

SHOW OPEN

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.

A LEADER OF MEN

Black screen.

♪["Requiem in D Minor KV 626" by Mozart](#)♪

An ancient greek statue, standing in an epic pose atop a long column with both arms missing.

Move Trailer-Like Voice Over:

Once in a generation, a man comes along who changes the world.

Another ancient pure white statue, this one of an old man wearing a toga with a bushy beard. The man's finger is curled upwards, pointing to his face.

V/O:

Socrates changed how Western civilization thought about abstract problems and what it meant to be a member of the human race.

Yet another statue, but this one only a head resting on top of a short column: a man's face, turned to the left, sporting curly long hair. The man's eyes are open wide and his lips tightly pursed.

V/O:

Alexander The Great brought the light of reason to the uncivilized through force and military brilliance, bending the world to his very will.

Instead of a statue, this time it's a smudged watercolor portrait. A man wearing a red jacket from the colonial American period with wild grey hair sticking outward. He smirks and looks at you with eyes that suggest he knows something that you don't.

V/O:

Thomas Paine proved that he had the "Common Sense" to ignite the spark that would blossom into the roaring inferno of liberty, promising us all the rights of man.

A painting of an explorer: his swashbuckling-type sword held at his side. A large grey beard and wild eyes that suggest he's ready for adventure... and has already seen it all.

V/O:

Where would we be if Captain John Smith hadn't rallied the dredges of society at the fledgling Jamestown Colony with the proclamation "he who will not work will not eat" and laid the groundwork for the American work ethic?

A black and white photo: the world's most famous scientist holding a piece of chalk with a chalk board behind him.

V/O:

Albert Einstein split the atom... he saw into the very fabric of the universe like no man before him and arguably no man since. A wonderful balance of brilliance and destruction.

The screen goes dark again as the music continues to play.

V/O:

Who will be next? Where is the world's next great thinker, a man with the vision, the knowhow, and the courage to change the world? Where is the next leader of men?

A modern photo in full color: a bald man with a long, bushy beard. He wears black, thick-rimmed reading glasses. He wears your typical 'professor' outfit: tweed jacket, bowtie, a book tucked under his arm. On his face rests the most obnoxious, condescending smirk you've ever seen on another human being.

The screen goes black again, except for one sentence written in white lettering:

DR. NED REFORM IS COMING

Fade out.

COMPLIANCE WAREHOUSE

A broadcast shot pans around the exterior of a vintage red brick warehouse for a few moments before things softly transition inside where Malak Garland sits proudly in an ostentatious office complete with a vaunted fireplace.

Malak Garland:

I've made it.

He leans back in his chair. Nearly everything is made out of some kind of white materials. The floor is glossy white tiling. The walls are eggshell white. The many side tables and big boy desk is shimmering white plastic. Heck, even the fluffy throw rug is made of white fur pelts and of course, there's minimalistic lighting throughout.

Malak Garland:

This is so me.

Malak does a spin or two in his chair. He stops and gazes at the five lovely tag team title belts sitting on the mantle.

Malak Garland:

I need more.

Malak mans the power position behind the big boy desk in his white leather chair as Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames stand, bracketing the desk. There's trinkets and toys strewn about, presumably stolen from the original Funhouse.

Malak Garland:

I've done it. I took this dilapidated, old, rundown warehouse and have completely gentrified it. It's rustic look is both classic and modern. Who knows, maybe I'll be given a key to the city for this? I mean, I should be.

Malak rolls backwards and grabs a yarn pull-string that hangs from the ceiling. He tugs it. The broadcast immediately cuts back outside and shows a slanted sign affixed to the building that lights up. The tube lighting is configured into large letters that say 'COMPLIANCE' on it. Things carry on back inside the office.

Malak Garland:

Let it be known that the COMPLIANCE Warehouse is officially open for business!

Suddenly, the glass door to the power office swings open and in runs this skinny blonde girl, who looks completely frazzled. Teresa tries to step forward but Malak raises his arm up, which stops her.

Teresa Ames:

Jocelyne! What are you doing in--

Jocelyne: [Out of Breath]

[illegible]

this is a clean initiative building and your core values and vision don't align with or believe in the creation of having any garbage in this building and seeing that we don't have any waste bins on the premises, which discourages the generation of trash, I was flustered and I didn't know what to do so I had this slightly soiled napkin in my hands and then I put it on my desk and now I am not exactly sure what to do with it and now I have anxiety and like, I am panicking and this is my first day on the job, which I am very grateful for because I met Teresa in Las Vegas and I've been her sidekick for a long time and I just wanted to impress you and do a good job so you don't get upset at anything but here I am messing everything up by making this wonderfully white place, which almost represents a huge snowflake, a big trash dump and I feel stupid and people are unfollowing me on social media because they call me a conformist extremist because I have chosen to work for you but when I say chosen, I mean you graciously offered to give me the opportunity of a lifetime that I won't ever regret and now I feel like I am talking for too long because I am all out of sorts and I don't know what to do and oh by the way, your massage got pushed back by fifteen minutes and I've just been too scared to tell you because I am nervous about it and now I just want to go home, cry and die.

Silence.

Silence befalls the room.

Malak stares at Jocelyne who is shaking. Her hair is all strung out. Teresa and Cyrus look away awkwardly. The Keyboard King finally leans forward.

Malak Garland:

Are you done?

Jocelyne nods her head feverishly.

Malak Garland:

Go away. Go back to your desk and I better not ever see or hear another word from you ever again.

Without hesitation, Jocelyne DARTS out of the room. Ames leans over to Garland.

Teresa Ames:

I'm really sorry about that. I'll go make sure she eats the napkin so there is zero waste in this building.

Malak Garland:

No worries. I'm in an INVINCIBLE mood. Nothing can bring me down. Not even useless junior snowflakes. No need to go all AVALANCHE on them.

Ames rushes out of the room but just as she leaves, a telepresence robot wheels on in.

Malak Garland:

What now?

The face on the video screen is that of a nerd.

Telepresence Robot Technician:

Oh hi, Mr. Bates. Oh hi, Mr. Garland. I just wanted to swing by to let you know your telepresence video buddy is up and operational. That's all.

With that, the video on wheels carts itself out.

Garland turns to Bates.

Malak Garland:

Can't wait to use that. As for Jocelyne, I mean, how is a girl like that supposed to get anywhere in life without a handout? Like, really? I hate the younger generation. Reminds me of my cousin Owen.

Cyrus grunts at the irony.

Malak Garland:

Did she say my massage got moved? Might have to clear the WARM Embrace schedule for myself in order to fill the gap. What was Ames doing in Vegas, anyway?

Cyrus finally pipes up.

Cyrus Bates:

Should we be concerned that Jocelyne got chastised online for joining us? I mean, isn't that so paradoxical? And how much did that telepresence video buddy cost? All of this seems rather expensive and I don't think we have that much money.

Malak throws his hands up.

Malak Garland:

Man, I don't know anymore. Maybe I am getting too old? Am I getting too old? What's mainstream is deviant but then if you go rogue, then you're deviant, which makes you mainstream, right? I am just trying to be unique here. We have enough money. Don't worry about it. Now, hand me my safe space box!

Cyrus does just that. Malak sits there in contemplation with his box on his head.

Malak Garland:

That's it! We have another matter to tend to. You know what it is. Get the chopper ready. We're leaving.

THE ONE ARRIVES

Hello dear reader, yes YOU,

I have a question for YOU.

Think back to your childhood. Did you have a friend who seemingly had everything? Every toy, every video game, every comic book? And yet it wasn't enough for him (or her)? Nothing was ever enough. He always wanted more. He would throw temper tantrums if he didn't get what he wanted. He would place the blame on his parents, on his friends, on anyone instead of himself.

Hmmmmm that sounds familiar in so many ways right now.

Was it frustrating to be his friend? Were you really his friend at all? Or maybe you were scared to stand up to him. Maybe you felt sorry for him.

In the *Unlikely* event... you ended up using him for his stuff just like he ended up using you to place blame on. If you did that, bravo. If you didn't, I can't blame you.

And if you think this story is about YOU then YOU, dear reader, have significant problems.

But this story isn't about you, don't worry. It is about HIM. We've all been there. We've all felt inferior. We've all felt overshadowed.

It was unfair, wasn't it? You meant well but your "friend" just wanted more and and more and more.

Nothing was ever good enough.

Even though he had everything.

Still does, in fact.

But that's why I'm coming. I'm coming to give him a reality check. I'm coming because it's the right thing to do for everyone. I am not a hero. I am far, far from that. I have my own demons and issues. I'm selfish, too... selfish in thinking I may be THE ONE to bring this man down.

Malak Garland has disgraced the art of professional wrestling.

And it's time he had everything taken away from him. Because then and only then, he will realize what it's like to have **nothing**.

Tick, tock. Tick, tock.

Three weeks.

SCREEN 7 vs. THE MIDCARD EXPERIMENT

♪ Saw Movie Theme Song ♪

Screen 7, being led by their manager, "Horror" Hector Harris, emerge from the curtain. Harris is practically working on a heart attack screaming at The Midcard Experiment inside the squared circle.

Darren Quimbey:

This is a tag team match. Already in the ring, The Midcard Experiment! Coming to the ring, Screen 7!

DDK:

We've got a dark match for you here. Screen 7 is coming off a recent victory on the DEFIANCE Road pre-show. The trio have upped their game with this new manager.

Lance:

Yes, that's for sure. While Alan Goldstein is still a scared little boy, Gilbert Rogers has been coming along, albeit with his limited moveset and Berry Chernobyl... well, he was already legitimate. Highly touted before signing.

DDK:

Gilbert Rogers is so... uh... "big", I think he will always have a limited moveset but he's using it to his advantage.

Rogers struggles to maintain balance walking up the steel stairs as the slender Alan Goldstein rolls into the ring under the bottom rope. Referee Mark Shields checks with both teams on which four men are going to be in the match and which two will start.

DDK:

It looks like it'll be Rogers and Goldstein for Screen 7 and Hijo and Walter Levy for The Midcard Experiment.

Chernobyl and Harris are on the outside looking on while CAGE exits and stays near his corner. Mark Shields calls for the bell.

DING DING

"Horror" Hector Harris pats Berry Chernobyl on the shoulder.

"Horror" Hector Harris:

Get him.

Chernobyl sprints around the ring, catching up to The Midcard's apron and knocking CAGE down with a pump kick!

DDK:

What the hell was that!?

Hijo is the legal man for his team and he's immediately bulldozed by Gilbert Rogers!

Lance:

A total set up!

Rogers girates over top of Hijo.

DDK:

It's big man on big man but Rogers... who is the biggest man, has a clear advantage after this blindside attack!

Rogers props Hijo to his knees and bounces off the ropes... Gilbert explodes his massive gut into the face of the Fisherman!

DDK:

Rogers with a splash!

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Lance:

Rogers doesn't have the greatest balance in the ring but he exudes confidence... unfortunately. For a guy with limited range this confidence is giving him everything he needs so far!

Hijo breaks free from Rogers' grasp and tries to make it to the ropes but Rogers takes him by the mask and slams the fisherman back down. Another standing splash! With use of the ropes, "Extra Butter" up and another splash! He pulls Hijo from the mat and hurls him into The Midcard's corner.

DDK:

Wow... Rogers is done with Hijo and wants more. Levy tags in.

Walter Levy hops over the top rope but Rogers walks back to his corner and tags Alan Goldstein. The skinny kid starts shaking with fear!

"Sticky Floors" Alan Goldstein:

I... I don't want to.

Rogers rubs his enormous stomach.

"Extra Butter" Gilbert Rogers:

Yeah, yeah. Gimme that, gimme that... yaaaaaa.

DDK:

Rogers is complete and utter nonsense.

Goldstein slowly gets into the ring and Levy charges him with a dropkick! Walter shoots Goldstein into the ropes but Harris reaches out and snatches Levy's foot. Levy turns around... only to turn around again and see Berry Chernobyl back at CAGE.

Roundhouse kick.

Roundhouse kick.

CLANG.

Toss into the steel steps.

DDK:

And Goldstein with a poke to Levy's eyes... now a DDT! Rogers is telling Goldstein to go to the second rope...

Goldstein jumps off with another poke to the eyes!

Lance:

Is that even legal!?

DDK:

Of course it's not but Mark Shields is your referee!

Goldstein tags Rogers who struts in and connects with a splash! "Extra Butter" is helped to his feet by Goldstein and then lifts The Slender Man above his head, dropping Goldstein on top of Levy! Once more... Rogers is off the ropes. A second splash and a hook of the leg.

Recovering, Hijo is about to enter the ring but Berry Chernobyl pulls him off the apron and hurls him into the steel stairs, too!

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match... "Sticky Floors" Alan Goldstein and "Extra Butter" Gilbert Rogers... SCREEEN 7!

Harris enters the ring while Chernobyl continues his assault on Cage and Hijo on the outside.

HHH:

Good work, boys! Way to show these SHIT HEADS how it's really done!!

Harris stands over Walter Levy and raises his boy's arms. Meanwhile, Chernobyl drills CAGE with a piledriver and then hurls Hijo into the guardrail. There's no quit... the man in the Ghostface mask hammers down fists on The Fisherman!

DDK:

Can we get some security or real refs out here to stop this? Jesus...

Fade to commercial.

OH CRAP! THE MATCH!

Ballyhoo Brew. Activity in full swing: full bar, patrons o'plenty, and (nearly) completely cleaned up and restored from DEF Road's hectic Saturday Night Street.

Speaking of The Saturday Night Specials, they're in the center of the action. Despite being the owners, they're clearly sampling the product. On either side of Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy are two rather attractive young women, and if we can read the body language well enough, it would appear the young women are pretty engaged in their conversation with the DEFIANCE tag team.

Cassidy is gesturing with his hands dramatically in the middle of some story to entertain the young women closest to him, when his eyes happen to focus on a clock on one of Ballyhoo's walls. Suddenly, his eyes go wide. He turns and slaps Newbludd on the shoulder, interrupting Brock's own conversation.

Pat Cassidy:

NEWBLUDD! Dude. The match.

Brock turns to look at Cassidy questionly, and then he also looks at the clock, and HIS eyes get wide.

Brock Newbludd:

Crap. How did we do this?

Brock turns to the woman he was speaking to.

Brock Newbludd:

Damn... we have a thing. Work-related. Would you be willing to stick around for... wait do you say, Cass? Fifteen minutes?

Cassidy looks at his wrist. There's no watch on it, but he pretends there is one anyway.

Pat Cassidy:

Hmmm... let's say twenty. In case there's traffic.

Brock Newbludd:

Alright. Ladies, if you can hang tight for twenty minutes, we'll be right back. In the meantime...

Brock gestures to Siobhan Cassidy, who is working behind the bar.

Brock Newbludd:

Siobhan! Our new friends drinks are on the house until we get back.

Siobhan rolls her eyes, but nods.

Cassidy and Brock jump off their bar stools and quickly make their way to the back exit, where their trusty Ballyhoo Golf Cart waits. They jump in, and beeping loudly to clear away the crowd outside, they speed off in the direction of the Wrestle-Plex...

THE BOOK OF TERRY - WHAT'S GOING ON?

The Night Of
DEFIANCE ROAD

A few hours has passed since the final credits rolled for DEFIANCE ROAD Night 2, it was another long night of drinking for Terry 'The Idol' Anderson. Typically, the man wouldn't be strolling through dark neighborhoods at midnight but this wasn't a typical night. In fact he wasn't in a typical neighborhood either - walking up the steps to Jessica's apartment building Terry looks a bit drunk - fumbling with the door as he pulls it open he gives a quick look over both shoulders almost as if checking to see if someone had been following him.

As we transition locations to Jessica's apartment door, we are again greeted by a drunken looking Terry. Dressed in his usual khaki shorts and hawaiian shirt, he looks a bit worse for wear this night, something is troubling the man. Terry hesitates before knocking on Jessica's door, thinking to himself for a moment, debating a midnight knock at his granddaughter's front door. But his drunken thirst for knowledge seems to prevail as he knocks heavily and loudly.

Terry Anderson:

Jessica! You've been ignoring my texts and calls for weeks now! I saw your message tonight...

The message Terry is referring to is the one that was posed towards The Kabal on the DEFIATron, during their six man tag victory against the Heroes of DEFIANCE Lindsay Troy, Henry Keyes and The Deacon. 'The Guardian is Coming' message seems to have driven Terry's visit to Jessica this evening but in all views the man is still a drunkard banging on a 23 year old girl's apartment door. Looking over his shoulders again he bangs even louder on her door.

Terry:

I saw that message during Jason's match! I asked you not to get involved with him and The Kabal. I told you that YEARS ago as well - Jessica. Please open this door and talk to me! Who were you visiting at the hospital...better not be that Mute Freak's son, Jack. Why are you being so secretive?

Each word is more slurred than the last, each phrase growing louder than the last, then by sheer luck the old man decided to reach out and take a turn at twisting the door knob. Much to his surprise the door opens wide, he stumbles inward towards the apartment as the camera angle switches to a full view of the now almost completely empty apartment. Pictures, furniture, just about everything has been removed from the apartment.

Terry:[gasping]

Jessica... Jess... what is going on?

Trying to collect himself, the former private eye is stumped, stroking his mustache as he scans the entire apartment that is now looking like a brand new space ready for someone to move into. Less than a month ago, Jessica Reeves shows up after being gone from the city and her apartment for nearly a year. Now she's gone again, without a trace, rubbing his temple he screams even louder in the apartment.

Terry:

Jessica!!

Terry calls out again as he retreats to the bedroom in the back to confirm it's vacancy, he was not surprised by what he saw - nothing. Being frustrated with his expedition, he walks quickly through the now vacant apartment and heads into the kitchen.

Terry:

I need another drink...

Opening the fridge door, his mouth falls partially open and a small smirk on his face appears. The camera pans around to showcase what he sees inside of the fridge. A six pack of beer and a closed paper bag. A sticky note has a handwritten note that is unreadable by the camera but for Terry, it seems to mean a lot as he pulls both the six pack and brown bag out of the fridge. He quickly pockets the sticky note, while opening a bottle of beer with his other free

hand. The man was talented - at many things.

Terry:

I swear; only Jessica would know that I would look for a drink in her apartment.

As 'The Idol' takes a swig from the ice cold beer gifted to him, he also begins to unfurl the brown paper bag. Reaching inside, he gingerly pulls out a tape recorder and then also a sealed brown package, similar to the one he delivered to Lindsay Troy. Staring at the writing on the package, he tilts his head sideways while thinking about it. Taking another swig of beer, he sets the package down next to the recorder on the kitchen counter.

Terry:

'The Dojo Wrestling Academy'? Why does that name sound so familiar?

Terry ponders the thought for a few moments while continuing to sip on his beer, his finger resting with hesitation over the play button of the recorder. As the beer reminds him of his purpose here, he finally gets the courage to press play.

Voice Recorder:

Hey Grandpa.... It's Jess... Hope you enjoy the six pack but I need you to sober up before you listen to what I have to say. What's going to take place over the next few months is going to be trying for us all and I hope you can slow down enough to stay focused....

Terry sighs heavily, something in her voice made the former private eye determine that listening to this message might be better after a solid night's rest. Looking down at the six pack of beer he takes another long sip before placing the nearly empty bottle back into the six pack, he gathers the brown package, voice recorder and tosses the six pack in the nearby trash can.

Terry:

Yeah... yeah... kid. I know you are looking out for me, but drinking isn't going to be what kills me... you are...

His words are weighted and filled with emotion as Terry talks to himself while gathering his things. He takes one last look at the apartment and heads to the front door as we fade to black.

"THE PROVOCATEUR" ARTHUR PLEASANT vs. JACK HARMEN

DDK:

Up next, we have quite the interesting match-up!

Lance:

I don't think interesting quiiiiite captures it, Keeps.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... the following match is scheduled for one fall!

"ONE FALL!"

DDK:

Haha. The Faithful having some fun tonight!

Lance:

For sure. And with what's on tap next, their fun might be short-lived as it involves the man who won the Hardcore Match at DEFIANCE Road just one week ago.

DDK:

And on the other side of that? Jack Harmen.

Lance:

Indeed!

♪ "It Is Raped" by Nine Inch Nails ♪

The Nameless and Faceless Three, donning their usual Legendary Comedian masks, begin crawling out from the back. Each one of them wear a shiny, leather body suit that hug their differently shaped forms more than it probably should. Soon to follow after them is the Provocateur, the Denizen of Decay himself, Arthur Pleasant.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring first, from Under the Midnight Sun of Alaska... weighing in at two-hundred and seven pounds... The Provocateur... ARTHUUUUUUUUUUUUUR... PLEEEEEEEEEEEEEASAAAAAANT!!

DDK:

I'll say this. I can't believe Arthur Pleasant is even wrestling tonight. With how barbaric that Hardcore Match at DEFIANCE Road was, any normal competitor would be laid out in a hospital bed for months.

Lance:

Yeah, and that's just it Keeps. Arthur is the furthest thing from normal that you could probably get here in DEFIANCE. Or at least close to, anyway, if guys like Scrow have any say!

DDK:

Whatever we or anybody else may think of Arthur Pleasant, I have to give him props for showing up here tonight.

Lance:

Eh, I'll hold off on the props until we get through a night where Arthur doesn't do something absolutely sickening and sadistic.

Arthur motions for his masked goons to stay behind as he makes the rest of the way down the ramp and slides into the ring. Running the ropes to the surprise of all watching, it isn't long before Jack Harmen's theme hits the WrestlePlex sound system.

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

The crowd becomes unglued as fog shoots out from nearby fog cannons. Before long, the legendary Jack Harmen sprints out from behind the curtain and stops at the top of the ramp. Looking out at all of the Faithful cheering him on, Jack nods his head in appreciation.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring next, from Los Angeles, California ... weighing in at two-hundred and twenty-four pounds ... JAAAAAAAAACK... HAAAAAAAAARRRRMEEEEEEEEEEEEN!!

DDK:

As experienced as Jack Harmen is, there is no doubt in my mind that he will prove to be Arthur's toughest challenge in DEFIANCE yet. By about three football fields, too.

Lance:

And if anyone knows how to deal with crazy like Arthur, it's a guy like Jack Harmen!

Harmen makes the rest of his way down the ramp and looks up at Arthur Pleasant. Showing no fear whatsoever of the unpredictable and dangerous DEFIANCE newcomer, Harmen slides under the bottom rope and into the ring.

Much to the surprise of everyone, each competitor begins circling the other!

DING DING

Harmen and Arthur... lock-up in the middle of the ring?! With a look of "What is this witchcraft?" on his face, Harmen finds himself battling for position in the center of the ring.

DDK:

Um, what?!

Lance:

Arthur with a wrestling hold?! Did that Hardcore match with Theodore Cain knock a screw loose...er?

Harmen is the heavier of the two but Pleasant has the reach and height advantage. Both men are at a stalemate in the center of the ring before Pleasant boots Harmen in the gut, he follows it up with a... headlock?!

Pleasant smiles out to the Faithful, who do not reciprocate the feeling as they shower Arthur with boos as he clearly tries to show off and/or prove something.

DDK:

Arthur with that you-know-what eating grin. I think he's looking to prove something tonight, Lance!

Lance:

Oh, without a doubt. With all the criticism he's taken from that glorified snuff film he and Cain had at DEFIANCE Road, you think he's a bit salty?

DDK:

I don't know if Arthur really gives a damn about what anyone thinks, to be honest. I think it's more of a, "Oh, so that's what you think?", kind of thing. But who know what's happening in that psycho head of his!

Pleasant with a go-behind waist lock. Harmen is ready with an elbow to the head, but Arthur refuses to break it. Harmen with another shot, but Arthur's grip does not loosen. Pleasant lifts Harmen in the air and delivers an old school wrestling slam takedown! He swivels on top of Harmen and holds his head with a side headlock. Cinching it in tightly, Arthur cackles.

Arthur Pleasant:

OOOOH. WRESTLING IS SO MUCH FUN!!

Harmen to his knees but is obviously taken by surprise with Pleasant's mindboggling in-ring transformation. Harmen hits Pleasant with some more shots, but they go unnoticed as he continues to hold onto the High Flying Legend seemingly forever.

DDK:

Arthur is like one of those packing peanuts he dumped on Cain at DEFIANCE Road. Once he's on you? Good luck getting him off of you.

Lance:

Well said, Keebs. And I'll go one further and say both are equally annoying. Well, maybe Arthur has the slight edge.

Releasing his grip in a transition to a standing headlock, Harmen uses his quickness to slip out. Now Harmen with a go-behind of his own and secures a waist-lock. Pleasant tries to find an escape, but he simply reaches forward to try to make the ropes. Harmen releases his grip however and nails Pleasant in the back with a standing dropkick that sends the Provocateur up and over to the outside!

DDK:

Nice dropkick by Jack!

Lance:

Even Arthur is impressed by that one!

Looking surprised that he was taken off-guard, Arthur Pleasant looks up at Jack Harmen and claps. Harmen sits on the middle rope while pulling up on the top rope and invites Pleasant to step into the ring. Pleasant actually bows graciously, if not sarcastically, and actually accepts Harmen's offer... but as he steps between the middle rope, Arthur reaches up with a hand and rakes Harmen's eyes!!

Lance:

Oh come ON! That was uncalled for!

DDK:

Should've known we'd see the real Arthur Pleasant at some point.

With Harmen temporarily blinded, Pleasant goes in for the kill and nails Harmen in the face with a forearm shot. Harmen tumbles into the turnbuckles, still trying to shake away the blinding pain of his eyes being raked moments ago. Grabbing Harmen's wrist, Pleasant leans into Harmen before shooting him off into the opposite turnbuckles. Harmen uses his weight advantage, though, and reverses the Irish whip! Pleasant slams into the turnbuckles hard, winces, and collapses to his knees a few feet in front of the turnbuckle.

Harmen measures up Pleasant and dashes toward his kneeled position. Pleasant hops to his feet, though! Using Harmen's own momentum against him, Pleasant uses his hands to deliver an overhead belly to belly throw right into the turnbuckles, spiking Harmen on his shoulder and neck area!

Lance:

Wow! What a bad landing for Jack.

DDK:

Yeah that was ROUGH. Looks like Jack might've hurt his shoulder or neck on that one..

Amused with himself and his ability to catch Harmen like he did, Pleasant drags Harmen out towards the middle of the ring. Pleasant drives a forearm fist into Harmen's face and makes the lateral press!

ONE!

TWO!

Harmen shoulders out with ease right after two and Pleasant nods, expecting as much.

DDK:

You know, that eye rake aside, Arthur's game here has been surprisingly clean and focused.

Lance:

I agree. I don't know what disturbs me more about Arthur Pleasant. The fact that he wrestles so dangerously in that Japanese Death Match style, or the fact that he does so knowing full well he can whip out some technical ability on top of all of that.

Pleasant places Harmen in a reverse chin-lock. He wrenches it in tightly as Harmen yells out in pain. Carla Ferrari checks on Harmen but receives an emphatic "No!" before he can even get the words out to ask him. Pleasant goes to transition the reverse headlock into... a dragon sleeper?! Harmen counters by reaching up, grabbing Pleasant's neck, and flipping him forward onto his ass with a snapmare! Up to his feet, Harmen runs into the ropes to pick up momentum. On the rebound, Harmen cartwheels with an elbow extended and NAILS Pleasant right on the top of his dome!

DDK:

That was a wickedly executed, and heavily modified version of the Traveling Through Time, I believe!

Lance:

Pleasant should've known better that a veteran and all-around legend like Jack Harmen knows how to call an audible and adjust on the fly, too! That was impressive!

Harmen pushes Arthur's seated framed flat on the mat and hooks a leg... but Pleasant kicks out before Carla even gets to ONE!

DDK:

Good God, he couldn't even get a one there!

Lance:

Look. As much as I can't stand the SOB, and as new to DEFIANCE as he may be, I think it's obvious that Arthur's toughness and monster-like, 80's horror slasher-like resiliency is damn near unparalleled. That is going to be a huge hurdle for Harmen to overcome in this match. Guaranteed.

Perplexed that he couldn't even get a one-count on him, Harmen brings Pleasant to his feet. Nailing some punches in bunches, Harmen rocks Pleasant back into the ropes. But before he can even do anything, Pleasant rebounds with a flying knee shot that flips Harmen completely over! To follow it up, Pleasant drops a knee across Harmen's neck and shoulder blade area, focusing his attention on the spot where Harmen landed from the belly-to-belly throw into the turnbuckles. Rising to his feet once again, Pleasant then drops an elbow across the same area.

DDK:

What a succession of moves there by Arthur! This is crazy!!

Lance:

And just think, only a week ago he was bleeding from cuts in just about every inch of his body. You can still see the scabs!

Looking out at the crowd, Pleasant laughs loudly. Then, hooking Harmen's arm up for a cross-armbreaker, he transitions the hold into a Magistral Cradle, completing an Azumi Roll!

DDK:

What the...!!

Lance:

He might have him!

ONE!

TWO!

THR- NO!!

Harmen barely manages to find a way out of the intricate pinning predicament as the audience nearly collapses out of fright!

DDK:

I cannot believe Arthur just nearly won this thing with an Azumi Roll...!!!

Lance:

What the hell is happening in my life right now?!

Pinching his fingers together to signify that it was "that close" from three, Pleasant gets to his feet. Looking out at the crowd, he holds his arms out as if to say, "How do you feel about me now?"

The crowd answers in kind with dueling chants. Both 100% in favor of Harmen.

"AR-THUR-SUCKS!"

"LET'S-GO-HAR-MEN!"

"AR-THUR-SUCKS!"

"LET'S-GO-HAR-MEN!"

With the crowd clearly invested in the match-up and in seeing Harmen win, Pleasant brings their chosen Defiant to his feet. Reaching in, Pleasant goes for another rake, but Harmen blocks it with both hands! Swinging Pleasant around, he hooks up the Provocateur swiftly for a leg sweep inverted DDT! Harmen, realizing that it's simply not going to be enough, gets up and follows it up by running into the ropes. On the rebound, Harmen jumps and nails a standing shooting star press! Harmen cradles a leg on the landing!!

ONE!!

Pleasant... kicks out.

DDK:

One. AGAIN. What... is with this guy?!

Lance:

I don't think he's human, to be honest. Or at least under some type of voodoo spell. Or maybe he's a cyborg and someone out in the Faithful is controlling him remotely?

DDK:

All good theories. I think we need some folo on that!

Harmen seems to be nonplussed over Pleasant's kicking-out at one after his flurry of offense. Harmen looks up at Carla pleadingly as she simply shrugs. Bringing Pleasant to his feet yet again, Harmen scoops him up and slams him back down with a bodyslam. Pointing to the skies, Harmen starts ascending to the top. Not giving Pleasant much time to react, Harmen leaps with great agility and nails a frog splash! Harmen again hooks a leg right after the landing!!

ONE!!

PLEASANT KICKS OUT AT ONE AGAIN!!

DDK:

What the HELL?!

Lance:

I don't believe this. At ALL.

Harmen stands up and looks like he's seen a ghost. Looking out at the Faithful, who seem stunned in their own right, Harmen looks for answers somewhere in the WrestlePlex as Pleasant starts getting to his feet with a sickening smirk smeared across his face!!

DDK:

This guy is Jason Voorhees incarnate. I'm TELLING. YOU.

Lance:

In that case, go for the heart Jack!! YOU GOTTA DESTROY THE HEART!!

Unsure of what to make of Pleasant's resilience, Harmen just keeps at it by stomping on him. Stomp after stomp, Pleasant just cackles louder and louder. Harmen finally stops after Carla gives him an admonishing. He brings Pleasant to his feet and grabs an arm. Swinging to the left and to the right, Harmen swings one more time to the left before dropping Pleasant with a swinging neckbreaker.

Harmen kips up, and hits the ropes.

BUT PLEASANT KIPS UP, TOO! Harmen stops so hard in his tracks that he falls right on his ass near the ropes.

Jack Harmen:

What... are you?!?!

Pleasant cracks his neck as if to work out a kink.

Arthur Pleasant raises his arms up and closes his eyes as the Faithful rain down the boos on him.

DDK:

I'm stunned. And I think it's safe to say Jack is too.

Lance:

What is it going to take to bring this guy down for TWO, never mind a THREE?!

Clearly frustrated, Harmen ducks under one of Pleasant's raised arms, runs into the ropes, and on the rebound catches him right in the jaw with a STIFF front-facing dropkick! Not even giving Pleasant the chance to stand up, Harmen rips him up to his feet and knees him in the gut! Harmen placing Pleasant between his legs...

DDK:

Could Harmen be going for a piledriver here? Now that's in Arthur's wheelhouse.

Just as he sets up for a piledriver, Arthur stands up and looks to counter with a back body drop. But Harmen lands on his feet!

Lance:

Whoa! Counter after counter! Who knew this one would be like this?!

Harmen leaps into the air, reaches behind him for Pleasant's neck and crashes back down to the canvas with it for a perfectly delivered jumping neckbreaker. The Faithful POP at this as Harmen feels the momentum mounting in his favor. Harmen refuses to waste any motion, though, and is already guiding Pleasant to his feet. Leaving Pleasant standing there, Harmen retreats into the ropes.

DDK:

ARTHUR SWINGS WITH A CLOTHESLINE...

Lance:

... but Harmen ducks and leaps up into a crucifix!

Harmen rolls Pleasant down into the crucifix pinning predicament and Carla Ferrari is right there!

ONE!!

“ONE...”

The Faithful count along!!

TWO!!

“TWO...”

“THREE!”

TH- Pleasant kicks out!!

“OHHHHH!!!!”

DDK:

My God I thought Harmen had him!!

Lance:Sit down, Keebs! Good Lord... *[laughing]* I know this match is exciting but you're gonna fall down!!

Pleasant sits up, nodding. The smile is gone.

DDK:

That is the closest anyone has gotten to pinning Arthur Pleasant since his debut in DEFIANCE. And he freakin' KNOWS IT!!

Lance:

I think you're right! Look at his face! I don't think he finds Harmen funny anymore.

Harmen is the one laughing now as Pleasant sits up after nearly being pinned.

Jack Harmen:

That's right. I figured you out you son of a b-

SMAAAACK!

Pleasant rolls backwards after sitting up and nails Harmen in the face with a brutal mule kick to the jaw! Harmen goes down and Pleasant stands over him. Seething. Pleasant RIPS Harmen up by his hair and delivers a skin-degloving smack heard 'round the WrestlePlex. Pleasant follows it up by swinging expertly with a spinning back fist, connecting hard. Then, to complete the combination, Pleasant spins around with his arm and connects with a Muay-Thai flavored elbow on the cleft of Harmen's jaw!

Harmen goes down to the mat, not knowing what hit him.

DDK:

Um, I think Arthur's mad.

Lance:

Whatever gave you THAT idea?!

Pleasant looks out at the Faithful... and holds his head with both hands, closing his eyes so hard one might expect blood to ooze out.

DDK:

Somebody get this idiot some HELP. Like, honest to God, professional damn HELP. PLEASE.

Lance:

I agree. If he wasn't such a rotten human being, I'd actually feel sorry for him. Clearly there's some mental issues going on there. He might even be on the spectrum for all we know.

Pleasant rips at the scabbing on his own back, opening up some of the lesser-healed wounds. With blood beginning to drip from his back, Pleasant runs into the ropes. Gaining speed, Pleasant jumps up into the air and connects, back first, right across Harmen's face with a standing senton splash. The blood from his back smears into Harmen's face as Pleasant is up once again.

DDK:

Oh, oh, oh okay. Yeah I've seen enough of this!!

Lance:

Ugh... gross.

Harmen spits and sputters from the juicy impact while holding onto his head from the pain of it all. Pleasant is up again and repeats this by crushing his head and smearing his bleeding back with a second standing senton!

Up to his feet again, Pleasant is already heading to the ropes for what is presumably the third in a trifecta of standing sentons...

DDK:

... NOTHING BUT KNEES!

Lance:

Harmen gets the knees up!

Realizing what he needs to do, Harmen rolls to his right, bridging himself over Pleasant's legs with his entire body with a modified bridging La Magistral.

DDK:

That's an lidabashi! He might have him!

ONE!!

Lance:

He has him!

TWO!!

DDK:

He does!!

THREE!!

Lance:

He d-

DDK:

NO!!! ARTHUR KICKED OUT AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND!! 2.999999 SECONDS!

It's true. Pleasant kicked out of the pinning hold and the Faithful are booing loudly. Harmen looks at Carla Ferrari who insists that it was millimeters from a three-count.

Harmen slaps his arm on the mat, frustrated that he didn't put away the Denizen of Decay. Just as Harmen attempts to get to his feet, Pleasant shoves Harmen forward, who accidentally knocks Carla Ferrari over!

PING!

That split-second in which Carla's eyes were not focused on Pleasant might as well have been five-minutes as Pleasant reaches up with a meat hook right into his netherberries.

Carla turns around and sees Harmen clutching at himself and sees Pleasant smiling. Looking out at the timekeeper, Carla threatens to disqualify Pleasant!

DDK:

Do it! Clearly, he hit Jack in the nuts!

Lance:

As much as I agree with you, Carla didn't see it happen. Dammit.

Pleasant realizes Carla's position as she did not see him low-blow Harmen, and begins taunting her with it.

Arthur Pleasant:

Go ahead. Do it. YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO.

Carla, looking torn as to whether or not she actually wants to, grits her teeth and points at Arthur.

Carla Ferrari:

Knock it off right NOW!!

Arthur Pleasant:

You're the Boss, tomato sauce!! Hahahaha!!!

Focusing back on Harmen, who is still clutching at himself, Pleasant brings him to his feet and positions himself for a pump-handle slam. Pleasant lifts Harmen up into a pump-handle slam, but swings Harmen's weight up onto him before crashing down with a swift seated Tombstone Piledriver!

DDK:

Insomnia. Son of a BITCH. He has to win like this, doesn't he?!

Lance:

I can't even right now.

The boos intensify as Pleasant looks out to the Faithful.

"THIS-IS-BULL-SHIT!"

Clap, clap, clapclapclap!

"THIS-IS-BULL-SHIT!"

Clap, clap, clapclapclap!

Cackling loudly, Pleasant begins lifting Harmen's unconscious frame up from the mat.

DDK:

Come on. This isn't even necessary! That Insomnia move clearly put him out!!

Lance:

Ever the statement maker, Arthur is. Ugh. This is nauseating.

Pleasant pulls Harmen the rest of the way up into a fireman's carry. Looking at Carla Ferrari, Pleasant makes a kissy face before pushing up on Harmen and catching him on the way down with the double-knee facebreaker.

DDK:

There it is. Calamity Frickin' Pain.

Lance:

This one's over.

Pleasant makes the dramatic deep cover with both arms clutching at both of Harmen's legs, digging both feet into the mat to force Harmen down as if there was any doubt of him kicking out.

The Faithful don't even bother counting along and just continue to boo and chant their derision away.

One...

Two...

Three.

An audible four-letter F-Word can be heard from someone behind the booth who took off their headset for a moment.

DING DING DING

♪ "It Is Raped" by Nine Inch Nails ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, Arthur Pleasant!

Arthur Pleasant releases Harmen's legs and sits up. Chuckling, he looks up at Carla Ferrari and mouths a "thank you" in her disgusted direction.

DDK:

Can't believe Arthur actually pulled this one out. I feel like Jack had him dead to rights if it weren't for that low-blow!

Lance:

Regardless, Arthur wins his third match in a row and there are no signs of his momentum stopping any time soon.

DDK:

And Arthur doesn't even care, does he? Look at him.

Lance:

Probably not. That's the real crime of tonight. Ugh.

Arthur demands Carla Ferrari hold his arm up as the winner. However, just as she goes to do it, Arthur pulls himself away from her and acts afraid that Carla may assault him.

At this point, the camera cuts away to a commercial.

REDEDICATION

COMMENTS BACKSTAGE FROM DEFIANCE ROAD, NIGHT TWO

Jamie Sawyers stands by at the interview set with an exclusive from DEFIANCE Road.

Jamie Sawyers:

Folks, just twenty-four hours removed after an AMAZING effort for the Southern Heritage Championship, please welcome... "Bantam" Ryan Batts!

The Faithful give a nice ovation to the young and hungry underdog as he walks into view with his brand new "Always Fighting" t-shirt (someday available on ewtees.com) and a somewhat disappointed look on his face. He shakes it off and shakes the hand of Jamie Sawyers.

Ryan Batts:

Jamie. Thanks for having me.

Jamie Sawyers:

For sure, thanks for your time. You wanted to say a few words about competing for the Southern Heritage Championship. It was no doubt an amazing effort between yourself, Tyler Fuse and Dex Joy. What's on your mind right now?

Ryan Batts can't shake the disappointment, but he doesn't seem to let it get him down too much.

Ryan Batts:

Well, the facts are the facts, Jamie. I wasn't pinned, but flatout, no excuses... I didn't win last night. Dex Joy did. Dex, I shook your hand not only because I felt bad shellacking you a few weeks ago to make a point when I could have gone about it in a better way, but because you were the Best Biggest Boy you could be... or however the hell you say it. But you know what else I didn't get last night, Jamie?

Jamie Sawyers:

What's that?

Batts rubs a hand through his hair.

Ryan Batts:

Payback. I didn't win that match, but now I gotta prove before I can challenge for it again that I'm worthy of that. And for me to do that, I need to settle a score. And that's with you, Tyler Fuse...

The camera is now fixed closer on Batts.

Ryan Batts:

Tyler... throughout this whole ordeal, I've had to listen to you talk shit about me endlessly. You got your jollies attacking me and Dex when I had my singles match for the SoHer. You talked about how easy it was for you and your asshole brother to split up Jack Mace and I last year. On the same night that I BUSTED MY ASS OFF to earn a Southern Heritage Title shot, I ALSO watched you destroy the original Southern Heritage Title all cause you got pissy and got caught cheating. Dex got his payback for that and for you when he beat you last night... but I didn't. We aren't square. We aren't even. You've taken too! Damn! Much!

His voice gets louder now as he recalls the laundry list he has had to endure from the Fuse Bros at different points of his career.

Ryan Batts:

I want to challenge again for the Southern Heritage Championship, but before I do, I need to get past YOU. I need to put you in the rearview and back that car the hell over you before I can drive forward and look towards gold. So Mr. Intensity Personified, what do you say? Two weeks from now on UNCUT, one on one to settle this once and for all.

He looks out, seemingly speaking to Tyler directly.

Ryan Batts:

I'm not the "SHUCKS GOLLY HAPPY TO BE HERE" tiger kid I was six months ago, Fuse. I haven't been just hanging around catering with a thumb up my ass. I have spent the last YEAR busting my ass fighting the best, getting rededicated to the craft, and working too damn hard to better everything about myself, just to let you get away with all you've done. YOU are done, Tyler. You hear me? DONE.

A determined look is fired in Jamie's direction before he turns to the camera and then storms off.

JACK MACE vs. "MELLOW YELLOW" GEORGE OTHELLO

DDK:

Folks, welcome back to some more in-ring action on UNCUT! We're still trying to catch our breath after the number of events we witnessed unfold. One of them was the new recruit to Better Future Talent Agency... None other than Oscar Burns' old protege, Jack Mace.

Lance:

And what an impression he left. He and ADV scored a MASSIVE win in his roster re-debut and in just moments, Jack Mace will be in action against all people, his often-tag partner and current Oscar Burns mentee, BRAZEN star "Mellow Yellow" George Othello. The young Welshman is going to have a heck of a time tonight, so let's get to ringside with Darren Quimbey now.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Already in the ring, from Swansea, Wales, weighing in at 211 pounds...

"MELLOW YELLOW" GEORGE OTHELLO!

The youngster clad in all yellow tights, boots, knee pads and wrist tape raises a hand in the air and looks pretty determined tonight. Recent events look like they have rubbed him the wrong way. As "Mellow Yellow" by Donovan fades out, the crowd jeers when Ken Ellis makes an appearance on stage, then holds a hand out for the brainchild behind Better Future - Tom Morrow. The Faithful's jeering is louder when Ken Ellis puts the Better Future-branded headset in his ear and turns it on before Morrow speaks.

Tom Morrow:

Ladies! Gentlemen! Better Future went 2-0 at DEFIANCE ROAD! It doesn't matter if you're one of the best tag teams! It doesn't matter if you are top of the food chain! Not only does Better Future have THE BEST tag team in DEFIANCE! Not only does Better Future have the PREMIER up-and-comer... we also have ourselves A Damn Fine Pro Wrestler! One who proved he was BETTER than Oscar Burns in every single way! Ladies and gentlemen, standing 6'4" and weighing in at 270 pounds... welcome **JACK! MACE!**

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

The music plays and out comes a very well-built man wearing silver trunks, knee pads, wrestling boots... And a black overcoat with a hood over his face. Morrow and Ellis looks at the hooded man and they bump fists, then the hooded man does the same with Tom Morrow before they head down to the ring. Othello does look angry -- opposed to his more normally aloof self -- and watches Mace step up to the ring. He throws his hood back and takes off his coat, handing it over to Ken Ellis. Before Mace enters the ring, Morrow isn't done.

Tom Morrow:

Georgie Boy... look. We are aware of your connection with Oscar Burns. You guys teamed together for that Tag Party II event a few months ago... instead of my partner here when HE was in BRAZEN. But that wasn't your fault. Burns was the one that screwed Jackie here over, not you. So because of that, I've been instructed by Mister Mace himself to offer you a proverbial "Get Out of Beating Free" card.

Morrow steps on the apron.

Tom Morrow:

You can either face Jack Mace and take the beating he's going to give you. You can let him stretch you the hell out until you can't feel any of your limbs; leaving you wondering when the hell you'll be able to EVER wrestle again... or you can go to the back and live to fight another day. You get the only chance to take advantage of Mister Mace's generosity, Georgie. What's it gonna be?

The Faithful watch George Othello walk up to Mace, but his face isn't changing and his positioning in the ring doesn't either. Mace looks down at the man he looked after for a few months in BRAZEN, then George looks back to Morrow. He doesn't have a microphone, but what he says is pretty clear.

George Othello:

Sod off, asshole!

The crowd cheers as Morrow doesn't look happy with that answer. He takes off his glasses and starts to clean them off before putting them back on his face, apparently now unconcerned with Othello's fate.

Tom Morrow:

You're REALLY putting that fire to bad use, kid.

Morrow hops off the ring apron and as soon as Rex Knox calls for the bell...

DING DING!

George Othello gets hoisted up by Mace quickly and then ragdolled with a rear waistlock into a HUGE takedown. Mace paces around his former BRAZEN tag partner and watches as Othello tries to get back up, The Jack of All Holds hoists him up a second time and then SLAMS him down again, then goes right for a cravate.

DDK:

George Othello is one of the bright prospects of BRAZEN, but this is a mismatch plain and simple.

Lance:

I admire the kid's gumption and he has a technical background himself, but it isn't nearly as developed as Mace is! Mace was an amater standout and blends it well with British-style influences and raw power!

Mace gets him back up off the ground, then snaps him forward with a huge snapmare. From there, The Damn Fine Pro Wrestler goes right to work, driving a STIFF 12-6 elbow to the top of Othello's head, bringing him down to the mat! Mace walks over Othello confidently while the crowd jeers.

DDK:

You have to wonder how long this plan between Mace and Better Future has been in the works? Mace has made one big appearance on TV in a big battle royale that his former partner, Ryan Batts, won. Since then, maybe?

Lance:

I really don't know. But this is an entirely different animal from who Jack Mace used to be.

Mace picks up Othello off the mat again with ease and then DRIVES him down using a huge belly to back suplex, executed high and tight! He pops back up to his feet while Othello rolls around in pain. Mace takes his sweet time and then measures poor Georgie up, then CRACKS him in the mouth with a big, nasty forearm!

DDK:

Tom Morrow sure can pick 'em, can't he?

Lance:

You saw he wasted absolutely no time replacing Theo Baylor all because he got injured by Scott Stevens. Mace has already made a huge impact in a short amount of time!

Mace underhooks the arms of George as he is still laying on the mat, then hoists him up! He holds him in a big double underhook and HOLDS him up. Mace makes it look pretty easy as he stands over with a big smug look on his face. Morrow claps his hands with Mace's raw power on display before he drops him hard on the canvas with a big double arm slam! He leaves him on the mat. No cover, but rather measuring up Othello for another move.

DDK:

You get the feeling Mace can end this at any moment, can't you?

Lance:

Oh, I don't doubt that! But he's wanting to show what he can do and that might be a big mistake if he gives George Othello an opening instead of ending the match.

Mace picks up Othello then hurls him at the corner. The former "Wrestling Bear" goes charging in, but Othello gets both knees up into the chest of Mace, making him stumble back a step. Othello is still hurt, but he tries his best and goes to the ring apron. He leaps and hits a HUGE springboard european uppercut, knocking Mace back!

DDK:

Big move there by Othello! He calls that "Uppercut It Out!"

He gets back to his feet with a crowd cheering him on. He then fires off a huge running somersault neckbreaker that he calls Mellow Out, finally taking Mace down! The crowd cheers young Georgie on with a cover!

ONE... T... NO!

DDK:

Not EVEN a two-count! George Othello better think of something else!

Othello is back on his feet after hitting a couple of big moves. He has Mace where he wants him as he chases him to the corner... caught... URANAGE SUPLEX OUT OF THE CORNER!

Lance:

That's it! One big move! Mace might be closing in on the win!

DDK:

You're right... And that Grounded Arm Triangle Choke is locked in! The same one that took Scott Stevens out of the tag match! I was told by Morrow that he calls this... The Jack of All Holds, like his nickname.

Lance:

Pfft. Cute.

The choke is locked in and it doesn't take too long for young George Othello's lights to go out as Mace violently shakes him across the mat! The referee keeps track of Othello and after several agonizing moments, his arm goes limp. Knox decides to use his discretion calls for the bell! Mace continues to choke Othello until the official orders him to beg off. Mace finally does and sits up, looking down at someone he once took under his wing down in BRAZEN.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match... He is A Damn Fine Pro Wrestler... **JACK MACE!**

Mace is back to his feet and when Rex Knox is about to raise his hand, Morrow shoves the small referee away so he can do it. Mace stares down at Othello then helps him up to his feet... before earning more boos when he HURLS him through the ropes and down to the floor! Othello crashes down while Mace stands and wipes his feet on the mat before leaving the ring with Morrow and Ellis behind him.

DDK:

Jack Mace off to a very impactful restart since coming back up to the main roster! We saw how effective he was against his ex-mentor Oscar Burns and Scott Stevens, two former champions and now he just made short work of George Othello. What's next for Mace?

Lance:

Well I dare say... anything he wants.

Mace stands on the stage and takes in the jeers from the crowd, slinging his ring jacket over his should as Morrow laughs.

Tom Morrow:

Winners, baby! All winners in Better Future!

The three take their leave as the scene moves on.

LOOKING AWAY

The feed cuts backstage, where seasoned DEFIANCE reporter JAMIE SAWYERS appears before us. There's a mic expectedly in his hand, but instead of his attention being on us, he's looking to the door to the locker room area. He looks to be waiting on somebody...

He doesn't have to wait long when the door swings open and KERRY KUROYAMA steps through. The Pacific Blitzkrieg is already back in his street clothes, a bulging duffel bag filled with his belongings slung over one shoulder. His face looks absolutely haunted and distraught.

Jamie Sawyers:

Kerry, could you--

Though Kuroyama's eyes are black and bruised, there's enough anger and rage shining through them that Jaime cuts himself off the moment they snap at the interviewer.

Kerry Kuroyama:

No questions, Jamie.

Jamie Sawyers:

But--

Kerry brushes by Sawyers, moving like a man who has a flight to catch. The camera keeps up with him, hoping to capture as much footage of what could be his final exodus from the WrestlePlex, and DEFIANCE with it. Then from behind, someone calls out...

"Kerry!"

Instinct causes Kerry to pause and look back at the familiar voice, but he immediately sighs with agitation once he recognizes who it is. SCOTT DOUGLAS steps past the camera and catches up to his longtime friend and tag partner.

Scott Douglas:

Kerry ... We have to talk about this. I mean ...

Kerry Kuroyama:

...there's nothing to talk about, Scott. Even with my career on the line, and still got absolutely steamrolled out there for the entire world to see. I'm all out of excuses; it's blatantly obvious that I'm just not up to snuff anymore. Which means I don't belong here... not among the best in the business.

Shouldering the duffel bag again, he makes for the exit.

Kerry Kuroyama

I guess tell Gunnar, if you see him, congratulations on the big win over an established star. And great job in proving how much of an indestructible badass he is. And good luck to him, in what I'm sure will be a long and successful career here in DEFIANCE. And also, that he can go fuck himself.

Douglas cuts him off, not giving up on appealing to his friend's deeper sensibilities.

Scott Douglas:

Hey, you've been out for awhile... All that nonsense with Reeves. Ring rust is a bitch, Kerry. Let's hit the gym, get back to basics ... We can get you back on track. You have been there for me through thick and thin, man. I owe this to you! Let me help you this time!

Kerry's face only grows more reproachful at this suggestion.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I don't want your "help", Scott. God, do you have any idea how patronizing that sounds?

Scott looks confused.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Like everything is going to turn around because the much-more-successful tag partner magnanimously offered to "help" poor, misbegotten Kerry Kuroyama?

Scott Douglas:

You know that's not how I meant it, man. After everything --

Kuroyama shakes his head. The expression on his face stops Scott mid-thought. Kerry looks over his former tag partner now with skepticism.

Kerry Kuroyama:

You don't get it, do you? We broke into this sport together back in Seattle, almost ten years ago. We both arrived here in DEFIANCE around the same time. And now look at where I am, and look at where you are, and tell me--*straight-faced*, Scott--that I don't have at least some valid reason to be just a bit resentful.

A beat of silence passes, until Kerry gestures to Scott.

Kerry Kuroyama

You are the former Southern Heritage Champion. *You* are the one they call Mr. DEFIANCE. And *you* are the one walking into DEFCON 2021, the biggest event of the year, to compete for the biggest title in the entire sport. And as for me...?

He holds out his arms as if to present himself, and scoffs. Scott looks as if he wants to interrupt and respond but there are no words to refute what Kerry is saying.

Kerry Kuroyama

...I guess I'll be going down in history as Seattle's *Second Best*.

Angrily, Kuroyama shakes his head. Scott is stunned and left speechless.

Kerry Kuroyama

Fuck that. I'd rather sit in obscurity than hang around here, until they eventually send me down to BRAZEN to "offer guidance to younger talent", or some shit.

Kerry again moves toward the exit. He stops with one hand on the door and looks over his shoulder again.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I wish I could tell you I'm rooting for you come DEFCON... but that would be a lie.

The door opens, and Kerry disappears into the night. Gone from DEFIANCE.

Scott gestures toward the door as if he has something to say but either he remains speechless or ultimately knows it is in vain.

YOU THOUGHT THIS MEANT NOTHING?

November 30, 2020

SEGMENT AIRED, UNCUT #81.

*It's Monday, November 30th, 2020. There's talent gathered throughout the DEFplex today, taking part in promotional tapings for DEFIANCE Road, the new DEFIANCE video game that's due to come out in the spring of next year and other projects. There's even a fire safety course being taught inside the arena, actually in the ring by none other than Sgt. Safety. He demanded to hold a meeting and (some) of the roster obliged. The scene begins outside Gorilla, as a few crew members are enjoying a coffee break from the fire safety session. Then, down the hall, stomps Gage Blackwood, now the former Southern Heritage Champion. He makes his way quickly past other DEFIANCE staffers, Victor Vacio, Matt LaCroix and **Teresa Ames** before arriving in front of the crew having their coffees.*

Blackwood stops cold in his tracks. He stands in front of the group... waiting for them to take notice.

That's when one of the crew members pulls back and reveals "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas is amongst them. Douglas looks concerned, perhaps readying for a fight.

Until it's clear Gage has other plans.

Gage Blackwood:

Next week, DEFtv, make sure you're on standby.

Blackwood looks one of the crew over.

Gage Blackwood:

Your sense of fashion is rubbish.

And that's it. Blackwood walks off in another direction... leaving Scott Douglas standing there with a shrug.

Sub Pop goes back to conversing with the ring crew and the scene fades...

Or does it?

The scene moves down the hallway where Teresa Ames gently brushes up next to the watercooler, caressing its many hard points. She had been watching Blackwood since he passed her by.

Teresa Ames:

Your tongue is something I'd like to rub-ish.

Fade.

SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS vs. THE DUNSON CLAN

DDK:

In our Uncut main even tonight, we have a tag team contest. Or... we're supposed to. Based on what we saw earlier, we're not even sure if The Saturday Night Specials are even here. They looked to have gotten a little caught up with some nice young women.

Lance:

It's not that far a drive between their bar and the arena... they might have made it in time.

Inside the ring, The Dunson Clan is already positioned, ready to start the match. Todd and Richie Dunson are dressed for combat, while Paul Dunson stands between them, pumping them up and getting them ready for battle.

Darren Quimby:

The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, at a combined weight of 415 pounds... from Mount Hope, West Virginia... THE DUNSON CLAN!

Todd throws up his hands while Paul applauds. Richie appears focused on the task at hand. Some of the fans hit them with some boos.

Darren Quimby:

And their opponents...

♪ "Drink" by Alestorm ♪

The crowd rises to their feet on hearing the theme song of The Saturday Night Specials! The camera pans the crowd, looking for Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd to make their presence known. There's a cheer that rises up among the fans in the upper rows facing the hard cam, and the camera focuses on both competitors as they emerge from the concession area and begin to make a quick straight line for the ring!

Darren Quimby:

At a combined weight of 484 pounds... THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPEEEEEEEECIALS!

Wasting no time, Cassidy and Brock make their way through The Faithful. They jump over the ringside barricade and roll into the ring. Impatiently, Cassidy motions for Quimby's mic.

Cassidy:

Folks... forgive me if this is a quick one, but we're on the clock here. Brock Newbludd... Pat Cassidy... The Saturday Night Specials! Alright, let's do this.

Cassidy signals for Mark Shields to ring the bell and makes the "let's go" motion.

DING DING

Richie Dunson pats Todd on the back as Todd prepares to start the match against Cassidy. The two men circle each other with Cassidy having a noticeable spring in his step. They lock up, and Cassidy immediately takes Todd over with a snap suplex! Cassidy covers!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

Annoyed, Cassidy lifts Todd Dunson to his feet. He hooks him and drops him hard with a pumphandle slam! Cassidy drags Todd over to the SNS corner and reaches out to tag Brock Newbludd.

DDK:

Newbludd and Cassidy are not wasting any time here...

Instead of entering the ring, Brock climbs up to the top rope... and leaps off with a picture perfect elbow drop right into the heart of Todd Dunson! Brock is back to his feet, and he and Cassidy lock eyes and nod. Moving quickly, they sprint over to the Dunson corner and grab Richie Dunson, throwing him over the top rope and into the ring!

Lance:

SNS bringing Richie Dunson into the match even though he's not the legal man.

Richie gets sent into the ropes, and on the rebound he gets caughts...

DDK:

BOILERMAKER! SNS hits their double spinebuster!

With Richie grabbing his back in pain, Newbludd casually tosses him over the top rope to the outside. With Todd Dunson alone in the ring, Brock hooks him into a piledriver position, completely ignoring Mark Shields' attempts to get Cassidy, as the non-legal man, to exit the ring. Without wasting any time, Cassidy leaps up to the top rope, taking position for their Keg Stand finish!

Cassidy (*urging the crowd to chant along, but quickly*):

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

The Faithful:

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

Cassidy leaps off the top, driving Todd Dunson's head into the ring with a spike piledriver! Brock covers...

ONE... TWO... THREE!!

DING DING DING**DDK:**

SNS not getting paid by the hour in this one!

Before Keebler can even fully get that sentence out, The Saturday Night Specials are out of the ring and back over the barricade, heading quickly back up the aisle to their golf cart.

Lance:

I hope they make it back in time for their new friends...

DDK:

The Saturday Night Specials continue their winning ways on tonight's edition of Uncut! On behalf of Lance Warner, I'm Darren Keebler... goodnight everyone!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.