast Mode".

DDK:

Kerry hooking both legs for the cover, and to retain!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--TROY KICKS OUT!! The champion damn nearly crushed his skull into the canvas, but he's not giving up his shot to become the Favoured Saints Champion!

The other members of Les Enfant Terribles continue to cheer on Troy as Kerry seemingly effortlessly pulls him off the mat. All of a sudden, Kaz springs up in a last ditch effort and wraps himself around Kerry's neck and shoulder with the Koji Clutch!

DDK:

Hang on, TROY LOOKING FOR THE HERETICS FORKS --

...but Kuroyama ROLLS THROUGH and slips out before he could get him to the mat!

Lance:

Kerry knew that card was still in Kazuhiro Troy's deck, and he scouted it perfectly!

Both men roll back to their feet with their arms interlocked. Troy slips behind into a full-nelson, scheming a Dragon Suplex, but Kerry blocks by hooking the leg, twists himself free, and hits Kaz with a ripcord Rainmaker lariat that nearly takes the young BRAZEN talent's head off!

DDK:

GOOD GOD, WHAT-A-LARIAT!! Kuroyam goes right into the pump-handle... UP GOES TROY... AND DOWN, WITH THE KUROYAMA DRIVER!! The champion hooks the legs to retain!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

Kerry triumphantly rises up to his feet, and allows Doyle to raise his arm before being handed the Favoured Saints Championship. Then the pain in his ribs hits him, and he nearly doubles over clutching his reddened chest.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner... and STILL Favoured Saints Champion of DEFIANCE Wrestling...

KEEERRYYY KUUUROOOYAAAAAMAAAAA!!!

DDK:

A strong statement was made here tonight by the reigning Favoured Saints Champion, as Kerry Kuroyama withstands the fiery offense of BRAZEN's Kazuhiro Troy and secures his first official title defense!

Lance:

That belt won't be a hot potato with this champion, if he has anything to say about it. Kaz had an impressive showing tonight, but couldn't answer to the Pacific Blitzkrieg's sudden and aggressive dominance once he's firing on all cylinders.

DDK:

Tonight, he's taken his first step on his journey to four wins as the Favoured Saints Champion to bank a shot at the Southern Heritage Title, and it's reigning champion, SCROW of the Kabal. The Raven's Eye will no doubt be watching him closely in the coming weeks, as he continues to put his title on the line at any given opportunity!

As Les Enfants Terribles take to the ring to tend to their fallen comrade, the Pacific Blitzkrieg holds up the Favoured Saints Title to the camera and holds up his index finger. A wordless message that clear says "One down, three to go." On that image, we fade to black.

A NICE SIT DOWN INTERVIEW

The green light on the camera turns on to signify it's recording as Lance Warner sits comfortably in a leather loveseat across from Malak Garland and Percy Collins who sit on their own couch. The decor in the background consists of a gas fireplace and many artisanal decorations.

Lance Warner:

Okay, we're live. Malak, Percy, thank you for joining me for this exclusive interview.

Malak immediately holds a hand up.

Malak Garland:

Hold on a second. First, I need a little bit of clarification from you, Lance. You come into this beautifully staged studio and expect to just jump right into things? I need to know if you will allow me the space to exist without fear of persecution?

Lance looks around the room in awkward contemplation before shoulder shrugging.

Lance Warner:

Uhhh yeah, sure. I don't really care.

Malak's face begins to burn as he stares a hole through Lance for the laissez faire answer.

Malak Garland:

I need a definitive answer from you before we proceed, Lance. Or no interview for you.

Lance Warner:

Yes I'll allow you the space.

Malak clasps his hands together like a supervillain.

Malak Garland:

Excellent. Thank you for the permission.

Garland is sitting there with a Tampa Bay Buccaneers hat on. He adjusts its fit on his head and can't help but point to the hat.

Malak Garland:

You know I'm a champion of life, just like how Tampa Bay are champions of football, right Lance? You could even say I'm the Tom Brady of wrestling.

Lance is the one who holds a hand out now.

Lance Warner:

Well, to quote you, let's unpack that because you're coming off a loss with lots of criticism attached so I'm not entirely sure that comparison is valid. You essentially lost to both Lindsay Troy and the Faithful and from what we've heard backstage, you're brewing something extreme?

Malak immediately stomps his feet.

Malak Garland:

Unreal. You just gave me permission to allow me the space to exist, yet the first words out of your mouth cut me down with invalidation.

Percy is quick to lean over to his idol and whisper comforting nothings into his ear. Malak nods before calming his

inner self.

Lance Warner:

Well okay, I apologize about that but I was just stating the facts. But, ummm, while we're on the topic, what's going on here between you two? Who even are you and what is it that you bring to the table for Malak?

Malak interjects before Percy is given the opportunity to answer for himself.

Malak Garland:

Percy is a sports psychologist. He helps me through my struggles. He allows me the space to grow as an athlete and doesn't lie to my face about it unlike shady reporters.

Percy Collins finally chimes in before Lance can carry on.

Percy Collins:

Do you want to see an example, Lance?

Percy turns to face Malak as if they were patty cake partners.

Percy Collins:

Malak, when you lose a wrestling match and your mood suffers because of it, simply change your thinking and be happy.

The Keyboard King allows his emotions to embrace the advice and magically becomes happy.

Lance Warner:

So he fixed you just like that? Ummm okay. That was rather generic advice anyone could give or follow. Percy, where did you go to school?

Percy Collins:

Sam Adams University in Pennsylvania. It's so nice there but I dropped out after a few weeks.

Warner rubs his chin in confusion.

Lance Warner:

Do you mean Robert Morris? I think you mean Robert Morris, not Sam Adams because that's a beer.

Collins nods like the nimrod he is.

Percy Collins:

Yeah that one, whatever!

Feeling restored, Malak gazes back at Lance.

Malak Garland:

Are we done here? I think we're done here. You can clearly see how I have everything set up for my individual success so that even a small setback against Karen enables me to bounce back better, stronger, and faster than ever before.

Malak rises from his seat and begins removing his microphone attachment.

Malak Garland:

Come on, Percy. We're done here. I'll buy you a meatball sub on the way home.

TITANESS vs. KAZUO AKAMATSU

DDK:

Welcome back to UNCUT and we have a lot of action tonight! Coming up next, we'll see Titaness of Los Tres Titanes in action!

Lance:

How IMPRESSIVE did she look in the end of that Favoured Fiveway match for the Favoured Saints title! She lasted all the way to the end and even pinned Rezin, but unfortunately, she was out of energy by the time a fresh Kerry Kuroyama came knocking.

DDK:

The match did not end in her favor, but she was one of the most talked-about performances of Acts of DEFIANCE: Night One! And now she takes on a tough customer from BRAZEN, Kazuo Akamatsu! That match is right now!

The camera pans to the ring with Kazuo Akamatsu standing in the ring, silently staring from the corner.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Akibihara, Japan, weighing in at 255 pounds... **KAZUO AKAMATSU!**

His theme song of the instrumental of "Iron Man" drifts off as the entrance of his opponent starts up.

*THE SHOW OF FORCE
TITANESS*

♪ "Giants" by True Damage ♪

The Faithful show love for the powerhouse as a single violet spotlight shines on the female powerhouse of Los Tres Titanes, flexing her arms, back to the stage. She rocks new attire... white top, white pants-length tights with gold stripes down the left leg, diamond designs down the right and a vest in the same style.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from The Bronx, New York, representing Los Tres Titanes... please welcome **TITANESS!**

She pops The Faithful with a standing backflip on the ramp, timed with a quick shower of gold and silver pyro exploding on either side of the stage! The Faithful react with a bigger applause than ever for the strong fan favorite of Los Tres Titanes. She storms up the steps and then climbs into the ring. She flexes her arms in the air to big cheers from The Faithful before hopping down. Kazuo looks ready for a fight, but so does Titaness as the two come face to face with junior referee Jonny Fastcountini in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

New junior referee Jonny Fastcountini doing his first big match. He's been impressing in BRAZEN and now on a three-month trial!

DING DING

The aggressive Akamatsu goes right for Titaness with a clothesline in mind, but she moves just a bit faster off the exchange and hits the ropes. She rocks Akamatsu with a shoulder block of her own, but the big man doesn't budge too far. Akamatsu stands in place and screams at The Show of Force in Japanese to try her luck again. She gets ready with the crowd cheering her on and then runs off the ropes for another shoulder knockdown. Akamatsu gets caught off-guard, but he stumbles a bit.

DDK:

Titaness not backing down, but neither is Kazuo. He's 6'4" and 255 so this is a lot of big man to move even for Titaness.

Kazuo smiles at her again and points to the ropes a third time. She nods and then takes off the ropes again, but Kazuo swings with a back elbow... but Titaness ducks! She hits the opposite ropes for more speed and then **KNOCKS** Akamatsu off his feet finally with a third shoulder tackle attempt, getting loud cheers from The Faithful as she does so! The Show of Force stands her ground for the moment, basking in the response from the Faithful.

Lance:

Titaness showing that amazing strength of hers! She knocks down Akamatsu!

She gets on the mat near Akamatsu and grabs him by the side with a big gutwrench suplex... then **DUMPS** him right over!

DDK:

Wow! Amazing strength on display by Titaness! She just deadlifted Akamatsu into that gutwrench suplex!

Kazuo is hurt on the mat, but as he tries to get up, Titaness takes him over with a fireman's carry takedown, utilizing her former amateur background. She locks on a tight armbar to control Kazuo for the moment, but he angrily starts to get back up while Titaness continues to twist the arm. She pulls it away, but Kazuo breaks it up with a cheap shot via an elbow smash to the face! The Faithful jeer as Titaness gets leveled and stumbles back to the corner.

DDK:

Ouch! Akamatsu rocks Titaness with that elbow smash to break up the cover! And now what's he doing?

He pins Titaness to the corner and then fires off a series of unforgiving chops! The Show of Force gets rocked from the power of the chops before Kazuo pulls her out of the corner with a big-time vertical suplex!

Lance:

Big moves from Akamatsu! This would be a massive win for the **BRAZEN** star if he could pull this victory out considering how hot of a run Titaness is on right now.

He picks her up again and throws Titaness into the ropes, only to grab her by the side on the return and then deliver a hard pendulum backbreaker over the knee! With Titaness down, he goes for the cover!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

The shoulder rises up off the mat while an angry Akamatsu looks over at Fastcountini with a hate-filled stare.

DDK:

Kazuo not liking the new referee's count, but he's the opponent - Titaness is!

He slashes a thumb over his throat and looks to end things quickly. He has Titaness up for a scoop slam type position, but before he can complete he move he's looking for, she slips out behind Akamatsu and grabs him by the waist. He throws a pair of back elbows to stun Titaness and then runs off the ropes. He swings for a big running lariat, but she ducks and then runs off the ropes herself. When they meet in the middle, Titaness executes a huge handspring from the ropes and then **NAILS** Kazuo with a big handspring lariat off the return!

DDK:

What an athletic counter by Titaness! She calls that move the Lady Lariat and she just knocked Kazuo off his feet with it!

Titaness shakes the pain out of her right arm after the lariat while a dazed and confused Kazuo tries to stumble back to his feet. When he does, Titaness sneaks up behind him and then picks him up to throw him with a huge release

German suplex!

Lance:

And what a huge release German suplex by Titaness! That strength combined with her amateur experience? She's truly a force to be reckoned with in that ring!

He goes stumbling out of the suplex and hits the corner just as Titaness rises up and gets The Faithful cheering for what comes next. She points at the corner and then rocks Kazuo with a huge running forearm smash from one side, then comes off the adjacent corner to come back with a big pump kick to the face!

Lance:

Oh, my goodness! What a series of strikes! Those cheap shots from earlier by Akamatsu only seemed to get her fired up more!

Titaness has Kazuo out of the corner in a double underhook and then gets ready for one more feat of strength. She has the groggy Kazuo up in the air... and back down hard with a tiger driver!

DDK:

TITANIUM DRIVER! SHE HITS IT ON AKAMATSU! THAT'S IT!

She holds the pin after hitting the big sit-out powerbomb variation!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

The Show of Force rolls backwards and then slowly gets back to her feet, having her arm raised by the official.

Darren Quimbey:

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

The Los Tres Titanes member smiles and then salutes the crowd... but before she can do anything else... she gets snatched up from behind and then DUMPED with a big deadlift German suplex from behind! The Faithful's cheers turn to booing in the span of an instant when the attacker rolls up and hovers over the fallen body of Titaness.

DDK:

What the... ? IT'S JACK MACE!

Lance:

What the hell is he doing here? Minute and Uriel Cortez aren't here tonight! They're attending a Favoured Saints charity event tonight. Mace waited for his chance and he struck knowing they wouldn't be here to help out.

The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler gets JEEERED as he stands over Titaness and snatches the microphone out of Darren Quimbey's hands. The Better Future Talent Agency member kneels over Titaness, holding her head in pain.

Jack Mace:

Ol... Love, I'm in a giving mood. You stuck your nose in BFTA business helping out the SNS... then you tried to pull a chair on me after I beat that giant wanker, Dan Leo James two weeks ago...

He stands over Titaness.

Jack Mace:

Last warning, you daft cow... if you cross me again... there won't be any more chances.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Mace spikes the microphone down to the ground and then leaves the ring while Titaness starts coming to, watching an angry Killer Bear storm off as she lays there, still holding her head.

DDK:

Taking the cheap shot. What a great showing from BFTA tonight. Always knowing how to keep it classy.

Lance:

There's no way after all this, Titaness takes this lying down. This issue between Jack Mace and Titaness is getting really vicious and really personal.

Mace takes in the jeers and the burly Brit smiles as he makes his exit, turning to blow Titaness a kiss before leaving as the show moves on.

ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD

The next scene of the show opens with two men standing back to back. One man, who clearly hits the weights with a slick, bald head, massive mustache and a big smile. The other man is a big mountain of a man with a skullcap, not so much the smiling type but looks brutal in his own right. The bald man speaks first.

Derrick Huber:

DEFIANCE Wrestling ... maybe you know us. Maybe you don't. But my partner and I have been in this business for over twenty years and pretty soon, DEFIANCE Wrestling, you'll get to know us a lot more since we're now a part of this fine organization. I'm Derrick Huber.

Adam Roebuck:

And I'm Adam Roebuck!

Derrick Huber:

And we are ... THE HOUSE!!!

Adam Roebuck:

For over twenty years, Big Slick and I have traveled up and down these roads, wrecking anything and everything in our path. A lot of blood tears have been shed and a lot of time has been put into this sport but it hasn't come without success.

As they speak, clips of their past successes fill the screen. Four different reigns in Jolt Wrestling.

Derrick Huber:

Four-time Jolt Tag Team champions!

Scenes in Legacy of Champions and No Brand Wrestling.

Adam Roebuck:

Legacy of Champions. No Brand Wrestling. Tag Team champions!

More clips of their past successes in past promotions. Sin City Wrestling and Toronto Wrestling with them raising these respective titles high.

Derrick Huber:

Sin City Wrestling. Toronto Wrestling. Tag Team champions!

Derrick Huber looks at his partner.

Derrick Huber:

Our resume speaks for itself. We're even responsible for a few stars of this promotion. As much as we don't like how they conduct themselves these days, we helped train the Lucky Sevens. We didn't teach them to be attaching themselves to leeches like Ophelia Sykes or Tom Morrow, but we're not here to talk about them.

Adam Roebuck:

No. We've had run-ins with people here in DEFIANCE Wrestling. We've battled people like Jack Harmen and Lindsay Troy in Legacy of Champions. Brock Newbludd knows first-hand who we are from No Brand Wrestling, but I'll let Derrick Huber touch on that.

Clips of those organizations appear.

Derrick Huber:

We've been recently signed to DEFIANCE Wrestling as coaches and trainers to help with the future of this organization. With our experience, we're more than happy to do that at this point ... but as part of that contract due to

our tenure in our sport, the good people at Favoured Saints have allowed us one match if the opponents accept. So tonight this challenge goes out to the guys at the top of the tag team heap ... Saturday Night Specials!

Roebuck lifts a leg and taps his boot.

Adam Roebuck:

Before we hang these up ... we want to use these to stomp through the competition one more time. With all the titles we've won in this business, the Unified tag team titles would be the perfect end to a long, grinding, but successful career.

Derrick Huber:

We aren't trying to jump the line, but Los Tres Titanes and the Pop Culture Phenoms have years left. For us, we have no idea what tomorrow brings before we turn our attention to the next generation, so we'll say this ...

Huber folds his arms.

Derrick Huber:

Accept our challenge if you have the balls, boys. Title or non-title, we're ready. Whether the titles are up for grabs, that's up to you. You guys beat the Lucky Sevens at Acts of DEFIANCE but you beat the students.

Roebuck gives the camera one final snarl.

Adam Roebuck:

Let's see what you can do against the masters.

BOON COMPANIONS

October 15, 2021

After the Ballyhoo Brawl

"Are you sure this...whatever it is...is actually gonna work?"

Lindsay Troy sits on a gigantic velvet beanbag chair, scowling and skeptical. Hovering around her is a gaggle of Plague Doctors, who have taken to mothering the Queen of the Ring and tending to the wound on her head.

"Tending" being the key word.

Following the skirmish at Ballyhoo, Lindsay was content to clean herself up in the bar's bathroom when a text message from a 312 area code put a halt to her plans.

*From (312)-***-*****

Hi Miss Queen, this is Leyenda de Ocho from BRAZEN (Kazuhiro gave me your number, hope that's ok). Henry told me to tell you to stop by the airship ASAP. I told him he could get his own iPhone and tell you himself - he declined and asked what an iPhone was. Sorry to bug you - LDO

Rather than commandeer the ladies room, she grabbed a handful of bar napkins and told Dam she'd talk to him tomorrow. The Head of Security knew better than to argue, but insisted she call him if she needed anything.

Now, sitting on the floor of the Airship, she wonders if she made the right decision.

Lindsay Troy:

Are you all even real doctors? And where's Henry and the masked marvel?

One of the masked doctors takes out what looks to be a perfume bottle and sprays some mist around Lindsay's head. Another doctor looks to be taking some measurements of her skull and her hair and taking notes. A third finally registers her questions and gives her shoulders a quick double-pat and a nod before he scurries off down the hall, returning with a diminutive luchador wearing a simple green mask with a Triforce on the forehead, green work pants, and a plain white tee.

Leyenda de Ocho:

Hey - hi! Hello! Miss Queen Troy! Sorry again to bug you, I know how busy you are - really, I wouldn't have done it if Henry wasn't so insistent about it-

Lindsay puts a hand up that stops LDO's soon-to-be-rambling apologies in their tracks.

Leyenda de Ocho:

Henry's coming, he's taking a second with Helen and he'll be right down. He wanted me to ask you two things - the first thing was, how is your head, and the second thing is, did you get his carrier pigeon the other day?

Lindsay looks at the luchador like he has three heads before sighing.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm getting him a phone if it's the last thing I do.

Leyenda de Ocho:

THAT'S WHAT I SA- oh shit. Hang on. He wanted me to bring you a drink too. Damn it. Wait here, I'll be back with Henry (hopefully).

LDO runs off and the masked doctors continue their work. Lindsay notes that no one has clarified if these people are actually doctors or not, but her head seems to be feeling a little better (and smells vaguely like tea tree and blackberry

now) after a few more sprays.

Henry Keyes:

MISS TROY!!

Henry bursts through the hustle and bustle with two flasks. He tosses one Troy's way and pops the top on the other, taking a deep pull.

Henry Keyes:

Friends, please give us the room.

The plague doctors quickly pack up their tools and shuffle off.

Henry Keyes:

These wars we're fighting, huh. Good showing against the crumb bum. Hell of a fall you chose to take there.

Lindsay takes a pull from her flask and grimaces.

Lindsay Troy:

I had a point to prove.

She takes another swig.

Lindsay Troy:

How's Helen?

Henry Keyes:

Mad at me. Warmed up a little when I gave her a steak. She'll be back to normal soon.

Henry takes another swig of his own. He catches a glimpse of the big gash in Lindsay's head and a worried look comes over him for a brief moment.

Henry Keyes:

I heard from Ocho who heard from someone who heard from Dametreyus that you started a scuffle down at the Ballyhoo because of me. Did I hear right?

She chuckles, and a small smile plays at the corners of her mouth.

Lindsay Troy:

I had a point to prove.

Henry Keyes:

Same point?

Lindsay Troy: *[nodding]*

Sometimes you gotta remind 'em who they're dealing with.

Henry Keyes: *[nodding]*

...yeah. Yeah! You know what...yes. You're damn right about that. I just...you know that guilt that comes sometimes when someone does something nice for you? I'm experiencing that. Especially seeing that gash.

Lindsay Troy:

I'll live. You came back here to help me out, Henry. Not that I didn't have good reason to pop Alvaro and Keeling for talking shit about my personal life, but they're fucking with you and I'm not gonna abide it.

Keyes takes a particularly deep swig from his flask, sighs, laughs, and smiles.

Henry Keyes:

I'm realizing now how silly that guilty feeling is. The whole damned reason I came back to help you in the first place is because I'd certainly go to war and bleed for You In Particular, and obviously -

Keyes gestures broadly at Lindsay's assorted wounds, particularly her head.

Henry Keyes:

- we're two halves of a whole in that regard. You would never have asked, like I didn't tonight. I'd have done the same, roles reversed. We've BOTH done the same, countless times.

Henry holds out his flask, motioning for a Cheers.

Henry Keyes:

To Boon Companions.

The Queen reaches up with her flask and clinks his.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm getting you a phone, though.

Henry Keyes:

I have a phone!

He motions to a far wall and the camera pans super far to the side, where the phonograph that made its musical appearance in Henry's feud with Rezin sits, LDO at the ready, next to a small birdcage with a pigeon inside.

Lindsay Troy:

That's ... *[shaking her head]* ... no.

Henry Keyes:

Potato potah-to, possum blossom...hey, come with me. I think Helen misses you.

Henry holds out his hand to help her off the beanbag chair, and Lindsay obliges. The two walk off down the hall with LDO following behind.

Lindsay Troy:

Hey, you gotta tell me...are your buddies, y'know, *actual* doctors?

Henry Keyes: *[pointing to LDO]*

Well THIS little bugger sure wasn't, ha! But really, they just sort of...help out? I don't know. They sort of just showed up about 5 years ago. Things have been running well, so I never really thought to ask.

CONOR FUSE vs. THOMAS SLAINE

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

The fans awake at the sound of The Video Game Kid's theme song as Conor burst from behind the curtain to a huge pop. With Thomas Slaine already in the ring, Conor powerwalks down the rampway, pumping up the crowd. It doesn't take much to get a *!RANK* chant going.

DDK:

Should be a good one here, folks. We haven't seen too much of Thomas Slaine recently but the high flying style of Conor, and fresh off a pay-per-view victory, should be a good time!

Fuse slides into the ring and referee Mark Shields calls for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

We're off!

Conor moves towards Thomas Slaine but The Crazy One hasn't moved himself. Instead, Thomas stays motionless in a corner. He eyes the rafters, seemingly unaware Mark Shields called for the bell. Fuse nudges Shields and the referee shrugs in reply.

Mark Shields:

Dude, I don't know.

Conor walks to the center of the ring. Still nothing from Slaine.

Conor walks 3/4th to Slaine's side of the ring... and still nothing.

Conor walks right up to Slaine's face.

Nothing.

DDK:

Are these mind games?

Lance:

Honestly, I have no idea.

Fuse pokes Slaine in the chest.

Of course, nothing.

Conor shrugs himself, purposefully turning his back on Thomas as the gamer walks to the center of the ring. Once Conor's there, not hit and completely unharmed, he motions to Mark Shields once more.

Conor Fuse:

Really thought that would've made the difference.

Conor says, in regards to turning his back on his opponent. Even the incompetent Mark Shields is trying to do his job right now and call Thomas into the action. The ref walks over to Slaine and waves his arms in front of the wrestler.

Mark Shields:

Hey. Hey buddy. Hey bro. Yo what the fuck is up man? Want to see some memes?

Shields is about to dig into his pocket but this is when The Crazy One finally moves.

DDK:

What the hell is going on?

Thomas Slaine drops to his knees and exits the ring. The crowd boos loudly, not so much for Thomas' behaviour but because he's robbing them of seeing Conor in action. Slaine finds the rampway and marches up.

Conor exits the ring, grabs Slaine by the shoulder and tries to throw him back into the squared circle but instead, Slaine stops in his tracks and won't budge.

Conor Fuse: *[to Thomas Slaine]*

Dude. You wanted this match!

Slaine's vacant look suggests he's elsewhere. It creeps Conor out so The Ultimate Gamer slides back into the ring and Mark Shields begins a ten count.

By "five", Thomas Slaine is already behind the curtain.

At "six", Slaine sticks his arm out from the curtain, waves and then vanishes again.

Once the count is ten, Mark asks Conor what number a countout is supposed to be. Fuse reminds Shields that yes, TEN is the right number.

Shields calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

The Faithful boo.

DDK:

This was pointless.

Lance:

It most certainly was!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match by countout... CONOR FUUUUUUSE!!!

Fuse's theme song plays as he exits the ring, finds a bag of free DEFIANCE t-shirts underneath and begins throwing them into the crowd to cheer the fans up.

DDK:

Very strange stuff. Conor's right, Thomas Slaine asked for this match and then did nothing!

Lance:

There's not to be more to it? Then again, I've heard Slaine's rather unstable.

Fuse and The Faithful *!RANK* chant their frustrations out.

DDK:

We'll be back after this.

SPOOKY SEASON ISNT OVER

Backstage in front of a DEFIANCE banner. Christie Zane stands with BRAZEN Star Cup holder Jack Halcyon.

Christie Zane:

Jack Halcyon. You've been turning heads in BRAZEN and even are the current holder of the BRAZEN Star Cup, but during your last appearance here on Uncut, we saw you brutally attacked and left laying by one TA Cole. I understand you've requested this time to respond to those actions.

Halcyon nods, moving his head slightly to be more in front of her mic.

Jack Halcyon:

That's right, Christie. I was beyond excited to hear that I'd have a chance to show off my skills on the big stage two weeks ago. I was even excited to hear I'd be facing off with Levi Cole, a long time veteran that at one time I had a lot of respect for. But I guess I didn't realize how much the old Levi Cole is gone.

Halcyon shakes his head in anger. He looks into the camera.

Jack Halcyon:

Cole... you attacked me from behind to send a message. Well: message received. Now myself and all the people need to see what you can do when it's one-on-one. So I'm here to lay out the challenge: Jack Halcyon vs. TA Cole on Uncut 106. Let's see what you can do when you're not jumping people from behind. You can even bring that smarty pants boss of yours... he can get some too!

Halcyon storms off stage, leaving a wide-eyed and slightly impressed Christie Zane.

Christie Zane:

Well, there you have it folks. A challenge laid down and...

Suddenly, the lights in the interview area go out.

Christie Zane:

Oh. Please, no...

A red mist begins to seep into the set as Christie Zane's fears are indeed realized. She lets out a surprised shriek as COUNT NOVICK appears behind her - as if - by magic? Novick covers his face with his cape as he begins to move ominously toward the camera... but the lights suddenly turn back on to normal as an angry Christie Zane begins to hit Novick with her mic!

Christie Zane:

I TOLD YOU! NO MORE SNEAKING UP BEHIND ME!

With the ambiance totally ruined, Novick can do nothing but cover up from the angry announcer's onslaught.

Count Novick:

Ow! Ow! I am SORRY! Stop hitting THE COUNT!

Zane regains her professional composure, pulling back and cooling off a bit. She turns to a very startled Count Novick.

Christie Zane:

Do you want something?

Novick shakes off the embarrassment of being assaulted by an interviewer and again resumes his usual "creepy but suave" stance. He raises an eyebrow and stands up straight - as regally as possible.

Count Novick:

Indeed I do, Christie Zane. Count Novick has heard the musings of one Mr. Jack Halcyon. Count Novick is pleased that he is choosing to stand up to the bullying of one... TA Cole. Count Novick is here to announce that Uncut 106 vill be... TA COLE'S final reckoning!

A flash of lightning. Novick covers half his face with his cape and stares dramatically into the camera - his red contact lenses flaring and his white face paint appearing extra pale.

Count Novick:

TA Cole! Last time, you told Count Novick that you fear nothing. Well, after Jack Halcyon is finished with you in the ring... COUNT NOVICK VILL SHOW YOU FEAR! AH!

As Novick hits the laugh, The Faithful chime in.

The Faithful & Novick:

HA! HA!

Count Novick:

Be varned, Christie Zane. Uncut 106 vill NOT be for the faint at heart! Blah.....

Novick deeps a deep breath, and cries out as he pretends to "woosh" off screen.

Count Novick:

BLLLLLLAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Leaving Christie alone. She looks into the camera bewildered.

Christie Zane:

Sounds like something's going down at Uncut 106. Back to you guys.

DEACON vs. CORVO ALPHA

DDK:

We have an exciting contest to feature tonight. An interesting matchup featuring the maniacal Corvo Alpha.

Lance:

You mean that literally.

DDK:

Indeed. And the first single's match in some time.

We join the beastly Corvo Alpha from BRAZEN already in the ring. His peculiar handler, Lord Nigel Trickelbush stands just behind his pet. The arena goes dark, the monk chant begins, and the crowd plays their role - a roar erupts from the crowd. The Deacon is coming to the ring. Magdalena steps through the curtain, pulls her white hair with the red streak back into a ponytail banded with her hand, then lets it drop around her shoulders again. She holds the curtain open for the Deacon.

The chant continues and Lord Nigel scurries from the ring. The cheers continue... sorta, starting to fade when the 7 foot Mute Freak doesn't appear. Magdalena gives a quizzical look, peeks her head back through the curtain, and then the arena lights come back on. The Deacon isn't on the stage because he's in the ring, directly behind Corvo Alpha. Again, the crowd plays their role.

The wild Corvo notices the cheers, his eyes glance right and left. His nose wrinkles as if smelling. The just over five & a half feet tall Corvo turns to find the Deacon's midsection. The manbeast's eyes go wide just before Deacon's knee catches Alpha in the face. To be fair, Deacon was aiming for the midsection but he took what he could get.

Corvo staggers back then drops to the mat. The Deacon moves forward, at least until Defiance's diminutive referee Benny Doyle, gets between them.

DDK:

Offical Benny Doyle is getting in there. Giving Corvo Alpha a chance to--

And that was all Alpha needed. The short tank that is Corvo pounces at Deacon, staggering Deacon back toward the turnbuckle. Again, Benny gets in between, trying to hold Corvo back. Shouting, Doyle threatens a disqualification a split second before Deacon's right hand crashes against Corvo's jaw, sending Alpha down. With a shrug, Benny points to the timekeeper and the bell rings.

DING DING

Lance:

We've got ourselves a match!

With his right hand, the Deacon grabs Corvo by his throat. Doyle starts the count, but the choke isn't intended to cause Corvo to pass out from lack of air; it's intended to lift Alpha up into a chokeslam! But intentions pave horrible roads. Corvo pushes the Deacon's arm up and then latches onto the Deacon's forearm with his teeth. Benny starts counting again, but it doesn't last long - the Deacon shoves Corvo with his free hand into and then between the ropes, collapsing to the floor outside the ring.

DDK:

This one has gotten violent quick!

Lance:

And Corvo Alpha is already back up. He's almost snarling, daring the Deacon to join him outside.

The Deacon stares down, way down, holding the top rope, clenching his fists to squeeze the ropes, and then jumps over the top before crashing down on Corvo Alpha.

DDK:

When I read this match on the runsheet, I didn't think we'd get anything like this. Is this UNCUT?

Lance:

No. This is Uncut after a pay per view and before we start toward DEF Road.

DDK:

Agreed.

Outside the ring, the Deacon pulls up Corvo Alpha by the creature's stringy black hair. With a heave, the Deacon tosses Corvo across the mats and cascading into the security railing, nearly breaking it and sending Corvo into the crowd. The Deacon goes to Corvo then reaches down to pick up Corvo Alpha again who lunges out with a quick thumb to the eye. The Deacon staggers back three steps, giving Corvo time to rise. Seeing his moment, Corvo grabs the security railing then swings his legs so he is on top of it before leaping directly into the Deacon.

You know what chant the crowd gives. It's holy like the Deacon but smells a good deal worse.

With a primal scream, Corvo Alpha lunges back like a werewolf from the bad side of Paris.

Lance:

I'm... this has already been more than...

Corvo grabs the Deacon's head and places it between Corvo's knees before reaching to grab Deacon's waist.

DDK:

You have GOT to be kidding me.

The crowd pops for even the attempt of a five foot seven inch Alpha to pick up the seven footer Deacon. Corvo heaves, but the angle is off. Alpha resets his arms and heaves again, and the Deacon's feet leave the concrete. An even bigger crowd pop. The angle is still off so Corvo resets his arms one more time. With that same primal scream, Corvo pulls--

And then the primal scream changes to one of surprise as Corvo finds himself holding onto Deacon's waist, but Alpha's head facing the concrete in a modified Air Raid Crash, but only for a moment. The next thing to hit is Alpha crashing down.

Let's get another chant going!

Magdalena runs over to Deacon and points to the ring. The camera captures an eerily-smiling Lord Nigel Trickelbush locking eyes on Magdalena.

Benny Doyle:

8...

This guy counts too much! The Deacon gives an exasperated look then rolls under the rope then back outside. Going back to Corvo Alpha, the Deacon pulls him up before dragging Alpha to the ring. Corvo grabs Deacon's waist and shoves the Mute Freak into the side of the ring.

DDK:

AAAAND another shot to the Deacon's midsection. Corvo laying those shoulders into Deacon. Corvo has definitely brought his resilience to bear on this night.

Corvo grabs Deacon and whips the Mute Freak into the security railing, the same security railing from earlier, giving it another blow before Alpha charges in like a stampede then crashes through Deacon, through the security railing, and spilling into the midst of the crowd.

We get more chants. People like to chant when you give them a reason to do so, and they've had plenty of reasons so far in this match.

Lance:

This has been a memorable first meeting, so far, that's for sure.

Corvo pushes himself up using a DEFIANT'S vacated steel chair. The Deacon does the same with a different chair. Fans slap the backs of both wrestlers. Corvo lunges at the one that touched him, causing the fan to stagger back. Alpha turns back to Deacon and levels a kick to the Deacon's head. Alpha grabs Deacon's head and then hits a headbutt. Both men stagger a bit from that blow. Corvo throws a wild punch. The Deacon catches the arm under the Mute Freak's arm and then nails Alpha with a palm thrust.

DING DING DING**DDK:**

What?

Corvo punches back. Deacon staggers. Corvo grabs that chair he'd just used to get back to his feet (you should never show a weapon in a scene unless you're prepared to use it). Corvo swings. The lights go out. THWAK! The lights turn back on. Corvo's chair is on the ground where Deacon had been, but the Mute Freak is not there. Instead, he's behind Corvo.

Darren Quimbey:

This match has been deemed a double countout!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Corvo turns and the Deacon takes the chair, flinging it over the crowd's heads and onto the ramp, nearly decapitating one of the security guys running for the expected pull apart, or perhaps to keep the crowd from killing by-the-book Doyle. DEFsec picks up on the impending chaos and intervenes, being sure to separate the two combatants. Lord Nigel finally restrains his animal by simply placing a gloved hand on the beasts shoulder.

LET THEM FIGHT! LET THEM FIGHT! LET THEM FIGHT!

DDK:

That was something to remember, even if it didn't go that long. You know these two will be lining up to face one another again!

THE DAY HE WALKED AWAY

When: September 2014

Location: Seattle, Washington

Fading into a derelict warehouse, the scene immediately sets an ominous tone. Jason 'Stalker' Reeves is briskly walking through a long abandoned hallway. Approaching what appears to be a dimly lit room, the former Hardcore maniac was suddenly shaken himself as he stops in place. The shadows behind Jason loom heavily, giving him the impression that he may not be alone.

Jason Reeves:

Who's there?

The dark eyes of the man now known as the Crimson Monster gets no response, the cold air blowing in his face, Jason's spine straightens as he hears voices in the distance.

Voice:

Is that who I think it is?!

Shaking his head the voice is familiar yet... unnerving. Jason 'Stalker' Reeves pulls his jacket closer to his body as he turns to head towards the dimly lit room.

Jason Reeves:

Yeah, it's me...

Jason enters the shrine area for this Kabal encounter, standing across from him are two individuals clad in robes of ornate design, matching the structure and design of The Cerberus' robes that helped induct Stalker's daughter into this cult. However, these two gentlemen were maskless and their own versions of monsters of men. Jason Reeves was small in comparison to two of his former tag team partners.

Jason Reeves:

Grave... fucking... digger and.....

Stalker cracks his neck before popping the knuckles of his fingers, almost readying himself for a fight as he stares in hatred at the two summoning members of The Kabal.

Jason Reeves:

Omega... I told you both a long time ago I had no interest in these fucking games with you anymore. No interest in this fucking CHAOS you want to bring to wrestling! I AM THROUGH with wrestling!!

Gravedigger otherwise known as Joe Floww steps forward and shakes his head while extending his arm for a handshake. Jason smacks his hand away.

Jason Reeves:

Motherfucker... There was a reason I ignored your calls back when we split after SCW. Don't think I forgot about what happened.

Gravedigger:

You mean you cost us the championships because you decided to drink yourself into oblivion the night before? Or the fact that we all had to pick up Riley from the airport because your dumb ass crashed into a tree on the way home from the venue!

Omega steps in between the former brother in arms and separates them as Jason somewhat relents his hard stance.

Jason Reeves:

You didn't show up for her fucking funereal.

Gravedigger:

You didn't tell me, idiot.

Omega:

Now both of you calm for a moment.

Staring at Jason Reeves, Omega steps up to the smaller man and inhales the scent around the room.

Omega:

You feel that power right now?

Stalker shakes his head laughing before stepping back a few paces but his curiosity keeps him within the confines of The Kabal's secret meeting area.

Jason Reeves:

So, why am I here? The unrelenting Shadow man wouldn't stop following me around, you all kept harassing fucking Courtney until she tracked me down. I'm here now. What... Do you want from me?

Gravedigger:

We want... what you always wanted to bring forth, Jason.

Jason Reeves:

And what the hell is that supposed to mean? I'm a retired man! EPW was it for me, I... ran my mouth, swarmed the fucking RING in my shadow EVERY NIGHT there. I BLED for that company and where did it get me?

Pointing towards his own head, Jason 'Stalker' Reeves points to the long damaging scar across the top of his head, the same scar that originates from the deadly attack the Hardcore maniac set upon his old time rival Rocko Daymon.

Jason Reeves:

I can't sleep at night. I drink... like a bottomless fucking lake. I'm unfillable, wrestling doesn't work, nothing works. So, I'm not interested in being the godDAMN SWORD. I want to sleep. I want to be human. Not some freak show.

Omega:

The Kabal can help you sleep, Jason. The Kabal can repair everything inside of you that's broken, help you forget your past, they'll help you focus on everything you've always wanted. Your world.. As they say it... Stalker's World?

Cupping his hand around Stalker's shoulder, Omega has the man entranced for now as he moves him closer to the stone obelisk in the corner of the room. Upon the stone pillar sits an old relic of a book, the etching is displayed up close to reveal an old symbolic shield symbol. The words 'One Voice' inscribed in the hard and old leather at the top.

Gravedigger:

Jason, The Kabal doesn't recruit those that they don't want to invest in. We wrecked havoc together back in the day and brought a glimpse of Stalker's World. Say The Pledge to The Kabal and we can bring it forth with a power so devastating DEFIANCE will never know what hit it.

Jason Reeves shrugs off Omega's hand, who in turn circles the stone obelisk and points towards the book upon the pillar.

Omega:

One Voice, Rejoice. Stalker. When the others arrive, you'll see the grand scheme here. It's not just you, Jason that we are after. But, we will tell you this. You are the 'Sword' as they speak and The Kabal wants to give you everything you've ever wanted to cripple the wrestling world into your vision. Do you really want to turn that away? Now? After pouring your career into the industry, The Kabal wants to give you the power you deserve. Are you really wanting to walk away from that?

In the background, unbeknownst to Jason 'Stalker' Reeves, a man with shaggy and long red hair enters the small room. Dressed in all black, the man of Fear lurks for a moment while Jason Reeves contemplates Omega's words. Staring down at the book Jason's mind wanders for a second.

Jason Reeves:

Who's the world champion?

Gravedigger:

You mean The FIST?

Jason Reeves:

What now?

Gravedigger:

The FIST is.. You know what? You'll figure it out. Formerly Dan Ryan, but currently some guy named Eugene Dewey.

Jason Reeves:

Ah fuck no, man. I don't want anything to do with him anymore. That... guy...

Growling in anger Jason reaches towards the book almost looking as if he wants to rip it from the pillar but as his hands approach it he suddenly stops in mid form. A power overwhelming him to stop in place. The red headed man dressed in black shuffles forward, without being acknowledged by the rest of the group, he strokes his hair back away from his eyes while staring at the three men.

Trevor Fear:

I don't mean to interrupt this touching reunion, but I just wanted to say that you looked so much better with hair on top of your head, Jason. This bald look isn't the Stalker I know and love.

The raspy voice of the red headed Trevor Fear, a man who haunts Jason Reeves' past, twitches the future Crimson Monster's ear as Jason turns to face the man dressed in black.

Jason Reeves:

YOU!!!

Before Gravedigger or Omega can react, Stalker launches himself across the derelict room, with a closed fist he takes a swing at Trevor Fear who side steps him and turns around with a grin plastered across his face.

Trevor Fear:

Good to see you again, it's been a long time since Portland hasn't? Seems you are still holding a grudge?

Stalker turns around and wants to go running at the man that he once caught in a motel room with his wife. The details of the scene are so gruesome that they still weigh heavily this day on Jason's soul.

Jason Reeves:

Fuck this shit, if you all are recruiting scum like him!? I want no part in this fucking Kabal!

Trevor Fear:

They don't need to recruit me, Jason. Our family has a long standing history with The Kabal. Do you forget so easily who helped you in the past? Or where all of those finances came from to start your precious little IWF? Do you remember how you were able to start that? We have always been allies, your family and ours. But you and me, that's a weight for you to burden, not me.

Jason Reeves looks around the stone room, seeing his chances of getting at this man fading quickly he throws up his hands in disgust.

Jason Reeves:

Good luck with your secret cult. I'm out.

Walking away from the group Omega steps forward to say one last thing to Jason as he passes through the doorway.

Omega:

Jason! The Houses of The Kabal never stop seeking who they want. And we all want your bloodline in The Book. Walking away now will trigger your world to change forever, your family's life. Jason... Stalker... Reeves. The Kabal gets who they want. Always.

The words fall on deaf ears as Jason exits the room. Trevor Fear looks to Gravedigger and Omega and shrugs his shoulders.

Trevor Fear:

The other two will be much easier to convince. We'll just turn the original plan into a three headed monster, instead of the four.

Switching to follow Jason 'Stalker' Reeves as he marches through the derelict hallways of the warehouse. With force he throws open the exit door and steps outside into the night air of Seattle. As Jason swings open the exit door, he's hit with a sudden gust of wind, causing him to stumble into the street where he's suddenly engulfed by darkness and shadow. The man who would become the Crimson Monster, at the beckon of the group he walked away from, suddenly has a moment of doubt cross his mind. Fade to black.

SNS & DAVEY LARUE vs. CRISTINO CABALLERO & TO THE MAXX

DDK:

Ladies and gentleman, up next we're set for some big six man tag action! The Saturday Night Specials - and please note, I mean all THREE of them - are booked for action coming off a hellacious and wild title defense at Acts of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

That's right, Keebs. And I think...

Cristiano Caballero:

AHEM

Warner is cut off by Cristiano Caballero, ready to go in full wrestling gear. He stands in the middle of the ring with a mic in hand and scowl on his face. Next to him are his tag partners for the evening: "Exclusive" Eric Wilson and "Lovely" Lance Mingle - collectively known as To The Maxx.

Cristiano Caballero:

I'm asking you DISGUSTING grease buckets to listen up, as I - Cristiano Caballero - let you know that...

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

Much like he did to Warner, Caballero is interrupted mid-thought by the theme song of The Saturday Night Specials! Cristiano looks absolutely indignant as he turns to his partners with a "can you believe this?" face. Meanwhile, The Faithful are on their feet for the tag team champions - and the ovation grows even louder when "The Innovator" Brock Newbludd, "Black Out" Pat Cassidy, Davey LaRue, AND Mojo appear at the entranceway! Brock and Pat each hold two championship belts high as Davey holds Mojo's leash with one hand and the final belt with the other. Two noticeable changes in our tag champs tonight: the first is Pat Cassidy's cast is off and it appears his arm may be fully healed. The second is that the normal, party-host vibe usually given off by SNS has been replaced with steel-like intense stares. The men do the bare minimum of showboating before beginning to walk toward the ring with the utmost confidence and swagger.

Darren Quimby:

The following SIX MAN TAG MATCH is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first, at a...oh!!

This is apparently the night of interruptions as Quimby's introduction is cut short by The Saturday Night Specials charging the ring! Cristiano, once teeming with bravado, suddenly turns about three shades lighter when face-to-face with the snarling Mojo. Caballero lets out a cry of surprise and backpedals, nearly tripping over his tag partners, as a grinning Davey LaRue gives Mojo the alligator just enough rope to lunge after the man from Barcelona, Spain. Caballero rolls under the bottom rope to apparent safety - but Mojo and Davey begin to give chase around the ringside area! Meanwhile, Pat Cassidy has Eric Wilson while Brock Newbludd has his sights set on Lance Mingle - and the two brawlers from Ballyhoo are hammering away with right hands on To The Maxx in opposite ring corners.

Lance:

I have to say, Keebs - I saw this display of aggression coming. I know that SNS were none too pleased with how the first night of Acts of DEFIANCE went off the air, and I think they're looking to prove a point tonight.

DDK:

Anyone who saw the tag champ's demeanor backstage could tell you an ass whooping was coming, partner. I think Cristiano Caballero and To The Maxx just happened to be in the wrong place at the very wrong time!

While Caballero has run all the way up and is now cornered by Mojo at the interview area, our attention focuses back to the ring. Both members of To The Maxx have been pounded silly in the corner. Brock stops the barrage of right hands to turn and whistle at Pat Cassidy. Cassidy nods at his partner, and to the roar of the crowd, they both whip their respective To The Maxx member across the ring and right into each other for a mid-ring collision!

DDK:

Eric Wilson stumbles away from his head-to-head collision... right into a T-BONE SUPLEX BY BROCK NEWBLUDD!

Lance:

Wilson just got dropped on his head!

Hector Navarro, realizing that this match hasn't even officially started yet, begins to try to reason with Brock to get back to his corner. Newbludd completely ignores the DEFIANCE referee, instead popping back up and heading right for a dazed Lance Mingle... SLEEPERPLEX!!

DDK:

My God - Brock Newbludd did not come to play tonight!

The fans are on their feet for the suplex-crazed Newbludd. Among the Faithful, a small chant begins that slowly begins to pick up steam...

ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME!

Pat Cassidy hops up into a seated position on the top turnbuckle. He raises his arms in tandem with the fan's cheering and motions toward his partner in a "gotta give the people what they want" gesture. Brock shrugs, and despite repeated requests for Nevarro, he lifts Wilson back to his feet before...

DDK:

Release Northern Lights Suplex!

Wilson's limp body bounces off the mat and Brock stands back to his feet, circling and pointing to the cheering Faithful! Nodding his head along with the people, he pulls down both of the straps to his singlet before zoning in on Mingle. He brings Mingle to his feet and hooks him for the big Brainbuster. Brock lifts him high into the air and then holds him there! The fans cheer as Cassidy jumps down off the turnbuckle and begins to circle around his partner who has Lance Mingle suspended in the brainbuster position. Cassidy begins to use his fingers to encourage the fans to count along..

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!

Lance:

You've got to believe all the blood is rushing to Lance Mingle's head.

DDK:

I have a bad feeling something else is about to rush to Lance Mingle's head!

EIGHT! NINE! TEN!!!!

At the count of ten, Brock brutally drops Lance Mingle down in a brainbuster that spikes his skull off the canvas. With Cristiano Caballero still at the mercy of the hungry Mojo at the interview station, Cassidy and Newbludd look around to the fans and survey the damage done so far. They lack their usual "devil may care" grins, instead nodding coldly in agreement with the fan's cheers for more blood. Brock grabs Mingle off the ground while Cassidy does the same to Wilson. They place each member of To The Maxx in opposite corners. With their opponents broken and slouched, Cassidy hypes up the crowd before getting a running start and leaping down the Splash of Jameson to Lance Mingle! Without hesitating, he then runs into the opposite corner and connects with a second Splash of Jameson to Eric Wilson!

DDK:

We are seeing an absolute stomping of To The Maxx here... this is a side of The Saturday Night Specials I'm not sure we've seen before.

They're not done yet. Wilson is sent off the ropes... DOUBLE SPINEBUSTER!

Lance:

And now Cassidy has got Mingle... he's set him up for the piledriver, and you know what that means...

Brock Newbludd, with little preamble, leaps up to the top rope. He raises his arms high into the air before signaling to his partner and sailing through the air...

Lance:

KEG STAND! The Saturday Night Specials hit their signature spike piledriver!

To The Maxx is... to be frank, all done. But Brock and Pat aren't finished yet. Cassidy turns around to look at the entire sea of Faithful before he flexes his left arm and raises it high. He pats on his left elbow pad a few times before making a dramatic show of removing it. He then taps his forearm and points to the interview stage, where Cristiano Caballero is still more concerned with not being eaten by Mojo than he is about anything happening in the ring.

DDK:

Davey LaRue, who has been holding Mojo at bay, gives him a little more slack - OH NO! He lunges for Cristiano!

Caballero has just enough room to dodge the hungry alligator. He stumbles and nearly falls but like a damsel running away from a slasher movie villain, he is able to right himself and scurry away while looking over his shoulder in a panic. He's so concerned with what's behind him that he seems to barely register what's in front of him. He sprints down the ramp, and in his panic, rolls into the ring...

DDK:

Pat Cassidy with the running forearm across the face of Cristiano Caballero!

Lance:

Don't forget, Keebs - we learned at Acts of DEFIANCE that Pat Cassidy has had a surgically implanted steel plate put in that arm after the attack by The Lucky Sevens. When he takes that elbow pad off and uses that forearm - it's basically metal meets flesh!

Caballero hits the mat - out cold. Cassidy hops on Cristiano's crumpled form, but since that match never actually started, Navarro won't make the count. Instead, Brock drops down and in his best referee impression, pretends to count the three. The Faithful chant along with his count...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

No bell here, folks, cause this match never got out of the gate... but talk about a dominating display by our tag team champions.

Lance:

It's clear that being left laying by The Lucky Sevens took its toll on SNS. This was nothing short of a message.

As Newbludd and Cassidy stand triumphant over their decimated opponents, Davey scoops Mojo up and rolls underneath the bottom rope to join them. The burly Cajun tucks the small alligator under one arm and gives each of his friends a fist bump.

The Faithful:

MO-JO! MO-JO! MO-JO!

Hearing the crowd's appreciation for his pet, LaRue lifts the reptile high above his head and the people respond with a

roar. Meanwhile, Brock and Pat exchange a few quick words before Newbludd signals for a microphone. Quimbley's on top of his game as he throws a perfect pass that Newbludd snatches out of the arm with one hand.

DDK:

Looks like we're going to hear from the tag champs, right here and right now.

As Davey lowers Mojo, Brock raises a hand up to get the crowd's attention.

Brock Newbludd:

First things first! We want to hear you, New Orleans! BAAAAAALLYYY...

The Innovator suddenly stops and looks down to the mat in anger to see a woozy Eric Wilson looking back up at him. Despite looking completely shellshocked, Wilson manages to sneer up at Brock. Kicking Wilson's hand away, Newbludd puts an apologetic hand up to the crowd.

Brock Newbludd:

Dammit! Hang on a second, guys!

Flipping the mic around to hold it upside down, Brock swings his arm down towards Wilson's face...

THUD!

Lance:

Ouch! Newbludd just stabbed Eric Wilson in the eye with the microphone!

Tossing the mic down to the mat, Brock grabs the writhing Wilson by the hair and yanks him up off the mat. Three quick steps later and Eric is sent crashing to the floor on the outside! Cassidy and LaRue smell what their partner is stepping in and they both are quick to scrape the other two men off the mat. The Faithful let out a loud cheer when Mingle and Caballero are sent flying to the outside as well!

DDK:

Talk about a rough outing for Cristian Caballero and To the Maxx!

With that business taken care of, Brock scoops the mic off the mat and taps it a few times to make sure that it's still on. Three loud 'thuds' indicate that it's good to go and Newbludd looks out to the crowd.

Brock Newbludd:

NOW! Where were we? Oh, that's right...BAAAAAAAALLLYYY!!!

The Faithful:

HOOOOOOO!!!

Brock Newbludd:

The fuckin' CHAMPS! That's who!

Visibly fired up, Newbludd gives both of his partners a smacking high five that's picked up by the mic. After slapping Brock's hand, Cassidy motions for the microphone and Newbludd tosses it to him. Cassidy holds the mic up, with the Faithful's buzz growing in anticipation. He teases like he's about to speak, then drops the mic, smiling at the crowd. Their anticipation grows even louder. Finally, with a smirk, he speaks.

Pat Cassidy:

New Ahhhh-lynnns.

POP!

Pat Cassidy:

Not gonna lie, your boys here ain't happy with how that match with The Sevens went down. You saw it - we FELT it -

no need to dwell. But The Saturday Night Specials are nobody's whipping boys. The Saturday Night Specials are YUUUUUUUUUR..

Cassidy & The Faithful:

TAG! TEAM! CHAMPIONS!

Cassidy grins again, and then motions for the hard cam to focus on him as he speaks into it.

Pat Cassidy:

And so Newbludd and I feel the need to remind people just who the hell we are. We'll never say no to knocking back a cold one with the boys - but at the same time, if you step up to the champs, you're damn sure gonna get your ass knocked back down. Word on the street is that there's a bit of a question in the office who gets the next shot at these...

Cassidy lifts one of the belts and slaps the plate roughly.

Pat Cassidy:

And while far be it from little ol' us to cut through the red tape, but we also heard the challenge from the new kids on the block earlier in the show. "The House." You know those guys, right?

Pat glances at Brock and The Innovator smirks.

Brock Newbludd:

Oh, I know those two washed up meatheads. They're the guys who taught The Lucky Sevens everything they know about tag wrestling...which obviously isn't very fuckin' much. Shit, I ain't got nothing against them personally. But if they're going to come out here and bark at us, well I have no problem whipping their asses just like we did their proteges. Book that shit!

Looking back to his partner, Brock imitates cracking open a can of beer with the microphone and passes it back to Cassidy.

Pat Cassidy:

Well, boys - you can be The House. You can be The Boat. Hell, you can be The Bus - it doesn't matter to The Saturday Night Specials. You got the balls to lay down the challenge? We damn sure got the balls to accept. See you at DEFtv 161, boys. Cheers.

Cassidy tosses the mic and he, Brock, and Davey raise their arms to the cheers of the fans as their theme music begins to kick in.

DDK:

I think we just booked a tag team championship for DEFtv 161! The House returns and immediately is in line for a title shot!

Lance:

The Saturday Night Specials are aiming to prove they're still the team to beat around here, and I guess taking on all challengers is one way to do it.

DDK:

If I'm The House, and I see what just went down here... I'm thinking I need to be ready for a war.

The final shot of the show is the tag team champions, prouddling brandishing their titles high into the air.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.