

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.

We Need to Talk

From a little girl, Magdalena had watched the Deacon face impossible odds & had seen even more on video. From returning to the CSWA after a year away due to a serious illness to facing the zealots in his hometown of Alexandria, Egypt, the Deacon had always risen to the occasion as if it were Easter Sunday. But as she sat across from him in the hospital's family waiting room watching him fold the manila envelope back & forth, she knew he would rather face those real world problems again instead of the one he was about to.

He'd not yet told his wife of the envelope or what it contained.

"So what's so important?" Leah asked before she even entered the room.

"We need to talk," Deacon responded.

"Then what's she doing here?" Leah tossed a thumb Magdalena's way. At one point, Magdalena would have called Leah an Auntie. That was a long time ago.

"She drive," Deacon said. He clenched his jaw and reached the envelope to Leah.

"You can drive," Leah said.

"Not today."

"Listen," Magdalena said, rising to her feet. "I'll just go check on Jack."

Leah spun to Magdalena. "Don't. You. Dare." Her lips curled up and Magdalena could've sworn fangs had been bared. "He's sleeping."

Magdalena sat back down. After a tense moment, Leah turned back toward her husband, snatching the envelope from his hand.

"This another check for those t-shirts that's gonna save the day?" Leah asked, slashing her finger into the envelope to rip it open.

"Son of a--" she said with a grimace then pulled her finger back out to suck on it. She handed the envelope back to Deacon who took it. "You open it."

He did, easily; she'd not bothered to check if the envelope was sealed or not. It wasn't.

"So what is it?" Leah mumbled around her finger.

"After match wit' Conor," Deacon began.

"Who?" Leah asked with a shake of the head.

"Not matter. After it, Victor Vacio," Deacon paused as if searching for the words then reached the paper to Leah. "He gave me t'is."

With her free hand, she took it. Still sucking on the side of her index finger, she scanned the page, shook her head, scanned some more until--

"What?!"

"I not know," Deacon said. "It--"

"You said this wouldn't happen."

"I know."

"You said that the monsters and conmen in that '*business*' wouldn't get anywhere near us."

"I--" Deacon started to agree, but he'd been in the industry - he knew the people there as more than Leah did.

"How did he?" Leah paused, then threw the paper at Deacon's face before turning around and leaving the room.

"Never mind. I'll take care of it - like always. I'll figure it out!"

But Magdalena knew she wouldn't - they'd already tried. The hospital came up empty, but assured Deacon that they would help in any way possible, if for no other reason, in hopes of staving off a lawsuit.

With a deep breath, Deacon stood up to his full height and said, "Going to see Jack."

Magdalena wasn't sure if she'd be welcome with him there or not, but somehow, she guessed that even if Deacon didn't mind, Leah would. "I'll just wait here."

UBER NIGHTS' PART 1

It was a quiet night for Jason 'Stalker' Reeves, staring into the rearview mirror of his used black Buick, he was awaiting a 'pick up' request via his Uber app for his part time job. Most knew this already which already began to cost him some customers when a few recognized him via DEFIANCE programming.

Before his first 'Official' match against JJ Dixon, Stalker's last in ring appearance wasn't as himself, in fact it was as the Red Eyed monster; Reaper. That debuting night weighed heavily on this hardcore icon, not his recent tussle with Dixon or even Scott Douglas, instead it was that daydream that currently irked this old and grizzled veteran.

Truth be told no one will ever know all the identities that hid behind the mask of the cold blooded Red one, the same villain that lurked in the shadows of DEFIANCE and scared countless souls backstage, but one thing was for sure, Stalker's hand in the rise of the Reapers was just a small inkling to this story.

Stalker's cell phone rang, jarring the day dreaming man back to reality - rolling his eyes he looked into the rearview mirror, confirming no one was in the back seat - before groaning heavily and clicking the phone on via the hands free set up.

Stalker:

Is it time?

Voice:

As always Jason. You are correct. The package is on its way and will be available for pick up in less than 3 hours. I'll send you the address for pick up, don't be late doing an Uber call - he'll be 'contained' and need freedom fairly quickly.

The voice on Stalker's phone had a distinct accent to it but it was hard to make out exactly what it was as the attempt to cover it up was quite good.

Stalker:

We already have a match on the books against Dixon for him - and we ran that 'reel' during The Insider, is there anything else needed to secure the entry?

Voice:

The original plan was for your 'entry', Jason - not the package's. Acting like a madman in your match against Douglas handicapped you and potentially put the plan out of order.

Stalker:

As far as I can tell the 'plan' played out exactly as we intended. If only the violence could have been just a tad bit harsher.

Groaning in anger, the voice on the end of the line didn't like that statement at all, in fact it was quite clear that there was a bit of frustration in the accented man's words.

Voice:

As YOU had intended Jason. Not 'we' - you forget that this was your sales pitch to us. Either make it work or things will soon be taken out of your hands. You were lucky this time, we had leverage. Do not let what happened to Jessica inter.....

Clicking the phone off with a frustrated punch of his hand Jason Reeves yanks the cell phone and tosses it against the passenger door.

Stalker:

FUCK OFF..... FEAR!!

Jason gripped the steering wheel and cracked his neck, looking outwards towards the roadway in front of him. Stalker

turned the engine on just as the back doors opened on either side of his Uber. With a shake of his head Stalker couldn't believe how his night was going, adjusting the rear view mirror to reveal Tyler Fuse and Princess Desire sitting in the backseat.

Tyler Fuse: *[somewhat sarcastically]*

I heard you're an excellent Uber driver. Five stars they say, very friendly.

There is a pause and a sense of anticipation to see how Stalker responds.

Stalker:

Well.. I don't suppose you two are here for just a ride tonight are you? Don't take up too much of my time, I got places to be and people to pick up.

A smirk crosses Stalker's face as he catches eyes with the man, Tyler Fuse, whom he cost the win against Scott Douglas at ACTS of DEFIANCE. The smirk faded fairly quickly though as Stalker's steel eyes glazed over as he waited to hear what they had to say.

Tyler Fuse:

You cost me my victory. However, even I am able to understand the bigger picture. We should go back to the plan we discussed down at your little 'cave'. What's next for Scott Douglas?

With a turn of his hand, Jason Reeves starts his Uber up and drives away from the curb of the road. His eyes stayed focused on the road for a few moments before looking back into the mirror finally to address Tyler's question.

Stalker:

Scott's fall is going to be a much longer plan then just simply 'pinning' the man in a Street Fight....

The way Stalker spoke was like that of a scolding, one of a senior psychopath talking to a junior, the pain was in the long game, not just to shout about a victory at a single pay per view.

Stalker:

HE's a HERO and you are a villain... you need to watch him rise before we truly get to see and relish in his downfall. Trust in the plan of the puppet master and you'll always end up being the last one laughing.

Jason doesn't allow for an interjection to that statement; instead Stalker diverts the conversation as he takes the uber for a left turn down a much busier highway.

Stalker:

Someone is rehabbing hard to return, rumor is his eyes are set on me. I'll need you to take him off at the pass and make sure he doesn't get anywhere near me when he comes back.

The Princess remains stoic and carefree of this interaction. She simply looks out the window. Tyler, however, is much more invested. He leans forward as Stalker goes back to paying attention to the road.

Tyler Fuse:

Oh don't worry. I already have a plan for that. I'm steps ahead, remember? There's a reason we see eye-to-eye... on some things anyway.

Tyler turns to Desire and then back at Stalker.

Tyler Fuse:

I'll do this for you. But I know you're too smart to see this as a real favor... since I'll be doing this for myself, too.

Stalker eyes Tyler through the rear view mirror.

Tyler Fuse:

However, I will need some extra... equipment.

Fuse gives a nod.

Stalker, pauses for a moment but eventually, nods in return.

Stalker:

The Kabal always provides for those with the same... motives...

Tyler leans back in his seat. He starts to look around the car.

Tyler Fuse:

Nice set-up you got here. Looks like you'll be receiving another 5-star review...

Tyler takes out his cell phone and opens up the Uber app. He speaks out loud as he types.

Tyler Fuse:

Knew direction. Familiar with area. Chose good route. Five stars.

Fade.

THEO BAYLOR VS. EARL LEE ROBERTS

DDK:

Welcome back to more of UNCUT, fans! Coming up next, we've got Theo Baylor in action! Last week, we saw him on UNCUT make fairly quick work out of one of BRAZEN's best in "Wingman" Titus Campbell. Next, he goes one on one against one-third of the Southern Bastards, Earl Lee Roberts!

Lance:

We've definitely got another fight on our hands! Theo Baylor spent the last three months in his off time going to Seattle to take part in some private striking classes with wrestling Hall of Famer Sonny Silver and that seemed to pay off against Campbell last week.

DDK:

And we saw Theo Baylor also get an envelope from somebody that appears to have his attention. We tried to figure out who or what it was, but we've not been successful. Nevertheless, we go to the ring for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is set for one fall! Making his way to the ring, from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 270 pounds... **THEO BAYLOR!**

♪ "Greatest" by Eminem ♪

The new music hits and out comes Theo Baylor not endearing himself to the fans as he mouths off. As opposed to the angry young man he was three months ago he was last seen on DEFtv, he is... well, he's mostly the same. But instead of the angry sneer he usually had, he has a smile like he knows something the fans don't. He has on the t-shirt of the Silver Lining Gym and when he hits the ring, he takes it off and tosses it aside as his opponent is in the ring, introduced.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Alexandria, Virginia, weighing in at 249 pounds... **EARL LEE ROBERTS!**

Roberts raises a fist in the air, then dares Theo to make a move. The referee, Hector Navarro, calls for the bell.

DING DING!

Theo Baylor smiles, but then he backs off and waits for his opponent to make the first move. Roberts obliges and the two men lock up! It's a fairly even battle to start, but Earl locks up and applies a Hammerlock to Theo. Theo tries his hand at a back elbow, but Earl ducks and then grabs that arm... only to haul off and SOCK Theo in the jaw with a jab!

DDK:

That's the style of Earl Lee Roberts! Strike first!

Lance:

And he's been a respected vet in BRAZEN! We'll have to see if he can fight his way around Baylor!

Baylor takes the shot and licks his lips. He taps his jaw, telling Roberts to hit him again. He obliges and then throws a few more jabs to the face of Theo. The shots stun the big LA native, but when Earl tries to corner him against the ropes to set something up....

WHAM!

A NASTY Headbutt takes down Roberts!

DDK:

Wow! I can't believe that shot! We saw Theo use that same Headbutt to take down the bigger "Wingman" Titus Campbell and I think that changed the complexion of that match!

Lance:

I gotta agree with you! I think that Roberts isn't looking so hot!

Navarro goes to check on Earl Lee, but he backs him off and wants a fight. Theo happily obliges by RUNNING Roberts into the corner! He unleashes a painful series of vicious Shoulder Thrusts in the corner, repeatedly running into his ribs! Roberts is looking hurt, but Theo doesn't care. He pulls him out of the corner into a stiff Short-Arm Clothesline! After knocking him down, he paces around the ring and winds up his arm.

DDK:

Baylor has a new mindset and whatever training he did during his time away appears to be working.

Theo waits for Earl Lee to get back up, but when he's slow to do so, he picks him up and DRIVES him over the knee with a big Rib Breaker! Once isn't enough so he picks him up again and then drives him down a second time! Then a third!

Lance:

Oh, boy! Trifecta of Rib Breakers! He's softening up for that Inverted Cloverleaf.

DDK:

And what's worse, is that he calls it the Shivers.

Theo smiles and then thinks about going for a pin...

ONE! TWO...

Then pulls up Roberts.

DDK:

I don't know if that was smart!

Theo picks him up and then tries to set him up for Welcome To LA, but when he lifts up Earl, he surprisingly gets stopped with a Bell Clap! Theo gets stunned and then Earl Lee Roberts throws two more Bell Claps to disorient him!

DDK:

Look at him go!

Roberts holds his back in pain from the earlier Rib Breakers, but then he goes back to the jabs from earlier and rocks Theo. They stun him, but Theo tries to retaliate with a big Clothesline, forcing Earl to duck quickly. Theo comes back into a Scoop Powerslam by the Virginia native! Roberts sees his chance and then picks up Baylor by the neck before DROPPING him with a huge Hangman's Neckbreaker! And if that wasn't all, Roberts gets up and hits a big Knee Drop into the chest of Baylor!

DDK:

Big flurry of moves by Roberts! Will that be enough?!

ONE! TWO! TH... NO!

Theo sits up and growls, holding his neck, but Earl Lee Roberts feels the end is near. He has him set up for the Rebel Hell, but when he cocks back for the Discus Punch, Theo beats him to hit with a STIFF Elbow Smash first! He goes stumbling back to the ropes in a daze, but then Theo hits a bigger Running Elbow Smash that DROPS Roberts bad!

DDK:

Good lord! I thought Roberts might have been able to finish with the Rebel Hell, but Baylor turned that around fast!

Lance:

Now what?

Baylor answers the question by picking up a limp Roberts, tossing him into the ropes and catching him with a big Welcome To LA in return! Baylor doesn't go for the pin, but instead, quickly goes to work grabbing the legs and locking in the Inverted Cloverleaf called Shivers!

DDK:

Shivers! I think that's... yes! He taps!

Roberts taps until finally, Theo lets go! He looks pretty pleased with himself now as he has his hand raised.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **THEO BAYLOR!**

Baylor kicks his feet in front of the body of Earl Lee Roberts, smirk on his face before he leaves the ring. As he gets towards the ramp, he gets stopped by Jamie Sawyers.

Jamie Sawyers:

Theo, Theo, Theo! Can I get a word?

Theo Baylor looks at the interviewer and coldly stares as his victory music goes quiet. He stares silently at Sawyers, who looks unsure how to proceed for a moment before asking his question.

Jamie Sawyers:

On last week's UNCUT, we saw you approached by this Ken Ellis individual. Can you share with us what that was all about?

The LA native doesn't take his eyes off him... then sneers.

Theo Baylor:

I could... but it'd be funnier if I told you go piss up a rope... so go piss up a rope.

He laughs and slaps his hand hard enough across Sawyers' back to almost knock him off his feet. Theo simply ignores him and heads back up the ramp, happy with wrecking another person standing across from him. Sawyers looks back up at Keebler and Warner with a shrug before he heads back up as well.

DDK:

Short and to the point. Sawyers trying to do a little digging. We've heard of this Ken Ellis guy scouting BRAZEN talent. Is there somebody out there with their eye on the stars?

Lance:

I'm not sure, but I guess we'll find out when they're ready to reveal their intentions?

GOLD IN THEM THERE HILLS!!!

The following takes place back stage after Acts of DEFIANCE following the Dex Joy/Scrow versus Team Hoss match

Dex Joy and Nathaniel Eye are now in the backstage halls with Dex making sure that Scrow is nowhere to be found.

Dex Joy:

Scrow! Scrow! Pally you want to fight? I am right here! Right! Here!

Dex is looking down either side of the hall but sees nothing. The BRAZEN champion Nathaniel Eye is right behind him.

Nathaniel Eye:

Is he here?

Dex shakes his head "no."

Dex Joy:

Nah I think we're okay to celebrate, Nate.

Nathaniel Eye seems unsure.

Nathaniel Eye:

Are you sure?

Joy lets out the heaviest of sighs.

Dex Joy:

Well after everything we've been through with that huevo-less wonder Carny Sinclair, Scrow and his stupid little goth kid temper tantrums then yes! We earned this! It's time to treat yo' self, pally!

Nathaniel Eye:

Did you watch a bunch of Parks and Rec again dude?

Dex Joy:

I can't promise that I didn't and Ron Swanson is my spirit animal! I'm done with Scrow, I'm done with Carny and I am done-duh-done-DONE!!! Done! With Team Hoss bro! I want to be like you when I grow up Nate.

Nathaniel Eye:

Having eight pack abs?

Dex Joy:

Suck it. I'm talking about *gold* buddy!

Eye smiles.

Nathaniel Eye:

Don't worry buddy, I'm going to kick that big bag of meat's ass called Killjoy and then we're gonna both get gold!

(Viewer's note: Sadly he lost that gold :()

Dex Joy:

That's right! There's gold in them there hills, pally! There's a lots of gold and Big Dex Energy is gonna go back to 1848 and dig some gold up!

He and Nathaniel Eye high five it out and then walk off.

ASMR WITH AMES 5: VISUALIZATIONS

Teresa Ames pops up in front of her ASMR recording equipment with a smile across her face.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Hello, hello, hello. I bet you weren't expecting to see me again so soon.

She flutters her fingers by her Blue Yeti microphone therapeutically.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Last time, we discovered every nook and cranny of a vibrant DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team title belt together.

She pauses as she really accentuates her smile to the recording cam.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Now with that done, I want everyone to close down their eyes.

Her finger flutters slowly cease as she shuts her eyelids. Her mouth begins to even out as a look of concentration becomes the focus.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

I want everyone to just slowwwwww downnnnnn and concentrate.

Quietness sets in.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

In life, it is important to take time to meditate and to visualize what you want to get out of your hour, your day, your week, your month, your year, your life.

She squints to the camera with an extra cheeky smile.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

These VISUALIZATIONS are key.

She shuts her eyes completely once more.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Now that Malak, Cyrus and myself have the Tag Team Titles tucked away, it is time that I venture out for something I want and I know exactly what I'm looking for.

The ambiguity to her tone and message lingers as she slowly opens her eyes again.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

What does this mean? Oh, well, you'll just have to wait to find out.

She reignites her finger flutters as she transitions to her outro.

Teresa Ames: [Whispering]

Thank you to all for joining me on this adventure. I look forward to seeing you next time. You can find me on OnlyFaithful. Don't forget to subscribe and stay frosty. Ames out.

A soft fade accompanies the end of her recording.

STRONG AF vs. KAZUO AKAMATSU

DDK:

We're on to our next match on UNCUT and coming up next, we have BRAZEN star Strong AF about to take on a man we've seen step up his aggression in Kazuo Akamatsu.

Lance:

That's right! Kazuo has had some close calls against stars recently like "Black Out" Patrick Cassidy and "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas. He's stepping up, but still looking for a win, but tonight he has the rookie powerhouse Strong AF!

DDK:

Strong AF has background in kickboxing in addition to his background as an Olympic powerlifter. We'll have to see if it will lend itself to any sort of defense! We're now going to intros and Darren Quimbey!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! First, making his way to the ring from Seattle, Washington, weighing in at 255 pounds... **STRONG AF!**

♪ "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 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.

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

Akamatsu comes out and heads toward the ring with a smug look on his face. Strong AF does some flexes in the corner and waits as Kazuo hits the ring. The big Strong Style fighter hits the ring...

DING DING DING!

And Akamatsu launches an attack at the bell! He buries his knee into the chest of Strong AF and then sends the former powerlifter into a corner. THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! Three big Edge Chops and now he's hunched over in the corner. Akamatsu screams some words in his native language and then whips Strong across the ring... or tries. Strong AF hangs on, but Akamatsu CRACKS him with another Knife-Edge Chop! He then takes him out of the corner and drops him with a huge Mountain Bomb!

DDK:

Wow! Akamatsu didn't come to play! He's looking for this win tonight!

Kazuo goes for the cover.

ONE! TWO! NO!

Lance:

Kickout by Strong AF, but Kazuo isn't letting up!

Kazuo picks up and picks Strong AF up, looking for a Suplex. He calls for a Brainbuster and then tries to hoist the former Olympic powerlifter... only to get suplexed himself! Strong AF slowly sits up and he's clutching his chest in pain, but he slowly rises and the crowd gives him a little bit of applause for showing some fight.

DDK:

Strong AF with a well meaning countermove! Can he follow up?

He does try to get back to his feet and then tries a kick, but a sloppy shot only stuns Kazuo. He backs off when he slowly throws another pair of kicks, but they wind Kazuo. Strong AF then hoists him up in the air with a Military Press! He wows the crowd as he holds Kazuo up over his head for five seconds... no, TEN seconds! And then CHUCKS him against the corner in a somewhat sloppy fashion!

Lance:

I've heard the term "bowling shoe ugly" thrown around! But that was taking the cake!

The crowd somewhat cringes when he gets hit with an ugly Snake Eyes-type move in the corner, but Strong AF charges in. He flexes a muscle... then WHACKS Kazuo several times with some big Forearm Shots to the chest. He clobbers him over and over until he throws him out of the corner and then goes for the cover.

ONE! TWO! NO!

DDK:

Kazuo kicks out! I don't believe that he did after all that, but now Strong AF has him set for something.

Strong AF waits and the crowd gives him a somewhat polite reaction as he calls for a Spear. He charges, but lands right into a knee. He stumbles around and then gets grabbed from behind right into a Release German Suplex! Strong AF goes rolling backwards and clutches his head in pain when Kazuo balls up a fist...

DDK:

WOW! WHAT A PUNCH! KAZUO JUST DROPPED HIM! I THINK THAT MUST BE IT!

Kazuo shakes his head from the big punch, but then goes for a cover on Strong AF.

ONE! TWO! NO!

Lance:

Wow... I can't believe he kicked out! I think that last flurry of moves really just made him angrier!

Kazuo decides he's going to end it. He slashes a thumb across his throat and then tries to set him up for the Northern Lights Bomb... but Strong AF kicks frantically and then barely slips out behind him. He's still looking a bit glassy-eyed from the earlier shot, but when Kazuo turns around, Strong AF grabs his arm and sends him to the ropes before hitting a fugly, but effective Leaping Spin Kick!

DDK:

Big move by the powerlifter! We know he's been trying to work this into his matches. Now can he end it?

Strong AF measures him up and then picks him up before dropping him down with a Thrust Spinebuster! He has Kazuo down and then hears the crowd cheers to end it as he picks him up off the canvas...

DDK:

DEADLY AF! That Suplex Powerslam lands!

It's sloppy, but it works (like much of his offense) and he hooks the leg.

ONE! TWO! THREE!

Strong AF raises his hands after he climbs off Kazuo's body and then raises a finger for the fans that do cheer him (not as many, but they are there).

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **STRONG AF!**

DDK:

Kazuo came out swinging, but Strong AF gets the win! He's definitely trying and I feel like he can succeed if he does so.

Lance:

That he can. He's got all the tools there. He just needs more experience and then I think he'll go places!

Strong AF leaves the ring and points at the sky, taking in the (light) cheers from the crowd as the scene heads elsewhere.

GSPN 31 FOR 31

The following is a real sports presentation and the views and opinions of those expressed do not necessarily reflect the values and core beliefs of GSPN. Viewer discretion is advised.

GSPN.

Real.

Sports.

Presentation.

Where greatness comes to playTM

The GSPN logo superimposes on the lower right hand corner of the broadcast. A bunch of jump cuts shows various people sitting down in different rooms, isometric from a camera interviewing setup, all getting mic'd up. They make random breathing and grunting noises, trying to get comfortable. Some are eager and excited while some are just wanting to get it done and over with. One of the interviewees is Malak Garland who fidgets fiercely with his microphone.

Malak Garland:

Little help, please.

Producer: *[From off screen]*

Someone get the talent some help!

A bombshell of a gorgeous woman struts in and helps pin the mic to his collared golf shirt. Jump cut to a different interviewee. It's Malak's childhood friend, Gus, as a graphic explaining who he is appears on the broadcast. Gus looks like the most plain, ordinary guy on the planet. However, he is sporting a Major League Comments Keyboard Warrior t-shirt, which is a spoofed image of a professional baseball leagues logo where the batter is a samurai warrior and the ball is replaced with a computer mouse.

Gus:

Well isn't this pretty neat?

Jump cut to Malak's kindergarten teacher, Mz. Crandall, getting mic'd up. She's decked out to the nines in a beautiful dress that has flower designs on it. She might have a little bit too much makeup on.

Mz. Crandall:

Everyone is so nice here. I'm ready. But I'm not ready to talk about wrestling. Education comes first.

Jump cut to a rough looking dude in overalls named Cletus.

Cletus:

I ain't wearing no gosh darn microphone. I can talk loud enough for y'all to hear me.

Cletus' graphic indicates he's an estranged family member from Malak. Jump cut back to Mz. Crandall.

Producer: *[From off screen]*

In your mind, what do you think it takes to become a champion?

Mz. Crandall pauses in contemplation.

Mz. Crandall:

What does it take to become a champion? Hmmmm. Well Malak definitely wouldn't know because he struggled with blocks and numeracy from a young age.

Her condescending tone irks those around her. Jump cut to Cletus.

Cletus:

Why am I even here? Y'all know him and I are estranged family members, right? Kid don't even talk to me no more. I'm just simple Wyoming folk wanting to go back to my farm.

Jump cut to Malak who is finally ready for his close up.

Malak Garland:

This is going to be on GSPN, right? Not GSPN Two, GSPN 360, or GSPN Classic but like, the MAIN GSPN channel, right? Not even the sister channel, ESEN, right? RIGHT!?

Producer: *[From off screen]*

Yes. The main GSPN channel. We promise.

A smile breaks across Malak's face. Yes. The main GSPN channel! Hallelujah!

Producer: *[From off screen]*

So, Malak, now that you're a champion, how does it feel?

Malak poses as if he didn't know the question was coming.

Malak Garland:

Well, now that I am officially better than everyone and a champion of life, I can tell people what to do with more confidence and even less self-guilt than before.

Producer: *[From off screen]*

I see...

Malak Garland:

I don't have to do anything else. I have nothing to prove. You'll be getting the bare minimum out of me from now on. Coasting is the way to go. Hashtag paid life.

Jump cut to Gus.

Producer: *[From off screen]*

How long have you known Malak for?

Gus:

Oh we grew up together in Wyoming. We go way back. I think we met when we were five or six.

Gus shuffles his position.

Producer: *[From off screen]*

And what do you think of him now?

Gus:

He's a good guy. A little out there but who isn't in today's day and age. Really, if you get to know him, he's a solid individual.

Jump cut to Malak.

Malak Garland:

I have something important to say. You've given me this platform and I'm going to use it. Consider this a message to anyone that dares to cross my path. Picture life as a chat room. Well, I have just become the *[EXPLETIVE]* moderator and when you wrestle with me, you wrestle with words. Be prepared to get blocked.

Malak rips off his microphone and stands up. The stationary interviewing camera doesn't move but continues to record his lower torso.

Malak Garland:

We done here? You got enough footage? We good? Was that intimidating enough? Cuz I have a lunch date with TYME magazine over at the Shake Shack.

Cut.

SCROW vs. DAVID HIGHTOWER

♪ "Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams Jr. ♪

David Hightower lumbers through the curtain and takes the stage as imposing as ever.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ... from West Memphis, Arkansas! Weighing in at two hundred and seventy-five pounds ... DAVID HIGHTOWER!

Hightower adjusts that unforgiving chain around his neck and he begins his descent of the ramp, heading toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

♪ Diabolical - Nyxx ♪

The lights turn off. A raven appears on the Defiatron first with a close up of its eye. It blinks a few times and quickly is followed by a collage of moments Scrow has been in the ring. From the strikes to said Defiants as Scott Douglas, Oscar Burns, Dex Joy, and finally, the kill shot to Carny Sinclair at MAXDEF! The various clips repeat after Scrow's logo flashes on the screen. The Deftron entrance video illuminates the stage where Scrow stands in a scarecrow pose. Scrow comes to life, he slowly heads to the ring staring down but his eyes look up through his burlap mask. Just behind him, his entrance video is on repeat.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring from the Fields of Torment ... "The Raven's Eye" SCROW!

The camera stays focused on Scrow's face while the lights flash on and off giving off a horror like vibe. He reaches the ringside area he walks toward the steps and climbs the steps. He walks the apron and pulls back on the top rope and launches himself over them flipping and landing on his feet in his scarecrow pose. Hologram birds fly from the ceiling and land on his arms for a few seconds and then fly off as he raises his head and removes his mask.

DDK:

Scrow had some choice words for Dex Joy last Uncut. It would seem Joy has awakened something trapped inside this deranged man.

Lance:

Yea, if you caught his match with Butcher he wasn't all about trying to show everyone his skill in that ring. It was a message that he is no longer messing around with the talent here in DEFIANCE.

DING DING

Scrow charges David, but the southern boy does not back down and the fist fly as Hightower clearly has more power behind his blows, but the stiff striking mix with speed from Scrow is just as devastating. David blocks a strike from Scrow and grabs him spins him 180 degrees and launches Scrow halfway across the ring with a hip toss. Scrow quickly gets to his feet but as he turns around Hightower with a full head of steam smashes Scrow into the corner. The Raven's Eyes slumps down into the corner. Hightower turns away roaring with adrenaline pumping through his veins.

DDK:

Scrow is on the ropes here, and David is not messing around here. He has Scrow up into a SIDEWALK SLAM!

Lance:

The big difference here from last Uncut. David is here to fight!

Scrow quickly rolls out of the ring, as Hightower is backed away by Brain Slater as he begins the count. Scrow

continues to catch his breath as the count is up to five. Hightower sneaks out of the ring behind Slater. He walks around the ring and grabs Scrow and slams him into the barricade!

DDK:

David pulls the gi off of Scrow! ...KNIFE EDGE CHOP! You can hear that blow echo through the Wrestle-Plex!

Scrow staggers away and David pushes his back against the barricade and nails another knife edge chop! Scrow shouts in pain holding his chest. He tries to get away from David as he turns the corner and quickly slides in the ring. Hightower stays on his tail and tries to slide in the ring but quickly pulls back as Scrow misses a stomp as he was trying to get back in. Hightower grabs Scrow's feet and pulls him out of the ring.

DDK:

FRONT SWEEP! Hightower's face just slammed into the apron! Scrow with a quick reaction there.

Lance:

David had Scrow reeling there. Can Scrow capitalize on it though?

Scrow quickly grabs Hightower's arm and irish whips him toward the stairs. David flips over the stairs with his knee striking the steel before the flip! David quickly holds his knee, Scrow rubs his chest as he moves toward David. Scrow picks up David who is hobbling he lifts him up into a shin breaker! Scrow wastes no time and picks up Hightower's injured knee and puts it on the top of the bottom step he picks up the top steps and places it over his knee. He quickly strikes David in the face with a kick!

DDK:

Scrow is seeing blood here, he is looking to take out David Hightower with those steps!

Lance:

Scrow just leaped off the apron and double stomped the steps! David is in a lot of pain here!

Scrow kicks the steps off and David quickly pulls his knee away and holds it. Scrow picks up David who hobbles around and slides him into the ring. He follows and quickly goes to work on the injured knee of David, with countless knee drops to the knee of David. Scrow stops his attack to jaw with a few Faithful as Hightower tries to pull himself up with help from the ropes. Scrow turns around and taunts David to come on. Hightower grits his teeth and fights to get himself to a vertical base. After a few minutes, he is able Scrow mocks his bad wheel which only angers the southern boy more. He tries to walk to Scrow but falls to the mat quickly holding his knee.

DDK:

Scrow is laughing at David. Clearly David can not put any weight on his leg. He refuses to let that stop him here!

Hightower manages to get to his feet as Slater checks on him. He motions Slater away but as he is arguing with Slater Scrow grabs him by the head and pulls him out to the center of the ring. Scrow grabs Hightower by the mouth and taunts him even more. David in a fury unloads at Scrow but without being able to put proper weight on his legs his blows clearly do not have the impact they had at the beginning of the match. Scrow quickly blocks a blow and grabs the back of David's head! He slams his face into a knee lift quickly followed by a lariat!

Lance:

He hit the FEARFALL! Scrow goes for the cover!

ONE

TWO

THREE!!!

DING DING!

♪ Diabolical - Nyxx ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match "The Raven's Eye" SCROW!!!

Scrow gets off David who has not moved. Scrow pulls his arm away from Slater refusing him to raise it. Scrow looks down at David with a sinister smile. He does his scarecrow pose, the lights go out leaving a spotlight on him. Hologram birds fly from the roof and engulf him blocking out the light. The lights come back on and Scrow has vanished with the birds who have flown toward the ceiling.

A HELPING HAND

The scene opens on a close shot of a deeply tattered boot, held together by equal parts duct tape and sheer will. It slowly pans back, revealing Trashcan Tim to a positive response from The Faithful. He stands in the catering area, a trash bag with his ring gear hanging over his left shoulder, gripped tightly with his left hand. In his right, a plate that is stacked comically high with an eclectic assortment of food. Tim juts his tongue out through his missing front teeth, squinting his eyes in intense concentration at the plate balancing precariously in his massive palm. He eyes some of the dessert options, his gaze flickering from table to plate.

As the man known as Trashcan makes his way to the dessert table, the camera moves to the seating area beside it. A few BRAZEN stars are having a discussion rather quietly, Gage Blackwood sits by himself in the far off corner and the referee's are collectively gathered at a table of their own on the left, with Mark Shields leading a funny conversation about how he smoked pot and prank called an ex-girlfriend. However, as the scene stays on them for a moment longer, only Benny Doyle keeps laughing. Shields probably said something inappropriate to kill the mood. All the while, sounds in the kitchen can be heard, as plates clang together and the staff chatter back and forth.

Next, the camera pans to the entrance way where Conor Fuse stands with The Game Boy right behind him.

Conor Fuse:

Hey, do you see that homeless guy?

Conor remarks to his "Mini" Boss, making reference to Trashcan Tim.

Conor Fuse:

I think it's time I did a good deed. I know, I know, I'm always doing good deeds. But this time I mean one of those feel-all-warm-and-fuzzy kind of deals. Like one George Clooney would normally do out of the goodness of his heart, or Anthony Hopkins type-stuff.

If The Game Boy could show his facial expression, it might be that of confusion.

Fuse smacks The Game Boy across the chest with body language suggesting "just watch me". He leaves his hulking henchman in the entranceway and strolls up to Trashcan Tim. By now, Tim has taken copious amounts of desserts and dessert plates and it's incredible he can even balance all of this on one hand/arm.

Conor pops up beside Trashcan with a mischievous grin.

Conor Fuse:

Hello there, Unfortunate One. Lucks got ya down, eh? Well, no bother. I'll gladly help you out!

Conor doesn't wait for Trashcan to give him permission, instead Fuse just starts snatching dessert plate after dessert plate off Tim and into his own hands. It takes Conor a moment but The Character Formerly Known as Player Two has impressively balanced all these tiny little plates up and down both of his arms. Trashcan attempts to say something but Conor cuts him off.

Conor Fuse:

Oh, fear not, Unfortunately One. Lady Luck is here tonight! Where would you like to sit, good sir?

Tim scans the tables. There's lots of free space at the moment but just as he decides where to go, Fuse cuts him off.

Conor Fuse:

How about dead center. You deserve it. Treat yo'-self, that's my motto. It should be yours too. LOL.

Yes, he said LOL.

Conor walks over to the center table and starts tossing the plates down in a hurry, in an almost cartoonish fashion while making a very nice arrangement. He looks at Trashcan who is slowly but surely walking over (since he's still carrying lots of plates himself and Conor has caught him off-guard).

Conor Fuse:

Haha, I know what you're thinking. I used to be a waiter back in my college days!

Conor frowns at his next thought.

Conor Fuse:

Say, we never had many folks like you come in though. Even when I ALWAYS advocated for it. Yep. I'm a big homeless supporter myself. Five Days For the Homeless, that was my thing. It was a nationally recognized campaign through many universities, raising money for local homeless shelters where students, such as myself, slept outside the university for five days and five nights, raising money and canned goods for the homeless community and people like you.

Conor's friendly sales pitch brings a soft smile to Trashcan's face but Tim is sure to point Conor in the right direction.

Trashcan Tim:

Oh I'm not-

Conor Fuse:

Goodness no, no need to thank me. You are quite welcome! I know those Hard Day's Nights can be really difficult. Haha, *Hard Day's Nights*. The Beatles are fantastic, aren't they? They are my dad's favourite band! He used to play all their records for my brothers and I when we were 8-bit.

Fuse pauses to reflect.

Conor Fuse:

Ah, yes, the good ol- days. What a time to be alive. Hey, maybe later on I can introduce you to another big Beatles fan around here, much like yourself. His name is "Twists and Shouts" Oscar Burns. He's a great guy. Super swell. LOVES Ringo Star! After all, Ringo was the best Beatle, wasn't he?

Trashcan finally takes a seat as he looks at Conor with a facial expression seriously contemplating if The Codebreaker is feeling okay.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, that's me. I'm kinda the locker room leader around there parts, or LRL as they call me. That stands for Locker Room Leader. I'm sorry if I'm speaking too fast or if you don't know how to spell. Ha, of course you don't know how to spell! So I will phonetically tell you *everything*. They also call me the Locker Leader Boy! There's an abbreviation to that one too but I know letters confuse people like you.

Conor pulls up a chair and surprises Trashcan by taking him by the hand. Fuse looks deeply into Tim's eyes.

Conor Fuse:

Hey. Hey, I just want you to know that you are just as important as anyone else here. I am so happy the DEFIANCE Developers decided they'd open the doors to you people tonight. It warms my heart completely.

Trashcan looks to interject but once again, he's cut off.

Conor Fuse:

So how about this. How about I make this a week you won't forget! I will give you *THE* DEFIANCE tour of all tours! We will tour the WrestlePlex. We will tour the DEF Arena. And if those two names are actually the same thing then we'll just be doing them twice! Every homeless man's dream! How about it?

Tim nods but he's trying to politely correct the former tag champion on who he really is.

That is... until a MASSIVE shadow looms over them both.

Trashcan looks up. He can't hide the shock on his face. The camera pans to show it's The Game Boy. Meanwhile, Conor is all smiles.

Conor Fuse:

Homeless Man Who's Down on His Luck, I want you to meet my NPC Nightmare, The Game Boy. Game Boy, meet Homeless Guy Who's Life Just Got Better!

Conor smiles and pats Trashcan on the back.

Conor Fuse:

I'mma show you a whole new world...

Fade.

THE ONE THEY CALL REZIN!

With a small burst of static the camera feed returns briefly to the ring before static again causes a bit of disorientation. Eventually, UNCUT returns from break with a visual of JJ Dixon in the center of the ring.

Lance:

We are going to head down to the arena where it seems that the match set up via Twitter between Stalker and JJ Dixon is about to happen folks!

DDK:

The psycho referenced something about a custom DLC package? Knowing this guy, the lights are going to flash out for five minutes while we fall asleep.

Lance:

Hopefully not... this Stalker.... gives me nightmares on a routine basis, to which I heard I am not the only one.

JJ Dixon is already waiting and pacing in the ring, his fate sealed once he made the addressed request to Stalker for a rematch. After Dixon's Twitter question to Stalker via The Insider, along with Stalker's response, the match was essentially signed into place for tonight here on Uncut.

WrestlePlex fans were in for a treat, as the DEFiatron lights up with a static blast of three letters -- R - Z - N. It's the same graphics used during Stalker's appearance at The Insider. The three letters go solid on the screen as Jason "Stalker" Reeves walks out to no music with a mic in his hand. The shirt he's wearing features the "No More False Heroes!" slogan, the same worn during his debut against JJ Dixon.

JJ Dixon exits the ring as he stares daggers at Stalker, while the psychotic one runs his fingers over his bald head. Stalker climbs the steps leading into the ring, and with a nodding glance to the fans he takes off the shirt and tosses it into the crowd before outstretching his arms and yelling towards the same general direction.

Stalker:

I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU ALL TONIGHT!

Smirking at the crowd, Stalker climbs in through the middle ropes and strides to the the center of the ring, now wearing his custom fitted black wife beater, black wrestling pants with white stripes, and taped up wrists. Stalker glares at the sea of fans like a menacing madman. Stopping dead center in the ring with the mic in hand, he is ready to deliver tonight's message for The Faithful...

Stalker:

Darkness is upon DEFIANCE! And like a wave of exhaustion, I have battered the soul of The Faithful's Favorite Son. So now presents the perfect time, the absolute perfect OPPORTUNITY... to beta-test the ultimate release of the most feared and WORTHY competitor to ever grace the ring of DEFIANCE!

The way Stalker speaks, there is a hint of genuine excitement in his voice. He points to the DEFiatron with his right arm, index finger extending towards the graphic still posed on the screen from earlier.

Stalker:

With Stalker, comes the world that I bring. This man -- this... BEAST -- will be what destroys DEFIANCE from the inside out. Rising from the ashes... The Fallen will once again walk this earth. Through the doorway of The Fuses the Kabal is here! JJ Dixon...!!

Stalker points to the man outside the ring with a sinister grin covering his face. JJ has about had enough as he starts to climb the steps, while referee Brian Slater attempts to calm him down and inform him he has another opponent for tonight.

Stalker:

Meet the custom DLC that comes with Stalker's World. The monster, the madman, the beast...

Reeves motions his hand back to the screen with "R - Z - N" on it.

Stalker:

The one they call... REZIN!!

REZIN vs. JJ DIXON

♪ "I Have A Prepared Statement" by Whores. ♪

As ominous guitar feedback slowly fades in over the PA system of the WrestlePlex and the house lights fade, the shadow in the shape of a man emerges from a brewing cloud of smoke filling up the entry-way. REZIN appears to the Faithful, wearing a snarling grin and a killer's stare. He saunters down the aisle in time with the music, making the ringside fans uneasy with his creepy sideways glances.

DDK:

Stalker promised us a surprise here tonight, and now we have it in the form of REZIN, making his DEFIANCE debut here tonight!

Lance:

Known as "the Escape Artist" in some circles, from what I hear. He's something of a highly-regarded athlete on the independent circuit, but seeing him up close for the first time, I gotta say, Darren... I've seen guys who live at the bus station who gave off less skeevy vibes.

Once he arrives at ringside, Rezin scrambles his way up the apron and turnbuckle, looming over the ring like a bloodthirsty gargoyle with a foot perched on the top rope. Dixon looks absolutely uncertain of what to make of him while Stalker smiles like a shark. Then the self-styled "Escape Artist" steps up to the top rope and forward somersaults into the ring in an impressive acrobatic display, reuniting with Stalker as the two men grab each other by the heads and laugh maniacally.

DDK:

Well then... Stalker's got a circus freak with him now.

Lance:

It was bad enough having one psycho lurking around, but now there are two of them!

Stalker says a few words to Rezin while he still has him held by the head, then exits the ring as soon as the music cuts and the lights come up. He and JJ Dixon continue to trash talk each other while Rezin stands with his arms folded across his chest, grinning sadistically as he stares down his opponent. Then Slater signals for the bell...

DING! DING!

Rezin drops his arms and beckons Dixon to come at him with a couple flicks of his fingertips and a devious smile. JJ, practically seething during this entire display, doesn't look the gift horse in the mouth as he comes charging in and lays him out with a HUGE diving cross-body!

DDK:

The action is underway, and Dixon wastes no time to start this match off with a BANG!

Lance:

Good start for JJ! I feel he's going to need everything he's got when stacked with odds like this.

JJ Dixon actually has the fans behind him while the Faithful send nothing but hate toward the duo of Stalker and Rezin. The BRAZEN veteran keeps the pressure on with a flurry of elbows to the back of Rezin's head as he pulls him to his feet, and the scruffy stranger's head begins shaking wildly with every shot. Stalker reaches in under the ropes, shouting something to the competitors.

DDK:

Stalker is already causing a scene, almost like he's signaling something to Rezin...

Stalker:

HEY DIXON! WE'LL ALWAYS HAVE A HOME FOR YOU!

JJ Dixon responds to Stalker's yelling by invoking his usual bad attitude and flipping him off. He quickly wraps Rezin up with his arm and WHIPS him into the opposite corner. Rezin connects, but appears to be chuckling...

DDK:

Rezin sent hard into the turnbuckle, but... he doesn't seem phased...

Stalker:

NOW!! BURN IT ALL TO ASH!!

Lance:

Uh oh, that can't be good... and now JJ Dixon, getting tired of these distractions, is jawing down at Stalker on the outside. This isn't good!

DDK:

JJ, look out!

Rezin suddenly bursts across the ring and catches JJ off guard with a running dropkick that sends the young BRAZEN talent back into the opposite corner. A follow-up flurry of hard and wild kicks to the ribs brings Dixon the rest of the way down to the mat, and Rezin continues the punishment by dancing on his chest with aggressive mudhole stomps from both feet. The ref's four count puts an end to the assault, but the Escape Artist ignores the warnings as he pounces upon his prey again with another flurry of boots. Dixon can only put up his arms and weather it out.

DDK:

JJ Dixon on the receiving end of a STORM of sharp kicks, and just like that, the newcomer Rezin EXPLODES into this match! That sicko Stalker is already making his presence known in the corner, yelling in JJ's face!

Lance:

This Rezin guy can certainly go from zero to a hundred in the blink of an eye!! Poor JJ barely had time to react, and I'm sure it doesn't help at all to have someone goading and yelling at him from the outside either.

Brian Slater's warnings continue to go unheard as Rezin pulls the winded Dixon back to his feet and sends him across the ring with an Irish whip. The former Southern Bastard connects hard with the corner! Stalker can be seen slinking around to the other side of the ring as Rezin unleashes a banshee wail and charges after Dixon, only to be met with a boot to the face. Stalker's protege stumbles off the impact, wildly shaking his head... but his face is all smiles.

Rezin:

Heh heh heh...

Lance:

Is he... is he laughing?!

JJ Dixon sees his opening and tosses out a few shots to the head to send his opponent reeling into the ropes. But yet again, Rezin shakes it off... then shows the extent of his masochistic resilience with a few self-inflicted slaps to his own temple and a crazed cackle to boot. Undeterred, Dixon pushes him off the ropes and sends him running. Only when Rezin rebounds, he comes by way of air...

DDK:

Rezin off the ropes with the Springboard Moonsault OUTTANOWHERE, laying out JJ Dixon! Hooks the leg for the cover!

One! Two! NO!

Stalker can be heard pounding the mat in frustration. Rezin pushes off of Dixon's face as he gets back onto his feet, earning another warning from Slater. The warning falls on deaf ears as Rezin runs himself into the ropes and picks up somespeed. Dixon, a bit slower to get up, doesn't quite make it to his feet before he's brought face-first back to the

mat with a rolling snapmare neckbreaker!

DDK:

Running neckbreaker from Rezin, putting that inhuman speed on display here in his DEFIANCE debut! He goes for another cover!

One! Two! NO!

Rezin:

WHAAAT?!

His demeanor suddenly switches from sick delight to outrage as he bolts to his feet and gets into Slater's face over the speed of the count. The seasoned official doesn't back down as he holds two fingers up to the grizzled goblin's face. Rezin's anger escalates into a full-on unhinged tantrum complete with overexaggerated arm waving and garbled expletives. Meanwhile, JJ Dixon slowly recovers behind him, and sees his opponent's open back...

Lance:

Rezin is absolutely livid after that two-count, but now he's giving JJ Dixon an open shot! Now's your chance, JJ!

Dixon springs forward with a lariat from behind... but Rezin suddenly ducks as if he had eyes in the back of his head, and JJ has to quickly put on the brakes to keep himself from inadvertently hitting the official. Rezin is already in kicking motion as he turns back around...

DDK:

OH MY, what a SICKENING spinning heel kick delivered right to the head of the unsuspecting JJ Dixon! If I didn't know any better, I'd say Rezin baited him right into it!

DDK:

In any case, it's not looking good for Dixon right now!

Off the impact, Dixon's eyes roll back and he drops to his knees. Rezin grabs him by the hair and tucks his head under his arm before he can fall the rest of the way to the mat. Flashing his sadistic grin to the camera once more, he slowly draws his sickle-tattooed arm across his neck in an ominous gesture. Then the Escape Artist twists around to a three-quarter facelock and BACKFLIPS over Dixon, bringing his head down to the mat on the descent. Stalker claps his hands to signal Rezin, who looks up in time to see a nod of approval from his "handler".

DDK:

GOOD GOD, Dixon gets drilled with an unbelievable Asai DDT! I believe he calls that INTO THE VOID! Rezin hooks the leg for the cover!

One! Two! THREE!!

DING! DING! DING!

Music hits the PA and the Faithful jeer LOUDLY as Rezin rises off his fallen opponent and wears an evil grin from ear to ear. Brian Slater tries to raise his arm in victory, but Rezin waves him off with a snarl. Stalker joins his protege in the ring, all smiles, the mic back in his hand.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... REZIN!

DDK:

A successful first showing for this new arrival, making quick work of the BRAZEN veteran JJ Dixon. This Rezin character is an absolutely unsettling human being... but I can't deny that he has shown some impressive skills here tonight.

Lance:

He definitely knows his way around the ring, and with Stalker looking out for him, he could very well be a considerably dark threat to all of DEFIANCE... but hold on, looks like these two nutjobs aren't quite finished!

In the ring, Stalker hands the mic over to the man he brought with him as the music cuts out again. Rezin takes a moment to scan the Wrestle-Plex before addressing Stalker.

Rezin:

So... this is DEFIANCE?

Holding the mic to his nose, he inhales a very loud and extended deep breath, which gives way to a gravelly and macabre chuckle.

Rezin:

Smells nice and ripe!

Stalker and Rezin enjoy a fit of evil laughter before the latter notices Slater assisting the groggy JJ Dixon outside the ring, and on a dime his demeanor changes completely as he hastily drops under the ropes to the outside and pounces once again on his opponent. Stalker follows and pulls Brian back as the official attempts to intervene. Rezin wails away on Dixon while he's trapped against the barricade, clamping the BRAZEN star's neck between his boot and the unforgiving steel. The Faithful boo even louder!

DDK:

Uh oh, we may need to get some help down here! Rezin's not quite finished punishing Dixon!

Fans on the other side of the barricade pelt the so-called Escape Artist with trash. He ignores it completely as he finds the ringside camera that's been getting all the action, and he screams into it, practically frothing at the mouth.

Rezin:

I'M HERE TO BURN THIS CHURCH DOWN! DO YOU HEAR ME, DEFIANCE?! I'M GONNA BURN IT DOWN TO THE GROUND!!

Rezin cackles maniacally as he slaps the camera and the shot goes to static.