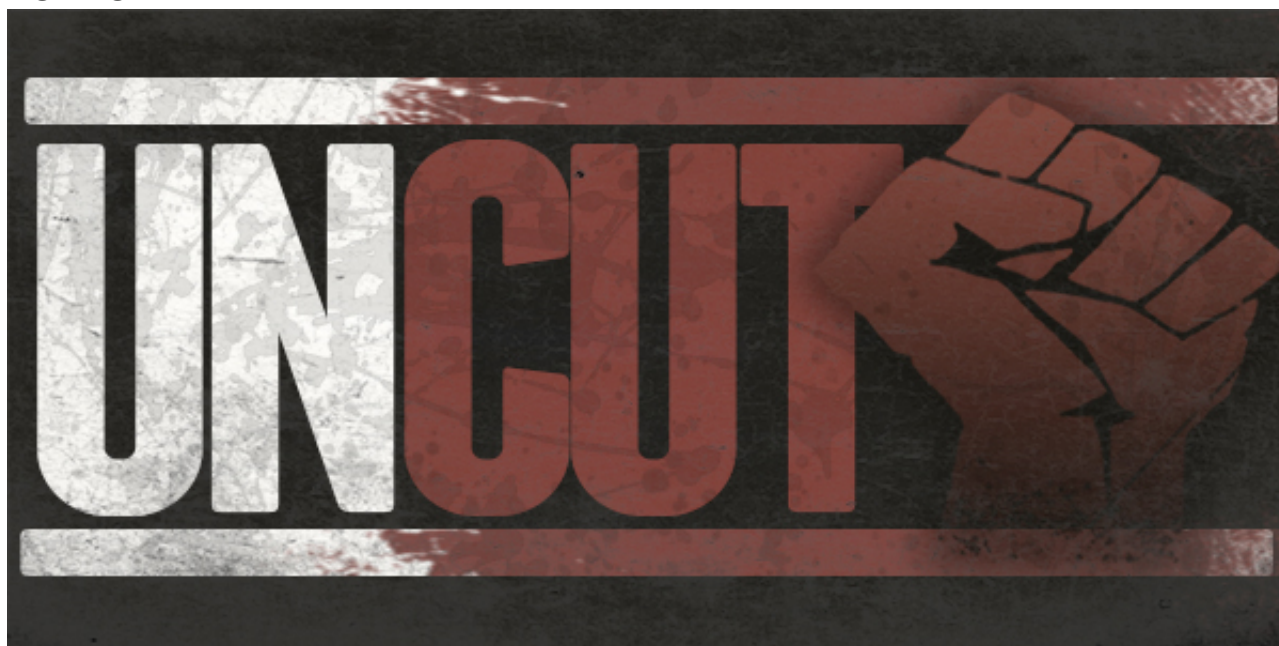


SHOW OPEN

DECLAN ALEXANDER vs. HURTLOCKER HOLT

DDK:

Welcome to UNCUT, Faithful. We have a great night planned for you tonight. "DEC4L" Declan Alexander, Team HOSS, The Company Men, and Malak Garland are just a few of the names you can look forward to seeing tonight.

Lance:

The big man, Hurtlocker Holt, is already in the ring. We're ready to kick this off now.

♪ "Ready For The War" by Brick & Ben Varney ♪

DDK:

Violence for hire. Can you think of a better way to describe Hurtlocker for the DEFIANCE fan who may not be familiar with his work in BRAZEN?

Lance:

Couldn't have said it better myself, Darren. Former US Marine. Full time bad, bad man. Just a man who wakes up excited to get into a fight. Not against doing it for the right buyer either. The man is just born for this kind of work.

Darren Quimbey:

In the ring is the challenger from The Bronx, New York. Weighing in at 254 pounds. Hurt. Locker. Holt!

Insider the ring, the six foot, five inch tower of muscle paces back and forth. Making his pecs dance with a permanent grimace on his face, Holt leans across the top rope towards the entrance pushing them down. Calling for his opponent it doesn't take long before the arena lights shift the music cuts away.

The Missouri Faithful cheer as the yellow lights dance around the arena and The Payload™ descends from the rafters, giving you a bird's eye view towards the entrance... and you know what that means. As it soars towards its destination, the silhouette of DEC4L adjusts his varsity jacket before The Payload™ flies overhead.

I just wanna feel... A-LIVE!

♪ "Brachyura Bombshell" by Attack Attack! ♪

The word "DEC4L" bursts onto the DEFIATron in yellow as the former BRAZEN Champion soaks in the cheers from the St. Louis Faithful. Surprisingly, a man walks out behind him before he starts his march to the ring. It's Sgt. Safety complete with hard hat, clipboard, and neon yellow reflective vest. With a smile across his face, Declan walks down to the ring greeting fans along the way with a series of high fives and quick selfies while being supervised by the Sultan of Safe.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent from Brookline, Massachusetts! Being accompanied by Sgt. Safety. Weighing in at 229 pounds. "DEEEEEEC4L" DECLAN ALEXXXXXXXXXXXXXXANNNNNNDERRRRR!

DDK:

So we saw Sgt. Safety and DEC4L get involved with Kerry Kuroyama's match on DEFtv. Now he's following Alexander out to the ring tonight. Any update on the relationship of these two wrestlers, Lance?

Lance:

Due to the constant monitoring by Kerry Kuroyama, Declan has enlisted the services of Sgt. Safety to make sure he's following the correct procedures here in DEFIANCE. The Prince of Proper Procedure has taken Alexander under his wing, so to speak, to keep him out of the watchful glare of the Pacific Blitzkrieg.

DDK:

So he's out here monitoring Declan for a safety inspection?

Lance:

He's been hired by DEC4L to make sure he's following all proper etiquette and safety procedures.

DDK:

And when they were watching Kerry Kuroyama?

Lance:

Just a little bit of supervising the supervisor, I'd suppose.

As Alexander makes his way across the apron to enter the ring, Sgt. Safety is quick to point to his boots and makes the PogChamp do a quick wipe of his boots before entering the ring. As the Intrepid Influencer goes to the top ropes to look out to the Faithful he drops his varsity style jacket to the ground which is quickly grabbed by Sgt. Safety who immediately writes a citation. DEC4L sighs and shrugs jumping down off the top rope to see his opponent grinding his teeth. Ready for battle.

DING DING

The citation distracts DEC4L but not so much that makes him unable to dodge the freight train that is Hurtlocker Holt slamming full force into the turnbuckle. Alexander tries to take advantage of the mistake and rolls up Hurtlocker!

ONE.

TWO.

THR- KICKOUT!

The force of the kickout throws Declan rolling backwards across the ring. The Intrepid Influencer goes to scoff about the closeness of the pin before he sees the massive, infuriated frame of Hurtlocker Holt rise off the canvas. DEC4L's eyes grow wide as the angry bull charges, leaving the PogChamp to scramble under the bottom rope and outside of the ring. Alexander sprints around the corner and Holt chases him a full circle around the ring, dodging ring steps and everything else Declan attempts to throw in his path to slow him down before DEC4L has no choice but to slide back into the ring. Behind them, Sgt Safety picks everything back up and puts it back in its rightful place.

DDK:

Alexander may be talented but he's prodded the bear early in this one and that might be a HUUUUUGE mistake.

Lance:

Huge is an understatement, Darren. Holt is a former Marine. A trained killing machine whose muscles have muscles. It only takes one bomb from Hurtlocker to end a match!

Holt slides in after Declan with surprising speed. Alexander runs away and jumps out onto the apron where Hurtlocker charges him once more only to be hit with a jumping high kick by the PogChamp. Stunning the behemoth, Declan tries to take advantage by jumping off to the top rope and pouncing on his adversary but he's caught! Up on Holt's shoulders, the Intrepid Influencer strikes away at the bald head of his opponent before throwing him forward with a hurricanrana sending him through the ropes and onto the apron. Hurtlocker pulls himself up to his feet in time to get hit by a triangle dropkick sending to the outside of the ring. The Missouri Faithful clap for Alexander as she bounces off the ropes and launches himself through the ropes only to be caught. Holt roars then throws DEC4L with a fallaway slam right into the steel barricade.

DDK:

That's exactly what we were worried about, Lance. Alexander was just thrown into that unforgiving steel like a fleshy lawn dart!

Lance:

This was a dangerous match for Declan from the start. I know people may see "BRAZEN Superstar" and take it for granted, but Holt is a stone cold killer.

Hurtlocker scrapes Alexander off the barricade and rolls him into the ring while Sgt Safety assesses and then fixes the damage before making a note of the dangers of the barricade. Holt whips DEC4L into the turnbuckle and follows with an avalanche. As Declan stumbles out, Hurtlocker picks him up and plants him into the canvas hard with a running powerslam. The former Marine continues to boot wipe the PogChamp as he tries to get back up crawling across the mat, knocking him repeatedly back down to his stomach. Holt grabs Alexander by the hair and pulls him up to his feet where DEC4L kicks Hurtlocker in the legs, trying to take away the base of the big man who simply flexes his shoulder and lays out Declan with a short but powerful clothesline. The St. Louis Faithful boo as Holt signals for the end.

DDK:

Hurtlocker Holt has shown everyone watching UNCUT that he isn't to be taken lightly. DEC4L's UNCUT winning streak is in serious jeopardy here.

Lance:

People were looking at Holt as an underdog here, Darren, but he's a dangerous competitor.

The Bronx Behemoth watches and slaps the head of Declan Alexander as he pulls himself up off the canvas. DEC4L lands a body shot on Hurtlocker who responds by lifting him high over his head. The Intrepid Influence flails his arms as he's gorilla pressed into the air. Holt shows off his strength with a couple of presses before tossing Alexander straight into the air leaving him to free fall face first into the mat. At least that was the intention before Declan managed to spiral in the air straight into...

DDK:

PLAY OF THE GAME!

Lance:

Where did that come from? Unbelievable.

Alexander desperately hooks the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

♪ "Brachyura Bombshell" by Attack Attack! ♪

The PogChamp sits up immediately after scoring the pinfall on his knees. Hurtlocker Holt rolls over on his side in defeat unsure of exactly what just happened. Sgt Safety quickly, but safely, ascends the stairs and wipes his feet before entering the ring. As Declan Alexander's hand is raised in victory, he's immediately met with a handful of papers to his chest from the Sultan of Safe.

DDK:

Another win for DEC4L extends his UNCUT winning streak, but possibly more importantly he was victorious but not safe.

Lance:

Lots of ammunition for Kerry Kuroyama to work with there. Sgt Safety still has a lot of work to do if Declan wants to avoid the gaze of the Pacific Blitzkrieg.

DDK:

Still impressed with Alexander, Lance. I can't believe this kid is just barely 22 years old. Just a year or two out of training. His ceiling could be immense.

Lance:

We all look forward to the things DEC4L may do in the future, Darren, but right now he needs to work on honing his craft here on UNCUT. If he keeps sticking his nose into Vae Victis business, his promising young career could end before it even begins.

THE LUCKY SEVENS VS SNS - PART 2

Cut to a production studio, where Lance Warner stands in front of a monitor playing that “This is DEFIANCE video” we all know and love. Warner is dressed professionally and looks into the camera wearing a serious expression.

Lance Warner:

Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to the second entry into my special look at the years-spanning feud between current Unified Tag Team Champions, The Lucky Sevens, and The Saturday Night Specials. When we last left these two teams, they had clashed several times in late 2020 and early 2021. Now, we skip ahead to the Summer of 2021.

On the screen, clips begin to play as Warner narrates over them. We see The Lucky Sevens in a crowded tag battle royal, and one by one teams go out, with Max Luck tossing Minute to win the battle royal. The Saturday Night Specials, who were sitting at the commentary desk, throw off their head seats and sprint to the ring, rolling inside and beginning to brawl with The Lucky Sevens.

Lance Warner:

The face of the DEFIANCE tag scene had shifted since these teams last met: The Saturday Night Specials were now the reigning champions. SNS hosted what they called a “Happy Hour Battle Royal” between all the tag teams in DEFIANCE, with the idea being the winners would become number one contenders. The Lucky Sevens were the last men standing, and DEFTv 157 went off the air with a brawl between the two teams.

Now we see Ophelia Sykes, strutting to the ring with a seductive look on her face. She enters the ring and plants a kiss on a confused Pat Cassidy. She struts away with a smirk, leaving Cassidy somewhat gobsmacked. Ophelia walks back to a laughing Lucky Sevens. We see Sykes distracting Cassidy in a tag match, and Pat’s sister Siobhan yelling at him for taking his eyes off the ball. We see Cassidy getting his arm shut in the door of a car by the two sneering monsters, and him cradling his arm in agony as doctors begin to swarm.

Lance Warner:

The Lucky Sevens, and their manager Tom Morrow, quickly enacted a plan to not only beat SNS in the ring, but to force them to take their eyes off the ball. Ophelia Sykes, Lady Luck of the Better Future Talent Agency, was sent to seduce and confuse Pat Cassidy. It appeared to be working, especially when The Sevens lured Cassidy into a trap and brutally broke his arm.

At the ACTS of DEFIANCE tag match for the belts, Cassidy drops Sykes on her ass and rushes back to the ring to help Brock. Cassidy uses his now-steel-plate-loaded forearm to knock Mason Luck silly. SNS get the win thanks to a roll-up. The Saturday Night Specials begin to celebrate with their belts, but The Lucky Sevens attack them and lay them out. The PPV goes off the air with the angry monsters standing tall.

Lance Warner:

Although The Saturday Night specials won the battle at ACTS of DEFIANCE 2021, The Lucky Sevens made sure they knew the war was far from over. Although the steel plate that was put into Pat’s arm ended up being a valuable weapon, at the end of the night, SNS still had their belts - but their spirit may have been a little weakened.

Back to Lance in studio.

Lance Warner:

Join me in two weeks for the final entry in this series: a tale of heartbreak, betrayal, and redemption. It will be important for me to finish up this recap, because... well, this story isn’t over. Announced earlier today...

A graphic for DEFCON 2020:

Unified Tag Team Championship: The Lucky Sevens (c) (w/Tom Morrow) vs. The Saturday Night Specials (w/Ophelia Sykes)

Lance Warner:

The Lucky Sevens, after the incident that closed the most recent DEFtv, had reversed course and agreed to the SNS request for a title match at DEFCON! Now, we all know The Sevens get to name their own conditions, and we're told that there WILL be a special stipulation for this match... but it won't be revealed until DEFtv 185! Be sure to catch that sure to be historic announcement, and then I'll see you back in here in two weeks as he look at the final chapter of this long rivalry!

BOLD AND BRAZEN - MEET THE KINSEYS

We see a film strip of the blue-collar suburb of Upper Darby, Pennsylvania. Everything looks a little dated - the homes could use a new coat of paint and there aren't any new cars. In the background, we hear the instrumental guitars from "Your Hand In Mine" by Explosions In The Sky.

On the bottom of the screen reads the name Caitlin Kinsey. We then meet Caitlin Kinsey - she's 21-years-old, stands 6'0 tall, with long raven black hair and pale skin. She's wearing a retro 1950s-style dress as she holds a letter in her hand.. She has a very serious and nervous smile on her face.

Caitlin Kinsey:

It's just... weird, you know? I worked so hard for this -- to get hired by a pro wrestling company. And I did it. I got accepted by BRAZEN. My whole life, this is what I wanted. Now it's here... and now I have to figure out how to make this actually happen.

The screen now reads Bruce Bruey. We see an overweight guy with a grey beard. He's in his 50s. In the background is a wrestling gym, and we see different videos of Caitlin training on the mat, lifting weights, and reading "The Great Gatsby."

Bruce Bruey:

I've been the trainer here at the City of Brotherly Hate Gym for 15 years. Any pro wrestler who has come out of the Philly area since that time has at least stepped foot in here. Caitlin is without question the single best prospect I've ever helped train. Any type of discipline - BJJ, judo, Muy Thai, US mat wrestling, Japanese strongstyle, even lucha - it took her absolutely no time to figure it out. Her athleticism is unreal. All-State in soccer and volleyball. And she's never gotten less than an A in her life in high school or when she was in college. I don't even know how many books she's read - it's at least 1,000, from what I understand. That's why we call her "The Prodigy."

Caitlin Kinsey:

I hate that nickname.

We're now back at Caitlyn's house. The screen now reads Aurora Kaye as her mother walks in. Aurora is also tall - about 6'0", with black hair with blue streaks in them, giving an artsy hippie granola vibe with her outfit. She's also younger than you'd expect, not even 40.

Aurora Kaye:

So, one of the things they don't tell you about wrestling, especially when you're just starting out, is how much money it costs. It's not like the salary you get for being a part of what's a promotion's training league, especially when you just sign, is anything you can get by on. You have to pay for living expenses -- rent, food, cars, etc. It's an impossible burden. A lot of people don't make it.

The song "Another Girl, Another Planet" by The Only Ones plays.

The screen reads Delaware Valley Professional Wrestling. There are very grainy shots of Aurora Kay in action -- she has a star over her eye, and is wearing a leotard with a comet flying across her chest. There's a shot of her destroying someone with a lariat, then another victim in a Royal Octopus Hold, and then another opponent falling to a Michinikou Driver. Finally, there's a shot of her on the top rope, and an announcer on a crappy mic speaks. Aurora leaps off the top with a gorgeous shooting star press as the crowd pops!

Announcer:

Aurora Bourealis! Aurora Bourealis! Cover! 1-2-3! She did it! She did it! Aurora Kaye has just become the Delaware Valley Professional Wrestling Champion!

The camera cuts to Lance Warner in front of an empty BRAZEN ring.

Lance:

Aurora Kaye was as good a prospect as we've ever seen in this sport. But she never pursued a full-time wrestling career... for a few reasons.

Aurora is in her living room.

Aurora:

I got pregnant when I was a rookie. I was 19 years old, and I had a fling with another wrestler. I've never told him, because I didn't want it to ruin his career. So I only was part-time, locally. But I didn't mind. My whole life became about raising Caitlin. Also, I also had another passion -- art.

The video shows Aurora painting in a studio, followed by her giving art lessons to different age groups.

Aurora:

Freelance art isn't a lucrative career. So, we've had a few hard times trying to get by. But being independent and expressing myself is the most important thing to me, and what I've tried to teach Caitlin, too. It's also not something I take for granted, considering my family.

The camera now reads Tabitha Kinsey. There are black-and-white photos of old wrestling magazines of a woman holding title after title. The woman is tall, with auburn hair, and naturally stately. The headlines used to describe her are "Tabitha The Terrible" and "The Wicked Witch of the Wrestling Ring" and "Bosswoman Tweed."

Lance:

We don't have a lot of archival footage of wrestling before the 1990s. But Tabitha Kinsey was the single greatest women's wrestler of the 70s and 80s. She won titles across North America, Japan and Europe. She was infamous in how she went about doing her business, too.

We see a very scratchy black-and-white video of Tabitha, wearing a 80s Chanel tweed skirt suit, holding a title as some victim lays at her feet and a butler stands behind her in a wrestling ring. The crowd is booing immensely.

Tabitha:

Oh, shut up. I grew up wealthy and married even wealthier! People like me get what they want. And people like you can only hate people like me while we tell you what to do. And if you don't do what people like me say, well, this is what happens.

She holds her hand out and the butler takes off his belt without question. She grips the belt tightly and then mercilessly whips the victim at her feet as the crowd throws garbage in the ring. At ringside, looking upset, is Aurora. A few seats away from Aurora, looking gleeful, is a much younger looking Teri Melton.

Teri Melton:

I grew up in a wrestling family. And my absolute favorite was Tabitha Kinsey. She was everything I aspired to be, although I'm not an athlete and she's possibly the greatest female athlete of her era. But her presence and especially her glamorous fashion sense were what I wanted. I was lucky enough to spend six months as her intern at the end of her career, and she taught me everything I know.

Lance:

Tabitha Kinsey grew up in the Main Line suburbs of Philadelphia, the daughter of a financier, and grew up going to debutante balls and charity galas. She married a European shipping magnate she met as she conquered the wrestling world, making her even wealthier. Wealth and fame equal power, and Tabitha knew -- knows -- how to access that through her generous donations along with The Kinsey Coalition, her charitable organization.

There are also photo upon photo of Tabitha over the years with politicians of both parties -- The Reagans, Barbara Bush, Elizabeth Dole, Hillary Clinton, Nancy Pelosi, Bill Gates, Lynne Cheney, the Obamas, Mike Bloomberg, the Bidens, Mitch McConnell and dozens and dozens more.

Aurora:

I grew up going to the prep schools my mom attended. But I never fit in -- it was so uptight and preppy and obnoxious. I was an art kid who sneaked off to underground concerts. I hated the debutante balls. I also hated what my mom did in the wrestling ring, just how cruel and ruthless she was to get ahead. That's why I changed my name to Aurora Kaye -- I didn't want to live in her shadow, and I didn't want people to think I was anything like her. Especially because she didn't need to act like that. I haven't talked with her more than five times since I got pregnant with Caitlin. And it was my choice...

She looks at a photo of Caitlin bleakly.

Aurora:

And now I need her help. Because Caitlin's moving to New Orleans, and I need to be there with her, because she's not just my daughter, but my best friend.

The video now shows a gigantic Victorian mansion somewhere in the haughty Main Line suburbs of Philadelphia. There's a Jaguar, a Bentley and a BMW in the driveway, along with a beat up Kia Sorrento that Caitlyn and Aurora step out of. Both Caitlyn and Aurora are wearing dresses. They ring the bell and a maid answers and ushers them in to a foyer. In the background is a giant oil painting of Tabitha, her now deceased husband, and a teenage Aurora. Tabitha is in the foreground, her hair styled to perfection, a gold necklace and a tweed Chanel skirt suit.

Tabitha:

It's good to see you, Aurora.

She could not say this with more ice in her voice. But then she beams and stands up as Caitlin approaches. She immediately grabs her hands.

Tabitha:

Why, Caitlin, you're even prettier than you are in the pictures.

Caitlin could not look more awkward as it is clear she has never actually met her grandmother but has certainly heard a lot about her.

Aurora:

Thanks for meeting us, Mom. We... we have to ask you... as you for something.

Tabitha tries but fails to suppress a smile as she returns to her throne.

Tabitha:

Oh?

Aurora:

Have... have you heard of DEFIANCE? And BRAZEN?

Tabitha:

Of course I have. Just because I'm retired and spend my time as a philanthropist doesn't mean I don't keep up on the sport. DEFIANCE is the hottest promotion in the world, and I understand that BRAZEN's the most innovative training promotion there is.

Aurora:

Yes. And, well--

Tabitha:

And I understand Caitlyn has been accepted to BRAZEN.

There's a lull in the room as it appears Tabitha knows many things.

Aurora:

Yes.

Tabitha:

I'll cut you off right there, because I know where this is headed. You want money. You want money so Caitlin can have at least the basics for her training, and you want to be there with her every step of the way. After all, you just had to prove yourself to be such a strong, independent woman and leave the nest, and in the process prevent me from getting to know this beautiful girl right here -- my granddaughter.

Aurora:

Mom, this isn't for me. It's for --

Tabitha:

Don't worry. I'm not demanding an apology. I'll gladly help. But...

Aurora's face shows she knows there is always a but. Caitlin is just starting at the floor.

Tabitha:

I'll be in New Orleans, too. If I'll be financially involved in Caitlin's life, I want to be involved in Caitlin's life. And, also, as a woman who won over 20 world championships in her time and is one of the greatest wrestlers of all time... and not someone whose peak came in the local cable access wrestling league... I believe I can help my granddaughter professionally. Is that okay with you, Caitlin?

Caitlin looks up. She can only hem and haw.

Tabitha:

Speak up, dear.

Caitlin:

Well, uhm... I... I guess?

Tabitha lets out a smile. Is it warm or evil? You decide.

Tabitha:

Wonderful. I'll be in touch shortly about our arrangements. You may see yourselves out.

We now are in the car on the ride home.

Aurora:

I'm sorry about that, honey.

Caitlin:

Sorry for what?

Aurora:

For your grandmother getting involved.

Caitlin:

Oh. No, that's okay, mom. I mean, Grandma is a legend. That's, like... really helpful.

Aurora:

Well, yeah. It's just that she's... she's very good at getting people to do things they don't want to do.

Caitlin:

Well, Mom. You raised me to make up my own mind about things, right? So, I'm not worried about that at all. I'm just

worried about getting started.

They continue to drive.

The camera fades to black.

TEAM HOSS vs. SHO NAKAZAWA & BARELY ACTIVE TEAM

DDK:

Welcome back to UNCUT and up next, we've got Team HOSS in trios action going up against the unlikely team of Sho Nakazawa, No Fun Dean and Slightly Fun Jen!

Lance:

Team HOSS have just been running roughshod so far since they returned to DEFIANCE. Not only have they been successfully picking off the members of Titanes Familia in the middle of the internal struggles between Uriel Cortez and Minute, but they have destroyed everyone in front of them so far.

DDK:

And I fear for more of the same tonight if Sho Nakazawa and the Barely Active Team don't have a gameplan tonight.

Lance:

That's right. With that being said we're now going to ringside with Darren Quimbey for intros!

Darren Quimbey is ready.

Darren Quimbey:

The following six-person tag team match is set for one fall! Introducing first... from Tateyama, Japan, weighing in at 185 pounds... **SHO NAKAZAWA!** And his partners... No Fun Dean and Slightly Fun Jen...**BARELY ACTIVE TEAM!**

♪ "Pyrotechnics" by Cliff Lin ♪

Sho Nakazawa, the masked man from the land of the rising sun, walks through the curtain to a subdued but audible round of cheers from the DEFIANCE Faithful. Behind him, No Fun Dean marches out with arms folded while Slightly Fun Jen tries to get The Faithful behind her unenthused husband. The trio make it into the ring. Nakazawa and Jen pose in the buckles while NFD just lays near the ropes. Their intro fades out as we get to the monsters.

♪ "By The Sword" by iamjakehill ♪

Smoke billows from either side of the entrance ramp and out come the monsters, one at a time. Strong AF, flexing his muscles and hitting a pose to show off his massive arms. Aleczander The Great, showing off his own pecs and hitting the pec dance. Behind them, The Big Bad of Team HOSS, Angel Trinidad. Angel bumps his fists with Strong AF and then with Aleczander The Great before the trio hit the ring

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... from The Bronx, New York, weighing in at a combined weight of 821 pounds... the team of Angel Trinidad... Strong AF... and Aleczander The Great... **TEAM HOSS!**

Nakazawa, Jen and Dean are all in the middle of the ring while surrounding on the outside, Trinidad, Aleczander and Strong AF all circle the ring like big-ass vultures.

DDK:

I don't like this! Just as they have before in previous matches, they have been going after people and not getting paid by the hour!

Angel stops in front of the ring. He points for Strong AF to take one side, then Aleczander The Great to do the other. They all climb up one side of the ring each to surround Nakazawa and the Barely Active Team in the ring. Jen tries to kick Strong AF away, but he grabs her by the leg like a monster movie and pulls her out! This prompts NFD to go after Aleczander, leaving Sho Nakazawa to run at Angel with a dropkick!

DING DING

DDK:

Hector Navarro getting this one started quickly! But that's has been Team HOSS' MO since coming back! Get in, get out. Destroy and not work by the hour.

Lance:

They've never once cared about giving fans a good show. They want to hurt people. Plain and simple. They'd probably do it for free if they wanted to.

The legal men in the ring right now are No Fun Dean and Aleczander as the bell has just rung. Sho Nakazawa tries for a plancha on Angel on the outside...

Caught...

...then THROWN right back into the ring!

Lance:

Oooh! That strength by Trinidad is brutal!

Aleczander and NFD trade shots while on the outside, Strong AF has Jen in a press slam only to drop her against the barricade! She falls to the ground, allowing Angel Trinidad and Strong AF to return to the corner. No Fun Dean throws a few elbows to the top of Aleczander's head and tries a whip, but The Mancunain Muscle overturns that and sends him into the ropes. When he comes back, Aleczander wipes him out with a huge spear off the ropes!

DDK:

The big spear from Aleczander takes No Fun Dean out of his boots!

Strong AF wants him a piece of the action. Sho Nakazawa barely is able to limp over to the corner while Slightly Fun Jen is hurt at ringside after Strong AF dropping her against the barricade. The former powerlifter makes the tag and both men go with a press slam. They both hoist him No Fun Dean in a military press and hold him up before they both DROP him down viciously with a double team military press slam!

Lance:

Brutal strength on display by Aleczander and Strong AF! Now he goes for the cover!

Strong AF goes for the cover.

ONE...

But then he pulls him up off the mat with a smile on his face.

DDK:

Team HOSS really think they can end this one any time they want. And look... now Angel wants the tag.

Angel holds his massive hand out and the tallest member of the group makes a tag. Strong AF drops No Fun Dean with a big body slam! Angel comes in, then grabs the head of No Fun Dean before he gets a big body slam! Aleczander gets a hand out, then Angel makes a tag. Aleczander comes in... third body slam for No Fun Dean!

DDK:

Another big body slam! This series of body slams was an old move by Team HOSS to really wear down opponents.

Back to Angel Trinidad who gets in and then DRIVES down No Fun Dean with a huge stalling body slam! NFD is hurt and can barely move when Angel barely puts a foot down on his chest.

ONE...

Dean brushes the lazy boot off of him, but Angel takes that as a sign of aggression and starts stomping away on No

Fun Dean in the corner! He pulls him up, then presses a tall boot into his throat as the 6'10" Beast From The Bron tries to choke the life out of him. Hector Navarro warns him to stop the choking in the corner or suffer a disqualification, but Angel Trinidad turns and makes Hector jump back a little!

Lance:

Team HOSS have bullied staff and officials for years. The reason they've never been able to hold steady employment long largely for that reason!

Angel goes back to make a tag to Strong AF. He steps back onto the apron as Strong AF goes inside and then throws a running tackle to NFD! He knocks him down and then takes his time going for a cover.

Lance:

And Strong AF. Since he's joined up with Team HOSS, I've seen an increase in his intensity.

DDK:

I can't argue that, but I wish he'd cast his lot with anyone else.

The Seattle Strongman goes to pick up No Fun Dean with another press... but at the last moment, NFD kicks his legs until he slips out and lands behind NFD! He hooks him by the neck and then turns him around into a DDT! The Faithful cheer him on as he goes to his corner and finally has a chance to reach either Slightly Fun Jen or Sho Nakazawa.

DDK:

Dean countered! Dean countered! He pulled that DDT out of nowhere!

Lance:

And can he get the tag?

Strong AF grabs his neck in pain while NFD tries to roll over to his corner where both outstretched arms of Jen and Nakazawa await. Angel and Aleczander both shout at the rookie Team HOSS member to get back into the game and fight. He rolls over, but by the time he gets there...

TAG TO SHO!

Li'l Nak jumps over the ropes and then goes right at Strong AF with a wicked basement dropkick to the face! He gets up and then fires off to the ropes where he lands a running dropkick on Aleczander The Great! The big man doesn't fall off the ring apron, but he's stunned. Angel tries to swipe at him, but Li'l Nak rolls away and gives Angel the old "FU" with the crook of the arm!

Lance:

That's some international sign language from Sho to Angel!

Nakazawa lights up the legs of Strong AF with several alternating kicks from either side before jumping up and catching Strong AF with a jumping spin kick to the jaw! The Seattle Strongman stumbles on his feet while Sho leaps off the ropes with a springboard moonsault off the middle rope! Right into a cover!

ONE...

TW-KICKOUT!

Strong AF powers out and pushes Sho off of him! He gets up and makes a quick tag to Angel Trinidad that Sho doesn't see!

DDK:

Not even a full two-count by Sho Nakazawa... and I don't think Sho knows Angel is legal!

Sho tries to pick up Strong AF for an asai DDT, but he pushes him away and moves... for Angel to FLATTEN him with a Flying HOSS Body!

DDK:

Big move by Angel Trinidad! He just completely snuffed out Sho's fire there!

Slightly Fun Jen tries to get into the ring, but Strong AF catches her with a huge belly-to-belly suplex! Angel picks up Sho and tags in Aleczander. They each take an arm of Sho and then DRIVE him down with a double-team crucifix bomb!

Lance:

Just like they did on DEFtv last week! What did they call that move?

DDK: *[sighing]*

...The Greatest Move In The HOSS-tory of Our Sport...

Aleczaider puts a knee on Sho's chest and flexes as he goes for a cover. No Fun Dean tries to break it up, only to catch a HUGE running pump kick called Trampled Underfoot by Angel!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "By The Sword" by iamjakehill ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **TEAM HOSS!**

Aleczaider steps off of Sho and then gestures to Hector Navarro to take his hand. When he goes to reach for it, Strong AF chases him off just to be a dick while Angel stares out to The Faithful, scowling every last one that dares to boo the monster trio.

DDK:

Another dominant win here for Team HOSS tonight! They look ready for DEFCON!

Lance:

And... and as this match concluded, we learned that we will be seeing Titaness of Titanes Familia going one-on-one with Team HOSS' Aleczander The Great on DEFtv 185 on our final stop to DEFCON!

Team HOSS retreat from the ring and stare back at the damage caused as the show goes elsewhere.

GORILLA WAR

The scene opens in the backstage area of the Enterprise Center, moments after the conclusion to the crowd-thrilling main event to the first night of DEFtv 184. "The Escape Artist" Rezin staggers through the curtain.

Rezin:

Goddamb, I needed that...

He's visibly still feeling the lingering effects of his reckless though arguably necessary dive to the outside to put the massive Clay Byrd through a barricade. Regardless, the Goat Bastard presses a hand into the small of his back and pops his spine back into his place to the rhythm of several audible pops before lighting up a celebratory J to spruce up the trip back to the locker room.

But he doesn't get more than a few steps before he's accosted by a familiar face.

Rezin:

Sup, Trutt?

Chris Trutt:

Rezin, congratulations! Any comment on what went down out there?

Rezin:

Chris, I dunno, man... I tell ya, I feel betrayed! Jaded! My whole world is turned UPSIDE DOWN!

Chris Trutt:

Really?! What happened out there that would lead you to think that?

Rezin:

Coulda sworn I had it on Rock and Roll High School! The Ramones really let me down on that one! It's like findin' out that Johnny was a right-wing dick!

Chris Trutt:

...I mean... when I asked for a comment, I was referring to the match.

Rezin:

...oh, the MATCH! RIGHT! Obviously...

He palms his forehead. Then, still sweating, stinking, and smoking as always, the aerial arsonist is suddenly leaning half of his weight onto the junior reporter's shoulder.

Rezin:

Well, Trutt, my dude, do ya know the thing about bein' an ASS-KICKER in this crazy, rotten world we find ourselves scrapin' through?

Chris Trutt:

Uhm... can't say that I do?

Rezin:

ASS-KICKERS, Trutt... gotta KICK! ASS! It's in our nature! Can't be helped!

Rezin takes him by the lapels of his blazer and gives him a good shake to emphasize his almost maddened conviction. Chris Trutt, a survivor of many interviewing earthquakes, barely flinches.

Rezin:

And for WEEKS, Trutt... I've had nothin' but all this pent up ASS-KICK inside me that was beggin' for release! Beggin'

for ESCAPE, Trutt! TONIGHT... Elise Ares gave me the perfect opportunity to finally UNLOAD a WHOLE DAMB EXPLOSION of ASS-KICKERY!

He sticks a thumb in the direction of the curtain behind them. And the ring beyond it.

Rezin:

And THAT ASS-KICKIN' ya saw out there was a LONG time comin'! Now ol' Cowboy Clay knows how it feels to go through that friggin' barricade! And Keyes? Man, I hope there's enough of him left after Elise STOMPS his FACE IN at DEFCON, cause he and I ain't even scratched the surface on our beef...

The reporter nods in agreement.

Chris Trutt:

Certainly a thumb to the eye of Vae Victis tonight, but what comes next in your self-waged "war" against the elite wrestling supergroup?

Running a sludge-soaked hand through his equally sludge-soaked beard, the Goat Bastard lets out a sinister chuckle to accompany the impish grin that spreads across his face.

Rezin:

Well, I'm glad ya asked, Trutt... cause as ya know, things ain't been all that PUNK ROCK in the KINGDOM of KICK-ASS lately! Since my comeback, it's like I've been trynna FLY with my wings clipped! Trynna RUN with my legs shackled together! Trynna start a FIRE, while it's PISSIN' RAIN out! And ya KNOW WHY, TRUTT?!

Chris Trutt:

I could hazard a guess, but by all means...

Rezin's ever-enlarging bloodshot eyes now find themselves on the camera.

Rezin:

It's all cause of that DAMBED NUISANCE outta NEW ZEALAND... OZZCAR BOO-URRNZ...!

He takes another heroic drag from his spliff.

Rezin:

I HOPE ya paid attention to what went down out there, Mr. "Creative Defecator" of Favoured Saints... cause what just happened TONIGHT, can happen ANY night! I told ya before that I was goin' to WAR with ya scumlords in VAE VIRUS... and now ya know that THIS OL' DOPESMOKER fights his wars GORILLA STYLE!

Chris Trutt:

I think you mean "guerilla", Rezin.

Rezin:

I mean **GO-RIL-LA**, Trutt! From the Greek word for HAIRY WOMEN! And if there's anything anyone who's anybuddy knows... it's that HAIRY WOMEN don't FUCK AROUND when it comes to KICKIN' ASS!

Trutt can only close his eyes and shake his head. The Escape Artist's attention returns to the camera.

Rezin:

But lemme ask ya this, Ozzie... do we REALLY need to drag this out any more than it's already been? We BOTH know that it ain't gonna end pretty for either one of us! Ya ain't got the patience, and honestly, I ain't got the remainin' BRAIN-CELLS for all that!

Eyes widening, almost appealingly, he steps in even closer. As if to further show that he's being serious in this moment, he goes so far as to pluck the joint out of his mouth.

Rezin:

We can end this NOW, if ya were willin' to Ozzie! All ya have to do... is meet me in that ring! So that the two of us can finish what began at DEFIANCE Road! What began MONTHS ago in Vegas, at DEFtv 175, when ya first joined the SNOB SQUAD!

Primal fury bellowing in the backs of his dark eyes, the Escape Artist shakes his head.

Rezin:

But I don't want you comin' as Favoured Saints' "Creative Dick-Taker", or whatever the hell ya call yourself these days! Nah... I want the man who calls himself DEFIANCE! The real man! The one that used to hit that ring and EARN THE RIGHT to call himself that every damb time the bell rang! Bring me THAT, Ozzie, at DEFtv 185! FIGHT ME in that ring!

The devilish grin returns to his face, and he takes another puff.

Rezin:

Otherwise, ya can take your chances with the NEXT unwelcome surprise I bring to ya Vae Vinegar pricks! Have fun explainin' it to your buddies at the bank!

Rezin backs out of the shot and continues on to the locker room.

Rezin:

Trutt, buddy, I gotta about half a dozen chalupas with my name on 'em, so I'm gonna roll! But you keep on keepin' this shit classy, my dude!

As he exits, the camera recenters itself on the junior reporter.

Chris Trutt:

Powerful and... strange statements, from a powerfully strange man. ANYWHOOZLES... this is Chris Trutt, and while this was not an edition of "SAY WHAT?!", you are still watching... UNCUT!

Fade to **VOID**.

MASSIVE COWBOY vs. KAZUO AKAMATSU

DDK:

We've got our next match on tap for tonight's UNCUT here from St. Louis... we've got Massive Cowboy looking to take on BRAZEN's Kazuo Akamatsu in action momentarily!

Lance:

Massive Cowboy scored a debut win over Thomas Slaine a few weeks ago and looks to follow that up tonight. Can The Modern Day Cowboy snag another win with another lariat?

The camera goes to ringside for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "The Good, The Bad and The Ugly" by Ennio Morricone ♪

The arena is greeted with darkness. The all-too-familiar whistling intro sounds out and out from the back, a man in blue trunks, tights, a lasso and a cowboy hat tilted down to obstruct his face.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from The Double Dragon Ranch in Tokyo, Texas, weighing in at 265 pounds... **MASSIVE COWBOY!**

The Faithful give a nice reception for Massive Cowboy as he heads to the ring and points at a few fans before high-fiving others. He reaches the ring, walks up the steps, then makes it into the ring. He takes off the hat and then hangs it and the lasso on the corner before he waits

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

Akamatsu comes out and heads toward the ring, wearing a look of intensity on his face. He doesn't seem to give two flying figs about Massive Cowboy. He climbs up the steps and then into the ring. 'Once both big men are in the ring, referee Carla Ferrari calls for the bell.

DING DING

Right away, Kazuo Akamatsu unleashes a STIFF chop to the chest of Massive Cowboy that echos loudly! Massive Cowboy takes the shot in stride and then sees Kazuo puffing his own chest out, practically daring Cowboy to return fire. He goes to try...

Only to get an eye rake!

DDK:

Akamatsu just tricked Massive Cowboy with that eye rake! Carla Ferrari is warning him not to do it again!

He boots him in the chest with several shot and then sends the Cowboy back into the ropes. He delivers another big chop against the ropes! Then another! Then another! With Good Ol' MC stunned, Kazuo whips him off the ropes. He comes back and swings for a clothesline, but Cowboy moves and keeps running, only to bounce back and run him down with a big shoulder block!

Lance:

Akamatsu tried to trick Massive Cowboy and he just paid for it a second time!

DDK:

And the crowd cheering him on right now!

When Akamatsu tries to stand, he gets picked up by Cowboy and dumped with a big body slam on the mat, followed by a hefty elbow drop to the heart! And another! And another! And another!

Then a cover!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Akamatsu kicks out, but MC staying on him! OOOH! He gives him a receipt for earlier with that chop of his own!

Kazuo is realizing that maybe antagonizing Massive Cowboy may have been a big mistake when he gets waffled by another HUGE chop to the chest! Akamatsu gets sent back into the corner where the Cowboy follows up with a big clothesline in the corner followed by a huge running bulldog right back to the middle of the ring! Cowboy shouts to The Faithful and gets cheered on in return!

DDK:

Massive Cowboy might be calling for the end of this match already! He's going for that big Ichiban Lariat!

He takes off the thick blue elbow pad and whips it into the audience that a few lucky fans/would-be collectors try to suss out. He goes for the running lariat, but Kazuo gets up at the last second and shoves him to the ropes only to return fire with a huge release German suplex off the ropes!

Lance:

No! Big counter by Kazuo with that big move!

And as Massive Cowboy tries to get up after the German suplex, Kazuo runs off the ropes and then WAFFLES him with a huge running big boot to the face! Massive Cowboy goes down then Akamatsu unleashes a high angle backdrop suplex!

DDK:

What a combination of moves by Akamatsu! Can the BRAZEN star get his first big win over a main roster talent?

He hooks the legs of the Cowboy!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

Good Ol' MC kicks out first! Kazuo doesn't believe it and The Faithful cheer on The Cowboy!

Lance:

That was a close one! We've seen Kazuo Akamatsu close to victory quite a few times in the past on UNCUT! Still looking for that big breakout win!

DDK:

He gets angry and loses focus quickly, though. He's got to put that aside!

Kazuo angrily gets up and then tries to pick up Massive Cowboy by his neck and perhaps set up a suplex... only for the pride of the Double Dragon Ranch to DRIVE him down with a snap swinging neckbreaker!

DDK:

No! Great counter by Cowboy! He calls that move the Texas Tokyo Twister and now he's got the Ichiban Lariat lined up again!

The Faithful support Good Ol' MC as he tries to get back to his feet again, firing up with help from the cheering fans. He loads up the arm and charges off the ropes... **NAILING** Kazuo right on the button with the big lariat at last!

DDK:

Ichiban Lariat! Cover by Cowboy!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "The Good, The Bad and The Ugly" by Ennio Morricone ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **MASSIVE COWBOY!**

MC stands up and gets his arm raised by the official. He goes to retrieve his hat and lasso. He tips the hat in the direction of the cheering Faithful and then leaves the ring.

DDK:

Another win with that Ichiban Lariat by Massive Cowboy. He isn't flashy, but that lariat will dim your lights if he connects with it!

Lance:

We've still got a lot more action here on UNCUT tonight, including our main event! Malak Garland puts his beloved... Paper Championship... on the line against the former three-time BRAZEN Tag Team Champion Archer Silver!

FRENEMIES "DEX JOY & SCROW EDITION"

Another episode of DEF TV has come and gone and only one more until DEFIANCE Wrestling reaches its apex of excitement known as DEFCON. With the most important match of his career on his mind Dex Joy stops himself at a local bar.

He's about to go inside when he sees something out of the corner of his eye in the street ...

A man that he knows too well within the confines of DEFIANCE Wrestling's ring.

Scrow.

Arms out wide open.

A truck is coming his way and fast!

Without thinking, The Biggest Boy speeds as fast as he can and grabs Scrow's arm at the last second to pull him out of harm's way! Both men take a tumble on the sidewalk just as the truck goes speeding off into the night!

Dex checks himself first to make sure he's okay and then rolls over to see Scrow on the ground.

These two have not come face to face since DEFCON 2021. They have been bitter enemies since they both arrived in DEFIANCE around the same time in 2019. The two rivals stare at one another, Scrow with a scowl on his face, whereas Dex with a look of concern.

Scrow:

Why did you save me?

Dex Joy:

Look pally ... you're the *second to the last guy* I'd be saving in DEFIANCE Wrestling next to Arthur Pleasant ... but what the hell are you doing out there? What two wires are up there that shouldn't be touching? What the hell were you thinking?

He does not get an answer out of Scrow.

Dex Joy:

Okay fine ... me first. Cause whatever you're doing out there, pally! Whatever you were thinking of doing! That's a coward's way out. And I know you're many things, Scrow. You're an ass-hole. You're an obsessive monster. You're a tool. You're a giant prick and you made my life hell when I first got here in DEFIANCE Wrestling ...

Dex is looking out at the road.

Dex Joy:

But the Scrow that I know isn't a coward.

Scrow:

Words, why would you care about Scrow? He is nothing more than a curse on this world. You of all people should know that.

Dex Joy cannot believe that he is in the situation he's in but tries to help Scrow through the worst of his issues.

Dex Joy:

I'm not going to completely disagree ... but I've heard what you've been through lately since we stopped crossing paths. Potions, bunsens, and beakers like you were a muppet. Emo Sam Eagle, whatever you and I have been through ... I am not going to stand by and let someone do what you were about to do regardless of who they are! I'm

sorry for whatever you have going on, even if you are to blame for a lot of this ... but Crimson Lord is a monster and I'm guessing you are trying not to be. Am I in the ballpark?

Scrow:

The chance for Scrow to be a hero was killed the moment his precious Basle left him. All because of him, if it was not for him she would still be here.

With Scrow still sulking on the ground next to him Dex thinks about patting him on the back or something but he decides against it.

Dex Joy:

I'm sorry that you've had to go through loss, pally. Loss sucks. I know what that's like. I lost a grandmother a few years ago to cancer, but the last thing she would want is for me to blame myself for what you can't control. It won't do you any good. This giant Crimson Lord bozo is trying to say things to rattle your cage. If you want to do something about it then do it!

Scrow:

That may be true, but his words hit home.

Dex Joy stands up.

Dex Joy:

Then make him eat his words, pally. I'm not saying I'm going to be your cheerleader in this, but nobody deserves to be put through what you've gone through. Get back up like you did to me when we were fighting over the Southern Heritage title. Get up, look him dead in his eyes, then kick him right in the balls. Don't be a coward and try and take your life ... take your life *back*.

Scrow:

....

Scrow looks groggy it would seem the hours of drinking have finally caught up to him. He reaches for his keys, and Dex notices it quickly.

Dex Joy:

Whoa...whoa...whoa there pally. You are in no condition to be driving.

He looks out into the street and shouts.

Dex Joy:

TAXI!

The taxi drives toward them upon hearing the call from Dex.

Scrow:

Scrow can drive.

Dex gives him a stern look and holds up some fingers.

Dex Joy:

How many fingers do I have up?

Scrow squints a bit

Scrow:

Four...?

Dex has three fingers up

Dex Joy:

It is three pally, here comes the taxi. Do yourself a favor and get your car after you have slept off your binge session. The last thing you need on your conscious is killing someone while you are drunk and behind the wheel.

Dex opens the taxi door, and Scrow just stares at him for a minute...he then decides to take his nemesis's advice and gets in the taxi.

Dex Joy:

For what it's worth Scrow, she will always be here.

Dex points at Scrow's heart. He looks down at his finger then looks over at Dex. He shuts the door and the taxi heads down the road.

THE COMPANY MEN vs. JEFF NESS & WILD LOGAN BARRY

Darren Quimbey:

Now in the ring are the tag team of Jeff Ness and "Wild" Logan Barry!

The crowd meets the little known and mis-matched tag team with scant applause.

♪ "Opportunities (Let's Make Lots of Money)" by The Pet Shop Boys ♪

As the music plays, the DEFiatron screen shows a variety of luxury goods, country club landscapes, large oceanfront mansions, boardrooms, spreadsheets and business cards. Finally, it reads The Company Men in a black/pink font and lettering.

Walking out from underneath are the newly christened tag team known as The Company Men - Brayden W. Leverington and Cristiano Caballero! They're both wearing matching black robes that have their initials in pink cursive on each. They both start walking to the ring as Cristiano holds up a bottle of "Armani Fragrances" aftershave lotion that he starts dabbing on his tanned face.

DDK:

And here comes the official tag team debut of The Company Men. It's a pairing we've seen in BRAZEN in recent weeks, but they've yet to take the ring together.

Lance:

They've both bonded over being perhaps the two most obnoxious members of the BRAZEN roster. Cristiano Caballero fancies himself as "Mexico's Most Handsome Man" and has the brand name moisturising products in his locker to prove it. Brayden W. Leverington - or "Dubya" as he prefers to be called - recently revealed to us that he recently graduated with a MBA from the prestigious Wharton School of Business at the University of Pennsylvania n top of his BRAZEN career. Whether he went to class or relied on a donation from his wealthy father for his degree, well, that's an open question!

Dubya and Cristiano both have microphones.

Dubya:

Good evening, Saint Louis! It's so exciting to stand foot in this arena tonight in front of a sold out crowd! I am Brayden Dubya Leverington, the first and only professional wrestler to ever obtain a MBA from Wharton, the top ranked business school in the world according to the US News and World Report!

Cristiano applauds the crowd as the more sheep in the audience cheer at the hometown motion.

Dubya:

DEFIANCE's rise from a regional promotion to a national brand capable of selling out arenas such as this is nothing less than stunning. But there are still more heights for this brand to climb and there is just one thing holding DEFIANCE back... and that's the fans! Because I have done extensive market research that reveals that all of you are, frankly, poor. You weep tears of joy when someone hands you a \$20 Target Gift Card for the holidays. You think Hot Pockets are fine dining. And the only thing lower than your IQ scores are your credit scores! If DEFIANCE wants to reach that next level... you people must be replaced with better, wealthier people. I want these arenas sold out with your boss's boss! The landlords who own your houses! The kids who attend the private schools that won't accept your children! And this company needs to be led by men whose advice helps the Federal Reserve determine its interest rate strategy, men who are comfortable talking about newly issued ETFs, men who have zero golf handicaps... men such as myself and my illustrious tag team partner!

Cristiano Caballero:

Many people believe the polar ice caps are melting because of global warming. No. Global warming is la mentira. What is causing the ice caps to melt is how hot I make your wives, sisters and daughters. DEFIANCE needs a mucho guapo man such as myself to open the doors to advertising ejecutivos, to get on the cover of GQ, to have F1 racecars in the parking lots. All of you please leave the arena now because empty seats are better than you. NOW!

Booooo!

Dubya:

You'll thank us for this later!

Before the referee can call for the bell, Dubya and Cristiano each run and strike each other their opponents with their microphones and start pummeling them both, cackling as they do and the crowd reigns down boos upon them.

DDK:

What a heinous act from these two!

Lance:

These two aren't looking for a debut match. They are looking for a statement and are doing so in all the wrong ways!

Booooooooo!!!

Both Jeff and Logan are laid out bloodied as now Dubya and Cristiano lay their custom Italian boots to each men. Cristiano whips Jeff into the ropes and copes over him with a leapfrog only for Dubya to level him with a lariat that makes him do close to a 360. Brayden then snatches Logan up and falls back as Cristiano hits him with a cutter that spikes his face into the mat.

DDK:

They told me before the match they were calling that move the 10-K! But I assumed they were going to use it for a match.

There are more boos feigning down as The Company Men each raise their hands in triumph and cackles.

WALKING THE DOG

The lights in the arena go out black and the crowd buzzes in its Pavlovian response.

♪ "In The Air Tonight" by Phil Collins ♪

In the middle of the wrestling ring stands JJ Dixon, wearing a sparkling ice blue robe with his initials on the front and "The Special Attraction" written in jewels on the back. Next to him, wearing netting in her hair with ice blue jewels, silver earrings with ice blue jewels on the bottom, a silver necklace with an ice blue pendant, a silver dress and a scowl is Teri Melton.

Teri does not even wait, even with a spotlight for her to bask in.

Teri Melton:

Tom Morrow. Nathan Eye. Get out here now.

Your Uncut Gems continue to wait ...

JJ Dixon:

You can either come down to this ring or I can come back there and kick the Kombucha tea and happy thoughts right out of ...

CONCEPTUALIZE

ACTUALIZE

REALIZE

♪ "All Eyes On Me" by Jean Deaux ♪

Nathan Eye comes out with Tom Morrow at his side.

Tom Morrow:

Cut my client's music! Cut it now!

Music fades.

Tom Morrow:

Teri Melton ... I don't care how close you try and get to my wallet. We show up when we want to. You aren't ready for our closeup.

Nathan Eye holds his eyes out.

Nathan Eye:

Besides ... I was out teaching the local homeless community to firewalk just like me! You need to have tough soles to survive in this life and walk these cracked, cruel, unforgiving pavements!

JJ Dixon:

Just like you needed tough soles to run from me last week!

That gets a loud cheer from the St. Louis fans.

Teri Melton:

I had to wait two weeks to be able to call you out here and speak my mind. DEFTV 183 should have been the best night in the history of Your Uncut Gems! Even though we came up just short, we came one inch away from pulling off the jewel heist of the century. And even with our near miss, we still had the joy of seeing Lindsay Troy and Sonny Boy Silver walk away from that match scarred and humbled. We should have been able to bask in the cheers of our adoring public! But instead, you two attacked us from behind out of jealousy and outrage -- jealousy because of Mr.

Dixon's hard earned success, and jealousy because the \$2,000 shoes I am wearing now were charged to Tom Morrow's bank account. And now comes the time when we reveal your comeuppance.

JJ Dixon:

Nathan Eye, I've got a whole bunch of Chicken Soup for the Soul I want to serve your lame ass. And, by that, I mean I want to permanently punch a hole where your Prince glasses currently sit. It's not because I want revenge. I mean, I want revenge. But I also just straight up hate you and the "Hang In There" cat playing with a ball of yarn poster you have in your locker room. But we've got a problem, my dude. You don't seem like the kind of guy who wants to throw a fist when someone's right in your grill. But I'm the kind of guy who has solutions to situations such as this. So, DEFCON 2023...

JJ takes off the board and reveals that he's wearing a dog collar and chain around his neck. Eye and Morrow are now looking at one another and they can't believe what is being proposed!

JJ Dixon:

JJ Dixon! Nathan Eye! DEFCON in a dog collar match! This way, there's no running. There's no hiding. There's no you catching me with my back turned. There's no inspirational message. There's no walking barefoot across hot coals. There's just me on one side of this chain, punching you in the face, and I don't mean just a few times, I mean, like, a lot. Then there's you bleeding and crying and whining. You think you can do anything? There's one thing you're good at, Nate. And that's going back to the hospital and getting another staph infection.

The last comment gets a reaction out of Eye that hides behind the sickeningly positive self he has put up since returning to DEFIANCE. Morrow doesn't see this and talks directly to them.

Tom Morrow:

Excuse the hell out of us! You want a regular match at DEFCON, we'd accept. But since you're used to being led around on a leash by Teri Melton, we'll have to dec ...

Nathan Eye:

I accept.

Morrow looks at his client and can't believe what he's hearing.

Nathan Eye:

No ... no, Tom I got this.

Nathan Eye looks to Dixon down in the ring.

Nathan Eye:

Dixon ... I am not going to stand here and let you belittle all the good I have done since I returned to DEFIANCE Wrestling! I inspire millions every week at home and in these arenas! But ... if I can be real for a second ... you are a Special Attraction and you've made something of yourself, but when we were in BRAZEN, I was the guy everyone talked about, bud! When I was on top there, you were one foot out the door. You were a punchline in BRAZEN. You were the guy everyone else knew was gonna get cut, but it turns out Nick "Lotto" Otto was the second luckiest guy down there cause by the grace of God, you made something of yourself!

The Inspirational Machine sounds like he's believing his own hype.

Nathan Eye:

As good as you are, you aren't an Inspirational Machine! You are two-hundred twenty pounds of Special Attraction, but I am two-hundred fifty-one pounds of Pure Perseverance! Injury can't stop me! Jealous ass-holes can't stop me! One of the people who put me on the shelf, Aaron King -- I put him right back there cause of what he did to me and don't think that I won't do the same to you! I will see you at DEFCON!

Nathan Eye walks away from the set. Teri Melton and JJ Dixon look happy with getting the match they want out of

Nathan Eye but Tom Morrow does not! JJ then starts spinning the dog collar around he and Teri's head, and she does not even flinch or duck when he does.

DDK:

A ... dog collar match?!?! These two haven't even met in a ring yet and they're going right to this?

Lance:

JJ Dixon has something to prove! The last time they squared off in the ring, it was Nathan Eye fleeing the ring after Eye attacked Dixon first after his FIST title match! Nowhere to run or hide!

PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP: MALAK GARLAND (C) vs. ARCHER SILVER

DDK:

Welcome back to Uncut, everyone! Let's get the next match going!

Darren Quimbey:

This next bout is for the PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP!

♪ "Sorry You're Not A Winner" (Remix) by Enter Shikari ♪

Archer Silver appears on stage, trying to hype up the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, from Portland, Oregon, he is the challenger, he is ARCHER SILVER!

Silver slaps hands with a few fans before climbing into the ring.

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Lance:

It's the rare back-to-back Uncut title defenses slated for Malak Garland tonight.

With a serious, no nonsense look on his face, the champion makes a beeline for the ring, not stopping for nothing.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the champion, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, he is MALAK GARLAND!

Garland waits for no one as he throws his belt down and tackles Silver.

DING DING

DDK:

Malak goes straight to it as he looks rather serious for once!

Lance:

Well remember, he's coming off an embarrassing showing last DEFTv when Flying Frenchie made his epic return stateside by ruining the Snowflake Flutter burial!

Garland looks ferocious, throwing hands at Silver who has no chance but to cover up. The ref finally pries a seething Garland from the challenger as the fans lay into the champion. Perturbed, Garland looks around at everyone laughing at him. In doing so, Malak exits the ring. He sees a Frenchie fan in the first row wearing a beret. This enrages the Snowflake Superstar so he walks over and shoves the fan back down in their seat but this RESILIENT fan rises up once more until Malak grabs the beret, spits on it and throws it thirty rows deep like it's a frisbee.

DDK:

Now that was uncalled for!

All this time passes which allows Archer to recover in the ring. Unbeknownst to the champion, a pair of feet eventually come flying into his face!

Lance:

Missile dropkick to the outside by Silver! The fans love it!

Garland folds like a cheap tent until Archer throws him back in the ring. Malak is smart enough to grab the ref's attention as the fans are helpless to watch Search Party Cyrus sprinting down the ramp!

DDK:

Look out!

Bates wallops Silver with a shoulder tackle before jumping the barricade and exiting through the crowd like he's done a few times before. Snidely, Malak disengages with the referee and rolls out of the ring to collect his broken prize.

DDK:

That was Cyrus Bates! He keeps DEPLOYING assistance to Malak like that!

Lance:

The champ started this match off looking like he was confident and determined but all that deteriorated in a matter of minutes. It's like he planned this cheating from the start and I have a feeling we haven't seen the last of it.

The champ tosses his foe into the ring where he is quick to try a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Garland wraps his arms around Silver's waist and lifts him up for a pendulum backbreaker for his troubles!

DDK:

What power put on display by Malak!

Malak keeps Archer laced over his knee as he presses down on his foe's chin Bane-style, as hard as he can! Archer manages to wriggle out of the predicament and tries to seize the momentum by lashing the champ with a Yakuza kick! Malak immediately reaches for his mouth to check for blood. He also pulls the referee in close, not allowing Silver the opportunity for any followup offense.

Lance:

Malak is asking the referee if his teeth are chipped. Come on. He's stalling Archer's momentum again.

This time, Siobhan Cassidy runs down the ramp. With Garland and the referee turned, the young lass slides into the ring and delivers a resounding low blow to Archer! Cassidy smiles as she rolls out of the ring and looks into the camera closest to her.

Siobhan Cassidy:

It was like there was nothing there to begin with. Certainly not as bountiful as my beau. Haha.

Cassidy ducks down by the apron so the referee can't see her as Garland disengages once more. Both the champ and ref look confused as to why Archer is hunched over except the ref is looking out of genuine concern. Garland knows exactly what happened so he helps himself to a school boy.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Silver barely gets a shoulder up there!

Malak slams the mat a few times before pulling Archer to his feet. A kick to the midsection doubles the challenger

over, enabling the champ to nail a sitdown piledriver!

Lance:

Tremendous impact on that move!

With his foe prone once more, Malak is able to lock in his patented crossface he calls the Tap In.

DDK:

Malak wrenching back! Screaming at his opponent to "tap in!"

Silver tries digging his nails into the grip across his face but he can't break free. Instead, he slowly starts to crawl to the nearest set of ropes, dragging the attached champion along for the ride. It's slow and steady but Silver is making his way to freedom.

Lance:

Reach for those ropes!

His fingers dangle for a few moments before finally latching on! Malak pulls back harder until the count of four when he releases the hold.

Lance:

Malak is getting right back in the ref's face again! He is relentless today!

Archer sees the champs back turned to him so he jumps up and grabs him with a rear waistlock. However, Malak executes a crisp standing switch.

Rear waistlock.

Standing switch.

Rear waistlock.

Standing switch.

Rear waistlock.

Standing switch.

Rear waistlock.

Standing switch.

Rear waistlock.

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Rear waistlock.

Standing switch.

Rear waistlock.

Standing switch.

The twists and turns, no pun intended to Oscar Burns, keep the fans guessing with bated breath for who will seize the momentum. Either that or they end up getting dizzy at seeing so many standing switches! Regardless, Malak ends up with Archer behind him. He quickly grabs the ref and pulls them in close.

THUD!

DDK:

Low blow by Malak! The ref didn't see it because he was essentially getting hugged by the champion and he used his leg in the process! Malak really is pulling out all the stops!

Silver releases the waistlock and gets a cutter for his efforts! Malak smiles as the cheating train continues. Garland rolls into the Tap In once more. This time, it's clear Archer Silver has a lot less life in his spirit.

Lance:

The referee is getting into position here! This might be it!

The ref checks the lifeless hand of Silver twice and both times it falls to the mat. It's only on the third time where Silver holds his forearm up off the canvas! The crowd begins to chant as Archer pulls Malak's grip apart! Garland's eyes widen at the show of strength. Archer gets to his feet as the ref checks on Malak, who is rolling around crying about his fingers hurting. Siobhan peaks her head up from the apron and promptly pulls Archer's legs out from under him!

Lance:

More cheating from the champions side! It's endless!

With Archer on his back, Malak turns and begins frothing at the mouth once more. This time he means super serious business! He slaps Silver on the shoulder and yelps "WEAPON GET!"

DDK:

That's Conor's move, which in theory, is anyone else's move. He's stealing a move that steals moves. If that makes any sense.

Malak measures his challenger until both men are on their feet before going for Archer's Silver Bullet. However, the challenger ducks the incoming flying gamengiri kick to the face in the nick of time and retaliates with a Silver Bullet of his own!

WHACK!

NO!

The smack of Silver's shin hitting flesh echoes throughout the arena but it's the champion who absorbs the blow, catching Archer by his leg.

DDK:

I TRIGGER!

Seemingly out of nowhere, Garland drops the leg and rises high to deliver a thunderous knee of his own to the back of the challenger's exposed head! Silver crumples to the mat like a sack of potatoes.

Lance:

TAP IN! MALAK HAS IT LOCKED IN FOR A THIRD TIME!

A third and final time as Silver weakly taps out or rather, taps IN before passing OUT. The ref calls for the bell immediately as Siobhan rolls into the ring with paper title in tow.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this bout AND STILL Paper Champion, MALAK GARLAND!

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

Malak embraces his lass as they lock moist lips for a moment.

DDK:

As serious as he was, Malak still needed to rely on well placed cheating throughout the match in order to retain his title via submission. Which I also think is important to note. It took three tries before his Tap In paid off. Maybe he should think about working on that move.

Lance:

He doesn't care. He's going to continue to do what he does as long as it ends in victory.

Malak and Siobhan begin heading to the back, embracing each other and his coveted title belt. They stop atop the ramp and gaze back at the sea of people who hate them. Malak makes a hand motion to Siobhan who quickly disappears behind the curtain and returns to the stage with a french baguette in hand.

DDK:

Okay, now this is in bad taste and a stereotype, might I add. Just because a baguette is French, doesn't mean it has anything to do with Frenchie. Plenty of people enjoy a loaf alongside their dinner but don't tell this nimrod that.

Malak grabs the elongated piece of bread and waves it around as if it is a lightsaber. Mockingly, he faux bites the bread before pretending to spit it out in disgust.

Lance:

Poor men make poor choices, Darren.

Malak holds the loaf overhead before breaking it over his knee like a backbreaker. The fans boo even louder. Malak smiles as he delivers some choice words for the fans around him.

DDK:

You can bet Flying Frenchie will hear about this and I've just gotten word from the Favored Saints that there will be SOME SORT of face to face encounter between Malak Garland and Flying Frenchie at the next DEFtv in Knoxville! Don't miss it! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebeler saying so long and wrestle on!

The show ends as Malak Garland and Siobhan Cassidy make pretend crying faces towards the crowd at the sight of the broken baguette at their feet.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

The baguette used in this scene was past expiry