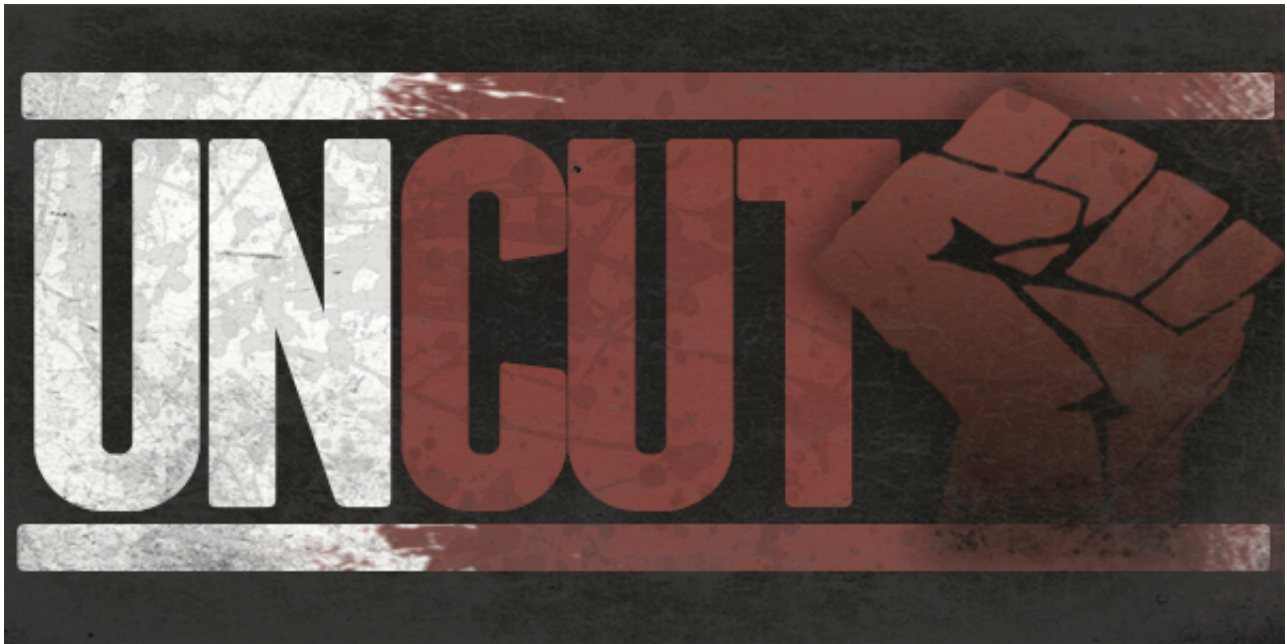


SHOW OPEN

FRIENDS IN LOW PLACES

Location: *Ballyhoo Brew*

Date: *July 6th, 2021*

Time: *3:02 AM*

Brock Newbludd:

Ughhhhh fuuuuucck...this is not good at all, Davey...fuckfuckfuck...

The scene slowly fades in to show a dejected Brock Newbludd sitting on a barstool inside of Ballyhoo Brew. In front of him on the bar sits a single shot glass and a half empty bottle of vodka. Standing behind the bar with a concerned look on his face is Ballyhoo's main bartender, and one of Newbludd's oldest friends, the cajun sensation "Fat Tuesday" Davey LaRue.

Davey LaRue:

I told ya, Brock. I told ya, and told ya but ya jus' didn't listen to ol' Davey. Nobody ever listens ta dis ol' gator even dough de only ting I give is good advice. De only ting, bon ami.

Well past closing time, the dimly lit tavern is quiet except for "Crossroads" by Bone Thugs-n-Harmony playing softly in the background. Still clad in his ring gear, despite the fact that DEFTV had gone off the air roughly four hours earlier, the visibly intoxicated Newbludd runs a hand through his sweat matted hair and snorts.

Brock Newbludd:

Yeah, well I was planning on telling Cass. For suuure...right after we won the tag belts that is. I just didn't wanna bring it up and make things weird, ya know?

Grabbing the vodka bottle, Brock sloppily pours himself a shot, spilling as much of it on the bar as he does inside of the glass. Disregarding his mess, Brock raises the glass to Davey and frowns.

Brock Newbludd:

But, now thanks to Malak, I'd say shit's pretty fuckin' weird now!

Newbludd lets out a defeated laugh and throws the vodka down his throat. Wincing from the burn, Brock groans and leans forward to rest his forehead on the bar. The instant his face touches the booze soaked wood Newbludd lets out a curse and sits back up. Clearly the vodka had helped him forget about the cut Cassidy had given him above his eye and sticking his face in a puddle of the stuff instantly reminded him of his fresh injury.

Brock Newbludd:

Owwwww! Fuck, that burns! Dude, did you see how pissed Cass was? He tried to beat the shit out of me!

Wiping up Brock's mess with a towel, LaRue shrugs his shoulders.

Davey LaRue:

Can't say I blame him, bon ami. Siobhan's de man's kid sister so ya had ta have known he wasn't gonna buy ya a beer when he found out about everything. Which he would've eventually, Brock.

Brock Newbludd:

Shit, man, I know! I wanted to say something but Siobhan wouldn't let me! I mean, who WOULDN'T want their sister to date one of their best friends!?

Davey LaRue:

I dunno, bon ami, and I don't tink dat matters anymore. De real question is, how are ya gonna fix dis?

Newbludd leans back and folds his arms across his chest. Drunkenly swaying back and forth, The Innovator thinks for a moment before standing up. The instant his feet hit the floor they betray him and he stumbles backwards, knocking the barstool over in the process. Ignoring the stool, Brock counteracts his non responsive feet by reaching out and

grabbing the edge of the bar with both hands. Pulling himself forward, Newbludd props both elbows on the bar and points a finger at LaRue.

Brock Newbludd:

Oh, I'll fix it, Davey. I already got a plan, buddy. Just formulated it right here in my big noodle...

Davey raises an eyebrow as Newbludd smiles and nods his head.

Davey LaRue:

Tinkin' wit' dat noodle of yours got ya inta dis' mess, bon ami...

Brock suddenly reaches out and grabs Davey by the shirt. Pulling his friend close so that their nearly touching noses, Newbludd tries his best to lock eyes with the bartender but is clearly suffering from Vodka-Vision.

Brock Newbludd:

Not my dick noodle, Davey...I'm talkin' about my brain noodle...and my brain noodle has a plan.

Giving his friend a free pass, Davey removes Brock's hand and sighs.

Davey LaRue:

Ok, bon ami, I'll bite. What did dat 'brain noodle' of yours come up wit? Lay it out for ol' Davey.

Newbludd reaches for the vodka bottle but Davey stops him and pours out another shot for his overserved friend. Grabbing the shot glass, Brock downs it and slams it down on the bar triumphantly.

Brock Newbludd:

There's only one thing we can do, buddy. We need to win those titles....we need to beat the piss outta Malak and take that gold. It's the only way, man. We beat The Comments Section and we show Pat that we're in this thing for the long haul. That we're super fuckin' serious about the tag team, the bar, and...

Davey LaRue:

Bangin' his sister? What are ya talkin' about? And what do ya mean by 'we'?

Brock Newbludd:

Shhhhhh...don't worry buddy, just stick to the plan...

Brock smiles and tries to put a finger up to Davey's lips but the burly bartender swats his hand away.

Davey LaRue:

Ya do dat again and ya won't be gettin' dat hand back. It's late Brock and I've had ta listen to ya piss and moan all night about dis. So, get ta point so I can go home!

Brock Newbludd:

I need you to be my tag partner at Maximum Defiance. There, congratulations. Together, we're gonna fix this whole situation! Brock and Davey, back in the saddle again!

Davey's jaw drops and he narrows his eyes at the grinning Newbludd.

Davey LaRue:

Ya want me ta take Pat's place in de match? I ain't wrassled in years, bon ami.

Brock grabs the bottle of vodka, pours some into the glass, and slides it towards Davey.

Brock Newbludd:

C'mon buddy. I know you love this bar as much as I do. If we don't fix this, if we don't get Pat and Siobhan back...

Newbludd puts his head down and pounds a fist into the bar.

Brock Newbludd:

Bro, Ballyhoo Brew is a family, and I literally fucked my family...or...that didn't sound right...anyways, ya gotta help me unfuck it. You know that this is probably the best thing we've ever had, and shit, maybe it's the best we ever will have. Whaddya say buddy?

Davey stares at his friend for a long moment, letting Brock's words soak in. After a few more seconds of silence pass, Newbludd looks up from the bar to see his friend drinking the shot. Wiping his mouth, the big Cajun lets out a tremendous belch and puts a hand on Brock's shoulder.

Davey LaRue:

Cheer up, bon ami. Ol' Davey will go find his singlet tomorrow and he'll help ya out. Let's take care of dat greasy river rat Malak, take his gold, and get our friends back.

Brock's eyes goes wide in excitement and he slaps Davey on the shoulder.

Brock Newbludd:

Fuck yeah, buddy! Let's do it! We're gonna save the fuckin' day!

Fired up, Brock grabs the bottle of vodka and crawls up on top of the bar. Raising the bottle up over his head, the drunken grappler cups his other hand around his mouth.

Brock Newbludd:

You hear that Malak!? The Saturday Night Specials are still comin' for you, asshole! And when we're done kickin' the shit out of ya...

To accentuate his point, Brock does something resembling a kick in the air. Unable to keep his balance due to drinking a half bottle of vodka, Newbludd falls backwards to land back first onto the bar. Letting out a loud 'OOF!' upon impact, Brock bounces hard and rolls off to crash land on the floor. Shaking his head, Davey leans over the bartop to see his friend lying facedown on the floor. Somehow Brock was able to not spill a drop of vodka through it all.

Davey LaRue:

I shoulda probably asked for a raise too...

As LaRue makes his way out from behind the bar to help his friend, the camera slowly fades out.

REZIN vs. LEYENDA DE OCHO

♪ "Hold Back the Night" by The Protomen ♪

The stage lights up in multiple colors as LEYENDA DE OCHO charges forth from the entryway to a sizable crowd pop. He makes his way down the ramp at an energetic clip, slapping hands with fans reaching across the barricade on his trip to the ring and getting the crowd hyped.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, hailing from Chicago, Illinois, and weighing in at one-hundred and eighty-eight pounds... he is the CARTRIDGE CRUISER... LEYENDA DEEEEEEE OOOOOCCHHOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

We've got one-on-one action here tonight on this final DEFIANCE Uncut before MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, and making his way to the ring, we've got one of the most electrifying new talents to join the ranks of BRAZEN in Leyenda de Ocho!

Lance:

This guy is an amazing high flying talent who has earned quite a reputation for himself in the indie leagues, and tonight, he's making his official Uncut in-ring debut. I can't wait to see what he's got in store for us!

LDO hops to the apron and scales the corner post to pump both hands into the air holding up four fingers apiece for a total of eight, getting another pop from the crowd before wowing everyone with a forward flip off the top rope to enter the ring.

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

The crowd noise flips completely as REZIN steps out from a cloud of smoke forming over the entry-way. With his trademark evil grin plastered over his face, he takes a moment to walk from one end of the stage to the other to soak up the hate before heading on down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing in at two-hundred and five pounds... here is the ESCAPE ARTIST... RRREEEEEEZZZZIIIIINN!!!

Lance:

Not gonna lie, Kees, I'm kinda surprised, and only slightly disappointed, that we're not in for any "Inglorious Misadventures" on tonight's Uncut with this man and our correspondent Chris Trutt, but I was told Chris called in sick this week.

DDK:

Probably so he wouldn't have to deal with this scumbag! In any case, with this match, Rezin is getting a bit of a warm-up for when he meets yet another masked luchadore, the Favoured Saints Champion MINUTE, in the ring at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE a week from tonight!

Rezin climbs the same ring post as his opponent did earlier, points directly at LDO with a snarky grin, and performs his own front flip. He doesn't quite stick the landing and stumbles to keep himself from doing a faceplant. The Faithful en masse laugh at his less-than-graceful stunt, which melts his grin into an angry scowl flashed into the crowd.

Lance:

These two competitors should give us quite the aerial affair, given their athletic abilities.

DDK:

Looks like the official is ready to get this one underway!

DING DING

The determined LDO and the now irate Rezin meet in the center of the ring and circle each other as either man looks for an opening. Rezin is the first to bite, bursting forth with his arms outstretched, but Ocho agilely slips through his legs and hops back to his feet.

DDK:

Quick dodge by Ocho, slipping underneath... and a PELE KICK to Rezin's upper back sends him into the ropes!

Rezin twirls around and sneers. LDO confidently bounces in place, toying with the Goat Bastard as if to say come and get me. Rezin wipes the side of his nose indignantly before circling around again. This time he shoots in low, and Ocho deftly leapfrogs over him.

DDK:

Ocho evades again, but Rezin is ready this time with a ROUNDHOUSE KICK of his own--NO!! LDO catches him first with a front dropkick to the ribs to send him back into the corner!

Lance:

Rezin very well may become the Championship Edition after MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, but the 8-bit legend is the Turbo Edition tonight as he stays two steps ahead of the Goat Bastard.

Rezin connects with the turnbuckle and snarls at Ocho, while the Cartridge Cruiser continues working up the crowd and beckoning him for more. Now enraged by the BRAZEN upstart, the Escape Artist charges out of the corner like an unhinged maniac.

Lance:

Ocho is definitely getting into the Goat Bastard's head tonight!

DDK:

And Rezin has had enough as he comes after LDO--no, he runs right into the MONKEY FLIP that sends him HIGH into the air... and WOW, what impact off the mat!

Taking a bump so hard it practically bounces him back to his feet, Rezin crashes face-first into the top turnbuckle of the opposite corner. Ocho pops to his feet and quickly runs in to hook Rezin around the head and kick himself off the corner.

DDK:

Here's Leyenda de Ocho, out of the corner and up on Rezin's shoulders, spins once... TWICE... THRICE!! And DRILLS HIM head-first into the mat!

Lance:

Talk about putting the tornado in the Tornado DDT!

Continuing to roll around on the mat after so many rotations, Rezin eventually ends up on his back. LDO runs in and lands a quick running senton before going for the lateral press.

DDK:

LDO making the cover off the senton to the ribs!

One!

Two!

KICKOUT by the Escape Artist!

Huffing and wheezing, Rezin rolls under the ropes and staggers around aimlessly on the ringside floor. Then a few overzealous fans talking trash his way suddenly catch his attention once he notices one of them wearing a Misfits t-shirt. As he begins to demand they name at least three songs, Ocho puts himself into motion...

Lance:

Leaving the ring while a cruiserweight fan favorite is still inside... BIG MISTAKE there!

DDK:

LDO off the opposite ropes... Rezin finally turning around--ROPE FLIP PLANCHA COMPLETELY LAYS HIM OUT AT RINGSIDE!!

"YEEEEAAHHHH!!!"

The crowd is now going wild as Ocho zips to his feet and holds up the eight-finger hand-sign. Then he rolls Rezin back into the ring, who is convulsing in a mixed bag of anger, surprise, and pain. The Cartridge Cruiser quickly runs up the ringsteps and perches himself on the top rope...

DDK:

Ocho going UP TOP as the Goat Bastard eventually gets back to his feet in a daze... Rezin turns around, and LDO FLIES OFF -- BEAUTIFUL DRAGONRANA --

Rezin somersaults wildly off the head-scissor motion, only to land perfectly on his feet.

Lance:

WHOA...

LDO stands stunned for a moment as Rezin slowly looks over his shoulder to him, his face now bearing the creepy Kubrick eyes that indicate he's done messing around. He shakes his head "no", before delivering a sidekick to Ocho's mid-section to double him over.

DDK:

Rezin with the kick to the gut -- SUNSET FLIP PILEDRIVER on Ocho!

Lance:

That came out of nowhere!

DDK:

The Goat Bastard is finally showing off a bit of his own technique... and now he hooks the leg for the cover!

One!

Two!

TH--KICKOUT by LDO!

Rezin wildly shakes his head and begins muttering unintelligibly as he forcibly pulls Ocho off the mat and throws him across the second rope after a couple of sharp kicks to the ribs. The Escape Artist then goes to the near corner...

DDK:

Momentum in this match has shifted as Rezin raises up to the second turnbuckle... OH GOD, DOUBLE STOMP across the BACK of Leyenda de Ocho, just garrotting the Cartridge Cruiser across the ropes!

Lance:

Rezin is apparently finished taking his licks as he unleashes his own form of punishing high flying offense, using every square inch of that ring to his advantage.

DDK:

I think Rezin's looking to put this away as he pulls Ocho off the ropes as ROLLS UP the 8-bit Legend from behind and puts his shoulders to the mat!

ONE!

TWO!

And OCHO ROLLS THROUGH for the reversal!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!! Leg-scissor across the mask breaks up the counter!

Both men quickly get back to their feet before Rezin bulls Ocho into the ropes and pushes him off to send him running. On the return, he goes for a forward flip that LDO slides under and slips under the ropes and hides below the edge of the ring. Rezin lands on his feet and turns around, only to see that Ocho has disappeared. Confused, the Escape Artist looks back to the other side of the ring as the Cartridge Cruiser pops back onto the apron.

DDK:

Rezin loses LDO after some back and forth, and -- OCHO OFF THE ROPES WITH A SPRINGBOARD CROSS-BODY!!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR -- NO!! Almost had him!

O-CHO!! O-CHO!! O-CHO!! O-CHO!!

With the crowd getting behind him, LDO steps back for distance and waits for Rezin to rise up. Rezin looks to be in a stupor once again as he pushes himself up to a knee and lingers in that position as if begging to have his head kicked off. Ocho charges.

DDK:

Here comes Leyenda de Ocho with the SHINING --

SMACK!

OOOooooohhh...

DDK:

NO!! He ran himself RIGHT INTO A CLOVEN HOOF KICK BY REZIN that came absolutely out of nowhere! LDO is OUT!!

Lance:

Just when you think he's down, he comes back like the living dead. Ocho looked to be in a perfect position to finish things off, but Rezin has cut off his momentum yet again.

Ocho is prone on the mat as Rezin's wild eyes find the near corner, and he begins climbing up to the top rope. Perched up high, he Christ-poses for the jeering Faithful once more before sending himself airborne with the VOIDSAULT. Ocho rolls his body...

DDK:

Rezin with the VOIDSAULT--NO, Ocho MOVES--NO-WAIT-REZIN LANDS ON HIS FEET AND DOUBLE MOONSAULTS RIGHT ONTO LDO!!

Lance:

Unbelievable!

Even the crowd is wowed in amazement by Rezin's phenomenal high-flying feat as he quickly slaps Ocho into an inverted facelock to force him back off the mat, twists both bodies around into the three-quarter facelock, and goes up and over...

DDK:

INTO THE VOID!! That's gotta be it! Rezin going for the cover!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by pinfall... THE ESCAPE ARTIST... RRRRRREEEEZZZZIIIIINNNNN!!!

The Faithful boo vehemently as Rezin makes it back to his feet and holds out his arms to the crowd in a show of defiance, the familiar sardonic smirk returning to his face. Meanwhile, the referee helps Ocho to recover.

DDK:

Despite the valiant showing by the Cartridge Cruiser, Rezin walks away from this match with an impressive win, giving him that much more momentum as he goes into his title match against the Favoured Saints Champion Minute at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Rezin's unpredictable nature in that ring is no doubt his greatest weapon, as we saw here tonight. Whatever happens at MAXDEF, I highly doubt the Escape Artist will be through with showing us just what he's capable of when he gets pushed to extreme lengths!

Rezin climbs a turnbuckle and makes belt motions around his waist as he mugs to the camera.

Rezin:

The BOMB is gonna drop, Minute!! The BOMB IS GONNA DROP!!

AWAKENING

Previously recorded at the first night DEFtv 156...

We open backstage in the gorilla position. Only moments after his match against Bronson Box, KERRY KUROYAMA comes walking in with a hand rubbing the soreness out of his neck. Then he notices the camera, and the reporter waiting nearby. He can't help but chuckle softly.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Jamie... you just don't give up, do you?

Slipping into the frame is Jamie Sawyers, mic in hand and ready for business.

Jamie Sawyers:

Kerry! Can I get a few words?

Kuroyama groans.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Given the circumstances, I'm not sure I'm all that interested in words right now, Jamie. Is there any reason why you keep ambushing me backstage with these surprise interviews, or are you just looking for something to keep you busy?

The reporter's face reddens and he grimaces slightly at this last dig.

Jamie Sawyers:

Sorry... I guess I just feel like your comeback isn't really getting the kind of attention it deserves, and I feel obligated to get people to know the story of Kerry Kuroyama's DEFIANT resurgence. I don't know, maybe it just has something to do with the two of us being Puget Sound natives?

Kerry sighs once he realizes there's no quit to Jamie in pursuing this scoop.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Fine, Jamie... if you're gonna play the hometown card, I suppose I can give you a few minutes.

Jamie Sawyers:

Thanks, Kerry! Let's just get right into it then, how are you feeling after that match with Bronson Box? Do you regret having lost by submission?

The Pacific Blitzkrieg sighs again. He's disappointed, aching, and in no mood to be answering uncomfortable questions. But the storm in his head calms as he takes a moment to process his feelings and answer the question.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Nobody likes admitting they tapped out, Jamie. Be as it may, that's what happened. I guess I can join the list of guys Bronson has bested at some point in that ring. Considering how long that list is, I don't think I'll be losing sleep over taking this loss. Box is a hell of a competitor, and I hope I showed him I have the capacity to be a hell of a competitor in my own right.

Jamie Sawyers:

Can you tell us what happened in those final moments? What was going through your head? Some were saying you tapped out rather quickly, that you could have held on a bit longer.

Kerry ponders the question, then shrugs.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Maybe... but I was pretty much beat by that point, if you think about it. Sure, I probably could have gone down a bit more "heroically", so to speak. I could have fought it until I passed out and pissed my pants, or he snapped my back in

two. Would that have looked “heroic”?

Jamie makes a face that suggests it probably would not.

Kerry Kuroyama:

And sure, maybe I could have miraculously fought my way out... but what then? In doing that, I'd only be leaving myself completely drained of strength and energy. Would have made it a lot easier for him to just pick me up and drop my head on the turnbuckle, as Bronson does.

Eyes squinting, he again rubs at the soreness in his neck.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Here's the thing, though, Jamie... would any of that be worth putting that kind of toll on the body? For one match on DEFtv, that will probably be forgotten in a couple weeks once we get to MAXDEF? Is it really worth the risk?

He defiantly shakes his head.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Not by my standards, Jamie. I made the choice to accept the loss on my own standards and live to fight another day. I stand by that choice, regardless of whatever anybody says or thinks. I'll leave the long and grueling battles for the big fights, when something of worth is actually at stake.

Jamie Sawyers:

Still, one would argue that a victory over a DEFIANCE legend like Bronson Box is an achievement almost as great as winning any title or accolade.

Kerry nods in agreement.

Kerry Kuroyama:

No doubt, a win over Box would do well for my career. But there will always be future possibilities. For now, I can live with the satisfaction of walking away from this with the knowledge that I can stand my own against this company's Original DEFIANT.

He looks Sawyers in the eye to make his message as simple and direct as possible.

Kerry Kuroyama:

My goal right now, Jamie, is to simply compete in matches, and continue improving my game, until I start winning those matches. I didn't get that done tonight, but there's more to gain from a match like that than a mere tally in the win column. And tonight, I know I made gains.

He looks directly into the camera. His stare is as fierce and portentous as a brewing tsunami.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I don't feel any need to steal the show with an epic and over-the-top match of the night to feel like I'm making progress in my career. I'm not in this just to be seen, like some of the other guys in that locker room. I'm not an attention whore; I'm an athlete. Pure and simple.

He looks back to Jamie.

Kerry Kuroyama:

A week ago, I made an open challenge to anyone worth my time, and I'm grateful that someone at the level of Bronson Box answered the call. Because that's what my career needs right now: experience in that ring, against the DEFIANCE's best and greatest talents.

He raises a hand and clenches his fist. It shakes intensely in front of the two of them, while the rest of his body remains

as stoic and unmoving as a statue.

Kerry Kuroyama:

That is how I improve... *that* is how I get better. And that's the path I'm walking right now.

Jamie Sawyers:

So where does "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama go from here? Where is that "path" your own leading you?

Kerry Kuroyama:

Right now, I'm just hoping to find a spot on MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. We'll see what turns up these next couple weeks on that front.

Jamie Sawyers:

And after MAXDEF, what then?

Kerry again takes a beat to think the question over. He spends a moment looking down at his own clenched fist, as though for the first time beginning to realize his potential.

Kerry Kuroyama:

To be honest, Jamie, I feel this match has awakened something inside of me...

His eyes find the camera again, and it's clear that he's no longer simply talking to Jamie at this point, but the greater DEFIANCE universal as a whole.

Kerry Kuroyama:

It shouldn't be any mystery as to what I want out of my career. I want what every person who comes to DEFIANCE wants. I want to climb to the top of the ladder. I want to be recognized as the greatest in the company. I want the FIST...

He makes the belt gesture around his waist, in case there was any confusion as to what he's referring to. However, there's a honest bit of humility in his voice as he looks to Jamie again like a man who knows that's easier said than done.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But I know it's going to be a long road to get there. And to truly get to that level, I need to be prepared against whatever challenges future opponents bring me. I need to keep improving, so when those big matches come, I'll be ready and confident enough to overcome those challenges.

Jamie Sawyers:

And how do you intend to do that?

Kerry Kuroyama:

Bronson Box is a DEFIANCE legend, no dispute there. But DEFIANCE has many legends. I'm going to seek them out, one by one. I'm going to continue testing myself against this federation's greatest. I'm going to continue improving my game, until I finally join their ranks.

Jamie Sawyers:

I see... well, Kerry, I think I've taken up enough of your time, but I can't thank you enough for giving us all a peek into the mindset of Kerry Kuroyama, and I will wish you the best of luck as you continue on that path to the top.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Thanks, Jamie. Guess I'll see you around, given your so dead set on following this story.

Jamie chuckles a bit. Kerry is about to head back to the locker room when...

"Mr. Kuroyama!"

Kerry snaps to attention as a stage-hand steps into the frame and offers him up a small, folded up piece of paper.

Stage-hand:

Someone left a message for you.

Kuroyama looks confused and Sawyers looks curious as the former takes the piece of paper and the stage-hand moves on to get back to work. Kerry opens the fold and reads the message. His face darkens in a mix of surprise and exasperation.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Son of a...

Kerry crumbles the paper up and shoves it into his pocket. He looks visibly annoyed now. More so than he was coming back from a loss.

Jamie Sawyers:

What was that about?

Kerry Kuroyama:

...it would appear that my presence has been requested. Next week, at UNCUT. Whatever... I gotta get out of here.

Jamie Sawyers:

See you around, Kerry!

Kuroyama heads to the back, but the reporter looks slightly concerned for him as he watches him leave.

SEARCH PARTY CYRUS MISSION 005

The chopper floats steadily through the air as Cyrus Bates holds the grab rail with a power stance. He's wearing a button up tropical shirt and beige shorts that whip around wildly from the wind slicing through the helicopter. The Bellicose Brawler peers through his dark tinted aviators like he's some mega boss on an episode of CSI: Miami.

Cyrus Bates:

What's our status?

Bates screams to the pilot and co-pilot which are MEE6 and ALEX, naturally.

ALEX:

Approaching the mountains momentarily!

The view from the helicopter is picturesque as mountains are indeed on the horizon. The helicopter makes its way to a flat area at the base of the mountains in order to land. Upon successful touch down and engine shut off, the trio spill out of the flying machine and hatch a plan.

Cyrus Bates:

Okay, listen—

Before Bates gets another word out, his phone rings. He hastily pulls it up to his ear.

Cyrus Bates:

Hello? Y-yes. I know. I... I...

It seems like Cyrus can't get a word in edgewise, as he gets berated by whoever is on the other end of the line. Before he knows it, the call is abruptly disconnected. Cyrus sighs and stows his phone away.

ALEX:

Who was that, Blue Eagle?

Cyrus Bates:

Oof. That was Swans Nest. He's none too pleased with our progression. He's saying the three of us are a trope, doing the same sort of thing repeatedly with the exact same results. He did, however, say that he has a good feeling about there.

Bates points to the top of the mountain where a Buddhist temple sits.

Cyrus Bates:

It's now or never, boys. We must infiltrate that temple and retrieve the subject. Our lives depend on it.

KYLE SHIELDS vs. SHO NAKAZAWA

DDK:

Sho Nakazawa and Kyle Shields are already in the ring. We're simply waiting on referee MARK Shields to make his way out.

Lance:

I don't get how Mark can referee his younger brother's match-

Warner stops speaking as he feels a tap on his shoulder.

???:

Get out.

Lance turns around to see Princess Desire standing there.

Princess Desire:

I'll be taking over colour commentary duties for this one.

Lance looks at his partner, gives a shrug and vacates the table for The Origami Queen. Desire takes her place, albeit struggling because she is very pregnant at the moment. She fumbles around with the headset, puts it on and then smiles sadistically at Darren Keebler.

Princess Desire:

Third trimester.

Keebler nods.

DDK:

Well, I am being joined by a guest colour commentator.

Princess laughs.

Princess Desire:

Guest no more. You're looking at the new UNCUT colour commentator. *[With a wink and a kiss to DDK]* Whenever I feel like showing up.

The scene switches to the ring as Mark Shields finally enters the squared circle and calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

We are off! Nakazawa circling Kyle... Kyle looks indifferent...

Princess Desire:

Look at the size of this Sho. I wouldn't view him as a threat at all! Small, tiny, weak. Kyle's got this!

DDK:

Need I remind you, Princess, Sho has years worth of training and experience. He trained with Cayle Murray of all people. Kyle is extremely yellow -and lazy- inside the ring.

Desire's indifferent.

Princess Desire:

Yadda yadda yadda. I'm the one providing the colour here, KEEBLER!

Sho lunges at Kyle, applying a headlock. Kyle pushes Nakazawa into the ropes but the Japanese athlete takes the opportunity to jump onto the second rope and come flying off with a back elbow smash! Shields hits the canvas as Nakazawa flips to his feet.

A superkick. Another superkick. A third superkick works Kyle Shields into the corner and then Sho Irish whips the Kansas City native into the corner across the way.

DDK:

Nakazawa with a splash to Shields!

Princess Desire:

Kyle's playing possum! Hahah!

DDK:

Uh, no he's not.

Nakazawa hurls Shields into the corner he initially came from. Shields meets the buckle hard, chest first and wobbles his way out. Nakazawa races in, lifts Shields and throws him over his head...

But surprisingly, Shields lands on his feet!

DDK:

Kyle with a diving DDT to Nakazawa!

Princess Desire:

TOLD YOU! Hahahaha!

As The Princess laughs maniacally, the match continues on. Kyle Shields locks in an arm bar and tells his brother to check on the submission.

Kyle Shields:

HEY BRRROOOOOO!

Mark forgets what he's doing, which is being a referee.

Mark Shields:

Fuck man, what's up?

And Kyle is likely too stupid to care.

Kyle Shields:

You wanna hit a club after this?

Mark nods frantically.

Mark Shields:

Fuck ya. I'll call Melissa.

Kyle Shields:

Call MEL? Sisters are LAME.

DDK:

So... let me get this straight... IF Sho Nakazawa was tapping right now, both men would never know.

Princess Desire:

Mind games, KEEBLER. These Shields boys are so legit. Getting by without doing much of anything. THESE are lessons to live by, kids who are watching from home. Look at how little effort both men make on a day-to-day basis and look how far they've come! Full time jobs. Well paying, full time jobs!

As Desire says those final words, Nakazawa slips out of the arm bar and rolls Kyle into a pin!

But Mark is too busy speaking about what club he wants to go to.

Mark Shields:

We could go Bourbon Heat. I DO NOT want to go Ballyhoo Brew. Fuck those guys, it isn't even a club! Also, I heard it might be closing given the recent incident.

Nakazawa drops the backslide pinning attempt and fumes at Mark.

DDK:

Sho had the match won!

Princess Desire:

No he didn't. There was no three!!!

Nakazawa is about to shove Mark but cooler heads prevail. However, he doesn't see Kyle sneak up from behind!

DDK:

Kyle spins Sho around and a rake to the eyes! Of course Mark didn't see it.

Princess Desire:

Gonna have to call BULLSHIT on that one, KEEBLER. Mark wouldn't have seen it if Sho did the eye rake, either!

Keeps sighs in agreement as Kyle Shields pushes Nakazawa into the ropes. Once again, Sho takes the opportunity to jump on the second rope and come flying off with a back elbow smash.

DDK:

Kyle ducked it!

Princess Desire:

Impressive, no?

DDK:

I will say the idiot has the talent when he wants to apply himself.

Kyle hits the ropes himself and connects with a beautiful punt kick to Nakazawa's head, knocking Sho's mask sideways. Kyle drags Nakazawa off the canvas and hits a snap suplex into a float over pin.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT.

Kyle nods. No hassle towards his brother as he headlocks Nakazawa.

Princess Desire:

Amazing sportsmanship by Kyle. A-maz-ing.

DDK:

Why? Because he didn't complain about the count?

Princess laughs as Sho works his way to a knee and then breaks free from the hold. Nakazawa kicks Kyle in the chest and then roundhouse kicks Kyle in the spleen. Nakazawa scoop slams the Shields wrestler to the center of the ring and applies a grounded surfboard lock!

Mark Shields: *[laughing while seeing the hold]*

Surfs up, dude!

DDK:

Mark's an idiot... his brother may tap!

Princess Desire:

Again, KEEBLER, The Shields are showing no favoritism towards each other whatsoever! Ha!

Kyle cries out as Nakazawa has the move locked in. Shields waves his free right arm around, looking like he may give it up...

DDK:

Kyle escapes! He kicks his right leg free and the hold is broken!

Princess Desire:

So impressed. Like, so, so, so, so, sooooo impressed!

Nakazawa continues the attack, however. He crushes Shields with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker and a leaping leg drop. Sho is about to hook a leg for a cover but Kyle gains a second wind and applies an STF!

Immediately, Sho has the bottom rope.

DDK:

Not great ring awareness by Kyle. This is where his green shows.

Both men gain a vertical base. Sho chops Kyle hard and the crowd WOOOOOS as he does.

A few more chops follow. Nakazawa hurls Kyle into the ropes but at the last second, Kyle grabs hold of his brother and uses him as support to pivot around and come flying back at Nakazawa with an inside cradle.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

Princess Desire:

OOOHHHH clever!! Go Kyle!

DDK:

Kyle Shields wins with help from Mark!

Princess Desire:

No. NO help from Mark! Kyle grabbed his brother but as you can see in the replay... Mark did NOTHING! Mark was in the proper referee position, too. GOSH dude, am I going to have to replace you next time!?

DDK:

Well either way, a shady victory for Kyle Shields here.

Sho Nakazawa kneels on the canvas as he watches Mark raise his younger brother's hand. Nakazawa rolls out of the ring, shaking his head.

Princess Desire:

I had a blast, Darren. Thanks so much, I'll see ya again!

Desire takes off the headset as UNCUT goes elsewhere.

EYE'S ON THE PRIZE

Jamie Sawyers:

Fans we are almost to Maximum Defiance and one of the matches we have on tap for you is Doctor Ned Reform against the man I have backstage with me for this Uncut Exclusive ... Nathan Eye!

From the left Nathan Eye walks up to Jamie and the look on his face suggests he has something on his mind.

Jamie Sawyers:

Nathan ... you have been the target of Ned Reform's recruiting program for the last couple of months and after you turned him down, he took that personally. He attacked you on a recent episode of Uncut after using his TA's to challenge you to the match. How are you preparing for a man like Ned Reform?

The Handsome Face takes a moment to answer the question.

Nathan Eye:

Jamie ... I'll answer your question but before I do, I want to tell you a story. And it's a story that I am positive is going to give the Good Doctor a reason to question my intelligence but it's a story that I haven't told before.

He twirls a finger to tell the viewers he thinks little of what Reform thinks.

Nathan Eye:

Like many aspiring wrestlers that have been in this sport before me and many that will come after me, I loved wrestling at a young age. I love everything about what we do. The physicality. The strength. The fire. The passion. All of that! I loved all of it and I knew one day I wanted to make my mark in this world we live in. But all through my youth going all the way to college, I played baseball. And I'm not the type of guy who will sit here and toot his own horn just because of that ... but I was good at it. I was really good at it. A lot of recruiters came after me with a lot of promises for a lot of money; more than I think I could make here in DEFIANCE Wrestling even.

His hands go up.

Nathan Eye:

Now don't get it confused ... money is great but it's not what drives me and the decisions I make. I don't care and I have never cared about that because monetary value doesn't represent the worth of the type of man that you are. And if we're talking about worth in that terms ... Doctor Ned, you and your opinions of me and the other people you talk down to: all of that isn't worth shit!

Now he's talking directly to those watching.

Nathan Eye:

What does my story have to do with anything? It has to do with the fact that you, Neddy Boy, like to walk around with your little TA's Rod and Tod and act holier-than-thou because you have a scholarly advantage that most don't. Me? I am not afraid to say that I passed up a pro baseball career that people would kill for because this all around us is what I wanted to do. I could probably rub that in the faces of many people but I would have just been a guy who's good at a job. I don't want to be just good at a job. I want to be the best in a sport that I truly love!

Jamie Sawyers looks impressed with the young man's spirit.

Nathan Eye:

I'm working to show people that one day at a time, your dreams don't have to just stay dreams. I'm not one of these "rise and grind" idiots on Instagram. I'm letting the actions I make speak my message. My message is that at Maximum Defiance, you and every other hater, detractor and dream killer that looks down on people will learn one thing. You can't stop me!

Jamie Sawyers:

Powerful words for Ned Reform! We look forward to seeing that match at Maximum Defiance!

Nathan Eye:

Thanks Jamie.

The scene quickly fades.

DAN LEO JAMES vs. "CUNNING" CURT CUNNING

DDK:

Folks, coming up next we've got a BRAZEN showcase match featuring two of the many rising stars that were in action at last weekend's CLASH of the BRAZEN! It will be the young man from Hurricane, Utah... Dan Leo James! He takes on the unknown wrestler calling himself "Cunning" Curt Cunning. What more can you tell us about these two men?

Lance:

Dan Leo James is someone that BRAZEN officials have had their eyes on for some time. 6'7" and 250 pounds and ONLY 21, which is crazy and boasts a growing technical game which can be unusual for a competitor his size. He scored two big wins on the last BRAZEN Double Shot while his opponent, "Cunning" Curt Cunning... well, not many know about this masked man. He claims to be the smartest wrestler in BRAZEN so we'll see if he can outsmart young James.

DDK:

That we will. We'll hear from both men as they head to the ring now.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a BRAZEN Showcase set for one fall! Introducing first, from Hurricane, Utah... Not THAT UTA... weighing in at 251 pounds... **DAN LEO JAMES!**

♪ "This Is Letting Go" by Rise Against ♪

There is little fanfare for the young man, but he comes out and looks out to the big crowd in the DEF-Plex and is taken a little aback. He marches forward wearing black pants with a red line down one side and a blue down the other with black boots. He heads down to the ring and when he gets there, he looks at the crowd one more time still in awe of the biggest crowd he may have wrestled in front of. He climbs through the ropes and almost slips out of a bit of nervousness, but once he gets inside, he recovers and raises a hand as the inset promo hits.

Dan Leo James:

Hey... the name is Dan Leo James. Yeah, I'm one of those "two first names" guys. But I promise I'm one of the nice ones. Unlike my opponent who thinks he's so smart, he literally has "Cunning" as his nickname and his last name. Well, Curt, I'll show you how smart *I* am between those ropes. I got a little success this last weekend during BRAZEN shows, but I'll make a bigger impression tonight by bending you in half.

The promo ends as Dan Leo James waits for his opponent.

♪ "Fire and Blood (Out Of The Ashes Mix)" by Type O Negative ♪

The masked man in black trunks and a gray mask looks out to the crowd and taps a finger to his head before heading on down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from The Great Land of Noneya... weighing in at 224 pounds... **"CUNNING" CURT CUNNING!**

As he keeps walking to the ring, the inset promo appears...

"â€Cunning" Curt Cunning:

...Nooooooooope.

He walks away from the camera in the inset promo. That's literally the only promo he gives as he enters the ring. He stands 6'2" but has to look up to the 6'7" James. The BRAZEN referee known only as... The Referee calls for the bell.

DING DING

James wants to lock up and The Cunning Masked Man chooses to oblige. They start to go for it and for the moment, it's Cunning with the advantage when he switches over and applies a headlock. He smirks under his mask (the kind where only said mouth is visible, eyes and everything else obscured) and holds him in place until The Utah native backs up and shoots him off the ropes. He comes back and then smacks right into Cunning with a big shoulder tackle.

DDK:

Dan with the advantage right now!

Lance:

He just ran down Cunning after he thought he got away with that.

James runs the ropes, but when he comes back, Cunning uses a drop toe hold to trip him up, then switches right into a front facelock from the front! Another smirk as he keeps the big kid grounded, but Dan Leo James fights his way back up, then LIFTS his way right out of it before dropping Cunning with a big body slam! He picks him up a second time and then slams him into the mat and then follows with a big elbow drop to the chest!

DDK:

This kid is just too big to control right now and now he's working that back!

Lance:

He uses an inverted Boston Crab finisher that he likes to call The Padlock so I have to imagine he's setting up for that.

He picks up "Cunning" Curt Cunning again and then slams him down with a big rib breaker, then another elbow drop to the back. Cunning groans in pain and then tries to get away while Dan goes after him. He pulls Cunning by the leg, but he hangs on for dear life to the ring apron. He pulls him back but Cunning turns around and then KICKS the knee right from under him! The left knee gives out and then Dan Leo James doubles over, allowing The Cunning One to save himself.

DDK:

Dirty tactic right there... and then he goes after him now!

Lance:

Superkick to the jaw of James! He calls that The Cunning Linguist... ugh, because of course he does.

After proudly outsmarting the big kid again, he goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Dan kicks out, but Cunning goes after the knee while he's hurt. He slams Dan's leg into the mat once, then once more before slapping on a cross-leg submission hold!

DDK:

And now looking to continue where he started on that knee! Dan being picked off!

The Faithful start jeering "Cunning" Curt Cunning when he yells out to them.

"Cunning" Curt Cunning:

YOUR LOCAL SPORTS TEAM IS LESS THAN ADEQUATE!

Lance:

That.... Was a burn, I guess?

He has the leg lock tied in to keep James off his feet, but the big Utah native digs deep and then starts to make his

way to the ropes. He almost gets there with the support from the crowd, but when he does, Curt shifts his weight and then tries another pin.

Lance:

And he calls this pinning combo The Fly in the Web!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The pin combo is impressive, but James kicks out again and Cunning is angered by the count!

DDK:

That looked great, but James is fighting his way free! He wants to impress tonight!

Lance:

And here goes Cunning again! Back on the leg!

He tries to go for the leg again, but this time James is ready and kicks him away. Cunning hits the mat, but rolls through and then gets back up to his feet. But before he can hit another move, James catches him by the side and then nails a big tilt-a-whirl backbreaker on his good knee! Cunning bounces off and then falls to the mat hurt while James holds his left knee.

DDK:

Great counter by James! Very targeted with his own moves and counters into a big tilt-a-whirl backbreaker!

Lance:

And now James fighting back!

James shoves him off the ropes and then when he comes back, he catches and then SLAMS him down with a big powerslam! The knee is still bothering him, but James gets back up and when Cunning tries to stagger up, James grabs him by the waist and then executes a huge spinning belly to belly suplex! He goes for the cover!

DDK:

Big slam, followed by a great spinning belly to belly suplex!

Lance:

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The shoulder of Cunning goes back up, but Dan Leo James continues to press the issue. He picks up Cunning and then slugs him across the back, and then the chest with a few good clubbing forearm shots. Cunning is hurt and then gets whipped to the corner. He runs towards him, but Cunning leaps over and then tries to go for a rollup... with the tights!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

James kicks out! Cunning trying whatever tricks he can, but James fighting his way through all of them.

Lance:

And we're about done!

James gets back up to his feet, but Cunning hits a chop block on the knee again. He doubles him over and then tries to go for a flatliner, but James elbows his way out and then NAILS Cunning using a big boot to the face! He then picks him by the legs and then twists him around into an inverted Boston crab!

DDK:

The Padlock! He's got it! Look at the way he's bending Cunning!

Cunning is bent over in an inverted Boston crab finish by James, then raises his arm... and taps! The crowd cheers!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **DAN LEO JAMES!**

Dan Leo James goes over to the turnbuckle and then rolls over then almost slips on the middle buckle when he celebrates!

DDK:

A nice win for Dan Leo James tonight! Cunning put him through his paces, but the young Utah native takes it.

Lance:

That he did! Cunning went after the knee, but James went for that back the whole way and finally softened him up enough to get the Padlock in! Definitely he'll be one to watch with work like that!

DDK:

He should just stay away from turnbuckles.

James almost trips again on his way out, but stops and then carefully climbs out of the ring. He smiles at the cheering crowd and leaves with the show rolling on.

COMMERCIAL: MAXIMUM DEFIANCE



8-MAN ELIMINATION MATCH FOR THE FIST OF DEFIANCE

24K (Mikey Unlikely ©, Cayle Murray, Kendrix & Perfection) vs. Oscar Burns, Gage Blackwood, Jay Harvey & Deacon

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS

The Comments Section © vs. SNS

SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP

Dex Joy © vs. Matt LaCroix

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP

Minute © vs. Rezin

10-Man Tag

FML (Conor Fuse, Elise Ares, The D, Klein & Henry Keyes) vs. BFTA (ADV, Jack Mace, The Lucky Sevens & Jestal)

Lindsay Troy vs. Scrow

Three Stages of Hell

Scott Stevens vs. Arthur Pleasant

Triple Threat

"Reaper Red" Tyler Fuse vs. Teresa Ames vs. Codename: Guardian

Falls Count Anywhere

Bronson Box vs. Rick Dickulous

"The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez vs. "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio

Nate Eye vs. Dr. Ned Reform

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A PRIME CHALLENGE

♪ "Cause" by Human Impact ♪

The WrestlePlex fills with cheers as "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" KERRY KUROYAMA appears from the entry-way. He's in street clothes -- plain jeans and a navy Seattle Kraken t-shirt -- and has a microphone in his hand as he promptly walks onto the interview stage.

DDK:

Welcome back to UNCUT, fans, as it would appear that Kerry Kuroyama is making his presence known tonight!

Lance:

And he doesn't look particularly happy to be out here right now.

Kerry looks irate as he makes the motion for his music to cut and speaks into the mic without wasting much time.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...I'm going to cut to the chase here, because I don't particularly like having to come out here unless it has anything to do with wrestling in a match. Be as it may, I was requested to be here tonight on UNCUT, so here I am.

He turns his look to the camera, to address everyone watching.

Kerry Kuroyama:

So... whoever asked me to be out here, then get out here. Let's get this over with.

Lights out.

V/O:

Over? Nothing is ever over.....

Lance:

Well this is never good. But at least our mics are on.

DDK:

The man just sat out here, and told the world he had no interest in dealing with the likes of The Kabal ever again. And...what happens? Speak the devil's name and they shall appear.

A woman's voice takes over the Wrestleplex's arena. Familiar yet, not so much.

V/O:

Kerry Kuroyama.. A Man amongst Men. The type of individual you look up to as you start your young career.

A video package appears on the DEFIatron. It's grainy but serviceable, it displays a wrestling ring filled with young and hungry teenagers. A red haired girl, recognizable from previous photos displayed on DEFIANCE television as that of Jessica 'Reaper' Reeves. Alongside her is none other than Rocko Daymon's son Zack 'Skyfire' Daymon.

V/O:

Growing up I didn't realize how the people I met growing up would shape me, would shape the way I viewed my career and the wrestling industry in and of itself.

Continuing the grainy footage, the young strapping and invested wrestlers begin sparring while their 'coach' shadows them both in the background. At first Zack is dominating the wrestling match as he blocks each of Jessica's moves. As the young Reaper would grow frustrated with Zack, a slow zoom in of the grainy footage catches a glimpse of the man barking orders at them both.

V/O:

But all of you did, And here you are. Trying to run away when some of us, The Guardians are looking up to you most importantly right now.

♪ "Last One Standing" by MAYDAY! ♪

Kerry's face is stone solid as the grainy footage has stopped at a zoomed in picture of himself giving a pep talk to a young Jessica Reeves. The footage blanks out as the Wrestleplex is filled with a mix of different colored overhead lights.

Lance:

Green. Blue. And Red.

DDK:

What does that mean...

Lance:

Only can mean one thing if it's who I think it is.. The one and only Original Reaper Prime.

Fireworks pop up and down the rampway as the display package switches to featuring a full blown history lesson of Jessica Reeves previous history in DEFIANCE. Her original unmasking against Impulse, the championship victories she and the Company of Reapers achieved in the historic run of Codename: Reaper.

DDK:

So... Jessica Reeves?

As on cue Jessica Reeves appears at the top of the rampway with a microphone in hand, dressed in a white DEFIANCE t-shirt, with black pants and white shoes. Striding towards the ring she has an honest smile on her face.

Lance:

It's been a LONG time since we've seen Jessica Reeves here at Wrestleplex and honestly the fans don't know how to react. She was a staple of vengeance throughout her run as Codename: Reaper - targeting the likes of Kerry Kuroyama and Scott Douglas.

Kerry's stance and face doesn't change, he's frustrated with the showmanship and it appears Jessica senses that holding her hand up to cut the music as she steps through the ring ropes.

Jessica Reeves:

This wasn't the exact entrance I had planned to make you know?

Laughing into the microphone, Stalker's daughter attempts to lighten up the tension.

Jessica Reeves:

Kerry...

Kerry Kuroyama:

Look, Jessica, it's good seeing you after all this time and all that, but let me be blunt right now: I don't give a damn about whatever soap opera you want to perpetuate. You're still on my shit list, given all the time I wasted in my career being forced to deal with you, and the Kabal.

Jessica Reeves:

I tried.. Look I really did TRY to get a handle on this before... After I left as Reaper I looked to outlets that weren't that good for me but it taught me a lot. It taught me that I should remember my roots and how I grew up. As much as I paint my childhood as a disaster considering who my father is.

The Faithful let out a small booing reaction. Kerry has a different reaction as he holds up his hand to cut Jessica off as

he raises his mic.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Like I said, I don't give a damn about any of that. You asked me to be here, so I'm here. Not sure why you couldn't just call or text, or even just approach me face to face in the back if you wanted to talk about this, but this is apparently how you wanted to do this.

Jessica Reeves:

Kerry... that bitch Teresa Ames broke my fucking nose when I tried... to come back. I was going to reach out to you sooner, I was going to come back and try and straighten up all the mistakes I made as Reaper.

Kerry's impatience is boiling over in his eyes. He grinds his teeth to maintain a level of poise, but it's clear he'd rather be anywhere else. The crowd gets on their feet expecting some sort of fight.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Well that's very noble of you, Jess, but I'm just a little confused as to what any of that has to do with me. Look, you got the stage to say your piece, and you got all these people here to hear you say it. So just say it, because I got more important shit to do.

Jessica Reeves: *[yelling]*

I want a match!

Kerry, already on his way to the back, stops in his tracks and looks back over his shoulder. Finally, she's talking his language. With a begrudging shoulder shrug, Kerry returns to the stage to hear her out.

Jessica Reeves:

I know you told Zack and Leo that you wanted to be done with The Kabal for good... but I'm here to tell you, the more you run from them Kerry, the more they'll find ways to haunt you in the end. But regardless, if you WANT to know the real reason why I'm here, is to give you an offer. I'll fight for your allegiance to fight them by our side.

As The Faithful are unsure how to react, Kerry Kuroyama stops pacing, he instead waits for Jessica to continue.

Jessica Reeves:

I'm offering you an out from the Game. A ticket to your freedom. Whether it's hearing from me, or Zack or even Rocko, none of us will bother you about The Kabal anymore. If you can beat me at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, I will agree to all of this.

Kerry stares in silence at Jessica as if he knows something else is going to follow.

Jessica Reeves:

However... if I beat you, then you put your fucking smile back on that face and help us. Help me get my father back.

Kuroyama spends a beat to think it over. He can't help but chuckle.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...you know what? Fine, I accept your challenge. Bring along Zack and Leo too. I'd like to show all three of you, along with every person in DEFIANCE watching, exactly what separates wrestlers like me from wrestlers like you.

Jessica Reeves:

It's been a long time since you last sparred with me... Senski.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Yeah, it has... and at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, you're quickly going to find out that I'm not the same athlete I was back then. I'm a different beast entirely. I don't play games; I wrestle to WIN!

His music hits, and Kerry abruptly turns and leaves. Jessica Reeves continues intensely staring after him.

Lance:

Wow! A new match set for MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! Jessica 'Reaper' Reeves vs. Kerry Kuroyama!

DDK:

A lot more on the line it would seem between these two. Not sure what Jessica meant by 'offer out of the Game'. Sounds like some spooky weird junk to me.

Lance:

Whatever the reasoning behind Jessica's acceptance of Kerry's challenge it would seem he was just happy to have a match. This card is going to be off the charts!

BREACH THE DOOR, STAT!

When: About two weeks ago

Where: the bowels of the WrestlePlex

Scotty Flash:

--you have to bring a whole camera crew?

We are abruptly brought into this dimly lit scene.

Chris Trutt:

Well... yeah... it's my job. Besides... this is a huge story! Do you know how many people are out there looking for him?

Our cameraman appears to have started recording early and isn't done mounting the camera on it's tripod. A lighting tech rigs up heavy equipment in the background of what appears to be the boiler room of the building. Slowly finding its focus, the camera finds radio shock jock, Scotty Flash, nervously running a hand through his slicked back hair. He lets out a long sigh.

Scotty Flash:

I'm not looking to exploit this situation, Trutt. Which is why I haven't commented on it since we went off the air. This might just be a story to you, but I've worked with Joe Stats for almost two decades. I'm godfather to his kids, for christ's sake... he's been missing for days without a trace and--

DEF Junior Correspondent Chris Trutt puts a hand up, cutting Flash off.

Chris Trutt:

I get it, trust me.

Scotty Flash:

Trutt, if they have Joe... I mean... What do you think they're doing to him?

Trutt straightens his tie and nods to the PA who just handed him a microphone. Flash is instantly annoyed.

Chris Trutt:

I'm glad you brought me in on this. (to the PA) Are we rolling? Okay, in three... two... Fans, Chris Trutt here, in the very bowels of the WrestlePlex. As the search for DEFIANCE Radio Producer Joseph Staccitori -- AKA Joe Stats -- has stretched into its third day, local authorities as well as DEFIANCE Management continue to maintain hope that he is--

Scotty Flash:

No.

A hand reaches into the shot and pushes the microphone down. Flash steps in, almost in Trutt's face.

Scotty Flash:

That is NOT why I brought you here. (to PA and crew) Turn all of this shit off.

After a moment, a light somewhere behind the camera shuts off as Chris Trutt looks exasperated.

Chris Trutt:

Scotty, I thought you wanted me to--

Scotty Flash:

I called you to meet me here because you said you knew what was on the other side of that door.

Flash jabs an index finger towards the strange "custodial closet" door that we all strangely, suddenly notice they are standing in front of. The door looks oddly different than the last time we had seen it. As a technician moves to

dismantle some backing lighting, Flash again steps towards Trutt -- fired up.

Scotty Flash:

Last time I bumped into your creepy ass it was right where we are standing. You told me that on the other side of that door was the Kabal's Juggalo Clubhouse, or whatever the hell it is. If that's true... Look, we all know that those chumps are pissed at me for not bowing to them on my radio show and that they got to Joe to get to me! This is all MY fault and I have to find him!

Trutt nervously adjusts his jacket lapel, eyeing the door with concern. His eyes almost glaze-over...

Chris Trutt:

Yeah, I suppose that I *did* tell you that's the Kabal's lair on the other side of that door. I *also* told you that the rules of time and space cease to exist on the other side of that door. That what lies on the other side of that door fails to bend to the laws of physics--

Flash brushes past Trutt and gingerly tries the door's knob. It jiggles satisfyingly but nothing more.

Scotty Flash:

Looks like your portal to hell is locked... That's surprisingly responsible of them. You don't have a key, do you?

Trutt's gaze is snapped off the door and suddenly on Flash.

Chris Trutt:

Of course not!

Trutt slides up close to the door, brushing Flash aside now himself. He presses and holds an ear against the door for an uncomfortable amount of time, his eyes narrowed and focused.

Scotty Flash:

...well?

Chris Trutt:

I don't think anyone is "home".

Flash, now exceedingly annoyed, shoves Trutt away from the door once more, aggressively trying the door knob again. Pulling. Turning. Pushing. Twisting. Swearing. Eventually giving up, almost exhausted.

Chris Trutt:

Maybe we should just... **knock**.

Trutt raises a fist and does just that. Three perfect knocks. As if on cue, the door immediately flings open and a large figure falls through it and to the floor in a flurry of doomburger wrappers and an impossibly loud THUD.

Scotty Flash:

JOE!

There is a flutter of activity as a handful of production assistants and crew members swarm in. A brief delay before the quick thinking cameraman detaches the camera from its tripod and works to get closer to the fray. Voices are shouting, for water, for 911, for help. One voice rises above them all -- the voice of DEFIANCE Radio.

Scotty Flash:

Back up! Back! Back up! Everybody, give the man room!

The crowd slowly parts and our cameraman gets his shot. Sprawled bulbous and shirtless on the concrete is Joe Stats, his head cradled carefully on Scotty Flash's lap. Chris Trutt hovers, directing the cameraman to get a better

shot.

Scotty Flash:

Joe, can you hear me? It's Scotty! Can you hear me, Joe? Are you okay?

Flash quickly looks up at the open "closet" door to find no lair at all, just a cramped janitor's closet. In shock, he turns back to Joe who appears to slowly awaken, eyes listing but well-rested.

Joe Stats:

You knocked... on the door...

Scotty flashes a huge, relieved smile.

Scotty Flash:

It was Chris! Chris Trutt knocked on the door!

Joe's eyes slowly flutter closed again, his body slumps peacefully in Flash's arms. The crowd goes quiet.

Joe Stats:

You knocked... It... sounded like... **reclaimed wood**...

His mumbles turn to snores. Loud snores. A bewildered, exhausted, yet relieved Scotty Flash glances around the now crowding boiler room. Looking up at the camera, he notices it's still recording. Eyes narrowing, he snaps on his black sunglasses and lurches up to his feet -- so quickly that the sleeping Joe Stats head smacks hard on the concrete floor, not that Scotty noticed.

Scotty Flash:

Hey! Are you still recording?!? TURN THAT OFF, you hear me?!? Do you know who I am?!? TURN THAT OFF NOW!!!

The camera wildly backpedals from the angry DJ.

Scotty Flash:

You will never work in media again, got it? TURN IT O--

Cut to black.

CORVO ALPHA vs. WALTER LEVY

The camera cuts to our announce team.

DDK:

Fans, in recent months we have been witness to a series of mysterious vignettes on UNCUT profiling a man known only as "Corvo Alpha".

Lance Warner:

Disturbing would be the word I would have chosen, Keebs.

DDK:

Certainly a performer with an... unorthodox demeanor, we really don't know much about him... but what we DID learn at UNCUT 96 is that he seems to be under the sway and influence, if you will, of a man we haven't seen here in DEFIANCE in over 4 years, none other than Lord Nigel Trickelbush. Bring us up to speed on Lord Nigel if you can, Lance.

Lance Warner:

For those newer fans, the very odd Lord Nigel Trickelbush is the former manager of a dangerous japanese tag team known as The STORM who debuted here in 2016 and were embroiled in a memorable feud with the Masked Violators--

DDK:

Check out DEFonDEMAND for some of those highlights, folks.

As Lance speaks, clips play over his shoulder of chaotic , colorful brawls between the two teams. The clip package ends with a shot of the ominous Lord Nigel smiling at the anarchy unfolding before him.

Lance Warner:

Both those teams were tossed out of DEF that year for flagrantly disregarding fan safety with some of their arena-spanning brawls, but the diabolical Lord Nigel stuck around for a bit, as he said, "looking for a hero".

DDK:

Which is translation for "being creepy around the talent", as I recall!

Another clip over Lance's shoulder shows the sinister Trickelbush skulking around DEF icons. First Impulse, then Scott Douglas. In each clip, he gestures to a wanted poster on the wall behind him featuring just a silhouette of a figure and the words "IS IT YOU?" beneath.

Lance Warner:

Accurate! Lord Nigel would abruptly disappear from DEF in 2017 and with his recent resurfacing, many are speculating that perhaps, in the seemingly savage Corvo Alpha, Trickelbush may have found his terrifying "hero" after all.

DDK:

Very unsettling. Well, the world will find out tonight if Corvo Alpha is for real when he makes his DEFIANCE debut against the colorful and bombastic "Birdman" Walter Levy!

Lance Warner:

A pillar of the Midcard Experiment, Walter Levy has been involved in some high profile tag matches on DEFtv as of late. I'm looking forward to seeing if he can play spoiler against the debuting Alpha!

DDK:

Let's go to the ring!

The camera cuts from our smiling announcers to a sweeping shot of the crowd.

♪ “Heaven is a Place on Earth” by Belinda Carlisle ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen our next contest is scheduled for one fall... Introducing first... from the mean streets of Buffalo, New York--

The curtain explodes and Walter Levy bounds through it to a respectable pop from the faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

--weighing in tonight at one hundred and eighty three pounds... representing the MIDCARD EXPERIMENT... he's THE BIRDMAN, WALTEEEEEEEEEEEEEER LEEEEEEEEEEVYYYYY!

Lance Warner:

His win loss record doesn't reflect the heart this young man has, Keebs!

DDK:

No doubt about it, the Birdman brings an energy and excitement to the ring that few can match!

Walter takes an extra half-lap around the ring, tagging eager fan hands before sliding under the bottom rope and striking a trademark pose on the turnbuckle, his smile beaming and infectious. He tosses his bright blue headband into the crowd with a flourish.

♪ “Electric Funeral (Instrumental)” by Black Sabbath ♪

The lights go out for a long breath before sweeping red spotlights begin moving around the arena.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

The curtain ripples before slowly opening. Lord Nigel Tricklebush is the first to emerge, dressed in a fine black suit with matching bowler cap on his head. His face seems plastic, mechanical, the smile attached to it fixed and uncomfortably unreal. Tapping his closed umbrella on the ground as he steps, gaze sweeping across the booing crowd, unphased, he moves down the aisle. Behind him, Corvo Alpha appears. Long hair wet and hanging, most of his face is smeared with black paint. A red smear marks his bare, hairy chest and much of his stomach.

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by his “Handler”, Lord Nigel Tricklebush... He hails from Parts Untold... weighing in tonight at two hundred and sixty nine pounds...

As the slow, methodical music pulls them towards the ring, Corvo finally crawls under the bottom rope and slinks to a corner, hunched over and seething. The camera briefly cuts first to the wild, wide, white eyes of Alpha staring out of the havoc of hair and black paint... then to a nervous Walter Levy, pacing at ringside as he eyes his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

Call him... CORRRRRVOOOOOOO ALLLLLPHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

The red lights quickly begin going out all over the arena until one last red spotlight hovers over Corvo just before the house lights slowly come back up. The faithful are a mess of boos and uncomfortable murmuring.

DDK:

After months of waiting, Corvo Alpha has arrived in DEFIANCE!

Lance Warner:

Uh... uh-oh--

DDK:

Oh! We, uh, appear to be being joined by Lord Nigel Trickelbush!

The camera cuts to the announce table where Lord Nigel is creepily pulling up a chair between both Lance and Keebler. He almost robotically removes his bowler cap as he takes a seat, offering a slight nod to Keebler as he accepts a headset.

Lance Warner:

Uh... welcome back to DEFIANCE, Lord Trickelbush!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Yes, yes, it's ever-so lovely to be back, Mr. Warner, and what a lovely and auspicious evening it is!

DDK:

Sure! Incredibly auspicious!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Behold, if you dare, DEFIANCE! Corvo Alpha has, as Mr. Keebler so eloquently stated, "arrived"!

Our shot cuts to the ring where Referee Benny Doyle orders the bell to be rung!

DDK:

And, uh... Here we go!

The energetic Levy bounces around the ring, trying to size up Alpha. Alpha, on the other hand, stays largely still, still hunched in the corner.

DDK:

The Birdman, like many of us, I think is trying to get some type of vibe for just what Corvo Alpha is all about... and Corvo isn't giving him much! Levy gingerly steps towards Alpha... taps him with his foot... and--

Suddenly, Corvo Alpha EXPLODES from the corner with a brutal clothesline that turns Levy inside out.

Lance Warner:

What a murderous clothesline from Alpha! And now he is just seated on Levy's chest laying in some absolutely hellacious closed fists! One after another! Levy is covered up but some of those are landing!

DDK:

And finally, Alpha relents retreating back to his corner...

Lance Warner:

...and he's just waiting there, hunched over, comfortless...

DDK:

Uh... wanna tell us what we are looking at here, Lord Nigel?

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Oh, just rage given human form, Darren Dear Boy. Simply put, you are seeing the culmination of years of sacrifice, years of tireless work and focus, years of patience. That is what the world is seeing.

Levy works himself back to his feet. Doyle checks on him and Levy assures him he is ok to go.

DDK:

The Birdman shakes it off.... Look at the determination etched on the face of this young star on the rise! He runs, springboards off the middle rope and lays in a spin kick to the side of Alpha's head! Alpha staggers out of the corner!

Levy -- again -- with a head full of steam! Hits the ropes, Corvo with a WILD swing that Levy deftly ducks, hits the far ropes, coming back and -- Alpha spears him!

Lance Warner:

That IMPACT!

DDK:

Nearly cutting Walter Levy in two with that one!

Levy rolls under the bottom rope and to the outside, clutching his chest. Corvo is close behind, first clubbing Levy across the back of the head and neck with a brutal forearm. Then another.

Lance Warner:

Levy might be in trouble out here... crawling, he's found the ring steps....

DDK:

Alpha with a thunderous boot to the side of Levy's head!! Did his head hit the steel stairs there, Lance?

Lance Warner:

It did! This kid is in a lot of trouble, Keebler! He came out to this ring smiling... he sure ain't smiling now!

DDK:

Corvo Alpha is relentless. Just pressing Levy back, pursuing him, clubbing him, beating him... Levy, give the kid credit, is trying to just create some separation between he and his opponent but Alpha is just on TOP of him! As the referee reaches the count of seven here!

Levy, clearly pained, crawls back onto the apron and into the ring -- halting the referee's count -- before Alpha clutches him by his hair and yanks half his body back under the rope and hanging off the ring apron.

Lance Warner:

The Birdman is in a precarious spot! Corvo CLUBS Levy across the face! Oh MY! Is that blood on Corvo's hand? Is Levy bleeding?

DDK:

I believe that's red paint on his hand but I wouldn't be surprised if we don't see some blood soon! Walter Levy is just being bludgeoned!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Lovely.

Camera cuts to a tight shot of Walter Levy's face, not bleeding, but incontrovertibly hurting. His upper body and face smeared with the black and red paint that marks his opponent. The Birdman takes a moment to search the crowd for some inspiration, which the faithful happily provide in the form of rhythmic clapping. The camera pans back to find Corvo Alpha menacingly climbing the ring's apron.

DDK:

Levy! Looking for his moment! Corvo back in the ring! Levy with another springboard out of the corner into a MISSILE DROPKICK!! Corvo Alpha is shook! Levy follows it up with a charging forearm into the corner! Is Alpha reeling?!?

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Quite Lovely.

DDK:

Levy readies for another charging elbow!

The camera catches Levy's approach, Corvo Alpha kneeling in the opposite corner, his face and hair a horror of black paint and sweat. Through it, his eyes flash white.

DDK:

Corvo Alpha with a BLISTERING KICK to Levy's face! He almost took his head off!

Lance Warner:

There is absolutely NOTHING pretty about the offensive onslaught of Corvo Alpha!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Oh, I must vehemently dissent, Dear Sir Lancelot. This is all quite exquisite. Now, if you'll excuse me, I do believe that we are nearing our dramatic conclusion. I must take my leave.

Cutting to the announce position, we briefly see Lord Nigel rising to his feet and dramatically removing his headphones before the shot cuts to a wild eyed Corvo Alpha standing threateningly over the unmoving body of Walter Levy. One balled fist of Corvo still flecked with black paint, the other still mottled with red.

Lance Warner:

It's, uh... been a pleasure?

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Quite. Lovely.

DDK: Walter Levy isn't moving, fans... and Corvo Alpha, appearing to lock in some kind of submission hold, a rear choke of some kind--

Lance Warner:

That's a katahajime! It's just a matter of time now!!

And Walter Levy doesn't waste much of it.

DDK:

There it is! Walter Levy is tapping out!!

Referee Benny Doyle signals for the bell wildly and continues even after it starts its repeating ding-ding-ding. Alpha doesn't release the hold, as if not hearing the bell.

Lance Warner:

He isn't releasing the hold! Let him go!

The camera cuts to Lord Nigel Trickelbush gliding up the ring steps. Alpha sees him and instantly releases the hold. Levy slumps to the ground, limp. Benny Doyle immediately attends to him as Trickelbush enters the ring. The monster slinks to the near corner as Nigel sets one approving hand on Alpha's heaving, hairy, sweaty shoulder, another hand tips the brim of his bowler cap towards the now-unconscious Walter Levy laying at his feet.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this match... by submission... Call him... COOOORRRRRRVVVOOOOOO
ALLLLLLLLLPHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Alpha and his master don't wait for Doyle to raise his hand, instead, they make their way back up the ramp. At it's top, Corvo Alpha falls to his knees -- exhausted and exalted -- at the feet of Lord Nigel Trickelbush. Lord Nigel's waxy grin finds the camera. We see him mouth the word:

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Lovely.

A RED DEATH: THE CERBERUS

Courtney seems irritated with Teresa's presence. Ravanna stoically stares at her for a second before returning to the monitors. Reaper the Grey returns his attention back to the silent tank containing Jason 'Stalker' Reeves. As Ravanna gets ready to address the figures once more.

Ravanna:

The message has been received, and Scrow will take out his mark.

For Teresa's teaching aspect, the names of the voices have been given a prominent title. Harvester, Mr. Fear and Guided Hand's images are hidden behind a shadowy visage, each person's voice modified for secrecy of course. They were The Kabal - keeping secrets is something they are very good at.

Harvester:

If he does not his punishment will be more severe than a simple pat on the back from Reaper the Grey.

Fear:

The Marks were sent on with purpose, I have faith that Scrow will see through with the master plan.

Guided Hand:

He will do it alone at Maximum Defiance, you Miss. Ravanna will send Hive to me.

Ravanna looks to her left at the monitor.

Ravanna:

I will do as you wish. Then there are the issues of Better Future and now what appears to be two other factions emerging in Defiance this FML, and these ones, the ones splintered from The Guided Hand's book. Ravanna points to current FIST contenders. A display of images shows one by one Jay Harvey, Oscar Burns, Gage Blackwood, and of course Deacon.

Fear:

Well, it's clear that the book may have been misinterpreted.. Considering Deacon's reaction...

Guided Hand:

This again?

Harvester:

Quiet. We have a new member, no reason to bring up dead subjects.

Ravanna turns to the two women sitting at the table. Courtney Paz is plugging away at her laptop while Teresa seems to be communicating something into her phone. Like a 'whisper' or something of that nature.

Ravanna:

Reaper the Grey, please escort these two out of the room. Their priorities seem to be elsewhere.

Courtney Paz:

Excuse me? I'm the lawyer for The Kabal. But Teresa - yeah she should definitely be gone.

Teresa Ames:

I was just looking at Jason's StalkMe bio. Did you know someone has been driving his Uber around since he's been in the tank? Don't you think we should look into that?

Courtney Paz:

Um. No. Pretty sure that is creepy Tyler anyways. It would explain why he's gone all the time. He never gave me back Jason's keys.

Ravanna is simply perplexed at the exchange and nods for Reaper the Grey to snap out of it and escort them both out.

Ravanna:

I do not care what you two think or care WHO was driving Stalker's charger. This meeting is confidential at this point and I am the one that is the liaison here, not you two. You will know what is discussed here when the time is right.

Reaper the Grey:

Let's go ladies.

Teresa's already leaving as she smirks into her camera phone before shutting it off. She inserts it into her pocket while smiling at Reaper the Grey, almost studying him with her eyes..

Teresa Ames:

You can take me to your bedroom if you want, hon.

Reaper the Grey pauses for a moment before Courtney Paz let's out a disgruntled groan.

Courtney Paz:

Come show me what you mean about Jason's App.

Attempting to pass an olive branch to Teresa, she ignores Courtney's request and leaves Scrow's Lab. Reaper nods to Courtney who packs up her laptop and follows.

As they are ushered out, Reaper turns to Ravanna.

Reaper the Grey:

Miss Ravanna, what about Reeves?

She looks at the capsule then back at RG.

Ravanna:

He will be fine. See to it they do not come back in here.

Reaper the Grey:

I will see to it.

RG leaves, just outside the door he plants himself with his arms crossed ignoring the complaining of Courtney and Teresa. Back in the room, Ravanna turns to the three heads of the Kabal.

Ravanna:

I would suggest recruitment of a monster to back up Rezin, Mr. Vacio, and Scrow.

Fear:

I already have someone picked out.

Guided Hand:

Don't be ridiculous, that target is not worth our time.

Harvester:

You underestimate the benefits of a perfect vessel. We can benefit from having him... using him.. And reaping from his talents.

Ravanna:

Then of course there is Rezin.

Fear:

There is a reason why I brought him into the fold. His talents will prove that he is the Superb High Flyer in DEFIANCE.

Guided Hand:

.... The books don't see it as so. I've told you this... J...

Harvester: *[interrupting]*

This opportunity can not be passed up. In order to control Defiance and bring about The Chaotic Climax, The Kabal must hold the gold. Without it we control nothing.

Ravanna:

Victor has done his part and taken Mr. Cortez out of the picture for the moment. The reports look good for us.

Fear:

See to it that Victor finishes the job on Cortez, we can not have that loose end not tied up and be a possible factor in Rezin's match.

Ravanna:

Yes sir. Now a minor detail here.... Teresa Ames.

Fear:

She is not who I wanted here. You all are well aware of this.

Guided Hand:

But regardless - that's where she is at. She volunteered to participate in the master plan. We all know what's at stake here. Control and deception here is key. We want to control it all, the red death is what matters here most.

Harvester:

You mean.. Stalker's return? The confidence that you feel that this will 'change' him enough to accept 'the pledge'. What if this plan doesn't go to what the books have been saying? Teresa Ames is a variable that we will have to take into account. You say her wanting to participate in the plan makes her an ally I say, look at who she is friends with.

Fear:

It's my Proving Grounds that she won. I will keep an eye on her actions. Stop bickering.

Suddenly a pounding on the glass is heard. Ravanna quickly takes her attention from The Cerberus. As she looks inside, Stalker's eyes suddenly pop open! Ravanna pulls out her cell and dials a few numbers putting the phone to her ear.

Ravanna:

RG get in here.

The glass begins to break as Stalker slams his fists harder on the glass. Reaper quickly enters the room. Followed by Paz, and Teresa. The glass continues to break.

Ravanna:

Get him out of there!

RG runs over to the release valve as the cracks continue on the glass. He hits the lever the glass slowly opens up toward the ladies of The Kabal. Jason falls face first on the floor covered in water. His breathing is heavy before looking up. He recognizes Ravanna and Courtney but then notices Teresa Ames. He continues to cough, noticing Ames now doing some sort of finger flicker with her fingers. His eyes widened once more and.....

PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP: MALAK GARLAND Â© vs. SGT. SAFETY

Fans in the arena stand and take pictures with one another right before a theme song hits.

♪ "ATTENTION ATTENTION" by Shinedown ♪

People are quick to sit down as Malak Garland dances out on stage with his coveted Paper Championship.

Darren Quimbey:

This contest is for the Paper Championship! Introducing the champion, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, MALAK GARLAND!

Garland arrogantly waves to the crowd as he eventually rolls into the ring and gives the referee his belt.

DDK:

Are you ready to suffer through another one of these paper matches, Lance?

Lance:

Well, Malak has grabbed a microphone so looks like we'll have to suffer through this first.

Malak nestles against a set of turnbuckles before addressing the crowd.

Malak Garland:

Hear ye, hear ye, it is I, the majestic Paper Champion, here to speak to all you nimrods.

BOOOOOOOOO!

Malak Garland:

Oh, believe me, I'm tired of addressing you verbally and I much rather communicate to everyone with text to talk through my phone but that will have to wait for another time.

DDK:

Thank goodness.

Malak begins pacing around the canvas.

Malak Garland:

You see, this is my last scheduled defense of my precious Paper Championship belt. After this, that thing will forever be mine and I will never defend it against anyone again.

Lance:

I don't think we should take his word for it as he's not a booker, but I mean, we should probably rejoice at that news.

Malak Garland:

And I know what many of you are asking. Exactly who will I be defending my BK crown against tonight?

He takes a breath.

Malak Garland:

Turns out, it's none other than Sgt. Safety. I guess the Favored Saints wanted to give him a little welcome back rub considering the last time he and I squared off, fist to jaw.

The Faithful react positively to hearing the name of the safest wrestler on the planet but negatively to Malak's slander.

Malak Garland:

Well, I hate to disappoint you, but I know for a fact Sgt. Safety still isn't cleared. In fact, he's not even here. He's still at

the hospital getting ready to have his jaw cast removed in a few weeks.

DDK:

Jaw cast? I don't think that's a thing.

Lance:

If it's in Malak's reality, it's a thing, Darren.

Malak Garland:

So instead of watching me re-break the man's jaw again, you all get to sit through a very intimate promo of me talking about which kind of bunny I like to cuddle, depending on my mood of course.

DDK:

No. Just no.

Malak goes to speak into the microphone again as...

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

RAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The fans pop hard as they stare at the rampway with intense anticipation at spotting Sgt. Safety while Malak throws a fit in the ring.

DDK:

Is he here!? Is he here!?

Finally, the fanfare comes to a quell as Cyrus Bates carts out Sgt. Safety in a wheelchair. Safety does not look ready to compete under any circumstance as he's hooked up to a machine on wheels with one of those air pump thingys and a legit cast wrapped around his jaw.

Lance:

Oh, for the love of! It looks like Sgt. Safety is sedated for crying out loud!

Malak's demeanor quickly pivots from sad to salty as he prances around, pointing and laughing at the inept Sgt. Safety. Garland shouts to Quimbey to announce his opponent.

Darren Quimbey: *[Tentativeness in his voice]*

And his opponent, the challenger, Sgt. Safety.

A stunned crowd struggles to watch as Cyrus Bates unplugs Safety from the huge device presumably keeping him alive and throws him in the ring. Malak pleads with the ref to call for the bell to start the match.

DING DING

DDK:

And we're off?

Lance:

This is sad. I don't think I can watch this.

Malak shuffles his feet like he's Muhammad Ali about to tackle a tall task. Sgt. Safety lays on the canvas, out cold.

DDK:

Stop this nonsense! The man is clearly recovering!

Malak pulls the limp body of Safety up, tosses him the corner and gives him fake shots, clearly pulling his punches just to piss everyone off. Then the Source of Envy goes for a bulldog out of the corner when Sgt. Safety springs to life out of nowhere and dumps Garland on his head with a vicious back body drop! The fans come unglued!

DDK:

HE'S ALIVE! WHAT A SUPLEX! SGT. SAFETY WAS PLAYING POSSUM!

Safety gets JACKED up from the electricity the crowd provides him. All Cyrus can do is shiver in fear on the outside and watch as Malak gets thrown around the ring.

Lance:

Kick his ass! Time for some payback for that broken jaw!

The fans are in a blissful frenzy as Safety unloads chops on Garland's reddening chest in the corner. Malak groggily falls into a powerslam and cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Malak barely kicks out as Safety straight up slaps Malak in the back of the head. The Keyboard King crawls to a corner where he thinks he's *safe* but he isn't.

DDK:

Sgt. Safety crushes Malak with a diving forearm shot!

Safety military tumbles away and then comes right back with a shotgun dropkick to the face!

Lance:

Malak is stunned!

Safety pulls his opponent to the middle of the ring and looks to finish things with a 'Safety First' patented leg drop!

Lance:

He's going to finish him and win the Paper Title!

Safety raises his leg and drops the crux of his weight down across Malak's neck, but the Social Media Savant somehow blocks it, grabs Safety's leg and rolls it into a single leg crab!

DDK:

How did Malak get out of that!? It was over!

Garland winces as he wrenches back on Safety who flails his arms about as if he's close to tapping out.

Lance:

Hang in there! Don't tap!

Safety crawls tooth and nail to the bottom rope. Noticing this, Malak not only pulls him back to the center of the ring, but he quickly releases the hold, rolls around, deposits a vicious elbow to the top of Safety's head and follows that with a lightning fast...

I TRIGGER!

Safety's body goes limp once more, but Malak still isn't done. The biggest snowflake of them all pulls Safety up and blatantly cracks his fist into Safety's jaw cast, breaking it and his jaw again in the process.

DDK:

Oh my word!

Safety collapses to the canvas and Malak hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner and unfortunately still Paper Champion, Malak Garland!

The crowd sits stunned as Malak rises from Sgt. Safety. He grabs his belt and gives a few parting words to his rival.

Malak Garland:

Stay down. I think I broke your jaw again.

Garland spits on the carcass of Safety before heading backstage with Cyrus Bates. Meanwhile, DEFmed members rush the ring to tend to Sgt. Safety.

Lance:

I have a feeling Sgt. Safety might be heading right back to the hospital after this one. Vicious assault by Malak Garland.

Malak and Cyrus stop at the top of the ramp to bask in the crowd's hatred. Garland holds his belt high as Cyrus puts him on his shoulders.

Malak Garland: *[Shouting]*

GIVE ME YOUR TEARS! OH MY GOODNESS, THEY TASTE SO GOOD! I AM THE BEST EVER!

Lance:

Malak wins. He hurts Sgt. Safety again, in emphatic fashion and gets to bask in the glory which is the exact same thing that happened right before The Comments Section ended Fuse Bros. One at DEFCON. What a joke.

DDK:

Folks, that's all the time we have for you tonight on Uncut. Indeed, Malak wins tonight but will he and Cyrus be able to hold onto those OTHER belts they have to defend at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE? All that and more so please tune in next time! Goodnight everyone!

A chyron of the copyright logo for DEFIANCE appears on the television feed along with the final image of Malak pounding his chest like a buffoon from the safety of his partners shoulders.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.