

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.

I HAVE MY EYE ON YOU

The Voice of Ned Reform:

Enough! Enough! Please. This is Uncut. Of course it is. We understand the name of the show.

The Uncut intro hastily cuts away to reveal Ned Reform standing in the center of the DEFIANCE wrestling ring in front of a capacity crowd. He's dressed in business casual clothing, wearing his thick reading glasses, and holding a mic. The crowd begins to boo.

DDK:

Well, ladies and gentlemen... welcome to Uncut. Ned Reform is in the ring and doesn't seem to have much patience for our usual fanfare.

Reform ignores the jeers from the crowd, looking directly into the hard cam.

Ned Reform:

Welcome, children. I apologize for my haste, but in matters such as this it is important to get down to business. I hope you've come ready to learn because as always, we are about to embark on a journey of personal growth together.

More boos. Reform frowns and turns away from the camera to address the crowd.

Ned Reform:

I SAID: a journey of personal growth. Excuse me? I'm speaking.

BOO THIS MAN!

Ned Reform:

Very well. I can wait until you're ready to open your minds.

Reform folds his arms, shaking his head like an exasperated parent. He taps his foot impatiently, glancing around at the jeering crowd with a head shake that says "I can do this all day." For the next minute or so, Reform simply walks around the ring, shooting disappointed looks at the fans who continue to let him have it.

DDK:

Okay, if this is going all this segment is going to be, maybe we should move on? Hello? Anyone in the back.

As if on cue, Reform brings the mic back up and looks back into the hard cam.

Ned Reform:

Okay, okay. Let's try this again. When we last met, I laid out my vision for how the Reform Movement should proceed: I needed to find my "first follower," as it were, to join my cause. A DEFIANCE wrestler who would be the first to think innovatively about how things can be different and is brave enough to join me on the difficult path to change. Well, I've spent the last few weeks listening and learning. Doing the "on the ground" research that is always important in such matters. And children: I think I've found that person. Someone ready and willing to take the next step.

Reform pauses, nodding and letting that "big news" sink in. Except nobody seems to care very much.

Ned Reform:

I know this person is backstage... so Nathaniel Eye, if you can hear my voice, I invite you to the ring right now!

A confused murmur rises up from the fans as Reform turns to the entrance way awaiting Nathaniel Eye. We can see him mouth "it's okay, come on down" as he motions toward the ring.

YOU CAN'T STOP ME!!!

♪"You Can't Stop Me" by Andy Mineo ♪

"The Handsome Face" walks out to the stage and gets himself a nice reception from the people. Rocking his purple and black "Eye's Up Here" with the arrow pointing up and some jeans, Nathaniel heads to the ring with a purpose.

DDK:

This is interesting. I wonder exactly what Ned Reform wants with Nathaniel Eye!

Ned Reform smiles, holding out his hand. A little confused but trying to be polite, Nathaniel Eye takes Reform's hand and accepts the handshake.

Ned Reform:

Mr. Eye, I've had my... eye... on you for some time.

Reform chuckles at his own joke, and he looks to the crowd as with a "ain't I a stinker?" look. One guy in the front row flips him off.

Ned Reform:

You are an exceptionally talented young man. Athletic, good-looking, personable... frankly, you have all the tools. And yet...

Reform puts a hand on Eye's shoulder. Nathaniel eyeballs Reform's unwelcome hand uneasily.

Ned Reform:

You've never quite amounted to much, have you? Oh sure, you've had your moments... but at the end of the day, despite all the natural talent in the world, you're really just "Dex Joy's buddy," aren't you?

And now he has a cross reaction.

Nathaniel Eye:

Look, I only came out here to show a little respect, but if you're just here to talk trash about me, we'll ...

He points under his feet.

Nathaniel Eye:

We just happen to be in a place where us wrestler types can settle that type of crap so I'll be happy to show you what "Dex Joy's buddy" can do!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful start cheering! Eye is bowing up but the Good Doctor does not want to fight. Reform smiles and holds up a hand in a "calm down" gesture.

Ned Reform:

Now, now. There's no need to get emotional at me, dear boy. These are simply facts. Leave your emotion out of it. And besides, you need not resign yourself to this fate. You are not predestined to be a minor player on the DEFIANCE stage - no, this is a condition of circumstance, not destiny. And circumstances can be changed. I am, as always, here to help. Now, if you'll turn your attention to the DEFiatron... just observe...

Reform motions to the DEFiatron. On the screen, we see footage from Eye's match against Ryan Batts from DEFtv 153.

DDK:

Great moves by Eye. He didn't get the win there but he has the edge now. Now he is putting Batts into the corner.

Eye runs at him and hits a running knife edge chop. Batts cringes from the shot and then takes a few more good knife edge chops. He looks at referee Carla Ferrari and then winks for fun.

At this point, the footage freezes. Reform turns to look at Eye.

Ned Reform:

A wink? A wink to the referee, Mr. Eye? During a professional wrestling match, you thought a good use of your time was to flirt with the referee? Interesting. And how did that work out for you, Mr. Eye? Let's go back to the tape.

The footage on the tron begins to play again.

Eye twists Batts's arm around he throws Batts off to the other side of the ring. Eye gets ready and runs forward ... but he misses a spear in the corner and hits the ring post instead!

Lance:

Oh my word! He just hit that post ... and he's just given Ryan Batts a weakness to exploit!

DDK:

He sure did! There is a double knee arm breaker by Batts too! He's gunning for that arm! Many people have tapped to the Fastest Arm Bar in the West and Eye might be another one!

The image freezes on Eye clutching his arm in pain.

Ned Reform:

Disappointing performance to be sure. Now, did you win the match? You did. But could your performance have been better? It could have. You see, Mr. Eye, while you do have all the talent in the world, you are a prisoner to your own faults. Had you had someone like myself at your side, you would not have been making such careless mistakes. This is just a small example of the benefits of my tutelage. Together, you and I can reform Nathaniel Eye. We can tear you down just to build you back up. And I mean a complete overall - systemic; top to bottom. What do you say, Mr. Eye? Are you ready to change your career trajectory? Are you ready to be the "first follower" of the reform movement?

The Handsome Face takes a long time to think it over ... which really isn't very long at all.

Nathaniel Eye:

Pass, Neddy. Hard ass pass. I told the world last week that I wasn't here to be content being just Dex's handsome and suave side-kick. And I certainly won't be lowering myself to being your stooge!

Eye's words hang in the air for a moment as Reform slowly wrinkles his brow. He rolls his tongue around his mouth and looks upward for a moment, appearing to consider his options. Finally, he smiles, and puts his hand back on Nathaniel's shoulder.

Ned Reform:

I'll tell you what. No need to answer right now. Why not think it over? Hasty decisions are never ideal. In the meantime, perhaps I can offer some evidence to help sway your decision. I invite you to watch closely as I, DOCTOR Ned Reform, make my DEFtv debut at DEFtv 154. And in my debut match, I will face off against Ryan Batts - the very man you tangled with last week. And I implore you: watch closely. Watch what I do to young Mr. Batts. And then I would like you to reconsider my offer.

Reform removes his hand from Eye's shoulder. For a moment it looks like he's going to say more but he restrains himself. Then he simply smiles and says...

Ned Reform:

Consider it.

...before handing the mic to Eye and turning to make his way out of the ring.

DDK:

Ned Reform and Ryan Batts... DEFtv 154!

Lance:

What do you think he's got planned? He seems to imply he's aiming to out-do Nathaniel Eye's own victory over Batts.

Reform makes his way up the ramp, walking backwards as he continues to smile at Nathaniel Eye who is still in the ring.

PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP: MALAK GARLAND Â© vs. SHAWN STEELE

♪ "Steeling a Feeling" by Insignificant Indie Band ♪

Shawn Steele runs out on stage to not much fanfare. He tries pumping up the crowd but his dirty t-shirt and bad facial hair is all the Faithful can focus on.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for the Paper Championship! Introducing the challenger, SHAWN STEELE!

Steele is relentless with hyping up the fans until he slides into the ring and gets checked over by the referee.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

The lights dim as Malak Garland proudly walks down to the ring, holding onto his Paper Championship tightly. He kisses the crayoned title belt as his name chyron superimposes on the telecast.

DDK:

Up next is what promises to be a good match as Shawn Steele is set to face Malak Garland for that laughable paper championship belt.

Lance:

Not just any Malak Garland, either. This is vast a change but Malak has shown quite the amount of promise and focus dedicated solely to wrestling lately.

Malak places the belt at the timekeeper's table before sliding into the ring. He commences jaw jacking with Shawn Steele.

Lance:

Also, Darren, I caught up with Malak backstage and he told me he has something new he wants to show everyone.

DDK:

Was he serious?

Lance:

Surprisingly, yes. I have no idea what it is though.

DING DING!

The bell tolls to signify the start of the match as Malak and Shawn circle each other. Shawn naively swings an arm at Malak who ducks it and delivers Steele to the mat with a back body drop!

DDK:

Thunderous drop as the ring apron flutters there.

Malak military rolls to the feet of his opponent where he is quick to cinch in an ankle lock. Steele rives in pain as he creepy crawls to the nearest bottom rope!

Lance:

The ref breaks the hold but Malak is looking sharp. Should we be talking him up like this?

While the commentary duo deliberates on how to treat the Snowflake Superstar, the champion of paper pulls Steele into a stretch muffler before depositing him head first into the canvas!

DDK:

Quick cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Steele manages to get his shoulder up just in time. Frustrated, Malak mounts his opponent and delivers some hand crafted punches to the face.

Lance:

Malak is simply UNLOADING!

The ref once again steps in and pulls a relentless Malak Garland away from his opponent.

Malak Garland:

I am beginning to rage. I feel an AVALANCHE coming on!

Shawn Steele looks overmatched as he crawls to the corner, begging for the punishment to stop. Malak ignores the request and lands a jumping splash. Then he hip tosses Steele to the middle of the canvas before ascending to the top rope.

DDK:

Malak climbing up for a high risk maneuver!

Garland takes a second to look throughout the arena. All eyes are on him as he flies off the top turnbuckle, nailing a falling headbutt on Steele.

Lance:

It almost looked as if his fingers fluttered like tiny snowflakes in the air, Darren.

The Source of Envy hooks the leg this time.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Steele kicks out yet again but much closer to the final three count this time. Out of desperation, Shawn extends his legs outward and kicks Malak away.

DDK:

Steele is trying to get back in this thing!

Steele flips to his feet, then off the ropes and lands a tornado DDT on Malak but both men don't stay down long, as they get back up and collide with stereo cross body splashes!

Lance:

Vicious impact! Both wrestlers are down!

Malak refuses to stay down long yet again and asserts himself to the situation. He picks various limbs and pressure points on Shawn Steele and begins kicking away.

DDK:

Malak is relentless! He was solid against Flex Kruger but this feels more like he's truly plastering himself to his

opponent. Shawn Steele doesn't even have a second to breathe!

Garland does back up but it's only to give himself enough space to land an ear splittingly loud superkick! Faithful in the front row can't help but stand up to see if Shawn Steele still has teeth or not.

Lance:

Down goes Steele!

Malak exhales as he goes for another pinfall.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

The Keyboard Master gazes into one of the ring cams with a look of astonishment on his face. He can't believe Shawn Steele kicked out of that superkick.

Malak Garland:

Oh wow, lots to unpack here.

Malak lowers his head towards Shawn.

Malak Garland:

You keep kicking out of my moves which is getting rather annoying. I know what will put you down for good.

Malak pulls Steele up to his knees. It's clear Shawn is dazed and defenseless at this point but Malak insists on finishing things off once and for all.

DDK:

What is Malak doing?

Garland backs up to the other set of ropes and begins screaming to the crowd.

Malak Garland:

EVERYONE NEEDS TO SHUT UP! I'M SO TRIGGERED RIGHT NOW!

With that, Malak rushes Shawn. After sprinting to his opponent at top speed, the champion delivers a knee strike full bore into the side of Steele's head!

WHACK!

The arena falls silent.

DDK:

Is he dead?

Lance:

I believe he calls that the I Trigger, Darren. I think this is what Malak was alluding to earlier when we spoke backstage.

With the completion of his new finishing move out of the way, Malak floats over Shawn Steele, doesn't bother hooking a leg and sticks his tongue out as if he's catching imaginary snowflakes falling from the sky on it.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

DING DING DING!

DDK:

That's it. It's over.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match and still Paper Champion, MALAK GARLAND!

The Keyboard King swiftly exits the ring, grabs his belt and power walks backstage as many fans' mouths are left agape at the outright ferocity of Malak's new special move.

Lance:

Looks like whoever challenges Malak for the Paper Title next will have to contend with the I Trigger. Great.

Shawn Steele lays motionless in the ring as the ref checks on him before things cut to elsewhere.

A RED DEATH: LORD OF FEAR

Stalker's Den

Friday June 4, 2021

Scrow's Lab

There are four clear capsule chambers. Two are empty, one contains a man stripped down to his undergarments. He has various tubes and an oxygen mask over his mouth as he floats in green colored water. In the middle capsule is Jason Reeves in the same setup as the man next to him. Around the cylinders is an assortment of medical and computer equipment. A reaper monitoring the life signs of both men. Scrow enters the room in his street clothes but with a lab coat on. He stares up at the glass containing Reeves.

Scrow:

If you can hear me Reeves, he failed. Not on his own it took this Fear's reapers to make sure of it. Scrow has no idea who this Fear is, but ridding the world of heroes is his mission. Then crippling his soldiers in this war is not a smart plan.

One of the reapers walks over to Scrow and hands him a clipboard he peels back page after page. He signs off on the last page, and hands it back.

Scrow:

Unless...

Scrow looks off to the side. Before looking back at his leader.

Scrow:

Nevermind.

A clattering noise can be heard in the corner of the room. Somewhat not surprisingly, we find "the Escape Artist" REZIN in the lab, fumbling through an arrangement of vials holding various unknown liquids. The half-assed mound of gauze and bandages still occupies the very center of his face, and he wheezes annoyingly through the two straws serving as makeshift air passages.

Rezin:

Oh, uh, hey, dude, how's it hangin'?

He simultaneously looks like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar and a chimp playing around with a loaded gun. He quickly returns the vials from where he got them and innocently scratches the back of his head.

Rezin:

Don't mind me, I just figured since we had a lab and all, you might've had something that could put a few extra rotations in my high-flying flips, ya know what I mean? Or at the very least, get me super fucked up. In any case, I need something to help get my ass off the ground, so I can show that twerp Minute just who the HIGHEST BADASS is in DEFIANCE!

A sizzling noise catches his attention. One of the vials was spilled in his clumsy attempt to swipe it, and the liquid is currently burning a hole through the table. Rezin apathetically shrugs at the sight of this, as if he's survived chili that burned even worse.

Rezin:

Ehhh, on second thought, performance enhancers aren't very punk rock...

Rezin notices the large vats of liquid with people inside and looks over the laboratory in general. He lets out an unenthused groan that would suggest he neither knows what (or why) any of this is happening, but that he also has come to expect it by this point.

Rezin:

Ya know, sometimes I come down into this place, and I almost forget that we're supposed to be professional wrestlers. But hey, I guess if I wanted a boring job, I'd be pumping gas, amirite?

Rezin approaches the regeneration tubes. He glances between Stalker and the unnamed individual suspended inside and finishes off the last of his burger by shoving it completely into his mouth.

Rezin: *[muffled]*

So uhhhh... what do we got goin' on here? Makin' clones? Splicin' genes? Or is this just what happens when you don't have healthcare coverage?

Scrow:

If you must know, the constant blows into that cement pillar Jason took has caused his brain to bleed. The regeneration chamber is helping repair the damage..{muffles under his breath} Guardian caused.

Rezin wheezes again through his nasal straws as he mulls over this information.

Rezin:

Far out... just like Empire Strikes Back... ya know, the GOOD one. So does it come in hydroponic?

The Escape Artist scratches his bald spot as more ideas come to him.

Rezin:

Come to think of it, would one of these magic goo pods of yours help repair the damage to my NOSE?! DEF Medical keeps being tight-assed about clearing me for action again... Iris keeps trying to make me pee in a cup, and dude, I am NOT falling for that one again.

Rezin notices that Scrow has completely tuned him out by this point, concentrating on his work. The Goat Bastard shrugs and lights up a spliff as he moves to leave the room.

Rezin:

Cool, cool... well dunder, I got heads to turn and churches to burn, but errything here looks pretty punk rock to me, with all the kidnapping and illegal human experimentation stuff, so if it's good with you, I'ma just get out of your way and let you do your thing here. You need me, you holler!

As Rezin exits, Courtney Paz followed by both Victor Vacio and Tyler Fuse enter the adjacent 'reservation' room.

Courtney Paz:

Is all of this equipment really necessary to sustain, Jason? Or are you now experimenting on him?

Tyler Fuse doesn't let Scrow answer, instead he brushes past the chemist and moves to stand in front of Stalker's life tank.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm ready for the Serum - if you think it's time.

Looking into the glass container, Tyler looks to Stalker for an answer but obviously there is not one that comes from him.

Courtney Paz:

Reaper Serum is bad news Tyler. I would suggest you stay away from that stuff - I've seen what it can do, to the likes of Jason and even Jessica.

Courtney's voice trails off as she realizes her words are falling on deaf ears, Tyler stares in motionless silence at the hibernation chamber of Stalker. Victor Vacio who has remained in silence this entire time steps forward and places a

hand on Tyler's back, he leans in to whisper something in Tyler's ear that can't be heard and when Vic is finished Tyler looks to him, nods and the two men walk away off screen. This leaves Courtney Paz and Scrow alone in the room minus the masked Reaper watching Stalker's vitals.

Courtney Paz:

So, Mr. Fear mentioned something called 'Red Death' what exactly is that and have you already given it to him?

Pointing at the regeneration type tank, Courtney's eyes focus on her former leader who seems to be 'on ice' for now.

Scrow:

Scrow does not answer to Fear, or you legal types.

He turns to her, that pale eye of his staring a black hole through Paz.

Scrow:

Red Death is classified!

Scrow turns from a stunned Courtney, he walks up to the regeneration chamber putting his hand over the glass.

Scrow:

Tell Tyler his Reaper Serum is ready for his inoculation...

Paz just stands there and Scrow turns his body slightly toward her.

Scrow: *[condescending tone]*

...BYE...

Courtney shakes her head and leaves, Scrow looks back at Jason in the chamber.

Scrow:

Scrow failed you, he swears next time it will be different. As for Fear and his cronies trying to boss Scrow around, if you can not face Scrow face to face and want to bark orders from the shadows then all Scrow has to say to that is piss off!

To Be Continued

KERRY KUROYAMA vs. SOLOMON GREDEL

♪ "Over and Under" by Egypt Central ♪

Fade in on the ring where both members of BRUTAL ATTACK FORCE are standing by. Solomon Grendel, dressed and ready for action, stretches himself out to get his body warmed up. Standing nearby, Petey Garrett, wearing a stock BRAZEN shirt, is offering words of encouragement.

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

The crowd gets LOUD as the intro plays out, and before long KERRY KUROYAMA bursts forth from the curtain at a brisk powerwalk.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is schedule for one fall! Introducing first, accompanied by Petey Garrett, hailing from Brooklyn, New York and weighing in at 215 pounds... SOLOMON GREDEL!

Solomon pumps his fists, earning a tepid reaction, while Petey reassuringly claps him on the back. Meanwhile, Kuroyama wastes no time going down the ramp, ignoring fans and focusing solely on the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, making his way to the ring, and fighting out of Seattle, Washington, he weighs in at 244 pounds... KERRRYYY KUUROOYAAMAAA!!

As his name is announced, Kerry throws off his silver robe in one fluid motion as he scales the steps and enters through the ropes. He is absolutely radiating with intensity as he moves to his corner and stares down Grendel from across the ring. Presiding official Benny Doyle can sense the air of urgency to get things underway as he quickly goes into the process of making his final checks.

DDK:

We're back with more singles action here on UNCUT, ladies and gentlemen! One half of Brutal Attack Force in Solomon Grendel is going head-to-head with now the sole surviving half of the erstwhile Seattle's Best, Kerry Kuroyama!

Lance:

Kerry surprised a lot of people when he appeared in the introductory bouts at DEFCON, and has maintained a bit of a low profile ever since. Now he's embarking on a new path, and he's more driven than ever. And as luck would have it, that new path against Solomon Grendel, a man he faced off against years ago in the ring back when he was making his own early start in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

I guess things have come full circle for Kerry Kuroyama, but it looks like he doesn't want to waste any time getting into the action, as Doyle cues for the bell!

DING DING

Kerry and Solomon go straight into the collar-and-elbow. Grendel scores first as he shoots low and clips the leg to bring Kuroyama down and quickly tries to follow through into a headlock, but Kerry anticipates it and smoothly reverses into a hammerlock.

DDK:

Both men trading holds, and Kerry comes out on top as he sweeps Solomon Grendel to the mat and goes right for the KATAHAJIME!

Lance:

He's not wasting any time here tonight, going straight for the finish by submission!

DDK:

...but Grendel puts up just enough of a fight to break free!

Solomon gets some space from Kerry and gets back to his feet. They tie up again, and this time Kerry uses his advantage in strength to bull Grendel into the corner. He lands one shoulder block to the midsection, but Solomon lifts himself up to avoid a second.

DDK:

Leapfrog by Grendel... and he's right in position for a schoolboy roll-up on Kerry from behind!

One!

Two!

KICKOUT... and now Kerry turns the tables going for an ARMBAR!

Lance:

He immediately went for the wristlock and leg scissor out of the pin attempt! But Solomon has the savvy to make the rope break before Kerry can fully lock it in!

Grendel positions his foot on the bottom rope, and Kuroyama breaks the hold almost immediately, despite the complaints of Petey Garrett spectating from ringside. Solomon is practically snarling in anger right now while Kerry remains completely stoic.

DDK:

I'm not sure the grappling half of Brutal Attack Force likes having his submission game challenged, Lance! Here they go now, right back into the lock-up... Grendel going low, trying to hook the legs, but Kerry has it blocked as he controls the waist!

Lance:

He's made some serious gains in mass in the months he was away from DEFIANCE, and they are seriously paying off!

DDK:

Solomon's got nowhere to go here, but nevertheless charges forward into the ropes, and that puts Kerry into motion... Solomon FOLLOWS... and a RUNNING CALF KICK puts Kerry to the mat as he was coming off the opposite set of ropes! Grendel going for the cover!

One!

Tw-NO! Kuroyama quickly kicks out, and slips to the outside!

Somewhat impatiently, Kuroyama winds his neck a few times and readjusts his gloves as he rounds a ringpost and takes a second to recalibrate himself. He ignores the taunts coming from the way of Petey Garrett and ascends the steps to re-enter as Doyle only gets to the count of three.

Lance:

Kerry almost seems like he's getting mildly annoyed right now. I think he expected he could get this over with sooner, but Solomon Grendel is going to make him put in the work..

DDK:

Kuroyama is definitely a pro, but you can never discount the fight put up by the fine talent of BRAZEN! Grendel is looking more confident now as both men go right back into the lock-up! Again, Solomon going low--NO!! Kerry caught him with a KNEE LIFT this time!

The knee strike hits its mark perfectly, and Grendel crumbles to his hands and knees. While he's stunned, Kuroyama wastes no time going for the arm trap and subsequent pump-handle...

DDK:

Kerry has him UP... and DRIVES HIM DOWN with the patented KUROYAMA DRIVER!! GOOD-NIGHT!! Hooks the leg for the win...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, by pinfall... KERRY KUROYAMA!!

Kerry gets to his feet and allows his arm to be raised, taking a moment to bow respectfully in the direction of the defeated but spending no time savoring the moment as he exits the ring and briskly walks back up the ramp.

DDK:

A strong showing by "the Pacific Blitzkrieg" here tonight, although still seemingly unsatisfying to the victor, who looks like he's got places to be!

Lance:

Solomon Grendel may have given him more of a fight than he anticipated, but when he couldn't make any headway going hold for hold, Kerry Kuroyama went right for the blunt approach and finished him off without delay! Kuroyama is definitely showing he's changed as a competitor after his time off... he's laser focused on getting the results he wants, and more driven than ever to succeed!

DDK:

Time will tell what lies in wait next for the resurging Kerry Kuroyama as he resumes his long climb to the top of the DEFIANCE ladder!

BEST OF 5 SERIES, MATCH #5: CONOR FUSE vs. "BANTAM" RYAN BATTS

DDK:

We've got the next match on UNCUT and this is something of a must-win for both men... this UNCUT-exclusive best of five series between "Bantam" Ryan Batts and Conor Fuse ends tonight!

Lance:

This entire thing started out of Batts settling a grudge with Tyler Fuse and putting that issue to bed. Conor tried to reason with Batts that his brother was on his side again and out of that, these men have battled back and forth! DEFCON came and went and now with two wins a piece, we will find out who gets victory number three!

DDK:

Batts has taken some losses to Kerry Kuroyama and Nathaniel Eye. And Conor not only lost the UNIFIED Tag Team Titles to the Comments Section but the Fuse Bros One are no more. Tyler Fuse rejoined the Kabal and now, Conor has been attracting attention from Better Future Talent Agency. However tonight, both men will have to shut all that out. Tonight, two men look to settle this competitive rivalry once and for all, so let's get to the match now.

And to Darren Quimbey we go!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is the final match in the best of five series between "Bantam" Ryan Batts and Conor Fuse and will be scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Rancho Santa Margarita, California weighing two-hundred-four 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 out in his 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 at a rapid pace. He slides inside and then does a front flip to his feet to pop the crowd! Once he gets there, he raises his hands and waits for his opponent.

♪ "King DeDeDe Remix Theme" from Kirby's Dream Land ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, weighing in at two-hundred pounds... he is The Power-Up King! **CONOR FUUUUUUSE!**

Fuse slowly walks out from behind the curtain to a !RANK response. He still looks as sullen as he appeared on DEFtv but right now he has to shut all that out. Fuse tries to take in the cheers from the crowd and then heads toward the ring with a purpose. Batts watches him carefully as he enters the squared circle.

DDK:

Both men in the ring now! Remember how match three went down! It was Conor Fuse coming out all guns blazing but it was Batts who got the flash submission win! Conor turned that around in match four! Tonight, we find out who is the better man is in match number five!

Batts and Fuse both stand around and wait... then Batts offers a hand and Conor takes it. Both men back up to their respective corners while referee Mark Shields remembers to call for the bell.

DING DING

Conor RUSHES out of the corner for a running dropkick but Batts moves and Conor hits the mat! Batts rushes off to the ropes and comes back with an attempted penalty kick...

But Conor moves!

The crowd gasps from how close the kicks come as Batts steps back while Conor heads to a corner, not taking his eyes off Ryan.

DDK:

Whew! Both men trying something big off the bat but saw these moves coming.

Lance:

You can't wrestle someone as often as these two have and not pick up a thing or two on how your opponent operates, that's for sure.

Batts and Conor get back to the ring and lock up! They fight and try to get the advantage. Batts goes behind him first and then Conor elbows his way free. Fuse grabs a leg and trips Batts up before running off the ropes. Batts ducks as Conor keeps going but when Ryan pops back up, Conor leapfrogs over him and runs off the ropes. MAN of HEEL tries to get to the ropes... but The Scrappy Young Wrestle-Lad CATCHES him...

DDK:

Oh, wow! Deadlift German! That might be it already!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Conor kicks out but he's slumped over and Batts sees Conor's hurt.

DDK:

Uh-oh, it was going to come down to who made the first mistake... and I'm thinking it might be Conor.

Lance:

Conor's head may not be entirely in the game. Ryan's been fighting professional issues in that ring but Conor went through a personal ordeal and is still trying to find himself without his brother.

The Bantam picks Fuse up and tries to kick at him... but Conor ducks backwards a second time! Batts stumbles after the kick and then Conor tries a German suplex himself. However, Batts elbows his way free. He runs off the ropes but when he comes back, Conor lands a HUGE spinning back elbow strike, sending Batts through the ropes!

DDK:

That was a great strike by Conor! Batts goes to the ring apron!

The Scrappy Young Wrestle-Lad now ends up on the apron and tries to stand. When Batts gets there, Conor Fuse runs off the ropes and hits the huge running dropkick he missed earlier! Batts flies out to the floor while The Power-Up King is pumping a fist, getting back into the action as The Faithful cheer him on!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

Lance:

The tide has turned against Batts! And now where's Conor going?

The younger Fuse peers into the crowd and heads to the top rope. The Faithful murmur while Batts is still fighting off having his bell rung. The former two-time Tag Team Champion balances on the top padding and LEAPS with an amazing moonsault all the way out to the floor and on top of Batts!

DDK:

WOW! WHAT A MOONSAULT!

Lance:

I'm thinking that Conor has finally found himself in this match, partner!

DDK:

I agree!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

The chants come out as both men are still down on the floor! After replays show the big maneuver, it takes Conor a few seconds to fully recover before he's back on his feet. Fuse grabs Batts by the arm and lifts him up before he hurls the former WrestleFriend back inside the ring.

DDK:

Now what's going on?

The Character Formerly Known as Player Two waits on the ring apron for Ryan to get back to his feet. Once Batts does, Fuse makes the leap and knocks him down with a huge springboard dropkick!

DDK:

Springboard dropkick by Conor! Now a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Batts' shoulder rises but Conor doesn't let it get to him. Fuse picks Batts up by the arm again and drops him with a body slam. The !RANK chants continue as Conor leaps off the ropes for a lionsault...

DDK:

No! The second moonsault misses! But Conor lands on his feet!

Batts hits the ropes and staggers nearby. Conor lands out of the moonsault and goes running but The Scrappy Young Wrestle-Lad hits a back body drop to try and take him over... although Conor lands on the apron. Batts turns around as Conor tries for a shoulder through the ropes but Batts backs up instead and STIFFS Fuse on a huge kick to his exposed chest! Conor staggers when Batts uses the ropes to hit a leaping enzuigiri, knocking him off the apron!

DDK:

Uh-oh... where's Batts going?

Lance:

I think we know what he's got coming!

Batts sees Conor down and gets a stomping start on the mat. Batts bounces back off the ropes and takes flight with a HUGE somersault suicide dive through the ropes, now having a go at wiping out his opponent with a big maneuver!

DDK:

The Flipside! I thought Conor had him earlier with that top rope moonsault to the floor but Batts is already back in this!

Lance:

Look at this replay!

And the replay shows Ryan Batts taking flight like a cannonball, wiping out Conor Fuse completely on the floor. The camera goes back to real time and Batts takes a moment to himself, getting his own bearings after what he endured

earlier with Conor.

DDK:

Great set of moves by Batts to turn the side for himself. Now what's he doing?

Lance:

He's got Conor by the arm...

Batts seems to mouth "sorry, bro" to Conor, then runs forward and DRIVES Fuse by the arm onto the floor with a big running single arm DDT!

DDK:

OUCH! Batts just slammed that arm onto the outside mat below with that single arm DDT!

Conor holds onto the arm in agony as Batts picks him up and runs him back into the ring. After Conor gets inside, Batts slowly follows him in. The Bantam measures his opponent... then NAILS a huge penalty kick to the arm of Conor, knocking the younger Fuse to the mat!

Lance:

Once Batts targets a body part, he is just so dangerous on that mat! Learning this kicking style has really lent itself to an amazing all-round game by Batts.

DDK:

It really does! And now cover! Batts pins his shoulders for added pressure!

ONE!

TWO!

NO... ARMBAR!

When Conor gets the hand out, Ryan grabs Fuse's arm and turns him around in a fujiwara armbar!

DDK:

Fuse is dead to rights in the middle of the ring!!

Lance:

I think it's over, Keebs!

The Faithful are on their feet as Conor screams, hoping not to tap. However, in a SLIGHT slip of the submission, Batts' feet slide from under him just briefly enough, allowing for Conor to roll onto his back and position Batts into a crucifix pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Batts had to DROP the armbar in order to get out of the hold!

A stunned Ryan Batts doesn't take long to recover, though. He bounces off the ropes and looks for another punt to Conor's head.

DDK:

Conor catches Batts' leg and corkscrews him to the ground!

Fuse kips to his feet as Batts gets on a knee.

Whack.

Whack.

Whack.

Superkick com-bo!

DDK:

Batts is reeling... Conor may have him!

Fuse bounces off the ropes but it's Batts who's able to let Conor spin around him before crushing The Locker Room Leader with a backbreaker!

Batts falls into a corner, taking a breather. Conor, on the other hand, is crawling into a corner himself. Once Batts sees Fuse resting against the bottom turnbuckle, he jets in with a knee to Conor's face!

The echo can be heard throughout the arena. Batts pulls Fuse to his feet and looks for a suplex...

DDK:

Conor with a standing switch and into a snap dragon! Fuse holds on... another snap dragon! Fuse STILL holds on...

Standing switch by Ryan Batts.

DDK:

Full nelson sitout slam by Batts! Followed by an exploder suplex!

Batts gets to his feet but favours his knee, likely hurting from the earlier leg whip. The Bantam measures Conor as he, too, struggles to find a vertical base.

DDK:

Batts races in but Conor leapfrogs over Batts. Batts into the next set of ropes and Conor tries for a sitdown hiptoss by Batts pulls away and Conor lands on the mat with no one-

CRACK!

DDK:

Batts hits the punt kick! We have another cover!

Lance:

This has GOT TO be it!

ONE.

TWO.

FOOT ON THE ROPES.

DDK:

Fuse was mercifully positioned close enough to get his right boot on the bottom rope.

Lance:

BARELY! Look at that thing.

As Lance Warner points this out, Conor's boot falls off the rope. Batts drags Conor to his feet with a waistlock and looks for a German suplex.

It connects.

Another.

It connects.

A third, rolling release German suplex...

DDK:

Conor lands on his feet!

In an act of desperation, Fuse tries for a superkick but Batts catches him.

DDK:

Enziguri!

Both men fall to the canvas and it's anyone's game.

Some of The Faithful cheer for Batts, the others cheer for Conor.

But the entire arena is in support of this back and forth battle.

Conor crawls to a corner and uses the turnbuckle padding to get up. Meanwhile, Batts finds the corner across the way and simply does the same.

LET'S GO BANTAM!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

LET'S GO BANTAM!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

LET'S GO BANTAM!

!RANK !RANK !RANK

The camera displays cuts between both Conor and Ryan, eyeing each other as they rest in their corners. Batts nods... Fuse nods...

And they both charge at each other.

DDK:

RYAN'S LOOKING FOR THE RUNNING HEADBUTT, BATTER UP...

As the two are about to collide in the center of the ring, Fuse immediately leaps upwards.

DDK:

OH NO!!! CONOR GOT BATTS WITH THE HEAD STOMP INSTEAD! THE STANDING DOUBLE FOOT STOMP!

Batts lays in the center of the ring and Conor gracefully lands on Batts' chest, hooking the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

DDK:

CONOR TAKES THE VICTORY!

The Faithful boom in support as Darren Quimbey announces the winner.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... and taking the series THREE wins to TWO... CONOR FUUUUUUSEE!

The Locker Room Leader's music plays as Mark Shields raises Conor's hand in the middle of the ring. Fuse, however, still looks elsewhere. The Character Formerly Known as Player Two falls into the same corner he burst out of only moments ago. When Batts gets to his feet, Conor gives a head nod before sliding out of the ring and walking up the rampway.

DDK:

Ya gotta feel for Conor. I've never seen him NOT want to celebrate.

Lance:

Respect to both men. A hell of a series.

Ryan Batts thanks the fans and takes a moment to witness his opponent walk up the rampway before UNCUT goes elsewhere.

A DELECTABLE LITTLE SEGMENT

A camera crew circles around Malak Garland, Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames who are hanging out in a remote hallway of the arena. The Keyboard King paces, frantically, still glistening with sweat after his hard-fought victory earlier in the show. He clutches his paper championship over his shoulder.

Malak Garland:

Are we rolling? Are we on?

Malak stops his back and forth walk long enough to check with one of the camera crew that they are recording.

Malak Garland:

Okay, good. Now rewind cuz I don't want that first part captured on camera. This is a serious promo.

The boom mic operator assumingly nods to Garland's wishes for nothing more than to patronize the champion because the footage is rolling live and there isn't really anything that can be done.

Malak Garland:

Ladies, gentlemen and non-binary beings alike. I present to you: this.

Malak holds up the tattered paper title to the camera lens with pride.

Malak Garland:

Take it all in. THIS IS THE ONLY TRUE THING THAT MATTERS! THIS. This is the real dirt *sheet*.

The smudged crayon markings and other unknown substances besmirch the basic acid free recycled slice of tree.

Malak Garland: *[chuckling]*

I actually don't care about those tag belts anymore now that the Saturday Night Spoofers are after them. No. This means the world to me now.

Cyrus flexes his rather ginormous biceps in the background.

Malak Garland:

And after the way I snowhandled Shawn Steele earlier tonight and retained my Paper Championship, well I'd say the rest of the DEFIANCE roster has been put on notice. This snowflake knows how to fight.

Teresa continues to chew gum, twirl her hair and text on her phone, oblivious of what's going on around her.

Malak Garland:

Tonight isn't just a throwaway, either. No. Teresa has a match in the main event with the Kabal. Now, do they scare me? Absolutely. I am right terrified, and I will need to spend an extra five minutes in my sensory deprivation pod just to get over the thought of them entering my mind but the reason I bring them up is simple.

Garland takes a breath and a step back.

Malak Garland:

We...

He points to himself, Cyrus and Teresa.

Malak Garland:

We are the future. We can have whatever we want, whenever we want. Tag titles. Paper championship. Kabal. Whatever. It doesn't even matter if it's not relevant to anyone else because I will make it relevant.

Malak ducks in nice and close to the camera.

Malak Garland:

That I promise you because I am the best thing to happen to DEFIANCE since the revolution of woke culture. Nighty night.

Malak pushes the camera away before he and his entourage exit stage right.

LEVI COLE vs. KAZUO AKAMATSU

DDK:

Welcome back to UNCUT and coming up next, we've got two bruisers about to go at it! Levi Cole recently graduated from BRAZEN and has been looking to get some more wins under his belt. Tonight, he'll take on BRAZEN's Kazuo Akamatsu in what will likely be a hard-hitting battle!

Lance:

We last saw Levi Cole in action a few weeks ago in a close one against Alvaro de Vargas, but tonight he's looking to rebound. Can he do it tonight? Let's find out?

The camera pans to Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Omaha, Nebraska, weighing in at 265 pounds...

"AMERICAN MADE" LEVI COLE!

♪ "Born In The U.S.A." by Bruce Springsteen ♪

The music plays and then the crowd gives a nice round of applause for the former amateur wrestling standout and all-round nice guy. Cole raises both hands on the stage as an inset promo appears on his way to the ring...

Levi Cole:

Hey, y'all... Levi Cole here. Kazuo Akamatsu, I gotta get this win tonight and start earnin' my keep on the main roster. No offense, buddy, but I'm not lettin' this match slip by me tonight.

And with that in mind, Cole salutes the cheering crowd as the former BRAZEN star gets ready for his match.

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

Akamatsu comes out and heads toward the ring, wearing a look of intensity on his face. Cole does some stretching and waits as Kazuo hits the ring. The big Strong Style fighter hits the ring...

DING DING!

And Akamatsu launches an attack at the bell! He buries his knee into the chest of American Made and then sends the former collegiate wrestler into a corner.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

Three big knife-edge chops and now he's hunched over in the corner. Akamatsu screams some words in his native language and then whips Cole across the ring... then follows him in with a STIFF knife-edge chop! The Nebraskan gets doubled over by the shot while Kazuo Akamatsu looks out to the crowd and grits his teeth.

DDK:

WOW! Akamatsu coming out the gate with some hard hits on Levi Cole!

Lance:

He really is. And what a win it would be for his career if he could knock off a member of DEFIANCE's main roster!

Akamatsu goes the other way and then throws Cole towards the other side of the ring. Kazuo runs towards the other side of the ring and then delivers another stiff knife-edge chop!

DDK:

And another big shot... Back Suplex out of the corner by Kazuo! Cover!

ONE!

TWO-NO!

Cole kicks out and then tries to get back up, but Kazuo hooks him by the head in a tight chinlock.

Lance:

Kazuo trying to ground him now! This is a fire out of Akamatsu we haven't see in his past appearances on UNCUT.

DDK:

He definitely caught Cole unaware and now he has control of the match.

Levi Cole finds himself struggling in the hold now with Kazuo not letting go. Cole tries to fight his way out and tries to get upwards, but Kazuo continues to keep the pressure on him by tightening his grip. Cole then gets to his knee and fires elbows to the chest of Kazuo. He continues fighting back until he finally breaks his grip. Cole has him staggered now and then hits the ropes, but off the comeback, Kazuo catches him with kitchen sink knee to the gut!

Lance:

Wow! Kazuo looking to make a mark tonight! If he can beat a member of DEFIANCE's main roster, perhaps DEFIANCE management may consider his standing in BRAZEN!

Cole is still hurt and Kazuo follows up by delivering another big chop, this time to the back! Cole writhes in pain and then Kazuo boots him in the chest. He follows that up with a knee drop and then another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Wow! Nice aggression on display by Kazuo! We have seen Cole being taken to task since the opening bell!

Kazuo hooks Cole by the arm applies a front facelock. He sets him up for what may look like a brainbuster or a suplex, but American Made blocks the suplex. He shoves him back and then heads to the corner. An angered Kazuo charges forward... but Cole catches him, then spins him around and HURLS him across the ring with an overhead belly to belly suplex!

Lance:

Wow! There's that fabled farm strength on display by Cole!

Akamatsu's bell has been rung as he stares up at the lights, wondering what happened. Levi Cole is hurt and still feeling the effects of Kazuo's deadly chops. He starts to get back up to his feet and then waits as Kazuo starts to try and stand across the ring from him. He waits and then charges... then connects with a huge running shoulder thrust in the corner!

DDK:

Cole is fighting back now! That running shoulder thrust in the corner just knocked the wind out of Akamatsu.

Lance:

And look what's next!

Cole growls and then **THROWS** Kazuo up and over again, this time using a release northern lights suplex to dump him on his back a second time. Cole then crawls over to cover the **BRAZEN** star.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

There's a shoulder up by Akamatsu, but Levi Cole has the advantage and these fans are feeling it.

The former amateur standout is back up to his feet and leads the crowd by slapping the mat, encouraging the fans to cheer for him. As this continues, Butcher Victorious starts to walk out onto the ramp.

DDK:

What... what is Butcher doing out here?

Lance:

Well... I do know that they were former tag team partners in **BRAZEN**! They were called the World's Nicest Tag Team... but that was before Butcher showed his true colors at the **DEFCON** pre-show!

Cole hasn't paid his former partner any mind while Butcher continues to watch with a vested interest. Cole tries to pick Kazuo up, but he fires off with a huge back elbow that rocks Cole on his feet. Kazuo raises his arm and signals for a lariat, but when he comes back... The American Made catches him!

DDK:

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE THUNDER!

Cole catches him off the return and then hits the throwing powerbomb! Butcher smiles as Cole goes for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Cole sits up and then gets his hand raised.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **LEVI COLE!**

DDK:

A nice win here for Levi Cole! He has a lot of promise on the main roster for sure!

Lance:

And now, what is Butcher doing?

Kazuo Akamatsu rolls out of the ring hurt while Butcher Victorious heads into the ring. He has a microphone.

Butcher Victorious:

Way to go, Levi! Way to go! You got a win under your belt! And in case you missed it... I got a win under my belt at the **DEFCON** Pre-Show! Then I got left off **DEF** whatever... but I want to talk to you, old friend!

Levi Cole looks at his ex-**BRAZEN** tag partner.

Butcher Victorious:

Dude... you won! And I won! We should put our team back together... and win some more! I mean... dude, my last name is Victorious! That pretty much means you HAVE to say yes! What do you say?

The crowd tells Cole “no” as he looks at a seemingly disingenuous Butcher and his smile.

DDK:

Ugh... if you remember on the pre-show, Butcher turned his back on an audience that supported him in BRAZEN for a few years by using a low blow to beat Sho Nakazawa.

Lance:

Look.

Butcher offers his hand... but Cole slaps it away! Butcher looks wide-eyed as Cole takes his microphone.

Levi Cole:

After what YOU did, Butch... No. Our team was good, but I’m trying to focus on my own career. I don’t want any part of what you’re doing.

He pushes past Butcher Victorious and then heads up the ramp to cheers from The Faithful while Butcher FUMES to himself.

Lance:

In wrestling, there are people who follow more difficult paths than others, but Butcher just let frustration consume him and Cole isn’t that type of guy.

DDK:

No way Butcher let’s this go.

Cole raises a hand to cheers from the crowd while an embarrassed Butcher storms off.

CLICHE, I KNOW

We fadein to a large, dusty warehouse space, light slatting through tall windows, many broken. Dust floats through the light hazily and lazily. The camera shot slowly descends to take in an oversized, rusted cage. After a moment, a stoic voice pierces the odd silence.

NARRATOR:

Imagine, if you're able, how it might feel to be confined in a structure such as this...

The camera slowly sweeps across bars atop the cage, it's corrosion and the abuse of time quite apparent. Rust flakes in spots.

NARRATOR:

No human interaction... no softness, no comfort... no love. Oh, I know... all of this does feel quite "cliche", doesn't it?

Our narrator may be smiling.

NARRATOR:

A caged beast, ravenous and enraged, relentless and unfeeling. You've heard it all before, I am sure. But... just *imagine*... if you were consigned to live out the last of your very best days shuttered away and cut off from anything civilized.

The voice lets that thought hang as the camera pans down a wall of a cage now... we see a coiled, old, rusty chain -- broken, a link rended in half it seems.

NARRATOR:

What would you do when you realized there was no escape? How might it feel knowing you might perish in such a place?

The camera pans... the door of the cage is ajar...

NARRATOR:

And well, wouldn't you be so relieved if salvation found you? Wouldn't you do ANYTHING to be free? Well, I think there could be some among you who might sacrifice their humanity, their will, ...their very soul for another chance at freedom. And to that I say... feel no shame.

Panning back further, we see the whole cage now. Empty. Filthy. A wooden bowl sits in a corner, empty. The lightbulb hanging above the empty cage is dim, turned off. Panning even further back, we happen upon a chest-high stone pedestal, moss covered and weathered. Sitting atop it, a plain wooden box. Brass clasp closed shut tight.

NARRATOR:

Survive. Persist. Overtake. That is why you are here... why we are *all* here. That is why **HE** is here.

Huddled, kneeling at the foot of the stone pedestal is a naked, filthy, primal figure. Head hung, his dark hair is a matte of tangles and grime. He is exhausted and exalted.

NARRATOR:

He is Corvo Alpha... and he is free. And, yes, I am aware that it is cliche, and I am so sorry... but he is coming.

A gnarled, dirty hand reaches up to touch the oaken box.

CORVO ALPHA IS COMING - UNCUT 97

KABAL INVITATIONAL BATTLE ROYALE

As we return from the commercial the camera pans over the Wrestleplex, standing in the center of the ring is The Kabal's attorney at law, Courtney Paz. With a microphone in one hand she looks ready to address the crowd and the wrestlers who happen to be surrounding the ring. Scattered around the ring were the likes of Mushigara, Teresa Ames and Hallmark Journey. In total there appears to be 6 wrestlers waiting to enter the ring.

Lance:

An interesting Main Event is planned here tonight for UNCUT, over the past few months the Kabal's mysterious 'Mr. Fear' has been broadcasting messages on DEFIANCE Radio, advising that he would hold a special invitational opportunity open to anyone in DEFIANCE, willing to heed the call.

DDK:

Heed the call to join a group who just saw their leader get killed inside of a burial tomb? The Kabal has been scattered and disorientated from everything that I have seen. And whenever Rezin is around, disarray seems to be par for the course.

Lance:

Mister Fear took it a step further by specifically broadcasting a message on the latest DEFIANCE television. A verbal or should I say shadowy verbal message as he appeared on the DEFIAtron and spoke behind an automated robot message.

DDK:

Yeah I didn't have a clue what he was saying on any of these DEFIANCE Radio messages and I'm just as confused now but at least there is an actual human in the ring and not some robot or god forsaken Reaper.

Switching to the cameras facing Courtney Paz, she stands centered in the middle of the ring, she is holding a large Microsoft Surface Tablet, and is dressed in a short black business skirt and a just as business-like top. Straightening her glasses, Courtney clears her throat before getting ready to address The Faithful.

Courtney Paz:

Ladies and Gentlemen of DEFIANCE! Thank you for the utmost welcome to this inaugural special event, presented to you all, in this dark time of The ApocaScott.

DDK:

What now?

Lance:

I think it's in reference to the aftermath of Scott Douglas being gone from DEFIANCE and The Kabal's repeated claims that they are after all of DEFIANCE's heroes.

DDK:

I... I am not impressed.

The Faithful let out a quizzical set of jeers as the blonde haired Courtney Paz adjusts her glasses on her face, the awkward stance she has makes it clear that she is not entirely comfortable in the ring.

Courtney Paz:

Over the past several weeks, we have been quietly, and not so quietly soliciting interest in those around DEFIANCE. Interest in a very... very generous offer by our financial backer. Mister Fear!

Once again the fans let out a mixed set of reactions unsure of what to actually expect out of this.

Courtney Paz:

And FINALLY.. That NIGHT IS...

The lights cut to black.

V/O:

TWO-NIIIGHT!

COUGH! COUGH!

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

The booming overheard voice is a familiar tone, one that sets The Faithful's ears on fire with a chorus of boos.

Lance:

That can't be...

DDK:

Oh it's him alright..

Billows of smoke appear from behind the stage as The Kabal's official Radio personality emerges from behind the curtain. Grinning like goat from behind his questionably bandaged nose, REZIN struts down to the ring, carrying along with him a heavy looking silver briefcase. In his other hand, he has a mic...

Rezin:

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I'm afraid it's true! TONIGHT is THE NIGHT the Kabal sets their new dastardly plan into motion! Tonight is the PROVING GROUNDS!! Several will enter the ring, and only one among them--only the CRAZIEST and MOST CHAOTIC--will survive and claim victory! And because a match of such nature would require the need of a special guest moderator, official, and scorekeeper... guess you y'all get to deal with?

He tears off his patch vest and throws it to the ramp. His bare and tattooed torso is streaked in vertical black and red stripes. The Faithful audibly groan at the sight of this terrible mock-up of a DEF official's striped polo.

Rezin:

THAT'S RIGHT!! It's ME!! The ESCAPE ARTIST!! The GOAT BASTARD!! HELL'S FAVORITE HOOSIER!!

He reaches the steel steps and pauses briefly before entering the ring. Sliding the briefcase under the ropes, he begins scaling the turnbuckle.

Rezin:

...the ORIGINAL FAVOURED SINNER...

He perches himself on the top turnbuckle.

Rezin:

AND... the GREATEST, most MIND-BLOWING AERIAL ASSASSIN that DEFIANCE has ever seen!

He performs a simple, though smooth-looking moonsault, sticking the landing perfectly.

Rezin:

Ahem... case in point.

He turns to address Paz, and completely trips and falls over the briefcase he slid into the ring before performing his "mind-blowing" stunt. Swearing, he scrambles back to his feet and glares angrily at the fans that laugh at his expense. Courtney Paz looks almost unsurprised by the strange arrival of her co-host of tonight's events.

Courtney Paz:

Thank you for joining us Rezin... anyways... back to the topic at hand. The Kabal officially WELCOMES YOU TO OUR FIRST ANNUAL PROVING GROUNDS!!!!!!

With a wild smirk on her face, Courtney looks on excitedly to the crowd and then presses a button on the tablet, the lights in the arena suddenly dim down and a low hum to music beat kicks in over the beating pulse of WrestlePlex.

V/O: [voice modified]

For those that seek the money, for those that seek the power, for those that simply seek the fame. The Kabal offers ALL of you a chance at making yourself known, a chance to climb the ladder and prove yourself in the toughest set of conditions to EVER grace DEFIANCE. We Are Not The Sane. We are the... INSANE!!

As the dim lights begin to flash, they are cascaded with a red tint as the music beats upkicks a bit, the pulse in the audience only rising because of the beats awkward and distorted sounding tone.

DDK:

Now I'm used to weird shit with The Kabal, but does it typically sound THIS bad? Something sounds distorted..?

Confusion emits from within the ring as Courtney Paz can't help but cover her ears in confusion as Rezin moves in and grabs the tablet from her.

Rezin:

Havin' problems with your Switch? Here... Tyler showed me this trick.

Rezin presses a button on the tablet and the arena lights come back on brightly but the weird music does not stop.

Rezin:

Okay then, up up... down down... left right, left right... bee aye... aaannnd PRESTO!

Pressing another button the ring posts shoot out and spark up in flames on each of the corners.

Courtney Paz: [yelling]

YOU JUST PRESSED THE BUTTON THAT SAID RING POST FLAMES ON! Why did you think that would turn off the music!?!?

Rezin:

What, you want to turn this off?! Screw that, I'm trynna turn it up! It's PROVING GROUNDS! Let's crank up the CHAOS in this bish!

Yanking the tablet back away from Rezin, Courtney forces herself to focus through the terribly distorted overhead speakers noise which is almost causing some wrestlers to flirt with exiting up the ramp as the noise becomes almost unbearable.

Silence!

Lance:

Ahhh, finally. Courtney has alleviated the situation, hopefully now we can finally get this thing going!

Courtney Paz:

Apologies for the technical difficulties everyone!

Courtney can't help but glare at Rezin.

Courtney Paz:

Without further delay let's explain the proceedings for tonight's event! The Proving Grounds Battle Royal will feature 8

participants!

The DEFIatron begins rolling a quick reel of videos for the wrestlers appearing outside of the ring, starring in order. Flex Kruger, The Hallmark Journey, Ryan Batts, Teresa Ames and Mushigara all have abbreviated highlight packages played on the big screen along with their names adorned in different looking colors.

DDK:

I count six. Are there more people under the ring?

Lance:

1...2....3..4

DDK:

It's six, Lance! Come on.

As Courtney Paz looks at the participants heading now into the ring a hint of confusion crosses her face, she whispers to Rezin who looks just as confused as she is. Granted, that's his default look.

♪*"Danse Macabre" by Saint-Saens*♪

The Faithful erupt in a loud chorus of jeers as one of the most hated men in DEFIANCE's music takes over the Wrestleplex.

DDK:

No. Not happening.

Unfortunately for Keebler it is happening, emerging from the Guerilla position, Arthur Pleasant is furious with a microphone in his hand he ignores any jeers or attempts at fanfare.

Arthur Pleasant:

You can not exclude the Provocateur from the list. I'll walk away with the prize and control of the whole damn Kabal!

Courtney starts shaking her head no while pointing at Arthur Pleasant who wastes no time in entering the ring. A sinister glare on his face as he stares down at Courtney Paz. The Faithful lay into the arriving Arthur Pleasant as now the seven competitors adjust themselves in the ring to accommodate.

DDK:

So.. is it seven? I thought they said eight?

Rezin takes over the tablet duties while Courtney Paz, the most normal person in the ring, decides to make a quick exit and move towards the time keeper. As the camera pans over the crowd, the one and only Tim Tillinghast is caught on screen. He's furiously typing away on his cellphone with a frown - surely tweeting about current events.

Lance:

Looks like Mr. Tim Tillinghast himself is getting a front row seat to this UNCUT's Main Event... spectacle.

DDK:

He's probably vomiting right now on the inside. What the heck is taking so long for this thing to start?

V/O:

Wait a moment! Wait a moment... please!

The Faithful know that voice...

BOO!BOO!

Lance:

Uh oh...

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The man known as Ned Reform, appearing ready for action in his purple and white singlet, appears on the ramp. He's flanked by his lackeys: TA Amherst, TA Holyoke, TA Smith, and TA Hampshire. Reform points and dismisses his charges to the back, apparently ready to do this on his own. He struts toward the ring with his trademark smirk on his face, waving a finger and shaking his head toward Rezin as one would a small child. Reform walks around the ring, grabs himself a mic from the ringside area, and enters the ring as his music fades out.

Ned Reform:

I apologize for the interruption and for inserting myself into this match with little notice. But... what were we about to see here? An absolute farce? Another "match" that does nothing but embarrass this company? As if it needed the help, you know? And so I will enter the ring of competition as an example... I will take down this nonsense from the inside. And when I stand victorious...

Rezin looks on, his expression completely empty. Reform looks at him with a sour face.

Ned Reform:

Is something humorous, homeless gentleman?

Rezin:

...I'm sorry, I wasn't paying attention.

Flex Kruger flips off Ned Reform while Ryan Batts stares in silence from one of the lone corners. The final and eighth competitor has finally arrived. Tensions are beginning to mount, prompting the guest official to step up and get it under control.

Rezin:

ARRIGHT, ya scum, listen up! When they told me I needed to moderate this here 'Battle Royale', I was under the assumption we'd be doing more of an homage to the 2000 Kinji Fukusaku classic of the same name. Clearly that's not the case, as nobody here is dressed up in a Japanese school uniform... but regardless, I am still KITANO in this situation, and none of you forget that I'm the one calling the shots!

Ned Reform tries to speak into the mic, but it appears to have been cut off. Arthur Pleasant walks over and snatches it from him before tossing it out of the ring. Sides are suddenly being chosen as the eight contenders are about to explode like a powder keg.

Rezin:

HEY, I'm talking here! Normally, someone would lay out the rules of this match, but in the Kabal, we like to say "FUCK THE RULES!" Strength only comes forth in a state of lawless anarchy! So here's what's up... the stip for elimination CHANGE after every elimination! Got that?! It could be ANYTHING and ANY TIME!

Teresa Ames shakes her head yes with excitement as she cracks her knuckles while circling around in place. Mushigari, Flex Kruger and Hall Mark Journey all gather towards one corner of the ring. Teresa Ames posts herself alone against the middle of the south ropes while Ryan Batts does the same on the north ropes. Ned Reform and Arthur Pleasant slowly separate from each other and it's clear everyone is ready for this 'Proving Grounds' to begin.

♪ "Anvil of Crom" by Basil ♪

The lights in the arena begin to flicker in a different manner, streaming lights of black and red streams through the excited WrestlePlex audience as the instrumental battle music to kick off tonight's special event begins to play in a lower volume than most entrance music. Appearing in a shadowy figure form on the DEFIATron, the usual 'This Is a Message From The Kabal' robotic voice sparks to life. As Mister Fear addresses the speculative crowd the symphony

battle music continues to play but at a much lower volume, the red and black lights now circling the ring in showcase style of presentation.

Mr. Fear: *[DEFIAtron]*

WELCOME, to The Kabal's Proving Grounds Battle Royal invitation! This will be the first round, in a set of challenges for the victor of tonight's bout. For a chance at One Hundred Thousand Dollars and An Ultimate Gift from The Kabal. The winner of tonight's challenge, must be nimble, quick on their feet and ready to ensue 'CHAOS'. Good luck to those chosen and for those who come here unwelcome. There are No Rules here, only eliminations.

Rezin: *[screaming out]*

Fugg yeah, PUNK ROCK!!!

Rezin slips out to ringside as the wrestlers in the ring are all eyeballing one another, waiting for the 'official' first elimination style to be announced and for the bell to ring. The cameras once again focus on Tim Tillinghast on the outside of the ring tweeting away excitedly on his phone.

Mr. Fear:

First Round Elimination: Over the top rope..... BEGIN!

As the "Anvil of Crom" Battle music comes to a halt, the bell rings and we are officially off!

The Faithful let out excited cheers as chaos immediately ensues in the ring with Flex Kruger, Mushigari immediately turning and demolishing the love couple Hallmark Journey in the corner.

DDK:

It's clear that ganging up will play a key role in this insane match up!

Lance:

Arthur Pleasant and Ned Reform both seem to be biding their time for the moment while Ryan Batts and Teresa Ames actually have locked up in the center of the ring!

A mean streak to Teresa's movements as she immediately went for Batts, who answers with a hammerlock up grapple, the two positioning for just a moment before the stronger Batts overtakes Teresa, he whips her into the ropes and she baseball slides out the ring next to Courtney Paz.

Teresa Ames:

Keep your head up, blondie. Mrs. Blackwood is here to save The Kabal!

With a grin and smirk Teresa smacks Courtney's back and runs around outside the ring looking to bide time for herself, or perhaps set up some form of streaming session.

DDK:

With him saying over the top rope? That just means the first elimination right? What happens.. Oh who is that?!?

Hopping the barricades at Wrestleplex, Scott Stevens appears close to where Tillinghast is sitting. The Tirade writer stands up along with the other fans as Scott Stevens eyeballs the competitors in the ring. At ringside nearby, Rezin looks like he may move to intercept him from moving in on the ring, but then chooses to hang back after the Texan flashes him a look that makes him think twice of it.

Rezin:

Ehh, why not? The more, the merrier!

Stevens slides into the ring. Ned Reform nimbly moves away from the risky combatant and Arthur Pleasant isn't as lucky as SCOTT STEVENS charges at them with a running CLOTHESLINE!!

Lance:

ARTHUR PLEASANT just got clotheslined over the top ropes by Scott Stevens! We all saw them encounter each other at Last DEFIANCE tv, I guess this is some form of payback? What the hell!?!

Rezin scampers around the ring to where Pleasant has been laid out and spastically points down at him.

Rezin:

ARTHUR PLEASANT... you have been EE-LIM-I-NA-TEEEEDD!!

The bell rings to signify a brief stop while the wrestlers turn their attention to a fit throwing Pleasant who is barely up to his knees now while his attacker, Scott Stevens has already scurried up the ramp way.

DDK:

I really don't think Arthur intended to come down here only to be removed like THAT! He has to be furious!

Indeed he was furious but Mr. Fear's words drew the attention back to the action.

Mr. Fear:

Second Round Elimination... Through the Middle Ropes Elimination.

For added measure a brief graphic of ring ropes is displayed on the DEFIatron, highlighting the 'elimination' zones of the ropes, under the top rope, under the middle rope were the toss spots. Flex Kruger scratches his head while staring at the graphic, meanwhile Ned Reform has found his way to a microphone yet again.

Ned Reform:

Seriously? The middle rope? Are we children here? Why are we putting up with this patronizing nonsense? If everyone in this ring is smart, you'll join me in protesting the ludicrous nature of this...

Suddenly, Ryan Batts, Mushigari and Flex Kruger all charge at Ned Reform, hawking the microphone from his hands, Flex kicks Ned in the Gut! Mushigari follows that up with two elbows to the back of the DOCTOR'S head! And finally Ryan Batts runs up, drop kicks Ned Reform as he stumbles backwards, falling through the middle ropes!

Rezin:

NED REFORM... YOU are E-LIM-I-NA-TEEEEDD!!!

Mr. Fear:

Third Round Elimination: Submissions only!

On the outside of the ring Rezin attempts to restore some order in only the way he knows how: by fucking up. Approaching both Arthur Pleasant and Ned Reform, Rezin attempts to coax them away from the ring, using his sweet punk rock tone and 'money filled' briefcase as his talking points.

Rezin:

No hard feelings, my dudes! We have doomburgers grilling in the back as a consolation prize!

Tim Tillinghast: *[yelling]*

It's no big loss for The Kabal, believe me!

From the front row seats a heckling Tim Tillinghast makes it clear that he was pleased with seeing Arthur eliminated the way that he was. Arthur Pleasant is enraged as he pushes past both Ned Reform and Rezin to get a closer look at Tim T.

DDK:

Quite a lot of developments are going on... firstly Mushigara and Ryan Batts are Double teaming Flex Kruger and Hallmark Journey in a rough 2vs3 right now while Teresa Ames is...

Lance:

Filing her nails. On the outside yeah.. She also just got done recording a live 'Facebook' post for a group called 'The Good Wives?'.

Suddenly a bright white light shines down on Teresa Ames.

Teresa Ames:

What the hell!?

Ames uses her vanity mirror to protect herself from the spotlight that seems to be shining on her directly from the top of Wrestleplex.

DDK:

I know that light!

Out of nowhere! Codename: Guardian appears standing with a presence next to Teresa Ames, the expert camera work of DEFIANCE television making it seem as if the white gardener ranger appears out of thin air.

Guardian: *[voice modified]*

You do not belong here, Teresa. Leave now!

Reaching forward with anger, Codename: Guardian yanks at Teresa's shoulder, clenching the married woman's collarbone as the white masked hero attempts to pull Teresa away from the Battle Royale!

DDK:

This.. is insanity.

Lance:

Arthur just hopped the barricades on the other side of the ring.

DDK:

Tim Tillinghast does not look prepared for this as one of DEFIANCE's most feared wrestlers is about to come face to face with the Tirade maker!

Tim T:

Get back! Get back!

The fragile Tim Tillinghast cowers in fear as Arthur Pleasant hops the top barricade, bringing himself face to face with the man who's been downplaying his matches since his DEFIANCE arrival.

Arthur Pleasant:

Tell ALL of DEFIANCE how you feel about me again, you little 'fucking' NERD!

Reaching back with anger Arthur goes to punch but suddenly the spotlight from the top of Wrestleplex shifts focus, suddenly outpouring it's 'LIGHT' against Arthur Pleasant.

Lance:

Codename: Guardian with a running, springing attack off the barricades against Arthur Pleasant!

The Blade Barrage type attack, shown on replay, displays Codename: Guardian sprinting away from dragging Teresa away from the ring. Instead the white masked hero intervenes on behalf of the helpless DEFIANCE Tirade writer.

DDK:

Wyatt and DEFsecurity are finally arriving to try and establish some order in this chaos as the ring action.. WOW FLEX KRUGER just press slammed Male Hallmark into the mat!

As the cameras zoom out, security is literally pulling both Codename: Guardian and Arthur Pleasant from one another, while trying to keep Tim Tillinghast safe from further, 'wrestler abuse'.

Lance:

I wonder how this will impact Tim's feelings on the rest of the match! Alright to keep folks honest here is where we are at! Ned Reform has been eliminated, which leaves us to six with the current elimination type being: Submissions only!

Teresa Ames appears through the middle ropes on the opposite side of the major encounter of wrestlers.

DDK:

Teresa looks ready for business as after disengaging herself from Guardian, she's back in the ring with a chair in her hand.

Lance:

Submissions only though, Keeps! Not sure if that chair will help her or not!

Flex Kruger has Hallmark Journey's Jonathan-Christopher Hall in a sleeper hold while Vickie Hall attempts to kick off the brute from his husband!

Vickie Hall:

NOT MY BABY!!! Get your hands off of him!!

Ryan Batts yanks Vickie Hall off and tosses her into the corner while Rezin slips into the ring to check on JCH's condition, quickly raising the sleeping man's arm for the start of a three count.

Lance:

Looks like one half of Hallmark Journey has succumbed to Flex's sleepy arms.

Rezin:

That's one...!!

Rezin with excitement counts on with the crowd as he drops the hand for the second time.

Rezin:

That's TWO...!!!

He checks the arm a third time, and it drops again

And THAT'S THREE!! Guy-I-don't-know, YOU'VE BEEN ELIMINATED!!

The Battle Music kicks on briefly but then is suddenly interrupted as the DEFIATron bursts into a white static, seemingly interrupting Mr. Fear's ability to call out the next elimination type. Excitement builds as Rezin hops onto the ring apron to properly address Vickie Hall, Ryan Batts, Teresa Ames, Flex Kruger and Mushigara, the final active combatants in this Proving Grounds Battle Royale.

Rezin:

Okay, errybuddy relax... looks like The Kabal forgot to pay their spooky cable company or some shit. So, uhh... how about the next elimination is by pinfall? BUT... BUT... you gotta pin to the FOUR count!

The Faithful let out a loud jeer as Rezin attempts to take over match elimination duties. Courtney Paz seems to be struggling with her tablet in an attempt to find out why the Battle Music and connection to Mr. Fear suddenly went haywire.

DDK:

Rezin should not be in charge of anything much less a match. Not that this is really a match at this point.

Lance:

Tim Tilinghast is having a field day with the fans as they react instantly to Rezin's direction, OH TERESA AMES with that CHAIR is going right for Vickie Hall while the men square off against each other on the other side of the ring!!

CRACK!

Teresa Ames:

Nighty night! Sweet - no room for you in my club!

The Faithful get an eyeful of carnage as Teresa Ames with no regard for Vickie Hall's tearful goodbyes to the sleeping Jonathon Christopher Hall, gets clocked with a metal chair to the back of her head. Falling flat to the mat with a hard thud the crowd let out a shocked gasp as Teresa presses over her for the quick and underhanded cover. Rezin drops to make the count.

One!

Two!

THREE...

...and then he instinctively stops, apparently forgetting the very stipulation he made moments ago. The glare given to him by Ames suddenly helps him to realize his error, as he slaps his hand into the mat one more time.

FOUR!!

Rezin:

Rando jabroni... YOU have BEEN ee-LIM-uh-NAAATTEEEEDD!!!!

Lance:

Well obviously there was going to be a 4 count as Vickie Hall had no chance at the hands of Teresa Ames who had her sights set on using that chair ever since she entered the ring with it!

DDK:

I guess now dipstick Rezin has to come up with another elimination? I have no clue.

The remaining Battle Royale contestants have gotten so used to waiting that they were already staring Rezin down who has seemingly forgotten his duties. Courtney Paz however has not, she is yanking out what seems to be a cardboard box from underneath the timekeeper's table.

Courtney Paz:

Here use these!

DDK:

Alright what's this now?

Dumping out a box of handcuffs onto the time keeper's table, Rezin steps over with an unsurprisingly confused look on his face. Suddenly he smiles as an idea comes to him.

Rezin:

Oh yeah, I get what you're putin' down... OKAY, rubes, first one to get HANDCUFFED to lawyer lady here is ELIMINATED!

Courtney Paz:

Wait.. what?! Hell No! Rezin! NO I DID NOT AGREE TO THAT! Make them handcuff someone to the ring post or something, not me!

Rezin:

Arright, arright... first one to get handcuffed to the damn chair then!

Rezin points out Courtney's chair in frustration that his original idea was shot down. Courtney Paz doesn't vacate it immediately, but she soon realizes it might be wise to do so, once Flex Kruger immediately charges for Teresa Ames in the ring. The Lord Paramount brutally grabs the smaller in comparison competitor by the arm.

Teresa Ames:

GET OFF ME... YOU BRUTE! GAGE WHERE ARE YOU! HELP ME! SAVE ME!

Lance:

Man.. has she been Facebook Livestreaming again? Teresa Ames has surely lost a screw has she not?

Flex Kruger doesn't seem interested in wanting to see Teresa scamper around the ring anymore as he drags her down the steps outside of the ring. Heading towards the time keeper's table, Flex gives Courtney Paz the type of stare down that says 'get away from that chair'. She throws up her hands and slinks away from it but not in enough time for the moment!

DDK:

Ryan Batts and Mushigara aren't interested in seeing Flex get an easy elimination here and they are both outside of the ring now charging towards Flex Kruger!

Courtney Paz and Teresa Ames both duck out of harms way for the moment as the three men burst into an exchange outside near the time keepers table! Dropkick from BATTIS! Kruger bounces into the barricades as Mushigara charges in with a HARD CLOTHESLINE to the back of Batts!

Lance:

The Handcuffs are becoming the 'protected' item as Mushigara stands over the time keeper's table he's grabbing a pair of cuffs but Kruger's back! DOUBLE AXE HANDLE!

Mushigara is sent stumbling over the timekeeper's table and Kruger now has his own handcuffs as he grabs Mushigara's arm and drags him towards Courtney Paz's now vacated chair.

DDK:

Ryan Batts seems more interested in eliminating Flex Kruger as he interjects himself in the middle of this craziness!

With a flurry of punches being exchanged Ryan Batts stands toe to toe to toe with both Mushigara and Flex Kruger as the three men exchange fists into one another, neither man backing down as the Faithful's cheers grow in excitement as Ryan Batts seems to be getting the upper hand!

Lance:

FACE SLAM into the table on Kruger by Ryan Batts! And ANOTHER FACE Slam into the time keeper's table on Mushigara!

Rezin keeps a close eye on the action, ready to call for an elimination as Ryan Batts gets a pair of handcuffs ready, looking down at the fallen Mushigara and Kruger, Batts seems a bit hesitant as to who to pick!

Lance:

Look at Teresa Ames! She's scampering under the time keeper's table from the other side. I don't think Batts has any idea she is under there!

Using her nimble hands and long finger nails Teresa manages to scrape a pair of long chained handcuffs into her grip while underneath the table, Ryan Batts has Kruger's arm now and has attached his own pair of cuffs to Kruger's right arm, the two ensue in a struggle as Kruger pulls back against Batt's strength!

CLICK!

DDK:

Did Teresa Ames just get that cuff around Batts ankle from underneath the table!?

Rezin:

HAHAHAHA! Ya snooze, ya lose, Batman! The DARK KNIGHT has been ELIMINAAATEEED!!

Mushigara climbs into the ring, taking a breath and a break from the craziness that just took place outside. Flex Kruger stands up and moves deftly away from Ryan Batts who still seems perplexed that his ankle has been shackled. Slamming his fist into the table, he looks to Rezin for help on getting free who shrugs his shoulders.

CRASH!

Lance:

Batts just flipped the table over to reveal Teresa Ames sitting there... is SHE STREAMING AGAIN?!? What the f...

DDK:

Language! And Yes it appears so, Ryan Batts is pissed!

DEFSEC is quick on the ball once again as Wyatt Bronson is separating Teresa from the wreckage of handcuffs and the flipped over table. Batts really wants to get his hands on her as Ames is laughing and waving goodbye while making her way into the ring, where a waiting Flex Kruger and Mushigara are patiently waiting for the third remaining competitor. Meanwhile, the special official for the Proving Grounds is at ringside, appealing to the fans across the barricade for some creative direction.

Rezin:

Arright gang, help me out here... anyone got any good elimination ideas?!

Lance:

Is he seriously asking the fans!? I thought he was moderating this match!

DDK:

Rezin couldn't find his way out of a broom closet at times, how in the world did The Kabal or Mr. Fear or whoever he is think it was a good idea to put him in charge?!

Rezin:

WHAT?! Dog Collars?! I don't have any dog collars... alright, who's next, who's next?

The Goat Bastard makes his way down the line of fans in the front row for this epic occasion. Tim Tillinghast looks eager to offer his idea, but Rezin cuts him off before he can get a word out.

Rezin:

Naahhh, Tim, sorry, but I already know you're gonna suggest the last one to drop ol' Rezin on his head gets eliminated... what else we got?

DDK:

This is never going to end is it?

Lance:

Wait.. I think a fan just gave him an idea, Rezin's hopping up onto the apron now.

Rezin:

Alright... alright! Thanks to my new friend A-Aron over there with the red hair, I've got the MOST PUNK ROCK WAY TO END THIS SHIT BABY!

Spinning around with the mic in his hand, Rezin looks on at the three remaining combatants.

Rezin:

So... the three of you have already proven a lot to Mr. Fear. I'm sure he's fond of those willing to jump through our hoops to prove themselves, and this IS the PROVING GROUNDS after all!

He looks out to the Faithful expecting a pop. When there isn't one, he indifferently shrugs his shoulders.

Rezin:

Oof, tough crowd. Whatever... I'm getting bored of this shit, so let's just wrap it up and sayyy the first person to draw FIRST BLOOD... wins ALL of it!

Flex Kruger:

What the hell?! That doesn't make any se...

SLAP! SLAP!

Before Flex Kruger can finish his statement Teresa Ames cartwheels forward across the ring, immediately taking the words from Rezin as gospel. Impressively she lands on her feet within reaching distance of the Paramount of Pectoral Perfection the first long finger nailed slap lands on his chest. The second more impactful one hits him across the face. Both strikes manage to draw blood from the Masculine man of perfection.

Rezin:

HOLY SHIT! Dude, that was some straight up ninja shit you just pulled! Steroid Steve, bro, you're ELIMINATED!

Teresa Ames:

Don't start that shit with me, Punk Boy. Now did I win or what? Or do I need to make him bleed too?

Pointing at Mushigara who seems ready for a fight but is honestly more confused about whether one will be happening or not.

Rezin:

... well shit, yeah, I guess that's it. Err uhh, CONGRATULATIONS!! Teresa Ames wins the FIRST ROUND of the PROVING GROUNDS! Godzilla, sorry to say this, but you've been EE-LIM-IN-ATE-BLEGHK!!

Rezin is thankfully silenced by the massive paws of Mushigahara seizing him around the neck and lifting him off the mat. The God-Beast proceeds to thrash Rezin around the ring while Courtney Paz reenters the ring and approaches the declared winner.

Courtney Paz: *[tapping a mic]*

Ladies and Gentlemen... The Proving Grounds Battle Royale winner by way of 'DRAWING FINAL BLOOD!' - Teresa Ames!!!

The lawyer of The Kabal's management side straightens her glasses after announcing Teresa as the winner of The Proving Grounds Battle Royale. Courtney awkwardly claps as the fans let out a mixed reaction, cameras panning over to Tim Tilinghast who sure seems eager to share his opinion on this shit fest.

DDK:

... Well... okay. So, is Teresa Ames now a part of The Kabal or what, this has been quite possibly the weirdest....

Lance:

Agreed, Darren. From my research I think Teresa now progresses further INTO the Proving Grounds and is not yet an 'official' member.

DDK:

Please... tell me that we won't..

Lance:

Indeed I already see some scheduled items for the next edition of our meatiest UNCUT. Well, I'm sure there will be lots more to come concerning this story over the next few weeks but I'm really curious now, what's the message that Teresa has for Stalker? And where is Stalker?

DDK:

Hopefully in a dark tomb, never to return.

The camera pans out to Teresa Ames and Courtney Paz officially introducing themselves to one another while Rezin continues to get stomped on by the embittered Flex Kruger and Mushigara.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.