

SHOW OPEN

The screen fades up from black ...

Energetic music begins to fade up ...

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



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

THIS.

IS.

UNCUT.

RETURN TO DEFIANCE: 25:00 - 30:00

Jestal:

I feel like we have been wandering these halls for weeks now. Dandelion motions a few times with her right hand out to the side.

Jestal:

Have to say Tyler was not what I remembered. The more of these Defiants I see the more I feel like a green skittle in a pile of red skittles.

As the two walk down a hall, they come across a place familiar to them in the DEFPLEX. In front of the door is a little red jacket. It is the size of something you would see in a movie about a rat wearing clothing. Jestal takes a knee next to the article of clothing he picks it up and looks at it.

Dandelion motions a bit with her hands as she looks down at Jestal who seems ecstatic now.

Jestal:

Its Clucky's jacket I am certain of it!

Dandelion rolls her eyes but as she looks at the door her eyes widen. She slams her fist into the top of Jestal's shoulder trying to clearly get his attention. Jestal looks up clearly agitated by his sister.

Jestal:

OUCH What!?

Dandelion points at the door where the little red jacket was in front of.

Jestal:

Well, look at this our old locker room! Wait a minute could that mean???

The clown looks at the jacket in his hand and then the door. In excitement, he swings the door open!

Jestal:

CLUCKY!

Their locker room has seen better days, as the once colorful vibrant home of The Toybox has become a shell of its former self. Dandelion looks distraught at the condition of the room. Jestal clearly disappointed as he does not see Clucky anywhere. BUT what the clown does see is unwelcomed guests who apparently have made their private locker room their own.

Jestal:

Dani, it appears Clucky is not here, but we got ourselves a couple of squatters here.

The siblings clearly have gotten the attention of Heavy Artillery! Bobby and Roosevelt with both their arms crossed clearly not happy The Toybox have entered their locker room.

Bobby Horrigan:

Look what the cat dragged in Owens?

Roosevelt Owens:

It would appear the freaks are back.

Dandelion motions with her hands as she points all around.

Bobby Horrigan:

I take it she said something.

Bobby sternly stares at Jestal, who also is taken back after the revelation of no Clucky and the condition of his Funhouse.

Jestal:

What have you two portly buffoons done to our Funhouse!

Heavy Artillery look at each other and then walks up and stare at The Toybox face to face.

Roosevelt Owens:

You two left we needed a locker room. So we took this one sounds to us like you have an issue with that.

Dandelion puts her hands over her mouth in horror. The camera switches to outside the door where all you can hear are rumblings in the room.

POW

WHACK

DING

HA HA HA

The door swings open and Bobby and Owens stumble out of the room and the door slams behind them. Both appear to have something in their eyes. Some sort of purple smoke rises from underneath the door opening. Heavy Artillery stumbles down the hallway clearly blinded by something. The camera moves once more to the door where a neon sign which used to light up saying

THE TOYBOX

Flashes on and off a bit until the neon lights remain on.

The Toybox stumble across a clue of possibly Clucky's whereabouts and come across their old locker room. Where will they head next?

HOPE

It'd been ages since Magdalena had seen Deacon smile. The creases that formed next to his dark and yet somehow bright eyes were contagious. Magdalena might not have crow's feet, but they were certainly looking great on Leah's normally worried visage. It seemed almost surreal in a hospital that'd seen countless tears outnumbering smiles millions to one. But this was a special day.

They'd taken Jack for the next round of testing, and though Leah had tried to go with him, he'd have none of it. Like the big mute freak, Jack would slay this particular dragon all on his own. Leah had looked worried, but only for a moment.

"Notice his shirt," Deacon had said, before pointing to his own massive matching shirt, and then Leah's.

I Believe, the emblazoned words in white over the black cloth said it all, and added illustrated praying hands to accentuate the point. Deacon's DEFIANCE Wrestling shirt had started out of the block strong, and that quick turnaround had opened up doors that Deacon or Leah hadn't considered, or at least had refused to consider. But what that shirt illustrated was coming true - prayer changes things.

"Can you even imagine?" Leah asked Deacon, leaning into his chest so his giant arms could envelop her. "Jack okay again. It's been so long, I can't even remember the last..." her words trailed off, but Magdalena knew what Leah meant - Magdalena had seen it in Leah's eyes for the entirety of that time.

"Yes," Deacon said simply. "Fait' is t'e evidence of t'ings unseen. So I get good at imagining."

No one would argue with that. Many had seen Deacon's ascension to the top of the card for multiple companies. Many had watched his battles that, though frequently bloody affairs, always said the same thing - the Mute Freak's faith drove him to nigh impossible levels, and in going there, he proved that nothing is impossible with faith in God.

"Excuse me," a doctor said, his balding head reflecting the lighting in the family waiting area.

"How's Jack," Leah said, her voice rising slightly in tone. "I knew I should have gone with him."

"He's a strong one," the doctor said, but though the words were comforting, the tone didn't align with it.

"Can we help you?" Deacon asked.

The doctor looked down for a moment, let the hand that had been behind his back come forward, revealing a paper in his grasp. "It's the results."

"For his test?" Leah asked, her voice cracking with a layer of confusion. "He's only been back there for a short time."

"Not for this test," the doctor answered. "Saturdays."

"What?" Leah asked.

Deacon's face grew stony, cold, all of his muscles, though aged, growing taut.

"We pushed forward on the testing to speed up the process," the doctor continued.

"What are you trying to say?" Leah said. "That all of this is..."

"I'm sorry," the doctor answered, handing the paper to Leah.

"Sorry?" Leah shouted, not taking the paper. "Sorry?!"

The Deacon accepted the paper and looked at it, or at least stared at it through watery eyes that had held hope just moments ago.

"I will give you time," the doctor said before stepping away.

Deacon's arm started to shake, first subtly, then growing in intensity until his hand clenched up like an eagle's talon crumpling a rabbit within its claws. But unlike an eagle holding its prey, what the Deacon held he didn't want. And somewhere between the cries of Leah, and Magdalena's own tears, the Deacon had sent that paper flying into the hallway.

And it was in that hallway that someone found it.

"You have to be kidding me," Terry Anderson said after uncrumpling the paper & seeing the results.

THE POINT OF NO RETURN

Somewhere out in the WrestlePlex parking lot, the man known as “Extra Butter” Gilbert Rogers and “Sticky Floors” Alan Goldstein are leaning against a beaten down car next to the exit of the arena. Goldstein looks to be drinking some water while Gilbert is slowly slipping off the vehicle, so he has to readjust.

“Sticky Floors” Alan Goldstein:

It was really scary. I can’t believe I did that!

Rogers is all smiles, although he’s still having a hard time staying upright.

“Extra Butter” Gilbert Rogers:

Mmmmm yeah, yeah. You did well, kiddo.

Even though he looks to be the same age as Alan, the man known as Extra Butter speaks with such “experience” and expertise when talking to the slender man.

“Extra Butter” Gilbert Rogers:

Mmmmm, you hit him with the eye poke. You gave him some of that, some of that extra, extra, if you know what I’m saying.

Goldstein smiles nervously.

“Sticky Floors” Alan Goldstein:

Yeah. *[gaining more confidence as he thinks about it]* Yeah, I guess I did! I rocked his world! Go me!

Extra Butter nods while he wobbly slides down the side of the car once more and has to pull himself up.

“Extra Butter” Gilbert Rogers:

Just wait until the DEFIANCE executives get back to us. We’re sure to have contracts! Yeah, yeah, baby, mmmmmm yummy!

Rogers looks down at his massively bulging stomach. He wastes little time in taking his left index finger and digging it deep inside his belly button. Extra Butter starts gyrating.

At first, Alan is grossed out by this but then thinks about his victory against Oliver Brandt. He closes his eyes to picture it and almost falls asleep while doing so...

CRASH!

The loud noise alerts both men to snap up and turn around to the exit doors. There, standing in the entrance way is Denver and Oliver Brandt, the Louisiana Bulldogs. Neither of them look pleased.

Denver Brandt:

What was that?

He says directly to Rogers and Goldstein.

Oliver Brandt:

Who do you guys think you are?

Oliver has a hand over his right eye as he tries to hold back from taking the two kids apart right then and there. Alan is terrified and starts shaking from head to toe. Meanwhile, Extra Butter behaves like he hasn’t even noticed anything since the door swung open, disrupting his extracurricular activity.

Denver Brandt:

Seriously, you freaks. Who are you guys?

Oliver Brandt:

None of this stuff would fly if you'd make the main roster.

Goldstein still doesn't know what to say. He's scared for his life and Rogers has other interests.

Denver Brandt:

Do you- do you kids actually think you're getting a contract?

Denver looks at Oliver with confusion.

Denver Brandt:

There might be some colourful characters here. The ToyBox, Malak Snowflake Guy, Conor Fuse and so on... but you guys can't even wrestle. At least those morons can wrestle!

Oliver Brandt:

Man, critics were all over our matches with you kids. The contests were shit! You're not getting hired!

Goldstein looks like he's been given the worst news of his life. He stops shaking but his face hangs low. Devastated, defeated he glances at Rogers for some support. Finally, "Extra Butter" is finished poking in his stomach. The large individual takes a moment to collect himself and then pays attention to the men in the doorway.

"Extra Butter" Gilbert Rogers:

Mmmmm no-no, I wouldn't be so sure about that.

The Brandt boys exchange eye rolls and sighs.

Denver Brandt:

Okay then. How about next UNCUT you two take us both on. You win, we'll make sure the executives give you a contract. A SIX month contract and nothing more, nothing less.

Goldstein's eyes glisten.

"Sticky Floors" Alan Goldstein:

You'd do that for us?

Oliver smacks his head.

Oliver Brandt:

No, you idiot! We'd do that because it won't happen in a *real* fight. We want revenge and we will take you down!

Denver Brandt:

Maybe we took it easy on you boys. Maybe. But now, you're gonna get suplexed out of your shoes! Even you, chubby one...

Gilbert has gone back to not caring and fixating his belly button. This pisses Denver straight TF off!

Denver Brandt:

What the HELL is wrong with you two!? God damn freakshow here!

Denver walks back inside the arena, continuing his rant. Oliver makes one more remark before following.

Oliver Brandt:

Sorry kids, it's back to school for you...

As the WrestlePlex door swings closed, the parking lot is quiet again. Alan Goldstein isn't sure what to say but he knows he will have to start the conversation.

"Sticky Floors" Alan Goldstein:

Uhhhhhh, hey Gill, are we screwed?

"Extra Butter" shakes his head no.

"Extra Butter" Gilbert Rogers:

On the contrary, mmmmmm. Enter: Refills. Free Refills.

Goldstein looks at Rogers like he's almost gone too far.

"Sticky Floors" Alan Goldstein:

Oh no. Oh no, no, no. Gilibert, I'm scared.

The scene ends.

OFF THE CLOCK

Music! Drinks! People! Nightlife atmosphere!

On the bottom of the screen: **The Carousel Bar, 214 Royal St, New Orleans.**

As the famous bar that is also a carousel slowly makes its rotation, “Black Out” Pat Cassidy sits on a barstool surrounded by a small group of people. There are two places Cassidy seems completely at home: in the ring and right here. It’s clear Cassidy is the center of this little gathering of folks, most of whom are wearing DEFIANCE merchandise. As the camera makes its way toward the bar, Cassidy is leading the group in a group singalong to the ultimate drunken bar song, “1953” by The Dropkick Murphys. Cassidy sways his drink high as he sings, and many of the people around him mimic his motion.

Cassidy: *(singing)*

For who we arrrrre!

And what we’ll beeee!

I’ll sing your praise - eternalllly!

When I was lost you carried on -

When I was weak...you kept me stroooooong!

As he sings, Cassidy seems to be paying particular attention to a pair of young ladies - until he notices the camera. He breaks out into a wide smile, and makes a “come over” motion with his muscular arm. He’s shed the black and blue tights for his informal attire: jeans and a maroon polo shirt with the top two buttons open. His hair is messy and his medium length beard is on the scruffy side, but he’s beaming from ear to ear.

Cassidy:

If it isn’t my favorite camera man. Come over, kid, don’t be shy.

Cassidy motions to the crowd gathered around him.

Cassidy:

We’re here just a few hours removed from DEFtv 139 - hell of a show, no? Main event was WILD. And, of course, we saw the debut of the next big DEFIANCE star with a dominating performance basically over three guys. The kid’s still got it!

Cassidy thrusts his pint into the air, and a small cheer rises up from his new friends.

Cassidy:

Sadly, it doesn’t look like the ol’ Dunson boys took me up on my offer. Must still be a little upset over the whole “me kicking their butts” thing. Ah well. That’s life. A bunch of The Faithful met me down here, though, and we’re partying enough for ten Dunsons!

Cassidy leans back against the bar and motions for the bartender. He looks directly into the camera.

Cassidy: *(into the camera)*

Whatdya say? What can I get ya?

It dawns on the unseen DEFIANCE camera guy that Cassidy is talking to HIM. We can’t see what’s said, but we can assume it’s a polite “no thank you.”

Cassidy:

Ah. Got it. Still working hard, huh? Good for you, man. Good for you.

Suddenly, Cassidy’s attention seems to be diverted, as he looks intensely off camera. He wears a look of confusion for a moment, and then it switches to recognition.

Cassidy:

HEY! Get a load of this guy. I know him!

The camera pans, and standing in one of the big archways that leads into the bar is BRAZEN wrestler Kazuo Akamatsu. He has both his arms folded and wears a permanent scowl on his face. He's staring daggers into Cassidy.

Cassidy:

Hey everyone - that's Kazuo! We work together. KAZUO! Come on over, buddy! Join the party.

Kazuo's icy expression doesn't change, but he does unfold his arms and make his way slowly to the bar and over to Cassidy. Cassidy and Kazuo's expressions contrast each other: Cassidy is warm and welcoming, but Kazuo looks ready to throw down.

Cassidy claps a hand around Kazuo's shoulder. Kazuo stares at Cassidy's unwelcome physical contact for a moment, and then moves his gaze back to staring Cassidy directly in the eye.

Cassidy:

What's your drink, my good man? It's on me.

Kazuo doesn't respond. If possible, he curls his lip into an even more intense snarl. Cassidy shakes his head and takes his hand off Kazuo's shoulder. He tries to reason with him.

Cassidy:

Look, I get it. I do. I'm in the business. I know why you feel the need to walk around with this gruff, silent, badass aura. But dude - we're off the clock. Let your hair down a little. Crack a smile. Have a cold one with me and the boys here.

The Faithful standing around Cassidy give a few words of encouragement, trying to persuade Kazuo to join them. Kazuo still hasn't taken his eyes off Cassidy. Cassidy meets his stare, and then claps his hands together suddenly.

Cassidy:

Okay! You want to play hard ball, huh? Game on.

Cassidy snaps his fingers and motions toward the nearest bartender.

Cassidy:

Marty!

The bartender's look lets us know that his name 100% is not Marty, but Cassidy is both a good customer and a very large man so he lets it go.

Cassidy:

I've got like fifty bucks in the jukebox. Do me a favor and use your little remote gimmick and skip ahead to "Glory of Love" by Peter Cetera.

Cassidy turns back to Kazuo.

Cassidy:

I don't care how much of a tough guy you fancy yourself - the sweet melodic sounds of Mr. Peter Cetera will make its way through your ear canal and warm that cold heart. It never fails.

As on cue the song begins to play throughout the bar.

♪ "Glory of Love" by Peter Cetera ♪

As the song gears up, Cassidy again wraps an arm around Kazuo's shoulder. Cassidy begins to sway and uses his

other arm to motion dramatically as he sings. Kazuo is still beyond pissed off by this, but Cassidy shows no acknowledgement of that fact.

Cassidy: (*signing along*)

Sometimes I just forget

Say things I might regret

It breaks my heart to see you crrrrying!

I don't want to lose you

I could never make it aloneeeeeeee...

Kazuo

ENOUGH!!!!

With that unexpected outburst, the music stops and everyone freezes. Kazuo removes Cassidy's arm from around his shoulders. Cassidy takes a step back, and Kazuo points first to himself and then back to Cassidy. He then makes the classic "I'll break you in half" motion with both his hands.

Cassidy smacks his forehead, like he just got it.

Cassidy:

Ohhhhh. You want to *fight*.

Cassidy quickly removes his shirt, laying it across his barstool.

Cassidy:

You should've said so sooner. Not a problem for me. We should probably take this outside, though, cause this place is pretty fancy...

Kazuo shakes his head "no." Cassidy stops, and then what Kazuo means clicks in his head again.

Cassidy:

Wait...you want a match?

Cassidy slaps his hands together.

Cassidy:

Sounds good to me. I need a second match anyway. I have to warn you, though...

Cassidy's demeanor suddenly shifts. The smile fades, and he moves closer to Kazuo, now meeting his cold eye-to-eye glare.

Cassidy:

You won't be standing in the ring across from happy go lucky Paddy Cassidy. We won't be singing or drinking. You'll be looking into the eyes of "Black Out" Pat Cassidy. And that guy? That guy isn't going to serenade you. That guy is going to beat your ass.

The two wrestlers glare at each other for a few more seconds, and then Cassidy breaks the tension.

Cassidy:

But for now? Now we drink.

Cassidy reaches over and grabs a pint off the bar and holds it out for Kazuo. Kazuo sneers - and spits a big loogie right into the drink! Cassidy lets the now soiled drink hang out in the air for a moment, and then eerily calmly puts the beer back on the bar. He gets back in Kazuo's face - they are now mere inches apart.

Cassidy:

Look. You can come over here and be rude to me. You can be cold to The Faithful here. You can *even* be disrespectful to Mr. Peter Cetera. But that?

Cassidy points to the beer/spit combination on the bar.

Cassidy:

...you done screwed up.

With little warning, Cassidy lays a right hand right across Kazuo's jaw! Kazuo, being unprepared, goes down. Cassidy is on him in a flash - throwing right hands in rapid succession into his downed form. The other people in the bar begin to yell and push back. Kazuo is able to turn the tables, and now he's on top of Cassidy, throwing punches of his own. Cassidy flips it back over and two men tumble around the floor, hitting closed fists right into each other's faces. The camera cuts out in mid-fight, and the next time these two will be attacking each other is LIVE on DEFtv 140!

DEX JOY VS. PETEY GARRETT

DDK:

We are now to the next match on tonight's episode of Uncut and right now, we have "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy in action!

Lance:

He's got Petey Garrett! Garrett gives up some size but he has some good striking ability and he can fly if he can out pace Dex he can win.

DDK:

Dex has been on fire, though.. We'll have to see how well he can do in this match next!

Quimbey:

The next match is scheduled for one fall! Coming to the ring weighing in at two-hundred pounds and accompanied by Solomon Grendel ... please welcome Petey Garrett!

♪ "Bulls on Parade" by Rage Against the Machine ♪

Music hits and Petey Garrett makes his way to the ring, with his partner in crime Solomon Grendel not far behind him. The Faithful lay into the pair with a chorus of boos. Grendel pays them no mind entering the ring and posing for the booing crowd.

The lights in the arena start to flicker on and off before simulating a blackout. The lights go out. Fans reach out for their cell phones and try to light up the Wrestle Plex. The lights start to slowly come back in the Wrestle Plex, section by section until on the big screen a cell phone battery display charges ... charges ... charges ... and soon it's at 1000%. "BIG DEX ENERGY!!!!" is on the screen!

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

Darren Quimbey:

From Los Angeles California ... weighing in at three-hundred and sixty-seven pounds ... he is "The Biggest Boy" and "Dexy Baby" ... DEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXXXX JOOOOYYYYYYY!!!!

The massive tank-like Dex Joy walks down the ramp and looks ready for a fight. He looks very excited for the opportunity to be competing in front of the DEFIANCE Faithful as he enters the squared circle. He is now in the ring and when he gets there, the bell rings.

DING DING!!!

When that bell rings, Petey Garrett is all over Dex Joy and tries catching lightning in a bottle. He is throwing kicks galore into the chest of Dex and they look like they are taking effect on him.

Lance:

Petey Garrett going to town on Dex with those chest kicks.

DDK:

But look! Dex trying to gut them out!

He leans forward and lets out a yell as he dares Petey to hit him again. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer on Big Dex Energy! Petey Garrett looks surprised but he takes on the challenge and then throws more kicks. The blows look like they sting a bit, but Dex shakes off the last one and then returns a big blow to the face of Petey, knocking him back!

DDK:

The Biggest forearm from The Biggest Boy!

Petey Garrett is sent back. He tries to get back to his feet when a running lariat from Dex puts him back to the mat. Dex picks him up and sends Petey for the ride with a whip, then throws him up and down with a big release flap jack.

Lance:

Look at Dex go! This issue that he's had with Team HOSS recently has him all fired up tonight!

Dex Joy then waits on Garrett then when he gets up, he uses a big clothesline that knocks him over the ropes. Petey is sent out to the floor and then when Dex sees his chance he gets the crowd on his side. He starts a low "whoooooooooaaaaaaa!" chant that gets louder gradually.

Lance:

Oh no ... oh, no ...

DDK:

Oh yes, Lance! I think it's about time for the Whoa-pe!

Dex goes running from one side of the ring but when he gets there, Solomon Grendel shoves his partner out of the way and gets mowed right over from the tank-like Dex Joy coming through the ropes with the big Whoa-pe! The crowd cheers him on as Dex starts getting slowly back up ...

Lance:

I can't believe Solomon Grendel took that type of a bullet for his friend, but he did it!

Petey Garrett starts getting back to the ring apron and then waits for Dex to get up. When he does just that he flies off the ring apron using a missile drop kick and that knocks Dex off of his feet!

DDK:

What a risk by Petey Garrett but it paid dividends!

Petey has had the wind knocked out of him from his own drop kick but Dex Joy got the worst of it. Petey is slow getting up first but he does get into the ring. He tells the referee to start counting Dex Joy out and he does just that.

The count begins and Dex is trying to get back up. He does so and quickly gets into the ring at the count of five, but Petey is already ready for another attack. He lands a springboard drop kick now and he knocks Dex Joy down then tries pinning him right after that!

One ...

Tw ... No!!!

Dex uses his power and shoves him off!

DDK:

Great power on display by Dex Joy! But now look, Petey is gearing up for another attack.

Lance:

What's he got planned?

Petey Garrett waits when Dex is trying to sit up. He comes at him using a shot gun drop kick that sends Dex flying back into a corner. Petey gets up and starts celebrating prematurely!

DDK:

Come on, Petey, go after him! This could be a big win!

Lance:

It could be ... no, look out!

Petey turns around and Dex returns fire with his own shot gun drop kick! Petey goes flying far across the ring! Now Dex is on his feet and he looks primed and all fired up now. He beats on his chest, King Kong style and then points right at the corner where he tries to get up. He kicks Petey and sends him off the ropes, then runs off the other side ...

DDK:

Ouch! Dexy's Midnight Runner!

The pounce sends Petey flying almost out of the ring! He hits the ropes but then Dex goes and picks him up off the mat. He throws him into the corner and then sets him up ... running with Jump For Joy!

DDK:

My goodness! The Jump For Joy hits and I think he just flattened Garrett with that move!

Dex pulls the lifeless body out of the corner and goes for the cover.

One ...

Two ...

Three!

Dex's theme plays and he stands up again to have his arm raised by the official!

DDK:

Petey had a good plan of attack by coming right at Dex, but he can absorb tremendous punishment. He was able to fight through it and come back with that powerful offense of his to win the match!

Lance:

Dex Joy rebounds after that loss to Angel Trinidad a couple of weeks ago and now he's focused on payback against Team HOSS!

HE LIVES!

Darkness. Silence.

Suddenly...

<https://gfycat.com/unsungoffbeatirishsetter-countdown-film>

After the screen returns to black briefly, we're greeted by a panoramic view of a seaside city. Skyscrapers fill the background as we zoom along the city freeways and streets, and the hustle and bustle of the people.

At a park near the ocean, families picnic, play catch, and do other kinds of activities one does on a nice summer day... until the ground begins to rumble, bringing everything to a grinding halt.

The camera cuts to the ocean, which begins to bubble near the coast as low, sinister music fills the air. Something begins to arise from the sea, but it's features are obscured by the water cascading off its face and body.

We cut back to the people whose day of summer fun as been capsized by sudden horror, staring agape at whatever has come from the water to terrorize them and their town.

The camera focuses on one particular child, a boy of Asian origin, as he stares in shock at whatever monstrous apparition is forming before him; he yells something unfamiliar to Anglophone ears, but the subtitle at the bottom of our screen says it all.

[b]"HE LIVES!"[/b]

Cut.

RETURN TO DEFIANCE: INTERMISSION

After their encounter with one half of The Fuse Bros (360), and a clue to the whereabouts of Clucky. The Toybox continue their journey not only in the search for Clucky Jestal's loaded rubber chicken, a way back to 2019 but now the other half of The Fuse Bros (360), Conor Fuse.

Jestal:

So did you know Tyler and his "wife" are now called Fuse Bros. 360 now?

Dandelion stops, her brother stops after she does and looks at her.

Jestal:

He said it.

Dandelion looks around with her hands out to the sides with her palms facing upward.

Jestal:

Yea I know they didn't tell us but he just said it.

Jestal points in the air. Dandy looks around trying to figure out just WHO Jestal heard this from.

Jestal:

It's rather annoying he keeps talking, too. I am trying to have a conversation here.

Dandelion looks back at Jestal a bit concerned with his mental state.

Jestal:

What you don't hear it? It's rather annoying.

Dandelion motions a bit.

Jestal:

Clucky DOES TALK! So did our Blondies! What does this have to do with that voice I keep hearing.

Dandelion rolls her eyes for a moment before responding again.

Jestal:

It's not all in my head, what am I some sort of joke!?

Dandelion looks up, moving her mouth up and to the left where her head points. She looks back at Jestal.

Jestal:

HEY if I remember correctly, you use face paint, too!

Dandy puts her hands over her mouth for a moment, almost to show she is giggling at him.

Jestal:

I don't see the difference. You girls wear makeup every time you go out in public. Maybe I want to be beautiful like you girls do!

???:

Well, well, well, just look who we have here. Some revived players!

The Toybox turns to look behind them, finding Conor Fuse standing there, all smiles and shifty eyebrows...

Jestal:

Yea I KNOW it's Connor Fuse and.....well come on tell me who this big Juggalo is...what his husband?

Dandelion looks up where Jestal spoke.

Jestal:

Not now sis, the great voice in the sky is going to tell me who this big oaf is SAY IT!.....SAY IT!!!

Everyone is now looking around in the air wondering just WHO the clown is talking to?

Jestal:

YOU!!

Dandelion motions at Jestal just as everyone in the picture says.

Everyone but Jestal:

WHO?

Jestal:

Oh for the love of cupcakes! Forget it! So are you a dick like your brother, Conor?

Conor tries to answer it. Jestal grits his teeth upward.

Jestal:

Don't answer that given the track record of this abysmal year called 2020 I would assume yes. Judging by your friend, you came out of the closet while we were gone too...right?

Conor's smile has faded by now. He looks over Jestal and Dandelion closely. The Character Formerly Known as Player Two processes everything he's seen and heard and then...

Goes in for a hug?

Yep, goes in for a hug.

Conor hugs Jestal. Then he hugs Dandelion. They are too surprised to hug back.

Conor Fuse:

I missed you both! I'm glad you had those extra continues! I hid them in your back pocket that once, did you not see!?

Jestal tries to figure out what The Codebreaker is talking about but Conor just keeps on rambling.

Conor Fuse:

Ah, don't even worry! And this guy behind me? No no, I'm not married to him. He is my *Protector*.

Conor's voice goes all weird when he says "protector".

Conor Fuse:

Well hey, this was fun, wasn't it? Let's do it again sometime!

Conor tussles Jestal's hair, once again leaving them speechless. The Toybox have WTF looks on their faces. Fuse walks towards The Game Boy.

Conor Fuse:

Come along, my little buddy.

And skips away down the hall with the hulking man following behind. The camera swings back to Jestal and Dandelion, both of their mouths are wide open.

Jestal:

Um...this is a first I'm speechless...

Dandelion shakes her head and quickly sticks her hand in the back pocket of Jestal. Her brother's shock disappears as his sister appears to be playing a game of grab ass with him.

Jestal:

HEY! STOP THAT!

Dandelion's eyes widen and she pulls out two cards. She stares at them in shock, before looking back to where Conor and his protector walked off.

Jestal:

How did those get in my pocket?

Dandelion rubs her eyes in utter shock.

Jestal:

Well, tell me what is on the cards?

Dandelion turns both of them over.....

ASMR WITH AMES 3: INNER EAR ATTENTION

Teresa Ames positions herself in front of her traditional single-camera ASMR recording setup.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Hello, hello, hello and welcome to yet another edition of ASMR with Ames.

She smiles as she flutters her fingers annoyingly.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Today, we will be giving extra special attention to your inner ear with some deep, incoherent babble and long, drawn out words.

Her finger flutters cease. She leans in close to her Blue Yeti microphone. The camera lens is the recipient of a suggestive stare.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Zibby zib zibby zzzz sssssssss hmmmmmm oh oh hooooo hooooo.

Indeed, her lip-smacking noises is just incoherent babble, but she thinks it's calming for many of her followers.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Just relax and allow me to take care of your inner ear.

Her hands dance around the microphone as if the visual effect is helping defeat anxieties.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

I want to take a second to talk about some people.

Her trance-like tone softens the obvious slander she is about to commit.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Sky High Titansssssssssssss...

Her voice trails off after holding the sharp S for a few extra seconds.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Malak is going to get you. We're coming for the gold.

A conniving princess smile breaks across her face. So innocent, yet very deadly.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Once we get the Unifiedddddddddd... u-u-u-u-unifiedddddddddd tag team titlesssssssssss, then my ASMR sessions will be even better.

Just the way she talks, repeats and drags on certain words obviously drives any normal, rational human being insane, but this is ASMR after all.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

I promise to do something very special after we winnnnnnnnnnn.

A wink seals the deal.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Forget about inner ear attention. Forget about everything else. All that will matter are those beltsss.

The finger flutters return as she transitions to the outro with big eyes.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Thank you for joining me for this VERY intimate session. Be sure to subscribe and stay frosty. See you next time.
Ames out.

She bites her lip and nods graciously to the many middle-aged men she knows she has gained as followers before the recording ends.

STRONG AF VS. CHARLIE GALT

DDK:

Welcome back to UNCUT fans! And up next, we have ourselves a double debut here in our latest BRAZEN Showcase match! We have two men looking to start their careers off with a big win and they are absolutely different.

Lance:

The first one is considered a hot prospect! After a dark match competing with former champion Oscar Burns in early 2019, Alex Fosters - known going forward as Strong AF - is a former Olympic powerlifter based out of Seattle! The bronze-medal winner definitely lives up to his moniker. Not only that, but he also boasts a kickboxing background that can certainly make him unique to deal with in that ring. Though he started training late in the game at the age of 33, he shows a lot of promise being only a year and a half into his career.

DDK:

Definitely a blue chipper! His opponent! A part-time high school teacher and veteran of fifteen years! Cheyenne, Wyoming's own Charlie Galt! He boasts a solid mat game and his finisher, The Straight Shooter, has lent itself to some success, but none bigger than the opportunity to join the growing BRAZEN brand. Charlie carries a chip on his shoulder from the quick words we got for both competitors. We'll see them shortly as Darren Quimbey goes to introductions.

And with that, we head to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, weighing in at 230 pounds...

CHARLIE GALT!

♪ "Welcome To The Machine" by Shadows Fall ♪

The opening to the Pink Floyd cover comes out and out comes the bald, chiseled technician Charlie Galt looking out to the crowd, stone-faced. As he marches to the ring, the camera shows off his debut inset promo.

Charlie Galt:

Fifteen years... been doing this a long time now. I don't mind starting from the bottom here. More legs for me to tear with the Straight Shooter... but look at who they paired me with? Some meathead? Oh, I'm sorry... an OLYMPIC meathead (makes wanking motion). Whatever. I don't care. I hope this chump hasn't skipped leg day because he's gonna need that extra protection when I rip his leg off and beat him with it.

Galt is now in the ring and brushes his noses with his thumb as his opponent arrives.

♪ "Everyday Superstar (extended mix)" by Cliff Lin ♪

A spotlight shines on the stage and the rookie powerhouse makes his way out from the back with a polite response from the crowd as he flexes his arms. He stands in place and demonstrates some kicks to the air to show off that kickboxing background... then almost slightly stumbles a bit before he catches himself. He sighs and smiles while in the ring, Galt rolls his eyes so hard, they almost fall out of his head.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Olympia, Washington, weighing in at 255 pounds... he is **STRONG AF!**

The man called Strong AF heads down the ramp and hands out a few high fives as his inset promo plays.

Strong AF:

DEFIANCE! I heard what history teacher Baldy Galt was trying to say about me backstage! I'm another meathead! I can't do anything! I'm green! Well, I'll tell you what I have that you don't, Teach... These! {Flexing} That's endless hours of work and dedication to making yourself the best that you can be. You got a lot more experience than I do, Chucky, but I'm telling you right now not only am I working hard to be DEFIANCE's biggest star, but it's brightest! And

if you can't stand being too close to the sun, then you need to get the *bleep* out of my gravitational field!

After what is generously called a promo finishes airing, Strong AF walks into the ring and shows off his custom t-shirt with the Superman-inspired logo. He takes off his shirt and rips away his pants to show off his granite-like physique before pointing at Galt, telling him he's ready. The two men get ready to lock up as his music cuts.

DDK:

That was an... entrance, that's for sure! He has loads of personality, but that huge gap in experience between him and Charlie Galt could make all the difference.

Carla Ferrari calls for the bell.

DING DING!

And right away, Strong AF tries to get at Charlie Galt with a Spear, but Galt sees the move coming and sidesteps, sending the former olympian crashing into the middle buckle!

Lance:

Definitely a rookie mistake! Fosters leaves himself wide open for that move!

Galt goes over to him right away and he's on his leg like a pitbull, attacking with a few elbows to his left leg! Strong AF lets out a howl with each shot and he's still scrambled from missing his opening shot. Galt then tries to get his leg into the ropes, but Strong AF fights him off with a pair of right hands. Galt goes tumbling backwards and that's when Strong AF unleashes a pair of those kicks of his, these ones actually landing... fairly low, but lands them in the abs of Galt!

DDK:

Those feet of his finally not failing him! Now Strong AF takes him to the ropes!

Galt goes flying and when he comes back, the olympian shows off his strength by hoisting him up in the air, Military Press-style! He holds him for a good five seconds and then dumps him halfway onto the ropes! The crowd cringes from the impact and Galt looks hurt.

Lance:

Wow, I don't think Strong AF even knows his own strength on that one!

Galt is dazed and holding his face in pain when a big clothesline from Strong AF sends him flying out over the ropes and out to the floor! The olympian poses for the crowd and the reaction is mostly positive in spite of his somewhat clumsiness.

DDK:

Strong AF earning a few fans tonight. That's incredible strength. Imagine what he can do once he has more experience!

Lance:

Now he's after Galt on the floor.

Strong AF slides underneath the ropes and heads to the floor while Charlie Galt is stumbling around, trying to get his bearings about him. When he gets back up, Strong AF waffles him with another big Clothesline he clearly wasn't expecting! He yells out to the crowd to make some noise and they do before he picks up Galt and sends him back into the ring.

DDK:

Strong AF in control after a shaky start, but... uh-oh!

When Strong AF tries to climb back into the ring, Charlie hits a desperation Chop Block to the left knee and sends the former olympian tumbling to the mat! Fosters is in pain now and Galt then grabs his leg to the middle of the ring before he stomps away at the leg.

Lance:

That's good mat work by Galt! Strong AF might have been looking for crowd reactions too much and that's what happens.

DDK:

Very astute! And now he snaps that leg to the mat in a DDT-like fashion and now Strong AF is on the bad end of this match!

Galt continues to go after the leg when he drops another pair of elbows into the leg joint and then locks him with a kneeling Leg Lock.

DDK:

Galt utilizes an Elevated Half Crab for his finisher that he calls the Straight Shooter and no doubt building to that! He's got him grounded!

Strong AF tries to sit up and grab him, but Galt grabs his knee and pulls back, sending Strong AF falling back to the mat in pain. Galt looks incredibly angry and looks like he's legit trying to tear the leg out of his socket.

Charlie Galt:

I'm taking your leg, you stupid tryhard!

He continues applying the pressure, but he can't keep Strong AF's free leg away from him and he uses it to kick away at the high school teacher and sends him back. Galt stumbles but quickly regains his footing and then tries to get at Strong AF and his leg, but out of nowhere he hoists him up and spikes him into the mat with a Thrust Spinebuster! His leg is still hurting and he falls to the mat, not able to cover right away!

DDK:

Wow, what a counter! That Thrust Spinebuster just saved Strong AF from more harm, but that knee looks bad.

Strong AF is still smarting, but he gets back up first and grunts while Galt is right behind him, holding the back of his head. He slowly stands up and the quicker Galt strikes first with a big European Uppercut. He throws two more and then heads to the ropes for something else, but when he comes back, Strong AF finally nails the Spear he wanted earlier and drives Galt back to the canvas!

He gets more cheers from the crowd as he climbs out to the ring apron.

DDK:

Is this really a good idea? Strong AF hasn't shown THAT good coordination!

He is up on the top rope, but Galt is slow to rise. When he eventually gets up, Strong AF comes flying at him in the form of a Diving Shoulder Tackle off the top! It isn't graceful, but it connects although Strong AF's knee is clearly sore after the landing. He hurts but he slowly crawls over for the cover now on Galt.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Close, but no! That g him trouble, but... now what's he doing?

Strong AF starts telegraphing that he wants to end the match and then pulls Galt up. He tries for a Vertical Suplex, but

his knee gives way and Galt sees this, kicking at the knee. He then backs up and CRACKS Strong AF under the jaw with a nasty Super Kick called The Hard Hit!

DDK:

Hard Hit! He just laid out Strong AF with that kick! And now he stacks up the legs into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Strong AF kicks out, but Galt tries the leg again. He tries getting the powerhouse over, but he flips him with the leg and then makes it up slowly. Galt tries a running knee, but Strong AF moves and then off the rebound he kicks him with an ugly Spinning Heel Kick!

DDK:

Strong AF trying in earnest! And now he gets Galt up...

Lance:

He calls that move Deadly AF! That Vertical Suplex Powerslam I think just did it!

Strong AF hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Strong AF rolls off of Charlie Galt and then holds his leg.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match... **STRONG! AF!**

DDK:

Big win here for Strong AF in his debut! His style may have been a bit all over the place, but he overcame Galt and won that match.

Lance:

Call it nerves or jitters, but I think Strong AF has promise he learns to control those to work in his favor.

Strong AF rolls out of the ring and heads to the back ready to celebrate this win in his televised debut.

THIS ISN'T OVER!

BEFORE DEVtv WENT OFF THE AIR!

Your view is rocky as the cameraman is rushing to find someone. We are backstage at the Wrestle-Plex. A voice is muffled but sounds like it's coming closer.

Jay Harvey:

Where are you, Gage?!

Jay Harvey comes into view as the cameraman keeps his distance. He is just a fly on the wall.

Jay Harvey:

Come on out, Blackwood!

Harvey looks into several rooms along the hallway and Blackwood is nowhere in sight. He continues searching but there's no trace of the man who laid him out earlier in the night.

Jay Harvey:

I'm gonna find you! Hey! You see Blackwood?

The assorted members of the ring crew all shake their heads.

Jay Harvey:

No? Shit...

Harvey keeps searching, trying to find Blackwood. Harvey grows more and more aggravated with each step.

Jay Harvey:

You seen Blackwood?!

A stagehand points toward the parking lot.

Stagehand:

He just left.

Harvey is off in hot pursuit. The cameraman is behind him still keeping his distance. Harvey busts through the back exit of the Wrestle-Plex and the cameraman isn't far off.

Upon opening the door we see Jay Harvey looking all around trying to see car lights. Out of nowhere we hear tires screech and a car zooms into the frame. Jay Harvey narrowly escapes certain danger as the car continues off.

Jay Harvey:

You coward! Run! This isn't over!

Harvey is like a madman, seething, feeling the adrenaline flow from what just took place. He watches as the car's tail lights grow farther and farther away. We fade out to black.

MY ROBOT FRIEND

DISCLAIMER, if you don't know what AWESOM-O is, you're not going to get this. Just skip the song.

Hey there have you heard about my robot friend?

He's mental and large but I'm still incharge

He's a cyberwired bundle of joy

My robot friend

I like to dip and daddle with my robot friend

He's smart as can be and emotion-free

And he's computin' his way to my heart

My robot friend

My robot friend

My robot friend

My robot ...friend

I'm hangin' out in NOLA with my robot friend

We're havin' such fun while Tyler beats DEFIANCE's Favorite Son

We're two of a kind- That's me!

And my robot friend

My robot friend

My robot ...friend

Hey there, did you know I had a robot friend?

We used to laugh and play, but The DEFCON took the fun away

So we put him through my TV

My robot frien----

The fun and peppy song comes to a crashing halt. Replacing it, there is nothing but silence, giving an aura of intensity and evil, the exact opposite of the song that was playing. There is darkness on the screen except for a dim light stand off to the right. However, there is just enough light to show a man sitting in a chair and a much larger man behind him. The man is dressed in lime green. Green tights, green arm sleeve and green bandana. Clearly, it's Conor Fuse. Additionally, he has medieval chainmail armor covering half of his body and face, in green tint, of course.

The man who stands behind him is The Game Boy. Arms crossed. Watching over his "friend".

Conor leans forward.

Conor Fuse:

Hello. You might be wondering what all of this means. In time, you Gamers and Gamettes will understand The New World, created in my image, yours truly, Conor Fuse.

Upon saying his name, Conor's face lights up with delight. Then he goes back to a more serious tone as he leans back in his chair.

Conor Fuse:

When I entered this One Player Campaign, I knew what I was getting into. I just didn't know I needed an extra power-up or two to get me through it so early. The DEFCON is dead. Madagascar has vanished. Quit the system entirely.

Clearly, he means The Deacon and Magdalena.

Conor Fuse:

And now it is just me and my Game Boy. We will scavenge the DEFIANCE world and make it straight to the top!

Gerardo Villalobos was an easy first level. Next week on DEFtv, will be an easy Level 2. From there, I will have an announcement for all of you. I am not going through this campaign level by level. Not when you're me. Not when you're this good.

Conor leans forward once more.

Conor Fuse:

I have an announcement that will shock the system. Because I am well on my way to completing 100% DEFIANCE. Just wait and see.

The Game Boy looms over Conor some more as he turns to the lamp and clicks the light off.

AUG 9, 2016, UNCUT 11: SCOTT DOUGLAS INTRODUCTION*AUGUST 9TH.**2016.**Moments after DEFCON Night Two's conclusion.**SCOTT DOUGLAS' VERY FIRST APPEARANCE ON DEFIANCE TV.***UNCUT #11.**

The Lakefront Arena doors swing open as the Faithful pour out into the night air. Some heading for cars in the parking lot and directly to Franklin Ave. Each a buzz with the night's festivities as they split camera left and right celebrating or commiserating what they've just witnessed.

As the torrential exodus slows to a trickle, Scott Douglas makes his exit from the complex and slows his gate just outside of the venue's main entrance. It appears he has taken in the show from the Faithful's perspective. He digs into the pocket of his dingy shredded jeans and retrieves a cell phone.

Staring at the caller identification displayed on the screen; Scott adjusts his faded black t-shirt with the opposite hand. His expression turns from one of curiosity to comprehension as he swipes his thumb across the face of the device.

Tossing his hair back and out of his face with his free hand; Scott raises the phone to ear.

Scott:

Hey Ma...

The opposite end of the call is vaguely audible yet entirely unintelligible.

Scott:

No, I'm fine... I'm fine. Ma, I told you I - Ma, I told you I was going to get out of town for a few days.

Returning to pockets of the worn and thinned denim, Scott produces a pack of cigarettes and an accompanying lighter. As the voice on the other end of the line drones on with concern and correspondence, he lights a cigarette and draws in the carcinogens.

Scott: *[exhaling the thick smoke into the night air]*

Ma, everything is fine. I'm, just ... I'm looking into some potential opportunities.

Scott draws again as he begins pacing up and down the Arena adjacent sidewalk.

Scott:

Uh huh... yeah. OK ... Yes, I'll be back in a few days and I'll come by for dinner, I promise. I just needed to put my eyes on some things down here to be able to weigh my options.

A car pulls up alongside the curb. The window already down; the driver calls out.

Driver:

You call an Uber?

Scott throws his hand up to acknowledge positively as he heads toward the car; flicking his cigarette off into the darkness.

Scott:

Ma, I gotta get going ... but I promise we'll talk soon. I just have to get some things in order.

The muffled voice on the other end of the call squawks in response as Scott enters the car. The driver double checks his phone nestled in the plastic grip mounted just above the air conditioner vent.

Scott:

I don't want to talk about that.

The car takes off down Franklin Ave as the phone call seemingly will not end.

Scott: [attempting to interject]

Well, yes but ... wait, no. Ma ... Ma ...

The driver inquisitively peaks toward the backseat via the rearview mirror as Scott raises his voice.

Scott:

Mom! I don't want to discuss that either. Seriously, let it go.

Scott calms himself and lowers his voice.

Scott:

I can't keep living in the past. I put my life on hold for long enough! It's time to move forward.

Scott's tone dips to levels broaching on melancholy briefly before returning to a natural cadence and collection.

Scott: [re-composed]

Like I said, I will talk to you soon and when I get back home ... I'll come by...

Scott pauses briefly.

Scott:

I love you, too. Alright, ok... alright, bye.

With a heavy sigh and heavy heart, Scott ends the call and returns the phone to his pants pocket with a slight twist in his seat to facilitate the action.

Scott: [*trying to restore social norms*]

Sorry about that. How are YOU doing, tonight?

The drivers feigns surprise to hide the fact he was listening attentively to the bulk of the semi-private conversation.

Driver:

Huh? ... Oh, yeah I can't complain.

Scott, well aware of the awkwardness, doesn't respond; hoping the pleasantries was enough to meet his half of the social contract without having to have an actual conversation.

Driver:

Lakefront, eh? DEFCON!

The driver laughs nervously.

Driver:

How was it!?

Scott twists his neck to the left, appearing annoyed and then back to the right cracking his neck. The attempt at tension relief triggers a nearly involuntary shoulder roll to readjust.

Scott: [*clearing his throat*]

What? Oh, yeah ... It was great. A lot of talent under one roof.

Hoping he has struck a balance between short enough to discourage further conversation and not so short to come across as rude; Scott settles into his seat while putting his palm to his face and flipping his hair back over his head and out of his face.

Driver:

Big "rasslin" fan, eh?

Scott's social alchemy proves to be as much of a failure as the actual practice. Swiping his hand across his brow before drawing closed his thumb and index finger across his eyelids until they meet and focus on the bridge of his nose.

Scott: *[head down, speaking through building frustration]*

Yeah ... you could say that.

Driver: *[oblivious]*

Awesome! Well, this is you! The Holy Ground! Great bar. I think you'll dig it!

Scott:

I doubt they can disappoint. Thanks.

Scott pops the door latch and leans toward the hole it lends. Tossing a foot out and down to the pavement Scott pulls himself out of the vehicle.

Driver: *[talking over his left shoulder]*

Hey, five stars would be ...

Scott:

Yeah ...

Scott pushes the door shut and walks around the rear of the car. Stepping up on the sidewalk, he looks up to the bar's signage. Shrugs, as if to say 'it'll do' and precedes inside. The open door lets loose a cacophony of clinking glass, belligerent voices, and neon luminance instantly blotted out by the slam of the swinging door.

Blast of Static

Just as the camera switches, we are met with a grainy overshot of the WrestlePlex entrance - Scott Douglas is shown arriving for his match up prior to DEFtv 139 - the blockbuster Street Fight that was ready to set the DEFIANCE Faithful on fire. As usual DEFIANCE's Favorite Son arrives via Uber. What seems to be a normal exchange of Douglas exiting the back of the vehicle and heading inside - quickly changes into something much darker.

The Uber car which almost resembles the same car that Douglas has always been seen arriving in, slowly drives back towards the entrance after Douglas disappears inside. A few seconds pass of the car simply sitting out in front of the entrance again, almost like they were 'waiting' to make sure Douglas was inside. A few more seconds pass and a woman appears outside of WrestlePlex, it's hard to make the appearance of the mystery person but they look in all directions before approaching the car. The driver and the mystery woman exchange a few words before the driver door opens, slowly a man steps out, he's wearing a baseball cap and an oversized jacket. As the two people converse outside the Wrestleplex building the man starts to take off his cap and jacket while handing her the keys. As the grainy picture finally gets a proper glimpse at the man it appears to be none other than Jason 'Stalker' Reeves.

With haste, the woman gathers Stalker's jacket, cap and keys and climbs into the driver's seat. Seconds go by and the car disappears. When he turns towards the wrestler's entrance, a smirk appears on the veteran wrestler's face, even through the crappy video feed, it's clear to see the devilish smile on Stalker's face as he walks towards the side doors. Just as he arrives at the doors, the camera switches to a much clearer visual of Jason Reeves entering the building. It's the door cameras that now focus on Stalker as he is looking up to the camera with the door open, and a smug grin on his face. The Hardcore Enigma, who was planning on wrecking Douglas' face that night has a much darker look in

his eyes as he stares into the camera.

Blast of Static.

The camera reel that just caught Scott Douglas' drop off goes through a myriad of visuals, multiple drop-offs, time-stamped throughout various important moments in Scott Douglas's career. In each quickly played the clip, the same vehicle would be pictured dropping Scott off and then driving away, dropping Scott off and driving away. It was very disturbing, the way the camera roll repeated itself. The car door opens, Douglas steps out while grabbing his bag and walks inside. Each time the camera films the car driving away. After about the tenth clip played at the super speed of Scott Douglas arriving at WrestlePlex, it pauses at a zoomed-in visual of the driver looking at Douglas as he walks into the arena. Every zoomed-in image of the driver is of the same man, the same baseball cap, and the same jacket.

Blast of Static.

An inside dashboard camera shows an up-close visual of Jason 'Stalker' Reeves, with the cap on, jacket on, it's hard to tell who he is based on the disguise. Spinning the wheel he pulls up to the side street outside of where Scott Douglas was walking up and down of so many years ago. Rolling the window down as he came to a full stop he cleared his throat before speaking.

Stalker: *[calling out to Douglas from within the car]*

You call an Uber?!

The camera once again switches to the grainy overhead visual, Douglas is seen flicking his cig into the darkness, casually opening the backseat into the normal 'Uber' car, DEFIANCE's Favorite Son had no idea that this man had been stalking him as far as back as his original debut in DEFIANCE.

SOHER: GAGE BLACKWOOD Â© vs. SGT. SAFETY

A pre-match graphic overtakes the screen. It depicts the Southern Heritage Champion, Gage Blackwood, with a look of intensity on his face and the belt across his waist. Meanwhile, Sgt. Safety has a deadpan stare, safety clipboard in hand and Cyrus Bates looms over his shoulder before the action cuts to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP! Introducing first, the challenger, being accompanied to the ring by his new friend, Cyrus Bates... Sgt. Safety!

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

The cringeworthy safety video about how to extinguish Type A fires rings throughout the arena as Sgt. Safety walks out on stage wearing his traditional safety suit. Cyrus Bates follows not too far behind, dressed in street clothes.

DDK:

I've been told Gage Blackwood specifically requested to put his title on the line against a "lower level talent," just in spite of Jay Harvey.

Lance:

Well, whatever, Keebs. What if he loses? I'm sure he won't, not against Sgt. Safety who's had a few quick, non-competitive matches himself here but still. What's Gage trying to prove?

DDK:

I don't know.

Bates limbers Safety up by rubbing his trapezius muscles a few times.

Lance:

Also, what's the deal with Cyrus Bates and Safety? Bates beat him a few weeks ago on DEFtv but then we saw the two together on an UNCUT recently.

DDK:

I think Bates feels safe around the Sergeant. But you'd have to ask him.

Safety rolls into the ring but only after Bates gives him the nod to do so. Safety does a quick inspection of the ropes before discarding his checklist.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, he is the SOHER Champion... I'm also being told he wants to be called THE Gage Blackwood!

♪ "Unstoppable" by Dannon ♪

DDK:

THE Gage Blackwood?

Lance:

Blackwood did go through that Gage "The Rage" phase to make fun of "Twists and Turns". I suppose this is another jab at THE Jay Harvey, as he was formerly known. But yeah, Harvey's not in his head at all...

The SOHER strolls out, dressed in his normal wrestling gear. He wears the belt around his waist and marches down the ramp. Once he gets to the ring he looks at Cyrus Bates with a puzzled look and then enters the ring. Immediately, he demands Mark Shields calls for the bell. Although Shields is a little slow at doing so, he eventually gets around to it.

DING DING

DDK:

And Blackwood comes bursting in with a kick to the face!

Safety shoots across the ring, crashing into the turnbuckle. Blackwood wastes little time and charges in again, hitting Safety with a clothesline while landing on the second rope beside the buckle.

Blackwood pulls himself away. He spits on the mat and then takes the Sergeant, dragging him to the center of the floor. Blackwood crushes Safety's skull with a DDT.

DDK:

It looks like Bates can't watch! He turned away momentarily after Blackwood downed Safety with that move!

Blackwood rolls to his feet. He stares at Bates on the outside and gives him a "I'll kill you if you try anything" kind of look. The SOHER drags Safety to his feet by the back of his pants. He flips him into a fireman's carry and then into a powerslam. The challenger sits up from the impact of the move but Blackwood bounces off the ropes and leaps forward with both knees...

SMACK.

DDK:

GAELIC STORM!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match and STIIIIIII-

Blackwood exits the ring and smacks the mic right out of Darren's hands. He takes his title off the time keeper's table and walks to the back as his theme music plays.

DDK:

Well, we were told this match would take place during a commercial break on DEFtv to air for UNCUT 72. I guess Gage kept to the time limit.

Lance:

What would've happened if he didn't?

The scene goes to the ring as Bates tries to create a safe space for Sgt. Safety to feel better. This is done by asking Mark Shields to leave the ring.

DDK:

I guess we'll never know.