

SHOW OPEN



DEFY

The show begins with Lance Warner sitting at a DEFIANCE table backstage with the DEFY backdrop behind him.

Lance:

WELCOME everyone to UNCUT. We're going to kick off with some big news! As you all know by now, the DEFYs, also known as the Year End Awards, will come to you LIVE from the Ballyhoo Brew on Wednesday, December 22nd at UNCUT 108! After UNCUT 107 on December 1st, voting will be open and the finalists will be announced on DEFtv 163!

The categories are shown on the screen.

DEFIANT of the YEAR

DEFIANTS of the YEAR (Tag Team)

FACTION of the YEAR

BREAKOUT DEFIANT of the YEAR

UPCOMING DEFIANT of the YEAR (DEFIANCE Rookie)

MATCH of the YEAR

SEGMENT of the YEAR

SHOCK of the YEAR

ONGOING STORYLINE of the YEAR

BRAZEN of the YEAR

REVIEWER of the YEAR

Lance:

I have spoken directly with Tim Tillinghast and next week DEFIANCE, alongside Tim, will release some of the highest ranked matches, segments and moments throughout the year but know that you, The Faithful, can vote for whatever you please. A lot has gone on in this calendar year and we want to make sure your memory is jogged.

The screen shows the eligible timeline to qualify for voting.

Lance:

Last year's voting included everything up until Ascension 2020. This voting period will take place between November 18, 2020 (UNCUT 80) until right now. We at DEFIANCE want to make sure every potential week is eligible. Last year, we did not count anything after Ascension 2020 but from now on, to make it easier, we are going to keep everything within the actual calendar year. However for this year we will include what was left out from 2020. We are letting you know this information now in the odd chance you are like Tim Tillinghast and want to do your own research before voting begins.

Lance smiles at the camera.

Lance:

We also have one final announcement. Alongside the DEFYs, DEFIANCE is opening its own Hall of Fame! This year, we will begin induction to the Hall of Fame. Those announced for the Hall will be made NEXT UNCUT, 107, at the top of the show.

Lance collects his papers in front of him.

Lance:

It really is an exciting time to be a DEFIANT. And now, enjoy UNCUT!

GULF COAST CONNECTION (TITUS CAMPBELL & CCK) vs. DUNSON CLAN (PAUL & RICHIE DUNSON)

DDK:

We've got tag team action coming up on UNCUT and it should be a good one with a little bit of history! The Gulf Coast Connection of "Wingman" Titus Campbell and Crescent City Kid take on BRAZEN's Dunson Clan, represented by Paul Dunson and his son Richie.

Lance:

A while back when both were in BRAZEN, it was Titus Campbell who defeated Paul Dunson and BRAGG to win the BRAZEN Onslaught Title. Fast forward to now and The Gulf Coast Connection have been popular with the hometown fans.

DDK:

Let's get to the action right now!

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is set for one fall! Introducing first, already in the ring at a combined weight of 445 pounds... accompanied by Todd Dunson, they are Paul and Richie Dunson... **THE DUNSON CLAN!**

"Turn the Page" by Metallica continues for a moment before Paul Dunson has a microphone and starts screaming for the music to stop.

Paul Dunson:

No, no! Turn that crap off! I got something to say and I'm going to say it!

Light booing from the crowd for BRAZEN's oldest competitor of 54 years old.

Paul Dunson:

How the HELL did "Wingman" Titus Campbell get out of BRAZEN before me! This big goof with his stupid shades palling around with a roided-up surfer and Generic Masked Indy Gimp. Ugh.B But believe me, big things are going to happen for the Dunson Clan after this win tonight! Don't you fuck it up, Richie!

He jabs a finger into Richie Dunson's chest, who shakes his head as the music of their opponents plays.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, at a combined weight of 468 pounds... being accompanied by Theodore Cain from RIGHT HERE IN THE CITY THAT CARE FORGOT... "Wingman" Titus Campbell and The Crescent City Kid... **GULF! COAST! CONNECTION!**

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

The trio make their way out from the back to a nice pop from the crowd! Theodore Cain has on a new Gulf Coast Connection Mardi Gras-themed jester hat, along with Crescent City Kid, getting the crowd fired up with a collection of beads. Titus Campbell brings up the rear and the powerhouse throws a few jester hats out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young girl in the audience with her parents before they get to the ring. Campbell and CCK bump fists before their opponents come out.

As the trio enter the ring, Titus Campbell has a microphone as well while CCK has the gift bag.

Titus Campbell:

Paulie, Paulie, Paulie... been a while, my man. What's good?

Paul Dunson:

Not bad... I mean, shut up!

The crowd laughs while Titus gestures to the bag.

Titus Campbell:

Look, my dude, we don't have to fight. We can just keep the party going! In fact, old man, Teddy and Crescent City Kid here will give you some of these Mardi Gras beads if you put the wrinkly man-tits away right now!

Some more laughter from the crowd. Paul Dunson is about to throw a fit while Richie and Todd try and calm the Dunson patriarch down.

Paul Dunson:

We'll party after we beat your asses! Ring the bell! Ring that bell now, ref!

DING DING

Hector Navarro shrugs and then calls for the bell. Titus wants to start for his team so CCK hands off the Gulf Coast Gift Bag to Theodore Cain on the outside. Paul Dunson gets himself fired up and ready to fight while the 6'7" and 283-pound Wingman gets ready. Paul starts to get ready to fight... then runs over and tags his own son in! Richie looks surprised at this while Paul jumps back on the apron.

Paul Dunson:

Go make Poppa proud! Go!

Richie looks up at the giant Titus Campbell and then tries to backpedal, but Titus grabs him and then **THROWS** him over the ropes! The older of the two Dunson sons scrambles back to his feet only to get knocked down with a big shoulder block by Titus! The Wingman holds out his hands and then leans back to the ropes to tag CCK.

DDK:

Richie Dunson got suckered into starting! Now Crescent City Kid inside!

He climbs the ropes, then onto Campbell's shoulders before flying off with a big diving crossbody onto Richie! The first cover of the match!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Lance:

Close one there by CCK! The young high-flyer of the Gulf Coast Connection stays on Richie with forearms!

The Kid goes wild with forearms and stuns Richie, but the bigger high flyer shoves him back. CCK rolls through to his feet when Richie runs at him. CCK drops down, then leapfrogs over Richie on the return. When he comes back, he leaps up and takes him over with a huge hurricanrana! When Richie scrambles up, CCK nails a jumping calf kick and rocks the older Dunson kiddo again. Theodore Cain cheers him on from the outside while Todd Dunson on the outside looks like he's about to have a fit.

DDK:

CCK looking great so far!

He grabs Richie Dunson, then whips him to the ropes. He waits for him, but doesn't see Paul Dunson make the blind tag as Richie comes back. CCK nails him with another dropkick that knocks Richie off his feet a second time, but The Golden Opportunist comes in and **ROCKS** him with a forearm to the back of the head! He then turns CCK over and then drops him flat with a neckbreaker! Campbell complains to Hector but notes it was a legal tag!

DDK:

Paul Dunson known in BRAZEN as the Golden Opportunist! He had a run as BRAZEN Onslaught Champion where he used his sons to help him retain his title.

Lance:

Another prime example of that right here!

An angry Dunson patriarch stomps away on CCK while Titus Campbell is forced to watch from ringside. He then picks him up on his feet and then throws him to the corner. He reached back and then uses a back rake on The Kid!

DDK:

Old school tactic right there! Can't remember the last time I've seen an honest-to-goodness back rake!

Richie wants in and Paul gives him the tag while CCK is being held up. Richie climbs to the top rope and then dives off... into another back rake on CCK! The Kid falls to his knees in pain and writhes around the mat!

Lance:

And that Dunson meanness runs in the family!

Richie stands over CCK and then hits a big flipping senton off the ropes before going for a cover on his own!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Lance:

Close one by Richie!

The Kid kicks out, but Richie goes over to Paul and tags him in. Dunson goes right to a big belly to back suplex set-up then Richie helps with a belly-to-back/neckbreaker combo! Paul goes for a cover now.

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Titus needs to make that tag! The Dunsons have worked him over well in the last couple of minutes.

Lance:

Indeed! The Dunsons have honed in on The Crescent City Kid.

He grabs the neck of CCK with a front facelock to get him to his feet, then whips him to the corner. He points to the corner and then rushes forward, but CCK trips him up with a desperation drop toe hold! CCK then swings around the ropes and then hits a tiger feint kick to Paul against the bottom rope!

DDK:

504! He rocks Paul Dunson with the tiger feint kick! Can he get a tag?

Paul stumbles around trying to find his corner with Richie calling out to his dad. Meanwhile, CCK is sore, but he rolls to the corner and tags big Titus! The big man runs right into the ring just after Richie gets the tag. He jumps in and nails Titus with a running forearm, but the big Wingman doesn't budge. He runs off the ropes again, but this time Titus grabs him by the body and hits him with a huge body slam!

Trying to help his son, Paul Dunson comes into the ring again and tries to go for the eyes, but Titus grabs his hand, then body slams him onto his own son! CCK leaps into the ring and then lets Titus use his own partner as a weapon, body slamming CCK onto Richie!

DDK:

Titus Campbell feeding off the energy of the fans tonight!

Todd tries to get on the ring apron and get inside, but Theodore Cain drops the Gift Bag and drags Todd off the apron before NAILING him with a big clothesline on the floor!

Lance:

Todd tries to help his family, but gets neutralized pretty quickly by the Smash Surfer!

Theodore cheers as on the inside, Titus Campbell grabs Richie and throws him across the ring again with a fallaway slam! He hits the corner as The Wingman gets back up, standing in a corner ready to attack just as Richie tries to get up in daze. He puts his hands out like an airplane then hits a HUGE body avalanche in the corner, then underhooks Richie's arms. He tags CCK and then lifts Richie, driving him down with the Hook-up! The elevated underhook facebuster plants Richie, then The Crescent City Kid comes off the top rope with a big diving splash!

DDK:

Hurricane Press after the Hook-up! Cover by CCK!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **GULF COAST CONNECTION!**

DDK:

Nice win tonight by Titus Campbell and Crescent City Kid! The Gulf Coast Connection roll on with a victory tonight.

Lance:

The Dunsons were game, but the Gulf Coast Connection have been growing in popularity recently. Big things could be in their futures!

Theodore Cain enters the ring and celebrates with Titus and Crescent City Kid as the show goes to the next segment.

DO TELL

Magdalena rests her hand on the back of a steel chair, the same sort of chair wrestlers use to pummel one another. It accentuates her height, or lack thereof, the five foot nothing manager and voice of the Saint of the Squared Circle, Mute Freak - the Deacon.

Magdalena:

Deacon had to do it.

Off-screen Voice:

I know. He always was someone who couldn't leave a fight alone.

Sitting in another steel chair, straddling its back, is Chris Shepherd, the voice for Deacon for nearly the entire career of the 7 footer. At one time, his hair was blonde with streaks of white. Today, his hair is white with streaks of blonde. Wearing an "I Believe" t-shirt and jeans, he looks a little less fit, with more than a few wrinkles added.

Chris Shepherd:

And I'm sure that fight with Stalker was important, win or lose.

Magdalena nods.

Magdalena:

Maybe that will let the Deacon turn the page. He's been rudderless.

Chris Shepherd:

And no doubt stubborn.

Magdalena nods, then looks away.

Magdalena:

It's kept him going. Problem is, he doesn't know where to go. He came back for Jack.

Magdalena bites her bottom lip.

Magdalena:

So what's next?

Chris Shepherd:

One thing I know about this business - it always has a job for an overly athletic giant.

Magdalena:

But I don't think that's enough for him - a job.

Chris Shepherd:

It never has been, one of the things that separated the Deacon from so many others. This has never been about a paycheck, or even solely the passion of competition, though at times Deacon's competitive streak kicked in. He's not that man anymore, least near as I can see. Does he want to continue?

Magdalena pauses for a moment. Does he? Does she? Maybe she could just hand it over to Chris Shepherd again? Maybe they could revive that fire? Maybe reviving the fire is the wrong answer?

Chris stands up and puts a hand on her shoulder.

Chris Shepherd:

You let me know what I can do.

Magdalena:

The little entrance thing you did with Deacon was a start.

Chris smiles.

Chris Shepherd:

And if you give me more time, I can do more than the rudimentary arena lights trick.

Magdalena:

Old school entrance?

Chris' eyebrow raises as he shakes his head.

Chris Shepherd:

No. Old school, I had to adapt to each venue. In Defiance? The DEF arena? I only have one venue to worry about. No one has any idea what I can do with enough preparation.

Now, it's Magdalena's turn to raise her eyebrows.

Magdalena:

Do tell...

NEW BLOOD

After DEFTv 161 Night 1 goes off the air...

Lindsay Troy stalks through the corridors, footsteps like war drums, adrenaline and anger coursing through her body. Her scowling face gives notice to those in the vicinity to clear off, that now's not the time to talk or even get in her way. Jamie Sawyers looks poised to ask her about the WARCHAMBER challenge she'd just laid out but, given his run-ins with talent lately, he thinks better of it. Truth be told, that's probably for the best.

There'll be time enough to get into all of that.

She'd been all set to head out right after the main event, but something told her to hold off a few minutes. When the Kabal appearance happened she cursed her intuition, gathered up her gear bag, and started for the exit. If not for a row of monitors in the hallway, she might not have caught Cayle's appearance, but once she laid eyes on the sniveling Scotsman sitting in the ring she booked it back through the DEFplex, dropped her shit back in her locker room, and headed right for the ring to get her pound of flesh before he slipped away again.

Now, she heads back from whence she came to collect her things and - finally - head out for the night. But her gear isn't the only thing that's waiting for her in her locker room, though. Standing against the wall and texting is a tall, young, blonde-haired girl dressed in jeans and a t-shirt. When the Queen walks inside the girl slips her phone into her pocket and greets her with a bright smile.

Girl:

Auntie Lindz!

She bounds forward and gives Lindsay a hug. Troy is caught off-guard at first but quickly wraps her arms around the blonde's waist, her entire demeanor changing in an instant.

Lindsay Troy:

Cecilia!? What are you doing here?

Cecilia:

To see you, of course! And maybe, I don't know, signing a BRAZEN contract.

Troy is taken aback by this, and she visibly shakes her head as if clearing the cobwebs.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm sorry, I must have had a glitch just now, because I could swear you just said you were here to sign a BRAZEN contract.

Cecilia smiles, absolutely beaming with pride.

Cecilia:

Sure did. And you know I have to come see my favorite Aunt first while I'm here.

Lindsay reaches out and pulls her niece close again for another hug and holds her there for a few seconds.

Lindsay Troy:

Cease, I don't know what to say. I'm so proud of you...

Troy pulls back but keeps her hands on Cecilia's shoulders as she looks at her nearly eye-level.

Lindsay Troy:

And I'm super happy to see you. Does Kaz know about this?

Cecilia:

Not yet. I'm gonna surprise him, too.

Lindsay Troy:

I think he'll be thrilled to see you. After you clue him in, and he picks up his jaw off the floor, give me a call. Maybe we can get a bite to eat.

Cecilia:

Sounds great.

Lindsay Troy:

By the way, how did you get here? Did you fly all the way here and come to the arena alone?

Cecilia's smile slowly turns into more of a smirk.

Cecilia:

Well... not exactly. I mean, I caught a ride to the arena. I didn't come alone.

Lindsay Troy: *looking concerned*

Please tell me you caught a Lyft and didn't hitch a ride with a stranger.

Cecilia:

First of all, I can take care of myself. But no, not with a stranger.

Lindsay Troy:

With who, then?

Cecilia:

Well...

Just then a light rapping at the door interrupts. The door opens slightly, and Cecilia smiles as someone we can't see sticks their head in. Lindsay looks at Cecilia, confused, then turns to face the intruder.

Her eyes go wide.

Lindsay Troy:

Holy sh....

TA COLE vs. JACK HELCYON

DDK:

Up next, ladies and gentlemen, we have a match with a little bit of hype behind it. A month ago, at Uncut 104, we saw TA Cole take on BRAZEN's Jack Halcyon... or, we were supposed to, but Cole attacked Halcyon before the bell in a brutal display.

Lance:

And then two weeks ago, at Uncut 105, Halcyon laid down a challenge for tonight - and here we are!

DDK:

To complicate things we have Count Novick lurking in the shadows. He has promised to, and I quote, "make TA Cole know real fear." What that means... is anyone's guess.

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The crowd begins to jeer at the theme music and subsequent arrival of Ned Reform's hired good, TA Cole. Cole doesn't acknowledge the reception - he's focused with steel-like resolve on the ring, marching like a warrior ready for battle.

Lance:

Smart of the BRAZEN Star Cup holder to request that Cole come out first to avoid the blindside from last time.

Cole is in the ring, adjusting his singlet as his music dies down. Still his face betrays no emotion.

Darren Quimby:

Ladies and gentlemen... the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, already in the ring, weighing in at 265 pounds... he is T! A! COOOOLE!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Cole throws up his hands briefly, otherwise he continues to stretch and prep for the match.

♪ "Lonely Boy" by The Black Keyes ♪

Young Jack Halcyon appears to a moderate round of cheers. He gives the fans a quick raised fist in appreciation, but then turns toward the ring with a look of determination. With a yell... Jack charges the ring at full speed!

DDK:

Halcyon is looking for payback here! The kid's got guts!

Halcyon slides under the bottom rope. He charges at Cole, who is ready for him with a clothesline, but Jack ducks! On the rebound, Halcyon ducks a second clothesline - and answers on the rebound with a hurricanrana! Rex Knox, who had been taken aback by this quick start to the match, finally calls for the bell.

DING DING**Lance:**

Halcyon is ready... hurricanrana number two! TA Cole is back up, but stunned!

Lance:

And right back down with a dropkick!

Jack Halcyon is FIRED UP and he roars to the crowd in celebration of his hot start. Cole again begins to climb to his feet, albeit more slowly this time. Young Halcyon springboards off the ropes and catches Ned Reform's teaching assistant with a flying crossbody! Knox is in position!

ONE! TWO! NO!

Cole kicks out with authority.

DDK:

Halcyon has got to keep up the fast paced offense - Cole has somewhere north of thirty pounds on the kid, and if he gets his hands on him it won't be pretty.

Jack can apparently hear Keebler, as he begins to pepper the downed Cole with kicks to disorient him. Cole eats every shot and manages to get to knees, so Halcyon locks on a headlock to bring the bigger man back down to the mat. The fans are behind the BRAZEN Star Cup holder as he puts the pressure on, causing TA Cole to lift an arm out in frustration while locked in the hold!

Lance:

Cole hasn't even gotten an offense move into this match yet. What a notch in Jack Halcyon's belt if he can pull this one off.

TA Cole is powering up. Halcyon tries his best to maintain the headlock, but it's clear that the bigger man is starting to overpower him. Thinking quickly, Jack abandons the hold and rolls TA Cole up from behind with a schoolboy!

ONE! TWO! NO!

Cole again kicks out with authority. Both men begin to climb to their feet, but Halcyon is there first. He slides under the bottom rope and onto the apron, measuring Cole. Cole is up, he turns around, and Jack Halcyon springboards off the top rope, flying through the air...

...right into a lariat by TA Cole that nearly takes the young man's head off!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Cole wipes the sweat from his brow and looks down at Jack Halcyon with bad intentions. Grabbing the BRAZEN Star Cup holder by the head, he lifts him to his feet... and sends him FLYING through the air with a release belly-to-belly suplex! Cole is back up, and he again lifts Halcyon roughly to his feet... and this time it's a release German suplex that plants the smaller man back into the mat!

Lance:

TA Cole is control, and this is not good news for Jack Halcyon.

Cole has Jack's limp form up. He takes a moment to sneer at the booing fans before...

DDK:

Red, White, and Blue Thunder!!

Lance:

Halcyon just got rag-dolled. I don't think this one is going for much longer.

Cole covers...

ONE! TWO! THREE - no?

TA Cole pulls himself off Jack's beaten form. He allows himself a small smile as The Faithful let him have it.

DDK:

Is this what he learned from "The Good Doctor?" To showboat in the face of victory?

Cole again lifts the BRAZEN star's dead weight to his feet... only to plant him with a SECOND Red, White, and Blue Thunder!! Cole laughs at Jack's broken form... and places a single foot on the young man's chest. Mercifully, Knox moves in to make the count.

ONE! TWO! THREE - NO!!

Jack manages to get a shoulder up! TA Cole is pissed. He grabs Jack roughly by the head... but when he bends down he is caught by a small package!!!

ONE!! TWO!! THREE - NO!!

Cole manages to break free just in time! He's done messing around - he positions Jack Halcyon over his shoulders and lifts him up for his version of the Torture Rack - The Letter Jacket!!

DDK:

Jack Halcyon has fought a valiant fight, but he has no choice here but to tap.

And tap he does.

DING DING DING

Cole takes a few extra seconds to torture the kid before dropping him to the mat like a piece of trash.

THE TRIPLE TRIALS OF THE DASTARDLY COUNT NOVICK

TA Cole is in the ring, while referee Rex Knox holds his arms high in victory. Suddenly...

The lights go out.

The Faithful pop!

DDK:

We knew The Count was lurking...

A single red spotlight shines on TA Cole who still stands in the center of the ring. Cole looks annoyed with this nonsense, and he follows as a second red spotlight appears and shines into the rafters... where COUNT NOVICK rests, posing like the goddamn Phantom of the Opera. Novick's face is hidden by his cape, and when he speaks, it somehow booms throughout the arena with an ominous (and spooky!) echo.

Count Novick:

Count Novick is here, mortal! You believe you have won, but your night of terror has JUST BEGUN!!!

Lighting effects. In the ring, Levi Cole folds his arms, shaking his head.

Count Novick:

You said you fear no man. You fear nothing! Vell, Count Novick knows what dwells in the heart of all mortal beings. Count Novick can see right through you, TA COLE! Count Novick will show you... FEEEEARRR!!!

Suddenly, the regular arena lights turn back on as from the ceiling, hundreds of tiny spiders fall! TA Cole, as the only man left in the ring, takes the brunt of the falling spiders. Without even a blink, Cole reaches down and pulls one of the "spiders" off the mat... only to discover that it is a fake! He looks up to the rafters, holding the plastic spider, as if to say "this all you got?"

Count Novick, who still hasn't revealed his face, responds.

Count Novick:

Ah. I see spiders do not vill you with terror. Count Novick did not get real spiders, of course. They are harder to come by than you might think. VERY VELL! You have passed my first challenge. But Count Novick is not done yet... oh no! Vor you see... there is nothing plastic about this next display! YOU VILL COWER WHEN I BURY YOU IN... VOOOOOOORMS!

A second swarm falls from the ceiling... this time, though, the camera zooms and sees that they are indeed REAL worms. Cole is covered in the worms... but again, he is completely nonplussed. Some of the front row Faithful can be seen frantically trying to get the creatures off themselves, but Cole simply swipes them all away. He looks up at The Count and yawns.

Novick's eyes, the only part of his face that can be seen above his cape, narrow.

Count Novick:

AHHHHH!!! Your VILL IS STRONG! Very vell. You have passed the SECOND CHALLENGE!

Flash of lightning. Crack of thunder.

Count Novick:

But Count Novick has one more trick up his SPOOKY sleeve. This last curse will leave you scarred. Will haunt your nightmares for YEARS to come. For you see, Count Novick has saved the best for last. BEHOLD, TA COLE! YOUR VORST NIGHTMARE! BEHOLD THE POWER OF.....

Novick finally throws back his cape, leaning back to scream this last one dramatically while his hands curl like a goblin.

Count Novick:

BLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLAAAAUUUUUUUUUUDDDDDDDD!!!!

And there it is. A stream of what we can only assume is blood (it's at least a red liquid) shoots down from the rafters RIGHT on to TA Cole. And this time... he's pissssssed. The "blood" has stained his ring attire, his boots, his hair, and his skin. The look on his face is one of barely contained rage. He looks up to the rafters... where Count Novick is being enveloped in red smoke!

Count Novick:

AHHHH! HA! HA!

And he is gone.

The fans choose now to have a good laugh at "red" TA Cole's expense. He goes to walk... and slips on the "blood" and almost falls over. This makes him even more pissed. He climbs out of the ring and shoves the timekeeper out of his chair, grabbing for Darren Quimby's mic.

TA Cole:

This. Has. To. Stop. Uncut 107... I'm putting a stake through that vampire's heart. And wrapping my hands around his neck.

And with that, Cole spikes the mic into the ground.

DDK:

I think... I think we have a match official for Uncut 107! TA Cole is going to take on Count Novick!

Lance:

I hope The Count has a plan... cause with that look on TA Cole's face, he's gonna need a strategy.

FEAR THE WHAT?

Gage Blackwood:

WHAT THE FUK' WAS THAT?

The scene is backstage near the talent parking lot doors. The night is well over, DEFtv 161 Night 1 that is and Gage Blackwood is hot. He drops the ice pack on the back of his head, still wearing his wrestling gear while the FIST is nowhere to be seen. Down the hallway, Tyler Fuse and Princess Desire rest against the side of the wall.

Gage Blackwood:

I WANT ANSWERS!

Blackwood approaches the duo but they don't acknowledge their physical state may be in danger. However, once Blackwood arrives he doesn't fight them.

Gage Blackwood:

Tyler, what the hell is wrong with you!? Why were you out there!? Aye, I get why Teresa Ames was. Reeves could've easily come down himself and asked for a title match.

Blackwood pauses, trying to calm himself down.

Gage Blackwood:

You had no reason to be there, other than prove why The Kabal is the hot mess everyone says they are.

Finally, Tyler and Desire nonchalantly turn their heads to acknowledge the champion. Tyler speaks slowly.

Tyler Fuse:

I told you, there is a prophecy.

That answer isn't good enough for Blackwood. The Noble Raider smashes his hand against the wall, right beside Fuse's head. Tyler, however, doesn't flinch.

Gage Blackwood:

Aye, so Jason Reeves wants a championship match and he will become the new FIST of DEFIANCE. Some prophecy.

Tyler shakes his head no.

Tyler Fuse:

Not exactly...

But Blackwood doesn't buy it.

Gage Blackwood:

If 'Stalker' wants a FIST match, all he had to do was ask. Next week on DEFtv, he's got it.

The champion stares at Tyler and then The Princess before huffing and walking off with a limp.

Gage Blackwood: *[talking down the hallway]*

Who calls themselves Stalker anyway? What a bloke. Should change my name to 'Angry Scotsman'. Real subtle.

Tyler and The Princess look at each other. Desire shrugs and the two of them go back to staring blankly ahead.

FROM BELOW TO BEYOND

The scene opens within one of New Orleans' many above-ground cemeteries, at Golden Hour. Junior reporter CHRIS TRUTT wanders through the maze-like layout of concrete mausoleums and sepulchers, the camera in tow. He stops at a crossroads and looks lost for a moment before turning his attention to the camera.

Chris Trutt:

Uhhhh, good evening, ladies and gentlemen... Chris Trutt here, on the scene here, at, um... I'm not sure where, to be exact. Long story short, we're here today following a tip on the whereabouts of one of DEFIANCE's hottest stars as of late, who has not been seen nor heard from since DEFtv 161 went off the air.

He grimaces as he looks into the waning light overhead.

Chris Trutt:

Sure hope we can find him soon though, cause we're about out of sunlight, and uhhhh... I'd rather not be HERE under the fall of darkness!

[*♪ "Existence is Punishment" by Crowbar ♪*](#)

Right on cue, the New Orleans DOOM METAL kicks in, and the vibe gets even more ominous. Trutt shudders...

Chris Trutt:

Where in the heck is that music coming from?

Gripping the base of his mic nervously, Trutt wanders around a square tomb, and finally he finds the very person he's looking for: the Escape Artist, REZIN.

Chris Trutt:

REZIN! There you are!

Rezin:

OOOOOOOOhhh woe... OOOOOOOHhh tragedy...

The Goat Bastard is still decked out in his doom metal threads, and lies upon a concrete slab covering a grave, an arm draped across his face to shield his eyes from the blinding and soul-crushing truths that sight has brought him.

Rezin:

Let Death's cold hands take me to the abyss! Let her voice sing me into my final sleep! Let her embrace carry me off to oblivion! Let her bosom be the pillow to rest these heavy burdens borne unto this mind! Let her please, *PLEASE* look exactly like Kat Dennings!

Trutt turns to the camera to candidly give the audience a wincing face that suggests without words "jeez, and I thought / was pathetic."

Rezin:

Take me away from these haunting thoughts of failure and scorn! Away from this life of pain and longing! Let there be nothing! Sweet, sweet nothing!

Chris Trutt:

Rezin, just what the heckin' is going on here? Where have you been? Why did I have to come all the way out HERE to such a spooky place for this interview?!

Rezin's arm drops off of his face, but rather than look to Trutt, he absently gazes to the empty sky over his head. Into the big empty black, where he'd rather be.

Rezin:

Trutt... I'm in the one place I belong right now. Close to the earth... close to death. Anywhere out of this world, in which I have no place.

Rezin sits up and holds up a SKULL that somehow materialized into his other hand. He looks woefully into the hollows of its eyes. Doom metal as fuck.

Rezin:

Alas, poor Yorick! I... had no idea who the fuck he was, Truttatio.

The Escape Artist turns the skull in his hand to reveal the mouth-piece jutting out of the cranium and lights the well-concealed bowl nestled under the mandible, taking in an anti-heroic hit. It doesn't get more doom metal that hitting a fucking skull bong.

Chris Trutt:

Ugh, could you please just save it on all the melodrama already?

Rezin coughs obnoxiously off of his rip from the skull-bong and follows it up with a dispirited groan.

Rezin:

I wish it could be helped, Trutt... but a shadow has fallen over my soul. I was back at zero after losing the Favoured Saints Championship, but now? Now I'm *less* than zero, Trutt... and bereft of all hope, passion, or reason.

Chris rolls his eyes as his free hand fans the cloud of smoke from entering his breathing space.

Chris Trutt:

This wouldn't have anything to do with your unexpected EXPULSION from the Kabal at DEFtv 161, would it?

The Escape Artist's eyes roll back, deadman style, as he lets out another prolonged groan of misery. This seemingly answers the reporter's question.

Chris Trutt:

Yeah, that probably can't be sitting well with you. Granted, there are few if any kind words to be said about the Kabal, but still, you dedicated yourself to that group for the better part of the past year, and you must have had a lot of comradery with a number of them.

Rezin nods, slow and sullen.

Rezin:

No more good times lighting it up with Stalks... no more Doomburgers with Vic... no more Castlevania speedruns with Tyler... no more big-dick-dab-hits with Rick... it's all gone. Now I have become an outcast, a scapegoat... and a pariah. Forever to be scorned and ostracized, for my burden of failure. Winning that title was the worst thing that ever happened to me, Trutt.

He takes another rip from his skull-bong, seeking at least some solace from his inner turmoil by attempting to get blazed as fuck. Trutt looks at the Goat Bastard quizzically. Something about all this just doesn't seem right.

Chris Trutt:

I gotta say, Rezin... even given the circumstances here, I have to admit I'm surprised by the way you're acting. I kinda feel that crazed and demented Goat Bastard of old would already be stockpiling home-made bombs to bring down the whole Kabal Cave in a spectacularly destructive act of chaos and vengeance. Something genuinely crazy and off-the-wall, as is your manner of doing things. But instead, we find you sulking among the tombstones, absolutely given up on everything.

The Escape Artists sighs longingly as he lets himself fall back onto the concrete grave

Rezin:

I know... it can't be easy for some to come to grips with, but sometimes the objective truth can be harsh and uncompromising. It can absolutely crush the soul, to take it all in. Such is my career at this time... and such as it is to be DOOM METAL...

That term causes the reporter's eyebrow to perk up.

Chris Trutt:

Hang on, I just thought of something: Is this because of that stupid "Wheel of Gimmicks" you had me spin at the last Uncut?

Rezin:

Wheel of Genres, Trutt. Please, respect the Wheel.

Chris Trutt:

Whatever! Look, if I thought seeing you toss out the "Punk Rock" for whatever this sad, sappy "Doom Metal" stuff is, I would have never touched that piece of junk!

Rezin:

You needn't blame yourself, Trutt; the Wheel decides only by chance.

Chris Trutt:

Okay, so, what's stopping you from taking another chance? Why not spin the wheel again?

Now Rezin's eyebrow perks up.

Chris Trutt:

Why not set it back to, oh, I dunno, "PUNK ROCK", or something else like? I mean, *ANYTHING* other than...

He waves his hand suggestively over Rezin.

Chris Trutt:

Whatever THIS all is! I mean, seeing you all depressed like this is, well... *depressing*, to say the least! Not to mention... boring!

All at once, the Goat Bastard springs to his feet and drops into a kneeling position, epically holding the skull bong out before him as though it were a sacred object.

Rezin:

Doom Metal *IS* depressing and boring, Trutt! It's about the mournful existence of the soul and the lack of salvation!

Chris Trutt:

To heck with that! I want another spin on that Wheel of Genres!

Rezin squints at the junior reporter. Now it's his turn to sense that something is off about this.

Rezin:

Hang on a sec, Trutt... why do you even care?

Chris Trutt:

I'm sorry?

Rezin:

I mean, it's *me* we're talking about here! I'm SCUM, Trutt! TRASH! SLUDGE! A filthy and embarrassing blight on the face of the company! My self-destruction should be a GOOD thing for normies like you! You should be HAPPY

watching a lowlife like me wallow in misery!

There's a glimmer in his dark eyes as he rises up to his feet and dramatically points down Trutt from a great distance of four and half feet away.

Rezin:

But instead, you leave the safe and comfy confines of the WrestlePlex looking for ME... and I want to know WHY that is, Trutt! Why do you give a damn about my well being?!

Chris Trutt, the junior reporter of DEFIANCE, has only been on the job for about a year, but somehow it feels like he's had decades of experience in that short amount of time. Much of it thanks in part to the nightmarish shenanigans this man has put him through. He bites his lower lip uncomfortably, not really wanting to expressly admit what he possibly feels deep down.

Chris Trutt:

I dunno, Rezin... it's hard to say. I mean, you are definitely all that which you describe yourself, and you almost well deserve to suffer for how much misery you've put people through in this company--the least of which MYSELF! But by the same token, I have to admit, you kinda have a way of keeping things interesting around here.

Rezin takes this in, and nods understandingly. Then he looks up to the sky. Night is finally setting in, and the stars are beginning to show against the inky black.

Rezin:

I understand what you mean. The darker the void becomes, the brighter light burns. And DEFIANCE wouldn't be a professional wrestling heaven... without Hell's Favorite Hoosier on the scene, representing all us sinners!

Chris Trutt:

I guess you were right, Rezin: the truth CAN be hard to accept sometimes. And as hard as it is for a rational-minded man like me to accept this right now, DEFIANCE needs that Escape Artist magic more than ever right now!

Rezin holds out his arm to something off camera...

Rezin:

Very well, Trutt... you may spin the wheel.

The camera pans over and the Wheel of Genres is RIGHT THERE. Trutt balks upon seeing this, unable to understand how he didn't see it before.

Chris Trutt:

WHAT?! That was just over there the entire time!?! Do you just drag that thing around everywhere you go?

Rezin doesn't answer. His head is down. His arm is held out. The Wheel, still set at Doom Metal, just looks too inviting. Trutt shrugs as he walks over and grips the edge.

Chris Trutt:

Well... here goes nothing!

He gives it a spin...

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

...and it lands on PSYCH ROCK.

Chris Trutt:

"Puh'sitch" Rock? What does that mean?

Trutt, and the camera, turn back to Rezin...

[*♪ "Brainstorm" by Monster Magnet ♪*](#)

A multitude of colored lights suddenly appear everywhere. Gone is the midnight black cape, replaced with a flowing robe of ribbons and scarves, every color of the rainbow. Gone is the dramatic eyeliner, replaced by green-tinted third-eye sunglasses. Gone is the dreadful grimace, replaced by the light and awe-struck grin of hallucinatory delusion. The whole scene in the graveyard has suddenly got a more hazy, psychedelic vibe to it.

Rezin:

WHOOOOAAAAAAAHHHHH...

At first, Trutt doesn't know what to make of this.

Chris Trutt:

Uhh, how are you feeling now, Rezin?

Rezin:

Ahh, Trutt, my man, my *man*, I am feeling EVERYTHING right now! Everything and so much more!

Chris Trutt:

So uhh, does that mean you're over your depression now?

Rezin:

Bro, I am over the MOON right now! I am fucking ARMSTRONG! I am over, below, around, and THROUGH! All matter, all time, all SPACE! RIGHT ON, MAN! Who needs the Kabal? Who needs DEFIANCE Road? Where we're going, we don't NEED roads, my man!

Trutt doesn't know quite what to make of what he's saying, as it lacks all substance and logic whatsoever, but nevertheless remembers their surroundings.

Chris Trutt:

Sure, sure, whatever you say... do you think we could get out of this creepy cemetery right now?

Rezin:

Aw, dawg, we're in New Orleans! Ain't nothin' groovier in this city than a cosmic funeral! But I'm diggin' on what you're puttin' down, my dude! We're gone! We're LIGHTYEARS! Fuck it, dude... we are BEYOND THE PALE and into the ETHER!

The Escape Artist Rezin "walks" (or rather, saunters) out of the frame, leading the way to the exit. Trutt stands alone before the camera, a pensive look on his face as he is rather unsure of how to take in this change.

Chris Trutt:

Well, jeez... I'm not sure this much of an improvement as of right now, but I guess I'm just going to have to hope I didn't make things worse!

Rezin: *(off-camera)*

WHOOOOAAAAAAAHHHHH...

Chris Trutt:

He's just... staring at a rock right now. Just an ordinary rock.

Rezin: *(off-camera)*

Naww, it's EXTRA-ordinary, Trutt, my man!

Chris Trutt:

Ugh, let's just get out of here.

Motioning to the camera operator to follow, Trutt walks after the departing "Psych Rock" Rezin as the scene fades to black.

MAX LUCK (w/ MASON LUCK, OPHELIA SYKES) vs. KID BLACK JACK

The lights go out as three numbers appear on the screen.

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

7 7 7

The lights come back on and the twins putting up "The Winning Hand" while wearing solid green capes! The Lucky Sevens quickly head on down to the ring and then shed them down. Max Luck competes tonight while Mason Luck and Ophelia Sykes are behind Max.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the first contest of the evening is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, hailing from Las Vegas, Nevada, and tipping the scales at three-hundred and five pounds... he is one half of the Lucky Sevens... MAX LLUUUUUCCCCCKKKK!!!

They flash the crowd the Winning Hand pose again, going through the motions, though neither brother is smiling. This time Max has a microphone in his non "Winning Hand" hand.

Max Luck:

Mason got to have his fun when he smashed right through Rezin's doped-up ass! Tom Morrow got me a singles match, too, but I wanted something a little more ... personal.

Jeers fill up the DEFIANCE Wrestle Plex quickly but Max doesn't care.

Max Luck:

The guy I'm fighting tonight is another man that trained with Big Money Mase and I under Derrick Huber and Adam Roebuck. If those two washed-up pieces of shit aren't going to fight us then I'm going to the next big thing ... or in his case, small thing. Kid Black Jack is someone in Brazen who wants to grow up to be a real boy someday but when he heard we wanted to fight our former trainers, he stepped up and wanted this match.

Max Luck is fixated on the entrance.

Max Luck:

I'll give you what Mason gave Rezin ... these Lucky Sevens that you're going to see every night are the Main Event Monsters of DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Mason takes the microphone while Ophelia looks proud of her boys.

Mason Luck:

You people want some five-star matches? We're fresh out of those, but you'll get to see plenty of five-star beat-downs! You want your thirty-minute classics? Sorry to disappoint but we'll be done in two. Every massacre in this ring is going to be newsworthy and talked about for a long time.

Max Luck:

Now bring us a victim!

The talking is all but done when the music for Brazen star Kid Black Jack plays.

♪ "Aces High" by Children of Bodom

Out comes Kid Black Jack from the back and the masked young fighter from Las Vegas heads to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent weighing one-hundre eighty-four pounds ... this is KIIIIIDDDD BLLLLAAAACCCCKKK

JAAAACCCKKK!!!

KBJ enters the ring under the ropes and despite him having less than a foot and over one hundred pounds he looks up to Max Luck when the bell rings.

DING DING

DDK:

Ever since that violent main event for Acts of Defiance during night one, The Lucky Sevens have just turned up the violence. Rezin is a three time holder of the Favoured Saints title and has beaten some big names, but Mason Luck tore through him like it was easy.

Lance:

And with all due respect to one of our young Brazen talent like Kid Black Jack, I don't like his chances!

Max Luck starts by grabbing the throat of Kid Black Jack and then throwing him as hard as he can at the corner closest to where he's standing. Big Money Max backs up in place but when he comes running, KBJ moves much faster than the giant and hits an unsuspecting drop kick to the left knee cap!

DDK:

If this young student of Adam Roebuck and Derrick Huber is going to have a chance, that's going to be it! I'm told he has a unique background in both mixed martial arts as well as lucha libre. If he can put both of those to good use he might have something here.

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are all about Kid Black Jack getting some revenge on Max Luck. He kicks at the leg of the big man using some very powerful martial arts kicks. He follows up with a straight thrust kick on the leg and that is enough to back big Max into a corner. Kid Black Jack uses all the speed he can to run from one side of the ring and back to the other with a shot gun drop kick to Max's chest.

Lance:

Big shot gun drop kick but that's not all!

DDK:

And another drop kick! He calls that Two of a Kind! Named from Adam Roebuck's Four of a Kind chops that the big man likes to use!

Two big drop kicks like KBJ's would put most other men down but Mason Luck and Ophelia Sykes look shocked that Max is even been this stunned. Max takes the shots and KBJ looks even more shocked when Max shakes them off. KBJ flies off the ropes but when he springs into a Winning Hand!

DDK:

No way! Kid Black Jack gets snatched out of the air with that big Winning Hand! He's got that face claw on!

Max Luck picks up KBJ and then drives him down with a massive Winning Hand Slam!

Lance:

Winning Hand Slam! I think this one is done ... but Max isn't.

Ophelia Sykes:

Send a message Max! Send a message!

Max hears Ophelia and picks him up again then spikes him a second time with another Winning Hand Slam! The iron claw slam puts KBJ almost through the ring but Max still isn't done.

DDK:

Come on. Go for a cover and end this. You've practically won, Max!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful continue to boo Big Money Max but he's focused only on sending a message with a *third* Winning Hand Slam!

Lance:

Mercifully I think this is over. Max goes for a cover.

One ...

Two ...

Max pulls Kid Black Jack's shoulder up off the mat before the count of three and gets more jeers. Mason tells Max from the outside for one more and Max does that. A fourth Winning Hand Slam! KBJ is a broken body at this point but Max pulls him up and then hits him with Luck's Run Out! A standing Winning Hand claw held before he takes him down with a standing lariat. He nails him with it but the referee of the match has seen more than enough. KBJ isn't moving.

DING DING DING

Big Money Max hasn't even broken a sweat but he doesn't care.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner as a result of a referee's stoppage ... MAX LUUUUUUCCCKKKK!!!

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

Max Luck shows no remorse for what he just did to a man he once trained with. Mason Luck takes Darren Quimbey's microphone and chases him from ringside. He gives Max the microphone.

DDK:

The referee makes a judgment call here to end the match and it's the right call. Max was going to keep beating on Kid Black Jack! This was a man he once teamed with for our Tag Party 3 show earlier this year and now this is what he does to him?

Lance:

That's deplorable. These two are on the warpath.

DDK:

Now what does Max want?

Max Luck points at Kid Black Jack who is laid out in a corner.

Max Luck:

What would you have given that beat-down, Mase?

Mason puts his hands up.

Mason Luck:

More stars than the Tokyo Dome! Five star ass-kicking!

Max Luck:

You heard it here first folks. Five star massacres for everyone. Adam Roebuck, Derrick Huber ... we are giving you until DEF TV 162 to answer our challenge. You got one more match in you and we know it! We saw it against the Saturday Night Specials and I know you aren't going to just let Kid Black Jack here get this ass kicking for nothing. Go ahead. Do something about it.

Max drops the microphone next to KBJ's body and steps over the ropes. He raises the Winning Hand again and leaves with Mason Luck and Ophelia Sykes.

DDK:

An ultimatum being given to The House. They wanted to come in and have one match with the Saturday Night Specials for the gold before they turned their attention to training the new folks in Brazen but Max and Mason won't let this go.

Lance:

They want to prove they are better than the men who trained them. What's the House's answer going to be?

FEAR HIS WARNING

When: Post challenge made by Gage Blackwood

Location: The Kabal Lair

Teresa Ames:

The nerve of him! DIAL Mr. FEAR!

Standing in the command room, next to Crimson Stalker, is none other than The Kabal's Queen, Teresa Ames. The monitor she just turned off was a replay of Gage Blackwood's challenge to Crimson Stalker for The FIST at DEFtv 162.

Mr. Fear:

Yes, Miss Ames?

Popping up with a red shadowy background the same monitor displaying Gage's segment is replaced with one head of The Cerberus, Mr. Fear.

Teresa Ames:

My ex-HUSBAND just had the nerve to challenge my pet. But that goes entirely against the plan you had laid out for us.

Mr. Fear:

I was watching that. I am fully aware of Gage's challenge to our weapon. The question I have for you Teresa is, are you in full control of Jason? The plan we have requires his focus under red death, not the focus of his own desires. His eyes flushed to normal after the attack on Gage. Have you been giving him the serum treatments as instructed?

The question falls flat on Teresa's ears who's already gossiping to her Good Wives club about the most recent challenge from her unfaithful ex-husband. Well at least that's what the Good Wives club knows about her failed relationship. Shaking her head she looks to Crimson Stalker her pet and then to Mr. Fear's monitor.

Teresa Ames:

Those serum instructions were impossible to follow, do I look like Scrow? NO! I'm the goddamn Queen of your Kabal!

Mr. Fear:

A Queen is only as powerful as her most leveraged weapon. A monster doesn't put his foot on the ropes to win a match, that's Jason's persona seeping through. He's sluggish to follow you and he almost came after you when he hit Gage. Did you not see that?

Balking at the question, Teresa prances around her pet, eyeing him up and down. Crimson Stalker's breathing intensifies as she does so.

Crimson Stalker:

... ..

Mr. Fear:

The Kabal does not doubt that you are loyal to our cause, Teresa. But, we gave you specific handling instructions. Without following those steps carefully, you may lose full control of him following your orders which could cause unexpected reactions from him. Including total loss of control. Remember, we do not just want Stalker's World... we need The Kabal's World. His own free will is that man's worst enemy. He simply doesn't understand his own purpose or value.

Scoffing at the statement Teresa's attention is diverted back to Mr. Fear's large red and glowing screen. The shadowy figure, behind the modified voice, sits with an uneasy presence - mystery and illusion surrounding all of his moves.

Teresa Ames:

I don't need to be reminded of how to control my PET! He's mine - remember that? Just because your finances make my life easier doesn't mean I'm your lackey! Save your written instructions for that Ravanna girl. He's fed daily, I sing to him his favorite song list, I remind him about his targets and his mission! What DO YOU do?

A flash of Teresa's wild eyes takes over her as she stares at the red monitor, Mr. Fear's silence weighs on the scene as Crimson Stalker moves around the room in a steady circle around the Kabal's command table. A table that Jason Reeves would typically have control of while dictating orders to his fellow stable mates. That image is far from this, no more Rezin, no more 'Hardcore Icon' Jason Reeves. Now, it was a mute and dangerous weapon controlled by a madwoman getting direction from The Wizard of Oz.

Mr. Fear:

We watch from afar while ensuring that you hit no roadblocks any further. The Guardians are wiped out, for good. Gage Blackwood is angry with us and rightfully so, we are coming for his head. I need you Teresa to focus because accepting this challenge is a BIG step for us. It is for The FIST and I can not echo this enough. You need full control of him going into this match - with your words and his power, the pair of you are unstoppable. If your leash gets broken though... I may have no other option but to 'refocus' him myself.

Snapping her fingers at Crimson Stalker, Teresa Ames seems a bit annoyed with the conversation and reminders, as if she needs to be told what to do.

Teresa Ames:

I feel soooo unloved right now, Mr. Fear.

Crimson Stalker lines up directly behind Teresa as she stares at the monitor featuring Mr. Fear.

Teresa Ames:

It was not you that got Gage Blackwood to challenge my Pet. That congratulations belongs to me, so forgive us while I take my Stalky Bear for a walk to clear our heads. Hopefully it'll give you some time on how to better thank me for all of my hard work.

Throwing her hand up in dismissal of Mr. Fear she uses her other hand to click the turn off button on the monitor, ceasing the communication. Crimson Stalker's eyes stare blankly at the screen, staring at his own reflection along with that of Teresa Ames a flash of life glossing over his eyes before Teresa's finger snap gathers his attention before the two walk out of the command room as we fade to black.

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. SGT. SAFETY

DDK:

Welcome back to UNCUT and we've got more action coming your way...

Lance:

Is this the Butcher match?

DDK:

...Unfortunately. He goes one-on-one with Sgt. Safety! Safety has been working hard in BRAZEN, but tonight, he...

♪ "Junior Kickstart" by The Go! Team ♪

DDK:

...takes on Butcher. Oy. Can't even wait for his intro.

The fans right away do not like the song that sounds like a rock band and a marching band in a trash compactor, but it plays Butcher Victorious heads out from the back... now wearing a purple sparkling sequined coat and a matching... yep, a top hat like a complete asshole. And of course, the microphone.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK!

Some boos for his annoying earworm of a catchphrase. He struts out and heads to the ring slowly as he speaks.

Butcher Victorious:

After a month of winning (quietly) and losing (normal volume) the MLL Mexican Heavyweight title over in Mexico, I'm back in DEFIANCE! Ain't that ish swell?

More jeers.

Butcher Victorious:

Whatever, boners. Go back back to your lives filled with mediocremments like employee of the month at Staples. I'll be here in this ring showing you things y'all have never seen before! And I'll be showing Sgt. Safety no matter where you are in this ring, NOBODY is safe when BUTCH VIC... HAS THE ST... ah, shit!

The microphone slips out of his hand like the idiot he is, then he tries to pick it up, but we've already moved on with Sgt. Safety's intro!

♪ "Health and Safety Video" by Work Safe™ Productions ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Chicago, Illinois, weighing in at 223 pounds... **SGT. SAFETY!**

The fans pop hard as Sgt. Safety makes his first appearance on TV in some time!

DDK:

Sgt. Safety was last seen taking on Malak Garland for the Paper Championship some months ago. He's been honing his craft in BRAZEN but tonight the people sound like they want him to shut Butcher up!

Sgt. Safety looks out to the crowd and measures the sound with his decibel meter before heading to the ring. He takes note of the crowd reaction and then enters the ring while Butcher is still in his sequined top hat and coast. Sgt. Safety gets ready for a fight while Butcher is still dressed.

DING DING

Butcher Victorious:

Hey! Butch Vic got something to say!

DDK:

Wha... no, we're in a match! This is started, why is he talking?

He marches right up to Sgt. Safety while still in his top hat and coat!

Butcher Victorious:

Come on! You should be cheering for ME! This guy is dressed like an asshole!

Without any irony whatsoever, Butcher complains while Sgt. Safety adjusts his tie and then holds out the decibel meter as they cheer, but Butcher takes it from him!

Butcher Victorious:

This thing is rigged! There's no way these boners are cheering for you. Are you swamp people cheering him?

They respond with cheers while Butcher looks flummoxed by the noise.

Butcher Victorious:

No, no, come on! This is broken!

Sgt. Safety:

May I...? You know, seeing as that's MINE?

Butcher shrugs and throws the decibel meter at him. He holds it up over himself and gets cheers from the crowd. An angry Butcher takes it.

Butcher Victorious:

I TOLD YOU! BUTCH VIC... THINKS THIS METER IS SH... AHHHHHH!

DDK:

ROLL-UP BY SAFETY CAUSE YOU KNOW... WRESTLING MATCH!

ONE...TWO... NO!

DDK:

Sgt. Safety taking the fight right back to Butcher! He almost had him!

Both men are back on their feet after the close one! Butch Vic runs at Safety, but he snaps him around with a quick arm drag. When Butcher pops up, he gets taken down with a second one! He stumbles up one more time, but Sgt. Safety hits the ropes and comes back using a leaping back elbow smash to knock Butcher off his feet! He makes a quick cover.

ONE...

Victorious kicks out!

DDK:

I'd say Butcher is looking more like the student instead of a teacher right now!

Lance:

We can't forget, Butcher has been a member of the BRAZEN system himself and graduated earlier this year. He's had a little success here and there whether we like him or not.

Butcher ends up in a corner where Sgt. Safety waits for his chance to fight. He runs full speed and then nails Butcher with a corner splash followed by a snap suplex out of the corner, right into a cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Another kickout from Butcher!

DDK:

Almost a big win by Sgt. Safety! We can't forget that he has upset some main roster members once before! He owns a victory over Malak Garland!

Lance:

I remember that well!

Sgt. Safety goes for a DDT as Butcher tries to get up, but Victorious senses danger and slips out and away to the ring apron. When he thinks that he's safe, he is not because Sgt. Safety is already on him. DEFIANCE's head inspector tries to grab Butcher, but some quick thinking allows Butcher to grab him by the neck and snap him over the top rope! Safety crashes to the mat and the crowd jeers as Butcher taps his head.

DDK:

Dirty tactic by Butcher using the ropes, but he get back in the ring.

He leaps back inside and then runs over Sgt. Safety with a clothesline... then comes back with a... moonwalk... and then drops an elbow drop into his heart before going for a cover after his awkward-ass move.

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

Lance:

Of all the wrestling moves I've seen by Butcher... that was one of them. But Safety kicks out. He may not be all up there, but he can get it done when he focuses.

DDK:

Butcher now with the drop toe hold into the ropes! He has Safety where he wants him... **LANDSLIDE VICTORY!**

Butcher comes off the ropes and nails a cannonball to the back of Sgt. Safety, an actual effective move for once. He knocks Sgt. Safety away from the ropes and then tries a cover on the popular member of BRAZEN.

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Sgt. Safety kicks out, but Butcher goes on the attack again!

He picks up Sgt. Safety and then slams him on the ground with a body slam near the buckles. He takes his sweet time milking in the reaction and then goes for his Better than the Best Moonsault Ever. He leaps to the second rope... then back down to the ground. Then back to the first rope, then second, then third...

BUT MISSES THE MOONSAULT!

DDK:

The Better whatever Moonsault... he misses! Too many unnecessary jumps for it to be effective!

Lance:

Now Sgt. Safety has a chance to fight back!

The cult BRAZEN member gets cheered as he starts to get to his feet while Butcher is sucking wind after splattering

on the canvas. He tries to get up after the failed moonsault, but gets rocked with a flying forearm from Sgt. Safety off the side! The Sarge of DEFIANCE's safety gets back up and comes off the other side before hitting another flying forearm that knocks Butcher flat. When he tries to get up again in a daze, Sgt. Safety nails him with an atomic drop! He spins Butcher around, this time for an inverted atomic drop! When he gets stunned by both sets of attacks, Sgt. Safety goes to the nearby middle rope and comes off with a big missile dropkick!

DDK:

Nice chain of moves from Sgt. Safety! Are we going to see an upset?

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

Butcher kicks out right before the three and Safety can't believe it.

Lance:

Any way you slice it, a member of BRAZEN defeating any member of the main roster is going to do things for your career!

When Butch Vic gets up, he gets doubled over with a kick. He tries to get his leg over the head of Butcher for his finishing move, Safety First, but when he goes for the Rocker Dropper, Butcher grabs his arm out of desperation! He tries to throw him into the referee, but Safety stops himself... but the referee doesn't see the kick from behind to the Workplace-Acceptable Euphemism for Testicles!

DDK:

No! Low blow by Butcher! And small package!

The Liberal City Landlord (whatever that means) grabs Safety and then rolls him up with A Winner Is Me! The crowd jeers as he counts the fall.

ONE... TWO....THREE!

Butcher gets the hell out of dodge and then exits the ring, laughing at his stolen victory!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

Here is your winner... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Grabbing his top hat and coat, Victorious is just that -- victorious tonight as he heads up the ramp.

DDK:

When all else fails, he resorts to cheating, but his Inside Cradle technique is top notch.

Lance:

Small package, right?

DDK:

I wouldn't know anything about that where Butcher Victorious is concerned... but probably.

LITTLE GIRL

"The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler" Jack Mace growls backstage to himself at the interview backdrop, appearing to be frustrated with recent events. He paces around when Jamie Sawyers approaches him.

Jamie Sawyers:

Jack Mace... I understand that you had a word about the events on DEFtv 161 where David Fox was victorious, then Titaness attack you and issued a challenge for DEFtv 162. Your thoughts?

Mace growls at Sawyers.

Jack Mace:

Oi... close your mouth, you suited-up cockwomble. You're here to deliver a message, not being a talking head. Understand, yeah?

Sawyers looks slightly uneasy, but starts to address.

Jamie Sawyers:

This time is your so...

Mace puts a hand on the microphone.

Jack Mace:

Maybe you're a little bit of a nutter, so I'll say it slow: I'm. Talking. Nod if you understand, mate.

Jamie reluctantly does nod to Mace.

Jack Mace:

Perfect. Now be a good mic stand while I answer a challenge, yeah?

The burly Brit addresses Titaness directly.

Jack Mace:

Titaness, you daft cow. You think you're cute suplexin' ME? The Killer Bear? You don't poke bears and you certainly don't suplex them, love. You're strong, I'll give you that. These people are startin' to warm up to you. If you were stock, I'd buy it. Hell, I'm rootin' for you against Kerry Kuroyama. Do the people proud, you little minx. Win the Favoured Saints title.

Mace snorts.

Jack Mace:

...cause I accept your challenge for DEFtv 162 then I get a title shot. But win or lose tonight, Titaness... man or woman makes no difference to me, love. I will DESTROY you on that mat if you try and play my game. You got some strength, but I can overpower ANYONE on this roster. I'm not the Jack of All Holds just cause it's a catchy name...

He shoots a quick death glare at Jamie, then back to the camera.

Jack Mace:

I will HURT you.

The Killer Bear storms off the set and the show moves to the next match.

JUST A SIMPLE GAME OF CHESS

The staliest study ever seen hosts a meeting between two of DEFIANCE's most wily strategists. Well-worn books line the shelves, clearly not just for show. A beautiful wooden, painted globe occupies a corner, untouched. A warm, welcoming fireplace mumbles and crackles in the background. Light slats thru tall windows, adorned with billowing and heavy curtains and drapery. Smoke from a pipe lays in the air, hanging like impending doom.

All of this exposition surrounds two men, each seated in comfortable, oversized leather chairs, across from each other -- a table between them. On the table; a seemingly ancient, ornately carved oak chess board. Priceless and one of its kind, each piece is delicately hand crafted. There is history here. The white pieces are ivory. Old ivory, almost yellowing with its age. Each white chess piece is represented by an animal. There are turtles, elephants, birds, lions, and more. They are beautiful. Perfect. Regal and righteous.

The black pieces, by contrast, are incredibly grotesque. Rough chiselled ebony, they are sharp and ugly, casting uglier shadows. They are the stuff of nightmares; trolls, mummies, bats, and worse, terribly worse.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I must tell you... and I hope you'll permit me a moment of unbridled flattery; your home.... is nothing short of... *Lovely*.

Dressed as usual in his fine black suit, matching bowler cap atop his snow-white head, Lord Nigel's plastic gaze sweeps the study with something almost resembling awe. The handler of the silent savage, Corvo Alpha, sits hands folded across his narrow lap. Across from him, the second man, dressed in a tweet jacket and a dark blue tie, unfolds and then quickly refolds his legs. Trickelbush's comrade allows himself the faintest of smiles... actually, more of a smirk.

Ned Reform:

It has been so long since I've hosted a man of actual taste. I believe I have been in the metaphorical fox hole with the dregs for so long I'd forgotten what discourse with a true intellectual equal was like! The pleasure, my good man, is all mine. Warriors such as ourselves, fighting the good fight, need a true sanctuary. Especially in my condition.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Be all of that as it may be, I can't express how glad I am to see that your convalescence has progressed so majestically. It was a shameful thing that beset you. You and your able assistants have brought such a breath of fresh air to this promotion... and of course, they try to take you off the board.

The word "promotion" comes out of his mouth like poison. Like it hurts him to say it. Lord Nigel reaches forward and picks up a black chess piece on the board between them, his smile unmoving. The piece is a knight; what looks like a screaming goblin.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

They must not know that you've played this game before?

Reform smiles - but does not take his eyes off his opponent in the game of chess.

Ned Reform:

They, as usual, will underestimate men like us. "Normal means lack of imagination and creativity." And normal they are. They will push back against the winds of change - small minds always do. And I, for my part, will...

Reform leans forward, taking a noticeable interest in Nigel's next move.

Ned Reform:

...be one step ahead...

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Oh, much can be said for the intricacies of chess. So much of it is knowing your opponent. How they think. How they'll react when pushed hither or thither. I must admit, when we first spoke, I couldn't imagine I'd be sitting in your home, enjoying this *lovely* glass of brandy. There is nothing I welcome more than the opportunity to... make friends. Especially a friend as learned and accredited as yourself, good sir. Which is of course why I leapt at the chance to... scratch your back as it were.

Nigel leans forward, smile still locked in place, placing the black goblin knight back in its place on the winedark chessboard.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

And while, I'm not entirely pleased with the particular optics of the result, I think a mission was duly accomplished.

The Lord mechanically swings the black knight piece in an "L" and tersely moves a white piece; a white bishop, a hawk, out of place. He meets eyes with Reform.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Knight takes Bishop.

Reform leans back, studying the board intently and wrapping his hands together thoughtfully.

Ned Reform:

Ah, but were it so easy, yes? I believe the intent was for the Bishop to fall. And yet... I believe congratulations for taking that particular piece of the board would be stretching the already far-too-thing definition of "success."

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Well met. Fair play. You aren't wrong... but one can be indisposed in many ways, no? Distracted? Enraged? Shaken? And... you aren't done, are you? As I asked earlier...do they think you haven't played this game before? I know better.

Ned Reform:

I do have larger ambitions for this particular piece... it is true. But all will be clear in good time, my dear Mr. Trickelbush. Likely when...

Reform moves swiftly, grabbing a white chess piece - a powerful looking crown - and knocking over Nigel's bishop with a clank.

Ned Reform:

... it is least expected. King takes Bishop.

Lord Nigel unexpectedly claps. Thrice.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Astonishing. Of course. Yes. Yes, of course. Well... all of this is just *wonderful*. And I think you'll find, in due time, that the efforts of my... black knight... have not been just a folly. And I think you'll find when, perhaps, it is... least expected... I might call upon you to revisit my favor with a rejoinder. In kind.

Nigel tips his cap, eyes keen on his friendly adversary. Reform does a mock little bow, seemingly happy to have found the one person on the planet who can stomach his presence.

Ned Reform:

Dr. Ned Reform, at your service. If I can be a help in any way, please do not hesitate to reach out to my assistant. She will be sure to put something on my calendar. I'd share my personal line, of course, but... well, you know...

Reform turns to point directly into the camera.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Put the thought out of your head, old man! We have a game to play, eh?

And sadly, for you, we fade out, the game having just truly begun.

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: KERRY KUROYAMA Â© vs. TITANESS

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

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 pops The Faithful with a standing backflip on the ramp, sending a quick shower of gold and silver pyro on either side of the stage!

DDK:

We have reached the main event on this installment of Uncut, fans, and what a contest we have coming up next! The Favoured Saints Championship is on the line, and on her way to the ring right now is arguably the top contender to the title... Titaness!

Lance:

No argument from me on that topic, Keeps. The Show of Force went the distance in that Favoured Fiveway match back at ACTS of DEFIANCE, putting up a performance worthy of any champion, despite coming up short in the end.

DDK:

Tonight, she has a fair opportunity at bringing the title back to Los Tres Titanes, by going head-to-head with the very man that pinned her for that belt at ACTS!

Titaness then heads down the ramp, shedding her vest and slapping hands with the ringside Faithful. Her arms are raised as she climbs the middle rope in the corner, and finally hops down to the mat.

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

The music builds until the guitar solo hits, and the Favoured Saints Champion KERRY KUROYAMA quickly strides out from behind the curtain, wasting no time making his way to the ring. His march is accompanied by green spotlights, lasers, and pyrotechnics. The Favoured Saints Championship glimmers around his waist. As always, the ever familiar expression of intense determination is etched on the champ's face as he makes his way to the ring!

DDK:

A magnificent entrance for the Favoured Saints Champion, Kerry Kuroyama! And what an ovation! The Pacific Blitzkrieg looks laser focused and ready for battle, even in spite of the pounding he took from Rick Dickulous last week!

Lance:

Phrasing, Keeps... but you're right, this man has a presence to him. Kerry has been busy ever since winning that title at ACTS, first with the win over BRAZEN upstart, Kazuhiro Troy, followed by a hard-fought win over Rick at DEFtv 161. And still, even with the gold securely around his waist, he shows no signs of slowing down.

DDK:

He has talked extensively of building a legacy. He may add onto it here tonight, looking for win number three, and bringing himself one step closer to the four consecutive title defenses needed to bank a shot at the Southern Heritage Title. But it will be interesting to see how he fares against Titaness in a straight one-on-one contest.

Kuroyama scales the steps and goes between the ropes to enter the ring. He climbs the opposite turnbuckles while wearing the title around his waist, pumping his arms into the air, touching knuckles in a "peak" gesture while getting the crowd charged up.

When the music cuts, Kerry goes to his corner and begins removing his gold and emerald robe, and unstraps the belt.

Titaness watches closely from across the ring. Presiding official Benn Doyle checks out both competitors as Darren Quimbey is ready to make the formal announcements.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentleman, the following contest is scheduled for one fall, and will be for the Favoured Saints Championship of DEFIANCE! Introducing first, the challenger... hailing from the Bronx, New York, and weighing in at two-hundred pounds... representing LOS TRES TITANES, she is the SHOW OF FORCE...

TIIIIIITAAAAAANNNEEEEEESSSSSS!!!

The Show of Force posts up onto the turnbuckle and FLEXES to a massive crowd ovation.

Darren Quimbey:

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

KEEERRRYYY... KUUUROOOYAAAAAMMMMAAAAA!!!

Kuroyama thrusts the Favoured Saints Title into the air over his head with the pure wrestling spirit of the DEFIANCE Faithful roaring behind him. When the posturing is over, he hands the belt over to Doyle, who briefly holds it up for all to see, and then hands it over to the timekeeper. Once Quimbey quits the ring, Benny cues for the bell to start the title bout.

DING DING

Kerry and Titaness come out of their corners and slowly circle around the center of the ring, looking for an opening. Then they pause for a moment when the WrestlePlex breaks out into dueling chants.

"KER-RY!! KER-RY!!

"TI-TAN-ESS!!

"KER-RY!! KER-RY!!

"TI-TAN-ESS!!"

Getting some inspiration from the crowd, Titaness holds up a hand and calls for a test of strength. The crowd cheers on Kerry as he mulls it over, but he smiles and shakes his head, going back into his shoot stance. The Faithful respond with disappointed--albeit good-spirited--jeers.

DDK:

Titaness was looking to lock horns with the test of strength, but the champion wasn't willing to go for it!

Lance:

It's probably not the most popular decision, but Kerry has made it clear that he's not here to be a crowd pleaser; he's here to win, plain and simple.

They continue circling, patiently studying each others movements... and then they shoot into each other, Titaness going high while Kerry goes low. Kerry fights to hook the legs, until Titaness threatens a hammerlock from overhead. Kuroyama twists free, but leaves himself open to a side headlock by the Show of Force.

DDK:

And Titaness comes out on top through the first exchange in this match!

Lance:

Kerry knows just what to do here.

DDK:

Kuroyama wraps her up by the waist... BACK SUPLEX sends her over--but Titaness lands on her feet! And a LARIAT puts the Favoured Saints Champ to the canvas as he turns around!

The fans pop hard as Titaness cheers and Kerry looks only slightly stunned off the impact. Quickly, she hits the ropes as the Pacific Blitzkrieg hustles to his feet. Titaness has momentum as she leaps into the air...

DDK:

Here's Titaness with the FLYING CROSS-BODY BLOCK--CAUGHT by KERRY!!

Lance:

Nope... he's not falling for that.

DDK:

Kerry transitioning to the Fireman's Carry--NO!! TITANESS rolls him up into the CRUCIFIX!!

ONE!

TWO!

KERRY kicks out! But wow, that was too close for comfort!

Both competitors roll back to their feet as Titaness rises up brimming with energy and confidence as the champion Kuroyama looks briefly spooked by the near fall so early in the match. The Faithful are behind the Show of Force as she once again calls for the test of strength.

DDK:

Is Kuroyama going to go for it this time?

Lance:

The challenger Titaness is already showing a psychological edge over the champion, proving she can hang at his level and keep him on his toes.

Kerry chuckles off this brief lapse into concern as he pensively approaches Titaness in the center of the ring. He's about to reach up to lock hands, when all at once he dips down and charges into her midsection, lifting her feet off the mat and crushing her up against the turnbuckles.

DDK:

Well, nevermind that, as Kerry Kuroyama suddenly decides to cut the crap and go right for the throat! Titaness is getting CRUSHED against the corner as Kerry puts all of his weight right into her ribs!

Lance:

Again, the fans may not favor it, but Kerry knows exactly what's at stake here.

DDK:

Here he wrenches the arm... and a CLOTHESLINE rocks the challenger's head against the top turnbuckle! Titaness is stunned as Kerry pulls her out... and NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX bridges into a PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT by the Show of Force!

Kerry doesn't wait around as he gets Titaness back off the mat. He locks her up by the head, throws the arm over his neck, and a quick vertical suplex sends the challenger back there again. Kuroyama rolls backwards into a mounting

pin, hooking both of Titaness' legs for leverage.

DDK:

Kerry with the pin attempt, off of the suplex!

ONE!

TWO!

Titaness gets the shoulder up, rolling to the side... and Kuroyama threatens with the PUMPHANDLE--but Titaness rolls out and boots him away!

Lance:

He had a clear shot at the Kuroyama Driver, but Titaness got away just in time! Despite her early gains, the champion is showing Titaness just what level of drive and talent got him to the level of the Favoured Saints Title in the first place.

Both competitors suddenly look dead serious as they approach the center of the ring, and collide right into another lock-up! Kuroyama tries to overpower and hook the arms, but Titaness twists him around and threatens a backslide.

DDK:

Here goes Titaness for the pin attempt... but NO!! Kerry stops her momentum, and powers her back the other way! And now Kuroyama lifts her off the mat into the GORY SPECIAL!

Lance:

Oh wow... great intuition on the part of the champ, going for a seldom seen submission attempt!

Titaness can't help but yell in pain as Kerry wrenches in the arms and stretches her torso over his back. Doyle leans in looking for the hand to signal a tap out, but the Show of Force shakes her head and fights through it.

DDK:

Kerry with the GORY BOMB--NO!! TITANESS TUCKS DOWN and ROLLS HIM UP!

ONE!

TWO!

TH--ALMOST, but no! And Kerry is IMMEDIATELY to his feet, looking absolutely enraged!

Kuroyama sends Titaness up and over with the Japanese arm drag. She takes a bounce off the canvas and groans in pain, clutching her back, but nevertheless fights back to her feet and catches Kerry with a standing dropkick that connects with his face and chest.

Lance:

This action is really heating up now!

DDK:

Kuroyama pops back to his feet off the dropkick... Titaness with the kick--CAUGHT by Kerry! She goes for the ENZUIGIRI--DUCKED by Kerry... but she TAGS HIM WITH THE HEEL on the way back!

Lance:

Great counter!

Kerry drops to his knees, and Titaness quickly tries to press the advantage by wrangling the head. Instead, a sharp elbow delivered by the champion to the ribs stops her in her tracks, and Kuroyama quickly pulls her over his shoulders into the fireman's carry and bursts to his feet.

DDK:

HOLY DEATH VALLEY DRIVER, BATMAN!! KERRY KUROYAMA just OBLITERATED TITANESS into the mat!

"HO-LY-SHUCKS!! HO-LY-SHUCKS!! HO-LY-SHUCKS!! HO-LY-SHUCKS!!"

Lance:

That could be a huge turning point in this match!

DDK:

Kerry rallies himself as he rolls the Show of Force onto her back and hooks the leg for the cover!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--SHE KICKS OUT!! But oh my, she had to dig deep for that one!

Titaness tries to roll to the ropes for some reprieve, but the champion quickly stays on top of things by wrapping her head under his arm and attempting a guillotine. The Show of Force barely gets a few fingers in between her neck and his arm to keep it from fully sinking in, but nevertheless finds herself in precarious territory as Kerry squeezes the hold with all his might.

DDK:

Guillotine chokehold attempt applied by Kerry! It's looking as though the Favoured Saints Champion knows he has the edge in this match, and he's going for the victory by choke-out! What a statement that would be! Still, Titaness is fighting it!

Lance:

But how long can she put up with this? When Kerry really begins to dominate a match in this way, more often than not he runs away with it.

Kerry lets his weight drag both himself and Titaness to the mat. At first, the Show of Force pushes forward to pin his shoulders to the mat, but Doyle only gets as far as the count of one before Kuroyama pops the shoulder, continuing to squeeze down even harder.

DDK:

The challenger is fading fast in there! I'm not sure she can hold out at this rate!

Lance:

You can see in her body language, she's losing blood flow to the head and her strength is waning as her body succumbs to the effects of that guillotine.

"TI-TAN-ESS!! TI-TAN-ESS!! TI-TAN-ESS!! TI-TAN-ESS!!"

Galvanized by the chants from the Faithful filling up the WrestlePlex, Titaness DEFIANTly digs one foot onto the mat. And then the other! Kerry is frantically shaking his head in disbelief, when all of a sudden the Show of Force DEADLIFTS all two-hundred and forty-plus pounds of the Favoured Saints Champion off of the canvas. The fans pop wildly!

DDK:

GOOD GOD, LOOK AT THAT!! She just PICKED HIM UP OFF THE CANVAS!!

Lances:

Looks like I spoke too soon! She's got fight left in her!

DDK:

Kerry still has the guillotine locked in... but Titaness COUNTERS with a SPINEBUSTER!!

Kuroyama winces off the impact, but doesn't release the hold. So, to the amazement of everyone in the ring, she lifts him up AGAIN...

DDK:

AND THERE'S A SECOND SPINEBUSTER after AGAIN deadlifting Kerry Kuroyama off the mat, and THAT finally breaks the hold! What incredible resilience and strength! What a match!

Lance:

The challenger is really giving it her all, fighting out of that submission attempt to keep her championship hopes alive!

Both competitors lie on the mat, Titaness heaving for air while Kuroyama shaking off the effects of two spinebusters that connected with the back of his head. Then the two of them lock eyes, and fight back to their feet as the crowd continues to roar around them.

Lance:

What a contest we're watching! Kerry Kuroyama's path to four title defenses has not been an easy one, and Titaness tonight threatens to take that title for herself.

DDK:

Kerry up first... Titaness still on the knee... here comes Kuroyama with the GREEN RIVER REVOLT--NO!! DUCKED by Titaness--and she counters it into a SMALL PACKAGE!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--NO!! But wow, she almost had him!

Kuroyama bursts to his feet and roars back with a big DISCUS ELBOW, but Titaness DUCKS and counters with a GERMAN SUPLEX!!

DDK:

Titaness, off the suplex, bridges right into the pin!

ONE!!

TWO!!

NO!! Kerry shifts his weight forward and breaks the bridge to put the Show of Force onto her shoulders!

ONE!!

TWO!!

ANOTHER kickout!

Bodies roll apart from each other, and the Faithful pop as both Kerry and Titaness simultaneously KIP UP to their feet! Kerry again comes forward with the discus elbow, but Titaness runs under it and sends herself into the ropes. The champion throws herself into his midsection with a heavy body tackle...

DDK:

The Show of Force with the CLASH OF THE TITANESS... AND IT CONNECTS!!

Lance:

Kerry barely had time to react to that!

DDK:

Titaness sees her chance, and she's going for it! She pulls Kuroyama up... YES!! YES!! **TITANIUM DRIVER!! SHE HIT HIM WITH THE TITANIUM DRIVER!!**

The crowd POPS off of the picture-perfect Sitout Tiger Driver, but Titaness can't keep him pinned down as Kuroyama instinctively rolls off to the edge of the ring off the impact. Fighting through the pain and exhaustion, Titaness musters up whatever strength she has left to pull herself over to him.

DDK:

Titaness could finish this now, as she drags herself over to the fallen champion... SHE MAKES THE COVER!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR--NOO!! KUROYAMA GETS A FOOT ON THE ROPES!

Lance:

Kerry has impeccable ring awareness, knowing he was in trouble off of that Titanium Driver and putting himself into a position where he could easily break a pinfall count!

DDK:

Titaness is stunned... she really thought she had him there! I feel the Faithful felt she had it to! But never count out the Favoured Saints Champion, Kerry Kuroyama!

Titaness rolls off and sits on the mat as she contemplates her next move. Kerry tries to drag himself away, but collapses in exhaustion onto his back, in perfect position near the turnbuckle. The Show of Force knows what she has to do next as she walks over to the corner.

DDK:

Titaness is going UP TOP!

Lance:

Big risk here, but if she pulls this off, she could effectively end it right here, and become the second member of Los Tres Titanes to become the Favoured Saints Champion, behind Minute!

Kerry is slowly getting to his feet as Titaness scales the ropes. By the time she's perched into position on the top turnbuckle, he finally stands up. The Show of Force DIVES BACKWARDS...

DDK:

TITANESS WITH THE TOP ROPE MOONSAULT--!!

Titaness crashed HARD down onto Kerry's top half... but doesn't take him down.

DDK:

KERRY JUST CAUGHT HER OUT OF THE AIR!!

Lance:

Wow!

DDK:

GOOD GOD, WHAT A DOMINATOR!! He just FLATTENED Titaness onto the canvas!

Lance:

That very move spelled doom for Titaness back at ACTS of DEFIANCE!

Titaness is hurt on the mat as Kerry paces the ring for a moment, still shaking off the effects of the Titanium Driver he took to the back of his head. Then he shakes his head as he hurries over to the slowly recovering Show of Force, ready to be done with this.

DDK:

Here comes Kerry again--OH MY GOD, WHAT ANOTHER DOMINATOR!! He's just DESTROYING the challenger Titaness now!

Lance:

Seattle's Beast has just gone into that familiar "Beast Mode" territory!

DDK:

Titaness, motionless... Kuroyama gets her back up--DOMINATOR NUMBER THREE!! GOOD GOD!! He is NOT kidding around here!

Three consecutive inverted powerbombs understandably leaves Titaness motionless on the canvas. The champion barely has to struggle as he traps the arm and pump-handles the Show of Force off the mat.

DDK:

And the **KUROYAMA DRIVER** caps off this outright ONSLAUGHT!! That's GOT to be it, as Kerry hooks the legs!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

Kerry Kuroyama rolls over onto his back off of the pinfall, breathing heavily as he looks into the lights above. A moment later, Doyle puts the Favoured Saints Championship into his arms, which he protectively clutches up against his chest.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match... and STILL FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION of DEFIANCE...

KEEEEEERRRYYYYYYYYYY KUUROOYAAAAAAMMMMAAAAAAAA!!!

DDK:

What an incredible match we just witnessed between these two, Lance! They put it all out there with the championship on the line, and they absolutely did not disappoint!

Lance:

Absolutely, Keebs. As if the fight she put up back at ACTS of DEFIANCE for that title wasn't impressive enough, Titaness really stepped up in this one-on-one competition to show she's more than worthy to hang at that level.

DDK:

Indeed, but unfortunately, she couldn't change the result this time around, as "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama withstood everything, and still found a way to walk out triumphant! That now makes THREE successful defenses as the Favoured Saints Champion!

Lance:

He only needs ONE MORE until he gets his chance to step up to the next level against the Southern Heritage Champion, Scrow. He's taken one belt away from the Kabal. Will he take yet another?

DDK:

The Raven's Eye is no doubt closely watching the Pacific Blitzkrieg run through one challenger after the next, week after week, and he can't be feeling secure after seeing the battle Kuroyama put forward here tonight!

Back on his feet, Kuroyama lets one arm be raised by Doyle while holding up the belt with the other, getting a massive ovation from the cheering crowd. The official turns his attention to Titaness, who is holding the back of her head and visibly slow to get up from the mat after so many consecutive slams.

Lance:

Titaness took a serious beating, but it can't be understated how much she brought forward in this contest.

One arm draped over the ref's shoulder, the Show of Force slowly gets up, and immediately finds herself face to face with the retaining Favoured Saints Champion. Kerry holds out his hand, respectfully. She accepts it. The competitors embrace briefly in a show of mutual respect.

DDK:

Look at that! THAT is what DEFIANCE is all about! Ladies and gentlemen, that about wraps it up for this installment of Uncut! We'll see you again next week at DEFtv 162, where the Favoured Saints Championship will be on the line once more, for the fourth and possibly final time!

Assisted by Doyle, Titaness quits the ring, joined at ringside by her partner Uriel Cortez and Minute who have come down the ramp in support of their fellow Titan. The final shot is on "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama, standing tall in the ring with the Favoured Saints Title around his waist and both arms peaked over his head into an A-shape.

VIDEO KILLED THE WRESTLING STAR

Fresh off yet another successful title defense, the Favored Saints Champion Kerry Kuroyama breaks through the curtain backstage, wiping away the sweat from his brow with a white towel when he's greeted by a scrawny man wearing a black ski mask. It's clear this person is none other than Thurston Hunter with a poor attempt at concealing his identity. Hunter approaches Kuroyama with caution.

Thurston Hunter:

Here take this.

Without hesitation, Thurston pushes a VHS tape into Kerry's gut who can't help but naturally react by taking it. Thurston sprints off into the distance, cackling like a lunatic, leaving Kerry to stare at the outdated source of media in his grasp.

Kerry Kuroyama:

What the hell am I supposed to do with this? You're not fooling anyone, Thurston.

Say no more as a TV and VCR trolley just so happens to be right beside the Pacific Blitzkrieg. Kerry mulls it over for a moment, and finally chooses to entertain these shenanigans as he promptly inserts the tape into the machine and presses play.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Okay, whatever, I'll bite...

CHHHH-CHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Static fills the screen temporarily before the VCR settles down and displays the video recorded on it. Why it's Malak Garland frolicking about his newly renovated rAgE rOoMs.

Malak Garland:

Why hello there, viewer! Wow, lots to unpack with this outdated video message! Firstly, I hope you will allow me the space to exist in this medium. That would be grand. Seeing that I can't confirm it, I will go ahead and assume you are allowing me the space to exist.

Malak is dressed like he's ready for home renos. He's sporting blue overalls, black grip gloves and a super worn Washington Football Team shirt underneath. Kerry shuts his eyes and pinches the bridge of his nose, fighting off a headache as he attempts to process this.

Malak Garland:

Before we go any further, I would just like to acknowledge that I am a hardcore MEGA fan of Washington. I have been for a long time now because I model my life after true winning teams just like them. They're so woke too, which is a bonus.

Malak steps to the side of the rage room he's in and he grabs a yellow handled sledgehammer. The innocent 90s electronics remain stacked up against the walls of the room as he continues his declaration.

Malak Garland:

I have a delectable little message for one Kerry Kuroyama so I hope this video makes it to you. I just wanted to show you how edgy I've become. These rage rooms have become all the rage, no pun intended. Have a look at what I mean.

Malak turns his attention to the stack of useless radios before swinging his hammer and obliterating them into tiny pieces. The sound of the hammer striking the hard plastic reverberates throughout the room.

Malak Garland:

Wow, that felt so good. So cathartic. I'm a badass.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...what the hell is he...?

Kerry continues to watch impatiently as Malak goes on to destroy many old electronics.

Malak Garland:

I think this thing is still recording, which is wicked for its relevance. Who knew you could record more than five minutes of footage on these things called tapes!? Here I thought I would have had to send Kerry a video text.

Kerry Kuroyama:

No, no, I'd rather you not--

WHACK!!

Garland whacks away at a TV, completely shattering its display. Kerry shakes his head in disbelief, already kicking himself for putting the tape in to begin with.

Malak Garland:

Oh yeah, so edgy. Check me out, bro. I sure hope Kerry knows how to watch this video using a VCR. Who am I kidding? He's older than this technology!

Kerry Kuroyama:

...what?! I'm not even thirty yet!

Kerry sneers his sour-milk sneer as Malak continues his provocative song and dance, destroying items and passively aggressively mocking him. Malak finally runs out of things to hit but it's okay because he's out of breath too. Malak saunters up to his recording camera for one last message to Kerry.

Malak Garland:

Kerry. I know you're watching and you know what? I'm not impressed WITH YOU. Here I am, putting in THE WORK and what are you doing? Facing nameless peons in the ring? Pretending to defend your Favored Saints Championship against "quality" opponents? The quality of your opponents are just as good as this VHS tape. Why don't you step into the ring with me? Huh? Come on. Face me next DEFtv like a man.

Just like that, the video feed cuts back to static. Kerry lets out a sigh of relief now that it's over.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Yeah... not happening, kiddo. Gotta be a man for me to face you like one.

Readjusting the Favored Saints Title resting on his shoulder, Kerry continues on to the locker room. The static on the video subsides once more and shows Malak handing fists full of cash to thuggish looking gentlemen.

Malak Garland:

Never put a hit out on anyone like this before. Making me feel all giddy inside. Make sure he remembers my face. Oh sh*t.

Malak realizes the camcorder is still rolling so he goes to shut it off.

Malak Garland:

Sh*t. I have no idea how to edit this last part out let alone stop recording. Oh well.

Malak raises his sledgehammer and swings for the fences, causing the recording to cut to static... **permanently.**

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.