

SHOW OPEN

NED REFORM vs. NICKY SYNZ

♪ "Prime Mover" by Zodiac Mindwarp (covered by Synister Sledge) ♪

Lance:

Welcome to Uncut, ladies and gentlemen! On deck first, we've got a rare Ned Reform in-ring appearance.

DDK:

Fresh off a loss to The Pop Culture Phenoms in a... trivia contest of all things... Ned Reform is set to square off with this man.

Nicky Synz, your favorite rock star and mine, emerges through the curtain to a lukewarm positive reaction. Synz's long blond hair ripples in the wind as he headbangs along with his theme song. On his way to the ring, he continues to headbang and slap the outstretched hands of some of the younger fans in attendance.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... from Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 205 pounds... he is NICKY SYNZ!

Synz is on the apron, playing a little air guitar and rocking out, before he enters the ring. He jumps up the top rope and plays a little more guitar to the people as his theme fades out.

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

BOOO!

The Good Doctor, in full ring attire, walks out from the back flanked by a business-casual dressed TA Cole. One might expect Reform to be in a bit of a foul mood... but there's no sign of that, as he wears his usual condescending smirk and waves with insincere joy to the fans in attendance. The camera gets close up on Reform's face as he waves.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! From Litchfield, Connecticut and weighing in at 227 lbs... NED REFORM!

The camera is close enough to Reform's face that it picks up the obligatory..

Ned Reform:

That's DOCTOR Ned Reform.

Ned begins a slow walk to the ring, keeping one of his hands behind his back while he strokes his beard thoughtfully with the other. The Good Doctor reaches the ring and gives his feet a swift wipe on the apron before stepping into the ring.

DDK:

Last time we saw Ned Reform in action, he was breaking Jessica Fear's arm. You have to think he's looking to continue that momentum.

Lance:

On the flip side, while his win/loss record might not be stellar, Nicky Synz is a talented young man who is only one big win away from changing his career trajectory.

DDK:

Don't forget, partner, that because he lost the trivia contest last week, he's got an in-ring date against Elise Ares at DEFtv 171. Taking a loss here heading into that match would surely do bad things to Reform's ego.

DING DING

Reform looks around to the people, waving and smiling and in a seemingly joyous mood before the contest even begins. He puts his arms up in a grappler's position as he begins to circle Nicky Synz and look for an opening to make his move. Synz, however, simply holds up an open palm in a "stop" motion. Reform breaks his stride, looking quizzically as the "rock star" moves to the center of the ring and begins to absolutely shred on an air guitar. The people laugh and cheer as Reform looks around as if to say, "is this guy for real?" Synz finishes his set and looks to Reform, motioning for The Good Doctor to take his place in the center of the ring and answer the air banding challenge.

Lance:

I think Synz wants to see what Ned's got!

Ned smirks, shaking his head in amusement before again resuming the grappling stance. Synz won't play his game, however, as he again takes center stage in the middle of the ring and again air guitars his little heart out - this time more intensely than before. The crowd eggs him on as Ned puts both his forearms on the top rope, leaning out toward the people and taking in their reaction. As uncharacteristic as it seems... Reform seems to be enjoying this display. He waits for Synz to finish, and then points to himself as if to say, "my turn?" Synz breaks out into applause and asks the crowd to encourage Ned to take part. They're less than enthusiastic, but The Philosopher King breaks out into a wide smile and moves into the middle portion of the ring!

DDK:

I don't believe this.

Reform positions both his arms at both the top and bottom of the "guitar"...

...before turning and using his air guitar to smash Synz over the head! As nonsensical as it may be... Synz falls down, holding his head as if he'd been hit. The crowd laughs as Ned sneers, pointing at the fool and shaking his head like a disappointed father.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

What are we watching right now?

Ned begins to put the boots to Nicky Synz, who tries to cover up as these shots actually hurt. Reform brings Synz up to his feet and into the corner, rocking him with a series of blistering chops to the chest. Reform whips Synz into the opposite corner and charges after him... but instead of colliding with the turnbuckle, Synz is able to leap up and off the turnbuckle, turning in mid-air to catch the charging doctor with a flying shoulder block!

Reform hits the ground and tumbles. Synz brings him back to his feet and sends him off the ropes before catching him with a big baaaaack body drop that gives Ned some serious air time. Synz fires up and rocks out as Ned decides rolling under the bottom rope and to the outside is the best course of action. Nicky tries to follow him out, but Brian Slater holds him back and instead begins a ten count. Ned milks the count, holding his lower back and using the guardrail for support. He snaps and threatens to slap a ringside fan. At the count of seven, Synz grows impatient. He gets a running start off the ropes and flies through the middle rope, looking to catch Ned Reform (who has his back turned to the ring) with a suicide dive - but at the last second, Reform moves! Synz collides with the guardrail!

DDK:

Big risk by Nicky Synz and it did not pay off.

Ned can't help but take a moment to smile at the crowd and point to his head reminding us of how smart he is. Reform grabs Synz by his long hair and tosses him under the bottom rope and back into the ring.

Lance:

This is where we've seen that Ned Reform, despite his bluster and bravado, can actually be quite dangerous.

Back inside the ring, Ned Reform positions his opponent's neck over the bottom rope before grabbing the top rope for

support and standing on his back, driving Synz's neck into the rope. Slater begins a five count and Reform breaks the illegal hold at four. Nicky tries to take refuge by sitting in the corner, but The Good Doctor is right there to meet him with a Good Boot to his Good Face. Again, he holds his foot on Nicky's head until Slater gets to the count of four. Brain Slater begins to give Reform an earful about his cheating and Ned throws up his hands in innocence. While he does this, TA Cole takes the chance to reach into the ring and choke Synz on the bottom rope. He releases the chokehold just as Slater turns around. Ned again picks Synz up to his feet before dropping him with a bodyslam. Reform points to the top rope and smirks as the crowd lets him know exactly what they think of him.

DDK:

Speaking of high risk, Mr. Smarty Pants seems to think it's a good idea to head to the top rope...

The Sage on the Stage goes between the ropes and steps onto the ring apron. He again turns to the crowd and smirks as he takes a few steps to climb to the top rope. Just as he reaches the top and begins to position himself, Synz springs forward and reaches out with a hand to jostle the ropes - and Reform loses his footing and falls groin-first onto the nearby top rope! Synz climbs back to his feet and grabs the rope, bringing it up and down causing Ned to go up and down and up and down and up and down in a very painful way!

Lance:

Somehow I think this is not how someone as "dignified" as Ned Reform wants to be seen!

Reform topples over into the ring holding his little prized pupils and his eyes bugging out as Nicky Synz again hits the air guitar, firing up The Faithful in attendance! Synz brings The Good Doctor back to his feet... sit out jawbreaker! He waits for Reform to slowly climb back to his feet... running bulldog!

DDK:

Nicky Synz is firmly in control! We might be in for an upset here!

Reform takes refuge in the corner, but that's exactly what Nicky Synz wants. He takes position in the opposite corner and calls for his running knee finish... but that's when TA Cole jumps up onto the apron. Slater immediately moves in to intercept him and Synz assumes a defensive position. Cole throws his arms up, and as he does... he "discreetly" throws a small shiny object through the air, over Slater's head, and right in front of Reform. The camera zooms in on the object - it's the bulky class ring that Reform has used to win numerous times. The Good Doctor reaches down to grab it - but he's stopped by the foot of referee Brian Slater, who covers the ring with his shoe! Ned begins to protest his innocence while Slater leans down to pick it up. With Slater's back turned, however, TA Cole is able to grab Nicky Synz and drop down off the apron, hanging Synz's neck over the top rope. The rock star bounces backwards holding his neck... and that's the only opening Reform needs to lock on the Ad Homineum!

DDK:

AD HOMINEM! Ned Reform's version of the Crossface Chicken Wing!

Lance:

As many shortcuts as Ned Reform takes in the ring, he's proven time and time again to be an absolute master of that hold, and when he locks it in... it's likely over.

Synz's arms flail as he struggles... but Ned is able to fall back and grapevine the body with his legs... and that's all she wrote as Nicky has no choice but to tap.

DING DING DING

Ned holds on the hold for a little longer than necessary before releasing poor Nicky Synz. He allows Brain Slater to raise his hand in victory as he smiles and laughs in amusement at his victory while the crowd lets him have it.

DDK:

A win for Ned Reform here as he looks to DEFTv 171 and his match against Elise Ares, who with all due respect to Nicky Synz, will likely push him to his limits more than this contest.

GOLFING WITH JERRY

As the ref tends to Nicky Synz and TA Cole enters the ring, Reform gestures for a mic as his theme fades out. He pauses before he speaks, both catching his breath and giving the fans a chance to get their jeering out of their system.

Ned Reform:

...perhaps Mr. Synz should have stayed in school, hmmm?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

But nevertheless. Some of you might be thinking to yourselves, "but why, Dr. Reform, do you appear to be in such a good mood after the scoundrels known as the Pop Culture Phenoms cheated their way to victory at DEFtv?" Actually... that's a fairly insightful question, and as I'm sure none of you have more than three brain cells to rub together to generate such an inquiry, it's doubtful any of you are thinking that. Nonetheless, I will address it.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

I know that those of you who punch a timeclock and scrap by day by day in your miserable existence are not aware of this, but for those of us who have experienced even a modicum of success, we know that the key to thriving in this world is networking.

Reform grins.

Ned Reform:

I would like to tell you all about my close and personal friend, Jerry. Jerry is a successful man - a man who knows talent when he sees it. A man who I had the pleasure of getting to know late last year. A man whose children I had the honor to tutor. A man who makes it a point to get nine rounds of golf in with yours truly every time I am in town. A good friend, Jerry is. Jerry is also a member of the Favoured Saints board.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

They can see where this is going.

Ned Reform:

And while Elise Ares "earned" the chance to face me at DEFtv 171, Jerry has agreed with me that what happened last week was a miscarriage of justice by every definition of the phrase. And so Jerry, in his infinite generous spirit and wisdom, has made some changes. Dr. Ned Reform will NOT be facing Elise Ares next week on DEFIANCE television.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform;

Never fear, children! You will still be graced with the in-ring presence of the Sage on the Stage. But instead of singles competition, I will be teaming with Mr. Cole here...

Reform puts his arm over Cole's shoulder.

Ned Reform:

...when the Honor Society defeats The Saturday Night Specials to become the NEW Unified DEFIANCE tag team champions.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Wait, what? Seriously? They aren't anywhere near the top of the rankings.

Lance:

There's going to be a lot of teams upset about this, Keebs. Not the least of which is The Lucky Sevens.

Ned Reform:

That's right! In seven days time, yours truly and Mr. Cole will defeat those belligerent drunkards to finally bring some prestige and dignity to the tag team championship. I look forward to serving you as ONE HALF of YOUR tag team champions!

Reform grabs TA Cole's hand and lifts it high into the air as The Honor Society's theme kicks back in and the fans shower the duo with jeers.

SOUR THE KRAUT

The front doors to Ballyhoo Brew fly open and The Saturday Night Specials, along with new manager “Bally Cat” Ophelia Sykes, walk into the bar. A cheer erupts from the tavern’s patrons upon seeing the tag team champions enter, and SNS responds by raising victorious fists up to them. As Pat Cassidy throws a friendly arm over Ophelia’s shoulder, Brock Newbludd takes a step ahead and reaches behind him to unsnap the tag team title belt wrapped around his waist.

Hoisting the belt up, Brock points out to the eager and excited customers.

Brock Newbludd:

BALLY!?

The Ballyhooligans:

HOOOOOO!!

Brock Newbludd:

The champs, baby! That’s who! Now, who wants to throw down and party with SNS tonight!?

Pat Cassidy pumps an approving fist as the riled-up locals let out a cheer. Turning his attention to the heart and soul of Ballyhoo Brew, the bar. Scanning the length of it, Pat locates Davey LaRue standing behind the bar and signals for him to throw over a few beverages. LaRue is quick to comply and expertly tosses Brock a bottle of beer. Newbludd snatches it out of the air just as Davey hurls two more bottles in Cassidy’s direction. Catching one right after another, Pat hands one of them to Ophelia before climbing up on top of the nearest table. Brock and Ophelia are quick to join Cassidy on top of the table. Clearing his throat, Cassidy raises his bottle up for a toast.

Pat Cassidy:

My esteemed scoundrels, I thought it might be a good idea to take a second to thank our very special Ace in the Hole...

Cassidy makes a grand gesture to the young lady to his left.

Pat Cassidy:

“Bally Cat” Ophelia Sykes!

Cassidy and Brock start a cheer, and the crowd despite any misgivings they might have about Ophelia, join in on the fun. Ophelia pretends to be modest and does a quick little curtsy.

Pat Cassidy:

We all had something to prove tonight, and with her help, we shoved all their tough talk right down Morrow’s goons throats. And it led to a hissy fit of epic proportions to boot!

Slapping his partner on the back, the fired up Brock lifts his beer up high and addresses the jovial crowd.

Brock Newbludd:

And here’s to The Lucky Sevens! I take back my previous words when I called them Tom Morrow’s prize whores. That’s clearly not what they are. Whores know what to do when they’re put on their back. Max and Mason? Not so much. That’s two times now I’ve rolled one of them up and pinned them to the mat for the win. And both times they just take it like a bitch. So, my apologies, fellas! You’re not a couple of soulless whores. You guys are just your run-of-the-mill, every day, bitches. Here’s to ya, boys! Thanks for the roll-ups! BALLYHOO!

With that, the whole room toasts SNS’s rivals. Hopping off the tabletop, the champions and their manager work their way through the party people towards the bar. Reaching it, the trio each plop down on a barstool in front of LaRue.

Pat Cassidy:

David, my good man... where is Captain Sourpuss, anyway?

Davey looks confused.

Pat Cassidy:

My sister. I'm itching for a good "told ya so." It's been so long.

Davey jerks his thumb over at Siobhan, who is cleaning a glass and staring daggers through her brother. Pat grins and fires her a big thumbs up... but Ophelia puts her hands on his shoulder.

Ophelia Sykes:

Maybe you don't antagonize her tonight? I'm trying not to be the source of bad blood here. Besides, we won. Our actions can speak louder than words. Let's just celebrate.

Cassidy sighs.

Pat Cassidy: *[begrudgingly]*

Fine.

Sykes raises her eyebrows. Waits for her to meet his gaze.

Ophelia Sykes:

No. I mean... let's celebrate.

A beat. Now it's Pat's turn to raise his eyebrows.

Pat Cassidy:

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Yeah.

He turns to Brock.

Pat Cassidy:

You mind holding down the fort, buddy? I'm gonna go...

Cassidy thinks for the correct euphemism.

Pat Cassidy:

Bake a cake. NO! Check the oil. Storm the castle. Hit one to right field. Drive Ms. Daisy, you know what I mean? Hunt the white whale. Tip the ol' valet. Sour the kraut. Mow the lawn. Unclog the...

Ophelia Sykes:

Holy shit. Please just be an adult human man.

Newbludd raises an eyebrow and grins at the two.

Brock Newbludd:

Toss the salad?

Cassidy's mouth instantly shuts and the Bally Cat cocks her head to one side. Brock chuckles nervously and gives both of them cautious pats on the shoulder. He looks at Pat and winks.

Brock Newbludd:

I get it. Too soon. Listen, it sounds like you got alot of boxes to check. I'll take first shift, know what I mean?

Brock smoothly looks over to Siobhan but she's oblivious as she glares almost menacingly at Ophelia.

Brock Newbludd:

Or not. Anyways, you guys go have fun. Big win tonight. Big fuckin' win.

Cassidy and Brock share the kind of fist bump that only tag team partners can share. Cassidy puts an arm around Ophelia and flashes Brock a thumbs up. As they turn to leave... you'd have to be super perceptive to catch the glance and small smirk that Ophelia shoots over toward Siobhan. It was just half a second, really.

But Siobhan sure as hell caught it. So did Davey. And most importantly, so did Brock. Or at least he *thinks* he saw *something*. Taking a drink out of his beer, Brock watches his friend and manager leave. Concerned eyebrow raised, Newbludd turns his gaze to Siobhan.

Brock Newbludd:

Did anyone else...

Siobhan angrily throws her bar rag down to the floor and points a finger at Brock.

Siobhan Cassidy:

I sure as shit did. I think me and you...

She jerks a thumbs in Davey's direction.

Siobhan Cassidy:

...and him. We better keep an eye on her. I don't trust her one bit. Especially with my brother. Just promise me you'll keep an eye on him. No matter what.

Seeing the seriousness in her eyes, Brock thinks for a moment and nods his head.

Brock Newbludd:

You know I will. Just don't worry, alright?

Siobhan Cassidy:

I'll stop worrying when Ophelia Sykes is out of my life.

Picking the bar rag off the ground, Siobhan storms off and Brock sighs. Concern still etched on his face, Brock looks back to the exit that Pat and Ophelia just escaped through.

Brock Newbludd:

I hope you know what you're doing, buddy.

THEODORE CAIN vs. "CUNNING" CURT CUNNING

DDK:

Welcome back to more action here on UNCUT! Last week, we saw the Gulf Coast Connection combo of "Wingman" Titus Campbell and Crescent City Kid victorious in tag team action. Tonight, their third member Theodore Cain is in singles action momentarily!

Lance:

The Gulf Coast Connection are looking at putting some wins together to parlay this into future shots at gold. We'll see Theodore Cain in action next against the masked "Cunning" Curt Cunning of BRAZEN!

The camera goes inside the ring where the masked "Cunning" Curt Cunning is standing by, yelling at a fan from inside the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, already in the ring... from The Great State of Noneya Bidness... weighing at also Noneya, but the website says 224 pounds, so we'll roll with that... **"CUNNING" CURT CUNNING!**

Curt Cunning taps his head at the announcement of his name, then goes back to yelling at some fat guy in the front row. And when the intro is over, the black-masked Cunning waits for his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... being accompanied by "Wingman" Titus Campbell and the Crescent City Kid... from right here in NOLA! (hometown pop!) Representing the Gulf Coast Connection, weighing 246 pounds... **THEODORE CAIN!**

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

The trio make their way out from the back to a nice pop from the crowd! Theodore Cain has on a new Gulf Coast Connection Mardi Gras-themed jester hat, along with Crescent City Kid, getting the crowd fired up with a collection of beads. "The Wingman" Titus Campbell brings up the rear and the powerhouse throws a few jester hats out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young girl in the audience with her parents before he steps through the ropes. The hometown favorite gets cheers as he looks across from Cunning.

DDK:

Theodore Cain looking for a win in singles action tonight! We'll see what he can do!

Theodore Cain gets ready, as is Curt Cunning.

DING DING

Cunning locks up with Theodore Cain, but the more powerful surfer plants him on the mat quickly to cheers from the crowd! An angry Cunning tries to hide said anger and dusts himself off before climbing back to his feet. He tries to go for another collar-and-elbow with Theodore. They lock up again, but Theo this time drops him down with another slam on the mat! Cunning lets out a non-Homer Simpson annoyed grunt before he starts to stand again. He demands that Theodore Cain fight him seriously. Cain looks out to the crowd and asks if he should try and wrestle with Cunning. They cheer him on, along with Titus and CCK from the outside.

DDK:

Looks like Theo is trying to have some fun at Curt's expense.

The two men lock up a third time and Cunning is able to maneuver himself with a go-behind and then circle around to apply a hammerlock. He laughs at Cain's misfortune, but much to his shock, Cain ducks down to grab a leg and then trip Cunning! The Cunning One tries stumbling up when The Smash Surfer kicks him and hoists him up with a big suplex, then drops him down face first with a gourdbuster!

DDK:

Wow! Thomas Slaine adding something new to the arsenal!

And then he adds another... by stepping on Cunning's back while he's down and posing on him like he's riding a surfboard! The Faithful laugh as he continues with Cunning yelling underneath him to get off of him.

Lance:

He calls that Riding The Waves! I know Theodore Cain and the GCC overall like to have fun, but maybe need to focus more on in-ring results!

The crowd cheer on The Smash Surfer as he picks up Cunning and then whips him across the ring into a corner. He gets ready to launch himself at him with a big splash... but Cunning is able to move out of the way at the last second! Cain hits his chest, then The Cunning One sneaks up behind the surfer with a violent shove into the buckle a second time. Cain then gets the surprise in the form of a superkick!

DDK:

Superkick flush on the jaw! He calls that the... ugh, of course he does... Cunning Linguist.

Lance:

Like I said, Darren! Cain played around a little too much with the crowd and the masked Cunning takes advantage.

Cunning goes over and then runs off the ropes to deliver a sliding European uppercut. Cain goes down in a heap and then Curt goes right for the lateral press!

ONE... TWO...

Cain kicks out!

Lance:

Good series of moves by Cunning there, keeping Theodore Cain off his game.

DDK:

He's now going for the arm! Cunning going for the double wristlock!

He tries to slap on the double wristlock and keeps him trapped up in the submission. The masked BRAZEN Referee known as... well, The Referee checks on Cain and asks him if he wants to tap out.

Theodore Cain:

Dude... no way!

DDK:

Some good fight by Theodore Cain! He's got Titus and CCK cheering him at ringside!

Titus and CCK both cheer him on from ringside as Cain tries fighting his way out of the hold. When he gets close to breaking the hold, Cunning starts to bite his nose! The Referee yells at Curt to stop it otherwise risk a disqualification and he does, but not the damage has been done!

Lance:

"Cunning" Curt Cunning is one of the more nefarious BRAZEN stars, that's for sure. With tactics like that!

DDK:

Cunning has Theo up and he's trying for the Sly Fox Lock, a modified face lock...

But before he can get it fully locked in, Cain pushes him away and then floors him with a big running back elbow on the way back! The Cunning One gets knocked loopy AF off the rebound while Cain leans against the ropes, starting to yell

for more support from The Faithful! They happily lend it to him when he gets himself pumped up!

DDK:

Big Theodore Cain nearly dropped him cold with that running back elbow! And here comes a big one!

He bounces off one set of ropes...

Then the other...

Then RUNS right through a rising Curt Cuning with a HUGE shoulder tackle that sends him flying!

DDK:

There's the Smash Surfer SMASH! He uses momentum from both sets of ropes before unleashing that killer tackle!

Lance:

I don't think Curt Cuning knows what wrestling promotion he's in right now!

Cain is back up and tells The Faithful that's it! He picks up Curt and then places him on his shoulders... then DRIVES him down into a fireman's carry jawbreaker across the knee!

DDK:

Surf's Up! And I think it's high tide for The Cuning One!

Theodore hobbles right into the cover by hooking the leg while throwing a shaka sign up for the crowd!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

He climbs up and then gets back to his feet, having his arm raised by The BRAZEN Referee! Titus and Crescent City Kid come in to celebrate!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **THEODORE CAIN!**

DDK:

The second victory in as many weeks for members of the Gulf Coast Connection! Theodore Cain adds new tricks to his arsenal! Perhaps that will serve him well in the future!

Lance:

Indeed!

The trio leave the ring and Cain gets in on helping Titus Campbell and Crescent City Kid toss out more Mardi Gras-themed goodies to The Faithful as they go to celebrate.

LAST NIGHT

Darren Keebler and Lance Warner are on commentary right now to preview the main event match.

DDK:

Tonight for Uncut's main event, a young BRAZEN team, the Louisiana Bulldogs are looking to try to turn their luck around after two previous matches with the Lucky Sevens did not end in their favor.

Lance:

We can't forget the scene that ended DEF TV 170. The Lucky Sevens once again suffered a surprise loss to the Unified Tag team champions, the Saturday Night Specialists. They had the match in their hands until their ex-manager Ophelia Sykes helped SNS score the victory. The Lucky Sevens stuck around after that loss while SNS went out to celebrate and they destroyed our ring.

DDK:

They also admitted to injuring former FIST Gage Blackwood and he will be out from six months to a year. Their manager Tom Morrow has been working around the clock doing damage control. We have been told that after tonight's Uncut broadcast that the punishment for their recent conduct will be decided.

Lance:

They deserve to have the book thrown at them for everything they have done recently. We're going to look at some earlier interviews our broadcast team have did with both tag teams that we will see tonight.

COMMENTS FROM THE LOUISIANA BULLDOGS

The Louisiana Bulldogs team of Denver and Oliver Brandt are both walking circles around the backstage area when the camera gets focused on them. They have some words about tonight's match with the Lucky Sevens.

Denver Brandt:

December 16th, 2020 ... we fought the Lucky Sevens and we got smashed. My brother and I were going to learn from that and if we ever got the chance, we'd show them that we've grown.

Oliver Brandt picks up where his brother left off.

Oliver Brandt:

March 10th, 2021. We got another chance to avenge that loss and unfortunately for us, it was the same result. Tonight ... The third time is going to be a charm. We've spent months getting ready in case we ever got this chance again and now tonight is the night. We're tired of being looked at as pushovers.

Oliver and Denver both look as ready as they can be. All suited up in ring gear.

Oliver Brandt:

You guys just lost to the Saturday Night Specialists last week and threw a giant hissy fit and destroyed the ring. Tonight, you're really going to lose it when you lose to the Louisiana Bulldogs. We have been in BRAZEN for a long time and lately, we've been hearing that we need to show up or shut up. Tonight, Max and Mason ... you ain't closing our mouths.

Denver Brandt:

Tonight we're showing you up!

COMMENTS FROM THE LUCKY SEVENS

The Lucky Sevens are both dressed in street clothing looking like they are more ready to have a fight than a wrestling match. Mason Luck is wearing black jeans and Max Luck wearing faded white jeans, both of them shirtless. In the mood they are in, they couldn't be any more serious.

Chris Trutt:

Uh ... Mason! Max! You're fighting the Louisiana Bulldogs tonight! Word has it that after you revealed that you injured Gage Blackwood and the damage you've been doing to our production property, DEFSec and our wrestling ring ... DEFIANCE Wrestling management are going to be announcing a punishment soon. Why did you attack Gage Blackwood?

Max keeps on walking past him. The ring appears to be all they care about.

Chris Trutt:

Hey! Can I get a sound byte? What's going on with you? Are you upset that Ned Reform and TA Cole have been named the new number one contenders after your loss to the Satur ...

Mason inches over Chris Trutt and stops him from talking.

Mason Luck:

Go on ... say it. Say it. Our loss to who?

Trutt gulps ... and possibly ruins his pants.

Chris Trutt:

The ... the Saturday Night Spe ...

He doesn't get to finish what he says because Mason steals the microphone from his hands! Trutt jumps right into a waste bin and hides from the giant twin.

Mason Luck:

Louisiana Bulldogs ... tonight is your last night in DEFIANCE Wrestling.

Mason chucks the microphone into Chris Trutt's face and follows his brother.

UNCUT: UPCLOSE - THE MV STORY, PT. IV

Previously on... UNCUT: UpClose...

[The MV Story - pt. I](#) ← click

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We move to a pre-recorded segment in the UpClose studio. As the lights slowly come up on a professional, modern set trimmed with DEFIANCE red and black, we see Lance Warner shuffle a handful of papers in hand before raising his eyes to the camera in front of him.

Lance:

Over the past weeks, we have examined the sometimes triumphant and often tumultuous 2016/2017 run of the Masked Violators in DEFIANCE Wrestling and saw how the spectre and dark influence of Lord Nigel Trickelbush dogged them all along the way, their respective careers seemingly intertwined.

Lance shifts in his chair, finding a different camera to his right.

Lance:

Today, it appears that Trickelbush has been successful in splintering the masked odd couple, perhaps for good, gaining sway over the mind and soul of Masked Violator #2, molding and twisting him into the dangerous, volatile monster we've known for a year as "Corvo Alpha".

Another shift. Another camera. So professional.

Lance:

Tonight, we speak to the man MV2 left behind... the man who is determined to bring him home.

Shifting back to the original angle, a box appears over Warner's shoulder with a smiling and waving MV1 in it. "Via DEFsat" appears just beneath the name "Masked Violator #1", both in yellow lettering.

Lance:

Welcome to UNCUT: UpClose, MV1! And welcome back to DEFIANCE.

Bright red mask stretching with his bright smile, #1 offers a curt nod.

MV1:

Thank you so much for having me, while I'm proud to be back I truly wish the circumstances were different.

The warm smile melts into something closer to melancholy.

Lance:

I understand you are set to make your in-ring return to DEFtv next week.

Another masked nod.

MV1:

I am! I am looking forward to getting back in front of the DEFIANCE Faithful, performing in front of some of the most fun, passionate fans in the world and testing myself against the very best in the sport. Like I said, I wish the circumstances were different... I wish I was competing in a tag team match with the greatest partner I've ever had. But that's clearly not possible. Not today.

Glancing down at the papers on his crossed-lap, Lance artfully finds his opening.

Lance:

I'd like to talk about why that isn't possible, if I can, and what brought us to today.

Still images from the stunning post-match moment at DEFCON 2022 scroll painfully across the screen. The MV1 window remains open in the top right corner of our screen as images of a plague doctor unmasking to reveal a more colorful lucha mask. MV1 offers an exhausted and confused Corvo Alpha a yellow wrestling mask of his own, a microphone pressed to MV1's lips. Another shot of Alpha's bewildered eyes, locked on the mask.

Lance:

You left DEF in Summer 2017... can I ask when and how you'd lost contact with MV2?

Pursing his lips and furrowing his brow, MV1 watches the still images as they scroll on his own monitor. It takes a moment for him to return his attention to the question at hand.

MV1:

Well... as you said, we'd left DEFIANCE, rather abruptly and bounced around some southern independents before a tour of Mexico presented itself. We were putting on great matches, really finding our groove again... we had two shows one Saturday afternoon in Mexico City. Outdoors, a really beautiful day, wonderful fans. We did the first show, no issues. Two had said he wanted to grab a beer before the second show. I personally wanted a pedicure, so we'd split up as we'd done a half dozen times on this leg... and he just never came back.

Lance:

Were you worried?

1 bristles.

MV1:

I wasn't. Not immediately. It wasn't the first time this had happened. Look... MV2 has never lived a "clean" life. He's struggled with demons for as long as I've known him. Whether it was drinking, drugs, or loose women, my friend has had his moments. But... this time was different... he just never turned back up. Days went by. We missed other bookings. Then I got concerned.

Lance:

And when was this?

MV1:

April 2018. I stayed in Mexico for another six months looking for him. I couldn't imagine returning to the States and telling his family I'd lost him—

Lance raises an eyebrow.

Lance:

Family?

MV1 offers another nod, this one quite solemn.

MV1:

Yes. A daughter. And a cat. I stayed in Mexico, searching, for as long as my work visa allowed. I was devastated when I had to come home. Without him. We... we all were.

Lance:

When, and how, did you learn that he was back in DEFIANCE, working under the Corvo Alpha name?

Absently adjusting the mask on his face and head with both hands, MV1 shifts his weight in his chair.

MV1:

I never suspected he'd come back here. Honestly, he wasn't the one who caught my attention. It was Nigel.

Lance:

Lord Nigel Trickelbush?

MV1 takes a long slow breath with a cleansing exhalation.

MV1:

The same. I'd heard he had resurfaced. It was a morbid curiosity that led me to turn on DEFtv. There was [some bizarre promo profiling the arrival](#) of a "Corvo Alpha"--

The words are clearly uncomfortable coming from his lips.

MV1:

--and I knew. I didn't have to see him. I knew.

Lance:

How?

MV1:

I... don't know. I know it doesn't make sense. But it's the truth.

Still [shots of Corvo's arrival at DEFIANCE Road 2022 scroll brutally](#) across our screen. MV1 narrows his eyes at his playback monitor.

MV1:

...I've only seen this once.

A still shot of Corvo rising from the rubble of Henry Keyes' then-shattered body and a mass of broken sound and lighting equipment. MV1 turns away, staring down his camera.

MV1:

I knew. But I had to get close. I had to be sure, for his daughter... and for me. And knowing that Trickelbush was involved, I had to move quickly and quietly, without arousing any suspicion. I'd seen what he did to Henry Keyes that night and felt a tremendous amount of guilt... so I did what *anyone* would do in that situation [and secured passage on Keyes' airship as a junior Plague Doctor](#). I lent a hand aboard as much as I could, but my true purpose was to get close enough to be absolutely sure and, if I could, remind Two who he was.

Lance:

There's... a lot to unpack there. I have a lot of questions--

Raising a hand, MV1 cuts Lance off.

MV1:

The point is, I got close enough. I confronted him. And it wasn't enough. I [counted Trickelbush out and paid the price](#) for it. That's a mistake that I won't make again.

We cut to a full screen of MV1 with Lance in the corner box.

MV1:

I don't know exactly what Trickelbush did to him, but I'm determined to help him and bring him home. I owe that to him and more.

Lance:

Your "old friend" has put more top stars on the shelf than any other performer in recent memory, most [recently](#)

[breaking the neck of former FIST](#) of DEFIANCE, Jason “Stalker” Reeves. It seems that your arrival in DEFIANCE has broken Lord Nigel’s hold on Alpha, as if Trickelbush can’t even control him anymore. Is this... a positive development?

Another deep breath from the Red Rocket of DEFIANCE.

MV1:

Anything that takes Two away from Trickelbush is a positive development. I’ve been trying to get on television as much as possible since Houston, hoping he’ll see me, he’ll hear me... and he’ll let me help him! I’m going to be in Mississippi next week at DEFtv 171, Two! I’m on the road with DEFIANCE. Let me help you!

Lance:

And what about Lord Nigel? He’s been uncharacteristically quiet since failing to stop Corvo from breaking Stalker in half almost a month ago. Are you at all concerned that–

MV1:

Lord Nigel should be concerned about seeing ME, Lance. I hope he makes the drive to Hattiesburg. I won’t make the same mistake I made at DEFCON. He won’t get a chance to nail me from behind because I... am coming... for him. I said at the beginning of this interview that I re-signed with DEFIANCE to save my friend, and gosh darn it, that’s the truth. But I *also* came back to finish what we couldn’t finish 5 years ago... I’m going to rid this business of the blight that is Lord Nigel Trickelbush so he can never ruin anyone else’s life ever again.

Lance:

How can you–

MV1:

MV2, if you can hear me... come to Mississippi next week! *TALK* to me! I can help you!

Lance takes a breath and interjects himself.

Lance:

Masked Violator #1, thank you again for coming on our program. I wish you luck. In *all* of your efforts.

MV1 nods again.

MV1:

Thank you, Lance. See you at DEFtv! See you, *too*, Nigel.

Lance tosses out a nod of his own and turns back to a different camera.

Lance:

We are out of time for now. Join us in two weeks when we get UNCUT: UpClose with another edition of... the MV Story.

One more god awful nod as we fade out.

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. JUSTIN SANE

DDK:

...Oh, no...

Lance:

Darren?

DDK:

I was about to read our next match for the fans. This match happened as a result of a recent match that occurred on DEFtv...

Lance:

And?

DDK:

...It's Butcher Victorious against Justin Sane.

Lance:

...but I thought he quit after he lost? How does he keep coming back?

Instead of a typical intro by Darren Quimbey as one would regularly get...

SHATTERING SOUND

"OOH-WA-AH-AH-AH!!"

♪ *"Down With the Sickness" by Disturbed* ♪

Tearing through the curtain as the main riff hits is the seven-foot giant JUSTIN SANE. His hair is dyed an absurdly bright shade of bright orange and red, and he is likewise wearing matching colored eye contacts, one orange and red. He moves down the rampway with a smile that suggests nothing less than absolute self-confidence. Some of the Faithful are on their feet... going to the concession stand.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... ugh... from MURDER CITY and he wants us to say that in all caps so you know he's serious... he weighs in at an astounding three-hundred and thirty-five pounds... he is wrestling's only Powerhouse Hardcore Technical High Flyer... **JUSTIN SANE!**

Sane motions for the music to get cut when he pulls out a microphone.

Justin Sane:

BUTCH VIC... IS GONNA DIE LIKE A BITCH!

DDK:

Ugh.

Justin Sane stomps toward the ring.

Justin Sane:

Butcher Victorious... or as I'm gonna call you, Butcher DICKtorious...

Lance:

No, that's Rick's schtick, you can't say that.

Justin Sane:

Listen here, little DICKtorious, I had the match won against those little bitch boys, the Gulf Coast Connection... but you made a BIG-ASS mistake trying to take the attention from me! You know Justin Sane is? Do you know how fucking good Justin Sane is? Justin Sane can autograph the these \$5,000 wrestling shoes I'm wearing, sell it for double on eBay, double my own profits, then go back to my fifty story mansion! You? Youu're some little dipshit with a half-funny catchphrase. You're a little bitch, you're a little one-note joke, nobody likes your sorry ass and they all want you to get the the fuck out of MY sport.

DDK:

I take it he isn't aware of any concept of irony.

Justin Sane enters the ring.

Justin Sane:

So DICKtorious, get your puny little ass out here! Cause once you hear the glass, it's your...

♪ "Popsong Singalong" by Flyscreen♪

Some boos and a small pocket of cheers rain down as the new obnoxious tune pops off and Butcher Victorious walks out from the back, adorned in his tacky purple tights.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 213 pounds.. He is **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

The Liberal City Landlord struts out from the back and unfortunately, he, too, has a microphone. He bops along to his music for a moment, and then finally stops to address the bright-haired elephant in the room.

Butcher Victorious:

Shut it, boner! Because unlike you, you mouthy stupid BRAZEN punk, I am a REAL MAIN EVENT ROSTER STAR! THAT MEANS BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK!

A few people say it along with him, but Butcher ignores them.

Butcher Victorious:

I walked away from you because you, Justin Sane, are the single-most annoying dude we have on either roster! And tonight, it will be YOUR HONOR, OKLAHOMA... when I come down there and kick your fire-haired ass!

He gets jeered by the crowd.

DDK:

We're, uh... we're filming at the Wrestleplex in Baton Rouge for UNCUT tonight.

Butcher runs towards and the ring and slides in... right into getting stomped by Justin Sane as he enters! Referee Rex Knox calls for the bell!

DING DING

Sane puts the boots to a gung-ho Butcher Victorious and continues to bring the pain like a Playstation 2 game. Butcher gets worked over by Sane before he drops a giant skyscraper of an elbow drop on his back!

DDK:

Look, whether or not we get... whatever Justin Sane is... he is a giant and he's got over a hundred pounds and a foot over Butcher. Running headlong at him? Probably not a good idea.

Lance:

I'd say not!

Justin Sane drops another elbow drop on his chest and then goes for the laziest pin ever because he's fucking cool like that.

ONE... TW...

Butcher kicks out!

DDK:

But then again... Justin Sane is not that smart...

The fire-haired alleged badass picks Butcher up and then whips him into a corner across the ring. Justin holds an arm up to go for a running corner clothesline... but when he gets there, Victorious rolls out of the way! Sane hits the corner, then Butcher pops up to his feet and then hits a dropkick to the chest of Justin! He stumbles back, but he doesn't go down.

Lance:

Butcher doing his best to chop the giant down with those dropkicks! Can he do it?

He jumps up and hits a second time, this time the impact being enough to bring Justin Sane down to a knee. Butcher gets up a third time, then hits another dropkick! The trio of dropkicks finally chops down Sane, then Butcher yells and runs to the ropes... before... moonwalking into an elbow drop of his own! He gets a very mild pop from the crowd, but treats it like he's won the FIST and then circles a lap around the outside of the ring!

DDK:

...Why...

Lance:

Well, nobody said Butcher was a Mensa member, either...

Butcher has completed the whole lap, but by this time, an angry Justin Sane is already back up. Victorious does the lap around the ring and then gets inside... to a towering Justin Sane, who powers him up with ease and SLAMS him down with a huge scoop slam! Justin roars in his face after hitting the slam!

DDK:

I think Butcher Victorious almost had him.

After taking a moment to parade around the ring telling the crowd about where he's going to shove his entire fist upon Butcher's body and the fans not caring, Justin goes over to pick up Butcher... but Butch Vic tries to surprise him with a small package that he calls A Winner Is Me... but a winner is not Butcher because Justin Sane holds on for a suplex!

Lance:

He just tried that small package pin... but, admittedly, Sane powers him up into a suplex...

DDK:

No! Butcher escapes! And goes right into a sleeper!

Butcher flips out and lands on his back, locking in a sleeper hold on the big man! The monster wobbles around the ring and tries to shake Butcher off of him, but the DEFIANCE star tries to move away from his hands while holding on! Sane finally throws Butcher off of him, but when he does, one of his contacts comes out! Sane stumbles around and tries to find the red

Justin Sane:

Shit! I can't be seen without that! I'll look like a fucking idiot with just one orange contact!

Lance:

Yeah, he sidestepped THAT landmine...

Butcher scrambles around while he sees Justin Sane still looking for his contact. As he's bent over, Victorious gets up and hits a big running dropkick right to his backside, sending the giant tumbling forward into the corner! Justin Sane stumbles around when Butcher jumps up the buckle to reach his forehead. Butch Vic holds out a fist and gets a few cheers when he brings the punches down!

DDK:

Wow... a few fans are actually behind Butcher tonight! And he's going for the corner punches!

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!

He gets to five before he covers a hand over Butcher's eyes and then shoves him away. Sane moves, but Butcher lands on his feet, still with his eyes closed in case Justin Sane tries to go for the eyes again... and jumps at the empty corner to deliver the rest of the punches.

SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!

With a raised fist, Butcher shakes it in the air and hurts his hand because he just punched a fucking turnbuckle. He leaps off and then Justin Sane runs him down with a massive clothesline!

DDK:

I don't know what to call now. I'm tapping out. Justin hits a move and Butcher goes down.

Lance:

...You see Better Call Saul, Darren? The writing is amazing. I'd dare say better than Breaking Bad.

DDK:

Whoa, now, back the bus up, Lance.

Justin Sane is now posing around the ring and telling everyone what's happening next while Butcher is seeing stars. An angry Justin picks him up and throws one knee from the left and right side on Butcher, then has him in the powerbomb position!

Justin Sane:

HELLRAZZZZOOOOORRRRRRRR!

He goes to pick up Butcher... but Butcher rolls through and catches him a sunset flip executed suddenly so Sane goes right for the ride! Butcher even holds the tights for leverage!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

I get where you're coming from, but Vince Gilligan's work was... Oh! OH! IT'S OVER! BUTCHER WINS! BUTCHER WINS!

Justin Sane just rolls out, but Rex Knox's count is final! Butcher gets the hell as far from the ring as he can and raises his arms!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Lance:

Butcher reverses the finishing move that Justin Sane told everyone was coming! And wins this match!

DDK:

He heads to the winner's circle tonight! Meanwhile, Justin Sane still looking for that contact of his...

Justin Sane is indeed doing just that, trying to find his missing contact.

Justin Sane:

FUUUUUUUUUCK! NOW PEOPLE ARE GONNA THINK I'M STUPID! FUCK!

Meanwhile, Butcher scurries up the ramp and laughs as he enjoys a victory tonight... and flashes a little orange contact in his hands, giggling before he throws it down and heads through the curtain.

REPURPOSING

With a selfie stick in hand, Malak Garland begins recording his conversation backstage with his statistician, ALEX.

Malak Garland:

Why hello there, ALEX. Why don't you wave and tell the whole world hello.

ALEX goes to wave but Malak pulls him out of frame just before anything happens.

Malak Garland:

Bahahahaha. I am such a jokester. Anyways ALEX, let's get down to business. I'm recording our conversation for legal purposes of course, so you can't come back and sue the pants off me.

ALEX simply sits there.

Malak Garland:

How would you like not to be called ALEX anymore? What if we gave you some of your identity back? Wouldn't that be delectable? Say, oh I don't know, throw that P back on the end of your name? ALEX P. I love it BUT you'll have to do something for me of course.

Malak pulls out a sheet of folded paper from his pocket and hands it to ALEX.

ALEX:

What is this?

Malak snidely taps his chin.

Malak Garland:

That is a copy of my DEFIANCE contract. Now before your mind wildly speculates, I need to say that I'm completely happy with it. It's a great contract. Quite tantalizing, HOWEVER, unlike most people in this world who are content with what they have, I want more. While it provides me financial stability, I simply want more more more more more more MORE! GIVE ME MOAR! MOOOOAAAARRRRRR!!!

Garland's hissy fit is quite juvenile.

Malak Garland:

That's where you come in, ALEX. You're my statistician and seeing that all these amazing sportsbook apps have been sprouting up as of late, I want to repurpose your function to become the ODDSMAKER. You will not eat or sleep anything until I'm winning bets big time. Your primary function will be to examine and analyze overs, unders and parlays of various sorts. Then, once you have IRON CLAD bets in hand, you will use my contract money and double—nay, TRIPLE my revenues. Understood?

Soaking in all the information, ALEX sits there in silence. He nods gracefully.

Malak Garland:

Good. No back talk. Just how I like it. I also reserve the right to check in on you and my bets at any time. Now go make me some real money.

Garland snatches the copy of his contract back before standing up and heading to the room's exit.

Malak Garland:

ALEX P.

Cut feed.

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. THE LOUISIANA BULLDOGS

Now the show is back to ringside with Darren Quimbey and Lance Warner.

Lance:

I think DEFIANCE Wrestling is still reeling from the news of Gage Blackwood. The Lucky Sevens were the ones that attacked Gage Blackwood following DEFCON Night Two! They aren't answering questions as to why they did it; it was only revealed after they went ballistic. After their loss to the Saturday Night Specials, they destroyed our ring, they once again injured DEFSec members without any regard for anyone's well being and revealed they injured Gage.

DDK:

I understand what the Louisiana Bulldogs want out of tonight's match. They want that big win ... they've fallen twice previously to the Lucky Sevens but I haven't seen them more dangerous than I did last week when Ophelia Sykes ... their own ex-manager ... cost them that matchup.

♪ "Born on the Bayou" by Creedence Clearwater Revival ♪

The Brandt brothers emerge from the curtain. As they make their way down the ramp, they smack hands with some fans before sliding into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The next match is a tag team match! They weighed in this morning at a combined weight of 449 pounds... Denver and Oliver Brandt... THE LOUISIANA BULLLLLLDDDDOOOOOGGGSSS!!!

Oliver and Denver get ready to fight.

♪ "Money" by Of Mice and Men ♪

7 7 7

The lights come back on and the twins stand at their full height with the "Winning Hand" claw taunt out ... but that is all they do. They both start walking to the ring at perhaps the fastest pace that a pair of seven foot twins could do.

Darren Quimbey:

Their opponents weighing in at six-hundred and fifteen pounds ... they are Max and Mason Luck, ... THE LUUUUCCCKKKYYYY SSSSEEEEEVVVEEENNNSSS!!!!

Mason and Max Luck both head to the ring in lock step. The two sets of brothers finally meet in the ring and it is Oliver and Denver that go on the attack.

DING DING

Olly goes after Mason and Denver after Max in the ring!

DDK:

There go the Louisiana Bulldogs! They're giving it their all tonight! If they can catch the Lucky Sevens on the downward slide, that is going to be a big boost! Top teams like the Pop Culture Phenoms and Los Tres Titanes have fallen to them!

Oliver is throwing punches and kicks as fast as he can at Max. Denver tries to pick a leg but Mason hits him with a knee smash and then throws him as hard as he can with a massive gutwrench toss! Denver lands on his side in a vicious manner.

DDK:

Well there goes one of the Louisiana Bulldogs!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens want to hurt someone tonight! That's all this is.

Oliver hits a uppercut on Max in a corner but he shakes it off and then punches Oliver in the jaw. When he gets rocked, Big Money Max Olly in his arms and does a spin and throws him over the ropes to the floor! Audible gasps from the crowd sound out from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful after the gruesome landing.

DDK:

Oh my God!!! That could have broken his back!!!

There are no tags and there is no order. Mason grabs Denver Brandt and throws him out of the ring like yesterday's trash. Mason steps over the ropes and then drags Denver to ringside where he yells at Darren Quimbey to move. He moves then Mason grabs a chair ...

CRACK!!! CRACK!!! CRACK!!! CRACK!!!

DING DING DING

The match is called by the referee and then Darren Quimbey makes an announcement.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners as a result of disqualification ... The Louisiana Bull-AHHHHH!!!

Quimbey gets startled by Oliver Brandt being thrown at his feet by Mason Luck!

The chair gets dented over his body when Mason is done with it! He tosses it behind him and on the opposite side of the ring, Max Luck gets booed for picking up the steel steps. He sees the camera closing in on him and makes sure a message gets sent.

Max Luck:

YOU DID THIS, OPHELIA!!!! ALL ON YOUR HANDS, PAT AND BROCK!!!

He grabs the steps and brings them down on the body of Oliver Brandt! Again and again and again!

Lance:

Stop this! Come on! Stop this!

And back on the other side .. the entire table belonging to the time keeper gets picked up and slammed right on the body of Denver Brandt by Mason Luck!

Lance:

That's enough! You two asshole bullies have made your point! You're mad you aren't champs!

After he is done slamming the stairs on Oliver's body, Max shoves him back in the ring where Mason Luck is ready to help him. The official has already called the match for a Louisiana Bulldogs victory ... but Max and Mason look far from done. Mason has the power bomb set on Oliver and Max applies the Winning Hand in midair before they hit Seven Stars!

DDK:

Seven Stars for Oliver Brandt! This goes beyond what they've called Five Star Beatdowns! This is violence.

Despite being savagely beaten by Mason Luck with the chair and being thrown under a table moments before, a very weak and limping Denver Brandt tries crawling inside with the same chair to save his brother. But Mason grabs the chair and Max grabs Denver.

Lance:

He just tried to save Oliver ... and this doesn't look good.

Mason Luck grabs a chair with Max holding the dead weight Denver up by his arms ...

CRACK!!!

An extra force chairshot gets brought down on the head of Denver Brandt and the shot leaves him bleeding from his head after he hits the canvas!

DDK:

NO!!! THIS BUSINESS MOVED AWAY FROM CHAIR SHOTS LIKE THAT!!! AT LEAST I THOUGHT SO!!!

The dented chair is tossed away and Max lets Denver fall to the mat lifeless. Oliver isn't even moving when Mason wants him up one more time. Mason picks him up ...

Power bomb.

Winning Hand Slam.

SEVEN STARS!!!

Lance:

Not again! We had a feeling this match was going to be one-sided, but ... this is uncomfortable to call, Darren.

DDK:

It truly is. This sick obsession they've had with becoming the Unified Tag Team champions of DEFIANCE Wrestling has taken them places I never thought they would go.

Lance:

And just throw this onto the fire when DEFIANCE management is considering. I hope they get the heftiest of fines and the lengthiest of suspensions. They deserve whatever they have coming!

Max has gone outside to retrieve the steel steps he used earlier on Oliver and it doesn't look like he is done. The stairs get pitched into the ring. Mason grabs Oliver and has to hold him up.

DDK:

Enough! ENOUGH!!!

Max has the steel steps and Mason whips Oliver right into a *gruesome* head shot with steps! Oliver hits the mat and he's bleeding from the head just like his brother is! Max looks at the steps and then lets them drop at his feet. He notices the dent he just put in. Mason revels in the jeering of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and also the two wrestlers they've just massacred.

DDK:

This ... this is ... I can't even find the words. The Louisiana Bulldogs won this match but not in the way they wanted to.

Max can barely get a word in among the jeers but he grabs Darren's microphone that he dropped. He and Max start to leave the ring but he has a couple of chilling words first.

Max Luck:

... Congrats on your victory.

Max casually drops that microphone. Mason walks behind him and they have left the crowd jeering as loud as possible as they leave.

Lance:

Whatever punishment they are given by DEFIANCE Management needs to be swift, severe, and cost these men a whole hell of a lot of money.

DDK:

I agree. I'm ...

He is getting something in his headset.

DDK:

Hold on Lance ... I'm being that their punishment will be decided later today but no doubt these actions tonight only made things worse for them as if that was even possible. We'll see you next week on DEF TV 170. Good night. Stay tuned to DEFIANCEwrestling.com for updates on the Lucky Sevens' punishment.

Max and Mason Luck have completed another massacre with Uncut now coming to a close.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.