

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.

TYLER FUSE vs. "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS

DDK:

Welcome to our opening bout on UNCUT and we've got a BIG ONE coming right up! Two of the three men who competed in that amazing match for the Southern Heritage Championship involving Dex Joy will be going one-on-one to settle a long-standing grudge! "Bantam" Ryan Batts goes one-on-one with Tyler Fuse!

Lance:

The history between these two goes far beyond both men simply wanting the Southern Heritage Championship. This goes way back to when Batts was part of the popular tag team, The WrestleFriends, fighting with Tyler Fuse as part of Fuse Bros 360. It was Tyler and Conor that actually sent the WrestleFriends back to BRAZEN. That team mutually broke up subsequently when Batts moved to the main roster... and Mace.. well, we just saw what became of Jack Mace, didn't we?

DDK:

That we did. I tried to ask Batts his thoughts on it, but he was 100% focused on tonight's bout. We haven't seen Batts as intense as he has been these last few months, but Tyler Fuse is on a whole new level himself. We'll have to see who wants it more tonight!

To Darren Quimbey we go!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Rancho Santa Margarita, California, weighing in at 204 pounds... **"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!**

♪ "The Last Garrison" by Enter Shikari ♪

The lights in the arena flash rapidly in shades of red as out from the back, Ryan Batts comes out rocking brand new attire. Black thigh-length trunks and a red version of the "Bantam" logo on the left side. Black knee pads and boots with dark red kick pads to round out his new attire as he waves a black and red rally towel overhead on his way to the ring. He throws it to the crowd and then heads to the ring.

DDK:

Here we go! The crowd has been giving Batts greater responses since really rededicating himself to stronger methods in the ring.

Lance:

Just like Tyler Fuse did, Ryan Batts tapped into a more aggressive side. Unlike Tyler Fuse, though, he's used that solely to improve his focus on the ring, whereas Tyler has just used it for all manner of deplorable acts!

Batts makes it into the ring, posing on the turnbuckle before flipping backwards to land inside. He waits for his opponent to arrive.

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, weighing two-hundred-eight pounds... **TYLER FUUUUUUSE!**

Tyler emerges from the back, no Princess by his side. The lights are dim as he marches down the rampway, laser focused and ignoring The Faithful's hate. Tyler pulls himself onto the apron as the song hits its crescendo, only for Tyler to tilt his head back and scream into the rafters before entering the ring. Batts SEETHES as he watches Tyler approach, but makes no movement to attack. Tyler flashes him a half-smile, knowing he's living in Batts' head right now.

DDK:

And here we go! Both men are great technicians, but Batts has also added an improved striking game to his already

dangerous grappling and high flying styles. Tyler Fuse has that technical style, but he can brawl and he can plan his way to victory any number of ways.

DING DING!

And right away, Carla Ferrari has a rough job in front of her as Batts tries to go for a lock-up, Tyler Fuse instead decides to go physical right off the bat and then kicks Batts in the gut. He shoots him off the ropes and then fires back with a huge shoulder block off the bat... on Batts! He doubles him over only to run the ropes and then deliver an on-point basement dropkick to the face of Batts! Already, Tyler is up on his feet and ignores the jeers of the Faithful.

Lance:

There we go! These two aren't going to be wasting much time on the mat to start. They want to put this issue to bed tonight.

DDK:

Yes, they do. Tyler takes him up and drills Batts with chops!

The Faithful jeer as Intensity Personified wastes no time lighting Ryan Batts up with chops in the ring. He grabs the arm of The Young Scrappy Wrestle-Lad and then sends him across the ring, but Batts puts on the brakes and then comes back with a HUGE forearm as Tyler comes running towards him! He grabs him by the head and hits a snapmare before running backwards to SMACK him in the back with a big soccer kick! Tyler flinches and the crowd cheers as Batts runs the ropes and comes back with a PK right into the chest! Tyler cringes from the impact of the stiff kick!

Lance:

Tyler thought he had the jump on Batts, but he turns it around and comes right back!

Batts measures up Tyler Fuse as The Original Game-Changer tries getting to his feet, only for Batts to try a schoolboy pin. Tyler has enough wherewithal to roll through, but Batts does the same and lands a huge single leg kick right to the chest, sending Tyler out of the ring! The Faithful cheer Batts as he kips up to his feet and then unleashes an energetic roar for the crowd.

DDK:

Batts is feeling it now after the rocky start by Tyler Fuse. And here he goes... THE FLIPSIDE!

The Young Scrappy Wrestle-Lad goes FLYING through the ropes with the quickness and he wipes out Tyler Fuse quickly with the somersault tope through the ropes! The Faithful are left going crazy as Batts picks himself up and pumps a fist in the air!

Lance:

Batts bringing the fight to Tyler Fuse! Both men's stock have just risen greatly in the last few months!

DDK:

This one match may come down to whoever makes the first mistake, that's for sure.

Tyler gets thrown back under the ropes and then Batts follows him inside. As Tyler tries to get back to his feet, Batts rushes forward and then CRACKS the arm of Tyler with a big running kick to the elbow! Fuse cringes on the mat, but Batts doesn't give him a chance to rest. He grabs the arm and then torques it with a pair of arm wringers. Tyler desperately tries to fight Batts off with a chop that does rock him... but he returns fire by twisting the arm, then nailing a big overhead kick to the elbow!

DDK:

Look at the execution of Batts with those moves! He's got his target! He's got the Fastest Armbar in The West, as well as The Goliath Birdeater submission!

Lance:

Tyler will definitely need to do something different here.

Tyler tries to protect his arm, but Batts throws a few more kicks and each shot lands on his left arm! Tyler cringes in pain and tries to block a kick, but Batts leaps up and rattles him with an enzuigiri! The blow rocks him and Tyler goes out to the floor again!

DDK:

Batts not letting up on Tyler at all tonight. He wants payback and he feels he can get it, but he's not letting it cloud his judgment.

Lance:

And Batts now going after Fuse. This is where we can see Tyler Fuse excel if Batts isn't careful.

Bantam rolls out to the floor to follow Tyler, still favoring his arm. But when Batts tries to stop him and spin him around by the arm, Tyler turns around and lands a HUGE headbutt! The blow stuns Batts on his feet and then the man called Intensity Personified lives up to the billing with a kick to Batts' leg! The crowd jeers as Tyler then grabs him and then SLAMS Batt's knee into the guardrail with a BIG shinbreaker! Batts topples over in pain while The Game-Changer clutches his arm.

DDK:

What a counter right there! Batts went after the arm of Fuse, so now he's going for the leg!

Tyler rolls inside and then back outside to reset the referee's count. He then picks up Batts and kicks the knee again before rolling him inside. He sets him up near the buckle and the crowd knows what's coming up next as he grabs the leg.

DDK:

Oh, no... oh, no...

The Game-Changer grins at Batts...

FIGURE FOUR LEG LOCK AROUND THE RINGPOST!

Lance:

No! No! First the knee into the guardrail and now the Figure Four Leg Lock! Carla gives him until a count of five, but that move is excruciating!

DDK:

You're right! He used that to once injure Kerry Kuroyama!

Tyler finally lets go of the hold, but Ryan Batts is now in a very, very vulnerable spot left clutching his knee on the ground. Tyler's arm still hurts from what Batts had done before, but he shakes it off as best he can then goes back to work. He picks up Batts off the mat and then drops him down with a huge back suplex! Batts arches his back off the mat then Tyler Fuse hooks the leg - making sure to grab the bad one!

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

No! First cover and Batts gets the shoulder up, but Tyler Fuse has found his target here! He's taking away a good chunk of Batts' offense, possibly affecting those kicks he's been using lately!

He gets up and grabs the left leg of Batts. Ryan tries kicking him with the free leg, but Tyler CRANKS on it and then goes right to stomping on the leg... relentlessly! Batts cries out with each shot and tries to get Fuse away, but he sticks to the leg and hurts him. Tyler then locks the leg in a standing leg lock, only to shift by dropping the knee to the mat,

DDT-style! The gritty move has him grounded again and Batts cannot protect himself from when Tyler gets back to his feet only to unleash a huge backbreaker!

DDK:

Tyler Fuse now breaking down Batts! He has him down! Where's he going?

Lance

Second rope... no, top!

He waits for Batts to try and stand but before he can fully do that, Batts nearly has his head taken off by Tyler with the LANLine!

Lance:

LANLine connects, Darren! That's it, isn't it?

ONE... TWO... NO!

The shoulder comes up, along with The Faithful's hopes as Batts stays alive while Tyler growls.

DDK:

Batts has to try and counter something here!

Lance:

He can try, but Tyler isn't giving him much room!

A high and tight half-crab follows by Tyler and soon, Batts is left struggling! Carla asks him if he wants to tap out, but Batts shakes his head and continues fighting to try and get to the ropes. As much as Tyler tries to fight to hold him in place, Batts is the more powerful of the two physically and the strong little bugger from California crawls at the ropes. He continues crawling...

DDK:

Ryan Batts makes the ropes! The crowd is firmly behind the kid!

Tyler lets loose another growl again and then turns to focus more on the knee of Batts. He pulls him back to the center of the ring and tries another figure four... but Batts strikes him with the good foot, then GRABS his arm to drag him to the mat! Then he cranks back with a Kimura lock!

DDK:

No! He gave Batts an opening and now he's trying to go after that arm!

Lance:

Great counter there! Is Tyler gonna tap?

Batts continues to tighten his grip on the hold, but Tyler uses his free hand and then wails away at the exposed knee of the Californian! Batts yells out again after each shot and then finally frees himself. Batts favors the knee while Tyler is grasping the arm again. Both men start to get up with an angry Tyler striking first. He tries to take his head off with The Glitch, but the discus clothesline misses... but Batts' snap German suplex off the rebound does not!

DDK:

Tyler freed himself from that Kimura only for Batts to turn it around with that snap German suplex! Now it's coming down to who can make that next big move!

Both The Game-Changer and The Young Scrappy Wrestle-Lad are down with the crowd giving the vocal majority to Ryan Batts. The gutsy grappler starts to get back to his feet, but still hobbling while Tyler follows behind him, but still seeing stars after the surprise suplex. He rushes forward again, but Batts braces himself and kicks the arm again with

his good leg! His bad leg almost gives out, but adjusts himself enough to plant a few big forearms to the face of Tyler. He sends him across the ring with an Irish whip and off the ropes, catches him by the leg and hits a big capture suplex!

Lance:

Capture Suplex by Batts! What a counter!

DDK:

And I think he's setting him up!

Batts braces himself in the corner, and slaps his head before pointing out to his target. He starts to run forward, but his leg gives out on him before he can hit Batter Up... leaving him WIDE open for The Glitch!

DDK:

That leg work by Tyler Fuse just came back to haunt Batts! The Discus Clothesline hits the mark!

Tyler turns Batts onto his back after the big move and hooks BOTH legs!

ONE... TWO... THR--NO!

Tyler cannot believe it! He shoots an evil look at Carla Ferrari as the crowd cheers, but Batts is still alive.

DDK:

Tyler just needs one more big move and I think he's got this! He's looking for CQC!

When Batts is trying to get back up one more time, Batts gets struck by Tyler with another shot to the neck, then heads to the corner. He tries to hit the running tornado bulldog out of the corner... but Batts frees himself and shoves him to the corner. He waits and then tries to take out Fuse, but he goes low and clips the knee again!

Lance:

No! He's staying one step ahead of Ryan Batts! These guys are definitely studying each other's moves!

DDK:

No way!

Tyler turns Batts around and then stomps him a few times to make sure any remaining fight left in him gets kicked out of his body. He then sets him up on the top rope and then starts to climb with a superplex in mind. He starts going for the arm and then sets him up...

Lance:

Here we go!

DDK:

This superplex might be it.. NO! NO! KIMURA! KIMURA AGAIN ON THE TOP ROPE!

The crowd goes crazy as Batts locks in another armbar variation on the top rope, sending Tyler Fuse into a fit! He only has till five to hold it as Carla counts down, but he holds on till four then WALLOPS Tyler with a huge headbutt of his own, sending him off the top rope and to the floor below! Batts is groggy but he feeds off the crowd as he heads up top... then LANDS LET GRAVITY DO THE REST!

DDK:

DIVING SENTON! THAT'S GOTTA DO IT!

Batts rolls off the body of Tyler but then goes to a seated cover on his chest, pinning down both shoulders with his hands!

ONE... TWO... THR-NO!

But when Tyler's arm goes up, Batts GRABS the left shoulder and then shoots off to the side! He has the armbar locked in tightly in the center of the ring! Tyler Fuse tries to free himself and kicks frantically...

DDK:

FASTEST ARMBAR IN THE WEST! IS THIS GONNA BE IT?!

Tyler Fuse tries to fight like hell for the hold to get fully locked in and tries to stand to grab Batts' leg, but Batts kicks him again, then rolls him over to the other side, now fully hyperextending the arm! Tyler tries to fight, but he can't get free!

TAP TAP TAP!

DING DING DING!

After the bell rings, Batts rolls off to the side and still holds his leg in pain, but Carla is there to help him get to his feet and raises his hand!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **"BANTAM" RYAN BATTS!**

Lance:

What a match to kick off UNCUT! Batts had to endure a lot of punishment to that knee, same as Tyler Fuse and that arm! Both men TORE into one another, but tonight Batts walks away with a huge win and a measure of revenge for a man that has tormented him!

DDK:

And no doubt in my mind this match could have gone either way! Tyler Fuse has just stepped his game up immensely in his wars with Scott Douglas, Kerry Kuroyama, and more recently, Dex Joy. These two men have so much potential and that's scary considering how good they are right now!

Batts looks over at Tyler Fuse, rolling outside the ring and forcing away aid from the ringside trainer before heading to the back. Inside the ring, Batts favors his knee, but he raises a free hand in the air and celebrates the huge win as the show goes elsewhere.

ASMR WITH AMES 9: GOTTA CATCH EM ALL

Teresa sits pretty in front of her solitary ASMR recording setup. Tube lighting affixed to where the room walls meet with each other illuminates the space in soft orange, purple and red glows. Ames holds up her lime green colored nails as she rests her face in her palms.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Hey everyone. Welcome back to my channel. I am feeling so zen right now that I have a confession to make to everyone.

She takes a breath.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

I am in love!

She chuckles.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

It's actually true this time. Okay, who am I kidding? It might be more of a lust thing right now but my primal, insatiable, instinctual, animalistic urge to reproduce has just been IGNITED with a certain Scottish individual.

Ames has to show restraint as her hormones are clearly getting the better of her.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Gage. I have to have you. I know you lost but your HEROIC showing at DEFROAD got me all tingly inside. Plus, I've always wanted to bag me an international man of mystery. They're so flavorful.

Her giddiness is palpable.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

I recall that one time you brushed by me in the hallway. I'll never forget the moment I stared at the back of your thighs and thought, whoa, this man is built for steadfast re-population.

She looks away from her hot cam for a second to collect herself. She's almost never been THIS vulnerable before.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

We just had an instant connection. I know I felt it and trust my words when I say I have a plan in place to catch you.

One of her hands dips off screen to grab an item.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Do you see this?

She holds up a spherical device, reminiscent of a popular kids show and video game where trainers go around catching adorable looking monsters. Except, her contraption is smattered with girly stickers.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

I'm going to catch you, Gage. Because I get what I want and I won't stop until you are mine.

Her lime green nails begin to gently tap on the monster holding ball. A faint tinny noise echoes.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

This will be my finest hour. This will be OUR finest hour. Gage. Be mine. Come force or free will, it will happen. Our kids would be so adorable.

Suddenly, her grip on the ball tightens. The rage within her grows exponentially and without explanation. Teresa grits her teeth as it's clear her frame of mind is drifting into unstable territory.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

I see us wearing kilts on our wedding day. So divine. You and I. Entranced endlessly in an entanglement of inescapable love.

The Cute N Qwerty Gurl doesn't realize the fantastical adventure her mind slowly drifts into as she abruptly ends her stream to tend to more urgent matters at hand.

NEWCOMER BATTLE ROYAL

The scene goes ringside with eight participants all ready to go (well, to varying degrees).

DDK:

Folks, the newcomer battle royal is next! What a great way for talent to introduce themselves!

Lance:

That's right, eight of the new DEFIANCE main roster talents are in the squared circle ready to do battle. It's an over-the-top fight. Some names are brand new, whereas others you may have known from BRAZEN! Butcher Victorious, No Fun Dean, Berry Chernobyl from Screen 7, Jonathan-Christopher Hall, Sho Nakazawa, Levi Cole, Thomas Slaine and Kyle Shields!

DDK:

Kyle... Shields?

Lance:

Yes that's right. If you're asking yourself at home "that last name sounds familiar", well, it's Mark Shields' younger brother. As in referee Mark Shields. As in the referee standing outside the ring for THIS match!

DDK:

That seems like a conflict of interest.

Lance:

I'm sure it is!

DING DING

The bell rings and the combatants are off! Butcher Victorious and No Fun Dean go right after Thomas Slaine. Meanwhile, Sho Nakazawa leaps onto a second turnbuckle pad and comes flying across Kyle Shields with a crossbody! This leaves Berry Chernobyl to greet Levi Cole with a roundhouse kick that misses so he's thrown into an Olympic slam by Cole instead. Additionally, Jonathan-Christopher Hall stands in the middle of the ring and blows kisses to his wife, Vickie Hall, at the apron.

Jonathan-Christopher Hall:

I love you so much, baby. I wish you were here with me.

Vickie holds her pounding heart.

Vickie Hall:

Butterflies and goosebumps when you tell me things like that, baby.

DDK:

...

ANYWAY, Slaine has fought off Butcher and is going toe-to-toe with No Fun Dean in the center of the ring. Slaine shoots Dean into the ropes but Dean stops in his tracks when he sees Slaine pull out a pair of scissors from his jean pockets! Slaine points to his head.

Thomas Slaine:

I'm pyschooooooooooooooooooooo.

Dean shakes his head. He decides to sprint at Slaine, ducking the scissor attempt and stunning him with a chinbreaker. Slaine shoots up in the air and the scissors go flying out of the ring in the process! Butcher Victorious sprints forward and crushes Slaine with a spinning heel kick.

The Faithful are trying to make sense of what's going on, while determining who to cheer for. Ultimately, they start getting behind Butcher Victorious as he hits Thomas Slaine with a number of moves, ending it off with a package piledriver in the center of the ring. No Fun Dean peels Slaine off the mat and hurls him up and over the ropes!

Darren Quimbey:

Thomas Slaine has been eliminated.

Victorious looks up to Dean. The two turn their attention to Jonathan-Christopher Hall, who continues to speak to his wife.

DDK:

Dean and Vic throw Jonathan-Christopher out!

Darren Quimbey:

Jonathan-Christopher Hall has been eliminated!

It's like JC Hall doesn't even care. He walks into Vickie's waiting arms and they kiss, softly.

Lance:

I like this team of Victorious and Dean. That's some good work. Butcher could have been mad Dean "took" his elimination from him but instead he realized there are bigger and more important things to do! It's not bad to have an alliance here, either! And No Fun Dean seems like the guy to do it with!

Levi Cole continues to work over Kyle Shields until Berry Chernobyl comes in with a pump kick to the face! Berry hurls Levi to the ropes and then hits another pump kick, knocking Cole over the top rope...

But Cole holds onto the top rope!

Chernobyl realizes this and makes his way back to Cole...

DDK:

With Cole pulling/holding onto the rope, Chernobyl falls out of the ring and to the mat below! He's done!

Darren Quimbey:

Berry Chernobyl has been eliminated!

Lance:

Say what you want about Screen 7. This horror thing isn't for everyone... and they aren't that skilled to begin with but Berry has looked good. He simply needs to hone his skills. You can't get all reckless like that and expect to win!

With Levi about to enter the ring again, Kyle Shields saunters over and kicks Cole's hand off the ropes. Although The All-American is still on the apron, an inadvertent Sho Nakazawa ends up hitting him off it and onto the floor!

Darren Quimbey:

Levi Cole has been eliminated!

DDK:

We're down to four!

If this was another company there'd be an isolated camera shot on all four of these guys! Sho, Dean, Butcher and Kyle!

The alliance of Butcher and Dean continues as they pick apart Kyle Shields. Dean rifles Kyle into the ropes and hits him with a dropkick to the chest! Stunned but not down, Butcher connects with a pele kick, a kick to the stomach and then a hurricanrana.

Sho flies across the ring and catches Butcher by surprise with a flying crossbody! However, The Liberal City Landlord rolls through it and has Nakazawa in his arms...

DDK:

Vic's about to toss Sho out...

Lance:

Low blow by Kyle!

And Kyle shoves Victorious into the ropes, lifting up his feet in the process and throwing over!

Darren Quimbey:

Butcher Victorious has been eliminated!

Right as Darren says this, No Fun Dean crushes Kyle in the temple with a running knee! Dean is about to eject the younger Shields from the ring but Kyle rakes his eyes! Shields looks to his left, to his right and then gives a shrug. He elbows Dean in the side of the head, dragging him to the canvas and hooking in a straight-jacket crossface!

DDK:

This isn't a regular match! Submissions don't count!

Lance:

I *think* Kyle knows this?

Regardless, it leaves Sho Nakazawa an incredible opportunity...

WHACK.

...To dropkick Kyle in the face and hurl him out of the ring!

Nakazawa goes to work on Dean with a number of kicks and jabs.

DDK:

Nakazawa is doing great! Mind you, this was a guy who used to train with Cayle Murray years ago!

Nakazawa has Dean at the turnbuckle and then latches on for a tornado DDT. Dean is planted firmly on his head but bounces right back to his feet...

DDK:

SHO CLOTHESLINES DEAN OVER THE TOP! Nakazawa wins!

Darren Quimbey:

No Fun Dean has been eliminated!

DDK:

Wait, what the hell!?

Kyle Shields slides into the ring and "thrusters" the back of Sho Nakazawa numerous times... working the Japanese artist into the ropes and ultimately TO THE FLOOR!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Sho Nakazawa has been eliminated! As a result, the winner of this match... KYLE SHIELDS!

DDK:

How the hell did that happen!? I saw both feet touch the floor!

Replays show that, yes, BOTH of Kyle's feet did touch the floor! However, referee Mark Shields was occupied speaking to The Hallmark Journey, Jonathan-Christopher and Vickie (likely, he was checking out Vickie). This allowed for Kyle to jump back onto the apron and wait for his time to strike.

Mark enters the ring and looks at his younger brother, all smiles.

Mark Shields:

Wow, shit man. Fuck man, shit man. That's awesome!

Kyle has this scumbag-like look and gives Mark a wink.

Mark Shields:

I'm happy to raise your hand, brother brother!

Mark walks over to little Shields and does just that. The Faithful boo.

Lance:

I've heard about Kyle... through Mark that is. If you think the dial is turned up on Mark, wait until you get to know Kyle better. I heard he's all about the easy way out and get-rich-quick schemes.

DDK:

Where do the Favored Saints find these guys?

Lance:

Normally, I'd agree with you. But Mark Shields has been in DEFIANCE forever. I've heard he's been pulling to get his brother in for a while now...

As the commentators continue to speak back and forth, they don't realize Kyle Shields has dropped down off the rampway and strolled over to the table. Kyle interrupts the announce team and can be heard off-mic.

Kyle Shields:

Hey, Darren. Fucking right, you guys are fucking solid! Listen, hit me up backstage later. I'm looking for smart people like you guys. I'd like to talk to you -both- about a tremendous fucking opportunity for you and your loved ones, alright? A lot of people are talking about it.

Kyle blows a kiss and walks off.

Kyle Shields:

Fuck ya!

Keebler and Warner look at each other.

DDK:

[Heavy sigh]

A CHILD'S CRY FOR HELP

Black screen. We hear the sound of a single droplet hitting the surface of water.

Fade into a stage. It's dimly lit, so everything around the stage is obscured by darkness. On the stage is a dry-erase marker board on wheels. In front of the board stands a bald man with a long brown beard. He's wearing thick, dark-rimmed glasses and a dark blue sports coat. He's got on a black bow-tie and in his hand is a bottle of water. He adjusts his headset microphone and turns to the audience and smiles. In the corner, we see the following text:

NED TALKS - February 22 - New Haven, Connecticut

The man - Ned Reform... excuse me, DOCTOR Ned Reform... turns to the marker board. He uncaps a dark blue marker, and writes a single word:

DEFIANCE

He turns away from the board, off the stage - to where we can only assume an audience sits, although we can't see anyone in the darkness. Reform points to the word on the board.

Ned Reform:

Defiance. A noun. Defined as, and I quote, "open resistance or bold disobedience."

Ned Reform flashes one of the most punchable smirks you've likely ever seen in your life.

Ned Reform:

To resist. Or to disobey. To not take any guff. On the surface, to be defiant seems almost admirable. Stand up in the face of oppression, right? Battle for your unalienable rights. Speak, as they say, "truth to power." Who doesn't love a good rebel, correct?

Reform smirks again, shaking his head.

Ned Reform:

Wrong. Defiance, disobedience, "sticking-it-to-the-man"? These are the qualities of a CHILD. An angry adolescent who does not yet possess both the intelligence or mental maturity to navigate a complex world. To be defiant is a child-like cry for *help*. Grown adults don't defy. Grown adults debate, reason, and compromise. To proudly proclaim yourself as defiant is to admit that your development has been stunted. It is to exclude yourself from adult conversations because your prefrontal cortex has not matured enough for you to exist in civilized society.

Reform pauses, looking out into the distance for a moment, shaking his head ruefully. He then turns back to his unseen audience.

Ned Reform:

Please write this part down.

Reform waits, making sure his "class" is ready to take notes on his brilliance.

Ned Reform:

Now with all this mind - what does it mean when a wrestling promotion refers to itself as DEFIANCE? In all capital letters, no less? Does it mean that an entire promotion full of professional athletes is proud to be trapped in an endless cycle of juvenile nonsense? Does it mean that they run a television show appealing to the lowest common denominator? A roster full of adult-sized children idiotically touting their bold disobedience? Does it mean any of that?

Reform smirks again.

Ned Reform:

Perhaps. But I do know one thing for sure...

Reform looks directly into the camera.

Ned Reform:

It's time for DEFIANCE... to grow up.

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

DR. NED REFORM IS COMING

EVERYBODY SUCKS

Backstage.

Chris Trutt stands in part of the corridor you should probably recognise as the area outside the Sweet Suite by now, shifting nervously in his cheapo suit. The words “DEFIANCE ROAD Night 1 - EXCLUSIVE!” appear at the bottom of the screen.

Chris Trutt: [with the confidence and assertiveness of the average Reddit user]

Uhh, ladies and g-gentle--...

Cayle Murray: [off camera]

Alright pissflap, alright...

The 24K man steps into the scene. Suddenly, Trutt looks like an even bigger bag of nerves.

Chris Trutt:

Please w-welcome my gues--...

Cayle Murray:

Oi.

Trutt turns towards Murray and away from the camera, not looking him in the eye.

Cayle Murray:

That was your cue to shut your dribble hole.

Chris Trutt:

Sorry...

Cayle Murray:

Sake. I asked for you instead of Crusty because I know you're too much of a softy to “ask the tough questions,” or whatever it is she calls her rudeness, but you can't even pop off an introduction without stammering. You stink, Chris. Literally and figuratively.

The interviewer looks somewhat taken aback by Cayle. Already on edge after being bullied by JFKayle through the first two weeks of the Manly Men Open Challenge Series, he is now lost for words. Somehow, this only makes Murray more annoyed.

Cayle Murray:

Well go on then! Get to it!

Chris Trutt:

Uhh, soo... Cayle Murray... you and JFKayle just scored the victory here at DEFIANCE ROAD, beating the Pop Culture Phenoms in the night's main event. I'm here to ask you: what's next?

Cayle Murray:

Cracking. A lovely softball. Good job, Chris!

Murray “pats” Chris on the shoulder so hard he almost falls over. The microphone drops to the floor, hitting it with a **THUNK**, and Chris stumbles to pick it back up.

‘Starbreaker’ looks like he hasn't showered since hitting the backstage area. Sweat still glistens on his skin and his black hair is a matted mess against his forehead and scalp. Adrenaline still coursing through his body, he speaks through intakes of breath once Trutt finally gets his act together.

Cayle Murray:

Well, first of all, Chris, I am most perturbed by your lack of adjectives when describing our win there. Think of all the different words you could have used! “JFKayle score *wonderful* victory over Pop Culture Phenoms,” perhaps? Or maybe “Murray and Kendrix secure *inspirational* win in match with Ares and The D”? What about “Greatest Active Tag Team in Professional Wrestling beat dumbshit straight-to-DVD goobers *honestly, fairly*, and with integrity, just like they said they would?”

Knowing he’s talking shit, Cayle winks to the camera.

Cayle Murray:

But I digress. We won, The Little Gymnast That Couldn’t and her skinny little weed-carrier lost. We move up, they move down, and boohoo: Elise got her face hurt. That’s the cost of doing business with two people you never, ever belonged in the ring with, dumbass. Sorry you were too thick to realise it before it was too late.

Coldly, Murray shrugs.

Cayle Murray:

As for what’s next? I’ll fight anyone. JFKayle will fight anyone. Line up the best wrestlers in DEFIANCE or even the absolute worst: I’ll beat them all. I don’t care who it is as long as they aren’t in any way affiliated with the coordinated dance act we just put in the dirt. What about Lindsay Troy? What’s she doing right now?

Chris Trutt:

Probably getting ready to fac--...

The former FIST of DEFIANCE interrupts Trutt.

Cayle Murray:

Ah yeah, that’s right. Teaming up with the airship gnome and the giant monk against the grubby LiveJournal goths, right? Whatever. She can let me know when she fancies stepping out of the kiddie pool, you know, wrestling. Best in the World my arse...

He shakes his head, almost disgusted by the idea he has just dismissed.

Cayle Murray:

Oh, hold on. You know who’d be the perfect next opponent, actually?

Unsure if he’s supposed to respond or not, Trutt waits a second.

Chris Trutt:

Uhh, who?

Cayle Murray:

I’m not sure of his name but I think he sleeps under the ring.

Chris Trutt:

Uhh...

Cayle Murray:

Weird looking bloke. Think he shags his dog?

Cayle pauses for a second.

Cayle Murray:

Ah! He’s some kind of DIY guy. You know who I mean?

Chris Trutt:

... no?

Cayle Murray:

He's like a younger Tim Allen with weird white-guy hip-hop energy. Uhh, screwdriver! He's got a screwdriver!

Chris Trutt:

Oh! Chri--...

Cayle Murray:

Huh?

Chris Trutt:

Chr--...

Cayle Murray:

What?

Chris Trutt:

C--...

Cayle Murray:

Oh nevermind, Truttsky. You're useless.

Rather than rolling his eyes like Christie Zane might, Trutt just looks at the floor, downtrodden again.

Cayle Murray:

Maybe I'll slap the postcard Scottishness out of Gage Blackwood or something. You heard that guy's entrance theme? It's like somebody captured the sound of a bagpipe grenade going off in a William Wallace gift shop. Horrendous! Next thing you'll know, he'll be walking around with a pet haggis on a leash, grunting shit about Nessie through mouthfuls of shortbread...

Murray pauses.

Cayle Murray:

The bottom line is this, Chris: all of these people fucking suck. There isn't one of them who can do what I do because I am The Most DEFIANT. Who's the guy that turned Eric Dane and Bronson Box from titans of industry to broken-down nostalgia guys on the Louisiana gym hall scene? Who's the guy with the longest, unqualified, unasterisked FIST of DEFIANCE reign in history? Who's the guy every two-bit hack in this place wants to shut up but never will?

The Scot waits for a response that doesn't come. He leans in, motioning his hand, trying to egg Trutt on. Finally, Chris gets it.

Chris Trutt:

Oh, you?

Cayle Murray:

You said it man. DEFIANCE ROAD was step one. Step two is whoever thinks they can hang with The Most DEFIANT next, because New Orleans is 24K country, pal, and I *am* this place. Fuckity bye.

With that, Murray disappears out of the shot and back into the Sweet Suite quicker than the interview had started. The production crew give Trutt the same treatment, cutting away for whatever's next.

YOU AREN'T DONE YET

Stalker:

The suit was modified using Ultimate's gear. In fact, our handler stated that we should be expecting more upgrades coming soon, just make sure you let me know what the specifications you need for adjustments to the suit. I'm not a mind reader.

The scene opens up to 'The Reaper Cave' or as some call it now Stalker's Den. Jason 'Stalker' Reeves is speaking to a masked 'Orange' Reaper who is slowly examining the finer upgrades his leather suit had recently been upgraded with. Approaching from the shadows was none other than 'Yellow' Reaper who seems to be a bit more uncomfortable in the suit. With a nod, Stalker asks Yellow eyes how his recent experience in the costume has been.

Stalker:

Was the trial run worth it? Any interest in keeping it or do you want to ditch it for what's next?

Nodding to Orange Reaper - Stalker points out the better enhancements that Orange Reaper's costume has over the Yellow Reaper's current version. Stalker and Yellow Reaper stare at each other while Orange Reaper continues to 'demonstrate' the flexibility of the finer made suit. Shaking his head Stalker points to Yellow Reaper's face and asks him questioningly.

Stalker:

Did you forget how to talk?

Just as it seems Yellow Reaper is about to respond, an awkward silence takes over as Stalker's cell phone starts to ring, the gathering of The Kabal follows suit behind Stalker's direction toward the command desk of 'The Reaper Cave'. Which just so happens to have 'The Escape Artist' Rezin sleeping with his head down on his arm.

Stalker: *[placing the phone on speaker]*

Mr. Fear, you must be ready to throw us a fucking parade! The task is done - we settled the score that you doubted I would be able to settle. Those DEFIANCE heroes were broken as you requested and only thanks to the worthy efforts of my man - REZIN! But more importantly... my plan!!

Laughing with excitement Stalker tosses the hard cased cell phone onto the wooden table, it bounces around enough to rattle Rezin's attention. He wakes up looking at his 'Captain' Stalker, along with Yellow and Orange Reaper. The only man missing just happens to show up right before the person on the other end of the phone responds to Stalker's proclamation.

Mr. Fear:

Interesting of you to declare absolute victory at such an infancy of the overall plan. You seem to forget that one 'pay per view' victory, doesn't equate into total domination. I'd say your threat level is moderate if not under the radar to the DEFIANCE targets that matter. The commitment remains the same, Jason. You aren't done yet.

Jason rolls his eyes while glaring at the obvious disconnect between the other members of The Kabal and the person speaking on the phone. Stalker motions to the boards surrounding the 'command desk', the warehouse overall, makes a money sign with his fingers and then points to the phone. This is The Kabal's 'handler'.

Stalker:

I did say task, I never said war. I remember our agreement, you don't need to talk to me like i'm some child. Speaking of children...

Mr. Fear:

I'm uploading a video of her latest assessment to your email account, Jason. I also can tell i'm on speaker phone and would prefer you keep your questions about Jessica's whereabouts to written communications only.

There is a drastic silence that hits The Reaper Cave, all eyes are on Jason 'Stalker' Reeves who glares with utter disgust at the cell phone.

Stalker:

You never call without a request. Speak your mind.

Clearing his throat, it was clear that Jason Reeves was right as the man on the phone rattled off his narrative towards The Kabal.

Mr. Fear:

The moniker of The Kabal - was never suggested for use, Jason. Doing so has attracted attention from those we wish to keep our operations hidden from. The targets you have essentially remain the same. However - I NEED to see an escalation of sorts. I NEED results. Victories, defining moments - you need to produce what you promised for me Stalker - utter chaos.

Cracking his knuckles Jason Reeves nods towards Rezin after looking up from staring at the phone.

Stalker:

We can take it to a higher level.

Rezin:

Yeah, dude! Getting higher is what I do best!

Stalker scowls and silently berates the Goat Bastard with a firm slap to the back of his head.

The Orange Reaper scoffs at Rezin under his mask with approval of the slap, while Rezin rubs the back of his head like "dude, what the hell?"

Orange Reaper: *[voice modified]*

I can take things to a higher level rather quickly...

Stalker glances at Orange Reaper and gives him a nod. Rezin looks confused and also tries to show-up Orange Reaper since he feels slighted from the slap/approval.

Rezin:

How you gonna do that, huh?

Orange Reaper: *[voice modified]*

You'll see.

Orange Reaper turns away, continuing to check out the enhanced suit. Meanwhile, Stalker picks the phone up before staring at the once destroyed 'target board', now rebuilt and featuring the pictures of The Kabal's latest victims, the heroes of DEFIANCE stared back at Stalker like a taunting beast.

Stalker:

No *Light* or unwanted attention will stop US from making our mark. DEFCON is on the horizon, it's time to really show DEFIANCE what it's like when my world is the only thing they get to see. I'll keep my promise - Mr. Fear. As long as you keep yours... you are on the clock yourself or did we all forget who we report to in this chain?

Silence falls over the group as Stalker's eyes focus squarely on the picture of Deacon, the camera pans around to the entirety of The Kabal.

Mr. Fear: *[speaker phone]*

Chaos... Jason. Make them understand what's coming.

The tone in Mr. Fear's voice is gravely low, a warning if there ever was one. A click on the cell phone turns the Den into silence, Jason turns and signals with a nod to Victor Vacio.

Stalker:

Vic, we got some work to do.

Victor Vacio:

Sí ... claro, nada de esto importa de todos modos. *[sighs]* Nada hace...

The two men shake their heads in disapproval at Rezin before heading towards the front entrance with Orange Reaper closely following them. As the camera pans around we are greeted with a loud noise at the back broom closet. Yellow Reaper and Rezin are the only ones still left in the main command area of Stalker's Den, they look at each other and shrug their shoulders before suddenly the door jiggles open and Chris Trutt comes stumbling forward.

Chris Trutt:

I... I knew that door would lead somewhere! Hey Guys! Either of you got time for an interview?!

Rezin loudly groans at the mere sight of the DEFIANCE junior reporter.

Rezin:

Goddamnit, Trutt, you normie sum'bitch... I'd sooner listen to Five Finger Deathpunch.

Rezin looks to exit as Trutt looks on with excitement in his eyes and his microphone in hand. Trutt nods over to Yellow Reaper, as both men watch Rezin pull the nearest door open with a yank. Unsurprisingly, it's the broom closet.

Rezin:

...ugh, fuck it, whatever.

Apparently favoring this option over an unpleasant Trutt interview, Rezin looks back at both men and gives a small salute before disappearing into the broom closet. The door slamming shut with a loud thud behind it.

Chris Trutt:

So.... What makes your eyes yellow?

Chris Trutt asks awkwardly as he saunters up to Yellow Reaper who still looks to be getting used to the talking device inserted into the voice, before suddenly springing to life.

Yellow Reaper: *[High Pitch Voice modified]*

Yellow me this, Yellow me that... who's afraid of the big ULTIMATE REAPER?! Hahahaha! I live on a higher level. Intriguing.

He looks toward Trutt face to face.

Yellow Reaper: *[High pitch voice modified]*

What? Who the hell are you? Wait don't answer that I really do not care!

Yellow Reaper laughs manically as he turns from Chris who looks on with a stupid grin on his face, Yellow Reaper's laugh seems to have hiccups in between breaths. The scene fades to black as the awkwardness rises.

"BLACK OUT" PAT CASSIDY vs. JACK HALCYON

DDK:

Coming up in moments, ladies and gentlemen... we have a newly signed BRAZEN competitor making his DEFIANCE debut. We're going to get our first look at "One Shot" Jack Halcyon.

Lance:

Halcyon is a young competitor in the very early stages of his career, and my sources in BRAZEN tell me that he's got a hell of an upside.

♪ "Lonely Boy" by The Black Keys ♪

Jack Halcyon's theme plays, but he gets almost no reaction from The Faithful in attendance. The young wrestler emerges from the back, wearing simple blue trunks and black boots. His hair is slicked back, and although he tries to exude confidence, it's clear from his body language that he's nervous being on the big show for the first time. He gives a nod to some of the fans as he makes his way to the ring, and he adjusts his elbow pads as he walks. As he makes his way to the ring, he gets a little mini-box promo on the screen.

Jack Halcyon (mini box promo):

I know this is my big chance! I'm a guy who's never had much, but I've got one shot to turn everything around... and I'm going to take it!

Halcyon enters the ring with little fanfare as his music dies down. He paces nervously around Quimby as he announces him.

Darren Quimby:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall... introducing first, from Las Vegas, Nevada... "The One Shot Kid" Jack Halcyon!

Jack throws up his arms, but doesn't get much of a response from the fans in attendance.

Darren Quimby:

And his opponent...

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!"

♪ "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

The fans come alive!

Darren Quimby:

...from Boston, Massachusetts... he is one half of the Saturday Night Specials... "BLACK OUT" PAAAAAT CASSIDY!

Pat Cassidy is on the stage, grinning from ear to ear at the warm welcome from The Faithful. He makes an exaggerated showing of sticking his pinky in his ear to clean it out and then cups his ear, encouraging the fans to increase their volume. As he walks toward the ring, he slaps the outstretched palms of the fans in the front row.

Lance:

Cassidy and Brock Newbludd have been lighting the tag scene on fire as of late as The Saturday Night Specials, but tonight we're seeing Black Out in a little singles action.

Up and into the ring, Cassidy jumps up to the top rope, raising his arms high for the fans in attendance. As his music fades out, Cassidy climbs down and into the ring. Halcyon hops in place, warming up. Cassidy grins at the BRAZEN wrestler.

Lance:

It wasn't that long ago that Pat Cassidy was in this kid's position... after all, his DEFIANCE debut was only eight months ago.

DDK:

It's been a long eight months. In that time, Cassidy has shared the ring with the likes of Scott Douglas, Conor Fuse, and The Stevens Dynasty. I bet he feels like a vet next to this kid.

DING DING

With a smile on his face, Cassidy extends a handshake to Halcyon. The kid accepts eagerly, and the two share a hearty handshake before assuming the grapplers position. The two men circle each other, eyeing each other up and looking for an opening. The whole time, Pat wears a shit eating grin at Jack's youthful exuberance. Finally, the two men lock up. Cassidy immediately floats over to lock in a headlock, wrapping his bicep around the smaller man's head. Jack tries to fight out of it, but Cassidy just locks it in tighter. For several minutes, Pat gives Halcyon a little rope, but synches it back on tighter every time he seems about to escape. The One Shot Kid tries to power out by pushing Cassidy into the ropes, but Pat simply plants a foot and halts any momentum. With a grin, Black Out releases the headlock but swiftly transitions to a hammerlock, twisting Jack's arm around his back. Jack is visibly upset with how the match has started, but twists in an attempt to break free of Pat's grip. Cassidy maintains the pressure for a moment before again transitioning to a headlock, but this time he drops down and flips Halcyon over onto his back. With Jack's shoulders to the mat, referee Brian Slater moves into position...

ONE... TWO...

Jack powers his shoulder up. With another smile... Cassidy releases the headlock. He extends a hand to help Jack Halcyon to his feet, but the fired up youngster slaps it away. Pat makes the "oooooh, we've got a big man" sarcastic hand motion while Jack climbs back to his feet.

DDK:

Clearly, Pat Cassidy seems to be relishing the fact that he's the vet in this match. A new feeling for someone so early into their career.

Jack again calls for a lock-up, and Pat Cassidy obliges. This time, however, Jack is quick as a hiccup and darts behind Cassidy... rolling him up in a schoolboy!

ONE...

Cassidy powers out. Both men back to their feet, staring daggers at each other. This time, Cassidy's taunt of choice is a sarcastic clap and a "this close" motion with his fingers.

Lance:

Jack Halcyon showing Black Out that it's not a smart idea to take him lightly.

DDK:

Cassidy and Brock Newbludd are on a roll right now. Cassidy better be smart here... a loss to a BRAZEN rookie wouldn't do wonders for his momentum.

Another lock-up in the center of the ring, and the bigger Cassidy powers Halcyon into the corner. Grabbing The One Shot Kid, Pat Cassidy whips him into the opposite corner... but Halcyon is able to stop his momentum right before he hits the turnbuckle! He's able to surprise a charging Cassidy with a crisp dropkick! Cassidy gets back to his feet right away... only to be met with ANOTHER dropkick! Halcyon is fired up and Pat Cassidy actually rolls under the bottom rope to the safety of the outside!

DDK:

Cass on the rebound!! The One Shot Kid showing some real fire and giving it back to Cassidy in spades!

While Jack is pumped up in the ring (and even on the receiving end of a smattering of cheers), Cassidy has his hands on his hips on the outside. On his face is a skeptical look... like he's not sure how that even happened. He turns to the crowd nearby, jerking his thumb into the ring as if to say "get a load of this guy." He turns back toward the ring and he and Jack lock eyes. This time, it's Jack Halcyon who is smirking. Cassidy applauds him again... this time, maybe, without the sarcasm. Cassidy climbs back into the ring, never taking his eyes off the BRAZEN upstart.

The two men look to lock-up for the fourth time in this match... but instead of a headlock or hammerlock or something technical, Cassidy opts to pepper The One Shot Kid with right hands! Cassidy sends him into the ropes and meets him on the rebound with a stiff back elbow to the face. With Halcyon stunned, Cassidy again sends him off the ropes... this time getting a head of steam and meeting the kid in the center of the ring with a kitchen sink! Jack goes ass over teakettle, landing in a sitting position on the mat. Cassidy completes the onslaught with a stiff kick right into his lower back, causing the youngster to cry out in pain and fall to the mat.

Lance:

Now we're seeing Pat Cassidy turn it on. He's figured out he needs to treat Jack Halcyon like a real threat.

Cassidy drapes Halcyon over the middle rope before getting a head of steam and dropping a big leg drop over his neck. Firmly in control, Cassidy climbs the nearby turnbuckle to the second rope. As Cassidy eggs on the fans to rally behind him, he also eyes Jack as he gains his bearings and climbs to his feet. When Jack is vertical, he turns... right into an elbow smash into the face! Jack is down, and Cassidy covers!

ONE... TWO...

Jack manages to get a shoulder up. Cassidy sits up, resting his arms on his knees and shooting the crowd a look that seems slightly impressed with Jack's moxie. Bringing Halcyon to his feet, Cassidy slams his face into a nearby turnbuckle pad. He whips The One Shot Kid into the opposite corner, mugs for the crowd for a second, gets a running start, and leaps..

DDK:

Splash O' Jameson!

After the impact of Cassidy's larger frame colliding into him, Jack stumbles forward out of the corner... right into a Black Out small package!

ONE... TWO... THREE...

At the last second, Jack is able to power out of the pinning predicament. Before Cassidy can inflict any more punishment, this time it's Jack Halcyon who rolls under the bottom rope to the safety of the outside, where he falls to his hands and knees and attempts to catch his breath.

Lance:

Smart move by Jack Halcyon to roll out and break Pat's momentum.

DDK:

Who trained this kid? He's got a little ring awareness for a rookie.

Lance:

I pride myself on knowing these things, Keebs, but I've got to be honest: I'm not sure!

As Brian Slater begins the ten count, Cassidy hops up and sits on the top rope. He pretends to look at an imaginary watch as the ten count begins.

ONE... TWO.... THREE... FOUR....

Jack is up now, clutching the back of his head and resting on the guardrail.

FIVE... SIX... SEVEN...

With a look of fiery determination, Jack jumps up onto the apron, ending the ten count. No longer taking his opponent lightly, Cassidy is off the turnbuckle in a flash and making his way over the BRAZEN wrestler. Just as Cassidy gets to him, however, Jack surprises the Boston native with a hangman! Cassidy's neck bounces off the rope, and Black Out falls back to the canvas. Without wasting time, Jack Halcyon springboards over the top rope and hits Cassidy with a picture perfect senton! Jack immediately covers!

ONE... TWO...

DDK:

Shoulder up!

Trying to keep this momentum going, Halcyon runs the ropes and comes back at Cassidy with a hurricanrana! The Saturday Night Special is in a bad way now, stumbling and dazed. Jack Halcyon comes off the second turnbuckle with a Tornado DDT, planting Cassidy! A cover!

ONE... TWO... THREE...

NO! Cassidy gets a desperation shoulder up. The crowd has become into this match, and while they're not booing Cassidy, they suddenly seem to be intrigued with the idea that this kid might pull it out!

Lance:

I know this much about the kid: his finish is called the Sit-and-Go, and it's a hell of a frog splash.

DDK:

I think he's got that in mind right now!

With a look of pure resolve, Halcyon climbs to the top rope. He steadies himself, looking down at the prone Pat Cassidy.

Halcyon leaps, completing the frog splash motion in midair...

...before landing right into Cassidy's raised knees! The BRAZEN wrestler falls backwards, clutching his chest in agony.

Both men are down now, with Cassidy beginning to clear the cobwebs. The Scrapper from Southie slowly pulls himself to his feet using the nearby turnbuckle. Meanwhile, Jack gets up faster, still holding his chest but looking to not let this chance slip away. He sees Cassidy in the corner, and he runs at Black Out full speed looking for a big move...

...but we'll never know what that move was going to be, because Pat Cassidy EXPLODES out of the corner with a clothesline that nearly takes poor Jack's head clean off!! Jack flips in mid-air before landing on the mat in a heap.

Cassidy's look says it all: okay, I'm done with this little shit. With Jack all loopy, Cassidy props himself into position: hands on his knees like he's on the prowl, eyeing Halcyon with steely resolve.

Lance:

I believe Pat Cassidy is measuring Jack Halcyon to end it here...

Jack is up, shaking his head, trying to get his bearings. He turns around and gets hooked...

DDK:

THE IRISH GOODBYE!! Cassidy's Reverse STO drills Jack Halcyon's face right into the mat.

The cover is academic.

ONE... TWO... THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "1953" by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

Darren Quimby:

Here is your winner... Pat Caaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaassidy!

As Cassidy's exit theme kicks in, the Scrapper from Southie checks his nose to make sure he isn't bleeding. Jack remains on the mat, unmoving after eating the Irish Goodbye. Pat stands over him, shaking his head slightly, but grinning. He reaches down and picks the dazed BRAZEN wrestler up.

Lance:

Pat Cassidy does like to have his fun...

DDK:

...both inside the ring and out...

Lance:

...but he's a true competitor, and I think he can appreciate that the rookie brought it tonight.

While Jack is still mostly out of it, Cassidy props him up enough to raise his hand to the crowd. Cassidy points at the kid and mouths, "he's the real deal." He gives him one last friendly pat on the back before exiting the ring. Jack uses the ropes to steady himself, and while he was on the losing end of the contest tonight... he seems slightly satisfied with his showing.

Lance:

You've got to believe that if Jack Halcyon can bring that fire every week... we might be seeing him called up to DEFIANCE sooner rather than later!

DDK:

The kid's got talent in spades... it's only a matter of seeing how well he can apply it.

OUT FOR A DRINK

Ballyhoo Brew - Feb 5th, 2021

Sitting by his lonesome as the place is about to reach Last Call, Scott Stevens sits by himself at the bar slinging back his drink of choice... or at least whatever he feels like at the moment.

He says nothing but slides a few bills on the counter to pay for his drink.

After suffering defeat alongside Oscar Burns at DEFIANCE Road, it's been a couple of rotten fucking days. Nothing a little whiskey can't dull.

But when he stands up...

Scott Stevens:

...The fuck you want?

Standing in front of him is the very man he has had issues; the same one he was forced to team with.

Oscar Burns:

When you're sober... we need to talk.

The bartender looks over at Oscar but he silently shakes his head. He goes back to his business and then Burns storms out of the Ballyhoo Brew just as quickly as he came in. The scowl never leaves Scott's face as he scoffs and turns back to his glass.

APPEASEMENT

The recording struggles to focus as the person setting up the camera is clearly having issues. A fuzzy Malak Garland sits perched behind his plastic power desk in the inner sanctum of his COMPLIANCE Warehouse.

Malak Garland:

Do you have it all figured out, Jocelyne? Are we recording?

A shadow that looms over the recording cam nods as the image finally crystallizes.

Malak Garland:

Good. Then I can proceed.

The lighting in the office is different this time. Everything is a bit darker. Cyrus and Teresa are in the room but not physically present. A pair of telepresence robot buddies bracket the desk with Bates and Ames standing at the ready through their respective video screens.

Malak Garland:

Where is my paper? I wrote my speech down.

A shakingly frail hand reaches into the scope of the recording lens. Malak snatches the single lined sheet of paper handed to him, presumably by Jocelyne.

Malak Garland:

Thanks.

Jocelyne:

Ummm, sir, before I go, ummm, the “boosters” including various local city council members have left message after message looking to have a follow-up debrief meeting with you?

Malak forces himself to take his eyes from reading his notes.

Jocelyne:

Apparently, they said, you were quite receptive and available to meet with them before you received any funding for the warehouse but now that you have everything you want, you’ve become like a ghost to them. What do you want me to do?

Garland nearly crinkles up the page in his sweaty mitts but he knows that is counterproductive.

Malak Garland:

You’ve done quite enough, Jocelyne. Just don’t reply. I got exactly what I wanted from those people so now I’m going to be a very hard person to find.

Jocelyne stands just off camera, enabling the silence to get quite awkward.

Malak Garland:

Run along back to your desk now, Jocelyne and if anyone else calls claiming I owe them a meeting or something, just play nice, take a message and eat the note because you know I don’t allow for any garbage in this facility.

Jocelyne’s shadow dissipates from the area. The sound of the glass office door opening fills the room.

Malak Garland:

Oh and Jocelyne? Thanks for setting up the telepresence video buddies so Cyrus could join from Wyoming and Teresa from, ummm, where exactly are you?

Teresa Ames:

I rather not say. An undisclosed location. I'm safe-ish though.

Malak nods and carries on with the whole reason he is recording himself in the first place.

Malak Garland: *[Reading Paper]*

Welcome to APPEASEMENT. Let the record show we are now in session. The rationale behind this is simple. Seeing that I now have this great facility, providing invaluable services to the greater community, I will be allowing members of the general public to enter this office and, on record, pitch me ideas for what to do with a small fragment of unused space that remains in the warehouse.

Cyrus claps proudly and obnoxiously.

Malak Garland: *[Reading Paper]*

But first, before we begin, I must read aloud the COMPLIANCE Warehouse MISSION STATEMENT because this is no rinky dink operation.

The Source of Envy clears his throat.

Malak Garland: *[Reading Paper]*

We, The Comments Section, are the first to create a sanctuary of space dedicated to reaffirming a commitment to creating a culture of quality, inclusivity, awareness and access to vital care services within our beloved community. We want to continually develop a safe environment in which all stakeholders involved can thrive and prosper. The end.

This time, Teresa claps.

Malak Garland:

Enter the first subject.

Someone is heard entering the room. Malak addresses them immediately.

Malak Garland:

Hello and welcome to the COMPLIANCE Warehouse APPEASEMENT hearing. Do not fret, you will not be recorded on camera and nor should you be nervous about meeting with me even though I am a big deal. I am simply taping these meetings to create an official record. In fact, your name and any descriptive details about you that might be captured will be redacted. We can even scramble the tone of your voice if that does not offend you. So. What kind of soft skills do you possess?

Random Person 1:

Uh yes, hi sire! Thank you for granting me this time. I am here to suggest that the small, unused warehouse space be used for a car maintenance garage. The next closest Lube N Tube is a whole two blocks away so I thought it'd be useful to have another one even closer.

The Keyboard King takes a moment to contemplate his options.

Malak Garland:

Nope. Can't have that because it does not align with our core values and mission statement. Next!

The door is heard opening and closing again as the random people filter in and out.

Random Person 2:

My suggestion for the unused space is affordable housing units! We could always use some of those!

As predicted, Malak is quick to shoot down that idea too.

Malak Garland:

That clearly does not align with our core values and mission statement. Next!

This carries on for a few individuals.

Random Person 14:

I thought we could turn it into a bake shop!

Malak raises his hand.

Malak Garland:

Enough! That is quite enough! I have grown tired. This was a bad decision on Jocelyne's part. Why do I let her talk me into stuff like this? Be gone, random person!

The person exits, leaving Malak alone with his two telepresence video buddies.

Malak Garland:

I have decided the best course of action with the unused space is to leave it alone. It shall remain unused. Empty, for the rest of time.

Malak's knee jerk decision makes the entire afternoon feel like time pointlessly wasted. His hand reaches for the recording camera as his gaze connects with Teresa.

Malak Garland:

Teresa, where did you say you were again?

End feed.

"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS vs. THOMAS SLAINE

DDK:

Coming up, partner? A HUGE opportunity for newly-promoted star Thomas Slaine! The long-time BRAZEN start was just promoted to the main roster of DEFIANCE and tonight, Thomas Slaine is going to be looking to beat the former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE... "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns! A rare appearance by Burns here on UNCUT, but a big chance for Thomas Slaine regardless!

Lance:

Burns has been in some sort of mood since his former protege, Jack Mace, turned his back on him to join Better Future! But what was the deal with he and Scott Stevens we saw in that footage earlier? Oscar approached Stevens with some business?

DDK:

I don't know, but right now, let's be blunt... Oscar Burns has been behind the eight ball in the last few months looking for singles wins. Can he get back on the horse tonight or will this be the night we talk about the bralwer from Alabama, Thomas Slaine? We'll find out right now!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 237 pounds...

"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!

♪ "Raise Your Flag" by MAN WITH A MISSION ♪

The Technical Spectacle makes his way out and the response is THUNDEROUS!

DDK:

AND HERE WE GO! LISTEN TO THE OVATION FOR BURNS!

Wearing a brand new gold and white "I LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt and matching colored gear, Burns heads down. Oscar looks at the surroundings and eyes the ring once before he enters. He warms up in the ring and with the Faithful responding in kind! He raises one finger in the air and leans against the middle rope before he takes off his t-shirt and tosses it into the crowd. As he paces, he waits for his opponent.

♪ "You Rascal You" by Hanni El Khatib ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Mobile, Alabama weighing in and 227 pounds...THOMAS...

Thomas Slaine:

CLOSE YOUR GODDAMN MOUTH, QUIMBEY!

Thomas steps from behind the curtain with a microphone in hand, ignoring the Faithful here tonight as he gets the jeers. Slaine looks out into the crowd and walks toward the side of the stage and jaws with a few fans while pointing at them. Oscar Burns is clearly not in a mood as he paces inside the ring while Thomas heads to the ring.

Thomas Slaine:

Oscar Burns... Mister MATCH OF THE YEAR... to not even being able to WIN a damn match!

The crowd jeers as Burns doesn't let his emotions get the better of him tonight. He lets Slaine say his peace as he climbs up the steps.

Thomas Slaine:

We may be on the same roster now, Burns, but that don't make us equals. Now that I've FINALLY been given my rightful spot on the main roster where Thomas Slaine belongs... I'm taking YOUR spot next, Burns. And there ain't SHIT you can do about it.

He tosses the microphone as referee Carla Ferrari calls for the bell. Oscar Burns just sits back and doesn't give a mouthy Slaine the satisfaction as he calls for the bell.

DING DING!

Right at the jump, Thomas rushes at Burns and lands a dropkick early, knocking the two-time former FIST back into the nearest corner! Slaine sees his chance and gets up right away, then runs from one corner of the ring to the other to let Burns have it with a big running shoulder to the gut! The blows doubles Burns over as he inches out of the corner and Slaine starts jawjacking.

Thomas Slaine:

You see that? You see that?! I'm the man! I'm top of the food chain now!

DDK:

Slaine realizes how big of an opportunity this is!

Lance:

The last time he was on TV, he got massacred by another former FIST and that was Scott Stevens! He learned from that to go on the offensive early, it seems!

Thomas pushes Burns to the ropes and sends him off. He waits for him on the return and then flattens him with a running back elbow to the chin! Burns goes to the mat and Thomas goes for a cover!

ONE... T-NO!

Lance:

Barely a one-count, but Thomas Slaine is looking great right now. He's gotta stay on Burns and not let him use that mat game.

The 'Bama Brawler picks him up by the hair and then pushes him back to the corner. He rains down on the midsection of Oscar with a series of body shots and then hits a headbutt to the chest for good measure, rocking Burns and putting him back into the corner again. Seeing his chance to get famous rather quickly, Thomas hits across the ring again in another bid to get something going. He comes back...

THWACK!

The crowd GROANS when Burns comes out of the corner with a much bigger, better headbutt called The Hard Out Headbutt! Burns shakes his head from the impact, but raises a finger to the crowd and they go nuts as he takes control!

DDK:

My God! I could hear that from here! Burns just let Slaine have it with the Hard Out Headbutt to the face! I think Slaine is out!

Lance:

Look!

For a few moments, Thomas doesn't move, but before Carla can check on him, Burns picks him up by the waist and hoists him up again...

DDK:

Back-crack-a-majig! Belly to back into that massive backbreaker does the trick! ‘

Lance:

But I don't think Burns is done! Look at him go now!

Slaine barely moves on the mat after being smacked with a headbutt and then being drilled over Burns' knee with a big move, but The Technical Spectacle goes back to the ring apron. He quickly climbs to the top rope and then points to the crowd.

Oscar Burns (and the crowd):

SWEET AS!

And then takes flight with a HUGE flying knee drop right to the back of Slaine, causing him to cry out in pain! Burns rolls through the impact and then gets back on his feet before he grabs the legs of Slaine and then CRANKS him over into a vicious elevated crab! The larger Oscar pulls back on the hold even further and thanks to that barrage of high impact moves...

TAP TAP TAP!

The Technical Spectacle lets go quickly and then his music starts to blast over the speakers as the Faithful ROAR at the dominant victory!

DDK:

There you go! The monkey is finally off Burns' back! Slaine talked trash and then jumped Burns early on, but it seems that just pissed him off!

Lance:

I'll say it did! He's been part of an emotional roller coaster the last few months between his issues with trying to snap his losing streak, almost joining Better Future and reopening old wounds with Scott Stevens... but now he's done playing.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match as a result of a submission... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

The Joint Chief of Joint Locks has his arm raised and then salutes the Faithful. He looks down at a beaten Thomas Slaine and then shrugs his shoulders before he leaves the ring and then heads to the back, raising a hand in the air happy to have a singles victory under his belt for the first time in a good while.

DDK:

We'll have to see what's next for Burns after tonight, but he looks more focused than we've seen him in some time.

BREAKING NEWS FROM THE PUREST WRESTLER

DDK:

Welcome back to another crazy edition of UNCUT, Faithful!

Lance:

I love that Progressive guy. He really nails it with the PDF joke!

♪ "It Is Raped" by Nine Inch Nails ♪

As soon as the harrowing Nine Inch Nails instrumental hits the DEFplex's all-encompassing stadium speakers, the Faithful turn their attention away from their buttery bags of popcorn, their paper folds of jumbo pretzels, and their Superkicks© chicken baskets, directly to the entrance ramp. Just like we have seen so many times before, three figures emerge on their hands and knees, crawling out from the Guerilla position. Each one, of course, dons a rubber mask of a famous stand-up comedian.

DDK:

Oh God. Here we go with this garbage.

Lance:

My sentiments exactly. Hey, is it me or are those masks a bit... *different*?

This time, like the always perceptible Lance Warner nails it right on its head, the Comedians all seem a bit different. The largest of the three sports a "**Bill Hicks**" mask, while the smallest and most likely lone female of the group wears a "**Sarah Silverman**" one. The medium-sized figure of the three who always stands on the left side of the female, sports a classic wide-eyed "**George Carlin**" mask.

DDK:

Eyyyy!! Someone finally paid homage to the GREATEST damn comedian of alllll time!

Lance:

Homage is a strong word. Given the nefariousness often associated with Arthur Pleasant, I wholeheartedly doubt that they even give a hoot about the icons they are displaying.

DDK:

Oh, you're probably right. But I'm never NOT gonna be happy when I see George Carlin being represented. Regardless of the context.

Lance:

Fair enough, I guess.

As if on cue, The Provocateur himself, the Denizen of Decay as it were, slowly emerges from the Guerilla as well. Wearing a black and white suit with a black tie that has little crimson "**FISTS**" of DEFIANCE adorning it, Arthur's smile is wide and full of life. His arms are lovingly outstretched for the Faithful, as he slowly makes his way towards the Faceless/Nameless Three. With the DEFIAtron highlighting some of his matches that have happened in his short but magnificent DEFIANCE Wrestling career, he turns his head towards his mollifying anchorage - the interview platform.

DDK:

Though Arthur is not scheduled for a match this evening, it looks like he has some interest in returning to the spot where he made his presence known to all of DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Sure looks that way. He's keeping his "dogs" at bay, too. So it looks like he has something to say. Color me excited, Keeps.

DDK:

Really?

Lance:

Uh, no. Is someone's sarcasm meter broken again?

DDK:

What can I say. It's in the shop?

Lance:

Sounds about right.

As Lance and The Keebs bicker back and forth over Arthur's presence worse than a married couple would over what they should watch on TV, Arthur makes his way to the elevated platform. Sauntering over to the microphone stand, Arthur adjusts his tie and collar before speaking into the foam mic covering.

Arthur Pleasant:

Thank you for that WAAAAARM reception, my sweet, sweet unFaithful! Though it's tough and often too painful to bear, I get out of bed each and every morning for each and every one of you sycophantic idiots. So, a "Thank You!" is in order.

The boos rain down on Arthur as he holds his hands to his chest and suddenly exhibits the facial features of an excited, overjoyous, and emotional Sally Fields accepting an Oscar from the Academy panel.

Arthur Pleasant:

Oh! Th-thank you, my dear fans! I-if ii-it wasn't for all of you capricious (bleeeeeeeeeep) out there, I wouldn't be considered one of the greatest PURE WRESTLERS in all of DEFIANCE! Hahaha!!

DDK:

Wow, that sorta language... I'm not even sure you could get away with that on HBO.

Lance:Oh, I'm sorry, did you actually *miss* the Deadwood boat?!**DDK:**

Haha. I guess I did. That notwithstanding, I think I'm more offended by Arthur actually calling himself one of the purest wrestlers in DEFIANCE.

Lance:

Agree with you there. This glorified stuntman backyard wrestling enthusiast has some major delusions of grandeur going on! Though, as much as it pains me to say, he did put on one hell of a clinic against Jack Harmen at UNCUT 86. Ugh, I need a bath now.

Arthur Pleasant:

It pisses you all off so much, doesn't it? To watch a "garbage wrestler" like ME match a legend like Jack Harmen, your precious fucking HIGH FLYER, move for move in the center of this ring. For all the chairs I bash into the face of your heroes, who knew that a villain like me had an armbar in my back pocket to stretch them out with? I'll tell you WHO, and it wasn't Cindy Lou! Hahaha!!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Arthur Pleasant:

Yeah, yeah. Keep it coming, folks. I feed off of your hatred in the same way you feed off of my vileness. Without me, you wouldn't have anything to react to. Without you, I wouldn't have goosebumps crawling up my forearms right now, telling me I am exactly where I need to be, doing exactly what I need to do. We need each other, my beloved

unFaithful. Like the dawn needs a cold morning chill and the darkness needs a starry sky to light up a path for the creatures who live under it, we complement each other in ways only a few could understand.

Pleasant takes a moment to look out into the sea of hatred. He nods at what he sees.

Arthur Pleasant:

But I didn't come out here to tell you mindless, half-dead, nearly-fried-on-the-sidewalk worms the secrets to success in being a PURE WRESTLER like me. I came out here to tell you that... the Scourge is growing.

DDK:

Wait.

Lance:

What?

There's a noticeable buzz in the air as the Faithful turn and look at one another as if one of them knew anything more than the other. Giggling at their confusion, Arthur criss-crosses his legs and sits down flat on the surface of the elevated stage.

Arthur Pleasant:

That's right, everybody! We have... a new member! Oooooo. Someone who *understands* my... *sorry*, OUR cause! Someone who understands the "why" in having to raze DEFIANCE to the ground. Someone who understands that you cannot write pages in the big book of history without tearing a couple of pages out every so often and beginning anew. This... this is what I have been saying all along to YOU [*points towards the Faithful and spins around to capture the entire WrestlePlex*] the unFaithful, and THEM [*points towards the curtain to guerilla*] back there, your COMPLIANTS.

The Faithful begin booing wholeheartedly again. This time, adding in a chant that Arthur has become quite familiar with in recent weeks.

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

Ignoring their please completely, Arthur maintains his train of thought and continues like the PURE CLASS individual he is.

Arthur Pleasant:

But if you thought I was going to lift the veil on the "who", then there's a lot more you need to learn about me. But hey, that's okay! I don't mind teaching all of you a thing or two about the ins and outs of pro-wrestling. After all, that's what all PURE WRESTLERS do! Hahaha!

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

DDK:

My God. I'm not sure if it translates as well at home, ladies and gentlemen, but this place is deafening. Arthur has really touched a nerve with this PURE WRESTLER nonsense!

Lance:

I seriously want to hit him, Keebs. It's taking every fiber of my being to not get up from this desk right now and bum rush him off the interview stage! And I'M supposed to be the professional one here!

Closing his eyes, Arthur sways his hands out like a conductor at an orchestra would with his batons. His jagged, crooked teeth bear all for the world to see as he accepts their hatred like a draft pick would their new team's home jersey.

Arthur Pleasant:

Keep it up and I might just stay out here all night. Maybe I'll just sit back here and do my own impromptu commentary on the night's proceedings. Wouldn't that be fun? Some unsolicited insight from DEFIANCE's one and only PURE WRESTLER. Hahahaha.

Every time he says it? He finds himself catching chunks of lava. And every time he does, he simply belly laughs in their dismay.

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

AGAIN, Arthur sways his hands back and forth like a conductor. They just don't learn.

Arthur Pleasant:

I can do this all night. I REALLY don't mind. It's reeeeeeally kinda fun, actually. So please, continue.

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

"PLEASE-SHUT-UP!"

Arthur looks at an invisible watch on his wrist to check and see how much time they were wasting. Realizing that the hands are stuck, he taps the 100% translucent Series Phantom watch.

DDK:

This is unbelievable.

Lance:

That's putting it mildly. Arthur's got this crowd in the palm of his hands, as much as I HATE to admit it.

DDK:

They don't call him the Provocateur for just merch, it seems. Heh.

Moments later, once the chants begin to die down, Arthur finally decides to continue.

Arthur Pleasant:

Oh, are... are you done? Tsk. Shaaaaame. I was just starting to have fun, really!! I guess now you can all wait until DEFYtv to see just who it is that I'm talking about.

The PURE WRESTLER shrugs.

Arthur Pleasant:

The Scourge has waited in the darkness biding its time to strike for so, so long already. That said, what's a little bit more *time* going to hurt? Besides each and every one of YOU, of course!

♪ *"It Is Raped" by Nine Inch Nails* ♪

Just like that, Arthur releases the microphone and watches it fall harshly to the elevated platform. Almost immediately, he begins walking off of the interview area to reunite with the Nameless/Faceless Three.

DDK:

So this Scourge Arthur has been mentioning since he arrived... finally has a new member? Is that about the gist of all that garbage we just suffered through?!

Lance:

Yep. That's about the gist of it, alright.

DDK:

Ugh. I HATE to even entertain the thought or buy into Arthur's BS, but... who?!

Lance:

I guess we'll find out at DEFYtv with the rest of the world!

OPEN CHALLENGE FOR SO-HER TITLE

DDK:

We have a big time match for tonight's main event of Uncut and it is possibly a doozy because Dex Joy is fresh off retaining the Southern Heritage champion! DEFIANCE Wrestling's Biggest Boy is issuing an open challenge.

Lance:

I'm excited because our roster is just stacked with talent from all walks of life from top to bottom, so if this is what we are going to see, then sign me up!

DDK:

He already has his dance card full when we get to Defcon, because if he is champion by then, he will put that title on the line against Scrow, who more or less blackmailed his way into this match, but Dex has already told DEFIANCE Wrestling management he will honor this match if he is champ by then.

Lance:

And he doesn't want to wait until then to defend that title! He will continue to be a fighting champion, so we're now going to get to Dex Joy's arrival tonight!

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

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

With the entire DEF-Tron lighting up the arena in a shade of bright green, Dex Joy is standing on the edge of the stage with the new Southern Heritage championship and wearing a new "DANGER: HIGH VOLTAGE!!! BIG DEX ENERGY!!!" shirt! Dex is now on his way to the ring and is clearly trying to put on a brave face despite the recent issues with Scrow finally getting his attention.

DDK:

Dex is happy to be here and happy to still be the Southern Heritage champion of DEFIANCE Wrestling, but he is not happy with what happened to Scrow.

Lance:

He told me earlier tonight that he was not going to talk much about Scrow until DEF TV next week, so tonight, I guess we'll sit back and enjoy the action!

Dex has made his way ringside and holds his championship. He climbs into the ring and he has a microphone.

Dex Joy:

DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! I got a question for all of you ... who wants to see some BIG!!! DEX!!! ENERGY?!?!?

The resounding screams of the crowd do make him feel a little better.

Dex Joy:

Now when you last saw Dexy Baby ... his plate was full! Tyler Fuse is an asshole and Ryan Batts just wanted to prove himself! Three things happened. Tyler Fuse proved he was an asshole ... but a really good asshole and a really good wrestler. Ryan Batts proved himself in the eyes of many fighting for this title, but the third and most important thing is that !! Am! Still! YOUR! Southern Heritage champion!!!! And Dexy Baby got a shiny new title to prove it, pallies!

The title goes up in the air again and so does the energy level of the crowd.

Dex Joy:

But then fellow Biggest Best Boy Nathaniel Eye got hurt by Scrow ... and now he finally has the attention that he has

wanted from me for a long time! Now Scrow, I promise that I will deal with you soon because I got a LOT LOT LOT to say about how my name has been coming out of your mouth for a LONG LONG LONG time and how I'm tired of your mad scientist ass!! But tonight, my attention is on this championship! I made a promise when I beat Mr. Infinite Bitter Beerface, Gage Blackwood, that I was going to take this championship and continue making all that it is worth and more! Now that I've got Ryan Batts and I've got Tyler Fuse behind me, I'm looking forward to taking on new challenges! It doesn't matter if you're short guy, fat guy, tall guy, small guy, any sized girl, first generation, second generation, third generation, Pepsi generation, Generation X, Generation All The Other Letters!

He huffs ... and then his finger goes to the locker room's direction.

Dex Joy:

Someone in that locker room wants a chance to fight me for this, and if any of you pallies or ... well, girl pallies, want a shot at this title then come! On! Down!

The lights drop. The Gregorian chant begins. There's a pause from the crowd, however short, followed by an explosion of sound that drowns out the Gregorian chant but not--

Magdalena:

It's been a long time...

Magdalena steps through the curtain & into a spotlight to further cheers from the crowd as the Gregorian chant fades out. A matching spotlight shines on Dex Joy in the center of the ring.

Magdalena:

A LONG time since Deacon's had a HOSS fight. (She smiles broadly.) And it's been an even longer time since he's had a HOSS fight for a championship. (Eyebrow arch.) And it's been a long time since anyone's seen him do anything like...

Deacon, face mask on, monk robe off, wrestling boots tied tight, steps into Dex Joy's spotlight, towering over Defiance's BIGGEST Boy. Dex looks upward at Deacon and has only one thing to say.

Dex Joy:

Hey pally ... and giant pally! I am all about the big boy fights! So I say to you, mister official ...

Dex hands over the title to the official in the ring with him.

Dex Joy:

Ring! That! Bell!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are elated to have this as the main event and they go berserk!

DDK:

Dex Joy versus Deacon?! Southern Heritage title match?! Now?!

Lance:

It sounds like Christmas came early for the Faithful tonight! They both look ready! This one is going to be a fight, Darren!

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP: DEX JOY Â© vs. ???

The official in the middle of the ring looks like a dwarf compared to champion and challenger. Magdalena makes her way to ringside. Deacon's eyes haven't left Dex. The Southern Heritage championship is raised for the crazy fans and the bell even rings.

DING DING!!!

Dex Joy is of course the Biggest Boy, but that means little when he is looking straight up at the seven-foot-tall giant in front of him. He extends a fist out to Deacon. There's another pause, the Deacon staring at the fist as the crowd's cheers escalate. When the two men bump fists as a sign of respect, the crowd reacts to the reality - it's on! ... Dex takes a few steps back, looking out at the crowd with a nod. And then Dex runs into Deacon! The big blow from the Biggest Boy staggers Deacon, but unlike many people that he has done this to before, Deacon does not go down after the first shot.

DDK:

Wow ... I do think that Dex Joy will have to rethink his strategy for an opponent like Deacon, won't he?

Lance:

I think that's correct, yes. Dex can't smash his way through Deacon the same way he has done to so many others.

Deacon stands tall and waves for Dex to bring another. Dex flashes a cheeky grin and then offers both hands for a lock up with the Mute Freak. Dex and the Deacon lock up in the ring and both men fight for the first big advantage. They struggle around the ring and the official has to move out of the way in order to avoid getting knocked over by two of the largest men in DEFIANCE Wrestling. The two mastodons continue fighting for the advantage, and Deacon pushes Dex into the ropes. The official gets on the Mute Freak's case to break it off and he does it without any shenanigans.

Lance:

There's a clean break by Deacon! That's a pretty nice thing to see.

DDK:

Especially this day and age! And now they lock up again! They are really fighting there!

Deacon uses his extreme height advantage over Dex and has a head lock applied. Dex struggles to break free from the grip of the seven-foot-tall challenger, breaking the grip with arms doesn't work so Dex uses his mass to back Deacon toward the ropes. Deacon drops the headlock and grabs an arm. Short-arm clothesline! Dex ducks under into a standing switch (easier when you consider Deacon's height advantage). Deacon throws a back elbow. Dex ducks it. Deacon spins with the force. Dex cinches the waist of Deacon and may think he can use his belly to belly suplex but Deacon breaks up his grip. After a surprising push, Deacon lands a kick into his gut and then he gets some steam from the ropes to knock Dex Joy over.

Deacon hits the ropes again for a leg drop on Dex, but Dex moves out of the way! Dex up & he launches into jumping spin kick, but Deacon moves out of harm's way by ducking to the canvas!

DDK:

Close calls by both giants! Dex definitely has the athletic edge, but I think only slightly. Deacon has done amazing things from the heavens over the course of his career as well!

Lance:

Whoever wins this one will have earned it!

Magdalena pounds the mat, and you can almost hear it over the cheers from the crowd. Dex surprises Deacon using a big burst of strength and gets the Mute Freak as far as he can into the corner. Dex runs ... straight into an elbow. After a shake of the head, Dex hits the ropes with another charge, finding the bottom of Deacon's boot in Dex's face instead, dropping BIG DEX ENERGY to his left knee. Deacon sees an opening and runs with another boot, but the Biggest Boy

ducks it. Deacon hits the ropes and returns to find--

DDK:

DEX with the Mute Freak up. Samoan drop coming ... no Deacon is out first!

Deacon grabs at Dex's head, but Dex Joy spins around for the go behind before shoving Deacon into the ropes. Deacon comes back. Dex drops to the mat, Deacon jumping over and hitting the ropes again. Dex deftly bounds back to his feet and CATCHES the challenger with a big cross body take down!

One ...

Two ... No!!!

Deacon kicks out, but Big Dex Energy doesn't give him any more time. With Deacon pushing up, holding his chest in just that right way--Dex does what brought him to the dance and he smashes right into Deacon using DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!!! The running shoulder tackle is enough to send Deacon spilling over the ropes and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are going bananas!

Lance:

WOW!!!

DDK:

I couldn't say it better myself! Dex just cleaned his clock with that shoulder tackle! Did you think you would see Deacon get taken down like that by anybody?

Lance:

No. Not at all! And look at what Dex is doing!

DDK:

Oh boy I think he's gonna call for another big move!

Dex Joy points to all sides of the arena with a quick fist and starts preparing himself. Dex gets the familiar "WHOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAA" chant going through the Wrestle-Plex while Deacon is still trying to figure out where he is on the floor.

DDK:

No ... here it comes!

Lance:

WHOA-PE!!!

The massive dive through the ropes wipes out the Mute Freak on the floor, both giants crashing, sliding, and collapsing against the crowd barrier. Mouth agape, Magdalena rushes to their side! Dex is first to get up. He stares out into the sea of people and then tugs at the Deacon to get the Mute Freak back up. A limp 320 pounds makes it hard for DEX ENERGY, but with a monstrous effort, Dex rolls the Deacon under the bottom rope before racing in, shooting the half, and making a cover to get his challenger on his big back.

DDK:

Is this it?

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Lance:

No, it's not! Deacon wants that championship! It would be another one added to an impressive and lengthy resume

that's for sure!

Dex can't believe it, but he knows not to look past the giant wrestler with more experience than him. Dex hefts Deacon back up and then calls for the Dex Drive! He tries to hoist the three-hundred and twenty pound monster up, but the Mute Freak feels something bad coming his way so he lands a few forearm clubs to break free. Dex shakes them off, or tries to, his face telling a clearly different story. Next chapter? Deacon sends a monstrous knee to Dex's ample midsection, a clubbing blow on the back, then Deacon stands to his full height once again!

DDK:

I can't believe that Deacon is back up!

Lance:

Dex put a lot of force into those moves like he always does! The Mute Freak seems to have shaken most of that off as he guides Joy to the corner!

Deacon gets Dex into position in the corner and the masked giant goes to work on the So-Her champion using some back elbows to his face. The official warns Deacon not to push his luck in the corner, and he does heed the official's warning. Or it seems that way, Deacon turning around and slugging the Biggest Boy with another big forearm club to his chest. The ref intensifies his warning, getting a glare from the Deacon as they make their way across the ring. He doesn't stay away though, hitting the far corner, racing back past the ref for a HORNET splash! Dex staggers forward. Deacon hits the far ropes and in a show of his own quickness, Deacon puts a big boot between the Biggest Boy's eyes!

DDK:

That was a great one-two combination by Deacon! Are we going to seeing a new Southern Heritage champion tonight?

Lance:

We're about to find out!

With Magdalena cheering on her client, Deacon makes the cover!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Dex kicks out but the Mute Freak is on to his next move. He hooks Dex for a vertical suplex. Deacon heaves Dex up, but the Biggest Boy shakes his legs until he lands back on his feet. Dex heaves against Deacon who blocks with a leg hook.

DDK:

It's a see-saw back and forth battle for this suplex!

Deacon tries again and gets Dex up a little higher, but with more leg kicking, Dex stays down. Dex's turn, lifting Deacon, stunning the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful when he lifts Deacon up just slightly higher, but Deacon kicks his own legs to land back down and then breaks free to unleash his signature heavy head butt. Dex is rocked. With a shake of his head, Deacon hooks Dex and finally lands the big, heavy suplex in the ring!

DDK:

The ring really shook with that one! I hope this ring has been reinforced! And now Deacon is up and he lands that jumping knee drop into Dex's chest!

Dex gets shaken and stirred up like a secret agent's drink after the big knee on his chest and Deacon is covering again.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

How did he kick out of that one?

Lance:

I don't know! But Deacon isn't done!

Deacon grabs Dex, showing the Mute Freak is one of the very few people to be able to not only throw him across the ring, but throw him across the ring so hard that he hits the turnbuckle, shaking the ring. When Dex comes back from the huge impact, Deacon surprises the crowd by picking Dex Joy up and throwing him down with another ring shaking standing spinebuster and then going right into the pin!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Lance:

Dex kicks out again, but Deacon has the Alter Call coming up! He's got Dex and now he is going for the big finish!

DDK:

Can he lift Dex for the crucifix power bomb?

Magdalena cheers on the Mute Freak when he sets up the power bomb. He tries to get Dex up, but before Deacon can get him up, Dex kneels down to block. Deacon slugs him in the back. In a split second moment, Dex spins out and hoists Deacon on his shoulder before dropping hard with a Samoan drop counter move!

DDK:

Dex is down and Deacon is, too! Can Dex fight back after Deacon has thrown everything that he can at him?

The crowd is cheering for both massive champion and challenger, and Dex is the first to at least not be laying fully prone, using a corner to help him. Deacon rolls into the other corner, Magdalena calling for him to get back to his feet. Deacon is on his feet a little bit faster than Dex and then runs at him with another splash, but it is Dex's turn to land an elbow, staggering the Mute Freak. Dex climbs to the second rope and shocks both the crowd and the Mute Freak coming off the middle rope with a shotgun drop kick!

DDK:

Dex flew off that rope like a freight train! He has Deacon where he wants him!

Deacon is left holding his chest and Dex is about to go to the middle rope again. He stops and looks behind him before taking a breath and then hitting a move he hasn't done in quite a while .. a big middle rope moonsault right onto Deacon! The crowd is in disbelief!

Lance:

This is unreal! Over three bills and a moonsault he must made easy!

DDK:

NO WAY! NO WAY! HOW DID HE DO THAT? COVER!!!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Deacon kicks out, even though his ribs feel like they are on fire. Dex's eyes bug out for a moment, but undaunted, he picks up Deacon and then drags him to the corner. He points at the corner and Jump for Joy is up next. Dex comes running but has to stop himself when Deacon sits up and grabs him by the throat! Dex is trying to stop the pending chokeslam, and even manages pry Deacon's grip off of him for a second, but the next second Deacon sends a kick. The next second after--

DDK:

BIG CHOKE SLAM! THE RING JUST GOT RATTLED! Deacon with the cover!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

At two point nine, Dex just gets the shoulder up. Now, it's Deacon's turn for surprise.

Lance:

Is there another Altar Call attempt coming?

DDK:

Oh ... oh no! Look!

Lance:

Stalker! The Kabal beat Deacon, Troy and Keyes at Defiance Road! What is Stalker doing out here?

Leaping over the crowd barrier, chair in hand, Stalker edges his way toward Magdalena. He loads it up for a fierce swing, the crowd shouting warnings, but Magdalena is still focused on the match.

DDK:

Get out of there, Magdalena! Wha?!!--

A spotlight shines just over Magdalena's diminutive frame and directly into Stalker's eyes. The leader of the Kabal flinched, closing his eyes and turning from the light, then dropping the chair.

And then Deacon sees the Stalker.

Stalker doesn't see anything, nothing at all until he hears the crowd's cheers in reaction to Deacon's--

Lance:

My Death Is GAIN!

Soaring over the top rope, the Deacon hits a plancha over Magdalena and onto the staggered and stunned Stalker, crashing both of them to the concrete outside! All three DEFIANCE wrestlers are down - Stalker & Deacon outside the ring, and Dex inside. Magdalena nudges at Deacon to get back into the ring. The ref checks on the SoHer champion. Both combatants in this match started to stir simultaneously, the Deacon rolling under the bottom rope just as Dex Joy gets to one knee, and when one makes it to their feet, so does the other, both of them making it into the middle of the ring, tired and drained but knowing this match isn't--

DDK:

Deacon with a hard right. Dex with a left. Deacon with a left. Dex with a hard right.

Lance:

They're going for it now! Hard rights and lefts and we've got this arena to a fever pitch. Deacon with a right. Another right. Another! Dex is backing up!

Near the ropes, Deacon grabs Dex by the throat, but Dex ducks under the hand and--

DDK:

DEX DRIVE!!! DEX DRIVE!!!

After the unbelievable swinging powerslam, Dex grabs the legs of Deacon and makes the cover after hitting the big spinning power slam!

*One ...**Two ...***THREE!!!**

Dex Joy falls back and both men show they have both been through a war. Both men are left breathless on the mat trying to catch their breath and will no doubt feel the bruises from this title match in the days to come.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner and still the DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage champion ... "The Biggest Boy"

DDDDEEEEEEXXXXXX JJJJJJOOOOOOOYYYYYY!!!

DDK:

Despite Stalker trying to come out here and ruin Deacon's big opportunity, both he and Dex Joy gave us a fight tonight!

Dex Joy offers his hand as an olive branch to Deacon. The Mute Freak stares at it for a moment, the crowd reaction building until he finally takes it. Then, they both turn toward Stalker, not that he can see it as the still blinded and staggered Stalker retreats up the ramp. Magdalena stands with Joy and Deacon now inside the ring and Dex shakes both of their hands and thanks them for the opportunity of this hard hitting match.

Lance:

That was one that could have swung either way honestly.

DDK:

It really could have, Lance it really could have.

Both of the powerhouses rock the ring and arms go up for a cheering crowd with the main event of Uncut coming to a close.

THIS.***IS.******DEFIANCE.***

DEFCON

NIGHT 1 & 2 LIVE from the **LAKEFRONT ARENA** on *Wednesday, April 28th and Thursday, April 29th!*

CARD AS IT STANDS...

MAIN EVENT**FIST of DEFIANCE**

Mikey Unlikely © vs. "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP

Dex Joy © vs. Scrow