

SHOW OPEN

The screen fades up from black ...

Energetic music begins to to fade up ...

A glitch effect, accompanied by a digital glitch sound effect usher in the UNCUT logo with a slow dissolve.



The logo fades and on a black screen, words in white appear one at a time.

MAXDEF 2020 PREVIEW SPECIAL

UNCUT Central, bitches.

That's where we are right now and in the studio, both Lance Warner and Christie Zane are dressed to the nines. Warner himself in a nice, fancy gray Brooks Brothers suit he saved up for and Zane with a form-fitting red dress that she probably blew her credit card on.

Lance Warner:

Welcome, DEFIANCE Faithful! Welcome to this week's edition of UNCUT! Tonight, we've got an exciting singles match-up when DEFIANCE's Dynamic Dynamo, "Bantam" Ryan Batts goes one on one against Neighborhoodlum of No Justice, No Peace! A few weeks ago on UNCUT, Batts scored a victory over fellow NJNP member Felton Bigsgy and The Neighborhoodlum wants revenge!

Christie Zane:

That one's gonna be good! Batts is a super good athlete and The Neighborhoodlum can put up a great fight against anybody! My money's on Batts!

Lance Warner:

He's the favorite for sure, but we can never count out a member of No Justice, No Peace. We'll also have the debut of the newly signed wrestler known only as Black Panda. But before we get to the in-ring action, how about you and I hit the rundown for next week's big show, MAXIMUM DEFIANCE 2020! We've got all three of our major titles on the line, not to mention some grudge matches where the stars of DEFIANCE are looking to settle scores once and for all!

Christie Zane:

Oooh, I'm all about the fights! What do we got, Lance?

"THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOY VERSUS CARNY SINCLAIR

Lance Warner:

This one has gone on for several months and finally, this feud will come to a head when "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy finally gets his hands on Carny Sinclair. In the leadup to DEFCON, these two mixed it up in a triple threat match involving Scrow. Despite a dominating performance by Joy, The Biggest Boy succumbed to the numbers game and Scrow basically handed the win to Carny. Since then, Dex has wanted a singles match with Carny, but he'd rather mess with Dex by costing him matches, stealing his things and injuring his friends!

Christie Zane:

Yeah, that was pretty rotten on Scrow's part. And have you noticed how much Scrow does for Carny, but he doesn't return the favor?

Lance Warner:

Oh, absolutely. We've seen Carny put Dex through the wringer. He cost him a chance to possibly beat Mikey Unlikely for the FIST of DEFIANCE as well as allegedly breaking into his car, taking his things and messing with him at every turn. But we finally saw Dex pull one over on Carny Sinclair with help from the returning Nathaniel Eye! Now... it's one on one. Can Carny find a way out of this match or will a determined Dex finally get the monkey off his back?

Christie Zane:

And now that Dex finally got in Carny's head, do you think Carny will get payback for that or Dex has his number?

Lance Warner:

Well... I guess I'll have to order the show and find out, won't I?

He glares at the camera, Jim Halpert-style as we cut to the next match.

THE LUCKY SEVENS VERSUS TEAM HOSS

Christie Zane:

I'm here for this one, Lance! While Angus is no longer with us, I'm still all about the hoss fights!

Lance Warner:

Oh, he'd love this one, but the DEFIANCE fans have been clamoring for this possible dream match that's a reality! The Lucky Sevens came in like a house of fire right after DEFCON and since then, the twin seven-foot giants Mason and Max Luck have been undefeated in their short time... however, when they invoked the name of Team HOSS as a group they'd like to face, Angel Trinidad and Aleczander The Great made a shocking return and since then, this has gotten personal very quickly.

Christie Zane:

Oh, I know! Team HOSS have insulted their grandfather "Wild" Winston Luck and referred to them as Team HOSS ripoffs, but we know that's not the truth. Mason and Max are giants that only want to make grand-dad proud and I'd say they've done that.

Lance Warner:

Between both teams, they have a DQ and a double-count out that has settled nothing. And while The Lucky Sevens and Lindsay Troy were victorious over Mikey and Team HOSS on our last DEFtv, they weren't involved in the decision... and we have this breaking exclusive right here on UNCUT... This match will be... A TORNADO TAG TEAM MATCH AND THERE MUST BE A WINNER!

Christie Zane:

Oh, I'm here for that even more! I'm excited! Let these four go!

Lance Warner:

Will Mason and Max pull out a Winning Hand over Team HOSS or will the former Trios Champions continue to cement their status as one of DEFIANCE's top teams? Team HOSS have had MASSIVE experience battling and BEATING big names like Lindsay Troy, Eric Dane, Dusty Griffith, among others! Mason and Max Luck have their work cut out for them!

SIX MAN TAG: THE COMMENTS SECTION VERSUS THE GULF COAST CONNECTION**Lance Warner:**

Malak Garland is such a manipulative person and I have a feeling that it's going to come back to haunt him in a big way. The Comments Section have been the talk of DEFIANCE especially on social media where they thrived, but after an amazing performance by The Gulf Coast Connection with Fuse Bros 360 at DEFCON, social media took to liking them. And since then, that hasn't sat well at all with The Comments Section.

Christie Zane:

And I'm pretty sure that Malak Garland has retired more times in the last couple of weeks than many other sports greats.

Lance Warner:

The Comments Section have been all about sneak attacks, but when they're faced with actual competition, they run. Now that The Gulf Coast Connection will be reunited following that amazing brawl with Fuse Bros 360, they'll have their chance to get their hands on The Comments Section.

Christie Zane:

I won't count out The Comments Section by any means. They have been manipulative, but they've been smart, too.

Lance Warner:

We'll definitely see how this one plays out!

DEACON (W/MAGDALENA) VS. "THE LOST CAUSE" VICTOR VACIO

Lance Warner:

And what a next match we have! Another feud that has bad blood written all over it. The former BRAZEN Champion "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio lashed out at High Flyer IV and earned the ire of the debuting former fWo World Champion, Deacon! Deacon is a veteran of twenty years in this business and quite frankly, he's still an athletic freak of nature!

Christie Zane:

That's true! He beat Reinhardt Hoffman - another former BRAZEN Champion - in quick fashion and he's been able to give Vacio some of own medicine, but that hasn't stopped that masked weirdo from getting in his way.

Lance Warner:

And what about Victor Vacio and Magdalena in the hospital? Does he have a death wish? We know Victor Vacio is a man that not only marches to the beat of his own drum, but he's unpredictable and that makes him dangerous for any opponent, even one as large as Deacon.

Christie Zane:

That's so true! But I don't know, I gotta go with Deacon on this one. Vacio crossed a line and I'm pretty sure Deacon's gonna spike him through that mat if he gets his hands on him!

Lance Warner:

Yeah, this one is going to be hard hitting!

SCOTT STEVENS VERSUS "SOUTHERN STRONG STYLE" MATT LACROIX**Lance Warner:**

While the ACE of DEFIANCE held by Scott Stevens is not on the line tonight, there is absolutely no arguing that "Southern Strong Style" Matt LaCroix has the opportunity of a lifetime! Fresh out of BRAZEN and now a full-time DEFIANCE roster member, the technically-savvy veteran looks to rise to the top ranks as he goes on with former FIST, former World Tag Team, former World Trios and the current ACE of DEFIANCE, Scott Stevens!

Christie Zane:

This one is going to be physical!

Lance Warner:M

Definitely! This one goes all the way back when we had Qualifiers to crown our first ACE of DEFIANCE. Scott Stevens had lost an earlier match to Scott Douglas and wormed his way into a new one, sneak attacking Matt LaCroix and going on to become the ACE. You can beat LaCroix hasn't forgotten that.

Christie Zane:

Stevens, since he won the ACE, has teased cashing in and spent weeks "defending" the title around the world while amassing some titles himself. Some are questioning the legitimacy of these titles, but one thing that we can't deny... Scott Stevens is a jerk and he'll do just about anything to win.

Lance Warner:

We've seen LaCroix score a very impressive submission win recently against former BRAZEN Champion and former Trios Champ Flex Kruger, not to mention taking out Bo and George Stevens on separate occasions, but the beatdown by Scott Stevens on the last episode of DEFtv shows that he won't be outdone by any stretch. Can LaCroix score the biggest win of his DEFIANCE career over the ACE? Or can Scott Stevens defeat the upstart? And will he finally be looking to cash in the ACE of DEFIANCE? Remember that he has to declare a minimum of seven days in advance to cash in so DEFIANCE can promote any upcoming FIST title bout, but Scott is an opportunist and he could find it sooner than later!

FUSE BROS 360 VERSUS SEATTLE'S BEST**Lance Warner:**

Fuse Bros 360 have been completely deplorable since this issue started. Princess Desire has publicly stated that she feels the former SoHer Champion "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas has fallen in his career in recent times. She even went so far as to call Kerry Kuroyama, Douglas' tag team partner as an albatross that's weighing him down. Couldn't be further from the truth.

Christie Zane:

Fuse Bros 360 are looking at this as a big opportunity to take down one of DEFIANCE's biggest names in Scott Douglas and that's exactly what they want, that's all this boils down to, I think!

Lance Warner:

And while we can't question Seattle's Best, I think the one thing we can call into question is the state of Kerry Kuroyama's knee. Will he be 100% in time for MAXIMUM DEFIANCE? Because Fuse Bros 360 have not been any more dangerous than they are right now and they'll do whatever they can. With Princess Desire at their side as well, you can't count them out at all.

Christie Zane:

100%. Hopefully Keurig's gonna be okay!

DEFIANCE UNIFIED TAG TEAM TITLES: POP CULTURE PHENOMS © VS. SKY HIGH TITANS**Lance Warner:**

And now, we get to the first of three title matches for the evening! DEFCON was a dream come true for The Sky High Titans! Minute had just been promoted from BRAZEN to the main roster just mere weeks before. He formed a VERY unlikely team with the largest man on our roster, "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez and ended the dominant reign of The Stevens Dynasty to become Unified Tag Team Titles! They immediately wanted to prove their worth by fighting perhaps DEFIANCE's most decorated tag team and stable, The PCPs. However, PCPs had ducked them at every turn.

Christie Zane:

I dunno if they were ducking the Titans, but they were definitely watching them. The Titans defeated the team of "Bantam" Ryan Batts and "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns, then moved on to defeat the team of Flex Kruger and Klein, but when they finally got the match they wanted against PCP... didn't go so good.

Lance Warner:

Minute had his mask stolen and they weren't even the legal men! Elise rolled up The D under Minute's mask and took advantage of their numbers to win the titles. They did the same on our last DEFtv when Klein defeated Minute, but what does it say about The Sky High Titans. They've wanted this win to beat The PCPs so bad, that when management was going to strip them of the titles, they refused! Now can The Sky High Titans finally get their key win and get back the titles they technically never lost? Or will The PCPs pull one over on the Titans again?

Christie Zane:

It's so hard to bet against the PCPs, but look at how well The Sky High Titans work together in such a short time! The smallest man on our active roster with the biggest guy? That's an amazing combo who has done great things! And don't forget, they have The Family Keeling!

Lance Warner:

True, but they have Flex Kruger and Klein AND The O-Face! And they're at the top of their game when it comes to tag team wrestling! I'm calling this match of the night right now!

***DEFIANCE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: GAGE BLACKWOOD © VS. "TWISTS AND TURNS"
OSCAR BURNS*****Lance Warner:**

Gage Blackwood has been cutting a swath through the roster as the Southern Heritage Champion, however, he hasn't defended the championship against anybody the caliber of none other than the two-time former FIST of DEFIANCE

“Twists and Turns” Oscar Burns! Gage has made this one personal with almost weekly verbal attacks lobbed at the former champion.

Christie Zane:

Yeah, I don’t get why Gage is so mean? He’s been successful as the champion! He’s undefeated on DEFIANCE pay-per-views! He’s on the roll of his career, but he’s so angry at everything still.

Lance Warner:

Call it bitterness, anger, resentment or some combination of the three, he has stated on multiple occasions that Oscar Burns was handed everything while he toiled, which couldn’t be further from the truth. Burns fought to win the WrestleUTA World Title during the UTA invasion and parlayed that into defeating Cayle Murray to win the FIST. The belt was stolen by Scott Stevens, then it took Burns three months of layoff and then almost another nine months to get the title back after his return. I would argue that Burns has had an equally rocky path to superstardom, but the fans gravitate towards Burns because he’s a stand-up wrestler with ideals that Gage appears to lack.

Christie Zane:

And can you believe all that we heard from Gage? He was so angry at Burns for things that happened to him.

Lance Warner:

When I was in that ring with both men, I could literally FEEL how bad the tension is between the two and before that night, they hadn’t even locked up yet. But now Gage gets his chance to prove that he’s every bit as good as Burns. He defends the coveted Southern Heritage Championship against his biggest test, by far, arguably the heart of DEFIANCE itself, “Twists and Turns” Oscar Burns!

Christie Zane:

And what’s left? I think our main event!

FIST OF DEFIANCE: “THE WORLD’S GREATEST ENTERTAINER” MIKEY UNLIKELY VS. “QUEEN OF THE RING” LINDSAY TROY

Lance Warner:

That’s exactly right, Christie! In our main event of the evening, the former FIST “Queen of the Ring” Lindsay Troy is looking to regain the title against the cunning and equally dangerous Mikey Unlikely!

Christie Zane:

This match was recently made only on DEFtv 136, but there’s a reason. During Lindsay Troy’s pursuit of this match, Mikey has defended against “The Biggest Boy” Dex Joy and has been ducking her challenge. On that show, Lindsay Troy and The Lucky Sevens defeated Mikey Unlikely and Team HOSS so she could earn this match!

Lance Warner:

That’s right! Now, Mikey Unlikely has to contend with the world-traveled veteran! Troy is perhaps one of DEFIANCE’s most versatile athletes, but when Mikey is pushed against the wall, we’ve seen what he can do. He ended the near 300-day FIST of DEFIANCE title reign of “Twists and Turns” Oscar Burns by literally punishing him until he couldn’t stand any more.

Christie Zane:

Troy is a fighter, though! We saw how she chased Mikey and didn’t let up until she got this opportunity. As hard as she fought to get it, we know she can fight even more to win it!

Lance Warner:

Troy holds all the momentum on her side, having pinned Mikey Unlikely on our go-home show, but now it’s for all the marbles! For the FIST, Mikey Unlikely defends against “The Queen of the Ring” Lindsay Troy! I believe that’s going to wrap things up for you and I, Christie!

Christie Zane:

Can't wait!

Lance Warner:

I'm feeling the exact same way! We'll get to the action in-ring here on UNCUT. For Christie Zane, I'm Lance Warner and we'll see you all at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

SEATTLE'S BICKERING

DEFMed.

The rumbling noise in the background is DEFtv still raging on out in the arena.

We find Seattle's Best out in front of Dr. Iris Davine's office. Kerry Kuroyama is doing his best to slow and calm Scott Douglas as he bursts into Iris' office.

Kerry Kuroyama:
SCOTTY!

Kerry didn't have a chance. The scales have been tipped.

Iris is startled by the sudden intrusion ... and a bit confused.

Iris Davine:
Scott!?

The ever determined "Sub Pop" cuts to the chase.

Scott Douglas:
IS HE CLEARED!?

DEFIANCE's Favorite Son points with a wave of shaking anger toward Kerry Kuroyama standing in the doorway of Dr. Davine's office.

Davine:
Well...

Douglas doesn't have time for explanations or medical terms. He interrupts.

Douglas:
YES ... OR ... NO!

Iris, Scott, and Kerry have always had a good relationship.

Fortunately, considering how much time the latter has spent in her exam room. Not to mention all the time the homesick trio have spent reminiscing about their shared hometown after hours; both in her office and at one of many local watering holes lining the streets of New Orleans.

All this considered, the offended look suddenly spread across Iris' face is understandable.

Davine:
Scotty! For heaven's sake, calm down!

Davine stands from behind her desk.

Davine:
I never said Kerry was cleared ... I never said he wasn't! It's week by week. Furthermore, I don't appreciate either of you bursting through my door barking at me!

Kerry's eyes go wide with surprise, his facial expression questioning how in the hell did he get roped into this admonishment.

Davine:

Whatever you have going on out there ...

Davine points wildly toward the open door.

Davine:

LEAVE IT OUT THERE!

Scott looks around aimlessly. The moves made most commonly by men who have been shown the error of the ways yet they aren't quite ready to admit it.

Davine reaches down and pulls out her desk drawer, producing a bottle of liquor in one hand and two highball glasses in the other.

Davine:

Sit down!

Scott, still attempting to swallow his pride, lingers for a moment before reaching for one of the chairs positioned in front of Davine's desk. Kerry remains in the doorway as Davine reaches for a third glass in the desk drawer.

Davine: [to Kerry]

What are you waiting for!?

Kerry limps over and takes a seat next to Douglas as he, himself, settles into his seat. Iris pulls the plastic topped cork from the bottle and begins pouring a small amount of the brown liquid into each of the glasses.

With the three glasses filled, she takes on and holds it aloft, waiting for Kerry and Douglas to do the same. Kerry reaches out first taking the glass, turning to look at Douglas ... he's holding out.

Scott turns to Kerry, realizing he's not actually upset with Kerry ... he's upset with the Fuse Bros. and that smart ass women with them. With a deep sigh, Scott relaxes and reaches out for the last glass. He holds it up.

Davine:

... to the Emerald City? I think we can all agree on that.

Scott and Kerry shrug, indicating they can't refute it.

CLINK

Scott throws his back quickly but Kerry pauses.

Kuroyama:

Iris, wait ...

She holds. Scott looks on curiously.

Kuroyama:

... aren't you still on the clock?

They all hold silent and the low rumble of the DEFarena noise becomes more evident than before. Iris closes her eyes tightly before opening them and taking a deep breath and exhaling equally as deeply.

Davine:

Shit.

She sets the glass down on the desk, glancing at her watch.

Kuroyama: [shrugging]

... sorry, Iris.

Kerry slowly raises his glass to his lips as Scott reaches out, grabbing Iris' discarded glass and downing it as well. He reaches for the bottle but is intercepted by Iris slamming the corked cap back in the bottle. She looks at him with wide eyes and he retracts his reach, slowly ... carefully...

Cut to the next clip.

"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS VS. THE NEIGHBORHOODLUM

DDK:

Lance, we're to our next match and... wait, how'd you get from the studio to the ring so fast?

Lance Warner:

Magic of television, Darren.

DDK:

Nevertheless, like you stated in that excellent MAXDEF preview, we've got singles action when Oscar Burns' protege, "Bantam" Ryan Batts looks to take on The Neighborhoodlum from No Justice, No Peace. There have been rumors swirling backstage that NJNP's manager, Lucius Owens does NOT like how his men have been losing matches and that this is sort of a test for Neighborhoodlum.

Lance Warner:

After that amazing Unified Tag Title match, we've seen Batts win in action against Hoodie's stablemate, Felton Bigsby as well as a tag team victory over To The Maxx... but right now, Neighborhoodlum does need to start producing some wins for his group. Batts is one of the more well-rounded and quite frankly unsung talents on the main roster now looking to break out, so what do you say we get to the ring?

DDK:

Sounds great, Lance, let's do that!

And we do that as we cut to Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall! Introducing first, making his way to the ring from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing in at 205 pounds... "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!

♪ "The Last Garrison" by Enter Shikari ♪

The lights in the arena flash rapidly in shades of gold and white and from the back, outcomes "Bantam" Ryan Batts, waving a rally towel and dressed in black pants-length tights with purple trim, fringe on the boots, and a purple bandana. With a grin on his face, he waves the new rally towel for the crowd and then heads towards the ring.

DDK:

Batts busts his backside in both the gym and the ring. He's well put together and he can work the mat like nobody's business!

Lance:

That he can! The Neighborhoodlum's style is more physical so we'll see what kind of fight they can produce from their differing styles!

The (now) Purple and Black Attack throws the towel into the crowd and gets caught by a young fan a few rows deep. Batts runs up the steps, poses on the second turnbuckle and looks out to the fans before he leaps into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, accompanied by his manager Lucius Owens... from The ATL... weighing in at 227 pounds... **THE NEIGHBORHOOLUM!**

♪ "Black Vikings" by Immortal Technique ♪

The hyper-aggressive hip-hop track plays and Brother Lucius Owens walks out onto the stage. He's soon joined by The Neighborhoodlum. Owens appears to be yelling at 'Hoodie as he nods and heads to the ring, looking extra determined to score a win over Batts. Ryan looks ready and when the bell ring...

DING DING!

DDK:

WHOA! Hoodie off to a hot start! Batts was going in for a lockup and he returned fire with a kick to the gut and a punch to the face! He's got Batts on the ropes now!

A fired-up 'Hoodie continues to drill away at Batts in the corner with punches and then whips him across the ring so he hits the corner. When he bounces back out, Hoodie comes out of the corner with a huge Shotgun Dropkick! The blow sends Batts flying back into the corner! Now Hoodie kips up and shouts at some fans in the front row giving him crap.

Lance:

Wow! Whatever Lucius Owens has told Neighborhoodlum seems to have worked! He's looking for a big win here tonight!

DDK:

But even Lucius Owens is telling him what he needs to do right now... stop wasting time jaw jacking and score the win!

The Neighborhoodlum picks up Batts and drops him with a big slam. In pretty impressive fashion, he leaps to the middle rope and then comes off with a second rope Senton Bomb! After landing perfectly, he moves Batts back to the mat and hooks the far leg.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Right away, a close one for Hoodie! He needs to stay on Batts! If you give him ANY opening, he can wrestle it away from you!

The Neighborhoodlum then waits for Batts by climbing back to the second rope and waiting for him to get back to his feet. Owens watches intently as Kid Catch tries to get back on his feet. When he turns, Neighborhoodlum takes flight off the middle rope again, but Batts moves out of the way so he hits nothing but the mat!

Lance:

I think Hoodie wasted too much time! Now Batts is quickly going up top!

By the time Neighborhoodlum picks himself up, Batts is already on top and takes flight with a HUGE Missile Dropkick and it connects! The Hoodie goes flying backward and rolls out of the ring as Batts now shows off like Hoodie did earlier and kips up to his own feet! He sees Hoodie starting to get up before he runs full-speed at the corner, connecting with a big Running Elbow Smash! The blow rocks Hoodie when Batts turns him out of the corner and sends him FLYING with a big Exploder Suplex!

DDK:

Now Batts back on the offensive! And he's got Neighborhoodlum retreating from the ring!

Lance:

Look at Batts, though!

The Faithful get behind Ryan Batts as he bounces off one set of ropes and starts to take flight... SOMERSAULT TOPE THROUGH THE ROPES ONTO NEIGHBORHOODIE!

DDK:

Flight of Fancy by Ryan Batts! He just took out Neighborhoodlum with that dive perfectly!

It takes a few seconds for Batts to catch his breath, but he does so when he gets back up and high-fives a few fans in the front row. He picks up Neighborhoodlum and then throws him back under the bottom rope before following him in. When he gets into the apron, he points to the top turnbuckle and climbs up...

DDK:

Uh-oh! He's looking for that Diving Senton! If he hits it, it's over...

But the cheers turn to jeers quickly when Neighborhoodie smartly avoids Let Gravity Do The Rest by rolling the other way back outside of the ring. Batts shakes his head and the Purple and Black Attack look to head back out to the floor...

But when he does...

Lance:

No! I think Hoodie was playing possum! He grabs Batts and slams him into the barricade!

And what's worse is Hoodie turning Batts around and DRIVING him onto the ringside floor with a Hangman's Neckbreaker! The impact takes something out of Neighborhoodlum as he wrenches his back, but Batts appears to have gotten the worst of it. Owens yells at Hoodie to get him back into the ring to end the match ASAP.

DDK:

And there we go! Lucius Owens guiding this young man can be what NJNP needs to start getting victories under their belt again!

The Neighborhoodlum throws the dead weight of Batts back into the ring and then follows so he can go for another cover.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

So close! He almost had the win!

Neighborhoodlum yells at referee Hector Navarro that it was three, but he returns with only two fingers. Hoodie gets pissed and then waits for Batts to stand. He starts chomping at the bit.

DDK:

The Stoop Stomp is coming up! I think if he hits this move, that's all she wrote for Batts, especially after that big move on the floor.

Hoodie lurks over him and when Batts rolls onto his stomach to get back to his feet, he sees him coming out of the corner of his eye... STOMP MISSES! He quickly trips up The Neighborhoodlum forward and then rolls him up into a Gedo Clutch!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

So close! Wait! No, Batts going for the Crucifix pin now while he's grounded!

ONE!

TWO!

NO...

Lance:

NO! CRISS CROSS APPLESAUCE! I LOVE THE NAME OF THAT MOVE!

The crowd cheers on Batts when after Neighborhoodlum kicks out of the Crucifix, he rolls him right into one of his submissions, The Criss Cross Applesauce! The Crossface is on tight! Neighborhoodlum tries to fight!

His arms go up...

TAP TAP TAP!

Batts lets go of the hold while on the outside, Lucius Owens buries his face in his hands out of sheer disappointment.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner as a result of a submission... **"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!**

The Faithful cheer on Batts as he starts to roll to his feet, still holding his neck in pain. Hoodie gave him a fight on a couple of occasions, but Batts gets to enjoy the taste of victory once again.

DDK:

Three victories in a row by Ryan Batts in his last three matches, two of those by submission! He literally mat-wrestled victory from the jaws of defeat and took down a fired-up Neighborhoodlum! I think it won't be long before Ryan Batts challenges for gold once again in the near future!

Lance:

I think you're right!

Batts enjoys the victory and now stands on the second turnbuckle, posing one arm and pointing at the sky. Meanwhile, Hoodie is holding onto his neck in pain and crawls over to where Lucius Owens was. We say "was" because Owens storms off, irate that one of his men have lost yet another match under his watch. Hoodie watches him leave and slowly limps out of the ring after his manager while back inside. Batts basks in the support of the crowd and hopes his good fortune tonight will parlay into a big win for his mentor, Oscar Burns, at MAXDEF.

Not for Me to Share

What else would a young, twenty-one year old girl want to do on a Wednesday night?

I mean, sure, some go to bars; others go hang with friends. If you're a "good girl", you might hit mid-week services at the church. But me?

I work.

It's not a bad job, not in the least, but it's not exactly what I'd planned for when taking this role. I thought I'd be in front of the camera waxing poetic about whatever big D's latest challenge in the ring was. But some challenges aren't so easily expressed.

"So it's pretty simple, Magdalena" Ayaka Sonoda said. The Brazen coach had taught plenty of youngster's, and though I'd had some experience, I was far from perfect.

But was it as simple as Ayaka implied? I'd watched a thousand and one Chris Shepherd videos, and probably another hundred or more from the Mute Freak. They handled it, differently yet always deftly. Me? The last time Deacon was on pay-per-view, I'd seemingly been the only person pushing the match until seemingly just before bell-time. From what others said, I delivered what was needed, even if Meltzer still dropped a jab about it in his sheet. But somehow, this time felt different, harder. This time, I would be selling, sure, but what was the crowd going to buy?

"You don't even need to be on camera. Speak into this microphone and we'll pull the bits of video from our archives," Ayaka said then smiled. "You won't even have to smile for the camera."

I feigned a smile. Ayaka's head tilted.

"You okay?" Ayaka asked.

Gotta be a *professional*, I told myself. A 21 year old professional.

"Yeah," I said. "Ready when you are..."

V/O:

His career is legend.

The scene opens to a younger Deacon standing at the top of a rampway. Though the backdrop is blurred, you'd be hardpressed to not be able to pinpoint it from Greensboro.

V/O:

When the Deacon entered the industry, no one believed it could be done - a silent man espousing faith in what God could do through a willing life. He fought for years, each time climbing ahead to prove the truth he touted.

He holds a title aloft, and though also obscured, it wasn't hard to know it was an organization devoted to its wrestling fans.

V/O:

Next week, the Deacon makes his first-ever pay-per-view appearance for DEFIANCE wrestling. Not for a title... not to establish a legacy...

The Deacon launches himself toward Victor Vacio, the fight exploding in violence before cutting suddenly to the scene

where Magdalena is in a hospital and suddenly realizes that the masked doctor before her is Victor Vacio.

V/O:

But to defend it.

"See," Ayaka said. "Piece of cake. I knew you had it in you."

"It was only," I paused... "What? 50 words."

"First rule of cutting a promo?" Ayaka said. "Don't overstay your welcome."

"Don't feel like you need to overstay your welcome," she had said.

He stayed silent.

I tried not to listen, I really did, but stationed just outside the room - voices carried, especially in these tiled hallways. I wouldn't have been there, but after Bare showed up last week, Deac had asked. I couldn't tell him no. I had my job to do.

"You can't go," she said, her voice a hoarse whisper.

"I," he said then paused. It wasn't her about-face that caused it. He paused so frequently; it was a part of his charm. Most of the time it was to think of the correct word, but somehow, this time, I suspected he knew the word he was going to say.

"I have to," he said.

I just knew he didn't want to say it.

"No, you don't," she continued. "We can find another way."

"T'is is t'e door t'at opened," he continued. "I walk t'rough it."

"There's other doors," she said. "You walked into Chicago and now into here."

"Not...," he paused again. "You know, T'e world...not as it was."

"No," she pleaded. "It's not. Seven years ago you didn't have a family."

I wanted to walk away, give them space, but ... that Victor Vacio. He locked me into this as much as Deac and everyone else had been locked into theirs.

"Seven years ago, you could go and risk your life against those monsters. Hell, I've seen some of the monsters you fought seven years ago. They weren't like this monster - they didn't come into your private life."

"I--"

"You can't do this to us," she continued.

"Can't," Deacon got out.

"Can't what?" She screamed. "See what this is doing to your family?" And her cries grew to sobs. I heard the thunk & knew she'd pounded her forearm into his chest. I didn't need to see them to know that he held her and took it. Again.

"So I guess I didn't follow my own directions."

Magdalena blinked and glanced to Ayaka.

"You sure you're alright?" She asked.

Magdalena's thoughts ran from her again. She could share what's happening with Ayaka. She *could*. But she wouldn't. With a shake of her head she declined, for it wasn't hers, or anyones, to share.

SEATTLE'S BICKERING II

After DEFtv.

The Holy Ground, an Irish Pub in Mid City, NOLA, is dimly lit in a light orange hue. The normal Irish-eque decorations adorn the walls. The green bar top shines and glares with the exception of the worn spots coinciding with the wear of drunk and weary elbows; of the many who've passed through this tried and true intoxicating location.

At that bar, doing their best to wear in their own elbow marks into the once brilliantly green bar top, Seattle's Best.

Scott Douglas:

It could have been handled differently.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Well, that's true of every situation.

Scott glances to his right, growingly aggravated with Kerry ... once again. He sips from his glass before setting it down on the bar and turning on his stool toward his tag team partner.

Douglas:

I clearly asked you if you were cleared.

Kerry mid-sip is surprised by the accusation.

Kuroyama:

What? You? Scott Douglas, the master of communication ... a man of so many words! You clearly asked me if I was cleared? Let me ... get this clear?

Scott sighs, turning back toward the bar and reaching for what's left in his glass.

Douglas: [muttering]

I asked.

Kerry played the fool earlier tonight in Davine's office, he's been around Scott long enough to know when to lay back but he's no push over. If he was, the two never would have got along to begin with.

Kuroyama:

You said ... and I quote!

Kerry clears his throat comically before putting of low, emotionless voice to mimic Scott.

Kuroyama:

"You good?"

Scott holds a finger up to get the attention of the bartender and slides his glass to the supply side of the forthcoming transaction.

Douglas:

You knew what I meant.

Kuroyama:

Yes, because you were so incredibly ... clear

The front door claps shut off the screen.

Davine:

For both of your sakes... I hope this little spat is over something different.

The camera pulls out wide showing the Head of DEFmed, officially off the job.

Davine:

... it damn well better not be!

She takes the obligatory empty seat men always seem to keep between themselves. She motions to the bartender for her usual.

Davine:

Let's give it until day of ...

She turns to Kerry.

Davine:

Stay off it!

Her drink arrives, she takes a sip and set it back down on the bar.

Davine:

... and we'll make a call then. Until then, what is there to argue about.

Douglas:

I ...

Davine:

Nothing! That's correct. Now, drink up ... that's my medical opinion!

Cut to the next clip.

END USER AGREEMENT

In the depths of the WrestlePlex, sometime during the latter half of DEFtv 136...

Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames are in a dimly lit room. They exchange concerned looks as Malak Garland is nowhere to be found.

Teresa Ames:

How did we get into this match?

They stand facing each other, arms crossed respectively.

Cyrus Bates:

Listen, no one in their right mind actually reads end user agreements. Everyone just scrolls to the bottom and blindly hits accept. It's not Malak's fault. He got excited and thought we were getting a sweet deal.

The feeling that the onus of reading all the fine print in any user agreement is the responsibility of the actual user itself, regardless of how unrealistic it actually seems, lingers between Cyrus and Teresa for a moment.

Teresa Ames:

Look, I guess what's done is done and now we have to deal with the fallout. We have a six person tag team match come MAXDEF but we'll deal with that later. Right now, there's a more pressing matter. Malak needs our help. Lets make a pact between us to do things to look after his mental health in the long term.

Cyrus nods incessantly.

Teresa Ames:

Okay, great. I'm going to start conducting my patented ASMR sessions in an effort to calm him. I can't wait to get started. What are you going to do?

Cyrus Bates:

I'm going to attend confessional sessions at Shimmering Reflections to not only grow as an individual, but also become a better sounding board for his needs too.

With a plan in place, Cyrus and Teresa smile at each other.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Perfect. Now lets go find Malak.

Teresa flutters her hands annoyingly before her and Cyrus exit the room.

BLACK PANDA vs. THOMAS SLAINE

DDK:

Well our next match we see some Brazen talent collide, with a man making his Defiance debut.

“You Rascal You” from Hanni El Khatib smashes into the speakers and the fans show some hate as Thomas Slaine emerges from the back. He stands on the stage and sneers before starting down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Our next match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing from Mobile, Alabama, weighing in at 227 pounds... he is THOMAS SLAINE!

Completely ignoring the fans, Slaine stomps down the ramp and rolls under the bottom rope.

Lance:

Look at the confidence of Slaine. He already looks as though he’s got this one in the bag.

He props himself against the bottom turnbuckle and begins waiting for his opponent when the lights drop out and “Unstoppable” by ES Posthumus takes over the speakers.

Darren Qumbey:

And his opponent, making his Defiance debut...

The drums hit and the arena lights flicker on the beat, revealing a man wearing full length black tights with a silver panda skull on the thigh.

Darren Quimbey:

From Fukushima, Japan, via Melbourne, Australia, weighing 288 pounds... BLACK PANDA!

Music building and lights flickering, Black Panda makes his way down the ramp, stopping at the ring to bow to it before leaping onto the apron. He walks along the apron to the camera side and sneers at the fans.

DDK:

There’s been lots said about this man who seems a bit of a mystery here on American soil.

Lance:

All I know is he’s supposed to be the son of a man who once wrestled here in Defiance.

He steps through into the ring and Black Panda heads to the corner opposite Thomas Slaine, who stares a hole into into Panda, where he kneels in the corner and bows his head as he waits the referee.

DDK:

We’re about to get things underway here.

Benny Doyle calls them both to the middle and only Panda complies. Slaine simply stands up and cracks his neck and his knuckles. Doyle checks both men are ready and calls for the bell.

DING DING!!!

Panda waits in the middle as Slaine slowly begins to circle him with a swagger.

DDK:

Slaine circling his prey.

Slaine rushes at Black Panda, who is ready for him, and they tie up collar-and-elbow style. Panda overpowers Slaine pulling him down into a side headlock.

Lance:

Good display of strength from the Japanese Aussie. Just wrenched Slaine into that side headlock with relative ease.

Slaine shoves him to the ropes, Black Panda rebounds and hits a shoulder block knocking Slaine to the canvas. He changes direction and hits the ropes as Slaine bounces to his feet, leaping with a dropkick only for Panda to catch himself on the ropes and Slaine gets nothing but fresh air, crashing to the canvas.

Lance:

Swing and a miss!

DDK:

Panda on the offence, has Slaine in his feet and OH! Stiff knee to the belly.

Panda straightens him out and nails a knife edge chop...

Fans:

WOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Do you think the fans are gonna "Woo" forever?

...that sends him staggering to the corner. Black Panda sends forearm blows to Slaine's head before Irish whipping him across the ring, hitting the turnbuckles chest first.

DDK:

Slaine chest first into the turnbuckle. Panda got a handful of head.

He takes Slaine by the head and drives another stiff knee into his gut then lifts him into a vertical suplex and scrambling across Slaine for the cover...

DDK:

COVER!

One ...

Tw-KICKOUT!

Lance:

Trying his luck early but no cigar.

Panda is all business, rising to his feet and pulling Slaine up with him.

DDK:

The sixty pounds seem to give him a power advantage as he lifts Slaine up into a Fireman's carry.

Panda tosses him over his head onto onto a bent knee with a backbreaker.

Lance:

Oh! That's gonna leave a mark!

Bounding to his feet, clutching his back, Slaine turns and is hit with a bicycle kick from Panda. He hits the canvas hard as Panda stands over him, grabbing him by the ankle, lifting him up by the leg and jarring Slaine's knee into the canvas.

DDK:

Black Panda taking control early and looking really impressive, Lance.

Lance:

Seems the right mix of technique and power. Gonna be hard for Slaine to weasel his way out of this.

Slaine rolls around clutching his knee as Panda slaps his hands away, taking the ankle in his grip again, this time stomping on the knee.

DDK:

Brutal stomp from Black Panda. Slaine rolls out of the ring.

Black Panda shakes his head in disgust as he watches Slaine limp to the crowd barrier. He calls for Benny Doyle to bring Slaine back in. Doyle leans over the ropes and gives Slaine the order.

DDK:

Black Panda's patience is growing thin, asking for Benny Doyle to get this match in order.

Black Panda waits centre stage, impatiently, telling the referee to get his opponent back in the ring. Slaine tests the bending mechanism of his knee when Panda decides to go and get him.

DDK:

OH! Drop toehold and Black Panda gets a mouthful of crowd barrier.

Slaine is quick to his feet, limping across to Panda, who is on all fours and smashes his knee into the side of Panda's head, smashing his head against the barrier. The fans grimace as Panda drops to the ground.

Lance:

Oh man! Here comes Slaine with the damage!

Responding to Benny Doyle, who has began counting, Slaine rolls into the ring and then rolls out again. He collects Black Panda and pulls him to his feet, lifting him up and dropping him face first onto the crowd barrier.

DDK:

Slaine really using the outside to his advantage. I read that Black Panda is anti-hardcore so he's not going to be liking this treatment AT ALL!

Panda clutches at his face and staggers away, only for Slaine to come running from behind and catching him with a lariat that flips him viciously through the air.

Lance:

Damn! Slaine just turned Panda inside OUT with that clothesline!

With Panda crawling on the sidelines, trying to get his bearings, Slaine climbs onto the apron to the sound of the fans jeers.

DDK:

What's he doing now?

He leaps off with two feet and stomps on the back of Panda's head, smashing it into the ground hard.

Lance:

That's how you get to the dentist!

Satisfied with his handy work, Thomas Slaine pulls Panda up to his feet and rolls him under the bottom rope into the ring. He climbs over and makes the over.

DDK:

Cover!

One...

Two...

Thre-SHOULDER UP!

Slaine pounds a fist into the canvas and jams three fingers into Doyle's face. Panda is barely moving, seemingly having used all his energy to raise his shoulder off the mat.

Lance:

Panda looks spent, DDK. And Slaine's got him to his fee- Oh! Kick to the gut. Front facelock. HEADSHOT!

Panda is drilled almost vertically into the canvas with the flowing DDT and Slaine bounds to his feet laughing admiring his handiwork.

DDK:

Slaine's confidence is only growing as he has total control of this contest right now.

Grabbing Panda by the back of the neck, Slaine pulls him up to his feet and hoists him up onto his shoulder into a Fireman's carry as the fans begin to boo.

DDK:

Thomas Slaine looking to make an exclamation - Panda wants out!

Panda finds a sudden burst of energy and flops wildly on his shoulders, causing Slaine to drop him. He spins to meet Panda, who is now on his feet, and swings a haymaker of a right but he ducks beneath it, linking his arm around Slaine's neck as he does and executes a judo toss across the ring.

Lance:

Looks like Black Panda has found a little in the tank!

Slaine bounces to his feet and charges at Black Panda who catches him, lifts and turns smashing him down into the canvas with a 180° spinebuster slam.

DDK:

Whoa! Big spinebuster from Black Panda! Slaine back to his feet.

Groggily, Slaine walks into harms way when Panda spins and hits a vicious palm strike into the ear of Thomas Slaine. He staggers around the ring trying to find his balance.

Lance:

Oh man! That's gotta hurt. Palm strike to the ear?

Blindly, Slaine with his equilibrium jacked, staggers into the awaiting clutches of Black Panda who lifts him up into a military press before dumping him in front of him. Before Thomas Slaine can hit the ground the boot of Black Panda strikes him stiffly in the face.

DDK:

RETROVERTIGO! Slaine looks OUT!

Standing over his opponent, Black Panda is clearly angered by the treatment he received as he thinks through his next moves to the barely moving Thomas Slaine. Doyle is encouraging Panda to pin him but Black Panda slaps his grasp away.

Lance:

Looks like Black Panda isn't done with him yet.

DDK:

Maybe he took offence to the crowd barrier treatment, Lance.

With Slaine on his belly, Panda steps over his back and links his arms into a chickenwing before pulling him into a modified Camel Clutch.

DDK:

ENDANGERED! Black Panda looking to make Slaine tap!

Having been almost out like a light, the pain seems to awaken Thomas Slaine who is writhing in agony from the hold as Black Panda continues to bend his spine in ways it should never be bent.

Lance:

I think Slaine is gonna quit, DDK.

DDK:

WHAT?!? Black Panda just released him, shoving him down into the canvas.

Lance:

He's not done yet.

Doyle is questioning Black Panda who stands in the ring just sneering at his opponent who lays on his belly almost out of it.

DDK:

Referee Benny Doyle is not happy with the treatment that Black Panda is giving Thomas Slaine. Wants him to just make the cover.

Lance:

He's got him to his feet again.

Pulling Slaine back to his feet, Black Panda struggles to lift an almost lifeless body up to lean against him.

Black Panda:

THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, DAD!

Lance:

Um... for dad?

And he folds him into a package position and drives him into the canvas with a piledriver. Kneeling beside Slaine, Panda presses his shoulders to the canvas with both his hands on his chest.

DDK:

Cover!

One...

Two...

Three!

DING DING DING!!!

He kneels over Slaine, snarling at him and checking his own mouth for blood from the earlier shots with the guard rail.

DDK:

What a brutal bit impressive ending for Black Panda.

Benny Doyle attempts to distract Black Panda and get his attention. Panda sneers at him as his music plays, while Doyle tries to grab his wrist and help him to his feet. Black Panda snatches his arm away.

Lance:

Once he took control he looked like a man possessed, DDK. He had a message to send.

Black Panda stands above his opponent, pressing the butt of his palm to his mouth and checking for blood. He stares down at the blood in his hand with pure disgust. Not from the sight of it. But how it came to be there.

DDK:

Oh, looks like Panda has something to say...

He walks across the ring and demands a microphone which is quickly handed to him as his music cuts. The fans are already somewhat deciding their opinion of the man after her callously dispatched Thomas Slaine with ferocity.

Black Panda:

DEFIANCE!

He screams into the microphone, pointing at the fans and doing a slow circle.

Black Panda:

These sheep have been bred for one thing and ONE thing only. To call for your pain. For your suffering. For your blood!

Some of the fans cheer the idea of seeing a hardcore contest and the violence which could ensue.

Black Panda:

I'm here... to tell you... that no matter how loud the cacophony of BLEATING becomes... you don't need to degrade your skills as an athlete for their sheer, unadulterated entertainment.

Cue boos. Cue Black Panda being triggered.

Black Panda:

NO! NO! You people don't get to boo me. You don't get to have an opinion of me. You're not WORTHY of even letting me become the single strand of thought that you are able to concoct inside those tiny, little minds.

DDK:

Black Panda insulting these fans, Lance.

Black Panda:

You might sway a lesser man to beckon to your calls but as far as I'm concerned... you people are the cancer riddled through this industry.

He turns to the cameraman on the apron.

Black Panda:

And I'm the cure.

The booing grows a little louder as he addresses the backstage area.

Black Panda:

I am the cure to the cancer that are the unwashed masses baying for your blood. Heed my advice... you may have

already given your past to them, but now is the time to protect your present and future.

Panda sneers at the fans.

Black Panda:

To save your lives. This industry is tolling enough on our bodies as we battle as gladiators inside this ring. But know this...

He continues to address the backstage but points to the fans.

Black Panda:

These people screaming for you to put your lives on the line for them won't be there for you when you need some to play *Here Comes the Aeroplane* with your soup spoon.

Wagging a finger, Black Panda stares with cheer disdain for the fans.

Black Panda:

When you cease to entertain these people, after your joints scream and the punch drunk syndrome makes your words slur and your vision tunneled, they will call for you to be cut from the roster.

Lance:

Maybe Panda is being a little harsh on the Defiance faithful.

Black Panda:

They don't care how many pills you're forced to swallow just so they can cheer. They want instant gratification and the instant you no longer gratify them they'll toss you aside.

He steps up onto the second turnbuckle, talking about the fans but not to them.

Black Panda:

And if you think for one damn second that this is all about them you deserve EVERYTHING that's coming to you. And I'll educate you myself.

Thumbs himself in the chest, dropping back to the canvas.

Black Panda:

If you DARE step inside this ring with me and focus your abilities on trying to appeal to these heathens then I promise you... this is NOT a threat... that if you force me to stoop to your level it will NOT be for their entertainment.

He pauses, staring to the backstage area with a dead serious gaze.

Black Panda:

It will be to cut out the tumor. I will cut you from this world. I will surgically and precisely remove your existence from not just this company but from the lips of those that dare chant your name.

DDK:

Black Panda laying it out on the line for the Defiance superstars.

Panda points out to the hordes of fans who have began to boo him more.

Black Panda:

You do this for them? And you'll answer to me.

Thumb in the chest.

Black Panda:

I will cure the cancer from this industry and I will do it one cancerous cell at a time. I've shown you tonight what I'm capable of. And I'll show you again and again and again and again until you get it through your thick, dumb skulls.

He stabs his finger into his skull as if he were trying to get through to someone.

Black Panda:

I. AM. the CURE!

And with that he drops the mike and "Unstoppable" hits the speakers again. He drops to the canvas and rolls out of the ring, still pressing the butt of his palm to his mouth checking for blood as he heads to the back.

DDK:

Black Panda super harsh on the Defiance fans, calling them the *cancer* and him the *cure*. I can only imagine what he has in store for Defiance.

As he reaches the stage, Black Panda turns and stares at the fans as though they disgust him before turning and disappearing through to the back.