

SHOW OPEN



OSCAR BURNS' DIG DOWN DEEP CHALLENGE (2)

Lance:

It's time again! As first heard on the most recent edition of DEF Radio, we have Oscar Burns in the house for the second edition of the Oscar Burns Dig Down Deep Challenge!

DDK:

That we do! Oscar Burns has A LOT to answer for when he assaulted Dex Joy at the end of our show last week AND had the nerve to turn down his challenge for DEFCON! Tonight, another brave star has the chance to answer his challenge with some extra prizes. Let's go to the intros.

♪ "Ultimate Battle" by Fredriech Habetler ♪

The opening montage plays some of Burns' greatest hits over the opening intro to the theme...

Burns with his two previous FIST and WrestleUTA World Title wins.

Burns with his DEFy wins.

Burns with his record fiftieth win in DEFIANCE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Out comes the New Zealander, in his ring gear with the golden shovel raised high over his head! He points it at the ring and talks to the camera in front of him.

Oscar Burns:

WELCOME TO OSCAR BURNS PRESENTS UNCUT, GC'S! LET'S GET TO IT!

He heads down to the ring and soaks in what he feels is adulation, but is jeered for his sanctimonious attitude. Oscar gets to the ring and traipses up the steel steps. He poses mid-apron, wipes his feet and then climbs into the ring. The man who calls himself synonymous with DEFIANCE motions for a microphone and grabs it from ringside. The music fades out and Burns is showered in boos immediately. It takes a moment for the reaction to die down before he speaks.

Oscar Burns:

-urns. THANK YOU, NEW ORLEANS! YOU'RE THE BEST YOU REALLY ARE!

DDK:

Ugh.

The man proclaiming himself to be DEFIANCE continues.

Oscar Burns:

You heard it on DEF Radio first, GCs! Tonight, I'm offering ANY star, BRAZEN or DEFIANCE, the chance to not only win my prized golden shovel...

He waves for a stagehand at ringside to hand over a package. Oscar holds up an envelope.

Oscar Burns:

Here it is, GCs! Five-thousand dollar bonus prize... and a one-way ticket right out of New Orleans!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar is taken aback after the reaction to his thinly-veiled cheap shot.

Oscar Burns:

No, no, no, GCs! I mean they can take a vacation from here! With this money! I am DEFIANCE! I would never stoop so low as to insult you all... but you know who would? You know who does? Every week just by virtue of existing? DEX JOY!

Even louder booing!

Oscar Burns:

He's a bully, he's a thug and he wants to be the face of this company! But after tonight, this will be the last time that you hear me utter his name. I refuse to give him any more free press off my name. Instead, I'm turning my attention to tonight's Oscar Burns D3C! The Dig Down Deep Challenge! Now... bring me an opponent! Show me the future of DEFIANCE! Who is stepping up?

Burns waits for a few more moments...

♪ "Learn To Crawl" by Black Lab ♪

With the theme, out comes another BRAZEN star to take up the challenge. The lean and toned young man comes out to some cheers from the BRAZEN crowd as a young man who has done pretty well for himself.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is the Oscar Burns Dig Down Deep Challenge! Accepting tonight's challenge... from Costa Mesa, California, weighing in at 225 pounds... he is **NATHAN CROSS!**

DDK:

I know Nathan Cross very well! Six-foot four! Two-hundred twenty five pounds! He boasts a very accomplished athletic background. He had a great series of matches with the current #1 Contender to the BRAZEN Championship, "One Shot" Jack Halcyon.

Lance:

Indeed! This is a massive opportunity for Cross! We'll see what he can do against a former three-time world champion in our sport.

Cross jumps onto the ring apron and then once more over the ropes to land in the ring. The crowd cheers the young man as he stands across from Burns. Ten minutes on the clock appear as both men get ready to compete. Once they do, referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING

The two men lock up and it is Burns that takes advantage first. He grabs the arm and then starts to try and snap Cross over quickly. Before Cross can react too quickly, Oscar switches up to the leg before nailing a single leg takedown. After dropping Cross to the mat in quick fashion, the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE smiles and waves a hand out for the jeering crowd.

DDK:

A little wrestling 101 from Burns, but time is on that clock. He needs to focus.

Lance:

I hate to say this, but... does he? He has a huge edge in experience and mat ability over Cross. He's dictating the pace rather easily.

The former Twists and Turns gets back up and motions for another lockup with Nathan Cross. They lock up again and Cross shoots Burns off to the ropes with an unexpected Irish whip. He comes back, but when Cross tries an impressive leapfrog, Burns snatches the leg and takes him down a second time before leaping over to the neck and working him over with a cravate necklock! He works over the neck of Cross who tries to get free, but Oscar sinks

down to a knee to keep from being pushed away again.

Cross starts to try and stand, but when he does, Burns fires an upward knee to the face, followed by a second and a third. He rocks Cross and then levels him with an extra-stiff European uppercut, knocking him flat to the canvas!

DDK:

Maybe you're right, but there's wrestling a great match and then there's playing around. Oscar Burns is clearly taking Nathan Cross lightly.

Lance:

I have no doubt about that. Burns takes Cross to his feet... then another European uppercut!

Cross gets knocked back into the corner while Burns takes his time with a little over a minute and a half down. He grabs the arm and then whips Cross. He charges across the ring and tries a european uppercut... but Cross springs on the ropes and leaps back OVER Oscar, sending him tumbling into the corner! The crowd cheers when the athletic Cross hurriedly runs off one set of ropes, then back to the other side to FLOOR Burns with a big jumping back elbow smash!

DDK:

Yes! Cross with a big move! He takes Burns off his feet!

Lance:

And the crowd want to see this massive upset tonight!

Cross kips to his feet after the big move and waits for the former two-time FIST to stand up. When he does, he gets knocked right out of the ring with an AMAZING dropkick with some big hangtime on it! Burns gets knocked out to the floor while Cross looks out to the crowd.

DDK:

Come on, kid! Don't pay attention to the crowd! Pay attention to your opponent!

Lance:

The Faithful want to see this! An upset in the making!

Cross measures up Burns near the ropes and then takes flight with a HUGE hangtime-filled box jump onto the top rope before cascading from the top to the floor! He wipes out the Kiwi on the floor and then gets the Faithful fired all the way up!

Lance:

The way this kid moves around the ring is a sight to behold!

DDK:

Cross gets him back into the ring! There's a chance they could take a countout but he wants to win this the right way!

Burns is struggling in the ring to figure out where he is. He turns and sees a big blur coming at him... the blur of Nathan Cross taking flight with a picture-perfect diving crossbody! Right on Burns! Right into the cover!

ONE... TWO...

But Oscar kicks out! Cross checks with Benny Doyle to make sure that the count was a two, but the two fingers up from Doyle leads to a look of disappointment from the BRAZEN star.

DDK:

Cross gets a nearfall! That's huge in itself, but he's gotta stay on him if he wants a three-count!

Cross goes to the ring apron and then starts to climb to the top once again, egging the crowd on.... But before he can land it, Burns grabs the leg and YANKS on it, sending Nathan tumbling back first on the top rope before crashing back to the canvas!

Lance:

NO! Cross went to the well one too many times as we like to say and Burns countered!

With about three and half minutes down, Burns pulls Nathan up before he can do anything else... then JARS his back with a belly-to-back backbreaker! Cross thrashes about in pain after two nasty attacks geared to the back! Oscar then drags him mid-ring... then slaps on a quick modified high angled boston crab!

DDK:

Submission locked in by Burns! He has the hold locked on AND in a bad way! It looks like he's trying to break Cross in half!

Lance:

But can Cross get to the ropes!

The standing boston crab has him in the middle of the ring! Cross tries to fight and starts to scurry near the ropes...

He's almost there...

Almost...

DDK:

NO! BURNS DRAGS HIM BACK TO THE MIDDLE!

The Faithful jeer when Burns cranks back! Cross tries to fight again, but Burns STOMPS on the head of Cross to keep him from going anywhere!

Lance:

NO! Burns with those signature stomps to stomp him in his tracks!

He cranks back... until Nathan has no choice but to tap!

TAP TAP TAP!

DING DING DING

Burns lets go of the hold and drops Nathan Cross to the canvas before raising his hands and cheering with a little over four minutes down! He is handed his golden shovel and holds it high in one hand while he holds out his free hand for Benny Doyle to raise. He holds it up as Burns has a smile he can't wipe off his face.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner as a result of a submission... **OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

Great performance by Nathan Cross! He's been one to watch in BRAZEN for some time and he may just continue with a performance like that!

Lance:

Nathan gave Oscar Burns some trouble with those big aerial moves but Burns targeted the back quickly and viciously to ground him until it paid off.

Burns collects the envelope and then leans over to pat a game Nathan Cross on the back while he's down before

leaving the ring. He raises both the golden shovel and the prize envelope before heading to the back. Cross is still favoring his back, but he gets cheers from the Faithful as he gets helped out of the ring and the show moves on.

HELP US SOLVE THE CRIMSON PUZZLE

DDK:

Welcome back! Earlier today, we caught up with Magdalena during a bit of downtime at the Ballyhoo Brew.

Cameras cut to Ballyhoo Brew. It's not standing room only, but as the cameras catch those in attendance, we find Christy Zane & Magdalena sitting at the bar on stools. Clearly, this is a recorded bit with cut shots from person to person.

"Riiilleeeey," Magdalena said to Christy Zane, her voice doing her best to mimic Crimson Stalker, and doing it poorly. Magdalena had a glass of soda in hand. Christy had a brew in front of her, fitting since it was, after all, at the Ballyhoo. "You wanna try to sleep after hearing that horror show?"

Christy took a drink then gestured. "But if you wanna know more about your current nightmare, try over there." On a table, tucked into the darkened corner booth was a bottle of whiskey and a small shot glass, half full of the liquid amber. An arm extended out of the shadows into the faint light.

"Who is it?" Magdalena asked.

"Terry Anderson."

"P.I.?" Magdalena said. "How bout no."

"Terry's been tied all in the Reeves stuff forever," Christy said. "If anyone could understand what's happening, it's Mr. Anderson."

"The whole thing sounds about as looney as the matrix," Magdalena said. "That's one red pill I can do without."

"Your decision," Christy said. "But Terry looks to already be pliable."

Magdalena squinted. "How do you know?"

Christy chuckled. "The bottle." Sure enough, the whiskey was half full, or half empty, dependent on perspective. "Loose lips sink ships."

Magdalena pushed her hands against the bar top. "I can't believe I'm actually doing this." With a shove, Magdalena dropped from the stool to the floor and grabbed her glass. She stood at the edge of her former seat, steadying her nerves. "Wish me luck."

Christy made the wish, but as Magdalena worked her way across the room, she realized she should have wished to not remember much of her previous dealings with this man. Terry Anderson worked directly for Vacio, or Reeves, or whoever was behind it all. Terry had been the PI that stalked the hospital. He had found the Deacon's son, Jack, and worse yet, Terry had shared it with the world. He'd started the nightmare that had ended at last year's DEFCON, or so she, and the Deacon, had thought.

"Mister Anderson," Magdalena said once she reached his table.

"I can top off that drink if you want," Terry said. He'd not shaved in a few days, or a week, and likely not bathed. At one point, the Deacon had hoped he could reach Terry with something more than hope found in a bottle, but that'd not exactly worked out.

"It's Soda," Magdalena said.

"Mine goes great with Coke."

Magdalena sighed. "Can I have a seat?"

“Pretty dame like you wanna have a drink with me?” Terry said. “Usually, I gotta pay for that.”

Magdalena ignored the comment, but took it as a ‘yes’. She sat. Absently, she took a sip from her drink to steady her nerves. “What can you tell me about Riley?”

“Straight to business? I like that in a lady. Here’s the thing though,” Terry said before taking another sip of his whiskey. “Information is my service, and usually *I* get paid for that.”

“How about you drink with, as you said, a pretty dame, and we call it even?” Magdalena asked, taking another sip to accentuate his earlier comment.

Terry laughed, a bit harder than expected. “Fair enough. Whatcha wanna know?”

“Whatever you can tell me.”

Pressing the glass around with his fingers, the conversation turned dark quick.

“A daughter... is always your daughter. Regardless of rebellion...regardless of the terrible things she says to you, her choices... I loved her as much as any Father could, but I didn’t get her or understand her as she always put it.”

Terry takes a long drink then laughs again, unexpectedly.

“But somehow Jason did. She chased after exactly what she disliked about her own father, a god forsaken wrestler! And a maniac wrestler at that!”

Scratching his head, Terry’s eyes stared upwards towards Magdalena as he lifted his chin upwards.

“Two years before my granddaughter Jessica came to DEFIANCE, Riley passed away from cancer. I think the death... fractured Jason and Jessica’s relationship into something different. Jessica was tired of feeling alone in Seattle and used her mother’s passing to move away from Jason, to get out of his shadow.”

Another long swig and the former PI, former Portland State Wrestling Champion, former Insane Wrestling Federation Announcer, the knowledge of Terry ‘The Idol’ Anderson was being put on full display under his loose tongue.

“But... Why is Jason screaming her name now?” Magdalena asked. “Why did he attack those two that were dressed like Deacon and I?”

With a swipe of his hand, Terry gave the sign of uncertainty.

“It’s been a long while since I dived into the web of what’s going on between my former son-in-law and The Kabal. If you want my advice, I’d say whomever or whatever is controlling ‘Crimson Stalker’ now, is directing his anger at his wife’s passing that Jason’s always held back and unleashing it like a weapon. But.. how? Who knows.”

Suddenly, there was a commotion in the distance of Ballyhoo Brew. Terry & Magdalena turned toward the sound. Terry’s eyes flared before a disbelieving shake. He rubbed his eyes then slipped out of his booth.

“Is that Jessica?!?” Terry asked.

“What do you mean I can’t... can’t... come in??” Jessica asked Dam at the entrance.

Jessica’s words were slurred and incoherent, complaints blending with pushes as she tried to move Dam backwards. He sidestepped her and she stumbled into her Grandfather, Terry Anderson. He caught her, steadied her. Dam threw his hands up in apology.

“You smell like you’ve been drinking all day, I can’t let you in sorry.” Dam said.

Before things got out of hand, Terry said "She.... sorry Dam. This isn't like her..."

Still holding Jessica steady, Terry put himself between her and Dam. He turned to Jessica and asked. "Weren't you supposed to be at Wrestle-Plex tonight?"

Jessica's eyes turned dark as she stared at her grandfather, then toward Magdalena as the Deacon's manager walked toward them.

"I don't have time for this... I'm not answering that fucking prick. I don't give a fucking shit what he's going to expose! Wanna know why??" Jessica voice turned shrill.

The awkward exchange left Magdalena flummoxed, a word she couldn't spell but could certainly feel at the moment.

"I've bleed to be in that fucking ring... I've clawed at that god forsaken ladder.... I don't need to answer HIM... especially some fucking reject like a FAKE like him."

The Original Reaper's words were everywhere, just as her mind.

Terry braced his hand against Jessica's shoulder then asked, "Who's him? Do you mean Ned Reform?!? Or something with The Kabal? Have... have you been to a meeting lately? Come on... go outside... I'll take you to one."

Jessica looked back up at her grandfather, shoving Terry backwards and into Magdalena. They both stumbled back as Terry held up his hands.

"Jessica calm down!"

Crimson red flashed in Jessica's eyes as she stared at the now onlooking crowd of Ballyhoo Brew.

"Calm down? You want me to fucking calm down? Why? Because the monster I warned DEFIANCE about is now wrecking the havoc that I tried to stop and no one - including YOU! Would fucking help me?!"

Jessica's finger pointed at Terry, her grandfather, but Jessica wasn't done yet, her eyes switched to Magdalena, along with Jessica's finger.

"And Magdalena... I would run, run as far and as fast as you can because Crimson Stalker is not something I know how to stop. No one knows how to stop it, that's why I asked for help and look what it got me!?"

Jessica showed her scarred arm, the same one that she faked as being broken before almost decapitating Ned Reform at DEFTV 165.

"A broken fucking arm and the pleasure of being kicked out of here. So, guess what? I'm done warning people about what my father is capable of. I'm tired of warning you all that The Kabal should have been stopped years ago. And I'm not going to QUIT because Ned Reform wants to unveil my closet." Jessica moved towards the exit, still glaring at both her grandfather and Magdalena. "Stay away from me and stay out of my father's way because I'm not helping either of you anymore. Not after..."

Turning away, Jessica 'Guardian' Fear wiped her face of tears before exiting the scene through the front entrance. Terry awkwardly shoved his hands into his pockets while looking back to Magdalena.

"I was not expecting that.... Either way... I'll help you now. I need to find out what's going on once and for all because... if I don't do it... I'm afraid no one ever will."

Being a former private eye, Terry had a way of finding 'things' out. It would be interesting to see what exactly he could turn up. But Magdalena had seen plenty. She smiled at Terry.

"I think I've seen enough," Magdalena said before she picked up her drink, and took it back to the bar to leave it for

the bartender. "Deacon wants to know more, he can ask himself."

Camera cuts and UNCUT goes to commercial.

DOUBLE DIPPED CONE

Teresa Ames lollygags around backstage, trying to pry into other people's gossip to no avail. She nuzzles up to the stage crew but they promptly move away from her because she's toxic. She cozies up next to the makeup ladies but they scoff at her attempt to socialize. Depressed, she meanders down the hall backstage.

Teresa Ames:

This is bullshit. No one likes me. How is that even possible? I'm a pure delight. I'm just like fat free yogurt.

She stops dead in her tracks as she can hear the roar of the crowd from the event going on within the arena. Her eyes shoot through a dogleg turn in the hall and notices that it leads straight to the public concourse.

Teresa Ames:

F#%k it.

She swears as she inserts herself into the crowded public walkway. She goes unnoticed for the most part. Her eyes can't believe all the fun concession stands she sees.

Teresa Ames:

Hot dogs, cotton candy and everyone's favorite, popcorn! Haha! Pop, pOp, PoP, pop, POP!

Her bad Pennywise impression aside, Teresa finally decides to belly up to the ice cream vendor.

Teresa Ames:

Hi, yes, I'd like one double dipped cone please. I'm totally single and alone right now so I thought I'd eat my feelings, am I right? Haha.

Her voice is drenched in desperation as the concession stand employee fetches her a double dipped cone. They exchange funds for ice cream and Teresa is back to her skipping self. She eventually darts back into the talent only area while licking her cone of frozen dairy.

Teresa Ames:

This is a DOUBLE dipped cone? It sure doesn't taste like it. I said I wanted to eat my feelings, not go on a diet. My tongue is adept at tasting all sorts of flavors and this is definitely not a double dipped cone. I am so disappointed.

At least knowing she won't get fat from eating a single dipped cone, Teresa continues on her way until she catches a glimpse of the one and only Lindsay Troy.

Teresa Ames:

HEY! MA GURL LINDZ! WHAT UP SISTA!?

Fortunately for Teresa, Dan Ryan is not around and Lindsay has no place to go as she is caught in a corner of the training area, stretching before her match with Gage Blackwood. Teresa gets right into LT's personal space, cone in hand.

Teresa Ames:

I'm going to omit the fact you pulverized the face of my best friend Malak months ago and pounce on my opportunity to talk to the legendary one directly.

Lindsay Troy:

I'd really prefer you didn't.

The Queen tries to ignore the Cute 'n Qwerty girl but Teresa continues to stand and stare, all the while licking her ice cream cone. Lindsay rolls her eyes.

Lindsay Troy:

What are you doing?

Teresa Ames:

Oh nothing. Just trying to enjoy my double, nay, single dipped cone. Sads. You see, I ventured out to the concessions and asked for a double dipped cone. Instead, they gave me a single dipped cone which obviously isn't good enough. I WANT A DOUBLE DIPPED CONE DAMMIT.

A theoretical lightbulb electrifies above Teresa's head, and she bites her lip, her gaze lowering to around the loin area of LT.

Teresa Ames:

Actually, come to think of it, I'm pretty sure I know a way to make this a double dipped cone. Will you help me?

Lindsay stops stretching and levels the Keyboard Queen with the Timberlake Stare™. Teresa licks all around the cone, bats her eyelashes, and winks.

Lindsay Troy:

Oooooookaaayyyy.....

Having had about enough of this, Troy grabs her towel, phone, and water bottle and muscled her way past Teresa with a shake of her head. Ames stares at the departing Troy.

Teresa Ames:

Damn gurl, I didn't know she had a booty to boot. Juicy.

Teresa licks away at her single dipped cone only imagining the things she would do to a tied up Lindsay Troy.

MAX LUCK vs. ELIJAH CROSS

DDK:

Coming up next on UNCUT we have one on one action between BRAZEN star Elijah Cross who is about to take on a tall order ... quite literally. One half of the Lucky Sevens, Max Luck!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens have just torn apart anyone and everyone lately since declaring themselves the Main Event Monsters of DEFIANCE Wrestling! Every team in the division from Los Tres Titanes, Pop Culture Phenoms, and up to the Saturday Night Specials know first hand how dangerous they are! And Elijah Cross might find that out too!

And already in the ring, Elijah Cross leans over the ropes and then yells at the camera, talking lots of indecipherable trash as Quimbey makes the intro.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Currently in the ring, from The Mean Streets of Philly... weighing in at 225 pounds, this is ELIJAH CROSS!

Elijah Cross:

XTREME! WITH AN X!!! I'M SO X, I GOT THREE XS!!!

He makes a crappy X motion with his hands to the hard camera and then waits for his opponent. Ophelia Sykes steps out from the back and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are on her like crazy!

Ophelia Sykes:

I know! I know! All you women out there should boo me! I mean ... look at all this! This killer bod has driven people more nuts than a Planters factory!

She does a twirl on the stage and stops to show off her rear side for an extra second then back to the front.

Ophelia Sykes:

And as Lady Luck, the official spokeswoman for the Lucky Sevens I'm here to tell Elijah Cross that your night is about to get a whole lot worse! You people thought Oscar Burns was going to give you the main event experience tonight but there is *nothing* compared to a five-star beatdown from one of the Main Event Monsters! With Mason Luck at his side, please welcome at seven feet tall! At three-hundred and seven pounds ... MAAAAAAXXXXXXXXXX
LUUUUUUCCCKKKK!!!!

♪ "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.

They flash the crowd the Winning Hand pose again and Max Luck takes one look at Elijah Cross and looks pretty confident in his chances tonight. The big man heads up to the apron and starts climbing over the ropes when Elijah pounces quickly!

DING DING

DDK:

I think Elijah Cross is doing the smartest thing that he can do! It's either pounce or be pounced when you fight one of the Lucky Sevens!

Lance:

A lesson Los Tres Titanes found out first hand last week after they cost the Lucky Sevens a match to Only Flips on the last UNCUT!

Mason Luck and Ophelia are watching Max Luck get his hand up from a barrage of right hands from Cross. But one push of his boot to the chest of Cross is all Max needs to put him down! Max laughs and then even dares Cross to get up. He offers Cross a free shot by putting up a hand on his chin ... but Cross instead goes low and tries kicking the leg of Max.

DDK:

Smart move by Cross! He does have some degree of marital arts background ... maybe?

Lance:

He better use it! Enough kicks can chop any man down!

Cross believe he has Max where he wants him and leaps with some Steven Seagal type thrust kick that doubles Max over. He has Big Money Max and then he goes for the ropes with perhaps another kick in mind ... but instead, his mind gets turned inside out from a *huge* unexpected clothesline by Max! Cross gets it so hard he spins around on the mat after he lands!

Lance:

On the other side of that argument one lariat from either Luck is enough to bring any many down!

Max does not look pleased in the lease that Elijah Cross got any sort of offense on him. He pulls Max up and then pushes him back into the ropes. Max gets him ready and then uses another big clothesline that spins Cross smack dab over the top rope and he takes a nasty tumble to the outside.

DDK:

And another big lariat from the seven foot Max Luck knocks Elijah Cross outside the ring!

Max Luck steps over the ropes and lands outside on his feet. He walks over and he casually fist bumps both his brother and his manager. He sees Elijah Cross starting to stand up and then runs around the corner to hit ...

Yep! Another running lariat on Elijah Cross!

Lance:

That lariat seems to be the move of choice for Max Luck tonight! He is normally the more flashy of the two twins but tonight he's not doing any of that. He's just right on mayhem tonight.

DDK:

I think Elijah Cross does not have much longer in this match!

Elijah Cross does not know which direction is up but Max Luck doesn't care about his well being. Max Luck picks him up by the throat and then forces Cross up. He climbs onto the apron and then pulls Elijah Cross up with him. Cross is leaned against the ropes and can barely stand on his own without Max Luck. Big Money Max laughs at Elijah's expense ...

Then hits *another* lariat that sends him spinning over the ropes and then back inside the ring!

DDK:

And yet another big lariat out of the big man!

Lance:

I think Elijah Cross is done for the night and someone's gonna need to get him a ride home! Probably in an ambulance!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful boo Max Luck as he raises his fist. He smiles and then raises the Winning Hand. He holds it out and claws the head of the Cross who now kicks frantically in pain! Max yanks him back upright!

DDK:

The Winning Hand! That face claw is a move passed on from their grandfather, wrestling legend "Wild" Winston Luck!

Max continues to apply pressure to the skull of Cross and shakes him around on his feet. He pulls him from the claw right to a powerful standing lariat!

DDK:

Max Luck hits his finish! Luck's Run Out! There has been no truer statement for Max Luck!

Cross is out cold from the last shot! Max puts a boot on his chest and poses with the Winning Hand up for the cover!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

Max Luck gets done with his business in the ring and boots Cross's body right out of the ring. Mason Luck and Ophelia walk into the ring and join him.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner ... MAAAAAAXXXXXX LLLLLUUUCCCKKKK!!!

DDK:

No surprise here I'm afraid! Max Luck delivers what he promises is another five star beatdown!

Max Luck and Mason Luck both chat it up in the ring and enjoy the "hard fought" win tonight.

Lance:

I've said it before but we have to repeat it ... the Lucky Sevens have just become so dangerous since Acts of DEFIANCE! They injured their own trainers, The House! Nobody has been safe from their assaults.

Before the three can leave the ring, they get stopped by a post-match interview from Chris Trutt who doesn't look like he wants to be near any one of the giants.

Chris Trutt:

Max Luck! Congratulations on that win! Um ... how are you doing?

Max and Mason both look unsure as to why Chris Trutt is out there.

Mason Luck:

And you're a nervous mush-mouthed asshole. Sorry I thought we were have a "state the obvious" contest.

Ophelia Sykes:

And if this is, then my boys would destroy that too!

Max Luck looks like he's going to be the voice of reason.

Max Luck:

Trutt ... I don't know why you're out here cause I'm not Rezin. My brother *mangled* that junkie a while back. So unless you're out here to congratulate us some more or give us some worthwhile news, then beat it. Kick rocks. Leave. Get

the fuck out.

Trutt swallows a very nervous gulp.

Chris Trutt:

Well ... I am out here with news! I was told to tell you ... and remember I'm just th messenger here so don't shoot me or lariat me or claw my face ... but Max Luck next week you have a match against the returning Minute!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer that big announcement! Max and Mason don't look very happy and neither does Ophelia.

Chris Trutt:

I was asked to come out here and see if we could get a sound byte for that match ... please? Oh don't murder me!

Max, Mason and Ophelia continue looking displeased with this news ... then fake belly laugh!

Max Luck:

Tell that five feet of nothing, one-hundred pounds of nothing that all the flips and jumps and skips and dives don't mean a damn against me! We've been kicking LTT's asses for weeks and if they want another one bring it!

Mason Luck:

We don't care if you're five foot two, seven foot eight or any size in between. The Main Event Monsters don't discriminate against anyone who wants to get a Five-Star Beatdown! Let's get out of here! Good work, Max!

Ophelia Sykes:

Yeah good work!

Max leads the way for his twin and Ophelia Sykes to head back after a one sided match!

DDK:

Minute versus Max Luck! Minute might have the biggest heart of anyone in DEFIANCE Wrestling but is he even a hundred percent after the Lucks both threw him into a closed garage door?

Lance:

I know that if Minute finds a way then he'll fight the Lucks!

THE PORTALZ HAVE OPENED

DDK:

Well, on the last Uncut, we saw a new tag team arrive here who quickly became the talk of the town!

Lance:

Yes, because no one knows what the hell they are talking about...

Standing in the ring right now is a chubby man in his 30s with long blonde hair with a beard that's a bit darker in color wearing ice blue trunks with a series of ice cubes on the rear, with a woman with dead, vacant eyes with a low-cut blouse taking off his robe. Next to him is a younger, scrawny kid with a 'dirtlip' style skeezy mustache and a shaved head wearing black fingerless leather gloves and black short trunks with the word 'Overdrive' written in red cursive on the ass.

Darren Quimbey:

Now in the ring, hailing from Duluth, Minnesota is "Iceman" Kevin Kearns with his valet Lady Veronica... and his partner, from Kearny, New Jersey, this is "Overdrive" Juan Deluxe!

DDK:

What do you know about this tandem, Lance?

Lance:

Well, not much. "Iceman" Kevin Kearns is a longtime journeyman, and I'm shocked that Lady Veronica is by his side because they have been divorced on two separate occasions. And I know that "Overdrive" Juan Deluxe has wrestled a few times and has been pestering officials to let him make his debut here... and I guess they finally relented!

The arena goes DARK as the crowd hums. Then there is a powerful lightning strike right by the ring entrance. As the smoke arises, in the shadows, back-to-back stand two figures. One is swinging a giant chain over his head while the other is reaching to the heavens while running in place.

Deep Sounding Voice:

POWERGODZ...

The Faithful erupt and then shout along with the entrance voice.

Deep Sounding Voice:

TAKE! NO! PRISONERS!

"Take No Prisoners" by Megadeth

The crowd is screaming mad as first runs out RYAN ORACLE, wilding swinging his chain around over his head - not caring if it hits any fans, his faux-tanned body glistening with baby oil as he wears gold wristbands with black trunks and in bright gold and red the shape of the Parthenon over his crotch. Quickly running behind him with a lightning bolt in the same decor painted on his face, with matching streamers and fringed boots, and his body also glistening with baby oil is POWERMASTER as he alternates between reaching towards the heavens and beating his chest.

The camera cuts to various fans - two children with lightning bolts painted on their faces, a fan with a cut-out cardboard lightning bolt sign, a few reaching towards the heavens, and another with a fake chain he is holding over his head.

DDK:

A resounding entrance here tonight for PowerGodz! And the bell has not run yet but here comes Juan Deluxe with a plancha to the floor -- NO! He is caught with no problem by Ryan Oracle, who rams him into the ringpost backfirst! And again! And again! And now he deposits him to the floor like a sack of flour!

Lance:

It's not a smart idea to try and launch yourself at a man who claims that he is the son of Zeus!

DDK:

And that leaves "Iceman" Kevin Kearns now in the ring to deal with PowerMaster! And Kevin is now hiding behind his valet-slash-estranged wife! But PowerMaster simply reaches over her and grabs Kearns by his long hair and rips him into the ring! He hoists him up - Gorilla Press! ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! PRESSES! And now he drops him face first. He bounds off the ropes, and hops over Kearns, and now off the others -- BIG SPLASH! This is elementary! ONE! TWO! THREE!

Lady Veronica tends to Kevin Kearns who is rolling out of the ring as Chris Trutt enters the ring as the crowd is incredibly loud before Ryan Oracle stands next to Trutt as PowerMaster paces around the ring beating his chest and snarling.

Chris Trutt:

I'm in the ring right now with the enigmatic PowerGodz, who are taking New Orleans by storm! Ryan Oracle, what can you tell us about your goals here in Defiance?

Ryan Oracle:

Chris... Upon my birth in Ancient Greece, my father Zeus - the King of the Gods - first released ceremonial white doves of peace high above my family's empire! But then he told me 'Ryan Oracle... you are a sentinel! You are built for war!' And then he took me by my foot and dipped me three times into a vat of... LAMB'S BLOOD! LAMB'S BLOOD! LAMB'S BLOOD!

(The Faithful say it with him each time as PowerMaster points to different sides of the ring.) And my father, Zeus, he then said that with war comes victory... and with victory comes trophies... AND TROPHIES ALSO COME IN GOLD! (He makes the 'Belt Around the Waist' gesture as the crowd erupts as he grabs his chain and starts to swing it, making Trutt duck.

PowerMaster:

THOSE WHO STAND DEFIANT... They stand with PowerGodz! They are the ones who are like me imbued in their veins and arteries with the POWWWWEEERRR OF AGGROOO-INTENNZITTTYYY... and the SPIRIT LORDZ HIGH ABOVE - they are the ones who told us all in the stone scriptures entombed in the ocean floor of FOKRUCITY. They are the ones who give us the ability to pry apart the RINGZ OF SATURN - the ability to turn Pluto from a planet into our SECOND SUN! And together, with those who are Defiant... WE! SHALL! REIGGGNNNNNNNN!!!!!!

PowerMaster starts to shake the top rope violently as the crowd erupts. But then Trutt gets a weird panicked look on his face as Ryan Oracle grabs PowerMaster. Trutt quickly drops the mic and rolls out of the ring and hides.

Ryan Oracle:

PowerMaster... The Gods are detecting... detecting an evil presence!

PowerMaster starts sniffing the air. And out walks... KEN ELLIS, wearing "futuristic" sun glasses along with a khaki military shirt with a weird "X" flag emblem over the right pocket and camouflage trunks.

Ken Ellis:

That's right, PowerGodz! I'm Ken Ellis, and I am who you are detecting!

PowerMaster:

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH US MORTAL BEING! WE HAVE NO ISSUES!

Ken Ellis:

Well, you don't have any issues with me now. But decades from now in the future? *[He lets out an evil cackle.]* Well, I'll let THEM tell you about it!

There are multiple dry ice blasts in the ring that cause both members of PowerGodz to first cough and choke. There is

so much dry ice that no one can see what is happening. After 45 seconds, PowerMaster is crawling on the mat with blood trickling down his face. Ryan Oracle is getting to his feet as two men have his chain taught, and then clothesline him with it! They stomp him some more as Ken Ellis laughs and rolls into the ring.

The men flank Ellis. The one on the right is lanky but built, and has a back-length mullet with multiple different colored stripes in his hair, a UPC symbol tattooed on each side of his skull, and is wearing a long Matrix-style black coat with microchips all over them, reflecting the stage lights, along with leg-length trunks also covered with microchips! The man on the right has his head shaved bald up top but has a blonde rat tail. And he has a UPC symbol tattooed on the top of his skull. He is wearing the same microchipped coat/trunks as his partner. And Ellis hand the one on the right the microphone.

Chad Fortune:

My name is Chad Fortune! My partner is Tod Destiny! YOU MAY REFER TO US AS THE SHADOWRUNNERS! We come from the year 2075! We entered the Glowing Portal of The Kalahari to travel back into time to RIGHT THE WRONGS OF THE PAST by eliminating POWERGODZ FROM EXISTENCE! Tell these primitive beings about their rightful place, TOD DESTINY!

Tod Destiny:

In the future... there is ONE MAN who reigns supreme over all! There is ONE MAN who has conquered all of EARTH! And that man is KEN ELLIS!

Ellis cackles with evil laughter, holding his hand triumphantly high in the air!

Tod Destiny:

In the year 2075, ALL MEN ARE PROPERTY OF KEN ELLIS! You are no longer allowed to have names! YOUR CHILDREN ARE GIVEN A NUMBER UPON BIRTH! (Chad Fortune points to a fan.) YOUR SON WILL BE ZERO ZERO ZERO ONE! YOURS WILL BE ZERO ZERO ZERO TWO! YOURS WILL BE ZERO ZERO ZERO THREE! And all of your sons and daughters will be forced INTO THE ORE CAVERNS where they will harvest the ORES the power the algorithm created by OUR MASTER KEN ELLIS that ENSLAVES YOU ALL! Except some... some have chose to rebel to dethrone Our Master Ken Ellis!

Chad Fortune:

The Shadowrunners are THE SWORN PROTECTORS of Our Master Ken Ellis! BUT THOSE FOOLISH REBELS! THEY ARE KNOWN AS THE SENTINELS OF FOKRUCITY! They are the ones who follow your words, PowerGodz! So we have entered through the portal into your primitive world to travel back in time TO ELIMINATE YOU IMMEDIATELY... so Our Master Ken Ellis will REIGN SUPREME AND MAKE YOU ALL HIS COMMODITIES!

Chad Fortune and Tod Destiny once again start to stomp on both PowerMaster and Oracle as Ellis cackles. He holds up his first as each Shadowrunner makes an X like the one on Ellis's military garb with their hands standing behind him.

Ken Ellis:

And NONE of you at all... SHALL DEFY ME! HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

"Too Much Time On My Hands" by Styx

A SPOOKY CHALLENGE

Backstage. A DEFIANCE banner hangs in the background. In the foreground stands everyone's favorite backstage dweeb Chris Trutt. Next to him, dressed in a suit, is TA Cole. Cole is looking intently into the camera while Trutt appears to be slightly nervous.

Chris Trutt:

TA Cole... uh... you requested this interview time... right? So uh... what do... what do you want to say?

Cole snatches the mic away from Trutt, causing the junior reporter to jump back in fear and surprise. Gripping the mic tightly, Cole looks into the camera.

TA Cole:

I'm gonna make this short and sweet. This is an address to that lunatic goof who runs around pretending he's a vampire. For weeks now, you've been playing little games to try to get inside myself and Doctor Reform's head. You think, I suppose, this is some sort of payback for when I crushed your head with those ringsteps months ago. That's when I got this...

Cole reaches off camera, and when his hand comes back into frame, he's holding Count Novick's cape.

TA Cole:

I pulled this off your carcass and I've been wearing it around as a trophy ever since. So you've got two options: you can continue to hide in the shadows and play your spooky games until I eventually track you down and remove your head from your body. Or you can for once in your life stop playing pretend, be a man, and come out and face me one-on-one. Your choice. But either way... the games stop.

Suddenly, Chris Trutt's face goes from timid... to eyes wide open and head snapped back... to a... smile?

Chris Trutt:

Oh. You think yourself such a big man to threaten the great Count Novick so, do you?

Cole's head slowly turns to look at Trutt - clearly confused. Trutt's smile turns into a half smile/half snarl.

Chris Trutt:

Yes. IT IS !! THE TERRIFYING AND DEADLY COUNT NOVICK! I have taken the body of this foolish mortal to deliver a message!

Cole looks directly into the camera. His face says it all - you've got to be kidding me. Trutt continues to become more animated and dare I say - campy.

Chris Trutt:

I will accept your challenge, mortal! Count Novick will finally return to enact his revenge and give you the pleasure of being a victim.

Cole rubs his temples.

TA Cole:

Trutt, I don't know how he got you to do this... but knock it off right now. I'm going to shove your head up your own behind if you keep this up.

Trutt doesn't heed this warning, instead he strikes a dramatic pose as if he were hiding behind a cape that doesn't actually exist.

Chris Trutt:

But don't you want to hear? I accept your challenge! You see - the mysterious Count Novick will return to DEFIANCE

in one month's time - April 6, to be exact! On Uncut 115, Count Novick returns to face YOU - but not just in any regular contest, oh no. For your crimes you must suffer, mortal. Count Novick challenges you...

Trutt lends back with his hands curled in preparation for an evil proclamation.

Chris Trutt:

...to a COFFIN MATCH!

Trutt leans back and lets loose an evil and dramatic laugh. For his part, TA Cole just stares in disbelief... until out of nowhere, TA Cole SMACKS Trutt across the face!!!!!! He grabs Trutt by the collar before he can fall and with a red faced anger, starts screaming into the junior reporter's face.

TA Cole:

IS THIS A GAME TO YOU, TRUTT?? THIS IS STUPID!! THIS IS MY CAREER!! STOP PLAYING HIS STUPID GAMES!!!

Trutt's vampire trance seems to have faded, as he stares up in absolute terror at the screaming TA Cole. DEFsec is suddenly all over Cole, pulling him off Trutt and wrestling him to the ground where he is restrained. Trutt takes a second to process... before fainting into the arms of a security member. Cole is still ranting as he is dragged away from the scene... surely to face some harsh repercussions for striking a DEFIANCE staff member.

"WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL vs. THOMAS SLAINE

DDK:

Welcome to UNCUT! To kick off this show, we have one of the Gulf Coast Connection in action! "Wingman" Titus Campbell against Thomas Slaine! I heard the Gulf Coast Connection on DEF Radio this past weekend and according to Theodore Cain -- who may have been loaded up on Mountain Dew -- during that spot, they're gonna try and win.

Lance:

I have to hand it to Crescent City Kid, though. Even in the face of Titaness and ESPECIALLY in the face of Corvo Alpha, he tried his best and that's all anyone could ask.

DDK:

And now, that's inspired Titus Campbell to make the step to try and go forward. We see Gulf Coast Connection be more laid back, having fun, but they gotta produce. Can they even do that tonight with a win? Let's find out as our first match takes place... right now!

The camera goes to Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied by Theodore Cain and Crescent City Kid! Weighing in at 283 pounds... **"WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL!**

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 (not to mention an air cast from his match with Tyler Fuse a few weeks ago), along with Crescent City Kid... wearing his mask, getting the crowd REALLY fired up with a collection of beads. "The Wingman" 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, then bumps fists with Titus.

DDK:

That match did give Crescent City Kid a bit of a showing! Nice round of applause for the Gulf Coast Connection!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Natchitoches, Louisiana, weighing in at 221 pounds... **THOMAS SLAINE!**

♪ "I Feel Love (Every Million Miles)" by The Dead Weather ♪

The music hits and Thomas Slaine steps out from the back, ready to fight. The brawler then starts running to the ring and when he gets there, he points an imaginary gun at Titus and then grins. He waits for the match to start.

DING DING

...then runs right at Titus Campbell with a few big right hands! He tries catching the powerhouse off-guard while Theodore and CCK both cheer on their buddy. He continues the rights until Titus grabs him by the head and then DRAGS him down to the canvas with a single toss!

Lance:

Wow! Titus Campbell feeling some inspiration from what CCK went through, maybe?

DDK:

Thomas Slaine is in shock right now!

The brawler from Louisiana points at The Wingman and tells him to get back while referee Jonny Fastcountini orders him to do so. Titus flexes his muscles and then gets cheers from the crowd. Slaine bolts up and then fires a knee to the small of Titus' back, sending him to the corner! He jumps on him after his back was turned and then fires a series of punches to the chest...

DDK:

Slaine really hunting for a win here tonight!

Lance:

He tries to whip Titus...

...but Titus holds his ground and smiles. Then he whips Thomas to the ropes and then shoots him up in the air before he crashes to the canvas with a big back body drop into the lights! Titus is feeling confident tonight when he picks up Thomas Slaine and then drives him down with a big body slam.

Titus Campbell:

Like a G6!

Then The Wingman drops the big G6 Elbow into the chest of Thomas! He sits up to some more cheers from the crowd.

DDK:

Titus Campbell in complete control right now! He drops that elbow to the chest!

When Titus gets up, he picks up Thomas Slaine and dumps him with another slam in the middle of the ring before he goes to a corner. The big man starts to slowly climb to the middle rope and then waits... he dives...

BUT SLAINE MOVES!

Lance:

Titus tries to Take Flight, but that diving headbutt misses!

DDK:

And now Thomas Slaine with the advantage!

The manic brawler gets back to his feet as Titus tries to sit up, only to run and nail him with a sliding dropkick! He knocks him flat on his back and then goes for a cover quickly!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Titus kicks out!

DDK:

Slaine now with the opportunity to fight back! He's up to his feet! What's he going for here?

Lance:

We'll find out soon! He's ready to pounce!

He waits in the corner and yells at both CCK and Theodore Gain at ringside to shut up and stop cheering. He measures up Titus and then nails a shotgun dropkick, sending the big man stumbling backwards in the corner! Titus is hurt when Thomas Slaine gets ready. He runs forward and then hits a running forearm in the corner followed by a running bulldog out of the corner on The Wingman! Thomas yells at Fastcountini to go for the cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

The former bouncer powers out again! Thomas growls and yells at the newest DEFIANCE referee, but he only holds up two fingers!

DDK:

Both men hungry for a win tonight!

CCK and Theodore Cain both slap the canvas at ringside and yell for the fans to cheer as Slaine then tries to double arm the body of Titus as he tries to get up. He tries to go for the big move, but when he does... **TITUS POWERS OUT!** He shoots him up and over with a modified back body drop!

DDK:

Another back body drop by Titus sends Thomas Slaine over!

Titus holds his chest in pain from the earlier shotgun dropkick by Slaine, but he gets back to his feet and then starts stomping on the mat to get the crowd going. The Faithful cheer him on as Slaine goes to one side of the ring. Like a massive partying freight train, Titus runs full speed into the corner and nails a big body avalanche, then pulls Slaine out of the corner! He runs off the ropes and comes back with a **HUGE** shoulder block that sends Slaine in a daze!

Theodore Cain:

Go, bro, go! Go, bro, go!

Cain and CCK cheer their buddy on as Titus picks up Slaine off the mat and then drops him with another slam. He goes to the middle rope again with a little more urgency than last time...

Lance:

The Wingman is about to fly again! We'll see if he can land it this time.

He falls forward off the middle rope and connects with the diving headbutt to the chest of Slaine, sending him into convulsions!

DDK:

Take Flight lands this time! Titus is back up!

Titus Campbell yells out to the Faithful and then waits for Slaine to get up. He kicks him in the gut and double underhooks the arms. He hoists him up... then **FLATTENS** him with the Hook-up!

Lance:

The Hook-up! That elevated underhook facebuster lands perfectly!

The Wingman shoves him over and covers quickly.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

The Wingman celebrates with the crowd and gets up to his own two feet. He raises his arms up and then Theodore Cain and CCK enter the ring to celebrate with their bestie.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **"WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL!**

DDK:

Titus Campbell comes through with the win tonight! Maybe they'll earn some more wins to earn new merchandise!

Lance:

That could very well be! Congrats to Titus Campbell on the win!

The threesome of Gulf Coast Connection celebrate and Theodore empties out what's left of the Gulf Coast Gift Bag by throwing out a few more sets of beads and masks into the audience as UNCUT moves on.

MEETING "MARVELOUS" MATTY MCGEE

(The camera cuts to the sign that reads 'Allenwood High School: Home of the Woodpeckers' in front of the non-descript brick facade of the entrance of the high school. Standing in front of the entranceway is "Marvelous" Matty McGee. He's 6'5", 245 pounds with sandy blonde hair and a chiseled jawline, but he still looks a little bit younger than his age of 25. He's wearing a varsity jacket from Rider University over blue jeans and brown workboots, his hands in the pockets of his coat.)

MATTY MCGEE:

So you might know about my accolades. A decorated NCAA wrestler, who from the somewhat obscure Rider University won a national championship in his senior year. And, yes, I also won a silver medal at the last Olympic Games... and came just seconds away from winning the gold medal.

So, why do I want to be a professional wrestler?

My story begins right here in Allenwood, New Jersey. One mile to the east is the beach... or what we call here the Jersey Shore. I grew up about two miles the other direction -- just a regular middle class kid with two hard working parents. And about five miles north from here? Well, that's Asbury Park, home to my personal non-wrestling hero Bruce Springsteen.

Now, in my neighborhood, there were a whole bunch of kids around my age. And when we were young, we'd run around all day and all night, playing manhunt or kickball or just making trouble. But a lot of us, we were also big rasslin' fans. And that included Jacob.

Jacob was my age, but he ended up a grade behind me in school. He was really shy. He always stood off to the side, not saying anything, and even crying and running away from everyone when we tried to invite him along. But if it had something to do with wrestling... Jacob came alive. Me and him... we had all of the toys and figures of our favorites. CSWA legends like Hornet and Mark Windham and Troy Windahm. The EPW Icons collection with Dan Ryan and Lindsay Troy. All of them.

Now, even though we're from a small town, we all grew apart when we got older. I was blessed with some good genes, as they say. My dad was an athlete. So was my older brother. I grew. I got bigger. I was a linebacker for our football team. I was a third baseman for the baseball team. And I was also the state champion two years in a row in my weight class in wrestling. My girlfriend at the time was the head cheerleader. I was what you'd consider one of the jocks in part of the popular crowd.

Now Jacob? Like I said. He was shy. There were a lot of problems at his house -- single mom who was in and out of jail, living with his grandparents... you know, stuff like that. He was also skinny, scrawny, and he wore these gigantic glasses. And he cried a lot. He was just, like... this really big target for a lot of kids who picked on him.

Senior year, he was in my gym class. We got done running on the track, and went back inside to change. And a couple of my buddies on the football team decided to play a joke on him. When he was in his underwear, one of them tackled him and another dragged him into the shower. Then someone else turned on the water and someone else stole his clothes. He ended up crying, running out of the gym wet and almost naked.

What did I do?

I knew it was wrong. But I just sat back and laughed a bit with my friends. In other words... I didn't do a thing to stop it. I didn't want to piss off my friends.

Fast forward a few days later. I'm in the cafeteria with a bunch of my friends. It's a normal day of school. Then the fire alarm rings. We think it's a fire drill. But then we all look up and, what do you know. There's a garbage can on fire. So we all get in a straight line and start heading outside -- right by that window over there.

(Matty takes a deep breath, looks at the ground, spits, and then looks back up.)

That's when I heard the pop!

I didn't think anything at first. And then there was a second POP! This one was a lot louder. And then a few more, right in a row, real loud. And then I heard someone scream. Two of my classmates fell down, and they were bleeding.

POP! POP! POP!

Crap. This was real. Someone had a gun and set up an ambush.

POP! POP! POP!

That's when it all goes a little blank for me. I remember the girl in front of me, Sharon... I didn't know her that well. But all of a sudden, something hit her right in the neck. She was dead right away. And then the kid right behind me, Trevor. He started screaming and holding his leg.

The shots kept coming. I fell to the ground, and put my bookbag over my face, curled up. I played dead. Trevor kept on screaming for help. I could feel the blood from his leg pouring across the floor onto my pants. And then he stopped screaming, because he bled out.

I didn't see the shooter. But I knew immediately who it was. I could just tell.

It was Jacob. My old neighbor.

8 of us died that day. 9, if you want to include Jacob. I was close friends with two of my classmates who died. The others -- some I knew. Some I didn't. But either way... we become The Allenwood Kids

The rest of the school year was just a gigantic blur. There were funerals and memorial services. And there were a lot of people who offered help.

But me? I didn't take anyone's help. Why would I? I was a big, tough, strong athlete. I can handle it. I'll just shake this off like I did my broken foot right before the football season started my sophomore year.

But, man... let me tell you. What happened that day... that stayed with me. Because I just thought -- what if... what if I did something? What if I stopped my friends from doing what they did to Jacob? What if I talked to that kid at all, as opposed to pretending he didn't exist? Would that have prevented all of this?

Why did I survive? Why was I the one living? I was the one who deserved to take the bullet, because it felt like I caused it to happen.

I didn't say a word of this to anyone. I just kept all of this inside I had a scholarship to wrestle over at Rutgers the next year. But when I moved into my dorm, when my roommate and everyone else found out where I was from, I was an "Allenwood Kid." Nobody knew what to say to me. So nobody said anything.

The first time I went into one of the big lecture halls, somebody accidentally dropped a book. I got up and ran to the door, and then I collapsed thinking I was having a heart attack. The first time I went to the gym with the wrestling team, a bunch of the guys were huddling together and laughing... and I threw up and had to leave.

And I started drinking. I mean, I drank in high school at parties. But now I was drinking, by myself. I didn't go to any parties. I was so afraid I'd have to talk about that day. But I couldn't escape what happened. I couldn't sleep. Anytime I closed my eyes, I just thought about how I had to wear the blood of a classmate who died because nobody could get to us on time to rescue him, and I couldn't do anything because I was afraid that if I moved, I'd be next.

One day, I went for a walk. There's a big bridge at Rutgers that goes over the Raritan River. I didn't know what else to

do. I had to escape all of this. And I was going to jump off that bridge. I had so many questions -- Why?

But when I got to the bridge, I looked at the ground.

It was a Hornet action figure. Just like the one Jacob had as a kid.

And I finally started to cry. I broke down, right there, on the sidewalk. Somebody saw me. I got taken to a hospital. My parents came and got me, and brought me to a different one. I was there for a few days.

I finally talked to a doctor about that day. About what it was like being one of the survivors in a hail of bullets. About what I saw my teammates do to that poor kid, and how I didn't do anything to stop them, and how I blamed myself for him taking a gun to us.

I finally got it all out of me. I had tried to be strong for so long. But I wasn't strong. Not at all. I was weak as hell.

And that's when I realized that there's a lot of strength in realizing you're weak and that you need help.

I got out of the hospital. I took the rest of the school year out. I learned to really deal with my trauma. And some of my questions started having answers.

Why did I survive that day when many of my classmates didn't?

That was so I could live. That was so I could live every day to the fullest. That was so I could go and live out my dream.

And that dream was to one day become a professional wrestler.

I quit drinking. I got real serious and focused on training. I transferred over to Rider University. And I only lost three matches in three years -- and those three times were in the NCAA Tournament finals, which I finally won my senior year. And I was even more serious about school, finishing with a 3.5 GPA with a major in economics.

Could I have prevented Jacob from committing his massacre?

No. He had a lot of problems. This was something he had been planning for a while.

But was there something I could learn from what I did that day? Or, more accurately, didn't do?

Hell yeah.

I learned that I had to always stick up for the kid being bullied.

I learned that I had to always do what I thought was right, even if that meant upsetting some people.

I learned that it's okay to admit that you need help. That it's okay to admit to being depressed. Or anxious. Or that you're struggling and need someone to help you get better.

I learned that life has ups-and-downs. But, no matter what, you have to go out there and live every day like it's your last.

I learned that I'm not perfect, and that I'm going to fail at times, but what's important is to stay humble and to keep on trying.

So that's why I want to be a professional wrestler.

I want to be the guy who does the right thing. I know I might not always know what that exactly means. But I do know

that I'm going to try.

I want people at home who feel like they're struggling, who feel like they've got nothing left in the tank, who think that the world's against them, who can't get out of bed and go to the supermarket without feeling like they're going to die... I want those people to see me wrestle and to know that I'm one of them.

I want to win matches on my talent alone.

I want to keep the bad guys from bullying up on people weaker than them.

I spent a long time wanting to forget what happened. I spent a long time trying to NOT be an Allenwood kid.

Well, guess what?

I am an Allenwood kid. And I'm damn proud of it.

And I'll never stop fighting for what I believe in.

RAIN CITY REUNION

PREVIOUSLY RECORDED MARCH 2ND, 2002...

The shot opens in the locker room, after the first night of DEFtv has gone off the air. The Pacific Blitzkrieg KERRY KUROYAMA sits at the end of a bench. In the wake of his failed bid to win the Southern Heritage Title, we find him with his head down in heavy contemplation. Interviewer Jamie Sawyers steps into the frame with a mic in his hand, but a pensive look on his face.

Jamie Sawyers:

Kerry...?

Kuroyama looks up. Jamie can clearly read the expression on his face. It's not too different from the one he saw on Tyler's weeks ago. It's a look that immediately says he's not in the mood to talk. Sawyers sighs, knowing now is not a good time to be asking questions.

Jamie Sawyers:

I'm sorry, Kerry...

Jamie apologetically slinks away, leaving Kerry to dip his head again. A moment passes.

"We tried to warn you about this..."

Kerry looks up again to see standing over him the manager of the Rain City Ronin, ROCKO DAYMON. He stands flanked by the BRAZEN Tag Team Champions themselves.

Rocko Daymon:

When we came to you to join the Guardians, our hope was to prevent something like this from happening.

Kuroyama snorts.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Do you honestly think this would have been any different if I had jumped into Jessica's pointless kendo-stick swordfight in an abandoned lot?

The founder of Seattle's Dojo groans as he takes a seat on the bench beside his former pupil and rests his hands on the handle of his cane.

Rocko Daymon:

It was important for me to allow Jessica to follow through on her efforts to save the man she believed to be her father. Progress could not be made until she came to understand the futility in that.

He looks pointedly at his former pupil.

Rocko Daymon:

It was also important that you came to understand the futility in simply turning your back and pretending they would go away. Now you know, the Kabal won't stop until they have what they want.

Kuroyama shakes his head.

Kerry Kuroyama:

This has nothing to do with your war with the Kabal. This is just between me... and Tyler.

The elder Daymon says nothing. Zack and Leo exchange a look before the former clears his throat and chimes in.

Zack Daymon:

Look, we're sorry we couldn't do more to prevent this, but hopefully now you get the seriousness of the situation. Now's the time to strike back and send them a message. Give them a friendly little reminder that nothing they do in DEFIANCE will come without consequence.

Beside him, Burnett nods in agreement.

Leo Burnett:

We want you to know that whatever comes, we got your back. All we're asking is that you have ours.

Rocko Daymon:

Yes... and right now, we are in need of your help. The Cerberus is mobilizing. Soon, they will set their sights on taking the Unified Tag Team Championships. That is why we are asking you to join us.

Zack Daymon:

We're thinking of the three of us against the three of them. We'll stop their rise before it ever gets off the ground. What do you say to that, Kerry?

Kerry mulls it over, then nods when he reaches a decision.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...okay then, I'm in. Last thing we need are more of those assholes getting their hands on the gold.

He rises up to his feet and holds out his hand. Zack and Leo put theirs on top, showing their solidarity.

Kerry Kuroyama:

It's time to show these Kabal fucks the full strength of Seattle's Dojo.

The Rain City Ronin nod in unison. Fade to black.

NICKY SYNZ vs. KYLE SHIELDS

DDK:

Welcome back to the show to more UNCUT action! Up next, the young rocker Nicky Synz takes on the brother of our own DEFIANCE referee Mark Shields... his brother, Kyle!

Lance:

Both men looking to pick up a win tonight, so let's get right to the action!

And to Darren Quimbey we go.

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. After the riffs, he hands his Flying V off to the side and waits for his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Kansas City, Missouri, weighing in at two-hundred-thirty-seven pounds... **KYLE SHIELDS!**

♪ "Diamond Life" by Tyga ♪

The music hits and everyone's least favorite example of nepotism at work walks down the ramp. Busy dicking around on his phone and making Kyle Shields dank memes, the lazy and hapless star heads on down to the ring and then rolls inside, still attached to his phone. He looks up... and doesn't see Mark Shields as the ref, but rather, Rex Knox.

Kyle Shields:

NO! NO! NO! NO, GOD, NO! NO! WHERE'S KYLE?!

Knox shrugs and doesn't have an answer. Kyle angrily types away on his phone.

Kyle Shields:

This meme is only 6/10 and it's YOUR fault, you dick!

He turns around and puts the phone away just as Rex Knox turns away. The Frontman of Synyster Sledge waits.

DING DING

When Kyle turns around, he gets taken down with a quick arm drag by Nicky! The lazy wrestler stumbles up and then gets nailed with a seated jawbreaker! Shields gets rocked and stumbles back into the ropes! When Nicky gets back up, Synz waits and then fires off with a Japanese-style arm drag, sending him over! When Kyle is down, Synz stands over him and then starts playing air guitar on his arm! The crowd cheers on the rocker as Kyle tries to free himself from air guitar hell.

Lance:

Kyle Shields being strung up, proverbially, by Nicky Synz!

DDK:

And he doesn't appreciate it!

Kyle lets him go and then pulls his arm back as Synz raises his hands for the crowd. He stands on the second rope and plays a little more air guitar. When Kyle has had enough of his playing around, he charges at him but Nicky sees him coming and then leaps over him. He lands on his feet and continues running off the ropes, only for Kyle to swing with a clothesline. Nicky ducks and comes off the ropes with a running crossbody!

ONE... TW-NO!

Shields kicks out and then rolls to the floor!

DDK:

Nicky gets the better of Kyle again and now he goes out to the floor...

Lance:

But I think Nicky Synz has other ideas!

Kyle tries to get away, but Nicky measures him up and then takes flight with a huge suicide dive to the outside!

DDK:

Nicky Synz flies right through the ropes with ease!

The brother of Mark Shields is down on the floor while Nicky gets up and then throws up the horns for the fans! He picks Shields up and then throws him back under the ropes to get him into the ring.

Lance:

Nicky going up top again!

He does just that and measures up Kyle... but when he takes flight for a missile dropkick, Kyle gets up and moves out of the way! Nicky crash-lands and Kyle tries to end it quickly by stacking him up for a pin!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Nicky kicks out, but Kyle stays on him! He rolls him up with a schoolboy!

ONE... TWO... KICK-OUT!

DDK:

A pair of nearfalls by Shields! He wants to end this match as quick as possible so he can get back to... I dunno, probably more dank meme posting and whatever sleaze and his brother do.

Lance:

Something with an 8 ball, probably.

Kyle stomps away on Nicky Synz and then continues putting boots to his chest. After stomping away relentlessly, he picks up The Frontman and then rolls him over into a snapmare right into a cross-armed stretch mid-ring! He cranks back on the neck of Synz while pressing a knee into his back.

DDK:

Actually... effective submission here by Kyle, grounding the high-flyer.

Lance:

We've seen he CAN wrestle at times, but... you know, Shields.

Continuing to crank back on the hold some more, Kyle now pulls back and tries to work over the neck of Nicky Synz. The Faithful start cheering for Nicky as he starts to try and get back to his feet, despite Kyle's best efforts. Nicky tries to fight back as he grabs the arms and then twists around...

But before he can, Nicky pulls the hair of Synz and snaps him right back down! The Faithful jeer Kyle but he doesn't give a rat's ass about the crowd reaction and in fact... he goes to his phone in the corner.

DDK:

Really? Memes? Now?

Lance:

To answer your questions in the order they were asked, Darren... Yes... yes... and yes.

Once he hits send, he laughs and then gets ready to wage war with Nicky Synz... but instead, he ends up with a pair of feet to the face, courtesy of a running elbow from Synz! He rolls out of the corner and then comes back with a big corner spear to the gut!

DDK:

Nicky Synz staggers Shields with the Double Platinum! What a combo!

Lance:

That'll teach Kyle to literally stop and use his stupid phone in the middle of a match!

Synz takes a moment to get Kyle back to his feet, then whips him to the ropes before hitting a flying facebuster to drop him to the mat. Once he goes down, Synz springs to action and leaps back off the nearby middle ropes with a springboard back elbow! Nicky goes for the cover right after that!

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Close one, but Shields with the kick-out! What does Nicky Synz have left?

He points to the ropes and then heads to the ring apron. The Faithful cheer him on as he jumps up and tries the springboard senton bomb called The Flying V... but when he goes for it, Kyle rolls out of the way!

Lance:

No! Flying V misses, but he rolls through!

He rolls through and gets back to his feet when Kyle runs off the ropes and takes the head of Nicky right off with a big running spear of his own!

DDK:

Oh, No! Kyle with the spear! Shields might take this one!

He goes right into a cover on Nicky!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Synz' left shoulder pops up, as does both of Shields' eyebrows! He tries to end the match quickly by picking up Nicky for the Agent of Shields, but before he can land the pumphandle driver...

DDK:

No! Nicky with the counter into that tornado DDT! He plants Shields!

After dropping Shields with the move, Synz goes to the outside and heads up top one more time... this time, landing the springboard senton bomb across the chest of Kyle!

Lance:

The Flying V connects on the second attempt! Is that all?

Synz hooks the legs.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

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

Nicky Synz rolls off of Kyle Shields and celebrates the hard-fought singles win tonight!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **NICKY SYNZ!**

Synz celebrates with The Faithful and cheers before he leaves the ring and heads to the back with his guitar.

DDK:

He had to work for that one to put himself back in the win column, but Nicky Synz pulls one out tonight over a pretty game Kyle Shields. No brother to help him out tonight.

Lance:

And now Synz gets the win and he's gonna play us on out to the next segment!

Nicky has his guitar back and plays a few more riffs on stage to pop the crowd!

THE CLIMB

The backstage dressing room of the DEFplex. After a hard-fought loss to open Night One of DEFtv 166, the Dangerous Mix sits on the bench, side by side, slumped in frustration and defeat. Behind them, Eddie Dante stands with a hand on either man's shoulder.

David Fox:

When Mushigihara and I decided to bring the band back together after eight years apart, we both knew that the road back to the top would be loaded with stumbling blocks and setbacks. It wasn't easy to become champions before, and it was going to be even harder now.

A sigh.

David Fox:

Two weeks ago, Mushi and I got a big win over the Saturday Night Specials, and probably surprised ourselves just as much as we shocked Newbludd and Cassidy, and the rest of DEFIANCE. Tonight?

Fox spits on the floor in front of him.

David Fox:

We come up short. Now. There's no shame in losing to the Specials. They're Unified Tag Team Champions for a reason, and the fact that we were able to get one on them in the first place says a lot about our talent and ability. But ask anyone who comes up short and they'll tell you; it sucks.

The God-Beast nods his head in agreement and mutters a low, disappointed...

Mushigihara:

Osu...

David Fox:

But don't get us wrong. This ain't over. Not by a long shot. We may have missed our chance to reach the summit, but we're just gonna keep on climbing. Tonight wasn't the end of our story; it was just the end of chapter one. We're gonna prove that we're among the top tag teams in this business, and we're gonna prove it the HARD way.

A pause.

David Fox:

Stay tuned.

Fox puts a fist up at chest level, before thrusting it to his Beastly partner who responds with a fist of his own, as their hands bump.

Cut.

MORE GOLDEN (SHOVEL) OPPORTUNITIES

Casually walking through the backstage area after a match earlier tonight, Oscar Burns is looking fresh and clean in a white and gold colored tracksuit while wheeling a travel case behind him as he gets ready to leave for the evening. He looks like he's on his way out when...

Christie Zane:

Oscar Burns? Excuse me? Oscar?

Burns (twists and) turns his head to see Christie Zane, mic in hand.

Oscar Burns:

Oh, Christie, sorry I didn't see you there! I was on my way to the airport. I'm catching a flight back home to New Zealand for the week to visit some family after I earned ANOTHER victory in the Oscar Burns D3C... GC!

He laughs at his corny-ass joke. When he realizes he's the only one, he stops and moves on.

Oscar Burns:

What can I do for you? I'll answer any one question before I have to catch my flight!

Christie Zane:

My question is about your attack on Dex Joy last week. Some have questioned you stooping to tactics like attacking people from behind when before recently, that has never been your MO. I...

Burns frowns.

Oscar Burns:

...Yeah nah, I'm gonna stop you there. I NEVER attacked Dex from behind... nobody seems to remember I gave him one golden opportunity and he put me through a table in return! But everyone gave him a free pass! What I did was fight fire with fire! Now...

He starts to leave again...

Titus Campbell:

BURNS!

Burns turns around and looks up to see a "Wingman" Titus Campbell approaching. Not far behind him is the Crescent City Kid and behind him, Theodore Cain still in an air cast. Burns rolls his eyes.

Oscar Burns:

Ahh... the Gulf Coast Connection! Heard your DEF Radio spot last night. You guys are quite a group of dags, eh? And Kid... sorry about your challenge. That was an exemplary performance by you and Titaness.

Crescent City Kid:

Uh... thanks, I guess. I tried. All you can do.

Theodore Cain:

Dude, right! Like, bruh, you did what you could... and Titus won a match earlier! Dude so, we're like, on a roll!

Titus turns back to Oscar.

Titus Campbell:

Kid's got a LOT of heart, Burns. And you know... maybe he's inspired something. We heard your little dig at New Orleans... OUR home. The Gulf Coast Connection's home!

In the background, the Faithful can be heard cheering!

Oscar Burns:

That wasn't a dig... but really, cost of living here is crazy, if anything I'm doing people a favor by moving out of this overpriced noise polluted never-ending booze factory...

Titus shakes his head.

Titus Campbell:

That's enough! You want to do someone a favor? I hear you're still looking for an opponent for that little golden shovel of yours on DEFtv... (pointing at himself) ...you're looking at him.

Burns looks at Christie Zane, then back to the trio.

Oscar Burns:

See... THAT'S the kind of fortitude I'm looking for with this challenge, GC. Like a man, face to face. Titus... I accept your challenge! You'll be the first-ever opponent of mine in the D3C... on DEFtv! See? Rhymes and everything.

Burns looks at Titus.

Oscar Burns:

I hope that you can put on a better match that Kid did against Corvo... that'd be quite disappointing if you lost while defending your home turf, GC.

Titus wants to swing but Theodore and Kid hold him back as Oscar smiles and departs down the hall.

THE CERBERUS vs. ONLYFLIPS

Lance:

...aaaaand we're back, ladies and gentlemen, and just in time for our Main Event.

DDK:

I've gotta say, partner, I may not be a fan, but it's impossible to overlook the gravitas of what one of these two teams brings to the Tag Team division here in DEFIANCE. I'd go so far as to say they may be THE team to watch...but again, that kinda makes me sound like a fanboy.

Lance:

And we wouldn't want that here in the absolutely neutral commentation station, right, Keebs? Let's go to Darren in the ring.

The shot switches from Darren Keebler giving Lance Warner the side-eye to a wide angle shot of the inside of the WrestlePlex, the ring just right of centre and occupied by the always impeccably dressed Darren Quimbey along with a trio; the always lovely Liz Icarus and the lucha duo of OnlyFlips, playing to the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, this upcoming tag team match is scheduled for one fall, and is tonight's MAIN EVENT! Introducing first, in the ring, accompanied by Liz Icarus, the team of Kenny Yi and Lee Laz.....OOONNLYYFLIIPSSSS!!

♪ "Dogs of War" by Savage Souls ♪

The house lights come down as flames RISE UP on the stage. Through a mist, three hound heads appear, and moments later, the trio of terror consisting of RICK DICKULOUS, VICTOR VACIO, and GREEN REAPER emerge, wearing wolfskins. In formation, the Kabal's CERBERUS march to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponents, representing the Kabal... the CEEEERRRBEEEEERRRUUUUUJSSSS!!!

DDK:

Now we get to see which two heads of Cerberus are going to attack tonight.

Lance:

Just last week on DEFtv we witnessed Rick Dickulous and Victor Vacio take on the Pop Culture Phenoms and pick up a major win, Keebs. The question is: will they keep that momentum here tonight?

As the three members of Cerberus stare across the ring at OnlyFlips, Victor Vacio silently steps back and through the ropes to the outside as Rick Dickulous and Green Reaper remove their entrance gear and hand it through the ropes. Lee Laz steps through the ropes and mans the OnlyFlips corner when suddenly Green Reaper and Rick Dickulous charge across the ring and begin pummeling their opponents as the crowd reacts with jeers as the official tries to reign in the situation, bravely pushing himself in between the two teams and managing to corral Cerberus back to their corner motioning for one of them to man their corner as OnlyFlips recompose themselves.

Lance:

Cerberus testing the official early on...I wonder if that's going to be their strategy tonight?

DDK:

I think it's their strategy every night.

Rick Dickulous steps through the ropes begrudgingly and the official motions to the timekeeper...

DING DING

Greenie and Kenny Yi meet in the middle of the ring with a quick lockup, Reaper getting the quick advantage and wheeling around to Yi's back with his hands firmly locked around Kenny's gut. Reaper attempts to lift Yi and is met with a quick back elbow to the side of the head and a quick reversal by Keny Yi who basically trades positions with Green Reaper. Yi attempts to lift Green Reaper who quickly stomps on Kenny Yi's foot which causes him to break the hold with a sharp cry of pain and shove his opponent away. Yi follows the shove by charging Green Reaper into the ropes and irish whipping him across the ring before leaning back into the ropes and.....the smack of a kick from Rick Dickulous connects with the small of Kenny Yi's back.

DDK:

Rick Dickulous must have reached three quarters of the way across the length of the ropes with that kick...I don't think Kenny Yi thought the Lumbergiant could reach him there.

Lance:

With someone that size on the outside I think Kenny and Lee are going to need to keep things in their corner as much as possible.

Kenny Yi stumbles to the mat on his knees clutching his lower back as Green Reaper charges off the ropes and simply folds the luchadore in half with a missile dropkick to the chest. Liz Icarus begins yelling instructions from the outside as she slaps the apron in frustration as the referee chides DEFIANCE's Strongest Man who simply holds his hands up and shakes his head no, protesting his innocence. Meanwhile Reaper slides under the ropes and to the outside, quickly circling around the ring as Victor Vacio walks the opposite way slowly. The official begins to take notice, but before he can turn to stop the chaos about to ensue outside the ring, Rick Dickulous steps through the ropes and into the ring with a sly smirk across his face.

DDK:

Rick Dickulous smartly into the ring...

Lance:

Someone needs to stop this...this...chaos! Rick Dickulous is clearly just drawing the official's attention so Victor Vacio and Green reaper can make it easier for Cerberus to steal a victory!

DDK:

Call it what you want, Lance....but right now we're seeing all three heads of Cerberus on the offensive. Just look at what's going on...it may be despicable, but it's smart teamwork.

While Rick keeps the official busy, Liz Icarus backs away from Green Reaper as he rounds the corner on the outside which prompts Lee Laz to hop to the floor in her defense. She rounds the OnlyFlips corner only to see The Lost Cause rounding the other corner to try to sneak up behind her! as Kenny Yi begins to stir, The Faithful begin to get louder as Reaper and Vacio slowly stalk their prey. Lee Laz stands at the ready, calling Reaper on while Liz merely freezes in place with a small shriek. Suddenly Rick stomps his foot on the canvas loudly and growls which causes Reaper to quickly slide under the ropes and back into the ring and Vacio to slowly retreat as The Lumbergiant takes his time getting out of the ring.

Kenny Yi gets to his feet and makes his way across the ring unaccosted and makes the tag to Lee Laz, who steps through the ropes quickly, eagerly wanting to get his hands on Greenie - and he obliges. The two lock up and begin jockeying for position until Green Reaper pulls Laz into a hard knee that doubles him over and allows Reaper to gain control as he herds Laz slowly back into Cerberus' corner and deposits him into the turnbuckles with a european uppercut and makes the tag. DEFIANCE's Strongest Man steps between the ropes as the legal man while Reaper unloads a flurry of snapkicks to Lee Laz's midsection before stepping to the apron, the official getting to a 5 count as the crowd boos.

Lance:

Lee Laz is about to get lambasted by Rick Dickulous as Cerberus has control.

DDK:

I can't say I envy him one bit. In fact, I wouldn't trade places with him for a million bucks!

Rick drives his shoulder into Lee Laz's gut a few times, using the ropes for leverage before taking Laz by the back of the head and leading him out of the corner, spinning him, then lifting him up into a standing suplex. Laz holds his lower back as Rick gets quickly back to his feet and lifts his opponent up, sending him careening into the ropes across the ring. Attempting to gain the upper hand on the rebound Lee Laz takes to the air, launching himself at Dickulous with a fist cocked back...all for naught as the massive Canadian catches his comparatively miniscule opponent and delivers a RING SHAKING powerslam!

Oooooooooohhhhhhh!!

Rick places a hand on Laz's chest and the official slides in for the count

ONE

T-no!

Looking up from his knees, Rick claps his hands together complaining about the speed of the count which allows Lee Laz to roll away and pull himself up to his feet by the ropes as he favours his ribs. In the moment it takes for Lee Laz to take his eyes off of his opponent over to his teammate, Dickulous abandons his argument and launches himself off of the ropes towards Lee Laz with a diving shoulderblock that would have connected....had the Monster not been baited! Lee Laz rolls under the big man and tags his partner as Rick awkwardly falls through the ropes and to the floor directly across the ring from the rampway. Kenny Yi sprints to the rear neutral corner and onto the top turnbuckle as Lee Laz mounts the top turnbuckle of the OnlyFlips corner, meanwhile the official begins counting.

DDK:

Oh, Rick Dickulous had better watch out!

The Lumbergiant pulls himself to his feet groggily, needing to use the barricade for support and with his back to the ring. He holds his shoulder momentarily and shakes out the cobwebs as The Faithful (seeing what's coming) start going nuts! Rick jeers at a fan in the front row wearing a PCP shirt before turning around right into a DOUBLE MISSILE DROPKICK from OnlyFlips that levels him again!!

YAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

Lance:

The official already up to five, I don't know if Rick Dickulous will be able to get back into the ring after that!

Kenny Yi slides back under the ropes quickly and Lee Laz mounts the apron with a quick hop while Rick slowly clambers up to his hands and knees. Victor Vacio begins to walk away from Cerberus' corner to check on his teammate but the official pauses the count and begins directing Vacio back despite his argument that his compatriot needs his assistance; the official is having none of it!

DDK:

Victor Vacio buying DEFIANCE's Strongest Man a few extra seconds to right the ship after that double dropkick from OnlyFlips.

Lance:

It looks like that was all the time the big Canadian needed.

Dickulous manages to slide into the ring before the official continues the count, and Kenny Yi wastes no time stomping on the big man while holding the ropes for support. With The Lumbergiant down, Yi races towards the opposite ropes and ricochets back towards his opponent in a flippy-dippy handspring/tumble ending with a high splash and a quick leg hook for the cover!

ONE

TW-NOOOO!

The big man powers his leg straight and pushes Kenny Yi off his chest so hard he ends up landing on his feet in the middle of the ring and stumbles backwards, Dickulous quickly getting back to his feet with a scowl across his face. He steps towards Yi and they lock up briefly until Rick uses his clear strength advantage to pull Yi into a headlock before dropping him on his head with a DDT!

Rick smirks as he peels Yi off the mat and sets his head between his legs before backing into his corner. He allows Greenie to make the blind tag, and the Reaper promptly climbs to the top rope. Kenny Yi can do nothing as the massive Lumbergiant lifts and slams him to the mat with a Snap Powerbomb! As he lies hurt on the canvas, Green Reaper hops onto Rick's shoulders and performs a Flipping Double Stomp to Yi's chest!

DDK:

WOW, what a move! Green Reaper has some flips of his own!

Greenie drops into a mounted pin as Rick charges and clocks Lee Laz with a running elbow to cut off any attempt at a break-up.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Dogs of War" by Savage Souls ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winners of the match... THEEEE CEEERRRRRRRBERRRRRRUUUUUUSSS!!!

Vacio joins Rick and Greenie in the ring, as the trio kick OnlyFlips under the ropes and stand tall by themselves. They unite raised fists in the center of the ring, Rick smiling wide at the hateful crowd reaction.

Lance:

There it is, folks, another victory for The Cerberus, and the question I have, Keeps, is what's it going to take to stop these three?

DDK:

I don't know, Lance. What I do know is that these three as a team? They're dangerous, and I don't think I'm ready to see what's coming down the pipe. DEFIANCE needs to hope and pray for a miracle.

The shot focuses in on The Cerberus' faces, then pans up to their raised fists as the scene slowly fades to black.

Lance:

From everyone here at DEFIANCE, ladies and gentlemen, please, PLEASE keep us in your prayers...

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.