

DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME

The scene opens with Lance Warner behind a DEFIANCE Wrestling backdrop.

Lance Warner:

Hello everyone and welcome to UNCUT. Two weeks ago we made an announcement... DEFIANCE would be opening its own Hall of Fame at the end of this year. From now on, the DEFy Year End Awards Show will be the home to every inductee's acceptance speech. However, for its inaugural year, DEFIANCE's Hall of Fame will only have one entry and we are inducting someone who was and still is very important to the overall success of DEFIANCE.

The recipient's name is shown across the bottom of the screen.

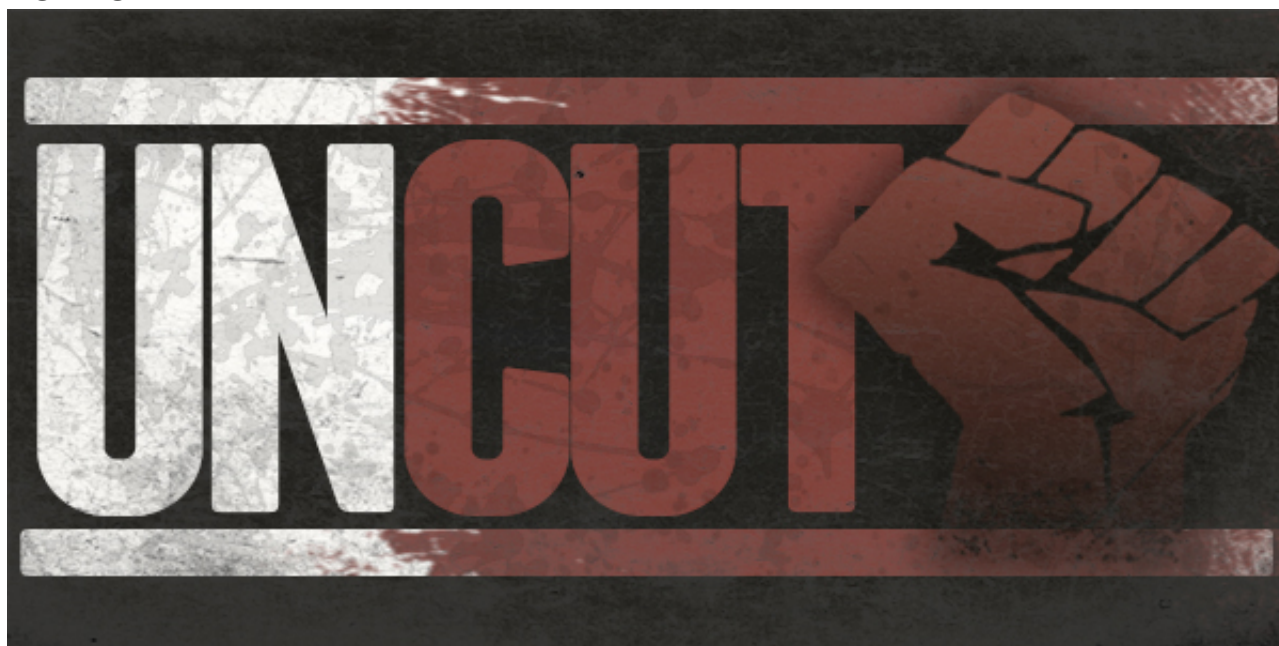
Lance Warner:

While this will be an in-character Hall of Fame, the first inductee is very special. Chris King was the micro artist since the fed opened back in the fall of 2011. He continued to serve as the mirco artist until early 2020. Many current characters still have his artwork on display to this day. We learned of his passing at the end of last year. Chris was a joy to work alongside for those who handled here during his tenure. He never asked for anything, he simply enjoyed bringing everyone's characters to life. Chris was universally respected by everyone. There is no DEFIANCE Wrestling without Chris King and he certainly deserves to be the sole representative in the Hall of Fame this year as well as the first inductee overall. Please take a moment to pay tribute to Chris King. Thank you for bringing all our characters to life.

CHRIS KING

1980 - 2020

1st DEFIANCE Hall of Fame Inductee, 2021

SHOW OPEN

NICKY SYNZ vs. KAZUO AKAMATSU

DDK:

Welcome to action on UNCUT! Nicky Synz returns to action against BRAZEN star Kazuo Akamatsu!

Lance:

Nicky tried, but took quite a beating against Alvaro de Vargas a couple of weeks ago, but now he looks to bounce back and put a notch in the win column over Akamatsu. That match is next!

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

Nicky Synz explodes from the back, headbanging his long, blonde locks on his way down to the ring, slapping hands with the fans as he goes..Nicky then whips out his signature Flying V guitar from around his back and starts playing a few riffs for the crowd. He continues on his way down, getting some pops from the Faithful. Once he gets into the ring, he hands off the guitar and puts it at ringside as he waits for Akamatsu.

♪ "Iron Man (instrumental)" by Black Sabbath ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Osaka, Japan...weighing in at 255 pounds... **KAZUO AKAMATSU!**

Akamatsu comes out and heads toward the ring, wearing a look of intensity on his face. Nikcy stretches a leg up against the corner and waits as Kazuo hits the ring. The big Strong Style fighter hits the ring...

DING DING

And Akamatsu launches an attack at the bell! He buries his knee into the chest of the Synyster Sledge frontman and then sends him into a corner...

CHOP! CHOP! CHOP!

DDK:

Akamatsu has had impressive performances in the past, but he's looking for that one win against a member of the main roster to solidify himself!

Lance:

And this is a good way to do it!

Kazuo fires two more chops across the chest of Synz and doubles him over before an Irish Whip sends him to the other side of the ring. Akamatsu charges across the ring and then delivers a running chop this time! He doubles over in pain, but it gets worse when he takes him out of the corner with a huge vertical suplex!

DDK:

Big suplex by Akamatsu and now a quick cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Nicky kicks his legs to power out of the tight cover by Akamatsu. He grabs the hair of Nicky.

DDK:

Powerbomb attempt, perhaps? Kazuo is coming in hot for this match!

He gets ready and tries the powerbomb, but at the height of the move, Nicky is able to fire a few right hands to the head of Kazuo before slipping out and landing in front of him. He boots Kazuo in the chest and then tries a whip, but the bigger Kazuo reverses and sends Nicky into the ropes... but doesn't expect Nicky to come back with a big springboard back elbow off the ropes! Akamatsu gets knocked off his feet and Synz takes a few moments to recollect himself after the attack.

Lance:

Big move there by Nicky Synz with the springboard back elbow! Can he mount a comeback on offense?

It takes Nicky few seconds to get himself back in the game, but when he does, he kips up off of the springboard back elbow as Kazuo tries and gets up, only to rock Akamatsu with a seated jawbreaker. Kazuo stumbles back and holds his jaw in pain when Nicky tries for a kick. He blocks the kick by grabbing one leg, but Nicky twists back and hits with the other, sending Kazuo tumbling through the ropes.

DDK:

And there's Akamatsu on the floor! Can Nicky close the gap there and mount the comeback?

On the outside of the ring, Kazuo tries to regain his bearings as he still holds onto his jaw. When Nicky sees him on the outside, he gets the crowd behind him with a few claps on the canvas. He gets ready and tries for a suicide dive... but before he can go through the ropes, Kazuo BLASTS him with a big forearm smash through the ropes!

Lance:

No! Akamatsu blocks the dive with the forearm! He might have this one!

DDK:

Akamatsu coming out of the gate in this match and representing himself well!

The crowd jeers as Akamatsu measures up Nicky and then levels him with a devastating lariat! Synz spins (spyns?) in mid-air and hits the mat and then he goes for a cover!

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

DDK:

How'd Synz kick out of that?

Lance:

I don't know, but he's taking the fight to Nicky Synz tonight!

Akamatsu curses at the official in Japanese and then goes back to pummeling Nicky by pulling him up and striking him with clubbing forearms to the chest. The Synyster Sledge frontman is left reeling, but Akamatsu grabs him by the neck and then tries to set up his finisher, Zutsu. He sets Nicky up...

DDK:

He's going for that northern lights bomb variation... NO! Synz slips out the back!

Nicky kicks his legs like there's no tomorrow until he slips out and lands behind Akamatsu. He turns around and charges right at Nicky, but the young high flyer and brawler pulls the ropes down and sends his aggressive opponent out to the floor again. Nicky has him scrambling and when he has him out of the ring, Nicky tries once more...

DDK:

QUICK Suicide dive! Nicky wipes out Akamatsu by running through the ropes!

He finally gets wiped out on the floor and after that, Synz is back on his feet cheering with a fired-up crowd. As Kaz tries to get back to his feet, Nicky pushes him back inside the ring before hopping on the apron himself. He makes a quick climb up top and then as Kazuo tries to stand, he wipes him out again, this time with a huge diving crossbody

from the top rope!

Lance:

Nicky getting back into this one! Can he wrap this up and score another win tonight?

Nicky pretends to play air guitar and then points said "guitar" at Kazuo. He runs forward and then rocks him with a running back elbow that sends him into the corner, then slides away quickly. He perches himself mid-ring, then throws all his weight into a running spear in the corner, nailing Kazuo in the midsection!

DDK:

I can't speak for his album sales, but Nicky Synz hit the move he likes to call Double Platinum! He's got Kazuo rocked!

He drops Kazuo out of the corner after Double Platinum with a huge jumping DDT! The BRAZEN star gets dropped on the canvas and Nicky prepares to throw the horns up to more cheers. The young rocker/wrestler goes to the ring apron and then hits a springboard into the senton bomb!

DDK:

Flying V connects on Kazuo Akamatsu! Is that it?

Synz goes for the cover and hooks both legs of the BRAZEN star!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

After the match ends, Nicky sits up and unzips the upper shirt part of his attire. He can see red welts left from the chops of Kazuo, but they don't feel so bad when...

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match... **KAZUO AKAMATSU!**

...he gets announced as the winner! After taking the time to sit up, Nicky is handed his guitar and to celebrate, the rocker plays a few guitar riffs for The Faithful!

DDK:

Nice hard-earned win by Nicky Synz!

Lance:

Kazuo Akamatsu definitely put him through his paces, but tonight Nicky scores the win. He's definitely starting to put it together in the ring. We still have more UNCUT coming up so stay tuned!

Nicky ends with a loud riff and a shrill scream as the show rolls on.

WAVE TO THE FUTURE

Backstage at Clash of the BRAZEN Champions, retired wrestling veteran turned trainer and manager ROCKO DAYMON stands near the go-rilla position. He is seemingly in wait, as his hands absentmindedly run across the polished wolf's head at the top of his cane.

After a moment, he finally see his students and the newly crowned BRAZEN Tag Team Champions, "SKYFIRE" ZACK DAYMON and "THE ICEMAN" LEO BURNETT, step through the curtain. The Rain City Ronin appear fresh off their hard-fought match in the ring, glazed in sweat and short of breath. Their youthful faces, however, are lit up with joy and disbelief.

Leo Burnett:

We did it man... we freaking did it!

Zack lets out a victorious whoop as they high-five and look over their new championship belts, admiring the first major accomplishment of their fledgling careers. The elder Daymon hobbles over to join in on the celebration, clapping his students on the shoulders..

Rocko Daymon:

Boys... congratulations.

Even seeing his proteges in their moment of triumph, Rocko's stone-like stoicism doesn't falter.

Zack Daymon:

For a moment there, I thought they had us... WOW... I still can't believe we did it!

Leo Burnett:

Just like you always say, sensei... "Practice, patience, and persistence." We kept at it, and the hard work paid off.

The elder Daymon nods.

Rocko Daymon:

You boys have every reason to be proud of ourselves. Los Enfants Terribles are genuinely not far off from their legendary parentage, and you went to the limit with them.

Rocko puts his hand on Zack's shoulder.

Rocko Daymon:

Zack... I cannot fully express what it means to me to see you succeed tonight, over the unofficial royal family of professional wrestling. Silver, Harmen, Troy... these are the names of legends in this sport. I spent the better part of my career trying to be at their level, but failed to get there.

Father and son look into each other's eyes. They are definitely having a moment.

Rocko Daymon:

But to witness you boys use the tools and training I have given you to overcome the scions of such legends... I am filled with such pride. And relief. Knowing that you have everything you need to succeed where I fell short. I am proud of you, my son.

Zacks eyes well up with tears as father and son embrace. Then... a third set of arms joins in on the hug.

"I have no idea what's going on here, but I'm proud of you too, dude!"

[♪ "Endless Drifting Wreck" by Farflung ♪](#)

The Daymons' eyes pop open, and they suddenly share equal expressions of confusion and revulsion. The camera pans slightly back to see that the other individual getting in on this love is none other than the Escape Artist, REZIN.

Rocko Daymon:

Rezin... do you mind? We are having a bit of a moment here.

Rezin:

Awwwww, my dude, I not only have a mind, but it is absolutely BLOWN by all the love I'm seeing in the room right now!

Annoyed, Rocko and Zack pull themselves out of the Goat Bastard's arms. Rezin, still immersed in his latest "Psych Rock" identity, lingers there, grinning stupidly in a state of excessive ecstasy, bobbing to music only he can hear. The Rain City Ronin look him over questionably. Rezin seems to lose himself in the face of Leo's BRAZEN Tag Title.

Rezin:

WHOOOOAAAAAH... You dudes are champs now? Far fuckin' out, man! I was a champ! Like, three or four times, I think!

Leo Burnett:

Man, can you get lost? We just won the biggest match of our lives, and you're killing the vibe.

Rezin:

Aw, dude, no worries here! You ain't gotta worry about me since I ain't a part of the Kabal anymore!

Zack Daymon:

Yeah, but... you're still weirding us out.

Rezin:

Weird is as weird does, my dude! I get DOWN with them weirding ways, I admit! Gotta love gettin' weird from time to time! Like the ol' Escape Artist always says, "Let loose and see where the ride takes ya!"

Rocko groans like a slow-moving avalanche. Right around this time, we spot junior reporter CHRIS TRUTT coming around the corner, engaged in his signature "Trutt strut" until he suddenly spots the scene unfolding before him.

Chris Trutt:

OH BOY! What do we have here??

Trutt hurries over, excitedly speaking into the mic in his hand. Unfortunately for him, the Rain City Ronin look like they're done here.

Chris Trutt:

Hey! Zeke Day-Man and Lou Barnhart! How do you feel after winning the FROZEN Tag Team Championships annnnnnnnnnd they're walking away, nevermind, guess I'll just go friggle-dee-dig myself.

When they leave, Trutt finds himself alone on camera with the bane of his existence. Rezin is still standing there, dumbfounded and agape, swaying lazily in time with the music. Once again, he's lost to the groove..

Chris Trutt:

Ugh... hey, Rezin, what's up?

Rezin:

TRUTT! Dude, when did you get here?!

Chris Trutt:

Just a second ago when--

Rezin:

Nevermind, my dude! EVERYTHING is clear now! Now I KNOW...

He leans in close to the junior reporter, grinning while tapping the ol' noggin. Through his green-tinted third-eye sunglasses, we can see his pupils are dilated.

Rezin:

That Rocko Daymon guy HE ISN'T REAL!

Chris Trutt:

...what?

Rezin:

He's just a VISION, my dude! A hallucinatory product of my genius imagination! I mean, why else is it that wherever I go, he follows? I tell ya, I had my suspicions for many years... EONS, in fact! But deep down, I always knew the truth...

Trutt rolls his eyes, as he has no idea what this idiot is babbling about.

Chris Trutt:

I have no idea what you're babbling about, Rezin!

Rezin:

I know, you just said that!

Chris Trutt:

What?! No, I didn't!

Rezin:

Well SOMEONE said it! Tell me, Trutt... do you sometimes hear a VOICE speaking overhead? It's almost always describing the scene, like stage directions. Maybe all of existence is a stage... and we are merely actors...?

Chris Trutt:

I don't know--what are you?!--HUH?! Ugh, whatever, why bother at this point? I gotta say, Rezin, I thought your "Doom Metal" persona was annoyingly pitiful, but this "Psych Rock" nonsense is like you just cranked your absurd and stupid knob right up to eleven!

Rezin:

Crank that knob, baby! Fire up the engines and set the course for the COSMIC EYE! Let's go where no mind has gone before!

Chris Trutt:

Stuff like that... literally none of what you just said makes a lick of sense!

Rezin:

Sense ain't anything more than a CONCEPT when you're surfing waves of ether, my friend! To infinity, and... BELOW...?

Chris Trutt:

It's like you're living on some other planet! Earth to Rezin: Are you even aware of your recent loss to the returning David Noble?

Rezin:

Am I a-WARE? Bro, I am a-WHEN! Hats off to that groovy dude, Davey "The Gravy" Noble! Hell, I actually had no idea who he was... up until the moment I walked backstage and somebody said, "Dude, you just got your ass kicked by David Noble!" and I was like, "Who?" and they were like, "DAVID NOBLE! The former Southern Heritage

Champion!: and I was like, "One of literally EIGHTEEN SOHER champs we've had?! *WHOOOOOOAAHHH*, no shit? That's rad, my dude!"

Chris Trutt:

You don't seem all that bothered by how poorly you performed in that encounter...

Rezin:

What can I say, my dude? When I stood there in that ring over the course of an entire Kanye West song, surrounded by thousands of people collectively pooping their pants in mind-numbing adulation, I guess I just kinda lost in the epic glory of that moment! It was like the resurrection of professional wrestling's own Jesus Christ, Superstar! David Noble coming back to that DEFIANCE ring was an occasion that will be remembered by millions of fans for years to come! Everybody will always recall where they were and what they were doing during the long-awaited return match of David Noble, the undisputed greatest and most popular professional wrestler in all of human existence! And I was THERE, in the ring, in his almighty presence, gettin' my ass kicked in by the foot of the wrestling messiah! Where's the bother in THAT, my dude? I am fucking BLESSED to have my ass kicked by someone so great and magnificent!

Trutt arches his eyebrow. He is unsure if Rezin is being earnest or sarcastic at this point.

Rezin:

The beauty is NEVER KNOWING, Mr. Narrator Dude!

Chris Trutt:

WHO are you talking to?! Ugh, whatever! Rezin, you are even more unbearable as "Psych Rock" Rezin than you were as "Doom Metal" Rezin! I hate to keep getting myself involved in this circus that is your professional wrestling career, but I think we need to give the Wheel of Genres another spin!

Rezin:

You got the name right this time, Trutt! But damb, my dude... this ride was goin' so groovy! How come you wanna pull over and switch drivers already?

Chris Trutt:

Because I can already see where that ride is going, and I have a feeling it's going to get old really, REALLY fast.

Rezin:

WWWHHOOOOOAAAAAAA... this is some deep shit, my dude! It looks like I've done well in helping you EXPAND your MIND! Sure, man, spin that wheel! Once more round the sun, and back again!

Chris Trutt:

Whatever... where's the stupid wheel at?

Rezin:

Rezin motions over to off camera, and our view pans over to reveal the WHEEL OF GENRES has been there just off-camera... almost as if it's ALWAYS been there!

Chris Trutt:

Why are you narrating your own actions?

Yeah, seriously, just let me do my job and pretend I'm not here, please?

Rezin:

WHO SAID THAT?!

Chris Trutt:

Ugh...

Chris looks like he just wants this to be over. He walks up to the Wheel of Genres and gives it an eager spin...

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

...it stops at... SYNTHWAVE.

Chris Trutt:

Hmm... "Sign Th'wav'eh". Is that a good genre to fall on?

Pan over to Rezin...

[!\[\]\(c50c8b7b2cc2cf9ff925edec0ee94c0d_img.jpg\) "Nightcall" by Kavinsky !\[\]\(8bed43dc33ecdde61e2f76c8f5517125_img.jpg\)](#)

The tie-dyed robe and third-eye sunglasses are suddenly gone. In their place is a slick leather jacket and jet black old-school Gargoyles. The sides of his skulllet appear to be gelled back.

Rezin:

Affirmative, Trutt.

Rezin is standing with his arms crossed over his chest and his head slightly tilted to the side. Trutt takes all of this in, as the Escape Artist has again flipped a switch and gone from being annoyingly delirious to a dark, pensive level of calm. He somehow comes off as much "cooler" than ever before.

Chris Trutt:

Soooo... what happens now?

Rezin unfolds his arms, stiff and robotically.

Rezin:

There is only one thing to do, Trutt: Complete the mission.

Chris Trutt:

Uhh, "mission", right... and what exactly is the "mission".

Rezin stares point blank into the camera. Behind his dark shades, his eyes almost seem to glow a bright and inhuman shade of RED.

Rezin:

My mission... is *REVENGE* against the Kabal.

Chris Trutt:

Oh wow... so now you're taking a more proactive role against the shadowy organization that exiled you?

Rezin:

Affirmative. At my "SYNTHWAVE" setting, I am a technologically advanced HIGH-borg sent from the future, programmed with the sole function to REZIN-ate the target. In this case, the target is the presumptive leader of the Kabal, the individual who identifies himself as "SCROW."

Chris Trutt:

You're going to "REZIN-ate" Scrow? What does that mean?

Rezin:

It means I will juxtapose my foot to his posterior in a sudden and violent manner. Until he surrenders, or returns my Ted Kaczynski poster. Whichever. This is my mission.

Like a machine set to kill, Rezin pivots and walks out of the shot. Trutt is left skeptically scratching his head as the scene fades to black.

JACK MACE vs. DOUG "MOONSHINE" MATTON

DDK:

Coming up next on UNCUT, we've got more in-ring action momentarily when BFTA member Jack Mace goes one-on-one against Doug "Moonshine" Matton from BRAZEN!

Lance:

We have seen this intense personal issue between Jack Mace and Titaness escalate rapidly. The two met up in action on DEFtv 162 and it was Mace attacking the eyes and then using a pinning combination to be the Show of Force!

The scene switches to stills of the physical match ending with Mace making good on his promise to own the mat by pinning Titaness with a Thesz Press combination, preceded by an eye rake!

DDK:

But they weren't done there.

More stills of Titaness pulling off an amazing running somersault plancha onto Mace before DEFSec stepped in.

DDK:

Jack Mace was victorious, but there's no way the issue ends here. With that, we go to ringside now for the next match!

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a singles match set for one for one fall! Already in the ring, from Kill Devil Hills, North Carolina... weighing in at 233 pounds... **DOUG "MOONSHINE" MATTON!**

Matton gets a nice cheer from the fans, holding a beer bottle in the air. He takes a few more swigs of liquid courage that he very well might need before his opponent comes out.

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

The music plays and out comes a very well-built man wearing silver trunks, knee pads, wrestling boots... And a black overcoat with a hood over his face. The hood comes off and looking out to the crowd is the Killer Bear. No ADV. No Morrow. All by himself.

Darren Quimbey:

And from Grewelthorpe, England... weighing in at 268 pounds... he is **"THE KILLER BEAR" JACK MACE!**

Mace grits his teeth much like his namesake before he throws his coat on the ground and then climbs into the ring. Ol' Shiner finishes his beer, but when he gets there, Mace looks down.

DING DING

The two men lock up, but quickly it's the Killer Bear that goes for a rear waistlock and then forcefully shoves Matton away from him like he's grossed out at the thought of having to wrestle the equivalent of the BRAZEN town drunk. The Faithful jeer collectively as he moves away and holds the ropes open.

Jack Mace:

One chance, Billy Drunk-fuck... out or I cripple you.

DDK:

That message was clear as day.

Lance:

Moonshine has been part of many battles in BRAZEN, but this is among them.

The drunk savant of BRAZEN nods and takes the hint. He starts to leave the ring... then jumps up and clasps a tight

headlock right on The Killer Bear! The crowd cheers as he has a headlock in tight!

DDK:

Doug Matton trying to pull a fast one!

He holds Jack in place for a few moments. Mace tries to get some control, but before he can fully do so, Moonshine does a sideways spin to evade Jack's grip, then gets shoved again to the corner. He rushes right at Matton, but Ol' Shiner jumps up and nails a surprise knee strike to the face of Mace! The Killer Bear howls in pain and gets knocked back for Matton to dive at the knee with a shoulder tackle, toppling Mace!

DDK:

No way! Mace looked right past Matton and he already took him down to the mat!

Lance:

He has that deadly Whole Lotta Buzz armbar in his arsenal! He's trying to lock it in right now!

The crowd cheers Ol' Shiner as he almost has the fujiwara armbar locked in, but Mace quickly adjusts himself and gets back to his feet, rolling Moonshine backwards. When he gets to his feet... he gets PUMMELED by a huge running elbow smash to the face!

DDK:

No! Matton tried to take Mace down, but he just straight up overpowered him!

An angry Mace yanks Matton up by his ratty hair and then THROWS him up and over with a giant release exploder suplex that sends him across the ring!

Lance:

Something tells me this match may not go long!

The Killer Bear waits as Matton rolls around the mat in pain. An angry Mace grabs the arm and then grabs Matton once more by the body before sending Ol' Shiner flying a second time, this time using a release German suplex! He bounces backwards off the mat and flops over to his side.

DDK:

I'm thinking that's an accurate assessment of things! Matton has had many battles in BRAZEN with its top stars when Mace was down there, but The Killer Bear has operated on a whole other level since joining Better Future Talent Agency.

He gets up one more time and pulls Matton up, this time for a double underhook suplex, dumping him on the mat!

DDK:

Matton tried his best in the early going, but I think Mace is going to be wrapping this up soon.

Mace yet again pulls up Matton, this time by the back of his tights. He lifts him up...

Lance:

THERE'S THE JACKDROP SUPLEX!

He goes down and then Mace goes right into the Jack of all Holds submission! The grounded Arm triangle choke is locked in, but with Matton getting suplexed out of his boots... that's all!

DING DING DING

The match is over... but Mace KEEPS the hold latched in! He locks the choke in tighter on Matton, who has already blacked out by this point!

DDK:

Come on, Mace, you won already! Get a grip!

The Killer bear finally decides he's done enough and relinquishes his grip. He smiles and then sits up before leaving the ring and taking his coat before the official even gets a chance to shake his hand.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **JACK MACE!**

Mace stomps up the ramp and then turns to greet the camera on the stage.

Jack Mace:

See that, Titaness? THAT'S how you handle business, love!

He smirks and disappears behind the curtain.

DDK:

Yet another dominant win here on UNCUT by Jack Mace and then calling out Titaness for it.

Lance:

From how this has gone, there's only a matter of time before we see the two collide aga... WAIT! LOOK!

As the camera turns back to the stage, we see Mace being backed out by an attacker knocking him against the stage...

TITANESS!

Throwing punches, the powerful Show of Force backs Mace up all the while DEFSec is already out trying to pull the two apart yet again!

DDK:

This has been going on for weeks! We thought the match on DEFtv 162 would stop these two from going at one another, but The Killer Bear has poked the bear one too many times since cheating her out of a win!

Wyatt Bronson gets between the two as Mace tries to fight back again, grabbing a member of DEFSec trying to restrain him. He throws an elbow and catches him in the stomach, sending him to the ground. When Mace grits at Titaness, she uses some quick thinking and LEAPS off the back of the doubled-over DEFSec member, flying off his back and right onto Mace before firing right hands to cheers from the crowd!

Lance:

Genius move by Titaness! The Show of Force using the member of DEFSec for an assist! Some fines might be coming their way, but these people want to see them fight again!

The Killer Bear finally shoves Titaness off of him and then rolls away but before she can get back up, DEFSec is on her again. Mace has had enough and storms off with three more members of security pulling them apart.

DDK:

We said it before... this fight is NOT over!

CRUMBLING A HOUSE

Darren Keebler and Lance Warner are at the announce table before the next match on Uncut.

DDK:

Before we get to the next match on Uncut here tonight, Lance, we've received word of some footage that took place Monday of this week. The Lucky Sevens have been throwing their weight around ever since they just missed out on becoming the Unified tag team champions at Acts of Defiance.

Lance:

They've lately turned their attention to the tag team that trained them. I'm talking about two of BRAZEN's newest talent and player coaches, The House. For weeks they have been calling out The House for a match after they challenged SNS, but the House have kept their stance that they are done with the ring.

DDK:

The House even gave the Lucky Sevens a dressing down after their match with No Fun Dean and Slightly Fun Jen. That leads to the footage we are about to see. Huber and Roebuck were at the BRAZEN training facility on their first day and what we saw ... it was reprehensible.

*DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex training facility
Monday, November 30th*

It is an early afternoon and Adam Roebuck and Derrick Huber are in the training facility of DEFIANCE Wrestling with a class doing running drills in progress. One young aspiring wrestler in training is running across the ropes back and forth. Derrick Huber of the House is watching his progress from just outside the ring.

Derrick Huber:

All right keep it going! Keep it going!

The wrestlers now take turns working on arm drags on one another, working in tandem. Adam Roebuck is watching behind him.

Adam Roebuck:

You getting tired already? Pick it up!

The six young students in this session start to pick up the pace and take turns running the ropes.

Derrick Huber:

Remember having to learn these with Winston? I know we learned a lot from Luck, but Jesus Christ I was never so happy to not have to take another hip toss from him.

Adam Roebuck:

Yeah but these kids are lot faster than we ever were. This next generation are like crash test dummies sometimes.

Huber and Roebuck both share a chuckle.

Derrick Huber:

Careful. Someone hears you talk that shit and suddenly, we're all the same old guy yelling at clouds.

The mountainous Roebuck shakes his fingers in a mock cowardly fashion.

Adam Roebuck:

Ooooo ... When have I ever cared about that?

Derrick Huber:

Got me there, bud.

Training continues with the young group. Huber starts to head to the ring but he stops when he sees the form of Tom Morrow on the other side of the facility entrance looking at the kids doing reps in the ring.

Tom Morrow:

Kind of intriguing isn't it? These young kids have no idea where their future is going to be. Here they are learning how to put the tools together. A couple of them have promise.

Derrick Huber storms over.

Derrick Huber:

Hey! This is a closed training. Get the hell out of here. Now.

Morrow stares with shock.

Tom Morrow:

I'll have you know me and Thomas Keeling a.k.a. My ex-father put a lot of money into BRAZEN to help build it. I have as much of a right to be here as you. BFTA never stops scouting talent.

Derrick Huber:

I don't give a shit. If you don't get out of here right now, you're gonna have a hard time scouting talent with your head shoved up your own ass.

Morrow backs up again.

Tom Morrow:

Hey ... hey! We don't need to resort to violence to have a chat ... but they do.

Derrick Huber:

Them?

The training in the ring stops right away. Derrick's head turns to see both Mason and Max Luck all over Adam Roebuck with Mason attacking Adam.

Derrick Huber:

GET AWAY FROM HIM!!!

Huber runs over to help his partner who has been beaten up to the point of being brought to a knee. When

Derrick Huber tries to go over to save his friend, he gets surprised by Ophelia Sykes ... and a spray can of mace to his face! The spray blinds Huber!

Tom Morrow:

Go on! Get the fat one! Get the fat one!

The students still stand in the ring almost petrified until Max Luck brandishes a lead pipe.

Max Luck:

GET OUT OF HERE!!! NOW!!!

They all scatter like cockroaches and run out the door while Max takes the lead pipe and brings it down across the back of Derrick Huber!

Mason Luck:

Come on! Where'd that fire go? The House! Badass tag team of twenty years! Just admit it ...

He doubles over Adam Roebuck with a *NASTY* boot upside the head and then grabs Adam before he slams his head right into the ring post of the practice ring! Roebuck starts bleeding from his forehead!

Mason Luck:

You two don't want to fight us because you *know* we've surpassed you!

Derrick still can't see and gets tackled to the ground by Max, then has the lead pipe brought down on his ribs!

Max Luck:

THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT! YOU AREN'T BETTER THAN US! WE'RE THE KILLERS NOW!

Still leaning over the corner of the ring and bleeding, Adam still tries to fight! He grabs Mason and then fires back with stiff punches but Max grabs the lead pipe and then brings it down across Roebuck's back!

Mason Luck:

Get mad! Come on! You know you want to fight us!

Both Adam Roebuck and Derrick Huber have been left laying. Morrow and Ophelia Sykes high five each other for pulling off this unwarranted ambush. Mason gets to a knee over Derrick Huber's body as he tries to still reach up and fight. Mason then sits up and puts his boot as far down as he can on his throat.

Mason Luck:

We'll give you both seven more days. You accept our challenge for a match at DEFIANCE Road ... or we're going to start paying visits to your own house next.

Max Luck:

And maybe we'll pay Charlotte Huber a visit too.

He refers to Derrick Huber's wife, now out of the wrestling game. Max throws the lead pipe down at the feet of Derrick Huber.

Tom Morrow:

Seven more days boys!

The footage ends there with the four departing the scene of the crime.

THE GAME BOY vs. NO FUN DEAN

The scene opens to The Game Boy marching down the rampway and No Fun Dean already inside the ring. Dean waits, arms crossed, no expression on his face. He's clearly not scared to face the hulking Comments Section's newfound muscle... nor does Dean look like he's having fun whatsoever.

DDK:

We're about to start this next match but I am not with Lance Warner for this contest, oh no. Instead, I'm being joined by none other than Princess Desire.

The camera feed switches over to Darren Keebler who sits beside a nonchalant colour commentator for the next match.

DDK:

Princess, not much has been made out of Game Boy joining alongside Malak Garland while turning his back on Conor Fuse -your brother-in-law of all people- but here we are and it's Game Boy's first match since the incident.

Princess Desire:

Yes, yes. Sad story, no doubt- although I have some insider information on Game Boy's decision. Word on the street is one of the many reasons he made the jump to troll online is because Malak and co. have promised The Game Boy more chances to showcase himself just like this one!

By now, The Game Boy steps over the top rope and into the ring. Referee Mark Shields calls for the bell.

DING DING

No Fun Dean walks to the center of the mat and asks The Game Boy to meet him there. Currently, the hulking henchman in the SNES luchador mask hasn't budged from his corner.

DDK:

I thought you said Game Boy wanted to showcase himself more?

Princess Desire:

Wait for it.

Dean grows impatient. He walks towards Game Boy's corner when the giant freak "wakes up" and emerges.

Chop, Dean hammers Game Boy's chest. It doesn't budge the big man.

Chop, again... nothing.

Chop- blocked by Game Boy. TGB grabs NFD by his neck and hurls him into the corner Game Boy was just resting in. Suddenly, The Mini Boss turns on the jets and starts throwing wild haymakers every which way. They are lightning fast and hit with such impact No Fun Dean almost falls out of the ring! Instead, The Game Boy ensures NFD doesn't leave the squared circle by grabbing Dean by the waist and connecting with a release German suplex. Dean lands in the center of the ring. The Game Boy races in with a MASSIVE elbow drop!

DDK:

Damn, that has to hurt.

Princess Desire:

Bahaha yes I'm sure it does!

Desire cackles on commentary as The Game Boy keeps the onslaught coming. The Halo From Hell drives Dean head-first into another turnbuckle pad and then hits a backdrop. Once Dean is on his feet, Game Boy throws the

submission's expert into the ropes. However, NFD stops in his tracks and punts Game Boy when the henchman lowers his head.

It doesn't do anything.

Dean kicks Game Boy again.

Nothing.

Princess Desire:

You'd think Dean would've learned!

Game Boy tackles his opponent to the mat, holds onto Dean and follows with a pop-up powerbomb.

Game Boy holds on.

DDK:

A second pop-up powerbomb!

CRUNCH!

Dean takes a hard landing on the second one, rolling over and clutching the back of his neck. Game Boy methodically scoops NFD up, hoists Dean on his shoulders and hits a running powerslam!

Princess Desire:

At two-hundred-fifty pounds, Dean is no small feat to deadlift, either!

Game Boy isn't done. He snatches Dean by the neck and performs a choke slam.

Game Boy holds on.

Another chokeslam!

Game Boy holds on.

DDK:

Pretty sure the dubbed "God of War" has this match won.

Princess Desire:

Who cares, Keebs!? DO IT AGAIN you handheld Nintendo system!

A third chokeslam connects!

Princess Desire:

This match has been better than the alternative- filing my nails.

It's clear No Fun Dean has nothing left to give this match and yet... Mark Shields is too incompetent to make a referee decision!

The NPC Nightmare has deadweight in his mits. He hoists No Fun Dean in the air with both hands and finishes Dean off with a delayed brainbuster!

Princess Desire:

Nails, hair, makeup. All WERE options for me ten minutes ago! Screw that... this match is getting me hot, Keebs! Don't tell Tyler. Bahahahaha.

DDK:

What the!?

While it's clear The Princess is simply trying to mess with DDK, inside the ring Game Boy screams as he tilts his head back and slams Dean in the center of the mat. The three-hundred-thirty-plus pounder runs full blast into the ropes and hits a CRAZY looking standing/running moonsault, knocking the wind right out of NFD. Finally, The Mini Boss hooks the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of this match... THE GAME BOY!!!

The fans boo as Game Boy rises to his feet. For good measure he grabs No Fun Dean by his tights and ejects his former opponent from the ring.

DDK:

Totally uncalled for!

Princess Desire:

Wrong. Totally CALLED for!

DDK:

This guy turned his back on your brother-in-law!

Princess Desire:

Yes, yes. We're all sad about that but you gotta love it, Keebler. You gotta love to see the big man do his thing! He's THE BIG GUY! Biggest HOSS in DEFIANCE and he's going to be unleashed! You love to see it!

Desire casually drops the headset and walks to the back as the scene ends with Mark Shields trying to raise Game Boy's arm but not being able to do so.

MY SOAPBOX BRINGS ALL THE SNOWFLAKES TO THE PROTEST

Percy Collins stares back at the front facing camera in his phone. It's clear he's rather perturbed as it looks like a dark bed sheet is poorly pinned up behind him.

Percy Collins:

I'm so legit pissed right now. Wait, is this thing on!? I can't seem to hit the record button for the life of me.

Percy's oversized thumbs continually try to touch the tiny record button on his phone which he's obviously been successful at doing despite his lack of awareness.

Percy Collins:

I think this thing is going. Now there's a huge greasy smudge on my phone. Ah, fuck it. I'm not going to waste any more time to tell it like it is because that's what Malak deserves. If this thing isn't recording then I'll just throw a tantrum at the next DEFtv but I think we're good.

Percy clears his hand from view as he stares menacingly at his phone.

Percy Collins:

Dumbass wrestling fans and straight up ignorant people alike, it's me, Percy Collins the sports psychologist taking it upon myself to crusade for Malak's extremeness because of all you nasty nimrods don't give him any credit! You don't pay him any mind!

He begins shouting inexplicably.

Percy Collins:

MALAK DIDN'T ASK ME TO DO THIS ON HIS BEHALF, OKAY!? I KNOW THE RISKS I'M RUNNING BY POSTING THIS VIDEO ON MY OWN BUT HONESTLY, WE'RE FRIENDS SO HE WILL BE COOL WITH IT WHEREAS YOU PEOPLE SUCK ASS.

He's in near tears as his mood deteriorates on a dime.

Percy Collins:

Someone had to go to bat for him because no one outside his circle of trust notices just how hard he works. Why do you think he has such a solid group of followers? Me, ALEX, MEE6, Game Boy, Thurston, Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames are all loyal followers.

Collins takes a gulp of air and tries to reign things in.

Percy Collins:

You see, he's built an empire and you people haven't even noticed. He's a dangerous person who has been overlooked time and time again.

His cheeks begin to redden.

Percy Collins:

Overlooked and dangerous people end up doing prominent things and I promise you Malak is on his way and that's not a threat or anything.

Collins leans back, allowing his head to rest against the bed sheet.

Percy Collins:

The haters are going to hate though. To you, I say LEAVE MALAK ALONE! JUST LEAVE HIM ALONE! Malak is wrestler of the month, every month in my book. You people should be so lucky to witness a wrestler like him in this fed and in his prime because if I were him, I'd seriously entertain just packing up my bags and heading elsewhere for

instant gratification and believe me, there's places that would book him accordingly.

Percy believes every word he's spewing.

Percy Collins:

I've talked to Malak about these deeply intricate details too so it's not like I'm uninformed. I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT! DON'T QUESTION ME! He could easily sign elsewhere and get pushed to the moon! He could whore himself out to the bigger and better promotions for more money, more exposure but yet have you noticed he doesn't do that? Are you fucking cluing in now?

The look on his face says it all. His displeasure with everyone else is clear.

Percy Collins:

Maybe things won't change until each and every one of you seeing this truly takes a moment to look in the mirror and identify the problem as you, NOT HIM. You should all feel bad. Malak is a saint in New Orleans which is ironically a city filled with shit bag eating buzzword artists.

His incoherent babbling gets worse and worse. Sweat glistens on his forehead as his nose begins to run. Percy Collins is a flat out mess.

Percy Collins:

I swear, if I hear one more person bad mouth Malak then I will go berserk on them. Malak is a hidden gem. He's a goddam national treasure. He needs love and protection. He should be celebrated. Don't push him away because once he's gone, he's gone.

Collins pulls his phone in nice and tight. His heavy breathing barrages his speakers.

Percy Collins:

You don't know what he's done for me. My life is forever changed for the better thanks to him. I'm in his debt. There are no greater initials of a man than M.J.G. Malak Jonas Garland is my savior. I love him.

Again, tears.

Percy Collins:

I fucking hate you, haters.

The footage stops abrasively.

ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. CARLA FERRARI

Just as we come back from commercial break, Carla Ferrari walks down to the ring sans theme music. Wearing a pair of black and red fight shorts, MMA gloves, and a mouth guard, the fiery Italian herself, Carla Ferrari, looks like she's prepared for the fight of her life.

DDK:

Whoa!

Lance:

Carla's come to fight!

Making her way down to the ring, Carla readies herself by jumping in place, throwing warm-up fists as she enters the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Making her way to the ring first... from Buffalo, NY, weighing in at 118lbs... CARLA.... FERRARI!

DDK:

This is surreal. Never thought I'd see the day when Carla Ferrari would be announced coming down to the ring.

Lance:

And then wrestling in an actual match? I'm with you there, Keeps.

Once Carla enters the ring...

♪ "All Within My Hands" by Metallica ♪

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

DDK:

And there's the UNCUT welcome wagon for Arthur tonight!

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way out to the ring next, From Under the Midnight Sun, in Oot... oot.. Ooo-tang's for kids... weighing in at 220lbs... he is The Provocateur... ARTHUR.... PLEASANT!

Lance:

Hey, is it just me or is Arthur missing something tonight?

As Arthur Pleasant walks down to the ring with Jack Harmen and Aaron King at his side, he stops them and starts yelling at them.

Arthur Pleasant:

Find my goddamn title!!

Harmen and King hightail it out from the ringside area back up the ramp, clearly on the hunt for the custom-made championship that Arthur Pleasant has been wearing for the last several weeks.

DDK:

Welp, that answers that. Arthur's title is missing. Boo hoo.

Lance:

My sentiments exactly!

Pleasant slides into the ring.

DING DING

The bell sounds and this one's underway!

Pleasant begs for Carla to come toward him, but Carla isn't falling for it.

DDK:

Man, I am so uncomfortable with this actually happening. I mean, it's just... this is Arthur Pleasant we're talking about. The psychopath that burned Aaron King alive and somehow convinced him to join the Scourge. The guy is literally capable of ANYTHING.

Lance:

Agreed. I hope our medical team is on standby for this one.

Carla Ferrari and Arthur Pleasant circle each other, before Pleasant tries to go in for a... lock-up?

But Carla is too quick and dodges the attempt.

DDK:

Did Arthur *really* just go for a wrestling hold on Carla?

Lance:

Of course he did. He thinks he's the "*PURE WRESTLER*" of DEFIANCE Wrestling.

DDK:

Good point, Lance.

Carla wags her finger at Arthur, making him realize she's wiser to his game than he thinks she is. Just then...

♪ "Go Big or Go Home" by Chuxx Morris ♪

"RAAAAAAAAAAH!"

DDK:

Whoa! What?! What's going on?

Lance:

We have a match going on!

Sparks shoot up from both sides of the entrance ramp where the lightning landed and Dex Joy is making his way out from the back right in the middle of the much anticipated match!

DDK:

That's Arthur's custom-made championship that Jack Harmen and Aaron King had made for their leader!

Arthur Pleasant's custom-made Scourge-branded "DEFINANCE Wrestling Championship" is slung over his right shoulder...

Lance:

Is that a sledgehammer?!

... and over his left shoulder, is a sledgehammer!

Arthur Pleasant is about to come towards Carla Ferrari, when he notices a smile on her face.

Pleasant stops in his tracks and cocks his head.

Arthur Pleasant:

What is so funny, hunny bunny? You finally realize you're a shitty fucking referee?!

Carla points towards Dex Joy, who stands tall down the ramp behind Arthur. Pleasant turns around slowly, and as soon as he sees Dex Joy, Ya Biggest Boy drops the custom-made championship down on the ramp. Pleasant's face goes as white as a ghost when he realizes what's about to happen.

Dex Joy:

COME AND GET IT, ARTIE!!

Pleasant holds up his hands, shouting "No! STOP. Don't do it!". Dex Joy raises the sledgehammer up, which baits Arthur Pleasant enough to slip out of the ring. Dex points the sledgehammer at Pleasant. Meanwhile, Benny Doyle has begun making the count!

One!

Two!

Carla bounces in place, ready for Arthur in case he turns back around to get into the ring.

Three!

Four!

Pleasant goes to turn around, but Dex Joy slams the sledgehammer across the championship!!!

"RAAAAAAAAH!"

Five!

Six!

Arthur Pleasant:

NOOOOOOOO!!

Joy manages to get one last smash in and the faceplate comes completely off of the leather strap!

Seven!

Eight!

DDK:

Hahaha!

Lance:

Oh my God, she's gonna do it! She's gonna do it!!

Dex Joy:

YOU LOSE, YOU SON OF A BITCH!!

Nine!

TEN!

The entire DEFplex explodes in unison as the bell sounds!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentleman, the winner of this match via count-out... and REEEEEEEEEINSTAAAATED to DEFIANCE Wrestling...

"RAAAAAAAAAAH!"

Darren Quimbey:

... CARLA... FEEEEEEERRRRRAAAARRRRRRRIIIIIII!!!

DDK:

Yes!! She did it!! Carla is BACK as a referee in DEFIANCE!! That's gotta just destroy Arthur!

Lance:

I don't think he's even let it set in. Because -- speaking of destroyed -- that "DEFINANCE PURE Wrasslin' Championship or whatever the hell it's called, is no more!!

Pleasant reaches the pieces of gold laying on the rampway and collapses to his knees.

Arthur Pleasant:

WHAT THE FUCK HAVE YOU DONE, FAT ASS?!

Dex Joy laughs at the top of the ramp, holding the sledgehammer up high for the Faithful!

♪ "Go Big or Go Home" by Chuxx Morris ♪

Once Dex Joy's music hits, Carla climbs to the second rope, raising her hands in victory as the Faithful cheer her on for getting her job back!

Arthur Pleasant looks ahead at Dex Joy with an absolute death glare.

Arthur Pleasant:

You're. Fucking. *Dead*.

Dex Joy motions for Pleasant to "bring it", even dropping the sledgehammer in front of him. Pointing at the sledgehammer like it's a line he dares Arthur to cross, Pleasant just stares back coldly. Emotionless.

As both DEFIANTS stare a hole into each other on opposite ends of the ramp, we fade to a commercial break.

DELIVERED TO FEAR

When: Post Night 2 of DEFtv 162

Location: The Kabal Lair

Teresa Ames:

WATCH THE HEELS!!

Teresa's order bellows from the dark hallways of The Kabal lair leading into the command center. Squeaking behind her voice is what sounds like a large moving object, or a carrying device of some sorts. As the camera pans out into the Kabal Command Center, it's clear that Mr. Fear's monitor is on and he's awaiting the arrival of The Kabal's Queen and their favored weapon 'Crimson Stalker'.

Teresa Ames:

Color Reapers or not I need you all to listen to what i'm saying and prove your loyalty to me!

Teresa clears her throat as she steps into the command center and sees Mr. Fear's monitor lit up with life.

Mr. Fear:

Good Evening, Teresa.

The statement falls on deaf ears as the camera catches what the loud noises are emanating from, it appears Jason 'Stalker' Reeves is now more than just a weapon but a confined, controlled and medicated 'weapon'. In a full blown serial killer ensemble, Crimson Stalker is now strapped to a wheeling Hannibal Lector protection gurney. A mask covers Stalker's face completely, blocking any attempt the man would make through biting or spitting on anyone, his arms are strapped completely down as well as his legs. For all intents and purposes he was a prisoner in his own group.

Mr. Fear:

And of course welcome back, Jason Reeves. The master of our War upon DEFIANCE, the weapon of The Kabal's arsenal and The Heroes of the Faithful's kryptonite. You made quite an impression on DEFIANCE television screens.

Jason's reactions are non existent as the eye lids of the mask now protecting others from him, blocks any distinguishing glances or sentiments. Crimson Stalker seems simply lost into his own madness.

Teresa Ames:

I'm telling you, Stalky Bear doesn't need all of these extra precautions, just let him keep listening to me and you'll get exactly what you are looking for out of my pet!

Mr. Fear:

Teresa, The Kabal appreciates your suggestion but as we all saw at DEFIANCE television 162, Crimson Stalker, while impressive, did not actually take care of what he was asked to do. Instead, you allowed him to aggressively attack Gage prior to even getting to the ring. While, typically our chaos ladder would approve of such actions, the current priorities are very 'sensitive' and require at least some precision to achieve the desired results.

As the colored Reapers, Red, Blue and Green all encircle and check upon Jason 'Stalker' Reeves, Teresa watches on from a distance while filing her nails.

Teresa Ames:

Gage was left in a pool of his own blood.

Mr. Fear:

Again, appreciated. But Gage Blackwood took extra steps to challenge our weapon and instead of getting the beating he needed in the ring and allocating us The FIST championship, the war you waged on DEFtv 162 only served one purpose.... Dismantling Gage. Not walking away with The FIST. Two objectives, one completed.

Rolling her eyes, Teresa seemingly mocks Mr. Fear's concerns of Crimson Stalker not winning The FIST and instead going rogue and attacking Gage before the match could even start. The Blue Eyed Reaper steps forward with a large and electrical baton. The Reaper hands it over to Teresa.

Teresa Ames:

What am I supposed to do with this?

Blue Reaper: *[voice modified]*

It's a protective measure. The treatments we are going to give him are not a guarantee to work.

Teresa Ames:

Treatments? What treatments?!?

Reaper Red and Reaper Green appear with a large IV stand and a specially sealed red bag of liquid.

Mr. Fear:

Teresa.... You were warned what would happen if you didn't provide him with the doses recommended. With the developments in The Kabal escalating to a point that is crucial we are dipping into the resources to reassure the world of DEFIANCE that the monster that rips their soul out will be under the FULL control of The Kabal. For they wish it, he will come. One Voice the Sword, without a word he will strike.

Teresa Ames looks entirely confused as the moment seemed to be some form of incantation from the Kabal's mysterious leader. She throws up her arms in protest as The Reapers attempt to insert the IV into the strapped down and unmoving Crimson Stalker. Protests unheard The Reapers continue their work while Teresa paces around.

Teresa Ames:

I really don't think you all listen to me! He's better under my care! Not pumped with this mindless drivel serum! It's useless! It's all about my control over him - not this damn Serum!

Pointing out the IV bag in frustration, Teresa sees that her arguments are falling on deaf ears as the colored Reapers soon inject Crimson Stalker with the IV liquid, his body shaking for a few seconds after the fluid pumps into his veins.

Mr. Fear:

Jason Reeves is a valuable asset to The Kabal that goes beyond just your dynamic and control. His body, his mind, his will. They are all apart of the package of what makes him so dangerous.

The camera's center in on a focused shot of Crimson Stalker, his eyes dead to the world as he receives his mind numbing treatment.

Mr. Fear:

His pursuit and determination in the efforts to achieve our goals will now be more focused than ever. We do not need him to be a man of free will, we need him to be the Sword of The Kabal. The hatred he feels, the terror he can inflict, are all better suited when that's the only cause in his life. He lost his way.... And The Kabal's Red Death is the key he always needed to succeed.

Teresa Ames huffs off in a frustrated stomp, unwilling and unwanted to hear anymore from her employer.

Teresa Ames:

A simple thank you would have been nice from you all!

The Queen of the Kabal stomps off towards the Kabal lair's dark hallways, with a disgusted look on her face as The Reapers continue to work on Crimson Stalker. Mr. Fear remains silent as they continue to work on rebuilding The Kabal's greatest weapon. Jason Reeves lies unmoving on the full body manacles device.

Crimson Stalker:

... ..

Cameras pan into a facial shot of Jason Reeves his breathing intensifies as the serum's effects take over his body, his eyes flush widely open as he seemingly struggles in severe pain. The look of anguish, hatred and yearning paint his eyes. This was not the man who came to DEFIANCE in hopes of freeing his daughter from the grasp of The Kabal, this was a mere weapon in the powerful hands of the group's mysterious benefactors. With so much power and hatred built up and Gage Blackwood completely demolished, one would have to ask, who's next? Fade to black.

TA COLE vs. COUNT NOVICK

Christie Zane stands in front of a DEFIANCE banner.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, I am about to speak to a man who took the fight to Kerry Kuroyama at DEFTv 162... and in tonight's main event, meets Count Novick. My guest at this time: TA Cole.

TA Cole, dressed to compete in his purple and white singlet, steps into frame. He rolls his neck and shakes his arms while jumping up and down to warm up.

Christie Zane:

Mr. Cole, on the heels of an impressive performance for the Favoured Saints championship, you're going to be in action tonight against Count Novick. This issue with The Count goes back months, as...

Cole suddenly snatches the mic out of Christie Zane's hand. He looks down at the veteran DEFIANCE interviewer.

TA Cole:

Christie, I don't need the recap. Let me save you some trouble: a delusional little twerp tried to make a name at my expense, and now I'm going to beat the fantasy out of the so-called "vampire."

Christie folds her hands, not appreciating the mic being rudely snatched away. Cole turns from Zane to look directly into the camera, his face the picture of intensity.

TA Cole:

Tonight, Novick's fun little fairytale comes to an end. You all will see that he is just a man, and like any man... he can be broken. Novick is nonsense. The kind of nonsense I had to deal with for years rotting away in BRAZEN. But no more. Tonight, I shed myself of this BS once and for all. Now, under the tutelage of the great Dr. Ned Reform, I am going toe-to-toe with champions.

Cole looks back to Christie and smirks.

TA Cole:

Dr. Reform returns, you know. On DEFTv 163. And he'll return to a DEFIANCE without Count Novick.

Cole simply drops the mic and storms off screen, leaving the annoyed Christie Zane with her arms still crossed.

We cut to the commentary station.

Lance:

Cole is a man of few words - but what he does say is impactful.

DDK:

It's no secret I have not been a fan of Cole and Reform's recent actions, but even I have to admit that under Reform's thumb, Levi Cole seems to have taken on a new life. He went move-for-move with Kerry Kuroyama this past week - and that is no small feat.

Lance:

Meanwhile, you have TA Cole's opponent - Count Novick. Novick has been playing mind games with Cole for weeks now, and while Novick's antics have earned him a bit of a cult following... I have to say, he needs to take the threat of the much larger TA Cole very seriously.

DDK:

You heard it directly from the man himself: TA Cole is looking to impress Ned Reform ahead of his return to DEFIANCE next week. I don't think that bodes well for the man who calls himself Count Novick.

♪ "Bloodletting (The Vampire Song)" by Concrete Blonde ♪

DDK:

And we'll get right to it!

The haunting chords kick in as the camera cuts from the announcers to the DEFIANCE entranceway as it begins to fill with a billowing red mist. The fans in the arena begin to shake their glowing cell phones along with the beat, and just as the lyrics begin... A RED SPOTLIGHT! It shines in the very center of the entrance way, illuminating a figure. The man is wearing a long black cape and he has it pulled up over his face so that he appears to be a single black blob. The figure remains this way for close to thirty seconds, building the tension.

Without warning, and with tons of dramatic flair, the figure fings open his cape!! It flows behind him to reveal Count Novick! His jet-black hair is slicked back and he poses very dramatically, smirking with the confidence that only being a five hundred year old sex icon can bring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Bran, Transylvania, weighing in at 201 pounds and well over five hundred years old...

COUNT NOVICK!

The crowd busts out a "AH! HA! HA!" in unison after Quimbey announces Novick's name. Still maintaining his suave demeanor, Novick begins to slowly head to the ring.

Lance:

Novick certainly has a flair for the dramatic... OH NO!

The Count's haunting saunter to the ring is cut short by the CRACK of a steel chair against his back!! Novick crumbles to a heap on the ramp, as the swinger of said chair, TA Cole, stands over him with a scowl. The fans begin to boo as Count Novick's theme stops playing and the lights return to normal in the arena.

DDK:

TA Cole came out of nowhere with that chair! Novick has been rocked! Oh no!

TA Cole raises up the chair and brings it down once! Twice! Three more times on Novick's back! The fans are booing as Benny Doyle, who was set to referee this contest, rushes from the ring to try to get Cole to stop the onslaught. Doyle gets in front of Novick, stopping Cole from coming down with a fourth chair shot. Cole throws his hands up and takes a few steps back.

DDK:

We might need to get some help out here for Count Novick if anyone in the back can hear me...

On cue, some DEFIANCE medical personnel run out from the back and huddle around Novick, who isn't moving. TA Cole remains off to the side, his arms folded stoically.

Lance:

Look, Novick is silly - but it's harmless fun. There is absolutely no reason for TA Cole to take it to this level. Beat the man in a match, sure... but not this.

The medical personnel each have one of Novick's arms draped over their shoulders as they bring him to his feet. He's loopy, but seems to be getting his bearings as he begins to limp to the back with some help...

BOOO!!

...when TA Cole SPEARS the ghoul of the night right out of the DEF attendants arms!! Novick folds backwards on impact and rolls down the ramp toward the ring! Cole is back up, snarling at the DEF workers to keep their distance, as he grabs the chair and heads toward The Count with bad things on his mind!

DDK:

This isn't right!!

Grabbing Novick by the collar of his cape, TA Cole violently kicks the ring steps, causing the upper portion to separate off the lower half with a thud. He grabs the lifeless Count Novick and drapes him over the bottom half of the steel ring steps. He looks to the booing crowd and holds up the steel chair.

TA Cole:

Silver bullet!

Random Member of The Faithful:

That's werewolves asshole!

Cole ignores the fan and stands over Novick's beaten form. He raises the chair high over his head. The DEF workers around him yell at him not to do it.

DDK:

No! Okay, this is going too far! Somebody stop him!

Lance:

NO!

CRAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

The chair collides with steel - and Count Novick's skull. Satisfied with his handiwork, TA Cole drops the chair and allows DEF personnel to finally get access to Novick - who isn't moving. Before walking away, Cole helps himself to a souvenir from this brutal display - he unwraps Count Novick's cape and wraps it around his own neck. He walks back up the ramp with the cape flowing behind him.

DDK:

This is sick. This goes beyond any wrestling match or any sense of common decency. This is what Ned Reform has done to this kid?? This is what we should be proud of??

Lance:

Ned Reform returns next week... I guess Cole wasn't lying when he said it would be to a DEFIANCE without Count Novick. Keebs... I don't know if we're ever going to see him again.

DDK:

This kid just wanted to put smiles on people's faces, and this is what he gets? This is what Reform stands for? Someone who doesn't meet his standards deserves to have his career ended?

TA Cole pauses at the top of the ramp, looking around to the jeering Faithful. The usually stoic Cole allows himself a single smile as he grabs Novick's cape and pulls it up over his face. Mockingly, he releases it and makes a big show of posing like a vampire. He looks into the camera.

TA Cole:

aH. aH. aH.

The last thing we see is the darkness in TA Cole's eyes. We can be sure Ned Reform will be pleased.

THE REZINATOR: SLUDGEMENT DAY

Late at night, in the pristine lobby of a high-rise building in downtown New Orleans, a sole bespectacled security guard sits at the desk. Passively rifling through the pages of a Bass Masters magazine, he is wholly unaware that his peace is about to be broken...

The door swings open, and entering the lobby is "Synthwave Rezin" - HIGH-berdyne Systems Model R-420, otherwise known as the REZINATOR. The Escape Artist is clad in all black, accentuated by his leather jacket and Gargoyles ANSI Classic shades. Stiff and machine-like, he approaches the desk.

The Rezinator:

I am a friend of the Kabal. I was told they are here. Could I go see them, please?

The security guard doesn't even look up from his reading material.

Security Guard:

Buddy, I dunno what the hell you're talking about, but I don't want any part of it. Beat it.

Rezin slowly looks over the length of the desk from one end to the other, then leans in to speak to the guard again.

The Rezinator:

HIGH'll be back.

The security guard briefly glances up to watch him leave before going back to his reading material. A moment passes...

...and he looks up as he sees HEADLIGHTS suddenly approaching!

Thunk...

Thunk...

Thunk...

Nothing happens. Shaking his head, the security guard sets aside his magazine and gets out of his chair.

On the other side of the glass door, Rezin is futilely ramming his golf cart up against the reinforced metal door frame.

Thunk...

Thunk...

Thunk...

Frustrated to the point of anger by this point, the security guard thrusts the door open and steps out into the path of the golf cart.

Security Guard:

Knock that off, ya vandal! Look, if I told ya those shady bigwigs you're probably looking for are on the top floor in the penthouse suite, would ya just frigg off already? I don't get paid enough to deal with punks like you!

The Rezinator promptly rises from the seat of the golf cart.

The Rezinator:

Thank you for your cooperation.

Rezin steps past the guard and enters the building, walking over to the row of elevators past the front desk. He presses the button to call the elevator, and one immediately opens.

The Rezinator:

My CPU systems have hacked into the network. Excellent.

The Escape Artist walks into the elevator and stands in the dead center, turning around as the doors close behind him so he can dramatically cross his arms and tilt his head to the side. He looks cool as fuck...

...until some normie businessman suddenly catches the door and slips in at the last second. Now that he's not alone, the Goat Bastard's cool and robotic stoicism melts into an annoyed groan.

Businessman:

Oh, hey, thanks! Can you hit the fifth floor, please?

The Rezinator groans once again as he hits the button and the doors close...

Several minutes and many, many stops later, the elevator finally arrives on the top floor. Many other passengers picked up along the way step out and disperse through the hallways, until the only one left is a very irritated Rezin. Alone again, he regains his cool.

The Rezinator:

Tonight... vengeance will be mine. SCROW... prepare to be... *REZINATED!*

[*↪ "Humans Are Such Easy Prey" by Perturbator ↪*](#)

He begins marching down the hallway like an unstoppable killing machine, feet falling in time with the synthwave beats. The tension builds as a set of doors appear at the end of the ornately decorated hall.

The placard on the near wall clearly reads: "SPECIAL VIP BUSINESS SUITE - DO NO DISTURB - ABSOLUTELY NO SHADY BUSINESS HAPPENING INSIDE".

The Rezinator:

Target acquired.

BAM!

Rezin kicks the doors open!

Inside, the penthouse suite is vast and luxurious, decorated with neon accents and marble pillars. In the back of the room, a massive aquarium casts an ethereal blue glow over everything. At the center of the room is a large glass table surrounded by black leather sofas. Spread out across the table are the tell-tale clues of crime: knives, stacks of money, kilos of powder... the stuff you'd expect to see in a luxurious criminal hideaway.

Seated around the table are four unseemly types that look like they belong to the criminal underworld. Upon the doors bursting open, they bounce up to their feet in surprise.

Thug:

What the HELL?!

Hoodlum:

Who is THIS clown!?

Crook:

Youse guys, this CAN'T be the stripper we ordered!

The Rezinator DEFIANT-ly steps into the penthouse suite.

The Rezinator:

Members of the Kabal... you are about to be *REZINATED*!

The fat man in the white suit at the head of the table, clearly the boss of this outfit, frantically points to the interloper.

Boss:

Don't just stand there, you mooks! GET HIM!!

The thug, some discount Vin Diesel looking jabroni in track pants and a black tank, is the first to come charging at Rezin. The Rezinator deftly sidesteps, slips around the arm while doing some parkour off the furniture, leaps up, and drives him down into a nearby expensive-looking lamp on an end-table with an INTO THE VOID out of nowhere!!

CRASH!

He points to the next in line, a shifty hoodlum hidden behind shades and an oversized hoodie.

The Rezinator:

You're move, normie.

Hoodlum:

You PUNK!! You're DEAD!!

The hoodlum attempts to tackle him to the floor by the waist, but the Rezinator reflexively SOMERSAULTS over his back, his legs catching the bald, mottled head of the greasy crook decked out in old-fashioned clothes.

Crook:

EY, OH, GET OFF MY FACE YOUSE --

SMASH!

Rezin sends the crook FLYING through the air with the REZINRANA, absolutely obliterating a priceless-looking vase near the wall and leaving him in a heap. The Escape Artist immediately kips up to his feet and dusts off the shoulder of his jacket.

The Rezinator:

No problemo.

Boss:

Good God, I need to get OUT OF HERE!

The boss scurries away, as the remaining hoodlum comes running once again, screaming for blood. But the Rezinator, seeing him without having to look, promptly bounces to the top of a couch and lays him out with a SLOW-MOTION REZINSAULT through the glass table!

CRUSH!

Dollar bills go flying into the air off the impact. Rezin rises off the fallen hoodlum and broken glass with white powder smashed into his face.

The Rezinator:

Excellent.

Grinning ear to ear, he HUFFS IN through his nose... and suddenly grimaces.

The Rezinator:

Ugh... fuck. My sensors indicate that this is just baby powder and Vitamin C. Leave it to you scumbags to peddle the fake shit.

Rezin scans the room until he detects motion around the fish tank. Rezin approaches and takes a moment to admire the great underwater view of a coral reef. Then through the glass, he spies the Boss hiding on the other side, cowering in fear. The Rezinator nods, his target acquired.

The Rezinator:

Sober or high, you're coming with me!

The Escape Artist reels back...

Boss:

NOOOOOO!!

SMUSSSSHHHHHH!!!

A spinning CLOVEN HOOF HEEL KICK, causes the aquarium glass to shatter upon impact, and the whole fish tank explodes into a cascade of water, glass, and fish. Wailing in terror, the crimeboss is feebly trying to crawl away. Then he hears heavy footfalls crushing the shards of glass into the wet carpet, and before long the REZINATOR is there, pulling him up by the collars of his jacket and shaking him violently.

The Rezinator:

Where is Scrow?

Boss:

...WHAT?!

The Escape Artist shakes him even harder, getting more demanding.

The Rezinator:

WHERE IS SCROW?? Tell me his location, or prepare to be... *REZINATED!*

Boss:

WHO?! WHAT!? I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

The Rezinator:

Don't lie to me, normie. The Kabal isn't worth protecting.

Boss:

WHAT?! WHO the FUCK is a SCROW?! WHO ARE YOU, you weirdo, and WHAT do you WANT?!

The Rezinator pauses for a moment as his internal CPU computes this sudden acquisition of important data.

The Rezinator:

...is this the penthouse suite for the Kabal?

Boss:

What? NO!! This is the CARTEL penthouse! The KABAL penthouse is in the building two blocks over!

The Rezinator:

...hm. Understood. Affirmative.

Rezin releases the boss and slowly rises up. His face remains expressionless, but the tenseness in his jaw suggests

he's trying really, REALLY hard not to explode.

The Rezinator:

Apologies for this intrusion, citizen. Clearly, my CPU did not think this through. Please carry on with your criminal activities, as if none of this ever happened.

The crimeboss looks on absolutely dumbstruck as Rezin nonchalantly walks back through the carnage he created before stopping and turning back at the door.

The Rezinator:

Thank you for your cooperation. Hasta la vespa, baby.

He exits, again marching robotically in time to the synthwave beats in his head.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.